

main street journal

UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE

FALL 2019

staff

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a note from the editors

Dear readers,

The staff of *Main Street Journal* is excited to present the Fall 2019 Edition.

This magazine is something you can hold in your hands, give to your friend, spill coffee on, but it's also the blood, sweat, tears, time, energy, and courage of the artists and writers who sent us their work and the MSJ editorial team who put it all together. It takes a village, as they say, or in our case, a weird college town that pretends to be a city sometimes.

People have spent a long time trying to justify the making of art, usually by trying to assign it a monetary value or relating it to the meaning of life or something. But these books are free, and I'm not much of a philosopher, so let's just ignore value systems and talk about friendship instead. Or rather, community--but friendship sounds more fun.

Our main goal as a publication is not to just print some books that look nice on coffee shop counters, but rather to create a space where local artists and writers can tell their stories. Art is a process, not a product; it's the acts of thinking and making and sharing and everything in between, and it's amazing. So let's use this magazine as a free-floating space where we can listen and observe and think and share in this collective act of empathy.

When we were discussing the story we wanted this edition to tell, we looked at the stories that the pieces were telling us, and we kept using the word "progression." The progression from questioning the present to questioning the past to screaming at the sky and questioning everything, and then to hopefully finding a suitable replacement for answers. This dizzying uncertainty, it turns out, is great for conversation.

In that spirit, thank you to everyone who submitted work to us this semester, for starting conversations. One of our new goals is to come out of our little editorial hovel and explore the Newark arts scene, so hopefully we'll be able to continue some of these conversations in person.

Brynn Chieffo - Editor in Chief
MSJ Editorial Staff

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Cover art: "In Bloom" by Anna Wu

Olivia Forney

"A Day in 3 Parts, a Play in 3 Acts"

1. The alarm clock blares as the light fights its way through
 the curtains.
 Come gently awake to a chest heavy with weight and a
 flutter wing heart.
 Push it off, cage the bird.
 Rise from the cocoon of memories,
 Mute the cacophony of words left unsaid from days
 better remembered.
 Greet the face in the mirror with a fish hook smirk,
 Cheeks pulled and bloody from being reeled in by lovers
 Only to be cast back out at the new moon.
 Swim freely.
 Their laughter hung baited in the humid July,
 But Autumn winds whisked it away faster than you can
 say
 "I wish you would stay just a little bit longer."

2. The city blocks are chaos but walking them is solitude.
 Rejoice in the anonymity,
 Name each stranger after your fears and stare them in the
 face as they pass,
 Watch them fidget and shuffle on in the direction from
 which you came.
 Squint at the sun, her fiery omnipotence.
 Raise the awning of your imagination,
 Let her rays illuminate the shadowed patio where your
 insecurities wax nostalgia.
 Do not prolong their stay by serving them coffee,
 They won't tip you for it anyway.

Kick them to the curb to make space for creation,
Who will stretch out at the sun glittered tables,
open a notebook, and stay for a while.
(Creation will tip you 50% if you serve it tea and a
scone.)

3. There is nothing more holy than the song of the Earth.
Pray to the cricket's squeak and the swallow's call,
Take communion of raindrops and fallen leaves.
The tears of the Earth, shed for you.
Ask the moon for forgiveness and she will whisper sweet
assurances
As her beams fight their way through the gray curtains.
"Tomorrow the sun will shine on your darkest places,
Tomorrow you will rise with a lighter heart."



Joseph

PHOTOGRAPHY

Xander Opiyo

Rachel Milberg

"Faultlessness"

She looks up,
and she asks me
if the world is as faultless
as the swirling sherbet sky,
tangerine and rose,
or your humble hands on my shoulders
comfortable, quiet chills.

I remember
the slapping agony of the word no,
the trampling suffocation of the ignored,
the sharp taste of salt on my cheeks,
and the echoing of goodbye.

I look
at her curiously green eyes
of wonderment and foreboding.
And I think
how faultless it is.
Our sustenance growing from the planet's liberality.
Vines entangle the worry with all that is natural,
greens from below and blues from above,
an intertwining of harmony.

Fever red, a color but a sensation.
Sunny yellow, a shade but a sentiment.
And humans choose each other
again
and again

and again.
The tugging of the seasons
mimicking the fleeting of time...

It's too faultless,
I reply.
Even
when it is not.



Closing

FILM PHOTOGRAPHY

Carina Christenbury

Olivia Forney

"Memory House"

I wish I could live inside a memory.
build a home from moments passed,
lock the doors and windows to keep time from moving on.

I could spend forever at the hostel in San Diego,
chatting with foreign strangers and learning to surf in the emerald
Pacific.

There are no worries to be had in a California June.

Or maybe I'd return to my childhood.
Back to the days of picking raspberries
and knowing love only as the warmth of my mother's arms and
the taste of my father's cooking.
There is no heartbreak in the raspberry patch.

(That comes later).

Perhaps I'd stay in New Years Eve of 2017.
I could exist in a champagne daze in the Paper Mill Kitchen,
bubbly and dancing and eager to let go.
There is no sorrow in a countdown to the new year.

But the problem with these is that there is no you.
There is no you in the California June,
or the raspberry patch,
or the New Year's countdown.

And maybe that's what's best,
to live in a house where you can never ring the doorbell.

But I will always long for you from the comfort of the closed
window.

God knows I'd give anything to live in the memories of you.
You, in the humid Philly heat.
You, amongst the swallowtails on the trail to White Clay Creek.
You, in my bed.
You, in your bed.
Me, in your arms.

We could sit in the tiny, cluttered living room of our 5 weeks
together,
share a bowl and talk about birds while my Beethoven record
crackles.
When the side ends, you'll smile quietly, flip it, and our time will
reset,
Looping eternally from our timid start to hurried finish.
Always resetting before the part where you leave,
And I'm stuck trying to build a home from the memories.



Picnic Fits

FILM PHOTOGRAPHY

Showvik Haque

Faith Bartell

"Monarch Butterfly"

A monarch butterfly crossed my path.
I took a step back.

When I was five,
My family went to Mexico.
The monarch butterflies were just about migrate,
Golden embers of a fiery summer illuminated the trees,
And I balanced one on the tip of my finger.
Her legs crawled down my wrist and onto my jacket sleeve.
I felt her flame,
Glowing coals grew to magnificence
And reflected in my naive eyes.
The spark extinguished when she left.
Gone for the winter.

When I was twelve,
I took a trip to the zoo with my mom and brother.
We walked through the monarch butterfly exhibit.
The peach sky of a tropical sunset danced within its walls,
And pulling me in deeper, I stretched out my arms.
The bright orange of the sun's flame,
Reflecting on me,
Blinding me.
Sudden streaks of black.
Cautiously,
I drew my arms down and took a step back.

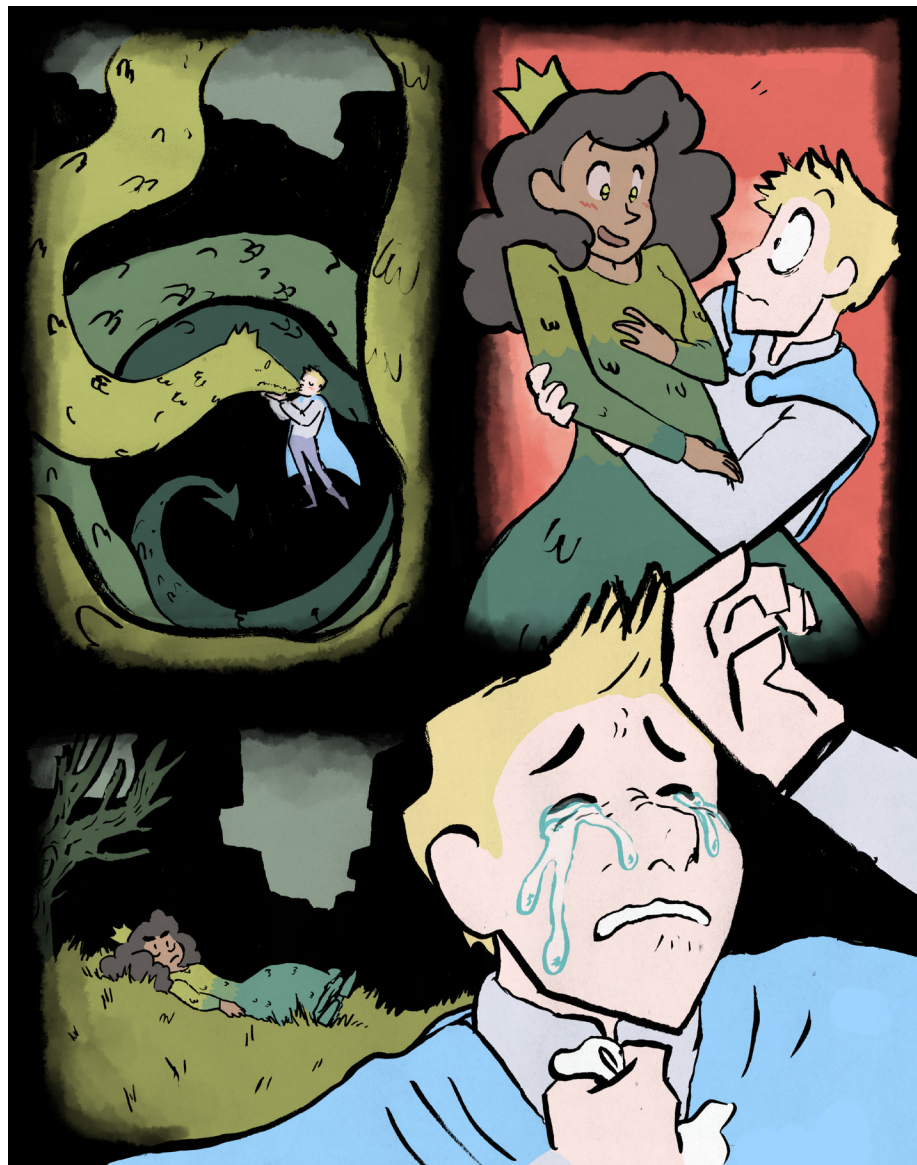
When I was sixteen,
My nana's garden was infested by monarch butterflies.

Lifeless in her room, she laid still,
Unable to see the life that her flowers,
Her passion,
Attracted.
A burnt blaze and scarlett ashes,
Black smoke of life lost.
Mournfully,
I held my head low and took a step back.

Just yesterday,
A monarch butterfly crossed my path.
And without thinking,
I took a step back.
The surviving flame,
The auburn key to the passion of life,
Dried quietly past.
To spark or to burn.
I didn't quite care.

I paused for a moment,
Preparing myself to walk through the ashes of dead sparks fallen
Or the blaze of a world set afire.

A monarch butterfly crossed my path.
Faithfully,
I took a step back
And continued on.



The Laidly Worm of Spindleston Heugh

Tobias Alan Boyd

MIXED MEDIA: PENCIL AND DIGITAL

Daniel Loughlin

“Lyrical Mortality”

I had long been lost in the numbing night
Of both my mind and a world so unkind,
But you revived my forgotten firelight
With your blazing, midsummer morning-tide.
Now, I'm dancing alongside dragonflies,
In sun soused forests free of stygian skies,
As I'm warmed by your dulcifying eyes
Every time we meet to talk about life.

I know this might have been an ephemeral tranquility,
Because we met much too early in this cold eternity,
But I'm happy, for our short time skating through infinity
Together has helped me re-find lyrical mortality.



Returning Home

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Carina Christenbury

Isabella Ceriani

"Home"

I ran away
Away from the house that
Felt like a prison
Away from the people
With one view of success
Away from the boring
The familiar

I wanted to run forever
But seven hours is as far as I got
Now that I'm gone
It's all I think about

The suburban street from
A Monet painting
The cherry blossom petals
Dance in the clean crisp air
The blue lace curtains
Turn my room to wonderland
The swing set lays dormant
The white picket fence is grey

After the blizzard
It's quiet
Instead of shoveling
I stand in the middle of the street
Calm like the snow globe on the mantel
Next to all the pictures of me
Telling everyone I'm an only child

I blinked and I was grown
But my finger paintings are still
On the fridge and
There are cookies in the oven
They cut down the tree outside
My window
But the street light on the corner still glows
Every night
Some things never change

If I went back
Would it all still be there?
Or in my haste
To escape
Did I lose what I had?
I never called it
Home
Until I left



Nataya

PHOTOGRAPHY

Xander Opiyo

Jenn Rust

"This Road Before"

I've walked this road before,
I've walked this road before
I pressed my feet into the silted footprints
And sank into them like a bad dream
I've walked this road before,
I've walked this road before
Every step I hear the crunch of the gravel
in my eardrum like incoherent babble
I've walked this road before,
Damn it, I've walked this road before
Yet these leaves won't leave a print on me
When they fall upon my sleeves
Don't tell me I don't know because I know this road so much more
The twists, the turns, the ending
Which makes it sadder every time
I've walked this road before
I've walked it
And every time it hurts, more
and more
and more



Eye of Winterthur

PHOTOGRAPHY

Renee Stewart

Rachel Milberg

“Left Behind”

It's the ninth month, eleventh day, and I've forgotten my ball on the seventy-fifth floor.

We stand, holding hands, my mother and I, waiting at the door.

It was the kind of ball that extends and expands, polka dot yellow, taffy green, lollipop blue. With pinks on the edges, paint chipping away, idly sits there, with a window sill view. It looks out on the stampede, smoke collecting in heaps, tears wiped away by stillness. Where the built up anger of irreparable harm becomes reality raveled with illness.

I recall looking up, higher than I'd ever seen, the grey blocks reaching ethereally tall. One small hand clutched my father's, and the other wrapped around my trick of a ball.

We waited and waited, time ticking that day, my mother most worried I'd seen. Stood behind the front door, eyes blank with uncertainty, collapsing as he appeared behind the dusty screen. And the expandable ball, my giggles fresh in its memory, disintegrated into abyss. My mother grabs my father in a moment of frailty, he tops my head with a kiss.

I'd like to think in all the rubble, it finds a home in dust. My little plastic ball, filled with illusionary, childlike trust.



stufplanet

35MM FILM

Bright Lu

Clancy Gates

"orchards"

I've never smoked cigarettes— my mom told me not to. I've rolled loose tobacco and smoked it to look cool in photoshoots and I've rolled blunts with cigarillo wraps but I'll never smoke an actual cigarette because I don't trust it.

Grass on the soles of feet

I stood outside the outpatient building with the smokers anyways. We had time between lunch and the after-lunch class to watch television in the common room or smoke on the small patio. I sat inside for my first few days and watched Family Feud while the others dozed off. The people who stayed inside were greyed and tired or overweight and greasy. They faded into the couches and slouched in the day's last class, holding their heads in their hands, sliding off the folding chairs.

Blinding sun

The smokers had more energy— they leaned on the hand railing, but stood upright. Their faces moved and they chatted. They asked if they could borrow a cigarette and I'd say I was only out there for the fresh air but the air wasn't fresh.

Sky full of sun

About half the people there were enrolled in the substance abuse program and would leave halfway through the day. Most classes were attended by both that group and me and the other mental patients. At the end of class they'd proudly announce periods of sobriety and I clapped for them. I enjoyed seeing that and was happy for them. But I hadn't tried to kill myself because of drugs and they didn't even know I'd tried to kill myself— if I had they would've sent me to the inpatient facility and I'd stay overnight and that scared me. So I told my

therapist I only had suicidal thoughts and not intentions, and they admitted me to the “orchards,” a ranch building in the middle of a business park that I got to leave every afternoon.

It's like the whole sky is sun

A gangly man in his sixties two inches taller than me said he wanted to be checked into the inpatient facility but they wouldn't let him because he didn't want to kill himself. His wispy white hair was all I could look at. It wrapped around the back of his head like a horseshoe. I told him I was studying English and he told me had done the same thing, but he dropped out of college and drove around the country in a convertible with a pretty blonde woman.

If it weren't for the blue; tropical and royal

My friend Spencer, who I've known since the sixth grade, used to drive his mom's convertible every day. I'd sit in the back when he drove at night and bend my head all the way back and stare at the stars. They'd usually be obscured by clouds or the treetops on the backroads. We drove in the winter with the top down and the heat all the way up, so we could feel the wind and the freedom of highway air but keep feeling in our legs. He was always the driver. When we smoked he'd drive. We joked he became an even better driver—the speedometer would center exactly on the speed limit and the car would glide right in the middle of the lane.

Grass has grown up

Frank, I think, was the old man's name. He told me when he turned sixty he tried crack for the first time. The high was heaven-like, not of this earth, he said. I wanted to leave earth. I smoked and drank but had decided to be sober for my month-long program. I had that privilege.

Everything grows it changes shifts even if not bigger

My birthday that summer fell on a Wednesday. I turned nineteen and on the same day my grandfather died at seventy four. I didn't find out until Thursday, when my mom called me. Tuesday I went to my friend Kiley's house because that was her birthday, and it would be mine at midnight. My friend Jenn gave me a Juul for my birthday, and we went to Waffle House. Pat brought a whole

bottle of Bacardi in and mixed it in his water. I had outpatient the next morning and I ordered hash browns. I think Jenn paid for them.

Grass itching all the way up to knees

At the orchards we would share “progress reports” at the end of each day, so the instructors would know when it was okay for us to leave. I mentioned that it was my birthday and said I was feeling a little better. A man named Rob offered to take me out for drinks with another woman in the program. I told him I was only nineteen, and he said we could get soda. I told him I took the bus to the orchards every morning because I didn’t have a car, and he said he didn’t feel comfortable driving me home. That’s fair.

Roots of trees concealed by the grass

I had just moved into my new house, which I shared with two roommates. I didn’t have a bed yet, and slept in the swampy upstairs in June on a mattress pad in the corner with a fleece blanket. I ate granola bars and peanut butter stuffed pretzels. Both my parents cried—I moved out and started intensive therapy at the same time.

The trees aren’t hiding—it just happens that way

I miss driving. I still don’t have a car. Sometimes I’ll go home for whatever reason and my family is puzzled at why I just want to leave, but I just want to drive their car.

Running running through the tall grass

When my grandpa died, my parents got his pick-up truck. It’s a blue GMC with all the optional upgrades and it still smells like cigarettes. It beeps when you cross the lane lines and has a big console display that tells you about your fuel efficiency.

Feet don’t hurt—just itch

I used to drive a 1994 Jeep Cherokee Classic, my dad’s that he had bought new. It was boxy and loud and got horrible fuel efficiency. The air conditioning didn’t work and I’d drive in the summer with the windows down. On summer nights my friends and I drove to the bird refuge and smoked together, sitting in the

trunk with the back open.

Blue sky is relief

I never asked Frank why he decided to try crack. He just said he was bored with life. He didn't seem depressed or psychotic, just eccentric. He was strange but he made sense.

Sun blocks it— but it's there

There was a period in the spring, before that summer, where I decided to stop taking my sleep medication because it was making me depressed. I've tried a lot of different medications. I didn't sleep for more than an hour each night that week. The world moved before me and I didn't feel like a participant in it.

Clouds move in, white and puffy

Smoking used to help me sleep. Now it makes my head buzz with an uneasy feeling. I can't move much and my chest is heavy. Questions race in my mind. I still smoke sometimes because it's different from reality.

A few drops on shoulders

I used the Juul that Jenn gave me for my birthday for months. I went to the bathroom during class at the orchards to hit it. The nicotine rush was brand new to me and offered an escape. I threw it out my window when I was upset at myself and haven't gone outside to find it.

Sky dark like nighttime

My parents sold the Jeep when I went to college. To pass inspection, it would've needed repairs that cost more than it was worth. I was still sad about it. My dad bought a tiny manual drive Mazda to replace it. I still don't know how to drive a manual car.

Thunder in the distance

I'm only on one medication now, a tiny red capsule I take every morning. It's hard to tell what it does since it's always there. When I forget to take it I'm not experiencing life without it, just withdrawal. I feel floaty and like my head is a

separate entity. I stare and I space out. My doctor asks me if my medicine is still working. I say yes.

Big round drops of water

Frank finished his cigarette and flicked it away. His body shook as he stepped back inside. A shakier man who always hunched over a bit picked the cigarette butt off the ground and lit it again.

Soaking ground drowning light

I just stood there. I liked it better outside.

The grass needs sun and storm



White Cliffs

PHOTOGRAPHY

Xander Opiyo

Joe Kim

“a poem about my grandparents and pollution”

my maternal grandmother lives on the top of a mountain
in the countryside of south korea
she farms peppers and soy beans,
drinks fresh water from a running stream,
she gambles in the center of an enormous tree
where a platform was raised
so that the other elderly people of the village could gamble too

when my grandfather was alive, her husband,
i can't remember a single moment where he wasn't dying
he was emaciated and covered in flies
his lips went over his teeth
liver spots and sweat and white shirts
but he still had a full head of hair
my grandmother yelled at him often until death

my own mother tells me he died, smiling,
that he found god in his last moments
but i think he died knowing, like many other
grandfathers who get to live, dying on a mountain,
that he had done his job as a grandfather
and as a father
and as a husband

he died before the creek we used to play in was commercialized
fresh water and mossy rocks
so slippery you could trip and fall
but their green texture and shapes made them incredible to touch
tiny waterfalls and miniscule fish and organisms
dragonflies and cicadas, mosquito bites, barley tea

now, you can buy swimming floaties and coca cola

i remember when a friend of mine told me about seoul
that the sky was gray and dusty
strangely, it reminded me of when my mother would complain
that china was the only reason south korea was having pollution
issues
that japan was putting poison in the imports
and my friend was happy that, although it was boring,
the skies of the american suburbs were so clear and blue

when i go to university, the skies are gray and dusty
i watch cylinders pump smoke into the air
i look at my weather notifications and it tells me that
the air is unhealthy
that people shouldn't exercise outside
that if my lungs were sensitive, it would be a problem for me to be
out for too long
i get catcalled on the side of the street

sometimes i wonder, when i die, what will i leave behind?
will my body be able to be a mound with an altar in front of it
will my christian relatives refuse to pay tribute, refuse to bow
will my buddhist relatives offer me fruit and rice wine
will my body ruin the ground if i am laid in it, drenched in
formaldehyde
will i continue to be part of the problem as i buy products from
pepsi and with unsourced palm oil
when i die, what color will the sky be?



China

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Carina Christenbury

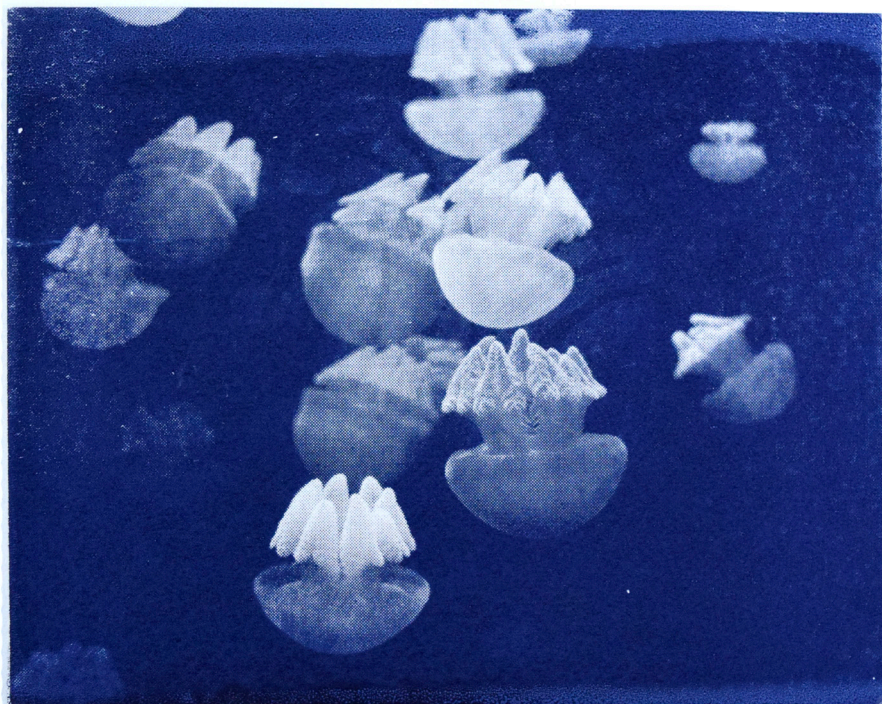
Matt Bailey

"Shelter in Place"

I can hear the storm that is coming
I can see the wind in the trees
I can smell the heat and the lightning
The media says to shelter in place

The rain is falling in bright sheets of water
Draw the curtains, keep out of sight
Turn up your TV against echoes of thunder
You will be safe if you shelter in place

The hurricane passed, while the whole world was changing
Trees upended, the ground is littered with leaves
Through blackouts and brownouts and whiteouts we race
The last thing I'll do is shelter in place



Deep Blue

SCREENPRINT

Anna Wu

Kacie Hendrixson

"Of Moths and Men"

Did you know
some species of moths
don't have mouths?
Their purpose is solely
to have children
and die.

I can't fucking imagine
the horror
of living only as a nice set
of reproductive organs,
skipping meals
until you gracefully
wither away
not a single word uttered
to your two-hundred-thirty-six
moth egg children.

lovely, listless,
ladylike and larval
wings outstretched
much too hairy
much too dull.

Do you think the male moth
loves his voiceless counterpart?
Do you think he itches
to hear the sweet, sexy, silence—
the soft, smooth, flutter of

Wings
just before
the birth?

Do you think he'll leave her
once the luminous glow of pregnancy
abandons her?

Once the postpartum depression
fills its formerly-beautiful space?
Once her life's purpose is done
and she has one week left,
do you think he'll stay by her side?

Of course not.

He'll find some hot young
butterfly slut,
and he'll fuck her whenever he wants to
because she has a "thing"
for older moths,
and he'll visit his
two-hundred-something-plus children
on the weekends,
when he isn't living it up,
sending postcards
from his great Vegas migration,
because he can afford to be
in his Adult-Stage crisis.

while she is decomposing
in the dirt.

I'm sure he'll thank the Lord
that he can have his nectar
and eat it too.
that he can somehow
have the right to be
both a Child
too young to have to accept
the consequences of his actions,

to have to keep his antennae
in his fucking pants
and a Man
too old to be criticized
but just the right age to lecture you
because he has lived a life that is full
and he had a wife once.

Despicable.

Did you know
All species of women
don't have voices?
They exist solely
to reproduce
and die.



denimfleece

35MM FILM

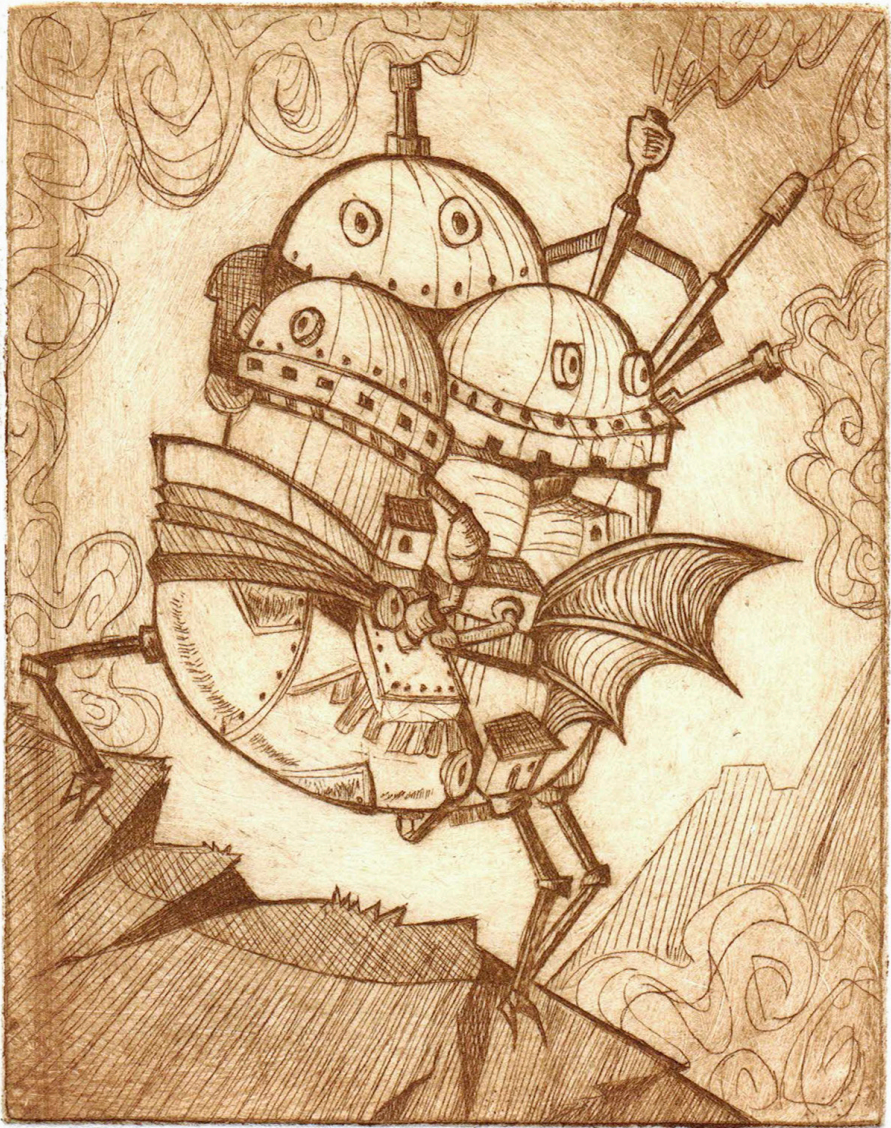
Bright Lu

Kacie Hendrixson

“Growing Pains and Grumbling”

The cruel friction
of harsh white bone
against paled bluish skin
bruises blossoming
beneath the stark paper white
of flesh unfed.
Maybe I am simply a woman
trying to pinch and pull and squeeze myself back into a girl—
A reluctance to be old
manifesting in an eagerness to die.

Yet,
The rosy, plump,
luxuriant desire to live
always stubbornly adheres—
coercing me to admit
that I do not want any of this—
That black coffee
will NEVER
taste as good
as a frappuccino
and a long, indulgent life.



Carry Me Home

COPPERPLATE ETCHING

Anna Wu

Kacie Hendrixson

“Brauron”

They will leave themselves at Brauron.
A night Moonlit and pale with youth—
a final offering to Her
to girlhood,
to Artemis
rings true— a silver arrow
cutting clear through
the sable tomb
of luxuriant Athenian night

Young girls, hair
matted. Untamed, wild,
dance under Her glow—
Bear hide draped royally over
virgin bodies
For they have one more night
to be virgins yet.
One more night to play,
beastly and childish
with laughter roaring
free
 echoing all the way back to
 Athens
 where husbands-to-be
 wait by empty hearths
 for young girls, supple and sweet,
 to bring them wine
 and kneel by their feet.

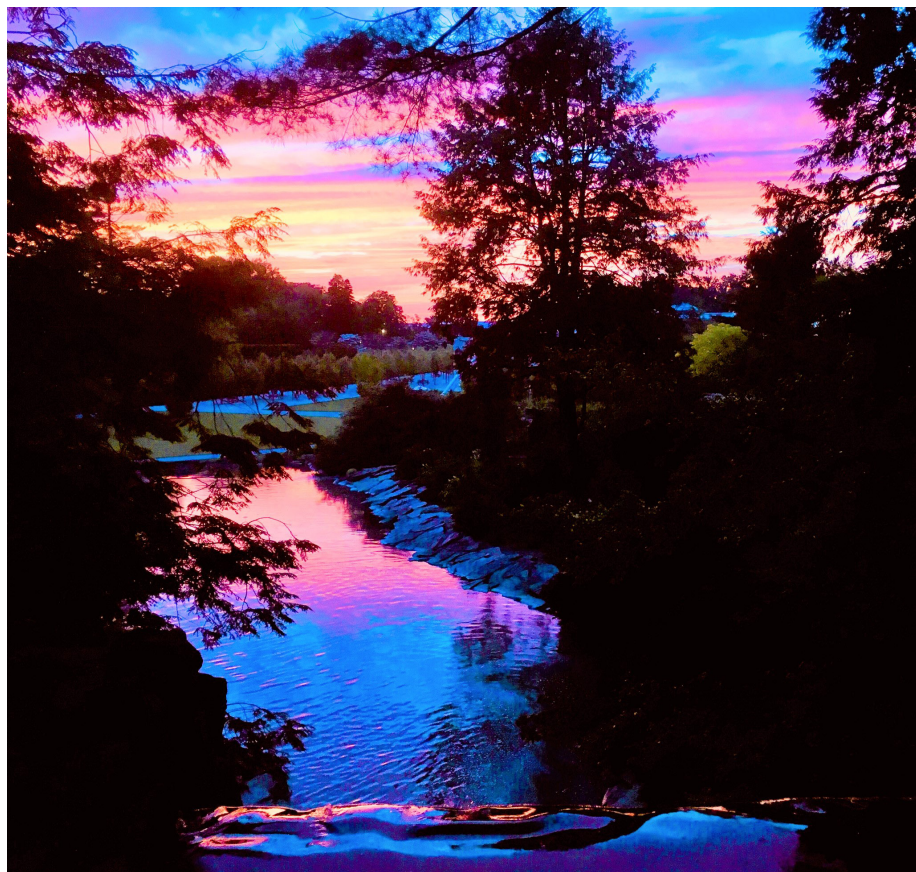
But not here.
Not at Brauron.
Here, Artemis nurtures them still—
shadows them from harm—
 from men.
Tonight, for the last night,
they will be girls.
Not wives, nor mothers—
Girls.

Their laughter becomes howls—
The roars suddenly a resounding thunder
as they grow drunk on the moon—
Drunk on the joy to be young,
to be unkempt,
To be girls. Beasts.
Wild ones hunted by none.

Dancing
 they grow carnal
Skipping
 they become monstrous
The bears leap from their backs—
they growl and stomp and wrestle each other in ecstasy under the
 intoxicating moonlight.

Artemis leads the pack deep into the wood.
further from Athens,
further from duties, domestic and dull
further from the slavery of the soul
that awaits her dear children back home

Her crescent moon glints in a wink—
The bears run free.



Reflections at Longwood

Renee Stewart

PHOTOGRAPHY

Autumn Stubbs

“Children of Darkness and Night”

There was no sleep before Hypnos. He grows sleep himself in the form of scarlet poppies sprouting from the banks of Lethe, the river of forgetfulness which flows in front of his cave palace in Hades.

Many of the caverns in the home of Hypnos are intricately carved, like his throne room where he often used to nap. Others, however, are left to nature, filled with stalagmites and stalactites and still pools of water. It is in these deeper chambers that Hypnos spends most of his spare time now— not that he has much. Since the mortals have grown in number and spread across the face of the world, there is little rest for Hypnos.

Every evening at twilight, Hypnos uses the soft, white wings at his temples to fly from Hades and spread his poppies across the realms, blessing all with rest. He witnesses the world’s beauty in the darkness of the night, and his work is appreciated by all. It is a wonderful existence, even if it means Hypnos can rarely indulge in the poppies himself.

Because, of course, any free time Hypnos has is invariably spent tending to the children. They are a bad habit, he supposes, but not one he really cares to shake. And anyway, if there is anyone to blame, it is his twin Thanatos. If he weren’t so indiscriminate in his work, Hypnos would never have done any of it.

The whole affair began a little over a millennium ago, when Hypnos met a small boy.

Godwin had been an orphan, perhaps as old as seven, who wandered the streets of his city, surviving on the charity of others. Seeing Hypnos kind, youthful face, the boy immediately latched onto him. (An alternate reason for his quick attachment could have been that Hypnos had just exited a bakery with a bundle of fresh, warm bread.)

As Hypnos wandered out of the city, the child shadowed him, trailing behind and saying nothing. The two eventually reached a shady, remote spot at where Hypnos sat against a thick tree. Godwin sat too. That was fine— the addition of a small child to his plans would make little difference. Hypnos unwrapped the bundle of food and set it between them. They both ate in silence.

After they finished the last of the bread, Hypnos said, “I’ll be back tomorrow.” Hypnos did not know why he said this, as he had previously had no

plans to return to the unremarkable mortal city, but he was as good as his word and returned the next day.

And the next. And the next. For countless days after, they met in front of that bakery where they had first seen each other and spent their days under the sun doing what pleased them.

Hypnos knew Godwin would die— he was mortal. But even compared to Hypnos' vast years of existence, the span of one human life was still a joyously long time to have a friend.

Hypnos returned to the mortal world one afternoon to make his usual visit to Godwin, only to find that a fight had broken out in front of the bakery. Dozens of people moved frantically about the square, all orbiting about the violent center of the crowd, where two men fought furiously. Hypnos stood paralyzed several yards from the group, watching.

After a moment, someone broke up the fight, and the crowd thinned. As the people dispersed, there became visible a small, pale hand lying on the street.

Hypnos' blood ran cold, and he ran to the boy, violently pushing several people aside in his haste. When he reached Godwin's side, what Hypnos saw buckled his knees and pulled him to the ground in a heap.

Godwin had been crushed.

His left ribcage was now concave— something, or likely someone, very heavy had fallen upon him. Godwin's limbs twitched as he gasped and struggled to draw breath with his remaining lung. He coughed, and blood from his mouth ran down his cheek, adding to earlier streaks, some of which had already had time to dry. How long had Godwin lain there in the dirt?

Hypnos wrenched his eyes from the maimed body of his friend to gaze around at the townsfolk still milling about in the square. Their eyes slid over the figures of Hypnos and Godwin as they continued their day under the blue sky. Business as usual.

The tragedy meant nothing to them— the death of Hypnos' most beloved friend meant... nothing? Hypnos sat rigid with anger and grief for a moment before reaching out to touch the child's hand.

Godwin noticed Hypnos then, and his coughing ceased as his lips moved in attempted speech.

"Shh..." Hypnos murmured as he touched the boy's sweaty forehead.

As Hypnos began to stroke the boy's hair, a large shadow covered the spot where they sat. Hypnos turned his head upward, and there was Thanatos, with his dark wings and grim expression. He was here for business.

"No..." Hypnos whispered. He pulled Godwin into his arms and scrambled out of Thanatos' reach. "No! You can't take him!"

"I must, Hypnos. His Thread of Life has already been cut. See, he no longer breathes."

Hypnos looked down at the child in his arms. He was still— more still

than a boy in the deepest sleep. Still as death.

Despite this, Hypnos clutched the body more tightly, and stepped farther away until his back was against a wall. Thanatos' features grew exasperated, and he spoke again.

"Let me take him, brother. I have a busy schedule. Unlike yours, my duties are not restricted the night."

Hypnos' vision blurred, and he could only stand in place as Thanatos drew closer and pulled something Hypnos could not see from the air above Godwin's body and tucked the object into a fold of his clothing.

Thanatos had taken Godwin's soul, Hypnos knew, as it was his duty to take the souls of all mortals once their time allotted by the Fates had run out.

Thanatos looked at his brother once more, but said nothing, before flying off—no doubt to return to Hades to deposit Godwin's soul in that dismal place of the dead. Business as usual.

Hypnos brought a shaking hand to the boy's waxy face and stroked his cheek.

There was not a single mortal who cared for Godwin, so Hypnos took his body to Hades and gave him a proper burial outside his palace among the poppies.

A decade later, Hypnos found another young friend named Ada. She was another orphan—most of the children Hypnos collected were. But then she grew ill. Hypnos didn't know then exactly what sickness she had, but he knew Thanatos would take her if he didn't intervene. He would never let that happen again, so he put her to sleep.

Sleep healed people sometimes, but that was not true in Ada's case. After hours, then days of slumber, her fever never broke. So, Hypnos took her home.

He procured a cushion of the finest silk and lay her on it. Then, he took her to the deepest chamber in his cave palace—an undeveloped cavern filled with growing crystals and a large, underground lake. He floated her into the middle of the water and covered her in poppies.

She was still conscious and aware, of course. Dreams could not find her here. But then neither could Thanatos, and that was the important thing. She would never die.

Hypnos made other friends too, of course, over the years, and some of them lived long, full lives, but mortal children were fragile things, and many of them, ill or injured, found their home in the cave.

Hypnos visits the children, now numbering somewhere in the thousands, as often as he can, reading them stories and singing to them, stroking their hair. Thanatos would not miss them—he would never come looking.

Today, when Hypnos visits the cave, he notices a small sound—not breathing or dripping water—it is sniffing. He flies across the water and finds its source.

There, in the dark at the center of the lake, Ada lay, her face red and wet with tears.

Hypnos puts a hand to her cheek and kisses her forehead. The girl's small fist clenches.

"Shh, Ada. You are safe. My brother will never find you here. Don't worry, child. You will rest here forever." He scatters more poppies around her.

Another tear slides down Ada's face.



shortcake

35MM FILM

Bright Lu

Jenn Rust

"I Can't Explain It"

If you've made pictures that melted like candles
How long would you stare?
Like snow and the next day it's a heatwave
Would your eyes burn?

I can't explain myself anymore
Words wet like water
And it's drought season
Tongue snapped like tags on T-shirt's
but you've lost the little plastic bit
I can't explain it

But I know it
I know it, I know it, I know it
That's what I say
And if I was like a broken record
vinyl splintering like cheap hardwood
would you play me still?



Cierra

PHOTOGRAPHY

Xander Opiyo

Jenn Rust

"Crushed"

I ripped it
From the core of existence.
I flushed down the river.
I stomped it
cold on the ground.
Let me breath, I tell him.

He doesn't listen.

He never
Listens.

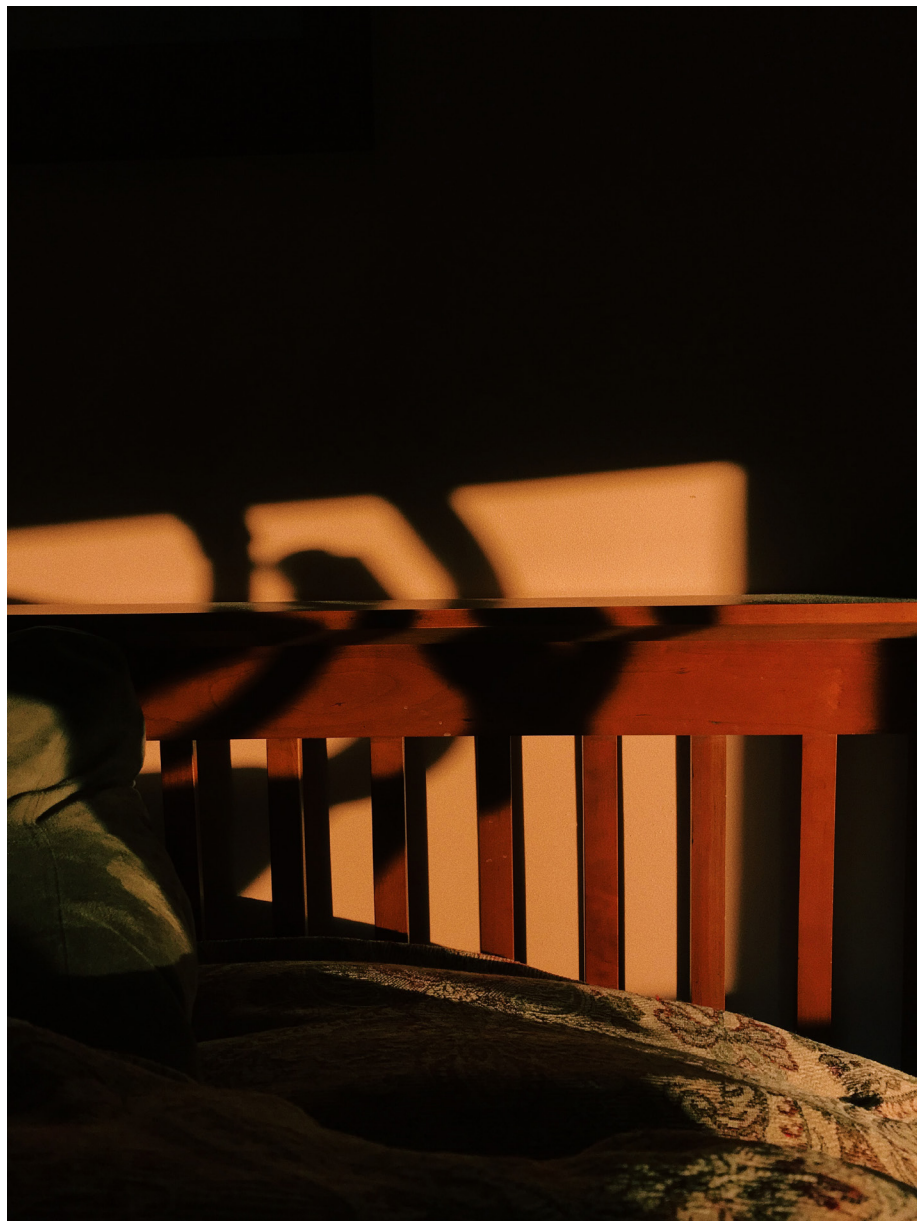
"I'd break my bones
Then stare at you again..."
That's what I tell him.

But he doesn't understand that
There's a whole hole in my chest
Three feet deep and the circumference
Of my hand.
I let the wind catch breeze in there.
I let water drip until stalagmites and stalactites form like crocodile
teeth.
He doesn't understand the holes on my wrists when I try to reach
in
Even after knowing how empty it is.

He'll never understand these bugs in stomach
They dug tunnels in the lining when I looked too long
When I wanted to know how it felt
To just hold his hand.

He'll never know how he punctured my body,
Deflated my lungs
Shot through
Like gun bullets

My sour acid pouring out the holes
No wonder why you won't look back
I'm hideous now



Hidden Beauty

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Ashley Steele

Anna Riehl

"My Anxiety"

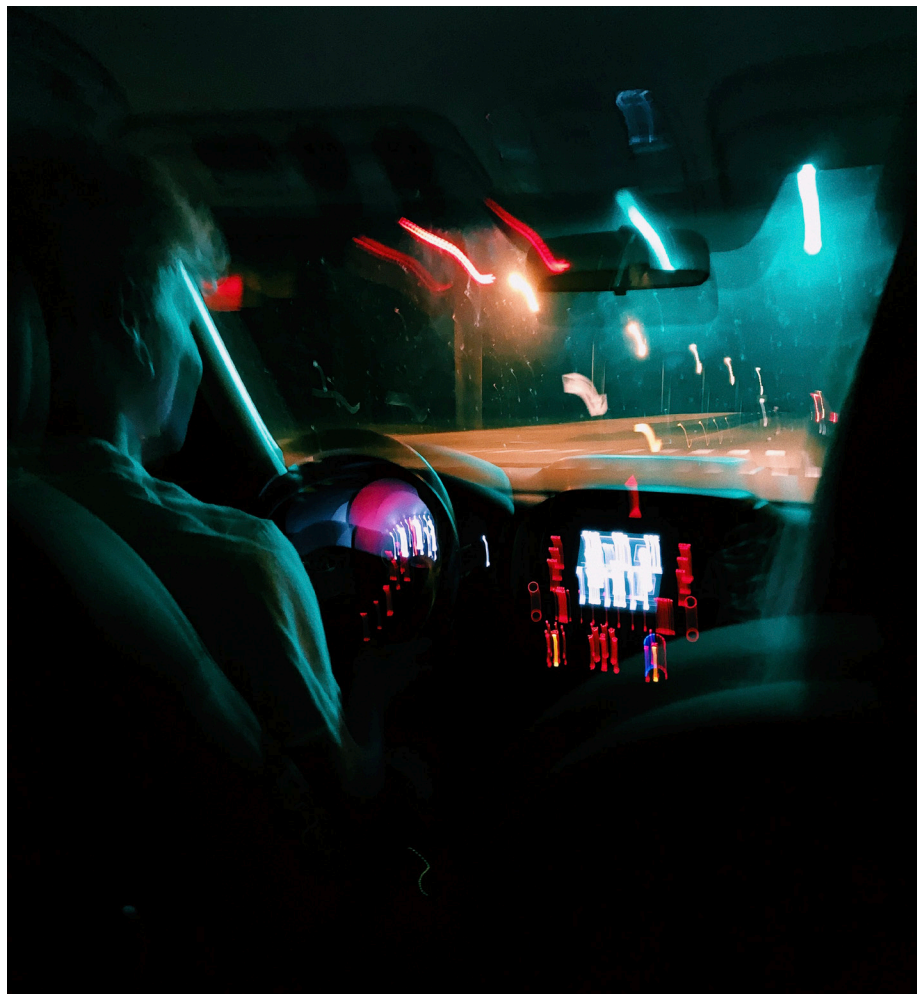
you're standing with your toes off the edge
leaning, falling forward
but you stop midair.
everything freezes.

your breath catches,
and your eyes open.
you see the world below.
so small,
yet still alive.

you feel time unfreeze
slowly.
you're still falling,
slowly.
the world looking so beautiful
yet so scary from that angle,
has never felt so sacred.
but suddenly,
as you get close
everything picks up speed

fast,
rapidly,
unexpectedly.
you have no time
to adjust or prepare.

you
are going full force,
and cannot stop to think
what might happen next.



Bump

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Ashley Steele

Olivia Forney

"3/3"

I chew my cheek raw as we speed down a lamplit route 4 in the
sleeting rain.

A crushed heart turned to open wrists,
A kitchen knife out of place on the bathroom sink.
So was I in the hospital waiting room,
Swaying in limbo,
Waiting, wondering, worrying, wishing.
If I had, I should have, I could have.

I missed your call.
And I got there in time,
But twenty minutes is a lifetime when pain seems like the only
escape.
So those two hours in the waiting room felt like an eternity,
And I wish I could hug you,
And I wish I could close up the cuts on your wrist.
But sadly,
friendship isn't quite magical enough to heal flesh wounds.

So instead I'll make you laugh,
Stitch your heart back together with a quick-witted needle.
Heartbreak is not very forgiving,
But luckily I am.
So when you apologize for the time you took out of my day,
Please know that I've already forgiven you,
And I will never stop forgiving you,
And I will never stop loving you,
Even through the hospital waiting rooms,
And kitchen knives on bathroom sinks,
And sleeting rain on the lamplit route 4.



Yearning

Catherine Awad

MIXED MEDIA: PASTEL, CHARCOAL, INK, AND
ACRYLIC PAINT

Jenn Rust

"It's a Feeling"

Chew my nails until the crescents are gone
And chew the skin for extra measure
Rip my lips and the tear at my inner cheeks
Because I reek an impending humiliation
I've twirled myself into a knot in which I cannot unfurl
Electrocuted by miscommunications and bumbling afterthoughts
My fingers pretzeled as they wait
for an answer
Tongue caught and damaged,
now short like a bobtail
Words become forgotten memories
and tv static are my thoughts
It's finding its way into
my sweat glands
seeping through like
dumpster water
There is no
more skin to pick
and I turn
into tissue
and ligaments,
More
transparent
than
I'm
comfortable
with



at will's

35MM FILM

Bright Lu

Kacie Hendrixson

"Crime Scene Undisturbed"

There is something ineffable about the slow, irregular drip of alcohol spilled only minutes prior. A glass lies on its side, toppled and stilled. An hourglass of wine, deep red, drips from a thinning puddle on the table to a splattered scarlet on the hardwood floor.

As it pools, it creeps outward, etching its way to the grinning silver knife, glinting in the sunlight pouring across the dining room floor— light slicing through the table in a stark strike of clarity. A bold ray casts itself upon peaceful disaster— a post-calamitous exhale.

The quiet of the scene is now posed in its coffin, soon to be laid to eternal rest. Silence— for a long time. Much longer than an abandoned room cares to count. Minutes or maybe months drain from the wine glass.

The silence is eternal— until silence becomes the sirens, crying and mourning, growing involume steadily until a bust-in door crashes to the floor. Footsteps thunder into the room. The wine glass shudders with the noise, rolls to the floor, and shatters.



Floater

BLACK & WHITE FILM

Carina Christenbury

Joe Kim

"jupiter"

i got caught in an afternoon storm
my glasses fogged up and clouded
but after a while, the soft rumbling
of thunder made the trip worth it

there's something
that feels like home
in the thunder
and the lightning

something exciting wanting to let itself
be heard by you. an extravagant light show
the rain going from cold to a bearable
lukewarm, like getting used to the ocean

taking your sandals off
stepping in mud and grass
beer bottle glass, cigarettes
gutter water, litter

but the lightning makes you forget about the ground
makes you smell the air, while inhaling rain droplets
makes you choke and spit, makes it easy to cover up
the fact that you were crying all night, all day, all month

off-your-meds kind of crying
waiting-for-something-better,
something-more-stable, hard-
to-defend-to-your-friends crying

the rain stops hurting your eyes after a while
you'll start to walk forward, not minding how
the water hits your eyelids, the taste of snot
and the congested air all in one raindrop



Alone in the Mountains

PHOTOGRAPHY

Jacob Ouellette

Olivia Forney

"Tiny Soldiers"

The first time someone casts judgment on me for not shaving my legs, I do not speak. I go home, put on pants, and remind myself that my worth is not measured by how short I keep the hair on my legs. The first time I walk down Main Street alone at night, past the bars filled with men with serpent tongues who hiss catcalls at my back, I do not speak. I call my best friend, and I remind myself that alcohol is like gasoline to anger and lust, and by yelling, "Fuck off!" I would only be fanning the flames. The first time a close friend tells me of her assault, I do not speak. I hug my friend, and I remind myself how lucky I am to have never felt the touch of an unwanted hand. The second time a close friend tells me of her assault, I do not speak. I hug my friend. The sixth time a close friend tells me of her assault, I do not speak. I hug my friend, and I cry. I cry for all the women I love who have been hurt at the hands of men who cannot comprehend consent. I cry for my mother, who is still suffering over fifty years after her assault. Who does not sleep on the nights where I tell her I'm going out. Who always reminds me to carry my key between my knuckles, you never know who could be lurking in the parking lot. With each tear I wish that I could cry a moat around myself, with waters rough enough to drown any man who tries to set his eyes on the curve of my hips. The most recent time a close friend tells me of her assault, I do not stay silent. I yell, I cry, I curse, and I stand up. I brandish my keys like a sword. I load my moat of tears with crocodiles and piranhas. I load bullets into my pupils so as to shoot down the booze-breathed serpent tongues and unwanted hands. From the follicles in my skin I grow tiny soldiers, poised at the ready on the frontlines. I hug my friend, and I prepare for battle. Because if we do not fight together, we will all fall apart alone.



lily

35MM FILM

Bright Lu

Joe Kim

“이름 (name)”

the next time that you introduce yourself to someone,
what type of person will you be?
are you broad shouldered and strong handed?
are you slumped over, limp with exhaustion?
are you smiling, are you happy, or are you already gone?
was a conversation never going to happen in the first place?

the next time that you introduce yourself to someone,
will you disappear,
so that you don't have to be the person that you currently are?
will you falter
and pretend that you didn't
or will you walk away?

this time, will you refuse to even try to speak the language?
will you be afraid of your accent being judged?
will you wonder if you are even welcome here?
will you instill yourself with doubt that you belong to this
church?
will you ask god why it's so hard to just introduce yourself?
will you want him to answer you?

dear god,
i want to be comfortable with the name
that my grandparents passed down to me
the root of my name that is shared with my siblings
the root of my family that is planted on the top of a mountain
that i have tried to climb since i was nine years old

when my extended relatives sit my parents down,
with my mother and father on their knees in front of them,
my mother's eldest brother saying to her
that it is so shameful
that my tongue is so western,
that even my shadow leans in the wrong direction

dear god,
what is your vision for me and why are they only obstacles?
why are they only challenges?
why does my mother only mention christian missionaries
getting killed in south korea for spreading your word years ago
and not the people dying on the news everyday?

i don't want to wear a hanbok
when all it reminds me of are church plays,
halloweens i can't spend,
weddings and people i've never seen before touching me,
the wedding my parents want me to have,
when people see me and think that i'm a woman

dear god,
i am not a woman
i don't want the people that i'll be dating
to be treated as a gateway
into the marriage
that i "will have" with a korean man

the assumption that i'll be married to a korean man
the thought of having purely korean children
the thought of still having to wait for answers
from you, god,
when i never believed in you in the first place
and yet i still ask you questions

the suffix of my korean name is feminine
i've coveted the suffix of my younger brother's name
for longer than perhaps i've understood
the complexity of the characters
the sound of the breath of air when you say it

and the root that we still share

i want to be rooted
but my plants and my vines are tangled
my water has been unchanged for years
i need a new garden or a pot or a crack in the side of the road
i need new soil
and a new direction to face

i want it to be easier to introduce myself
i want to understand the type of person that i'll be
when i tell people my name
when they ask me what it means
where it came from
how to pronounce it

--

my name is a freshwater creek
a slippery rock you can trip on
a repetitive card game on a hot summer day
three television channels
waking up to the smell of fish, garlic, and soy bean paste
a bright green pumpkin leaf

my name is a family gathering
100 people on their knees praying together
getting baptized with oil and pool water
egyptian mythology books
the texture of a couch cushion
drawing on offering envelopes during sermon

my name is a reminder
that i will be my parents' daughter until the day they die
but also that i will be the person
i introduce myself as
to anyone who asks
my name will have its own meaning



Dover, Kent

Xander Opiyo

PHOTOGRAPHY

Matt Bailey

“Long Way”

We used to joke that, if you had plenty of extra time,
You could afford to take one of my Dad’s shortcuts.
His unique orientations,
Coupled with his fanatical aversion to paying tolls,
We had many a backroad adventure.
Invitations to consider the lily of the field
(or, much more often the sorghum).
For chances to ruminate on what cows might be pondering
As they chewed their cud (perhaps the same plug
They had been working when we’d passed them
A half-hour before).

When we’d finally arrive (for example) at my Grandmother’s house
The tables would already be set up and covered dishes
Would already be primed for the great reveal.

Life is too short to hurry.



Bufo Canyon

Tobias Alan Boyd

Matt Bailey

"Spin Cycle"

They say everything happens for a reason
Like, if you get a flat tire
It's probably because you're an asshole.

So, I lug my two garbage bags full of clothes
Into a laundromat and heave them onto a drying table.
Groping around in the bags
No dice, I forgot the detergent.

Normally, I'd be cussing now, but today
There's a little girl, just under hip high,
Next to me, watching me load.

She was fidgety and obviously in need of a mission.
"Can you watch my clothes till I get back?"
Busy sucking on a pacifier, she nodded a yes.

As I jump into my car, I had an idea.
I have a pile of children's books at my house
That I had bought from the Discard shelf at the library
None cost more than a buck.

Now, I'm rushing home so that I can get back before
The girl and her grandmom leave,
Not because I'm keeping to some artificial deadline.
I'm smiling as I search the room for my detergent— no
dice.

The more important search first yields, "Make Way for
Ducklings"
Haven't read it yet.
"where the Wild Things Are", I'm not being THAT nice.
And here it is, "There," it's got good pictures, not many
words, perfect!

Back at the laundromat,
"I watched your clothes"
"Thanks! Do you like books?"
Head bobs up and down
I mean, what little kid says no?
"Do you like Venomous Zombie Rats"
'They're my Favorite'

Still no detergent, as I turn to leave for the detergent store
Grandmom asks, "can you say thank you?"
Now the girl gets shy
And I say, "you are welcome"
Just as I get to threshold
A small voice says "Thank you for the book"

That Book was worth way more than a dollar.



Trapani Salt Flats

PHOTOGRAPHY

Joey Salvo

Olivia Forney

"Ode to Summertime"

Summertime is spliffs on the front stoop under a cotton candy
sunset.

It's homemade hummus and elderflower lemonade,
The smiling rind of a watermelon and the sweet tang of wild wine
berries.

Summertime is the forage, the frolic, the freedom in greenery.
It's the cold dunk of head underwater,
Swim, slip, splash, slide down the waterfall into White Clay Creek.

Summertime is freckles covering bodies like dots on a map,
Bare limbs soaking in rays of sun,
Rejoicing in the warmth, the sweat, the burn.

Summertime is the salty kiss of the ocean's waves,
Rolling unencumbered and innumerable into the shoreline.

Summertime is the humid nights of sticky blurs,
Beer on the floor and cheeks red from laughter
that rings through the air like a church bell.

Summertime is dancing in the living room to vintage vinyl,
It's kissing in the backyard under a beaming crescent moon.

Summertime is the grandmother
Who welcomes you back to her home after a long-lived hiatus.
She hugs you warmly,
Wrapping her arms around you like a cool breeze at sunrise.



Catch of the Day

PHOTOGRAPHY

Joey Salvo



Heaven's Doorstep

Joey Salvo

PHOTOGRAPHY

contributors

POETRY

Hailing from Elkton, MD, **Olivia Forney** is a senior at the University of Delaware, studying music education with a minor in music management. Aside from writing poems, Olivia also writes and plays her own music. She plans to pursue a career in music and arts administration upon graduating from UD.

Joe Kim is a senior Human Services student at UD, working in educational programming for trans and racial diversity. They love the usage of art and writing to reach all mediums of representation. With the world coming to a literal end, themes such as climate change and reflecting on a family that once was has been on their mind for the majority of 2019.

Rachel Milberg is a double major in English and Psychology. She enjoys theatre, reading, writing and learning new stuff! She is so excited for this opportunity to be published in the MSJ.

Jenn Rust, born and raised in Milford, Delaware, is a transfer student from Columbia College Chicago and is finishing her education at the University of Delaware. She is an English Major who loves to write poems, fiction, and nonfiction. Her work has been published in online magazines, the Esthetic Apostle and the Lab Review.

Isabella Ceriani is a freshman at UD majoring in Criminal Justice. She is originally from Massachusetts and has always enjoyed writing. She knows exactly what she wants to do in life, but has no idea how to get there.

Matthew Bailey is a Delaware native. Over the past 25 years he has worked all over the country as a Wildlife Biologist. Most recently he has returned to Delaware to serve with the state's Division of Fish and Wildlife. Matt began his University of Delaware college career as an English major and wound up earning a degree in Entomology. He remains a student of wildlife, both natural and literary.

Faith Bartell is a freshman English and Communications double major at the University of Delaware. She is a lover of smiling, crying, laughing, and of course, writing. She hopes to pursue all of the above in the future.

Daniel Loughlin is a 4th year student majoring in Human Services. He enjoys creating music, writing poetry, practicing parkour and learning Mixed Martial Arts. Whenever he's not struggling to keep his GPA afloat, he's looking for new things to try and new ways to be creative.

Anna Riehl is a freshman at UD. She has always loved poetry, especially the works of Rupi Kaur and r.h. sin, and photography. She is super excited to become more experienced with the creative arts and learn about various topics over the course of her next four years.

Kacie Hendrixson is a sophomore English Education major and Pretentious Tea-Drinker Extraordinaire. When she's not writing about girls or monsters, she enjoys watching movies and talking to ghosts.

Kacie is also featured in the Prose section.

ART

Anna Wu is a junior in computer science who is very interested in the crossover between technology and art: UI/UX, CGI, digital painting, etc. She loves doodling, in addition to experimenting with new mediums, and is excited to make a major mess with the new paint markers she just bought.

Bright Lu. Electrical Engineering '22. One day, his cousin gave him a camera, and now he has a VSCO.

Ashley Steele is a sophomore English major from the Lehigh Valley, Pennsylvania. She wishes she could travel back in time to the 80's so she could meet young Ralph Macchio, and she has an obsession with high top converse. She has no idea what she wants to do with her life, but she enjoys writing and taking candid photos of her friends to make her life seem cooler than it actually is.

Renee Stewart: photographer, scientist, foodie, painter, and casually adopting a neighborhood cat. She'd like to thank her UD Spirit Guide for all the TeeHeeHee's!

Joey Salvo is a writer, artist, and Ph.D. candidate in Neuroscience. He also enjoys hiking and drawing portraits on post-it notes. Learn more about his work at joeysalvo.wordpress.com.

Showvik Haque is a class of '20 mechanical engineering major. He enjoys taking photos of friends, dancing with his hip-hop crew Isodynamic, and eating Brewed Awakenings everything bagels. IG: @shtills.

Catherine Awad is a freshman, majoring in neuroscience with a minor in art. She is originally from Camden, Delaware. While having been involved in art her entire life; last year she took up a concentration exploring anatomical drawings and further explored expressive poses while incorporating note-taking to comment on structure and adding a lyrical quality.

Xander Opiyo is a senior fine arts major and a generally cool guy. He loves to do photography and prefers all of his clothing to be tucked, including his boxers. When he is not making art you can find Xander at roller derby practice or charting new lands for future pilgrimage.

Tobias Boyd is a senior majoring in computer science with a concentration in art. He draws comics and eats a lot of macaroni and cheese.

Jacob Ouellette is a junior sports health major who loves photography. In their free time they enjoy going on hikes to take pictures of landscapes and wildlife.

Carina Christenbury is a freshman Natural Resource Management major by day and an aspiring sexologist also by day. Mostly they exist as a non-binary, chaotic-neutral photography nerd who collects more books than they read.

PROSE

Clancy Gates is a Junior English major at UD. They write and do other things and love bagels :)

Autumn Stubbs is a sophomore computer science major who enjoys languages and art. She would like to thank the ancient Greeks, whose mythology she enjoyed and liberally borrowed from and in the making of her story. (Sisyphus had it coming to him in that one myth.)