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DIGRESSIONS
NOVA SOUTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY - FARQUHAR COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES - DIVISION OF HUMANITIES

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Words are inescapable. They compose our thoughts, fuel our imaginations, and form the foundation of culture. They are sounds to which we attribute meaning, and even when they are difficult to find, they arrive to encapsulate emotion. It is language that captures the writer’s soul, motivates the stroke of a paintbrush or the click of a camera lens. And it is through the words of our language that we give expression to the uniqueness of our ideas. This magazine is a simple collection of pages, upon which words, and images inspired by words, are printed. But these pages house the ideas, imaginations, and stories of a generation.

_Digressions_ has been a part of my life for three years, though I never imagined I would one day be the author of this very note. In my time on the staff, I have learned that literary interest is not exclusive to English majors, but that all people have the capacity to tell their stories, to translate their imaginations into artistic creations. And while it is bittersweet to let go, I am confident in the capable hands of our future staff and the undiscovered talent of future contributors.

Dr. Dvorak, thank you for your guidance and support. Your wisdom and encouragement has enabled this staff to dream and achieve a greater vision for this magazine. The magnificent finished product of _Digressions_ is a testament to all the work you have invested.

Dr. Ferriss, I am afraid that I can never thank you enough. Your belief in me and this magazine has allowed both of us to grow in immeasurable ways.

Dr. Santos and the entire Humanities staff, thank you for your endless support and for continuing to teach us the importance of the written word and arts. With this magazine you have created a venue for student expression.

This is the first year the magazine has experienced two managing editors, and it couldn’t have found better ones in Angelica and Alison. I am indebted to the assistance you have both provided me. The management of this magazine was made much easier by both of your dedication.

Without the brilliancy of our layout team, _Digressions_ would only know a virtual existence. I am truly grateful for the collective creative genius of Kamila, Arielle, Emily, and Jessica, whose efforts transformed pages of submissions into the most appealing magazine yet.

This magazine owes its success to the diligent efforts and inspired ideas of its marketing team, comprised of Sophia, Desiree, Linea, and Melinda.

Thank you to the editors, Joe, Shiri, Ally, and Aadil whose dedication has helped fill this magazine with magnificent works.

I cannot express enough gratitude to our student contributors. You have imagined _Digressions_ into existence and your contributions are invaluable in the encouragement and preservation of culture and literature.

And finally, I must thank you, the reader. In picking up this magazine, you are responsible for the continued existence of the written word. Your readership ensures the immortality of art, for these ideas will continue to live so long as there is someone to see and hear them.

Katherine McInerney
Editor-in-Chief
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My mind went blank again.

When I don’t have a pen and I’m all alone with my thoughts sitting heavy in the air, the brilliant words in my head, that come and go quickly, fall away into nowhere. They wilt, they grow quiet, and pretty soon retreat like a tide. They hide away in a place so deep, I’m not even sure it’s still called my insides. Moments like this leave me in a stupor, every sensible idea gone.

All is silent, all is still, and disturbingly calm. I remember science says everything came from nothing, in one sudden and unlikely “boom.” So my empty head and long lost thoughts, the ones I couldn’t reach even if I called, maybe aren’t as useless as I thought; I may be on to something after all.
Drops of rain dive down my window
As they—one, two, three—gather,
They collect speed
Speed like her mind
Speed like my heart
Speeding
I held her
Absorbed her being like drops of water
Delicately defying Earth’s gravity
Until she brings me to my knees
Until I slide down the window
And melt into her
The Homeless Man’s Plight

He begs and begs for a merciful meal to be given to him. He grows tired of his daily intake of either malnutrition or filth.

Where does he go, having sunken into the bottomless pit of hopelessness? Where does he find shelter from his eternal prison of homelessness?

Foraging through the streets in search of fulfillment in the midst of desolation
Seeking through the void in search for answers in the midst of mental deprivation

The cruelties of life have burdened his heart to the point of desperation
And the biased ways of fate begin inspiring thoughts of termination

“Can the sheep hold anger towards the shepherd who does not provide Guidance, nourishment nor a place of refuge to abide?”
Says the man hopelessly to the sky,

“My head goes without covering and the winter is unjust to my members
How am I supposed to be thankful when You are no longer there to remember?!” The man shouts, tears flowing from his eyes
I am the same yesterday, today and forever\(^1\), My word shall forever last. 
So who am I that I should lie or repent\(^2\)? What have I said that has never come to pass?

Am I not merciful to all your unrighteousness which you are unable to cleanse? 
Have I not made the ultimate sacrifice on your behalf to reconcile and make amends?

Have you the power to awaken yourself from the depths of your slumber? 
Do you orchestrate the sun's rising? Do you give your molecules a number?

Have you opened and closed the holes in space's continuous darkness? 
Did you create the scavenging vulture to purge the land of its dead carcass?

Can you calm the raging fires of a violent volcanic eruption? 
Have you spared the countless lives of many from various forms of destruction?

Have you placed different flowers, each with beautiful colors in the Earth for display? 
Or do you order the stars to shine at night with such a luminous and radiant array?

I have loved you with an everlasting love\(^3\) that at times you may not understand, 
But all I want is to be your God and for you to trust in My ultimate plan.

In perfect peace I will keep you even when calamity and tribulation surrounds 
And I will return to receive you; only the persevering and faithful will be crowned.

---

1. Hebrews 13:8  
2. Numbers 23:19  
3. Jeremiah 31:3
That Warmth
In winter—when the heater is off
That Warmth
In the theater—without a jacket
That Warmth
Deep down below—where mama said no one must go
That Warmth
You’d never know it was cold around you
That Warmth
Waking up one day with a funny feeling
Giggles let out as the skin is caressed
Thinking of the ways to ease That Warmth
Thinking of that place to go to ease That Warmth
Thinking about what mama would say if she knew about That Warmth
Thinking of the person you want to ease That Warmth
Thinking of the smoothness of our skins when we feed into That Warmth
Maybe I forgot to tell you that when I was born the left side of my heart wasn’t strong enough to pump. I surgically had to have the hole stitched up. So the fact that my heart is even able to palpitate in your presence is really the most romantic gift you will ever receive. And that eight inch scar on my chest is a representation of the sincerity of my heart beat; But that’s only skin deep. Examine me internally. You will find puncture wounds that are unrelated to the surgery that I had when I was three. I’ll never settle for defeat. And there will be days when you feel intimidated by that loud thump behind my rib cage. I am an emergency. Appreciate me. Memorize the pound of my heart beat.
This Cup of Tea

This cup of tea, drained slowly with closed eyes,
Permit the memory to recall.
No one saw, hand in hand, the two,
His left perfectly into her right.
And pressed tightly, not even light between breaths.
Tide drained, eyes open, now present in the dark.
In consciousness, it might be forgotten.
The words, never, the laughter, not yet.
Hands still now, over a book never closed before midnight,
A smile permitted, strange company for a tear.
For a moment the edges of Being not blurred, not intact,
But happily rearranged.
Danse Macabre

The phone rang, but William Donaghue didn’t bother answering it. He was busy polishing his antique knick-knacks, a daily routine that required most of his attention. In his hands there lay a small figurine of a couple dancing. However, the little porcelain man and woman were not attached to the wooden base properly; their hands had the smallest of spaces between them, such that they were not actually touching. Despite this, the figurine was one of William’s favorites, and he took extra care when cleaning it.

There was a low beep in the distance, and a familiar voice reached William’s ears.

“Hello, Mr. Donaghue? This is Dr. Ramirez calling. It’s time for your monthly check-up again. I hope that you can make it this time. I know it’s been hard since last April, but you really should try and…”

The voice trailed off as William continued polishing. He looked down at the porcelain man and woman once more. The woman’s dress was a sunny yellow, with a pink sash tied into a bow at the waist. The man’s suit was light blue, with a white shirt appearing like a small cloud underneath his buttoned coat. The man and woman had painted faces as well, but over the years the black outlines of happy smiles and shining expressions chipped away, until only the carvings of the faces were left, which could only be seen in the right light.

The mail slot opened, and William could just make out the sound of a letter hitting the carpet floor. He got up, carrying the figurine with him, and made his way towards the door of his small apartment. He took the letter and sat back down into his recliner. Opening the envelope, he read:

Dear Dad,

I hope you’re doing okay. Everything is great out here. Richard made a big contract with a foreign company. He says he’s bound to get a promotion soon. And guess what? David said his first word! I’m sorry we haven’t been able to come and visit much over the past year, but Richard says he’s been so…

JOSEPH FLEMING
William set the letter down on the table beside him, still holding the figurine loosely in his hands. He closed his eye for just a moment. He often felt tired as of late.

The image was hazy and blinding, but the two figures dancing were clear enough. The woman wasn’t wearing yellow at all, but white, with fine lace and a floral pattern covering the trim. Her face was clearer too; such sharp features, that coy smile and electric-blue eyes. The young man beside her was beaming, with the usual stupid smile he wore whenever they were together. Their hands were just a hair’s breadth away from each other then. If he only reached out a little more…

William Donaghue was found three days later. The landlady had noticed the smell and called for the police. They found William sitting in his recliner, a faint smile on his lips; he died peacefully in his sleep, the coroner said. On the ground beside him was a knick-knack. The two pieces had been knocked out of the base, and laid separate on the floor. From that day on, William’s daughter Carol would often smile at the knick-knack, for when she fixed it, she found that the figurine now fit together perfectly, the couple’s hands finally touching as they danced.
People say that the anticipation before a knowingly tragic event is worse than the actual event. In this certain situation, they were wrong. I was in a long squad bay lined with twenty bunk beds on each side of the bay. There were sixty nine other men with me, all shaved heads, lined up at the end of their beds. Just standing there with their arms along their sides looking forward. Not making any sudden moves. All just waiting in anticipation for what was bound to happen. Today we meet our drill instructors. We have all heard those stories from our recruiters, of huge, tall instructors with raging muscles and veins screaming out their necks, always waiting for someone to make a move so they could kick the living shit out of you. This seems like what some would describe as purgatory, yet we all know we are going to hell with no chance of a heaven on the other side. I can tell that every recruit in there is regretting the sequence of decisions that may have led them to this point in time. Some with tears in their eyes, others with an angry look as though they want to get this over with, some with just a confused look of what are they doing or waiting for. Myself? I was just waiting, no real regret, no anger as I am never really an angry guy, not confused because I knew why I was here. Just standing here, waiting for that fateful moment when these men barge in and for our hell to finally begin. It was only a matter of time, then we will all be just victims of the murdering drill instructors.

SLAM! In barges a mid-sized Latino man. He can’t be any taller than 5’8”. He has broad shoulders and the physique of a man who works out regularly. He is wearing green long pants and a pressed tan shirt with a stack of ribbons on the right side from my view, easily could mean he has killed over a thousand men. He has a brown hat on his head that looks like what a state trooper would wear but more pressed with an emblem in the middle that has an eagle, globe, and anchor on it. The look on his face is of a serious manner as he walks down the bay glancing back and forth at the line of recruits on either side of him. He has yet to make a sound. It seems as if he is just watching us, and learning our faces. My guess is he is mentally deciding who he wants as his bitch. I can see all the faces of the recruits on the other side of the bay from me, all getting overly serious as the man gets near them when passing by. They are scared, should I be scared?
The man yells, “Everyone sit in the front of the squad bay now!” Immediately, everyone runs as quickly as possible to the front of the squad bay and sits down in a jagged and unorganized manner. The man gives us a long speech of what he expects of us, what we will all probably do, that we are nothing in his eyes, that we are recruits and that recruits are lower than the shoes he is wearing. All the things we expect he would say. He calls himself Senior Drill Instructor Staff Sergeant Sanchez, a long title I make a mental note to remember. He then states, “In a minute, all you nasty recruits will meet my men, they are the creators of Marines, the most hard charging, killing machines of this age. The present day Spartans of this time. You will listen to them, you will respect them, and you will fear them.”

Senior Drill Instructor Staff Sergeant Sanchez then, with a gleam in his eye and a half smirk, yells, “Line.” Everyone looks at each other sort of confused. I have the intuition that he means us to line up the way we were but would not dare be the only one to move. He then screams, “Line the fuck up, recruits!” Everyone gets up as quickly as humanly possible and runs to their spots, some confused where they once were and try to take each other’s spots while the Senior Drill Instructor is making angry grunts and screams. Finally, we are lined up, not exactly like we were before, but we are lined up nonetheless.

At this point, you can see the fear in most of the recruits’ eyes and faces. All trying to hold as much bearing as possible. The Senior Drill Instructor is still pacing the hall, then he stops at the end where his hut is located. He knocks on the hut’s door and says softly, “Get them!” All of a sudden, three men run out screaming, it is all out hell. All three in the same uniform as the Senior Drill Instructor. One is about 6 feet 5 inches and has the body of a Greek sculptured god. I’d describe him as the scariest looking mother fucker I have ever seen. The second guy is around 6 foot even and a muscular build, not as big as the first but still intimidating. The third is a short black man. He is probably around 5 feet 5 inches. Almost midget looking, but built for his size. All three men were running around causing complete and utter pandemonium. Slinging footlockers, knocking recruits over, spitting on their faces, I swear I just saw the big one throwing a recruit over one of the top bunks for grinning. What I can’t figure out is why this one recruit in front of me keeps making weird funny faces at me. Is he trying to screw my bearing up so I get noticed? Is he trying to make me laugh? But he is noticed by a midsize drill instructor or what the big one calls them, a kill hat. The midsize drill instructor runs over to the kid making faces and screams in a weird voice, “What the fuck are you doing with your fucking face, recruit? What the fuck, are you doing, with your face, recruit?” The recruit stutters some words explaining himself, but the kill hat stops him half way with a chop to the throat. “You better hope you
never get my attention again recruit, or I’ll fucking kill you. AHHHHHH- 
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” I look over to the front of the room with my 
eyes, not my head, though, to seem less suspicious, and I see the short kill 
hat stacking two foot lockers together in front of the two tall twin re-
cruits. These kids have to be like 6 feet 7 or 8 inches. He stacks these two 
foot tall foot lockers on top of each other and stands on them just to yell 
at these kids in the face. In my mind, this is hilarious. This whole event 
seems funny as hell to me. I don’t know if it is just because I haven’t been 
targeted yet, but all this mayhem that may be scarring some of these kids 
for life just seems like a big joke to me.

The midsize kill hat looks over to me and notices my eyes glaring 
around. He creeps up on my left as if I don’t see him coming. I ready my-
self for the crazy shit that is about to come upon me. He comes over, puts 
his face next to mine and whispers in my ear, “You want to see something 
truly funny?” I’m speechless and don’t answer the question as I figure it is 
just a trap. He nods his head and goes to the weird looking recruit next to 
me. This kids looks like he just hit puberty, he is skinny and tall, pimples 
everywhere, even on his head where he was just shaved yesterday. All in all 
I feel bad for him, but I truly want to see something funny so I watch as the 
kill hat makes his way to him after promising me something funny to hap-
pen. He stares down the kid and tells him without any break in his bearing, 
“Piss your pants.” I snicker but catch myself immediately as the kill hat 
snaps his head at me as if to tell me to shut the fuck up. The kid replies, 
“Sir, what?” The kill hat yells, “Piss your fucking pants and never fucking 
say what to me again or I’ll throw you out that fucking window.” The kid 
replies, “SIR, YES, SIR!” and liquid begins to drip down his pant leg. The 
kill hat quick snaps to me and states, “Fucking funny, right?” Then he 
walks to his next victims down the hall.
The Colorful Monster

URSALINA AGUILAR | The Colorful Monster


How can I be sure that you’re me?
I stare in the mirror and what I behold
Is some entity with a false identity
And a propensity for lying,
Hiding behind masks of no substance,
Showing to each person the most appropriate version
Of the individual who lies dormant.
If I could enter your mind through those hollow orbs
I’d see infinite doors and each would lead to a labyrinth,
And each would bear lies and confessions,
Blowing along the walls like leaves in the wind,
And a guard would be waiting to rescind my invitation
Should I proceed too far without your permission.
Because I would discover the undeniable truth:
You are the product of assiduous deception,
A crude amalgamation of the personas you’ve displayed.
You are, cruel doppelganger, my monster.
For the Love of Dance

I am a dancer.
I am a masochist.
The two are essentially
The same thing,
You know?
I fell in love with dance
And I gave my body to it
So I also fell in love with pain.
I am beaten.
I am bruised.
I bled.
I possess the scars.
All from one lover,
A sadist of the toughest form.
But not a sadist who leaves you
Alone
Crying in pain.
A sadist who stays while you’re hurt.
A lover who tends to your wounds.
Physically you’re hurt.
Physically you’re dying.
Sadist dance does not
Tend to you physically.
It can only harm your worldly essence.
But, if you dance,
Your soul will be beautiful.
The sadist dance beats your body,
But the lover dance tends to your soul.
RACHEL DEVLIN | Le Ninfée
URSALINA AGUILAR | A Peaceful Dawn
The smoke was thick. I was breathing in a wall of dust. I could feel my lungs running out of space; the fire was eating away at the oxygen in this confined office.

When I opened my eyes for an unbearable millisecond, dark grey clouds, outlined by a fiery, pulsing orange light in the distance, surrounded me. This space was transformed into a vast hell. My body shrieked, crumpled on the ground in a contorted form. Planks of wood and rock were scattered over my body. My head pounded and when I raised my head, I could feel bits of glass plastered to my face, cutting away at the skin I powdered so carefully this morning before work. There was a warm trickle down my left temple. My fingers miraculously found the liquid trail, and terrified, they quivered before me, covered in my blood. It got hotter now. The monstrous fire raged through the side of the room where the door was twenty seconds ago. It engulfed the entire doorframe and crawled against the navy carpet while licking the ceiling with its lethal tongue. I tried to begin an escape on my hands and knees when I realized I had no command of my lower body. Instead, my two extremities lay limp and covered in debris. My anxious hands could not wait any longer. They extended before me and gripped to the unforgiving carpet: needles, pins, wood chips, glass shards, and metal pieces all bit violently into my palms. I dug into the ground and pulled my aching body toward the shut window. My fingertips cried as they were sliced by my painful attempt. My elbows collapsed into sharp angles underneath my weight; an excruciating shooting pain radiated down my arms. A moan escaped my bloody lips. Sweat pooled in the crevices of my worry wrinkles. My arms glittered with exhaustion and specks of burnt paint stuck to my sticky body. But before I could reach anywhere near safety, I screamed. The fire began to eat away at me.

I gasped, panting in fright. I sat upright in bed, grabbing the down comforter mercilessly. I tried to orient myself. I’m in my room. I pushed my hair out of my face, wiping away the small beads of sweat. I untangled myself from the white covers and swung my feet over the edge of the bed. I quickly moved to the dark bathroom, my feet making tiny taps against the tile. My light purple satin nightgown rubbed smoothly against my bare thighs, making whispers against my flesh. I flicked on the light and leaned over the counter, hovering inches away from the mirror. I pulled my auburn hair back and turned my face to the side, exposing my pale temples and my smooth, unharmed cheek. My brow furrowed as I tried to imagine the damages I thought I had. But the harder I thought, the further away the image drifted. Just a dream. Must be those new vitamins. I sighed and quickly hopped back into bed.
There was a light knock on my bedroom door. I briefly glanced to my left and realized the bed was empty, covers ruffled and left unfilled. My husband peeked in with a beautiful smile and the rest of his body followed with grace. He was carrying a silver tray; the aroma of scrambled eggs and mozzarella cheese was comforting. He leaned against the bed and placed my morning meal paired with dark coffee and fresh flowers from the market on my lap.

“Happy 30th Birthday, Jenna,” he grinned, and all of my worries momentarily disappeared.

The car woke up, muttering and groaning its morning disapproval to head to work. I turned the heat on high, and curled in a ball in the front seat. My elbows hugged my sides and my wool-gloved hands made one giant fist that huddled beneath my chin, begging for any bit of warm that collected at my scarf-wrapped neck. I watched the windows slowly defrost, revealing the smooth snow that coated the lawn.

I was grateful that Joshua had already shoveled the snow earlier this morning, a task that my poor fingers ached thinking about. After a few minutes, I finally was warm enough to take off my gloves and place my bare hands on the frozen wheel. I exhaled and saw my breath inside the car. Charming, this weather.

The hospital was only twenty minutes away from my home in Waltham. The Boston Medical Center was in the heart of the populated city where old sturdy architecture still stood as magnificent as the day it was created some 200 years ago. I was offered a job to work as the lead pharmacist seven years ago when I still lived in Georgia, a job that I could not refuse. Of course, winters still have me bitter. The lovely first of January has come upon us and has not left any disappointments – except mine. Regardless of my dissatisfaction with the weather and last night’s haunting, I was determined to make my birthday better.

My days at the hospital are usually quiet.

Today was different.

I took the unusually congested I-90 into the city. Honks were thrown from car to car and flickering brake lights were not pleasant to the seizure-prone. I hit the horn myself, beginning to get frustrated with the infinite stop and go. It was 7:45 am. I had only fifteen minutes to be at my desk in the pharmacy, so I squeezed my car in the tiny shoulder and zipped over the rumble lines. My car shook - along with angry driver’s fists - but I exited and headed into the apex of the city.

At 8:04, I pulled into the garage and struggled to find a spot. One was tucked away next to an unmarked employee elevator that would take me straight to the service hallways near the Emergency Department on the first floor. I slid my lab coat on with ease. The elevator shot up and as the doors opened, I was grabbed by surprise.
I was tugged in every which direction. Stretchers with bloody, crippled patients were sprawled on their white beds. White lab coats ran furiously at my side. A million mouths spat with anxiety their urgent matters.

“Dr. Fitzgerald! We need you now,” one shouted.

“There has been an emergency! You have been recruited to the Rapid Response Team! The team physician will explain,” another rushed breathlessly.

“At approximately 6:30 this morning, there was an explosion at an office building off of Newbury Street, cause unknown. Two died on scene and ninety have been badly injured. We called a mass disaster alert at 6:50 and these patients were rushed here for urgent medical care. However, these patients have obtained a variety of burns, some with frostbite,” the physician clicked.

“Wait… frostbite?” I piped up, curious of the unsettling issue.

“Yes, some victims had jumped out of windows to escape the fire, but ended up with multiple breaks and fractures as well as hypothermia,” the nurse manager remarked.

“We are struggling as a hospital to provide care since we are not a specialized center to treat burns but we are in communications with the Burn Center in Vermont and they are organizing methods to transport patients across state lines. Our job is to keep them stable,” The physician looked down and bit his lip, flipping nervously through a handful of patient’s charts.

“That is why we have called upon you. We need your expertise to help these patients stay alive.”

“Just tell me what I need to do.”

“Let’s go inspect the damages, shall we?”

We walked into the trauma wing. The smell hit me like a freight train. Burnt skin had a distinct smell that made my living skin crawl. It was rotten and crispy like slaughtered livestock left out for a few days, then put over an angry flame. The victims were scattered in the hallways, keeled over their own blackened bodies. Skin slipped off of the bone like butter and raw pink flesh sat exposed. Faces were unidentifiable; everyone looked the same except for their tattered clothing that stood as the last remnant of themselves. I moved out of the way for a new patient that had come through the sliding doors from the ambulance. I stopped in my very tracks and watched in slow motion a woman with a cut on her temple that ran down her cheek. Her eyes scrunched together in pain, her legs were scorched to a purple-red hue, and her palms lay at her side facing the sky, slices deep into her skin. I did not know this woman, but I recognized her scars. In my nightmare, I lived her reality.
Estelle’s paintbrush, dripping with pearl white paint, glided back and forth across the soft pinewood.

The color reminded her of the luscious snowflakes that used to fall from a light blue, beautiful sky. The snow used to fall in blankets year round. She remembered the time she had her first kiss, standing under a snow covered pine tree, with flakes gently falling and sticking to her moist eyelashes.

That was a distant memory. Luke, the boy who had shared her first kiss, now knelt silently beside her on the rough pavement of their town square, daubing broad strokes of green paint over another pinewood box. She could barely make out his silhouette against the dark, misty sky. The soft whispers of the townspeople, and the sound of rough paintbrushes being scraped across wood, could be heard throughout the square. As she stared down at her own box, she couldn’t help feeling a sense of longing for what might have been.

Although it was high noon, the sky was pitch black. When the snow, ominously, had stopped falling, the sky had progressively grown darker, until one day, it was completely black. The townspeople had fused all of their candles together in order to make three towering pillar candles that served to illuminate the sky for a time. Now, there was only a single pillar candle left, and it was down to its last couple of hours.

The townspeople loaded the pillar candle onto a wagon. Then the wagon led the long, solemn procession to the large meadow, just outside of the town. Everyone carried his or her own box, except for the children. Their boxes, painted bright colors of yellow, blue, and pink, were loaded onto a cart that trailed behind the candle wagon.

Once at the meadow, the digging began. Luke offered to dig for her, but Estelle wanted to take part in the experience. They both decided to shovel a single hole in the ground, large enough for both boxes to lay side by side.

As the last rays of light shone from the candle, the townspeople laid their boxes inside the freshly unearthed holes. Headstones were placed while mothers laid their children in small, brightly painted boxes, and put the covers on top. Everyone climbed into their own box, shutting the covers behind them as they laid down. Estelle and Luke followed suit. Estelle slid her arm through the hole Luke had carved out of her box, and she grasped his waiting hand. This is how it would end. Pure darkness enveloped the sky as the candle sparked and flickered, its last moments expiring. “Better to die than to live in a world of...”

Silent Snow

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darkness,” thought Estelle, as she dozed off into a quiet slumber.

The bell of the shop door jingled. The old man behind the counter looked up from the ancient, tattered magazine he had been reading. “Hey Pauly! What can I help ya with today?” he called out. The small boy, who had just entered the store, stomped his snowy boots on the floor as he scanned the dusty old shelves of the shop. “Hmm, um, I’m not really sure yet. Just lookin’ for a Christmas present for my sister.” “Well I am sure you will find something, Pauly. There are plenty of things that a girl would love in this old thrift shop. If you search hard enough, I am sure you will find a treasure,” the old man replied.

Pauly searched through the old boxes and shelves. Most of the items were familiar to him, as he frequented the store several times a week. After rummaging around for a couple of hours, he was at the brink of giving up. “Connie is going to be mad at me,” he thought to himself, “Looks like she isn’t going to get a present from me this year.” As he was entertaining these defeatist thoughts, he leaned against an old closet door. The door, which he had always assumed led to the janitor’s closet, gave way and he found himself sitting on the floor of the closet entryway. He turned around to survey his new surroundings. The closet was packed with more items, which he had never seen in his many visits to the store. “I found the treasure!” he called out to the shopkeeper as he surveyed the shelves of old dust-covered odds and ends.

The shelves stretched up to the ceiling, and being a very small boy himself, he decided that he would scale them, starting from the top and working his way down, until he reached the bottom shelf. As he put his foot on the bottom shelf, it gave way, clashing to the ground under the weight of its heavy items. “You okay, Pauly?” the old shopkeeper croaked from the front counter. “Sure thing!” yelled Pauly. He hoped nothing was broken as he surveyed the pile that had fallen to the ground. He picked up an old, dust-covered snow globe from the ground, and examined it to make sure that there were no cracks in it. He dusted off the glass with his shirt sleeve and stared at it. It had not cracked, but he was puzzled by the scene inside. He saw an empty town with a very large graveyard next to it. “Since when did they make snow globes for Halloween?” he thought as he placed it on the third shelf of the closet. He grabbed a Raggedy Anne doll that he had spotted in the pile, and headed to the front to purchase it. He closed the door behind him, leaving the closet in darkness.
NATALIE HERNANDEZ | Faith Leads Me
I saw you in the morning light
Amidst the rosy air,
And when you turned to walk away
Your shadow lingered there.

But so in love was I with you
So not to be alone,
I stole away that shade you cast
And took it for my own.

As lovely as you were by day
It was more lovely still,
And lovingly it followed me
When bent under my will.

With night descending, it remained
To comfort me in sleep,
A dream depending on my soul
To read my passions deep.

Yet as it were a feeble wisp
Without an earthly form,
I hoped to join my dream by night
With you by light of morn.

Alas, again you passed me then
Unlike that dream I wove.
I saw you in the morning light
A shadow of my love.
This Poem Has No Name

Horns shout every second
Car alarms scream each hour
Only birds break the astounding silence
Crickets chirp a few times a day

Pollution clogs your throat
Dust makes the visible invisible
Clean air lets you breath easily
Your eyes can see for miles

 Millions wander the streets
Fruit and flower men tap on taxi windows
One step onto the driveway
And not a soul can be heard

Buildings and structures clog the streets
While dirt shuffles around your feet
Trees can be seen across acres
Highways give route to deserted land

Layers of fabric dangle off women’s shoulders
Sandals protect the dirty feet of men
Girls sport as little as possible
Aggressive sneakers are donned by men

Millions bustle
People hide in their cars and houses

India
The United States of America
There was a tree from Eden sprung
(As such the legend goes),
And from its branches born the fruits
Containing what each knows.

And I, a branch, upon that tree,
Most barren and confused,
Sat quiet with the multitudes
Until aloud I mused:

“O what know I of poetry?”
“But naught,” was my reply,
And turning, there saw Emerson
With his transparent eye.¹

The wind blew coarsely, and its breeze
Passed through a branch of Birch,
The deathly, darkling peals of Poe
Whirled lashing from that perch.²

It wined through the Willow leaves,
Such dolor—cause to cry—
For there I swear was Dickinson
With Heaven’s Hurt to sigh.³

But from an Oak then came a toll
Which, fiercely in my ear,
Rang out immortal melodies
Of William Shakespeare.⁴

Come sky above, well up your tears,
And shower where I fell,
To wash away my ignorance
That I might grow as well.
For all the poets of the world
Combined, a luscious noise,
But given unto me no words,
No signs, no silver voice.

“O what know I of science then?”
“But naught,” came the retort,
And there sat Newton, grave as stone,
With Calculus cohort.

Beside them, Mendel patiently,
His Palms lift to the air,
Did watch to see the flowers bloom
Recording which he paired.

Though silent, Einstein stormed away,
Conceiving time and space.
The light which bent along his bough
Was relatively placed.

And Darwin rested naturally
Upon his Elder post,
Explaining how such varied limbs
Could stem from single host.

Come sky above, well up your tears,
And shower where I fell,
To wash away my ignorance
That I might grow as well.
To all these Noble scientists
Who cultivate and yield,
There’s nothing I could offer them
From my respective field.

O what know I of anything?”
“But naught,” said Socrates,
While on his limb, dilemma’s fruit
Was straining there with ease.

Beside him grew a slender stem,
One petal to its name,
When Epicurus watched it wilt
He carried on the same.
And there under the dappled light
Lay rational Descartes,
Who knew not if the tree remained
With his world torn apart.9

Between them all, a broken branch
Held tenuously on,
But snapped, and when it fell from sight,
Once Berkeley, now is gone.10

Come sky above, well up your tears,
And shower where I fell,
To wash away my ignorance
That I might grow as well.
For all these great philosophers
Would question their own name,
But I am full of foolishness
And see all things as plain.

1 Emerson is noted as saying that the greatest poet would be a “transparent eye.” The poet to manifest this ideal was Walt Whitman.
2 Birch branches were typically the favored choice for beatings.
3 In one of Dickinson’s poems, she describes depression and emotional pain as “Heavenly Hurt.”
4 Oak is typically considered as the greatest tree, and the favorite of the most powerful gods (e.g., Zeus, Thor).
5 The word “grave” is also defined as heavy, punning Newton’s discovery of the laws of gravity; “Calculus cohort” refers to Gottfried Leibniz, who co-incidently invented Calculus (which mean stone in Latin) simultaneous with Newton.
6 Mendel is cited as the ‘Father of Genetics;’ “Palms” refers not only to the type of plant, but also to Mendel’s occupation as a friar.
7 Socrates, the mentor of Plato, is possibly best known for his Euthyphro dilemma.
8 “Death is nothing to us. For while we are, death has not come. And when death has come, we are not.” -Epicurus
9 Rene Descartes is perhaps most famous for his “Cogito ergo sum” argument, in which he calls into doubt everything that exists except his ability to think.
10 George Berkeley is the most famous proponent for idealism, which states that existence is based solely on things being perceived, and not their objective reality.
CONTRIBUTORS’ NOTES

**Ursalina Aguilar**, Biology and Art major.
My paint of choice is acrylic. I call myself the “Junk Artist” because I love to put things into my paintings that people would not normally see as art. A good example would be my piece called “The Colorful Monster” in which I use string, beer caps, and iTunes gift cards.

**Kamila Albert**, senior, English major and Writing minor.
I submitted this photo because the content tells a story. It takes place during a busy afternoon in a piazza in Florence, where two teenage girls and two nuns find a place to sit and eat gelato. It’s real and it’s simple, which is why I like it so much.

**Ezana Assefa**, junior, Behavioral Neuroscience and Psychology major.

**Linea Cutter**, junior, History and Political Science major.
I am a fan of the classic *Twilight Zone* series, and I wanted to give this story a similar feel. The message I am seeking to convey in “Silent Snow” is that in times of darkness, when things may seem like they won’t get better, we cannot simply lie down and give up. If we do, when times of opportunity arise, we might miss them.

**Rachel Devlin**, freshman, Humanities major.
Both of my photographs were taken in Italy. While I took many great pictures, what I ultimately love about these two are the lighting, and how there can be beauty in something common that most people walk past every day.

**Destiny Channeigh Everett**, junior, Philosophy major and Writing minor.
I support all forms of expression so be bold, be loud, be patient, be scared, be happy, be loved, just make sure that whatever you decide to be is a direct reflection of who you are.
CONTRIBUTORS’ NOTES

Joseph Fleming, senior, English and Philosophy major.
A personal review of my work: unnecessarily complicated and incredibly eclectic; antiquated, pompous, and most of all, morose. Read at your own discretion.

Jessica Gonzalez, sophomore, English major and Writing, Media Studies, and Theatre minor.
Passion is important; without having passion as part of what you’re striving for, there is no purpose to what you’re looking to obtain. Aspiring poet and novelist. Art-in-all-its-forms enthusiast.

Natalie Hernandez, senior, Studio Art major.
Art allows me to bring out the best aspects of my subjects where I use their uniqueness as inspiration to share their magnificence with the world. I constantly research and experiment with new and creative techniques to bring out those unique qualities that may otherwise go unseen.

Sophia Gourgiotis, senior, English major and Studio Art and Writing minor.

Zara Khan, Biology major and Bioinformatics minor.
My inspiration for this work came from the vibrant watercolor abstract works from Marion Bolognesi, and Agnes Cecile, to help build my foundation for my own personal artistic style. I do this as a hobby and have been drawing since I was little, recently switching to watercolor painting. I hope to strengthen these artistic skills to use to a professional quality someday.

Leela Mansukhani, sophomore, Environmental Studies major.
I hope to do something involving Industrial Ecology in the future.
CONTRIBUTORS’ NOTES

Andrea Psomopoulos, senior, Music and Psychology major.
Fun fact: I’m bad at fun facts.

Rebecca J. Quinn, sophomore, Marine Biology major and Dance and Bioinformatics minor.
My poem came from a friend of a friend and an inspiring session in the dance studio.

Faren Rajkumar, sophomore, Biology and English major.
In addition to my Biology and English studies, I’m a classical violinist of 14 years. My ultimate career aspiration is to serve my country as a physician in the U.S. Armed Forces. But I also hope to pair my knowledge of medicine and science with my love for literature, and someday write about these topics for magazines, newspapers, television, and hopefully even author novels of any genre.

Julie Saint-Fleur, sophomore, Psychology major.
Woman of many trades: seamstress, hairdresser, writer, entrepreneur, boutique owner, tutor, and more. Nothing short of Superhuman!
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