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Full Issue

Digressions

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Closing their eyes. They breathe in, taking in the world with this breath. The universe. The possibilities of what could be and what could never be. It all ruminates in them. It grows. It evolves. It becomes too much. They must exhale.

Opening their eyes, the breath finds its way onto keyboards, paper, canvases, stages, computers, and books. Here, the universe they took in and explored becomes something more. It becomes immortal.

These immortal words and works of art have inspired me to explore the unknown, as I am sure they have to many, especially those who have contributed to Digressions. It has been an adventure to be able to delve into the perceptions so many have of this world and others. There are so many who see what many cannot. Though, they are benevolent enough to share with the world. I am fortunate to have been a part of a team who could make this possible for so many artists.

Something of a Gandalf to everyone at Digressions has been Dr. Dvorak. He has guided us through some daring paths. Just like hobbits, we were eager to make something of our small selves in this big new world. However, we would have probably been eaten alive if it had not been for him.

Toward Dr. Santos and the Division of Humanities, I have a special love. The DOH has brought my eyes to see deeper than I have ever thought possible. It is what contributes to the air these artists breathe. Without the DOH, there would have not been enough for these artists to explore or people to share their discoveries with.

My team as a unit has been incredible in a time of great change and advancement. Thank you Faren, my managing editor. You have been fearless through this all.

Thank you to the layout team, Emily, Marco, and Ruth. You have provided a beautiful place for these artists to become immortal.

To the editors, Linea, Destiny, Marco, and Desiree; you are some of the bravest people I know. You explore all that is breathed onto these pages. To those who breathe deeper than many dare to breathe and let it out with such passion, thank you to the contributors.

Finally, thank you to the readers. The pages themselves are not what bring immortality to these works of art. It is you who keep them alive in your hearts and mind. These pages are merely channels in which you may use to remember again and again until it becomes impossible to forget.

Angelica Zadak
Editor-in-Chief
I followed you
  Like Alice
And the bunny

I fell
  And
    I felt
    I felt
Deeper into this dark hole

I felt
  And
    I felt
    I felt
Deeper for you

But you were always
  Rushing to a place
That did not include me.

I’m sorry,
  But
I’m not Alice.
Not anymore.
Looking up at the night sky, I smile, memories of looking into her eyes.  
So late into the night, the energy of joy did keep us up, moments of beauty spent together.  
Onto the stern, and over the ocean we look, laughing at the sleeping fishes the ships engine had shook.  
The ocean breeze, quite cold, come closer, it is you that I hold.  
So cute and so pretty in my arms, let’s go for a walk, I won’t do you no harm.  
It was very nice to meet you, I must admit, I’m charmed.  
Let’s climb to the top of the world and see the allure of the sea.  
And to feel the happiness between you and me.  
Let’s look around, and take pictures beyond the city.  
Onto the deck we travel now, conversation that makes me smile somehow.  
Comparing the dark waters to your eyes, which is more beautiful?  
I cannot decide.  
I see the stars in the ocean, and in the sky.  
It is getting late and I know I will miss you, but I must kiss you before we say goodbye.

There once was a boy  
Who wanted to play with dolls  
He begged and he cried  
To dress up in his pink pride  
Now she’s loved across the land  

Gender Change  
Kayla Shape
From where does help come?
Has my spirit grown numb?

Trapped in a cycle of self deceit
Moments of triumph are followed with eternities of defeat

Is there true freedom from self-constraint?
Can liberty emerge from the midst of self-restraint?

How do you release the captive who desires to be enslaved?
Can you offer deliverance to the mind oppression is engraved?

How do I receive liberation from being imprisoned?
How can I believe my ignorance has now been forgiven?

Lost in the maze of mental atrophy
As the soul grows in progressive apathy

Where do I find my emancipation?
How can I end my destructive excavation?

Though the power to be free completely surrounds
How is self freed when it is self that bounds?

- Galatians 5:24
“We were 2 o’clock mornings drowned in alcohol. We were slurred vibrations. We were lips that articulated the words I love you. But our vocal chords wouldn’t dare project the sound.

We weren’t love.
We were eyes that exchanged smoky glances across the room saying baby I can’t wait to get you all alone.
We were sweat soaked bed sheets.
We were that was so good I can’t even speak.

But we weren’t love.
We were screams of I hate you, look what you’ve done to me;
Look at what you have done to me.
We were echoes of get your hands off of me.
We were nights spent alone while in each other’s company.
We were repeated mistakes and apologies.
We were I’m sorry baby please don’t leave me because tomorrow I know you’re going to leave me and I am tired of waiting.

We weren’t love.
We were missed communications.
We are speaking in two different languages.
Do you understand me?
No.
We weren’t love.
Nothing is that easy.”

We Weren’t Love
Destiny Everett

My lover is made of dust
Faren Rajkumar

Mysterious lover, hold me close.
Let me stare at that nameless something hanging in the air after your laugh, ringing, echoes (echoes) and slips down my throat if I dare open my mouth.

Turn your face as you settle into your nest of sheets, across this universe of a bed so far away from my sleepy grasp, and stir the air.
Let yourself loosen like mist and float over and rest on my shoulders, my arms, my chest. Awaken my skin, cloak me in a shiver.

Watch me as I try to touch it with my fingers, hold in my hands, hands trembling with vibrations of your passion like a moving river of wine under the moon.

Sleep while I wait until the morning light arrives, sneaking through the seductive slit in the blinds.

The sunlight will meet the wall in a line of such focus, poised to reveal the little flecks rising and falling over the shadow-and-light side of the bed where you lay, rising and falling from your body as it breathes in and out. The mysterious magic coming off your skin in the light, sifted like fine flour through the sun, your sweet dust speckling the air and falling through the room and into the carpet and all over this bed and onto my reveling body that worships your softly powdered shrine.

Let me breathe you in, deep, forever.

We Weren’t Love
Destiny Everett
As Far As The Eye Can See

Dymun Fengshui

Staring at the ocean make me question my significance
Waves are breaking hard, lately I’ve been on some different shit
Take the world in through my eyes, my brain just be twisting it
Basquiat state of mind, wishing you could witness it.

They say life is real, I’m wondering if it is
Or if its just really.
really what we think it is
What if dreams are real life, and that is where we live
What if when we go, It doesn’t really end

Abstract thoughts from an overactive mind
Like how’d I get this far
Like what is really time
Like what do I control
Like what is really mine
Like are these people real
or am I just really blind
Too much, too soon
kissing you in the sand,
under the moon.
Hearts pulled and hearts hewn.
We are both a little crazy,
but it’d be crazy not to be,
here with you by the sea.
Passion. Once intertwined, it
blinds me from yours and yours from mine.
Here on this dark night where our
souls align.
How could we tell we were
moving too fast when we couldn’t even
keep track of time?
Twas no one’s fault, there was no crime,
nor thought, nor reason, nor rhyme.
Only the feeling… Sublime.
The way I kiss you goodbye, you look at me
and say
I’m crazy.

The reason being, a lesson from my past.
I know when things move this fast, every time I
kiss
you could truly be my last. So I kiss you
like it is my last.
Too much too soon,
maybe I’m crazy,
or maybe you’re a loon.
But damn, it felt right
that afternoon.
A goodbye with an uneasy
heart is what I’m fearing,
but nothing has been lost…
Which reminds me dear,
here is your earring!
Morning sounds wake me,
Tangled in the sheets I reach,
Fingertips find skin.

Is this what it’s like?
Forever waking up here,
Dreaming somewhere else.
Blaire sprinted to the locker room. “That was a close call!” she thought frantically as she burst through the door. She had barely enough time to raise her hand to ask for a bathroom pass before disaster would have come upon her. Her drama teacher had been slightly put out by Blaire’s sudden interruption of his lecture, but nevertheless, he understood the sudden call of nature, a characteristic of his young high school students that was especially prevalent on days when he was spouting forth an especially sleep-inducing monologue. Blaire ran into one of the showers and forced the curtain shut. She looked down at her chest—the distinctive bright glow had begun to flicker. “I need to stop forgetting to change the batteries on this thing!” she thought. “One day, it might be the death of me.”

The gold chain that held the flickering orb suspended around her neck was so thin that it easily escaped detection with the naked eye. Blaire had to pull her glasses from her pocket and put them on before she could take the necklace off. She ravaged through her backpack, scouring it for extra batteries. She breathed a sigh of relief as she found two small batteries lodged in one of the pencil pockets of her bag. She carefully placed the batteries inside the orb and it began to glow brightly again. She put the necklace back on and sat down in the shower, taking a minute to relax after the stressful episode. Her mind wandered to the time her mother had first explained Blaire’s disability to her. It was a painful memory, yet one that had helped her better to understand herself. She closed her eyes, and a picture of her five-year-old self swam in front of her eyes. She had been getting ready to jump off the roof of their old, two-story house. The strong arms of her mother wrapped around her body and lifted her off of the roof’s edge in one swift movement. “Blaire!” her mother shouted with tears streaming down her face. “How could you?” Five-year-old Blaire stared at her mother blankly. “I don’t want to live anymore,” she had said in a weak, squeaky voice, “the world is dark and I am too small.” Her mother placed her on her lap, and they sat together in the middle of the roof. “Blaire, you need to fight this. You need to fight it with everything you are. You are a strong girl, and I know you can do it.”

Her mother had then explained to Blaire that on Yendar,
everyone was born with a bright star in his or her chest. It would always glow, giving the people of Yendar positive energy that fueled their individual lives. But Blaire was different. Instead of being born with a star in her chest, Blaire had been born with a black hole, which filled her entire being and darkened her thoughts. To disguise this black hole, her mother had given her a special necklace to wear—a battery-powered, glowing orb. “This necklace will be a useless disguise if you do not adopt an attitude to match it,” her mother had warned.

Blaire had struggled to follow her mother’s advice. She felt like an outcast at first, and struggled to make friends when she first entered school, wrestling against the awkwardness and sadness that she knew her peers could not comprehend. When she entered high school, she had completely changed, at least on the outside. She was now one of the most popular girls in school, actively involved on the school’s tennis team, and a prominent member within the student government. Only Blaire knew the truth—her bright smile was a mask that melted away as soon as she entered her bedroom and removed the necklace from her chest. She felt so alone in her struggle. But so far, her act had succeeded, and her character was a hit in the play that had become her life.

She left the locker room, and hurried back to her drama class. She entered the room just as the bell rang, adjourning school for the day. She waved goodbye to her friends and started walking to her house, a block and a half away from the school. As she walked, the stress of the day suddenly dropped upon her like a heavy weight. She broke down as tears flowed freely down her face. She stopped by an oak tree, and set her backpack on the ground, rummaging through it for her sunglasses. “Blaire?” She jumped at the sound of a voice right in front of her. She looked up. In her hurry to find her sunglasses, she had failed to notice that Dimitri, a boy from her drama class, had been relaxing in the shade of the tall oak. “What’s wrong?” he asked in earnest, studying her face. She couldn’t recover this time. She usually could, but the close brush with disaster had been the last straw that had brought her to her knees. She buried her face in her hands and sobbed. Suddenly, she found herself pulled into a tight embrace. Her tears soaked into his shirt as he held her close to him—her cheek against the soft beating of his heart. She finally pulled away from him and looked away, embarrassed by her own lack of control. He walked her home without saying a word, but he held her hand the entire time.

The next day, he found her at lunch with her friends, and asked if he could meet her after school. Fear gripped her heart, but she nodded her consent. She met him by the same oak tree where he had startled her the day before. She sat down next to him as a cool breeze rustled through the leaves of the mighty oak. “Blaire,” he said as he looked at her, his big blue eyes were grave. “You can’t wear a broken mask your whole life.” Her eyes grew wide, and she moved away from him. “How would you know anything about that?” she stuttered.

“Blaire, the world is full of different actors, all of them wear different masks. The key to surviving is to become the best actor that you can be—to the point that you believe your own act.”

“How can I make my mask that perfect?” she asked, “I have a black hole for a heart.” She had never confessed this to anyone, and she braced herself for the repercussions and rejection she knew would come. Instead, she again felt his steady heartbeat against her cheek.

“Just because there is a black hole in your chest doesn’t mean that you can’t create your own light to fill it with,” he whispered, as he held her tightly and kissed her forehead.

Every day after that, Blaire would sit with Dimitri under the oak tree after school. Through him, she found strength to battle the darkness inside of her. A month into their friendship, she found that she no longer cried as much when she was alone. Although she knew she had a long way to go, she now knew progress was possible. Her new smile—a real, genuine smile—was all the evidence she needed.

Summer came, and Dimitri left for a drama camp that he had been accepted to in the north. Blaire wished that she had applied to the drama camp, but she knew that Dimitri would enjoy himself. She wanted him to enjoy himself because she was so thankful that he had given her hope.

When she said goodbye to him the day before he left, Blaire had no idea that she would never see him again. A month after he left, she received a phone call from Dimitri’s sister. He had killed himself. Blaire’s world stopped.
Blaire didn’t leave her room for a week. Her mother had to coax her into eating any form of food. She felt smothered by grief and loss.

She had just emerged from her room on the following Tuesday, when a letter arrived for her. It was addressed in Dimitri’s familiar handwriting. He had sent it to her before he died. She braced herself, tears blurring her eyes as she opened the envelope, and read his enclosed letter.

“Blaire, I have failed. This play has become too much for me, and I can no longer act my part. It has become too demanding. We aren’t supposed to discuss this. They’ve told us not to because they want us to act out our parts as best as we can. Our parents hope that by concealing the knowledge from us when we are young, we will work harder to ‘be like everyone else’ and overcome the black holes inside of us. Everyone is born with a black hole in their chest, Blaire. We all don the same necklace to hide our own darkness. I thought I knew the secret to overcome it, but I was naive. I was wrong—becoming the best actor is not the key. Everyone is trying to overcome the same disability, and we all put on masks. We really should be trying to eradicate the problem, not disguise it.”

That was all he wrote. Blaire closed her eyes and wept, as the full gravity of what he wrote hit her.

The next day she sat under the oak tree. She longed for Dimitri, so much so that her whole body ached. She closed her eyes and imagined that the soft breeze that drifted through the mighty oak was the gentle whisper of his voice. He had given her so much hope, and yet ultimately, he himself had succumbed to the darkness. He had become such a good actor that when he finally realized he was just a character himself, he had given into despair.

“That’s the answer,” Blaire thought quietly. “The only way that a character can survive in this play is if he fully embraces who he is. A great actor never loses sight of who he really is, despite his many imperfections. It gives him joy to play his part, because he can step away from his own troubles for a while—but he cannot forget his true identity. An actor must also work on his true character, instead of only working on the character that he has fashioned for himself.”

“Just because there is a black hole in your chest doesn’t mean that you can’t create your own light to fill it with.” His words echoed in her mind as she closed her eyes and imagined again the sound of his beating heart against her tear-soaked cheek.
I used to romanticize

The moon

But now I pity her

It is cruel

For someone to exist

Solemnly

On the existence of others.

Salt in the air & fins on my feet,
There is nothing as sweet as a day spent at sea.

Wind on my face & sun in my hair,
Clear skies and a sea of glass; no conditions could possibly compare.

Sunglasses on & ready with a smile,
We plan to be at sea for a while.

Rash guard on & ready to float,
I slide myself off the side of the boat.

Face in the water & fins kicking along,
The life in the water calls to me like a siren’s song.

Ears equalized & mask snug on my face,
My descent to the deep begins the never ending chase.

One breath in my lungs & my hair in a braid,
To the bottom I slip, my welcome never over-stayed.
The harvest festival had begun. The weeklong celebration culminated in a night of feasting around the towering bonfire, fueled by dancing and laughter. As the fiddles sang, Heather twirled around the flames with the other villagers. She wanted tonight to last forever. The harvest festival was the one time each year that the villagers all gathered together—their large plots of farmland forced the villagers to live relatively far from each other. This was the last night of the single week in the year that Heather felt she was part of a family. Heather had lost her parents in a house fire three years earlier. Since she was an only child, the villagers had come together to help her rebuild her log cabin and begin her first crop, but after that, she had been on her own.

Tonight Heather wasn’t on her own, and she relished the company. She danced and twirled with all her might and sang along with the violins at the top of her lungs. She knew that an empty cabin awaited her that night, on a plot of land that seemed so big that it would swallow her. But now it was time to make merry and enjoy the festival. Drops of sweat fell into her eyes as she wiped her forehead. She detached herself from the dancers, making her way over to the refreshment table to retrieve another mug of hard cider to cool off.

She put the cold drink to her lips and looked around the clearing. She observed the silhouette of a young man leaning against a nearby tree. As she looked more closely, she noticed his face was obscured by the shadows. She stared at him, trying to discern his features. He beckoned to her. She walked over to him and brought an extra mug of cider. Before she could engage him with a polite greeting, he simply asked, “Can I have the next dance?” She was taken aback by the informality, but her curiosity overcame her caution, and she readily agreed.

She led him to the bonfire and her heart beat loudly as he placed his hands on her waist. Her breathing quickened as they danced around the fire, their bodies moving closer together in sync with the howling fiddles. She still was unable to study his face; the shadows from the bonfire only added to her difficulty. The violin players began to play faster and faster. The faster they played, the closer the two dancers were drawn together. The music became so fast, and the dancing so intense that, to Heather, everything became a blur of heat and flame.

She awoke the next morning in her empty cabin—her last memories were of the frenzied dance around the fire. She was not aware of how she got to her cabin. She stared out the window at the empty cornfield, cold fingers of loneliness piercing the recesses of her heart.
The distant, smiling face of the lone scarecrow in the field was the only greeting she could expect for a while.

Within nine months time, Heather’s lonely life was interrupted by the arrival of her first child—a beautiful baby boy, whose father’s face she did not even know. As she held the baby in her arms, she cried, wondering what kind of life the child would have with a single mother in a large, lonely cornfield.

The child grew, and harvest week came again. The boy became sick and restless, so Heather decided to stay home the night of the bonfire. As she sat in the baby’s room by his cradle, gently rocking him back and forth, she closed her eyes and remembered how different the night had been a mere year ago, as she had twirled and danced with a stranger—a stranger who would end up altering the course of her life. She opened her eyes and stared out the window. For a split second, she thought she saw the silhouette of a man peering in the window. Startled, she stood up suddenly and rubbed her eyes. She looked out the window again, but the only sight that met her eyes was a dark, empty cornfield, and the distant, lonely scarecrow.

The second year after her child was born, the harvest festival came and went, and Heather again decided to skip the night of the bonfire—old memories made it too painful for her to return to the scene. The next year came, and her child grew into a sturdy young toddler with sandy blonde hair and big brown eyes. She still often tried desperately to imagine what his father might have looked like. The boy brought a newfound joy to her life as he drove the loneliness from her little cabin. As she worked in the cornfield, he would run, play, laugh, and sing, chasing the crows away and falling asleep under the lone scarecrow deep within the cornfield. She wondered if his father had such a joyful spirit. The boy often was so tired out by dinner that he could barely keep his eyes open through the whole meal. She would always carry him to bed, tuck him in, and gently kiss his sandy blonde head. At first, she had thought the child was a curse, part of the inexplicable tragedy that had become her life. As she held the baby in her arms, she cried, wondering what kind of life the child would have with a single father’s face she did not even know. As she held the baby in her arms, she cried, wondering what kind of life the child would have with a single father’s face she did not even know.

The week of the harvest festival came again. As in the previous years, on the night of the bonfire, Heather still felt that she could not go. Instead, she read from an old book to her son as he sat propped up on pillows. He listened to her intently as she read to him by his bedside. As she read, the boy suddenly looked up and pointed at the window, “Who’s that, Mother?” he asked. Heather looked up as her heart dropped to her stomach. She saw the dark, familiar silhouette of a man briefly before it disappeared.

“It must have just been our imaginations,” she said as she closed the book in her lap. She kissed his head and left the room. She loaded her small rifle and lit a candle. She circled the house, searching for the cause of the dark silhouette. Finding no one, she returned inside, trying to convince herself that the shadow had been an illusion. She fell asleep at the kitchen table with her gun in her lap, and the candle still lit.

She awoke early the next morning with the gun still on her lap, and she laughed at herself for being so frightened the night before. She turned the stove on and began making preparations for breakfast. She walked to her son’s room to wake him. She opened the door and noticed he was not in his bed. She assumed he was using the outhouse, and returned to the kitchen to put the eggs on the frying pan. She finished making breakfast and called out her son’s name. He did not answer. She checked his room again, and sighed. Sometimes in the mornings, after his usual outhouse run, he would go out and play a little in the cornfield before breakfast. She had asked him not to do this in the past and to come inside and help with breakfast, but he had often ignored her requests. She suspected he was again avoiding the breakfast preparations in favor of playtime. She went out to the outhouse just to make sure he was not there before she shouted his name. Again, he did not answer. She walked around the outskirts of the empty cornfield and could not see him. Her heart rate quickened and she began walking quickly in between the rows of stubble, calling his name and scanning the horizon. She walked deep into the empty field, past the scarecrows to the edge of her plot. She racked her brain for where he could have gone. “Maybe he’s playing hide and seek,” she thought. She began walking rapidly back to the house and past the scarecrows. But then she stopped dead in her tracks. “Scarecrows?” she thought, “There should only be one scarecrow.” She turned around slowly and stared at the two scarecrows. The man-sized scarecrow—the one that had been there as long as she could remember—was now joined by a smaller, child-sized scarecrow with big brown button eyes and a sandy straw-covered head.

The following year, the night of the bonfire came, and Heather sat alone at her kitchen table, quietly dozing after drinking a cup of warm tea. She was awakened by two small knocks at her door. She opened it cautiously, and was embraced by a small boy and a man, their faces obscured by the shadows that danced upon them from the fire-
The clouds that hover above,
Creating that unnecessary shade,
Secretly merge with the shadow,
Of the man that tries to exist.

Many might not fathom,
This pivotal concept in life;
When the man drowns in the rain,
The shadow remains dry.

The shadow you see,
Is what he is, it’s him,
Just not encaged as a target,
That the clouds might objectify.

His thoughts are free
But his will is not
He waves through this journey
The shadow is his life.

He tries to flee,
To reach the sun,
Where the grass is green,
And the daffodils yellow
A shallow stream is deepening
The water moves, now fast
What once was faster than fleeting
is moving slow, as though to last
A new forever place,
with an end unseen
The river becomes a lake
and the lake is deep as the sea
Take me if you want me, leave me if you don’t,

Tell me that you want me, treat me like you don’t,

I’ll tell you that I love you, tell me you feel the same.

...I’d divulge my feelings, and you’d admit yours.

But you just don’t know.

......But I do.

And I do.

I do.

I love you.

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**Those Feelings That Go Without Name**

*Kyle Bolton*

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**Becoming**

*Destiny Everett*

“...I’d divulge my feelings, and you’d admit yours.

But you just don’t know.

......But I do.

And I do.

I do.

I love you.

---

“You want to make love to me in the daylight with eyes opened wide, but I have been trained to fuck at 3 hours post dawn.

And this is not about you this is yet another poem about him. I can count on both of my hands the amount of times we have become one without the use of alcohol or drugs. But if we’re counting all the nights we were intoxicated the number is somewhere off in the trillions.

I have been disciplined to listen for his voice in the middle of the night. There are pieces of my insides that aren’t even mine, they are his. Nerves that don’t respond without the stimulation of his touch.

But I am just a body to him and it would make no difference and if I stayed to see the sun rise or disappeared into the night. And I am always the one to curl up to his side. In the midst of my vulnerability I am convinced that he loves me.

But I am wrong and naive.

So baby I cannot apologize for not knowing what to do with my hands or my lips because I, I am not use to this. I cannot tell you what I like because I was never given a preference. I am an animal acting only on instinct.

And I, I want to love you, more than anything. But you are not him and I cannot function without the familiar sting of his loneliness.”
Love is wild
Uncontrollable and free
Felt like the wind
Impossible to see
Except for the reactions
The movement in the trees
Love comes without warning
Without any prior plan
Man and a Woman
Woman and a Woman
or a Man and a Man
Between Blacks and Whites
and Latinos and Asians
Between all kinds of people
from all different nations
To me it is all beautiful
And that’s why I’ll never understand
Why we wage war upon love
As if loves not enough
As if words in a book
or words from ones mouth
will somehow find a way
to deny the flight of a dove
Wishing
Faren Rajkumar

I make a wish every night on a Drifting Satellite, just like every young girl since the last Small star burned out. They roll across the sky among the space rocks and ship parts, just slow enough to hear my hopeful whisper:

Like a strange word I once read in a paper book.
“Tumbleweed”
Yes, the granters of my wishes tumble by. And they are weeds. Unwanted. But no matter how many years pass and Restoration projects have come to an end, the satellites continue to grow from the depths of nowhere and tumble by with no purpose but to hear the wishes of young people living in the dark.

One night, I promise I will wish for Light again. But for now, I wish only that the satellites keep drifting over the Earth so that I have reason to look up when the time reader says 9:00 pm and everyone pretends the day is at an end, even though the sky never really changes. It is only dark, darker still when night arrives. Ugly and unforgiving, as though the people walking underneath once did something to offend it and now it refuses to smile. I hate to look at that sky.

I read another strange word in that same paper book. It was a rare bright day, the Great star gave Light we have never seen since and I kept reading until 9:00.
“Shooting-star”
I’ve never known a star to shoot. They only die. But I understand that people once used to make wishes on them, too. And before Light, people used to wish for love.
**Alessandra Santana, Class of 2018, International Studies Major**

I die on these pages so I can live in life.

**Jessica Sanchez, Senior Legal Studies Major**

Aside from using paint I like to use other mediums such as chocolate, and even cake, to make art. The arts fascinate me. From playing the violin, to painting or drawing, there’s art in practically every aspect of my life. Career-wise, my ultimate goal is to become an intellectual property lawyer. In between studying, I find it essential to find a creative outlet and I found my balance with these mediums. I paint because I like to see ideas come alive. Seeing a blank canvas and imagining what it could become reminds me that there are no limits to what I can do.

**Claudia Murcia, Senior Biology Major**

My aspiration career-wise is to attend medical school and become an anesthetist in order to help those that require surgeries and make a difference in my family.

**Ursalina Aguiler, Senior Art Major**

I am an aspiring visual development artist/painter.

**Zara Khan, Biology Major**

Inspiration for my artwork: It is one out of many abstract watercolor paintings that I have made since my work in Digressions last year. I have been working on this style and trying to improve both in painting and drawing when it comes to human faces and facial expressions. I am hoping to also paint urban and natural landscapes with this style and work from there.

**Faren Rajkumar, Junior Biology and English Major**

Words are my drug - I read everything and all the time, so naturally, I love to write. There is no greater thrill than arriving at the end of a perfect sentence and sitting back to read what I’ve created, only to be surprised when the words start to blink and breathe and exist without dependence on me.

**Linea Cutter, Senior Political Science and History Major**

She started sweating profusely as she ardently tried to think of something interesting to write about herself. “Oh no,” she thought, “now the world shall know that my script is a facade to mask the truly unremarkable.”

**Destiny Everett, Senior Philosophy Major and Writing Minor**

I just recieved the good news that I’ve been accepted into an MFA program in creative writing!
CONTRIBUTOR’S NOTES

MAHEEN DHANANI, SOPHOMORE BIOLOGY AND MATHEMATICS MAJOR
To me, interests are something that you focus a lot on and use to try to improve yourself. My interests and my hobbies are very seasonal. Last year I was really into fashion designing and creating all sorts of abstract paintings. These days I’m focusing a lot on health, fitness and nutrition. I’m a biology major focusing on pre-medicine. I’m working towards becoming a doctor, but I have yet to figure out what kind of doctor I want to be. I have always admired the art of using language as a form of expression. I used to keep my poetry to myself, but now I feel more open about my opinions and am able to share it with everyone!

KAYLA SHAPE, ALUMNI CLASS WINTER 2014, MARINE BIOLOGY MAJOR AND WRITING MINOR
I write because it transports me into my imagination and by sharing my stories I can transport other people into my world.

DYMUN FENGSHUI, JUNIOR SPEECH LANGUAGE PATHOLOGY MAJOR
“Man is born free but lives everywhere in chains.”
- Jean-Jacques Rousseau

CONTRIBUTOR’S NOTES

KATHERINE LEWIS, SENIOR PSYCHOLOGY MAJOR AND SOCIAL AND APPLIED BEHAVIOR ANALYSIS MINOR
I’m studying to become an early childhood special ed. teacher. I currently work with children with autism and their beautifully unique personalities inspire me every day. I write because it is a sort of therapy for me. I get out all of my thoughts and feelings, even those that reside below my level of immediate awareness.

EZRANA ASSEFA, SENIOR BEHAVIORAL NEUROSCIENCE MAJOR
I oftentimes forget to consider myself a poet. Writing is an outlet for my feelings and emotions, both good and bad. I consider writing synonymous to shaking a carbonated drink; there’s only so much pressure that can be contained before something bursts. That burst is what results in a poem.
IMAGINE. CREATE. INSPIRE.