





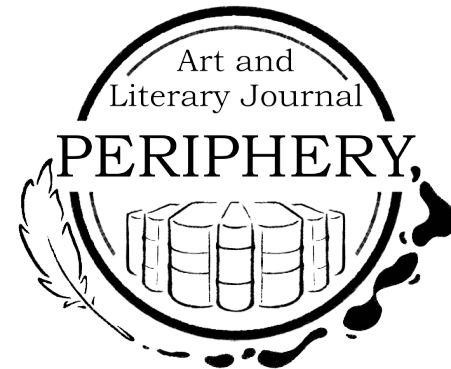
Periphery Art & Literary Journal

**Edition 63
2026
Online Version**

About

Periphery Art and Literary Journal is an annual, student produced publication at Drake University. Funding for *Periphery* is provided by the Board of Student Communications. Contents and opinions in this journal do not reflect those of Drake University.

For more information: www.peripheryjournal.com



Submission Process

Submission to *Periphery* is free and open to undergraduate students from around the globe. *Periphery* accepts stories, photographs, poems, songs, essays, paintings, videos, interviews, digital art, sculptures, graphic narratives, spoken word, comics, and other creative works, including works from genres that have yet to be recognized. All submissions are sent through a blind review process by the Editors-In-Chief, Art Directors, and Editorial Staff. *Periphery* reserves the right to edit any and all submissions, but does not claim the rights to any published work.

Acknowledgements

Periphery 63 was greatly aided by Carol Spaulding-Kruse, Jeff Inman, the Board of Student Communications, Drake University, and Sigler Printers.

Staff

Editor-In-Chief
Avery Hjelm

Art Director
Emma Masso

Editorial Staff
Elhondra Brazzle
Delia Fick
Grace Miller
Hannah Severson
Leah Tornow

Faculty Advisor
Carol Spaulding-Kruse

Assistant Art Director
Stella Pihlstrom

Contact Us

periphery.editors@drake.edu



peripheryjournal.com



[@periphery.du](https://www.instagram.com/periphery.du)



Letter From the Editor

When I came into my first year as Editor-in-Chief, I honestly had no idea what I was doing. All I knew was that the journal had to come out, and I had to make it happen. Thankfully, I learned a lot last year and have been much more confident this second time around. This year was all about growth. The staff and I have encouraged as many people as possible to submit, raised the bar for every submission we accept, and put extra attention towards the little details that push this edition to the next level. I'm incredibly proud of the end result.

None of this would be possible without the insights, creativity, and hard work of the Periphery staff. I hope each of you sees a part of yourself and your work reflected in these pages. Thank you to faculty members Carol Spaulding-Kruse and Jeff Inman for your continued support as well as to every professor who let our staff visit their classroom to promote the journal. You all help keep our publication alive!

Of course, thank you to everyone who submitted. There are many submissions from my four years with *Periphery* that I will never forget. Your creativity is limitless, and I encourage you to continue putting your work into the world.

Finally, thank you to our readers. I hope these pieces inspire you, and I hope they make you think almost as much as they make you feel.

Avery Hjelm
Editor-in-Chief, 63rd Edition

Overgrown

Nothing stops growing. Nothing stops changing.
Like branches on a tree,
we grow and evolve every day.
We grow without thinking, without trying.
Eventually, we wake up and realize we're
overgrown, bursting out of what once fit us like a
glove.

Overgrown means discomfort.
Overgrown means change.
But overgrown also means blooming, flourishing,
and the possibility of something new.



Table of Contents

Literature

Flesh Garden Charlie Jae	3
Where Breath Fills Gabrielle Greenle	5
How Love Stayed After You Nathaniel Williams	6
Fate Reader Keegan Walpole	10
Granddaughter's Lament Stasia Concerty	11
Making Do Ishani Ray	12
Gust Brinley B Halland	15
How come I like the smell of cigarettes Wrendolyn Klotzko	16
The Vines Matthew Moore	17
Morning Commute Morgan Chesnais	26
The Daughter's I Raise Are Not My Own Ishani Ray	27
White Pearls April Allumbaugh	30
Pomegranate Bones Have Dimples Wrendolyn Klotzko	31
Cattails Jenna Curtis	32
Change Delaney Brackin	33
Something Intimately Familiar E. T	35
The turkey gave me his collarbones Wrendolyn Klotzko ..	38
Diminuendo Joslyn Gillette	39
Let The Record Show Ishani Ray	45
ON BECOMING THE SELF Abdulmueed Adewale Balogun ..	48
helen Oliver O'Daniel	49
Eulogy for a House on a Street that Doesn't Exist E. T ..	51
Evening August Chaffin	52
Year of the Fire Horse Susan Reams	53
ON MEMORY AND ITS LOVE FOR DISGUISE Abdulmueed Adewale Balodun	57

Table of Contents

Artwork

Cycles Amuri Morris	61
Skull, Grapes, and Flowers Nathan Summers	62
Fragile Denver Boxleitner	63
Total Push Over Logan Schueter	64
What Will Be Audrey Wagner	65
The Hunt Berkeley Coyne	66
Bound by Divinity Gretzle	67
Yellow Triceratops Sophia Ernst	68
Sun Eater Ochu	69
Ill talk to you later Ty Cullison	70
Untitled Sculpture Adalee Miller	71
Nature Dakota Koons	72
Sister processional Lawren Murphy	73
Sir Berkeley Coyne	74
The Tree Audrey Wagner	75
Pit Sophia Ernst	76
Like a Rainbow Ava Sendelbach	77
Piéagé Kaylin Wilson	78
Can't Reach the Buttons The Dragonfly System ..	79
Untitled Fabric Megan McKinney	80
Remember the Future Amuri Morris	81
Tarot Reader Logan Schlueter	82
Figure in Waiting Kiera Fisher	83
Untitled Painting Megan McKinney	84
The Red String Kiera Fisher	85
Nova Ochu	86
Raspberry Jam Abbie Rodriguez	87
Spirit of the Wolf Amuri Morris	88
Exhaustion Denver Boxleitner	89
Portrait of a Swam Ava Sendelbach	90
The Old Market Charlie Jae	91



Literature

Flesh Garden

Charlie Jae *TW// self-harm, body horror, mild gore*

The itching has always been the worst part. A constant scurrying of bugs under my skin that begs for my nails dragging across the flesh. I wear a hair tie on my wrist to keep from scratching my skin raw. That's what my therapist told me to do, at least. And the rubber band does work.

Until it doesn't.

Until the itching has gotten so horrifically intense. It's filling my ever waking soul, burrowing deep into my bones. Like maggots squirming deeper. I'm scratching at my wrist before I even realize I'm doing so. I glance down at the red blooming across my wrist from where my nails had dragged.

A tiny crescent moon is torn into the skin of my forearm. Instantly, I'm leaning to grab a tissue, pressing it against the wound. I sigh and wait for the blood to blossom from my wound. But no blood comes. When I pull the tissue back, there's no red.

Instead, there's something pale. Thin. Green. A thread, maybe—a hair. I pinch it carefully between my nails and pull. Whatever it is comes easily. And it keeps coming as long as I pull. Like a magician pulling those colorful fabrics.

An endless stream of green.

There's a soft, wet pop when the root lets go. The thing dangles from my hand like a string of spit. I stare at it. It stares back. I blink once, twice. Finally, my brain catches up to me. The thing dangling from my fingers is a wilted flower.

The next day, there are three more.

I stop using the hair tie. It's useless now. The black band is discarded into the garbage bin beside my desk. I scratch and scratch until my skin is blooming with the tiny white buds, soft and pulsing, nestled in the places I once broke open in high school—my thighs, my wrists, my sides.

When I press my fingers to them, they lean in.

They love me.

They *need* me.

Each petal opens with the warmth of touch. Like I'm blooming the flowers with my own life. Like I'm creating their life. I catch the scent once, fleetingly—honeysuckle and rot. Sweet things, souring. Yet I find the scent feels more like home than my own body does.

I find myself wearing long sleeves again.

Not from shame. No, to protect them. To protect the life I'm creating.

From the sun. From the cold. From *others*.

I don't go to work on Monday. The heat of the store, the sound of beeping from the cash registers. It all makes them wilt. Like it's draining them, feeding on their life force. I've grown happier since locking the front door. And since turning off my phone. Work had been constantly calling me as had my friends. I'd ignored all of the calls.

Their roots are deep now.

I can feel them when I move, when I shift. Even when I breathe. Like they're replacing my veins.

I lie in bed and they grow toward the light overhead.

Sometimes I think I can hear them humming. A chorus under my skin. Like they're singing from joy—happy to be alive.

I am a garden.

I am blooming.

I am beautiful.

Where Breath Fills

Gabrielle Greenlee

mountains peak in unending sky
sounds sway through glistening light
bright timeless lines

weight pounds against earth
fragile wings glide on salted winds
blown from spirited lungs

lush vines sweep from hanging branches
croaks of life float as the breeze spits by
carrying nature's cry

meadows roll where flowers climb
colors ignite further intertwined
where breath fills, creatures roam.

How Love Stayed After You

Nathaniel Williams

"I used to think love stopped when life did—until she proved me wrong."

— Nathaniel Williams

I still remember the day we met—
you said that fate was just a word
people used
when they ran out of logic.

But you...
you smiled anyways.

Like maybe—
just this once—
you'd let the universe win.

You were chaos...
in soft skin.

The kind of person
who'd dance in parking lots
and laugh at your own mistakes
just to make them lighter.

You made love feel less like a promise.

More like a place—
somewhere I could finally rest.

I tell people now
that you changed me...
but the truth is,
you rebuilt me
long before the accident.

You taught me how to live—
how to love—
and somehow...
You made sure that I'd keep doing it
without you.

I still remember the sound
of falling rain on the windshield.

The flash.

The sudden silence
that followed.

Like the world...
knew somehow
it had taken a life
that wasn't its to take.

When I woke, they said I was lucky.
Lucky.

But luck...
doesn't ache the way this does.

Luck...
doesn't carry another heartbeat in its chest.

Sometimes at night...
I swear I can hear you—

that soft rhythm...
That echo of laughter...
pressed against my ribs.

The doctors called it a miracle.

But I...
I knew better.

It was you, wasn't it?

Still finding a way to stay, still finding a way to love me...
even when your body couldn't.
And now...

when the world is too quiet... I press my hands to my
chest— and there you are.

Steady.

Endless.

Alive in me.

They said I survived.

But that's not the truth.

We did.

Now...
My heart beats...

for two.

Fate Reader

Keegan Walpole

Cherim's laugh still echoes throughout your soul
As your waking moments forever parse
The memory of each act and the toll
Paid in false confidence, playing the farce

Leave behind your mournful river to turn
Towards a bright ever after. You say
No future awaits you? Does that lie burn
At the core of your being? At the gate

To the hereafter, that is your regret
Yet I am the phantom sent to show you
That only you suffer from self neglect
I implore you it not be your blade to

Which you fall. Cease acting the broken wretch
It's not the mark on history you etch

Granddaughter's Lament

Stasia Concerty

“GARAGE SALE TODAY!” Years of silent suffering, your old man body tattered from decades tethered to the farm, yet you were cloaked in a youthful joy each time we scavenged through treasure among gilded trash. You would have bartered with the Universe to have radiant stars and swirled, sorbet sunsets shine every night, if it meant the twinkle in my eye never burnt out. Now, my lungs are punctured; I deflate like a battered balloon when I’m faced with the daunting sign. Like a broken locket, I’ve lost half of my heart, and no replacement will ever match.

Making Do

Ishani Ray

In my fifth-floor walk-up,
the gas stove coughs and protests—
like it’s haunted, or just
as tired as I am.
It takes a flick,
then a prayer,
then some curses I’ve inherited
from both my mother tongue
and the one I bought in student loans.

I sound like a menace
to the quiet neighbors,
but it’s not rage, just
a daily negotiation,
one more task
refusing to go gently.

The fridge whirs uselessly—
it couldn’t keep a secret cold
let alone a week’s worth of leftovers
from spoiling like old dreams.
The sink—
some ancient, rusted monument—
croons when I scrub it too hard,
like my own throat
after too many hours
of swallowing my own tongue
in rooms where I shouldn’t speak.

The bed is mine,
barely.
A Craigslist corpse,
a mattress I dragged in solo,
one stair at a time—
lumps and all,
I know it's every complaint.
The carpet is stained—
cigarette burns,
spilled wine,
the remains of tenants past
who maybe also
were trying to prove
they belonged.

My landlady peers at me
like I'm a bruise
she doesn't remember getting.
She coos,
"You're so brave,
living here alone."
As if bravery
wasn't a daily tax I pay
for waking up in this city.

She smiles with the sympathy
of a predator full of steak—
tells me I should be
grateful
to have this space,
this leaking ceiling,
these crooked floors.
Says I could be out on the street,
as if the street isn't

already licking its chops
waiting for someone like me
to stumble.

She could raise the rent,
toss my name from the lease
like a mispronounced word.

So, I stay quiet.
Because protesting, like heat,
is luxury
I can't afford
on an income cobbled from
research gigs
and food pantries
and every second job
that doesn't ask
too many questions.

Gust

Brinley B Halland

Throughout the slender streets, barrels nudge;
Empty glasses fall from windowsills.
Along the edges of gutters, leaves crash,
Branches crack and craze.
Within each and every corner
Golden slits appear frail, rapacious;
Moving throughout every lounge, unrecognized.
Another one of nature's hustlers.
A gust of orange budging through;
Emboldened by the flame of greed,
Scraping at every spare nibble.
Semblance of connection to its past,
Lay wasting 'round its nape.
Once loved and catered for.
Succumbs to man's failure.

How come I like the smell of cigarettes

Wrendolyn Klotzko

that clings to the seats of your truck
when I don't even smoke?

I kick around the empty cartons
getting into your passenger seat,

and look at the loose tobacco
sprinkled on the center console.

Now, I take deep breaths walking
past smokers on the street, hoping

their cigarettes smell like you.
Before, I always held my breath.

The Vines

A Ten Minute Play

Matthew Moore

Characters

Sarah, A Young Woman

Rose, An Older Woman

Setting: *Rose's Garden, Afternoon*

"You can cut all the flowers, but you cannot keep spring from coming."

~ Pablo Neruda

(A garden in the afternoon. BIRDS CHIRPING. The weather is perfect. SARAH, a young woman, walks into the garden and looks around as though she's never been there until now. After a moment, ROSE, an older woman, enters. She notices SARAH before SARAH notices her. She clears her throat so SARAH will turn around.)

ROSE
Beautiful afternoon.

SARAH
Yes.

ROSE
You've never seen the garden.

SARAH
No.

ROSE
It's a masterpiece.

SARAH
Did you do...all this?

ROSE
My mother did. This place--It meant a great deal to her.

SARAH
I can see why it would.

ROSE
Do you garden?

SARAH
I don't.

ROSE
I don't either. I have someone who comes and takes care of everything for me. As I got older, people assumed the garden was my creation even though I haven't planted a single thing here. There's an assumption that all old women love gardening. Gardening and crochet and being busybodies.

SARAH
I suppose I can be guilty of that as well.

ROSE

Of course, I am a busybody.

SARAH

I can be a bit of one as well.

ROSE

Are you excited?

SARAH

Sorry?

ROSE

About the move. The house. The--

SARAH

Yes. I--I apologize.

ROSE

I jump from thing to thing. It's a bad habit.

SARAH

No, I--

ROSE

No, it's true. I do. Used to drive my boyfriend crazy.

SARAH

Is your husband still--

ROSE

Boyfriend. And I don't know. I've had many boyfriends, but I tend to send them away after a year or two, and then, when I remember them, I just group them all together as '*my boyfriend.*' I know one of them was Peter. At least one of them.

SARAH

You never married?

ROSE

No. My parents didn't have a happy marriage. It must have scared me a little.

SARAH

I see.

ROSE

The house was always too big for me, but better to have too much of a house than too little of one.

SARAH

Yes.

ROSE

I'm sure you'll enjoy it. I've made sure to keep it up as best I could. It's a lovely place.

SARAH

Why are you leaving?

ROSE

Well. The vines.

SARAH

You--

ROSE

The realtor did tell you about them, didn't she?

SARAH

Yes.

ROSE

And you weren't--concerned?

SARAH

Not particularly, no.

ROSE

Of course, I shouldn't try and scare you off, but--

SARAH

You'd never be able to scare me off.

(A beat. She smiles to soften her statement.)

I love the house.

(A moment. ROSE laughs a light laugh.)

ROSE

They will most likely overtake the entire structure in around ten years or so. You can't be more than thirty--

SARAH

Thirty-two.

ROSE

You'll have to move again.

SARAH

I don't believe I'll have any trouble.

(A beat.)

ROSE

Oh. No. You see, you will.

SARAH

I don't believe so.

ROSE

My dear, I've had people come look. I've had examinations done. Studies. Scientists, even.

SARAH

Scientists can be wrong.

ROSE

Multiple scientists.

SARAH

Are you trying to get the house back from me?

ROSE

No.

SARAH

Have me sell it back to you at a loss?

ROSE

What?

SARAH

All this nonsensical talk of--

ROSE

The vines are already under the house. They're around most of the pipes. There won't be plumbing in a year or so. Maybe less.

SARAH

I'll cross that bridge when I come to it.

ROSE

You'll be coming to it rather quickly.

SARAH

If it's all so horrible, why did you bother putting it on the market?

ROSE

What else was I to do? I couldn't stay here. Even before the entire structure is overtaken, it won't be habitable.

SARAH

So you decided to make it someone else's problem?

ROSE

Truthfully I didn't think anyone would buy it, but I thought that if they did, they'd have some, I don't know, *plan*--to fix it.

SARAH

There is no fixing it. Not if you're to be believed. If one were to believe the reports that your scientists came up with--

ROSE

You've seen them?

SARAH

I've done my homework. I'm not a fool.

ROSE

Then why--

SARAH

Because I have to live somewhere. Somewhere I can afford. Your house is a steal at the price you listed it at provided one overlooks the *alleged* problem with the vines.

ROSE

You read the reports and you *still* don't believe--

SARAH

Even if I did believe it, the clear conclusion was that there's nothing to be done, so what good would believing it do me?

ROSE

I--I don't--

SARAH

And I love this garden. I've always wanted to live somewhere with a garden. The way things are now, it's impossible to find a house like yours with a garden unless you have millions on hand. I don't. If it weren't for the Homeowners Act of 2040, I would still be living at one of the displacement shelters.

ROSE

I'm sorry. I've heard those are very unpleasant.

SARAH

Unpleasant? Ha. That's one way of putting it.

ROSE

I know that when someone's unemployed--

SARAH

I'm not unemployed.

ROSE

No?

SARAH

No. I'm a doctor. A surgeon, actually.

ROSE

My goodness.

SARAH

Even then, the finances of owning a home are--You have to make concessions. That's what I've done.

ROSE

You'll be looking for another place in such a short amount of time. It seems--

SARAH

It seems as though ten years in a home as opposed to a shelter where half the place is crying themselves to sleep every night is still a nice alternative.

ROSE

Yes. Yes, I suppose so.

SARAH

Who knows if we'll even still be here in ten years? People used to say that kind of thing all the time, but now it seems like a real possibility, doesn't it? You have to worry about tomorrow and when tomorrow comes, you worry about the tomorrow after that. No point in living any other kind of way.

ROSE

I'm sorry about the garden.

SARAH

Why are you sorry about it? I told you, I love it. I've always--

ROSE

It's what caused the vines.

SARAH

Well, I expected that it had something to do with--

ROSE

No, I--I used that chemical on it that the government was touting years ago. The one that helped when all the plants and flowers died. If you remember, it brought most of them back, but there were some adverse side effects. Mostly in people, but--Somehow I lucked out. No cancer. Just these highly resilient vines that were determined to render me homeless.

SARAH

You don't plan to--

ROSE

What you just said about plans is accurate. You can't make them. Not these days. I'll take the money I'm receiving from the house and stay at a hotel. I've found a lovely one down by where the shore used to be until the erosion carried most of it away. I'll go there until the funds run out.

SARAH

And then?

ROSE

You're choosing to believe everything will be alright even though you know it won't. Is that true?

SARAH

Yes.

ROSE

I'm doing the same.

(A beat.)

But it is a beautiful afternoon.

SARAH

Yes.

ROSE

Never know how many more of these we're going to get.

SARAH

True.

ROSE

I hope you'll be very happy here.

SARAH

Is it insane of me to believe that I will be? That in spite of everything, I feel--in this moment--very happy?

ROSE

My mother used to say--There are a thousand reasons
why something should fail to grow. And yet, things grow.

(The birds stop CHIRPING suddenly. Lights.)

Morning Commute

Morgan Chesnais

There must be a dragon in these mountains.
Her ghostly white smoke slithers and seeps through the
valley,
blanketing its slopes, still sleeping, offering a false sense
of hope.
Hope, which comes in the form of a cool mist on a July
morning,
before the clouds part and the sun, sweltering, settles in
for the day.
That mist through which I drive, admiring the way it
plays with the early light,
knowing I'll be longing for its chill by lunchtime.
For that same dragon who cools us while she sleeps,
later makes us choke on her angry smoke once she wakes.
While she watches over the Land of the Wild Onion, this
is her tax.

The Daughters I Raise Are Not My Own

Ishani Ray

Each dawn,
the city coughs herself awake—
rickshaws rattle like arthritic bones,
temple bells argue with mosque calls,
and somewhere between the smell of boiling milk
and idling auto fumes—
my daughters become soldiers in gingham.

They button dreams into cotton sleeves,
polish their shoes against a world
that scuffs their ambition with every step.
They pack their tiffins
with algebra and daydreams.
Their satchels swing behind them like banners,
as if notebooks were passports into a country
that still believes ambition
is a man's inheritance.

The world will try
to trim their tongues,
like overgrown hedges in ancestral courtyards.
lower their laughter to ladylike decibels,
braid their tongues with decorum,
wrap their shame in sanitary blue paper.

And before the toast has browned,
I'm already parrying questions,
fielding ancestral artillery—
No, I am not disappointed.
Yes, only daughters.
No, not trying for a son.

It's odd—
parenting here feels less like nurturing,
and more like smuggling fire into tradition.
In this nation of borrowed gods
and cemented roles,
I find myself unpicking customs
stitched into saris and surnames.

At weddings, they touch only my wife's hands,
pressing bangles and benedictions
into her skin: *teach them grace, not hunger*.
At school gates, they assume
I know of geometry,
but not pirouettes.

But my daughters—
comets in plaits and ink-stained tunics—
speak of wanting the moon without apology.
They argue with their grandparents
about whether Sita leapt or was pushed.

I watch them
on playgrounds where footballs
swerve from girls like startled birds,
where ideas breeze through them
like light through glass
until echoed in male baritones.

And I, a man—
a former believer in the merit of meetings,
now learn boardroom politics
from bedtime tales:
the princess who stole the key and ran.

India does not make it easy—
this country with its ash-smearred saints
its trains that run late
but patriarchy punches in on time.

Still, my girls grow
like peepal trees in cracked sidewalks—
not deterred by the lack of room.

Some days I falter.
Some days I flinch
at how much there is to undo.
At night, they ask
about my day, offhand—
with their mother's knowing eyes
Did you bite your tongue again?
Or did you taste blood?

Some nights I say yes.
Others, I leave them stories.
But I keep showing up
because they are watching.

And when they climb,
past ceilings still disguised as skies,
it won't be because I carried them—
but because I chose not to knot their wings
into the smallness of my own span.

White Pearls

April Allumbaugh

Beneath the cobble, my working
soles shift between
the cracks, sticky sweet --
a bird's breakfast.

I meet a woman's eyes, extracting
white pearls. She ascends
above me, feathers floating,
brief.

In a dream, I was her once --
white lace, borrowed bodies,
pale blue morning glory.

I never did own any pearls.
I traded them for
two sides of the bed,
clean sheets, the flowers
I buy myself.

My hands lift with ease, maybe
I'll play the piano, or the violin.
You never showed me
your hands,
I never owned any pearls.

Pomegranate Bones Have Dimples

Wrendolyn Klotzko

An old pomegranate tree leans
into the Tucson sun and a chain-link fence.
Kids spiral up the gnarled trunk for three cents
and come back down as fruit thieves.

By nightfall, half-hollowed red husks
line the tree's tangled roots.
A sparrow's beak fills with arils' juice,
leaving nothing but speckless hunks.

The pomegranate skull is lined
with white sinew where fruit was once contained.
The only unswallowed red is stained
deep within the heavy-clad rind.

Quickly, before it completely shrivels, dwindles,
look how the pomegranate bones have dimples.

Cattails

Jenna Curtis

color swells from the crick
in your neck
to your hollow cheeks
red to the tip of your tongue
shunning me
embarrassed

lying side by side next to you,
morning's dew and
nature's muck; condensation
falls into my fingertips as i
grip the green besides me,

let me say what I can't say,
i am internally pleading,
you roll over, droplets of almost tears
on the brim of your eyelids, flow-
- ing into the stream,
think of now
and maybe then differently.

guilty
but we are
the
guilty

let me say
what I
need to say

let me say
what I
can't say
brought a
speech can't
chew or spit out
my words

Change

Delaney Brackin

Brandy is an alcoholic spirit born from fermented fruit that has been pressed and burned into something stronger. The name comes from the Dutch *brandewijn*, meaning burnt wine, referring to the distillation process. Traditionally, brandy is aged in oak casks, where the flavor can darken and deepen. Most brandies range from 35 to 60 percent alcohol and are typically consumed as an after-dinner digestif, when plates are empty and the room has gone quiet.

The green velvet on the pool table looks soft until I see the stains, rings of glass, and fingerprints smudged into the dark wood. I sit crisscross underneath it, tracing the dust lines on the concrete with my toe. Above me, pool balls crash and scatter, the sound bouncing around like thunder trapped in a box. Someone laughs too loudly. Someone curses. Someone starts singing off-key. The air tastes like something sweet and burning. I call it the scary room because there's only one lightbulb, swinging from a chain above the pool table, and it never lights the corners. The walls are still raw cement, the ceiling beams splintered and low. I press my head against one of the table legs, grounding myself just enough to stay. When another pool ball cracks too close to my head, I flinch and bump my skull against the wood. It makes a hollow sound. My grandpa calls my name before I cry, his voice warm and slurred. His face is flushed, smiling too wide, his shirt untucked, much like how the night's come undone. "Go upstairs," he whispers, "and find the short fat bottle with the long skinny neck. Not your nana's, mine. Pour it to your fourth finger." He holds my hand up, lines our fingers like it's a secret

handshake. "Splash some Sprite in the glass when you're done. Do it right, and this is yours." Then he pulls a quarter from his pocket and spins it across the smooth floor. I run upstairs, counting the steps like a game, skipping the one that creaks the loudest. The bottles glitter on the counter like treasure. I pick the wrong one first, too tall, too clear, and spill it all over the counter. The smell makes my eyes sting. I wipe it up with the dish towel that has a duck on it and try again. This time, I fill the glass too high, up past my fourth finger, leaving little room for the lemon lime soda, but it looks right to me. When I walk back downstairs, the room is louder. My mom catches my wrist before I reach my grandpa. "What's in your hand?" she asks, her voice as sharp as the glass. "Bob, you told her to make this?" "Yes," my grandpa says, laughing. "And she did it wrong." He stares at the glass, the quarter glinting between his fingers. "Go on," he says. "Try again."

You pick up the brandy. The bottle sticks to your palm, the label's halfway peeled off from too many hands. You pour two fingers' worth into a lowball glass, watching the amber ripple like something alive. You add soda and fruit, small sweetness meant to hide the sting. Across the bar, a man watches you like you owe him the memory of the first time he tried an old fashioned. He shakes his head before you can even set the drink in front of him. Says you did it wrong, and he'll explain how to make it the right way. You nod, and a metallic taste floods your mouth. You make him another. You make it again. The rusty flavor follows you into the walk-in cooler, where you take the glass from his first drink, the one you made wrong. The cold air kisses the sweat on the back of your neck, and as you hold the glass up to your lips, you feel it is too heavy, fuller than it should be. You sense the distant clink of a quarter on the bartop, and remember some lessons aren't worth collecting.

Something Intimately Familiar

E. T

“When there’s nothing left to burn, you have to set yourself on fire.”

You first listened to “Your Ex-Lover is Dead,” at the age of 12. You’d seen the movies and so you knew exactly how to stare out the window, imagining the car you were in instead was yellow and the driver was a gruff, older gentleman who wanted nothing to do with your problems, but would look at you with knowing sympathy.

You were in the backseat of your brother’s 2001 Toyota Camry, your mother’s cheek is against the headrest in front of you, on your way home from your grandmother’s Christmas party. Your grandfather had taken you back to the pond to see the fresh ice where you were reminded of the landscape painting you saw at the Institute on a field trip, before your family settled around the television with a deck of cards and *It’s a Wonderful Life*. Your brother was freshly 18, and had taken a trip to meet some people a few hours north in Canada and had returned with the CD, cover unlike anything you had seen before.

“This is sad,” mom mumbled, “we’ve had a nice day, can’t you play something different?”

You watched the trees fly by on the periphery of the dark and

snowy road, feeling something unfamiliar. Later, you might call it nostalgia. Your brother was staring ahead, eyes moving in tempo to the music. He had been quieter recently. Your mom is reaching towards the disc player but something drives you to stop her.

“I like it,” your breath fogs up the window and you resist the urge to draw, thinking rather of city lights and raindrops snaking their way down to earth. “It’s pretty.”

—

You remember sneaking out to the car, later that evening, and pulling out your brother’s CD case. The leather was cool against your fingertips. You recognized the disc, the hand reaching up towards something intimately familiar.

—

“I’ll write you a postcard,” came out of your mouth at the age of 23, angrier than you had ever wanted to be capable of, half-hanging out of your apartment doorway, talking at a retreating figure, when the song resurfaces in your mind. You recalled the voice from the intro in a dream that you woke up from and couldn’t go back to sleep when you first moved to the city.

You hadn’t really thought she was going to work out: of course not. You were smarter than that. You listened to sad music and read poetry and taught yourself that nothing you want ever works out and the movies taught you that that means that *everything* is going to work out. You just have to wait for it.

But then you remember that *you* couldn’t choose. It’s nothing

but time and a face that you'll lose and boy, you've lost it. You don't think you'll ever forget her name.

—

It's nothing but time and a face that you'll lose.

You remember driving back home from your grandparents house an hour north and that face that fogged up the window. Mom right in front of you and you could see her clumpy mascara in the mirror and the smudge of lipstick on the corner of her mouth. Your brother's hands were relaxed on the steering wheel but he had been so quiet that evening. You wouldn't find out why until later and you didn't understand what heartbreak meant yet but you were at that perfectly horrible age where you thought you could imagine it because you had seen the movies and knew what it was supposed to look like.

And at that perfectly horrible age, right at that point when family no longer meant the world but the world was open, you heard a song.

And you remember that song and you remember that your brother hasn't been in the same room as you in 4 years and you don't remember the name of your favorite 6th grade teacher.

You want to call your mom but she's different now.

And it's nothing but time and a face that you'll lose.

—

The turkey gave me his collarbones

Wrendolyn Klotzko

that he fused
into a slanted
point. I pinched
both sides
and shattered
it into pieces,
all the while
calling it good
luck.

Diminuendo

Joslyn Gillette

No one should go on a road trip in overalls. Even if said road trip is to the middle of nowhere, where there might be farmers to appreciate your attire. Even if it's only three hours round-trip, barely scratching the surface of a *real* road trip, like the one you took in that 18 passenger van with your whole extended family. The one where your cousin taught you how to make a cootie catcher and whispered to you about her first kiss in the back row. Even her mom didn't know, she explained multiple times, stressing that you were the first to hear the news, that you now had a secret just as bubbly and exciting as she had. You almost tricked yourself into thinking that it was you that had your first kiss in the seventh grade instead of her. But no, you shouldn't wear overalls. They're too uncomfortable to sit in that long. Almost as uncomfortable as sitting in the backseat again.

You have your own car now, you drive yourself to work, you choose your own music and all that, but when it comes to family, you're still the baby. Well, you and your cousin. You were born in the same year, as if your parents had talked, intending to create best friends. And they had. You had been inseparable. Even though you were only three months older, she had always looked up to you. She used to religiously spend ten minutes every day pushing her bottom teeth out in front of her top teeth to try and give herself an underbite, just like you. Her parents kept telling her, "if you keep making that face, it will stay that way," but that only encouraged her. That was the *point*. When you had gotten braces, she had wrapped a rubber band around her own teeth and wore it for an entire afternoon. When her mother made her take the soggy band out, you had

promised she could choose the colors of your brackets from now on, which was a responsibility she took very seriously. You thought she was silly then, trying to look like you, until you realized just how much time and money you spent fixing your own imperfections so that you could look like her.

Your grandma's apartment doesn't feel like a real apartment. Partially because it's in the smallest town you've ever seen. Partially because there was no *real* food there, even though your grandma used to cook every day: dinner rolls, prune braid, extravagant birthday cakes, monster cookies, and homemade chicken soup when you were sick. Her kitchen is now a parody of her old self: tupperwares of premade grocery store dinners, microwave meals in the freezer, cupboards full of canned soup poured out for dinner. Partially because it's only for old people. It's not quite where old people go to die, but it's not quite where they go to live either. You figure it's more of a place they go to wait in between church services, which happen every Sunday, and Wednesday, and Friday, and Tuesday, and whenever it's a Saint's birthday, based on the large calendar hung in your grandma's kitchen. The other days are empty, except for this Saturday, which reads "Family Gathering."

Your grandma's having memory issues, which is why your mom bought her this calendar for Christmas. This is also why she keeps asking you over and over if you were going to graduate this spring. You'd responded honestly at first, although that had quickly gone out the window. Grandma, I graduated from college already, remember, you were there. Grandma, I'm already out of college, I have a job now. Grandma it's next week, I'll write it on your calendar. Grandma, I dropped out of college and am pursuing a career in wood carving. Grandma, I'm pregnant and have twins on the way.

Graduation was a distant memory by now, as was

anything you did in college. You had taken four years out of your life, thousands out in loans to get your degree. Funny thing was that in the end, that degree could have said anything, it was more about that flimsy piece of proof than it was about the classes, the people, the hours spent practicing. The man who'd hired you as a marketing consultant didn't care that yours said *Piano Performance*, for example. He'd have hired you whether he'd seen you play Schubert, Debussy, and Schumann, or just seen you banging on the keys with your cousin as a child. You don't play in your free time anymore. It's not like you get a break from pianos, though. You still see them everywhere. Through shop windows. Inside a friend's house. Ones with broken keys chained up on street corners for the public to play. You hear them everywhere, too. Music at cafes, in the mall, at the movies, you can't even enjoy *Twilight* without hearing them, for god's sake. They're ingrained in the world just like they were ingrained in you.

Your cousin is an artist. A working artist, something you hadn't believed possible before she grew up. Now, you sit, sunken into a couch as she divulges the drama of her last exhibition, igniting in you the same bubbly and excited feeling she'd sparked as a kid. She could draw people in like that, tell you exactly what you wanted to hear. *I've never told anybody this, but... You have to keep this secret, but I'm telling you this because I trust you, but...* so, she told you about how she was rediscovering religion on that couch. You wondered when she had forgotten it in the first place. Maybe it was when she was cast as a shepherd in the Christmas program when you were cast as Mary. You had told her that the shepherds were, in fact, the most important characters, as they were the first ones to know that Jesus had been born, and Mary was just some hussy. She hadn't believed you. She did, eventually, agree to play the part, only begrudgingly, and only after her mom had bought her a sheep stuffed animal that she could bring on stage. She stole the show, too, the crowd "awing" as she

cradled her sheep stuffy as though it was the baby Jesus and not your bundle of fabric with permanent marker face hastily drawn on. He didn't look peaceful, he didn't look sinless as he scowled at the lamb upstaging him.

You work in an office. When grandma, in a hushed voice behind your back, asks your mom, *what does she do again*, your mom would answer just that, *oh, she works in an office*. It was too complicated to tell them what you actually did. Or too simple. Answer emails. Talk on the phone. Go to meetings. It was just easier to say that you worked in an office. You still kept your nails short though, just in case.

She hadn't gone to college. Years ago, your mom's brows furrowed when she'd heard the news, whispering that she was going to the city with only a dream in her heart and a paintbrush in her hand. Your mother had assured you that your decision was safer, it was responsible, it was important to go to college, to get a degree. It certainly feels important as your grandma asks you for the fifteenth time, "what degree are you going to get when you graduate?" Well, Grandma, when I graduate this spring I'm getting a degree in piano performance, in graphic design, in biology, in English, in history, in botany, in puppetry, in extreme frisbee, in mime, in horse grooming. They all sound very nice to her. They all sound very important to you.

You tried to cope in different ways every year. Your freshman year, it was just an adjustment. Once you got settled in, everything would be better. You failed to realize that getting settled in wouldn't create more hours in a day, nor kinder professors, nor quicker, more nimble fingers. Your sophomore year, it was faith. Everything happens for a reason. You failed to realize that you had even more to be guilty about in a church than you did in piano lessons. Your junior year, it was with noise. Anything to cover up your thoughts or the sound of the

piano. You failed to realize that no great composers wrote in rests. Your senior year, it was the end. If you get through this semester, if you get through this month, if you get through this week, if you get through this day, if you get through this hour, then you could stop pretending that it was enjoyable and move on.

Your grandma had a piano. Your cousin sat down to play; she remembered songs from when she took lessons in elementary school. She played a riveting version of “Mary Had a Little Lamb.” She didn’t play it perfectly by any means, but the pride that showed on her face as her fingers stumbled across the keys almost made you believe that your own memory of the melody was wrong, and she was right. Your grandma stood beside you, watching and clapping boisterously when she finished. She turns to you and asks, “Didn’t you play piano once?” You shake your head and walk out of the room before she can forget your answer and ask you again.

So, your head is bouncing against the window of your mother’s car as your parents assure one another that everyone in your family is doing fine and that there’s nothing to worry about. You notice that your mom’s tone has changed about your cousin. Years ago, it was hushed disappointment and fear, now it is pride, as if she knows a celebrity. She looks back at you saying, *isn’t it just amazing? I’m so glad she followed her passion.* You grunt in agreement. Isn’t it amazing? You close your eyes and let your imagination be cruel for a second. You allow yourself to imagine she’s moved back home because she could never get herself on her feet. Where her parents have to whisper quietly behind her back that she’s just “getting herself back together” for the next twenty years, until people stop asking. You imagine she works at the most run down diner in New York City, breaking up fights between regulars while serving disappointed tourists’ stale pancakes and cold sausages. Where she has to go home to her tiny, cold

apartment and stare at the double digits in her bank account and wonder how she’s going to pay the rent, forgetting in the rush of it all that she ever had a dream in the first place. You imagine she never left home to pursue her dreams and is stuck in some small town. That she’s still wondering if she could be good enough, but is never brave enough to try, drowning in what could have been. The reality where she works in an office every day and can’t stand to even look at a paintbrush. Where every day she has to present her failed potential to whoever is unlucky enough to see it. Today, maybe, she’s traveling in overalls to see her family. You feel bad for her, then. No one should go on a road trip in overalls.

Let The Record Show

Ishani Ray

They carved her into pixels—
not woman, but content,
cast on a jury of ring lights and Reddit threads,
where empathy auctions for likes
and sells out by morning.

She opened her mouth,
and the internet grew teeth.

They called it justice—
but it stank of old whiskey and mothballs,
of a courtroom draped in old men's sighs
where silence wears a tie
and trauma must audition for applause.

Her testimony:
dissected like a sparrow on a schoolboy's desk,
tender, twitching—
until laughter, a meat grinder,
fell again and again—
not on her words,
but her worth.

He wore guilt like war medals,
eyes like burnt sugar—
and the world knelt,
called him damaged,
offered him incense and interviews.
Her damage?

Catalogued.
Cross-examined.
Filed under “hysterical.”

This is how a woman is erased:
not all at once—
but meme by meme,
comment by comment,
a thousand “well, actuallys”
until even her scream
sounds scripted.

The bruise blooms—
blue as borrowed sorrow—
then vaporizes in filters.

And still—
in kitchens and courtrooms,
women watch.
Breathe quieter.
Speak softer.
Swallow their tongue.
Learn, again,
that the price of speaking
is your name,
your face,
your truth—
unspooled
for strangers to chew on.

Let the record show:
this was never about justice.
It was about keeping her small
enough to fit
inside a punchline,
light enough
to slip between the cracks
of a verdict.

ON BECOMING THE SELF

Abdalmueed Adewale Balogun

do not return to places that no longer echo your name:
Abdalmueed

I dare not look back any more,
there's nothing golden or tasty to pluck
on the withered bough of past lives.
I'm learning the rituals of hope again
- with steeled girth and grip-
my hazel eyes
lined with turquoise blue dye
taking in at once
and astonished
at all the wonders
that will one day become of me.
I have sculpted my fears
into puppets and every morning
I pat their heads like homely dogs.
I am done seeking
the beloved outside of the self,
all love worth giving
and showering I - the self- deserve too.
I promise you beloveds and well-wishers
tomorrow, you shan't see me crumple my face
into furrows of frowns or frowns of furrows,
the kohl of grief, that permanent inhabitant
of my brows, won't be lining again
my ever twitching brown brows
and on my puffer-fish puffy face,
in place of storms and crude despair
an inestimable caravan of untamed delight.

helen

Oliver O'Daniel

we're falling over each other to rip open her door in the black
of night
I am afraid from where my fingers brush hers on the handle
that her stone skin begins to fracture in the freezing rain.

inside is the soft murmur of the abandoned tv
its glow replaces the moon as our guide.
I ease back into her bed linens
clutch her scent between my palms.

the reflected light in her brown eyes
flashes like tv static to congest my mind
between us, she removes our styrofoam bounty from its holder,
discards the straw wrappers on carpet.
I stare holes into her wall, at her rain-warped Queen poster as
she takes the first sip
Freddie Mercury's bedroom eyes stare back.

when I look at her
my fears shift it's not the rain that cracks her skin
this time when I lean into her, I can feel her start to breathe .
these midnights, they've become the
blueprint for our time spent together.
I have nowhere to be and
she's all too willing an abductee.

I lean into her, stone plush against my body.
we're made of the same stuff.
if she's stone I'm stone too&
I carve myself anew.

you might could just stay here.
sure, but I love driving in the rainy black just as much
or so I tell myself.

her shape will break away into something else, too, like mine
but I'll be much
slower on the uptake
I chisel a golden wreath to sit upon her
dirty blonde hair but still she'll—
she'll— flee at the call of a thousand different ships
and our rapid memories
will die young, buried thick in the thousands of miles of air
between our impending flights.

I'll buy her favorite blend of honey at the market—
wince at the citric taste.

I'll pull on one of her golden ringlets—
hide it under the collar of my shirt.
I'll paint her into pottery, and when I carve
corculum I mean her.

but for now, the door groans in protest
with both of us, and the threshold, between.
she rests her head against the seal
and I close the door on her moon-lit eyes.

Eulogy for a House on a Street that Doesn't Exist

E. T

There's lead
in my mothers pipes.
There's blood stains under the kitchen floor,
(Former tenants fought dogs, I heard.)
She's tearing down the walls
though the basement will flood
in the coming summer.

Now, the city is coming
for the trees
up and down the street

that has now been renamed.

There is a shard of glass
outside of my old room
dead there on the roof
a window long since removed
and a story
that I never learned,

one that took place
in out of that house
a home on a street
that no more exists.

EVENING

August Chaffin

Evening. An evening
of the playing field.

Playing field scarecrows.
Scared of the crow's feet

carved into the edges of my eyes.
I find an edge to myself,

razorblade erasing baby hairs,
the shimmer of my body's field

now clogging the drain.
When I was young I made

constellations of freckles, played
potions. Played princess. Played maid

to my grandmother's forget-me-not
teacups. It's my mirror mantra now,

my prayer for magic, *please don't forget mes*
echoing against the folding vanity

in my bathroom. I will find myself
beautiful. Or I'll at least die trying.

Tying hair into braids, praying.
Even the evening comes

with soft light.

Year of the Fire Horse

Susan Reams

There are years that whisper,
and there are years that arrive
like hooves striking the spine of the earth.

This is not a whispering year.

This is the Year of the Fire Horse
a celestial ember flung from the unseen,
a red-maned prophecy galloping through our sleep,
asking us if we are brave enough
to burn
and still remain beautiful.

The Fire Horse does not walk politely
through the corridors of comfort.
It shatters old doors with radiant impatience.
It neighs at the gates of our fear
and demands
Not perfection,
but presence.
Not safety,
but soul.

To be born in its blaze
is to inherit both spark and storm.
We are asked to carry lightning in our ribs

without mistaking it for anger.
We are asked to carry heat in our hands
without mistaking it for harm.

Resilience is not stone.
Resilience is flame.

It bends.
It dances.
It consumes what was never meant
to cage us.

In the Year of the Fire Horse,
we remember:
The ashes are not evidence of ruin.
They are evidence of release.

What has collapsed
was only scaffolding.
What has burned
was only disguise.

The Fire Horse runs through the valleys
where we once wept,
kicking up constellations of dust,
turning grief into gold pollen,
turning despair into direction.

Its mane is made of ancient suns.
Its breath is the language of ancestors.
Its eyes
twin lanterns of remembering.

It does not rescue.

It awakens.

Healing, in this year,
is not quiet.
It is volcanic mercy.
It is the courage to let the old self
fall like brittle bark,
to let the tender green beneath
touch light for the first time.

Spiritual resilience is not the absence of breaking.
It is the art of becoming
more luminous at the fracture.

The Fire Horse teaches:
Your wounds are doorways.
Your exile was initiation.
Your loneliness was preparation
for communion with the cosmos itself.

Run, it says.
Not away.
But toward.

Toward the calling that terrifies you.
Toward the love that undoes you.
Toward the truth that strips you bare
and crowns you in starlight.

Run until your doubt
cannot keep pace.
Run until your pulse
becomes prayer.

In this year,
we do not shrink to survive.

We expand to remember.

We are not merely bodies
dragging history behind us.
We are wild altars of breath and bone,
set ablaze with holy possibility.

The Fire Horse does not promise ease.
It promises aliveness.

And aliveness
true, trembling, incandescent aliveness
is the most mystical gift of all.

So let the hooves thunder.
Let the embers rise.
Let the old skins fall away like smoke.

We were never meant
to be houses of fear.

We were meant
to be horizons on fire.

ON MEMORY AND ITS LOVE FOR DISGUISE

Abdumueed Adewale Balogun

There's a poem in my heart— styled as a canary, tweeting
all day long of all that's gone and rotten like fallen apples.

This poem, conceived by a mother memory— pedals the
whisperings
of my heart to all the deserted rooms of my life, rummaging
like a wild
beast through rooms reeking of shabby things and cobwebbed
wishes.

This poem— under the spotlight—slams the gavel of certainty
atop
the wooden desk of my creed, proclaims that my heart, like a
hardened
criminal, is indeed behind the cold bars of my fears.

*“Memories have a subtle way of blessing the remains of your
rotten fears again
with robust cheeks”* the poem offers as a consolation— a flare
to torch
the ancient darkness throbbing within, which I have been
panting
for its undoing for years like the hard knots of my greatest
regrets.

The poem sailing through the sea of my memories, decides to
paddle me
back, as if blessed with its own will and accord, unto the
starting line of the
first few days of this ebbing year. Immediately, at a break-up
speed, days of each
weeks started taking on the shapes of fruits, weeks suddenly
appeared as variants
of birds and months as shades of colours.

The first three days of January appeared as a triplet of half-
bitten apple, its weeks
as the prodigal parrots that partly feasted on them— gliding
like cars with bad brakes
through black and stormy skies—
metaphor for that month of January in the chronicle of my life.

The poem juggling the blue-black balls of my memories ferries
me like the charon
to the earliest days of February, March, April and May— and
then likened them
to watermelons, cause of such sweetness were the beloved's
touches, their weeks
as eagles' talons, cause of such grip were the beloved's words
on the frail spine of my doubts,
and those months as all shades of roses, cause of such beauty
were the beloved's promises.

The poem, at this crossroad, decides to go no further, like a
loaded cart entrenched
in a marsh, it wants its beauty to remain as nothing but beauty,
unsmeared by any
shade of grief imported into the month of June by the
beloved's demise.



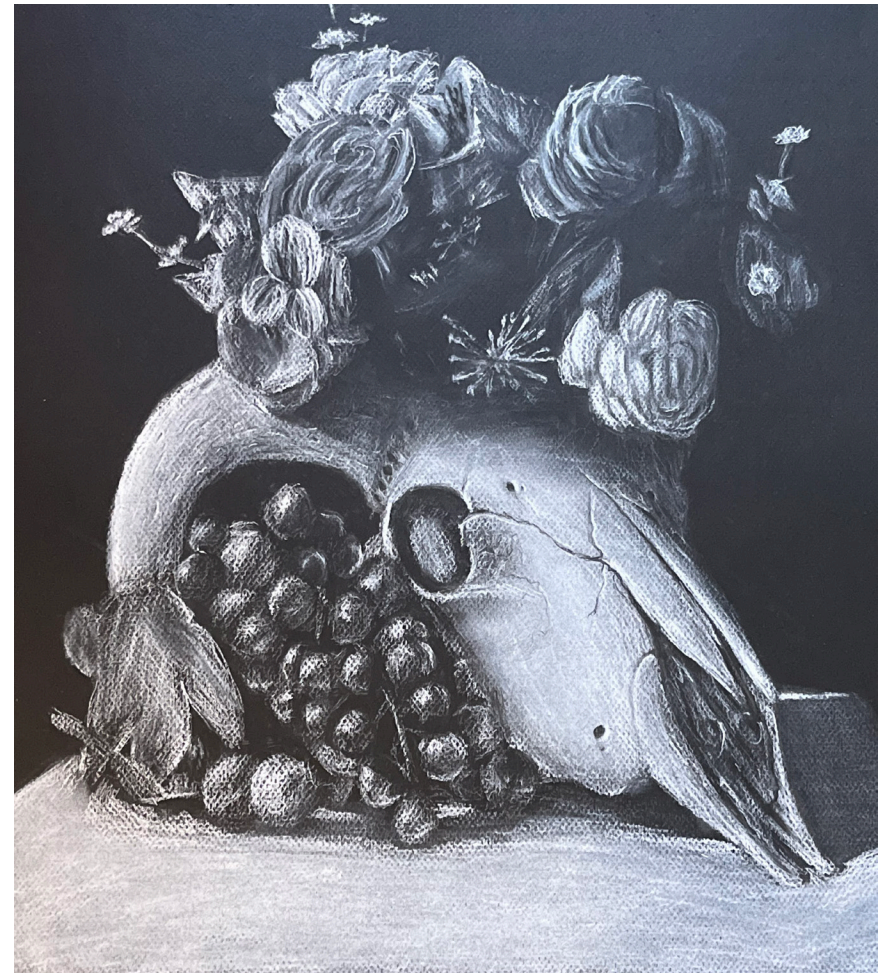
Artwork



Cycles

Amuri Morris

Medium: Oil Paint



Skull, Grapes, and Flowers

Nathan Summers

Medium: White Charcoal



Fragile

Denver Boxleitner

Medium: Oil Paint



Total Push Over

Logan Schlueter

Medium: Acrylic Paint



What Will Be

Audrey Wagner

Medium: Oil Paint



The Hunt

Berkeley Coyne

Medium: Linocut Print



Bound by Divinity

Gretzle

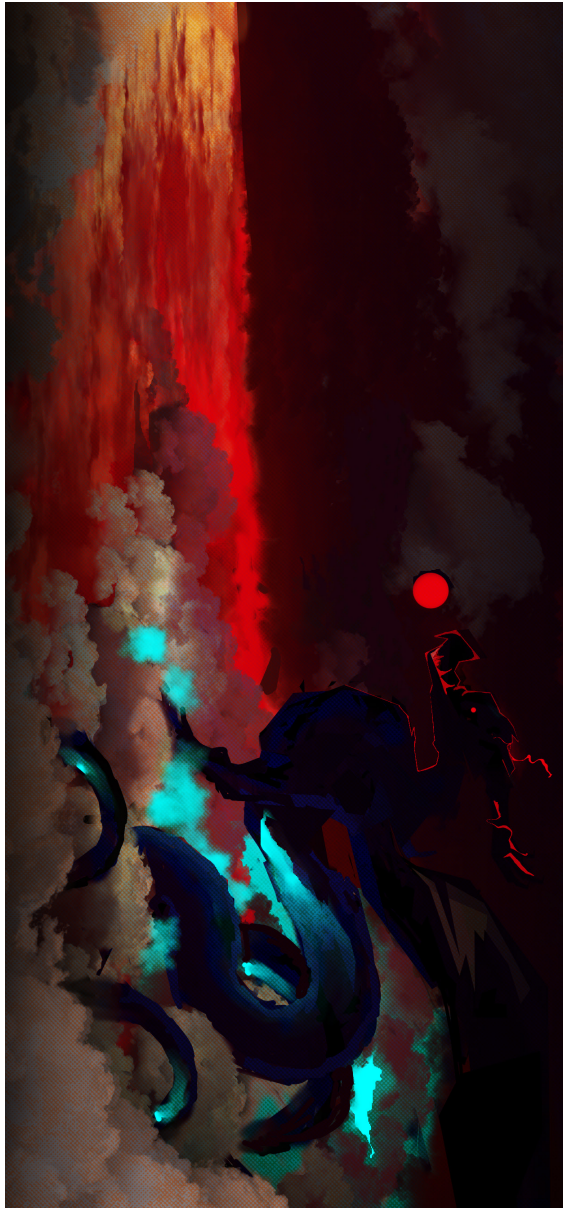
Medium: Acrylic Paint



Yellow Triceratops

Sophia Ernst

Medium: Aluminum Cast and Woodwork



Sun Eater

Ochu

Medium: Digital Art



Ill talk to you later

Ty Cullison

Medium: Charcoal



Adalee Miller
Medium: Wood Sculpture



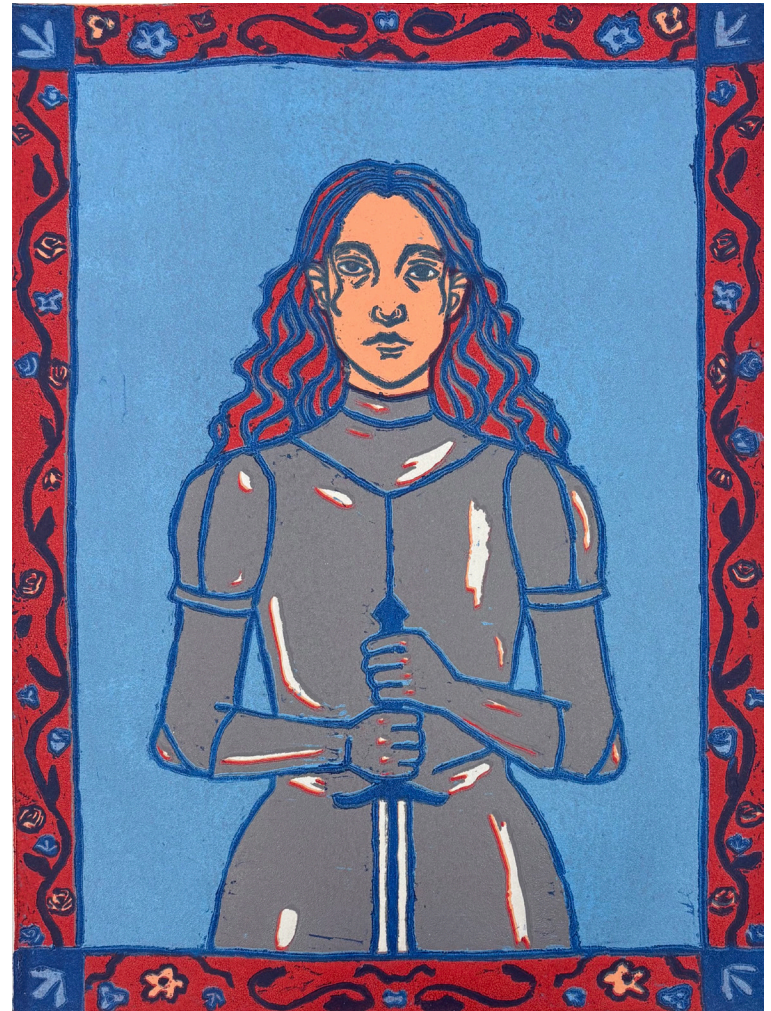
Nature
Dakota Koons
Medium: Intaglio Print



Sister processional

Lawren Murphy

Medium: Acrylic Paint



Sir

Berkeley Coyne

Medium: Linocut Print



The Tree

Audrey Wagner

Medium: Graphite



Pit

Sophia Ernst

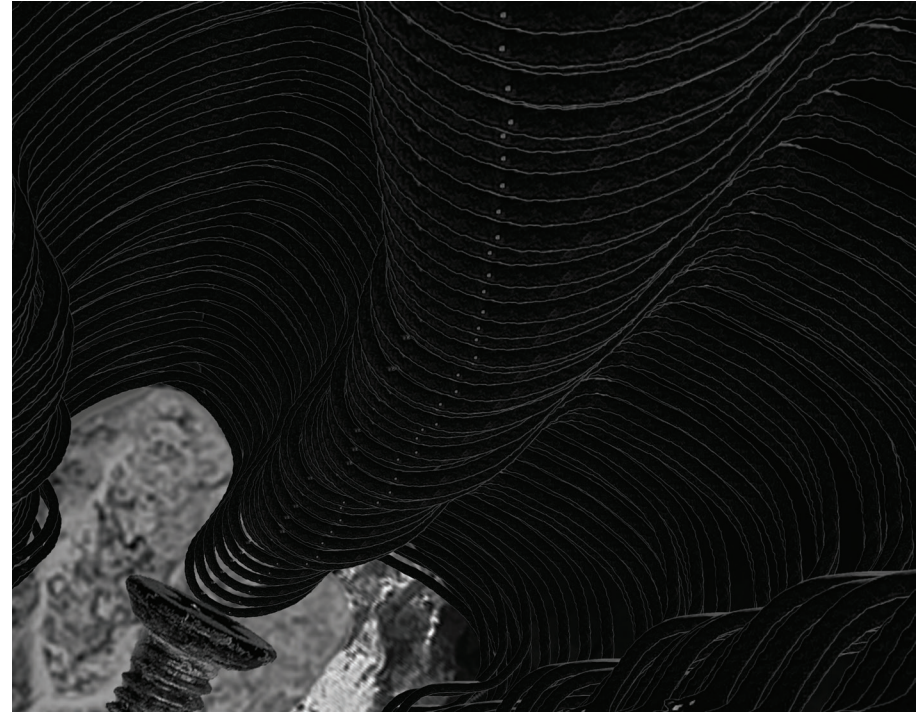
Medium: Woodwork



Like a Rainbow

Ava Sendelbach

Medium: Photography



Piégé

Kaylin Wilson

Medium: Photography



Can't Reach the Buttons

The Dragonfly System

Medium: Digital Art



Megan McKinney

Medium: Linen Fabric and Fabric Dye



Remember the Future

Amuri Morris

Medium: Oil Paint



Tarot Reader

Logan Schlueter

Medium: Ink



Figure In Waiting

Kiera Fisher

Medium: Graphite



Megan McKinney

Medium: Acrylic Paint



The Red String

Kiera Fisher

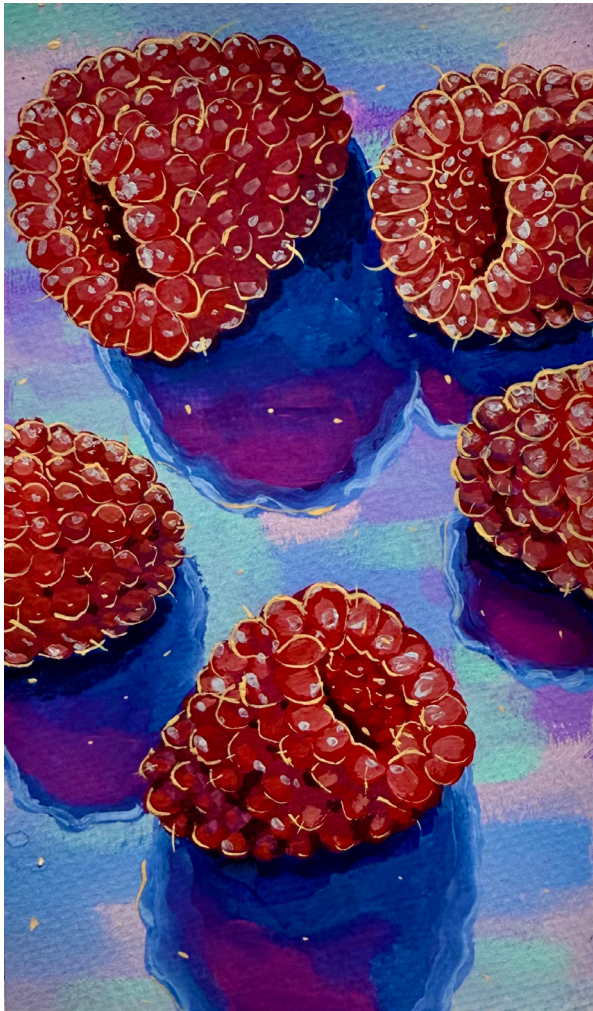
Medium: Collage



Nova

Ochu

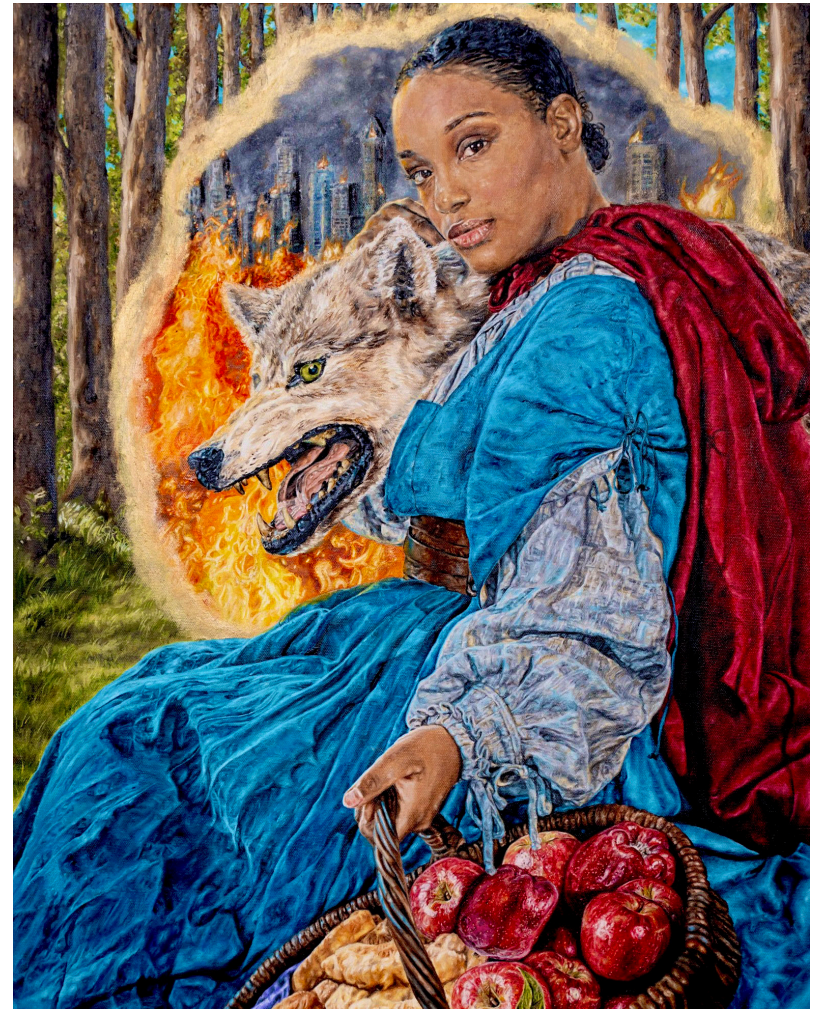
Medium: Digital Art



Raspberry Jam

Abbie Rodriguez

Medium: Gouache Paint



Spirit of the Wolf

Amuri Morris

Medium: Oil Paint



Exhaustion

Denver Boxleitner

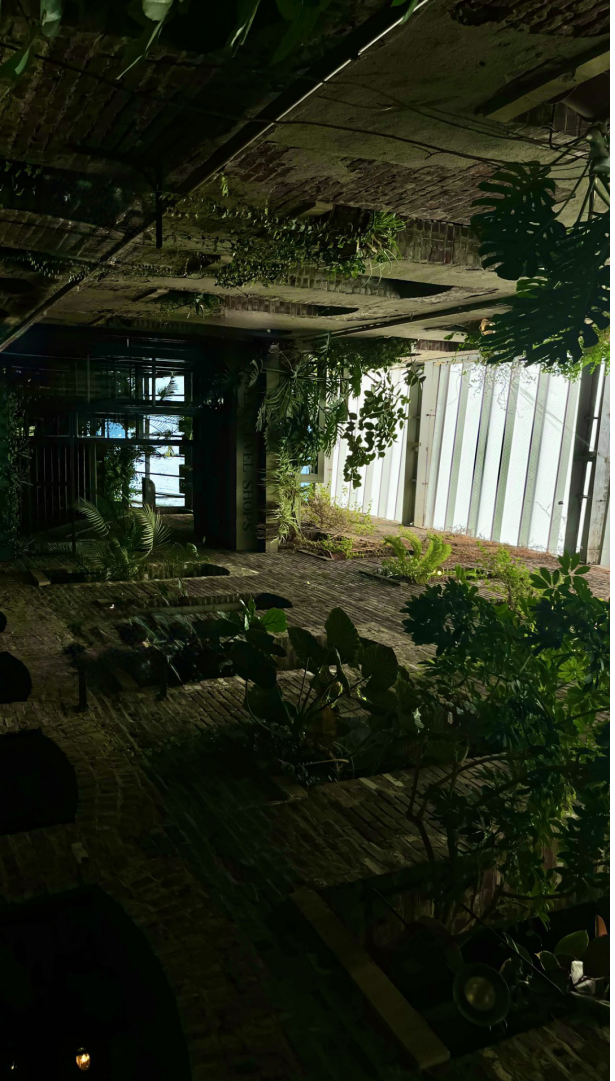
Medium: Oil Paint



Portrait of a Swan

Ava Sendelbach

Medium: Photography



The Old Market

Charlie Jae

Medium: Photography



