

the aerie

Volume 19 · Spring 2018





aer·ie

also **aer·y** (âr'e,îr'e) **n. pl. -ies**

1. The nest of an eagle or other predatory bird built on a crag or other high place
2. A house or stronghold built on a height
3. The literary and arts magazine of Concordia University Irvine
[Med. Lat. aeria < OFr. aire.]

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The Aerie is an annual journal which showcases work being done in creative writing and art by Concordia University Irvine students, alumni, faculty, and staff. In addition, it provides students from both the English and art departments a hands-on experience working collaboratively to produce a quality literary and arts journal. Students are involved in every aspect of the production from the call for submissions, to the selection of creative work and the design of the journal. The publication of *The Aerie* is made possible with funding from the Office of the Provost.

The text for this magazine is set in Adobe Caslon Pro, Latina, and Weekly.



Twenty First's Knowledge
Digital Montage
Marianna Maldonado '21

Dedication

The Aerie is the successor of a literary journal begun in the 1980s by the late Dr. Robert Baden. The first volume was published in 1993, and a second in 1995, under the leadership of Dr. Kurt Krueger, then a faculty member in the English department.

Over the years, additional commitments took Kurt Krueger away from producing *The Aerie*; however, he never lost his desire to provide a place for students to publish creative work and in 2000 asked Professor Kristen Schmidt if she would resurrect the journal. In Kurt's subsequent positions as Dean of Arts and Sciences, Provost, and University President, he has continued to be a strong supporter of the arts.

We dedicate this edition of *The Aerie* to President Kurt Krueger, with thanks for his encouragement, service, leadership, and vision for Concordia's growth as a university rooted in the Great Commission of Jesus Christ.

Kurt, it has been a privilege to share this time and space with you. Blessings on your retirement.

“In order to write about life, you must first live it.”
~ Ernest Hemingway

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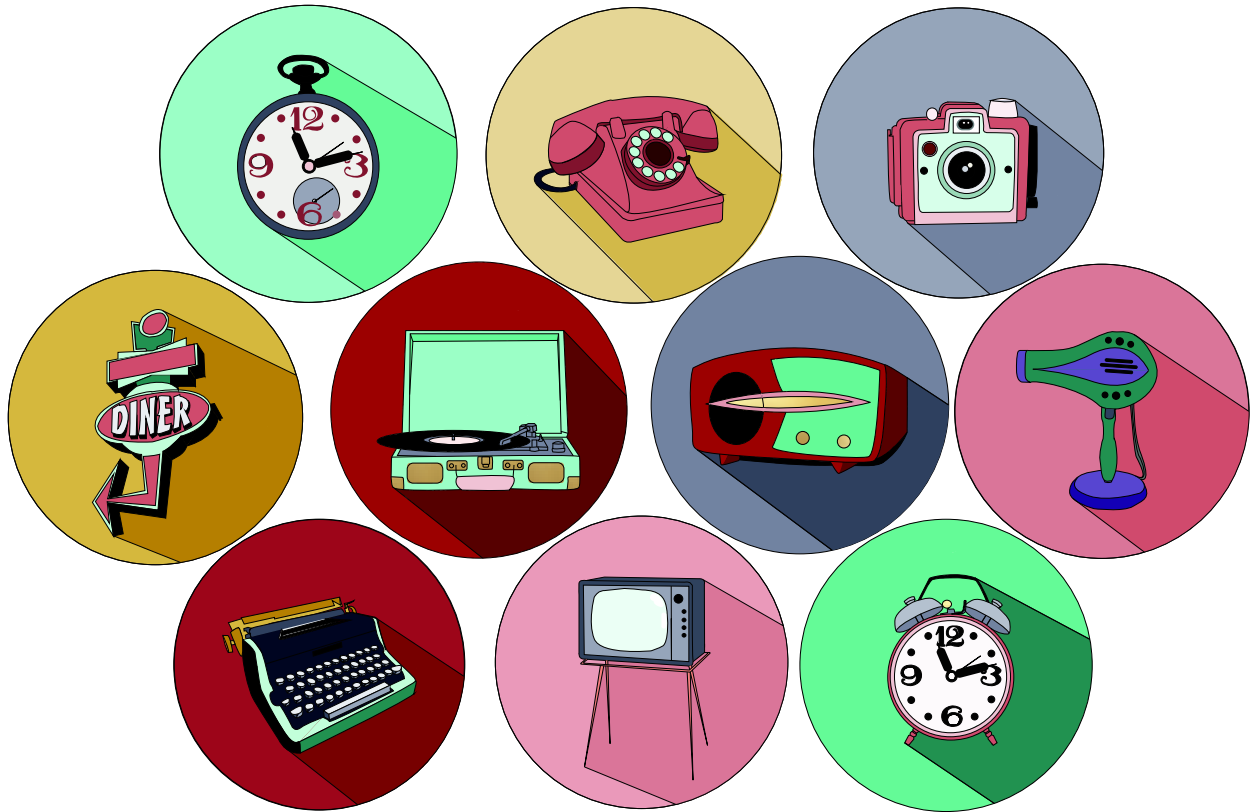
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50's
Digital Illustration
Emily Wells '20



IGY
Digital Illustration
Leah Gong '20

Tightrope of Words

Books gave people apparent happiness,
She realized,
As she walked on a tightrope of words
High above the clinging sludge of realities.

Here, above the dark grey clouds,
In a world of bright light, defined shadows, and easy choices,
She could stand and paint her troubles
And the dripping sunlight would wash them away

(Found poem from *The Book Thief* by Markus Zusak)

Poetry
Ellie Swan '21



The Coffee Project

Digital Montage
Tiffany Chan '20

The Bookshop

Imagine a bookshop. Not a big corporate store. Not even a bright store. Imagine that cramped bookshop stuffed into a corner somewhere in your town. Every town has one. If you can't recall any bookshop of this sort where you live, explore. Spend a day and wander. It's there, somewhere, waiting for you. Even the biggest cities and the smallest villages have bookshops hidden away where only a few can find them. Are you imagining it? That is where this story takes place.

Walk up to the door. Is it up a narrow staircase? Hidden in an alley? Is it bright green, yet still goes unnoticed? Is there a sign on the door advertising the used and rare volumes within? Or is it blank?

When you open the door, a golden ray of sunlight bisects the room. It takes a moment for your eyes to adjust; all you can see is the dust suspended in the ray of sun. You blink a couple of times and—there. All around you are piles of books, some new, some very, very old. You can tell which are the oldest books—they have sun-faded covers and dust-eaten pages. There are books lined neatly on the shelves and stacked in haphazard towers everywhere else. Dust hangs in the air, coats every surface. You take a moment, pause, look around, take everything in. It is only then that you notice the bookshop owner at his desk in the corner. He watches you, a knowing smile on his face. He has seen many people come through that door, whatever it looks like, and almost all of them pause to soak in the sun and the dust and the smell of paper and ink. He nods a greeting, then looks back down at the book he is reading.

You wander around the shelves, running your fingers along the bindings. Paperbacks, hardbacks, bound in leather, missing the binding completely. Sometimes you stop, take a book out, read its summary or flip through its pages. Some have pages stained and wrinkled with water; others are crisp, almost brand new. When you finally look up, it is no longer sun that filters in through dusty high-up windows, but moonlight and the smell of night—dewy breeze and once-hot pavement. The cool air drifts in through the barely-open window. Shocked, you glance at your watch. It is late, much later than it should be. You hurry to the old man's desk (for he is always old, in each of these bookshops), a pile of books in your arms.

"I'm so sorry!" you say, "I lost track of time!"

The old man smiles his knowing smile. "It's all right."

"You must have closed hours ago. Why didn't you tell me?"

"This shop doesn't close."

You are still holding the books you have so lovingly pulled from the shelves. The old man motions for you to set them down on his desk. You do so and he picks each one up and writes the title in a ledger, opening your books up to the title page when the title on the binding (or lack thereof) is too worn to read. "Why don't you ever close?" you ask.

The old man is silent for a moment. The only sound in the shop is the scratching of his pen against paper. He finishes writing the title of the last book in your pile and closes his ledger, looking up at you. "I used to. Would you like to hear the story?"

It's late at night, *I really should go home*, you are about to tell him, but instead you say, "Yes."

He nods and gestures to an old office chair next to him. It looks broken. “Sit,” he says.

You lower yourself into the chair and find that, though it is rather comfortable, it is indeed broken and lists slightly to one side. You watch the old man as he gazes at nothing in particular, gathering his thoughts.

“This bookshop used to be much more popular,” he begins. “There was almost always at least one person roving the shelves at any given time of day. Eventually, I started noticing books that were out of place. Of course, that could easily be explained: surely customers were taking books from the shelves and putting them where they didn’t belong. Then I noticed food disappearing. I have a back room, see, Employees Only it says on the door. I keep some snacks and my lunch back there. But I began to notice small bites taken out of my food. That was when I realized an animal was somehow getting into my shop, knocking books onto the ground, and eating my food.

“I figured that maybe a cat had wandered in. I hoped it wasn’t anything worse, like a raccoon. I love animals, you see, but a raccoon would destroy the books. Frankly, a cat might destroy them also, but if it were a cat, I thought I could train it and keep it as a pet. A bookshop mascot, see. So I borrowed a few traps from a friend, who promised they wouldn’t hurt whatever animal I caught. I carefully set them up before I went home for the day, three in different places around the shop. But when I came in the next morning, all the traps had gone off, the food inside was gone, and no animal was in sight.

“I reset the traps every night for almost a week without catching anything. Finally, I decided to stay overnight at the bookshop to try to at least see what kind of animal I was dealing with. The first night, nothing. Not a book out of place or a sound unaccounted for. Not a single trap went off. The next night, I learned from my mistakes. I did everything I would do if I were leaving for the night, even locked the door. Maybe it’s watching me right now, I thought. Maybe last night it knew I didn’t really leave. So I pretended to go home, then hid behind my desk. I had already set the traps, as I did every night, so I waited for the harsh sound of a metal door locking my unwanted tenant away. Of course, I didn’t have high hopes for the traps, as they had never worked before, but maybe I would at least catch a glimpse of the culprit.

“The sky outside grew dark, and yet I still had not heard anything besides my own breathing. I peeked over my desk. Nothing out of place, no sign of the animal. I grabbed the book I had been reading that day from my desk, and hunched back into my hiding spot. After just over an hour, my back and neck were sore from my stooped position on the hard ground. Even so, I was exhausted and on the verge of sleep. That was when I heard it—the sharp *snap!* of one of my traps. I began to unfurl myself, but before I could get my head above my desk—my feet had fallen asleep and I was having some trouble standing—I heard another *snap!* from the other side of the shop. I had only set three traps. The last one was closest. I scrambled around my desk on my hands and tingling knees and came face to face with—”

A faint whistling leaks from the back of the shop, startling you. It’s an eerie sound, and as the pitch gets higher and louder, you realize that it’s—

“That’ll be the kettle,” says the old man. “Would you like some tea?”

“What was it? The animal?”

The old man smiles. “Tea first. I like it piping hot. Would you like any?”

You nod.

He stands, and you are almost in pain just watching him. His joints pop loudly, but he doesn't seem to notice or care. He hobbles through the maze of books that he has collected over the years and opens a door in the back that you hadn't even seen—the back room, you realize, the one the old man had mentioned. You aren't sure whether he wants you to follow him, so you stay put next to the pile of books you have just purchased. Well. That you will purchase. He hasn't told you how much they cost yet. Some of them are rather old and you are a bit worried about the price, but you know you will buy them all the same.

“Well, come on,” says the old man, halfway through the door in the back of the shop.

You hurry around stacks of books, being careful not to knock any of them over. You can see places where piles of books have gotten too tall, too unstable, and have tumbled to the ground. The books still lie there, pages fanning in the slight breeze you create when you walk by. “Do you need any help around here? Tidying up or anything?”

The old man laughs but doesn't answer.

The door swings wide open, squealing on its hinges, and you follow him through. A light blinks on, buzzing slightly. You are in a small kitchen area, where there is nothing but a small table with one chair and the already-boiling kettle on the stove. The old man sets mismatched teacups, a small dish of sugar, and a teapot on a dented metal tray, then pours the hot water into the teapot.

“If you wouldn't mind carrying this back out to the front?” he asks. You slide the tray off the counter and walk to the front of the shop, setting it carefully on the desk. The old man hobbles back and lowers himself into his seat. He pours some tea into a chipped teacup and hands it to you before setting a small dish of clumped sugar in front of you. You scoop however much or however little you usually take into the teacup and stir.

“I haven't got any milk.”

“That's all right.” You don't take milk in your tea, or, if you do, you don't mind that the old man hasn't got any. He pours himself some tea, then sits down across from you, sipping loudly.

In your mind you will him to start speaking, to continue the story of why he doesn't close his shop that you desperately need to know—you do not know when the need became desperate, only that it is. The old man senses your eagerness and smiles. He sighs, closes his eyes, leans back in his chair. The wood groans as he does so and you fear that it may break. The chair does not break. The old man opens his eyes. Takes a deep breath. Begins to speak.

“It was a little boy,” he says.

“What?”

“It wasn't an animal living in my shop, see. It was a little boy.”

“A boy? He was living in your shop?” You can hear the incredulity in your voice, and the old man can too. You start to wonder exactly how sane this man is. You don't even know his name, yet here you are, having tea with him late at night in his bookshop that never closes.

“I only caught a fleeting glimpse of him before he scampered away to hide once again, but even from that fleeting image, I could tell the boy was in pitiful shape. He wore a pair of ragged pants and a dirty red sweatshirt much too small for him. His dark hair fell in tangled knots almost to his shoulders. His eyes were wide with fear and sunken from malnutrition. His sweatshirt sleeves were too short and they

revealed bruised forearms. Later, I realized they were bruised from the doors on my animal-safe traps—he would reach one arm in and attempt to hold the door open with his free hand while he grabbed the meager bites of food I had left in the traps, but sometimes the door would fall on his arm anyways.

“In the moment though, my mind processed none of this. All I saw was a frightened boy when I had been expecting a cat or, at worst, a raccoon. In the next moment, when the boy had already vanished among the books, I realized that I knew him. I had seen that face before, though last time I had seen it, the bones had not protruded so sharply and the eyes hadn’t been those of a cornered animal.

“He used to come in with his parents every Saturday morning. His parents would browse the same section every week—gardening, I believe—but the little boy never stayed within any particular genre of book. Instead, he wandered from shelf to shelf, skimming titles and stretching on tiptoes to look at one especially interesting cover. His parents never bought anything from their coveted gardening section, rarely even took a book off the shelf, but the little boy pulled a new book from the shelves every week. Every week, he would run up to his parents, excitedly showing them the title, the pictures, the story inside his chosen book. Every week, they would smile sadly and explain to him in soft voices that they couldn’t afford to buy that book this week, but would he like to sit and read it for a while? The boy would nod emphatically, every week, and the disappointment never showed on his small face. The family would stay for perhaps an hour, the parents speaking in low voices and their son curled in a chair—actually, that chair you’re sitting in now, he’s the one who broke it—he curled in that chair, reading. When they left, the boy would place his book in a little pile just to the side of the door. I never moved them. Sometimes he re-read a book, and so I left them there so he would always know where to find it.

“I began to look forward to those Saturday mornings when the boy and his parents would enter my shop. Each time he entered, the boy had a look of wonder on his face, as if he were seeing something amazing for the first time. I caught the gleam of knowledge in his eyes as he ran to the history section, or the art section, or the children’s section. Each week, after watching which section the boy ended up in, I would guess which book he would pick to show to his parents, which book his parents would sigh and shake their head at, softly explaining that ‘Honey, we just don’t have the money right now.’

‘That’s ok, Mama, I just want to read it here for a bit. But look what it says about blue jays. . .’ or outer space or Vincent van Gogh or Christianity. A new topic every week. He had an affection for religions. I remember finding that odd for such a young boy. I often heard him tell his parents, week after week, ‘I think I’m going to be Muslim.’ Or Buddhist. Or Catholic. Eventually, I think he gave up trying to pick one religion and adopted all of the ones he liked. He was an odd little boy.” The old man stops speaking for a moment, staring at the pile of books on his desk, the ghost of a smile haunting his face. “What an odd little boy.” Silence, for a moment, then he looks back up at you and continues.

“One week, I heard him preface his weekly show-and-tell of his chosen book with a quiet ‘I know we can’t buy it, but look what it says about sharks right here! . . .’ He pointed to a page and his parents bent over with him, reading whatever fact he had found so interesting. After he had read the book for awhile and the family was just about to leave, I pulled the boy aside and told him he could pick any book he wanted and bring it home. His mother began to protest, but the little boy told me, very matter-of-factly, ‘No thank you, sir, I haven’t got any money.’

‘That’s all right,’ I told him, ‘I’ll pay for it.’

“The boy’s eyes lit up and he looked to his mother to make sure he was allowed. She was looking at

me, her brow furrowed. I smiled and nodded and her face brightened, then she nodded to her son. He immediately went to his pile of books by the door and pulled out an illustrated fairy tale book from the very bottom.

‘Are you sure, sweetie? That looks expensive, and besides, you’re a little old for fairy tales—’

‘Nonsense,’ I said, ‘Take it.’

The boy smiled and thanked me, skipping out of the store to show the book to his father.

‘Are you sure—’

‘Yes, ma’am. I’m glad to see a child so excited about reading.’

“The door closed behind the mother when she left, and I had to help another customer. They never came back. Until the night, of course, when I found the little boy in my shop.

“After I got over the shock of seeing a person when I was expecting an animal, and I finally realized who the boy was, I tried to find him. Now, my shop has never been neat, but I thought I would have noticed if a child were living in it. I wandered slowly, checking every nook and cranny I knew, and even some I didn’t. The only reason I ended up finding the boy’s hiding place at all was the cube of cheese I found on the ground. The boy must have dropped it after taking it from one of my traps. I bent to pick it up and came face to face with the boy once again. I shouted and he scrambled back, startled. I looked again, and sure enough, there was a crevice between two towers of books just large enough for a child to squeeze through.

‘Don’t worry, I won’t get you in trouble,’ I said, peering between the books. I couldn’t see him anymore. When I didn’t get a response, I tried again. ‘You used to come here with your parents, didn’t you? Where are they now?’

“Silence, for a moment, then a muffled sob. I slid one of the book towers aside, careful not to topple it. I peered inside the small room the boy had made for himself. It was really less of a room and more of a nook. He had emptied the bottom shelf of books, then stacked the books in tidy towers around the shelf to serve as walls. It was really quite clever. A feat of engineering in itself that the books seemed so solidly stacked. There was no ceiling, besides the small bit of cover provided by the shelf—not, I thought, because the boy could not craft a ceiling of books, but because there was a small window just above his nook through which the sounds and smells of the outside world drifted. A few odds and ends decorated the space: tacks were pressed into the back of the shelf, on which hung what seemed to be symbols of multiple different religions—a rosary, a small Buddha statue, some others I couldn’t make out. One tack held an old, bent photograph to the wall. The image showed two people, but their faces were faded away so that they were unrecognizable. There was also a small pile of books, each with a mismatched bookmark sticking out of the top, on varying subjects. On the very bottom of this pile was the illustrated book of fairy tales I had given to the boy the last time I had seen him. And there, in the far corner where he wasn’t visible from the entrance to his book-castle, was the little boy. Tears and snot ran down his face and his frail body shook with sobs.

‘Would you like some food?’

The boy looked up at me.

‘If you need a place to stay, you can stay with me at my house for a bit.’

He shook his head.

‘Food, then.’

He nodded.

‘Well, come on. I still have some lunch left-over from today.’

“He cautiously crawled towards me. I stood and led him to my back room, gave him all the food he could eat, which ended up being all of it. I tried to wash his hair in the sink. I wanted to take him home with me, give him a real bath, wash his clothes, give him more food, but he refused. I sat with him all that night, and he didn’t say a single word.”

The old man stops talking. You wait for him to continue, but he remains silent.

“Well? What happened?”

The old man sighs. “I found out later that his parents had worked in the same factory. There was some sort of accident and they both died. It was a photograph of them, I think, that he kept with him. Anyways, when the police came to his home to take him to an orphanage, he ran away. I’m not sure why he came here.”

“Where is he now?”

The old man smiles. “I haven’t seen him in a while,” he says, “but he adds to his pile of books by the door every so often. He comes and goes as he pleases, though nowadays he’s mostly going. I never see him leave, except for that first night when I found him. He snuck out when he thought I wasn’t looking. I searched for him all over town, but never found him. I know he comes in to the shop sometimes though, when I’m not looking. So now I keep my shop open all the time, for when he comes back. In case he needs a place to stay. I want him to be welcome.”

You and the old man sit in silence for a while longer. Finally, you stand up, tell him you really need to get going. How much for the books?

“Free of charge,” he tells you. He looks tired and old, older than when you first saw him.

“Are you sure?” you ask. You begin to pull out your money.

“Of course. I only ask one thing in return. If you see a little boy—though I suppose he would be bigger now—but if you see a boy in too-small clothes with an illustrated fairy tale book, tell him to come see me. He’s welcome any time.”

You nod, take your books, and leave. The shop seems different now, though you can’t exactly decide why. The fluorescent lights above still buzz and flicker, the towers of books are still perilously close to toppling. You take a deep breath, trying to commit the smell of old books to memory, though you know you will soon forget. Perhaps you will have to come back so that you can remember. Before you open the door, you look back at the old man and his shop before stepping out onto the street. You think you see a small face peering at you through a gap in the bookshelves, but you are probably imagining things.

Probably.



Wisp

Photography
Ellia Cornelius '18

Because of God's Great Grace
A Jonah Hymn

Piano

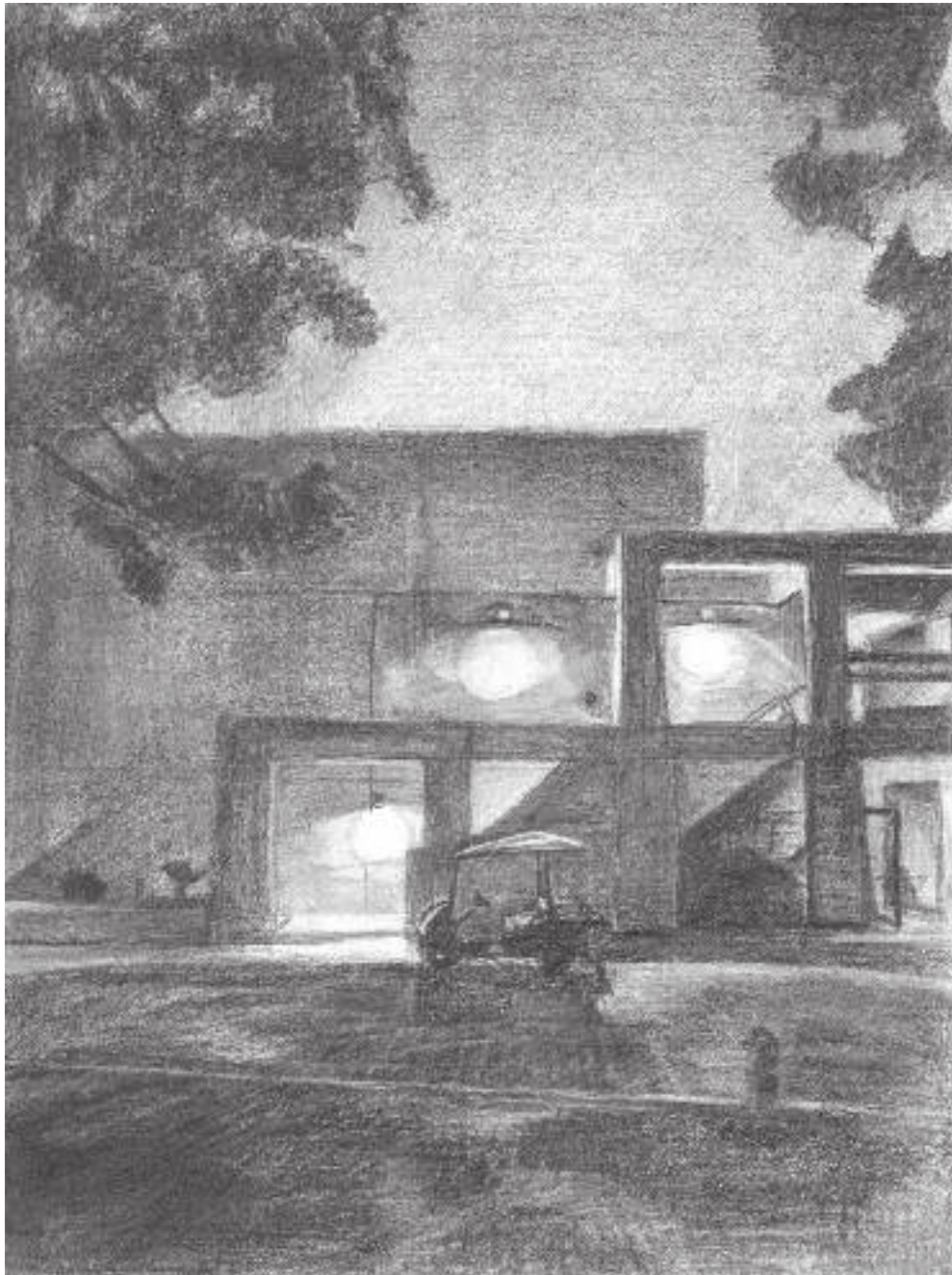
1. Sin seethed and swelled in Nin - e - veh, yet God's pur - suit per -

Pno.

sists. He called His ser - vant Jo - nah, his help He did en - list.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. Soon Jonah grasped God's saving plan,
Receding to the sea.
He sailed from God and solid land,
Ignoring God's decree.</p> | <p>5. So Jonah found his way to shore,
Because of God's great grace.
Though sin like waves did foam and roar,
Repentance took its place.</p> |
| <p>3. Yet God cascaded through the wind
And sent a thrashing storm.
The sailors learned of Jonah's sin
And heaved him overboard.</p> | <p>6. God gently floods His love on us,
Who even sin and stray.
In Jesus' cross lies all our trust,
He is our life and way.</p> |
| <p>4. Within the whale did Jonah spout,
"You saved me from the depths."
Though thrown into the sea's cruel heart,
For our hearts Christ took on flesh.</p> | |

Words: Megan Carbiener '18
Music: *Consolation*; setting: Paul J. Grime (b. 1958)



Peaceful Solitude
Graphite
Nathan MacGregor '20



Papertime Font
Typeface Design
Ashley Foote, alumni '17

How To Move Onto a Page

Look for space that is not occupied and do not panic. If the muse has vanished, trust she will return once you unpack. Reach deep into your bag; it carries enough. Begin. Pull out nouns with sharp edges, broken tunes, iridescent color, the remains of useful objects, a 1994 dime, the upright piano, a dried-out burnt orange lipstick. Don't be alarmed if memories have mutated. Nothing retains its original shape.

Sift the box of words. Some may feel vague, abstract, brittle. Some may collapse under the weight of their own connotations. *Don't give up*. Wild juxtapositions and incandescent phrases lie buried in the strained darkness. Find them. Place them. Allow words to tumble *slide* lean, balance lightly, stretch their legs, find a ledge to land. Don't be intimidated. You aren't laying words in concrete: this space slips.

Spill sentences. Make music and meter and a ten beat line. Paint the page with illuminated strokes. Explore passages with light on the tips of your fingers—pull from your bag stars so bright they shout from the page and shine.

Prose Poetry
Kristen Schmidt, English Faculty



Untitled
Photography
Sara Bard '18

Storyteller

My dim, faded neon-red Nalgene is a storyteller
That tells tales from thirteen territories.
A silent companion on my world-turning journey,
It is covered with stickers like a well-worn map
Prompting me
To remember both faces and places.
Before leaving to new countries and cultures
It reminded me of
A place called home.
Time clouds and clears
Flags and memories of countries now distant.

The Nalgene tells of leaping off towers into pristine ocean in Greece,
Frosty stimulation of an island brewery, and
Soccer stadiums in blazing sun.
Poland's sticker speaks of butterbeer in bunkers,
And Costa Rica's is a reminder to live a pure life.
Perhaps the greatest story the Nalgene tells:
Travel deep, travel well, travel often.

Poetry
Will Bakker, alumni '17



Mac Lab + Landscape

Digital Montage
Susan Eschelbach '21

Where I am From

The first memory I got back was the first one I lost.

It was the hottest day of the summer, and I could taste the wetness in the air from the ocean spray. I didn't have a lot of money, but if I could wake up every day to the sun's rays and my wife's face I was the richest man on this island. I watched her from the stoop I sat on, my bare feet blending into the dark soil.

Sanaa stood in front of the stove with a hand on her hip, cooking plantains and ackee for breakfast. The smell of the bananas smothered the air around me, thick and sweet. I imagined the first bite I would take into the banana's goldenness, the innumerable veins of its flesh made dark by the coconut oil. My mouth watered. A thin bead of sweat rolled down Sanaa's sun-dyed sideburns into the mass of curls that swarmed around her face while she cooked, encroaching on her sight. She roughly pulled her hair into a loose bun. I smiled and shook my head as I watched. She reminded me of my mother. Always so forceful, that woman. Everything in her body was unyielding. I had never known Sanaa to bow to the weight of anything—even mine when I wanted to make love to her. She hadn't ever hesitated to remind me of what it meant to be a man.

I stood and strolled into the kitchen, careful not to make noise and break her concentration. The kitchen is dangerous territory for a man when a woman is cooking. She shifted her weight to the other foot and I slid behind her, gliding my hands around her waist. She jumped, startled for a moment, and then laughed a laugh that I swear God couldn't help smiling at and I was no better at resisting. I pressed my hips against her and kissed the back of her neck. She turned with a smirk and an exaggerated eye roll. "Yu a dotish man," she said and watched me as I kneeled down to kiss the belly that had grown so much it made everything else about her smaller. I slowly caressed the sides of her stomach and whispered, "Mi nuh tink yuh know oomuch mi luv yuh baby gyal." My sweet Gabby, that is the day I met you.

. . .

And see, I wonder if the loneliness I feel is the same as the loneliness of the blood and water of your mother those long months. I was there on the outside, hoping my voice would touch you, could reach you through the skin her body had wrapped you in, but now I'm not so sure I did. I think you were there, suspended. Alone. Maybe only God could touch you there. And it's kind of how things are now. I'm still here you know. No one thought that would happen. I'm not me . . . but I'm still me in a way. Yu undastan wah mi a seh? Maybe not—I don't quite understand either, not just yet, but when I'm afraid I think of how I held you to my chest when you slipped from her. Still warm and wet, breathing your first breaths. We forget how it feels to be a child, what the newness of life brings. I looked into your eyes that night and I wondered what you saw when you peeked up at me with your eyes barely open in the too bright light. What strange miracles must have surrounded you in those moments. Now I am the one born again. You brought me back wrapped in the cool embrace of the earth, alone in my own corner of the world. Here to rise from my ashes.

. . .

I was buried in the furthest corner of our small backyard, in a grassy clearing. It is here that I have pushed through the crumbling soil and felt my way across the secrets of the ground I used to walk each day. I can't pinpoint a moment when I began to feel myself, but I think it must have been the moment the seed, my seed, grew into the ashes. I am the smallest for now, immersed in the sounds of the island, above and below. The sun is my sole comfort and I draw from its warmth to grow taller and taller, past my neighbors. The plantain tree Sanaa once pulled our breakfast from looms over me, casting my new leaves in spotty shadows as it grows along with me. It slows me down enough to notice Sanaa basking in the same light I have become drunk on day by day.

She sits beside me under the tree, packing the dirt around my roots and I can feel the pressure shift as she settles herself. She doesn't move for a while; we just sit together quietly exchanging breaths. Sanaa begins to speak and though I can't hear her, the vibrations reverberate through the soil and my roots orient themselves towards her voice. The words come deeply, pouring out of her in waves and I feel them all resound within me, sad and heavy. She pauses and I wait patiently, remembering the way she would stop speaking to look away from me and gather her thoughts. A light pounding interrupts her, bringing itself closer to where she and I sit. It stops a short distance away, and I feel Sanaa stand and slowly walk away, the vibrations of both feet fading into nothing. I wait, but I never feel her again. And I want to care. I want to want to reach out for her and say *mi luv yuh*, to go back to the way things were before. Sanaa taught me what it is to love a woman . . . But I'm not a man and that isn't my life any longer. When I'm honest with myself I can admit I'm beginning to forget her face.

In this life nothing moves quickly—everything is slowed to a gentle stroll. The sun shines all day and that's when I'm most busy, collecting as much light as I can in my pocket of shade. At night we all rest from the day's work, and I'm most lonely in the dim light of the moon. My roots haven't reached out enough yet, past the urn, to connect to the others around me, so I stand alone, a newcomer to this place. It is this time when I am most vulnerable. I pray most nights, hoping God can hear me in the silence. Or am I too far to be heard? Perhaps. I once thought that being in nature would bring me closer to God, that if I could join it somehow, unmistakably, I could feel what it meant to be a part of God. *Mi nuh know wah mi know anymore.*

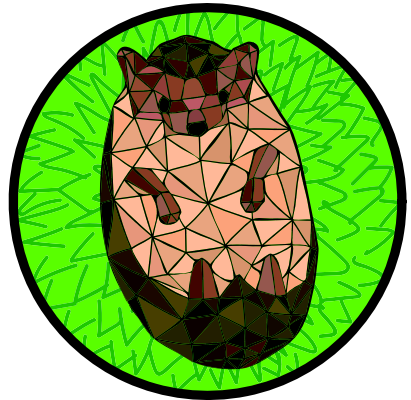
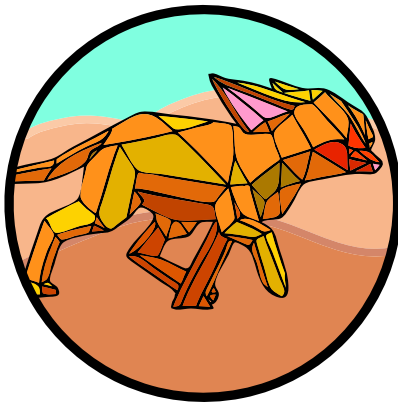
Fiction
Skylar Wilson '20



Nature's Matrix

Photography

Mohammed Dadabai '20



Nature³
Digital Illustration
Arnold Berry '18

Nebraskan Buffalo

Where do you hide?
Your burly bulk cannot sink
into plain waves of
crackling grass—an ocean
of decay. Yet you
thrive, chomping on
parched blades and sand.
You grunt in satisfaction.
But the wind is louder
than your cry.

You are far—

I cannot see your
head-tusks, tanned by
the Midwestern rays.
You and your friends
rumble across the field,
tattered thunderheads drifting
across a dry and golden sky.

I wait for the storm
to draw near, but the
clouds gallop farther away—
from away
admiration
and confinement.

Poetry
Mary McQuistan, alumni '17



Madeline
Digital Montage
Tiffany Chan '20

Gardening Tips

Beautiful invasive things are taking over my garden.

Violet-eyed vincas wink in the shade,
a purple-robed wisteria vine heaves itself over the wall,
honeysuckle perfumes the air,
choking the throat with a cool delirium
and at least five varieties of ivy wrestle up the trunks
of every tree in different combinations.

Even the cat who comes through every day,
a non-native predator,
harasses and hunts the nesting chickadees and sparrows.

Who does the cat think he is?
With his flashing eyes, his floating hair,
so that all the thrushes and juncos shriek “Beware! Beware!”

And none of my gardening books give advice for
how to cope with the beauty of invasive species,
how to not silently tremble when picking up
the pruners and hacking away at a
set of vines that have braided themselves
together like the illuminated letters in a
Medieval prayer book.

See how the lilies.

See how that bamboo grove has grown and
is starting to shoot out suckers amidst my lupines?

See how the lilies neither toil nor spin.

There is that ivy again,
slinking up the side of my old palsied gravenstein.

See how the lilies neither toil nor spin, but I
tell you, not even Solomon in all of his splendor was
arrayed like one of these.

Poetry
Natalie Bartels, alumni '17

Wonder

After “Time and Distance Overcome” by Eula Biss

“Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them, for the kingdom of heaven belongs to such as these,” said Christ, after those around him attempted to keep the youth from greeting Him. He was waiting for them with open arms.

Yeshua’s followers always warned Him away from situations that might do Him harm. Whether it was a journey to Jerusalem or a few kids running up to meet Him, they consistently interfered. Perhaps, in their minds, it was rational, but it never seemed to stop Him from asking that the little children come to Him. They, Yeshua said, should be more like these.

Even now it is a revolutionary idea—that we should be like little children, all of us. Imagine the mind that could conceive this and could see us all connected through a bond of childlike wonder.

You can go to church and hear a pastor speak of what it means to be a child—to be dutiful and obedient, innocent and meek—and, at a playground or park, hear the sounds of children screaming, running from their parents, and acting out in the anger and confusion that arises in a world they don’t fully understand. It seems as if there is a difference between the image of a child that is presented to us in church and the children we see around us.

What is so special about children, anyway? Those who do have children of their own don’t seem wholly taken with them, and rarely do you see a mother or father seek to imitate the behavior of their younger counterparts. I believe it is children’s sense of wonder, and in that wonder, faith, that Christ wants to see in us all.

When we are young, we see each new thing before we understand it. We are introduced to concepts within concepts within concepts, far beyond our grasp. Yet instead of being overwhelmed, we stand before the world in awe, taking in everything, rejecting nothing, feeling the impact of each event as it rises and falls from view. As time passes, we grow to understand those concepts and find new ones to challenge our understanding. We envision space simply as a vast expanse of stars, until we learn of the universe, planets, and galaxies. We then grasp the cosmos with a revelation. Similarly, we view the ocean as a vast and terrifying expanse, limitless; later, we learn that it is finite—full of life, strange creatures, the trash we dump inside of it, and the boats we sail upon it.

When I was young, I saw the world with virgin eyes, yielding to each new mystery as it unfolded, encapsulated in the various beauties life unfurled before me. Then in 2007, a wildfire engulfed the hills not far from my home. It was the largest wildfire in the state’s history. Paths of flame writhed over 600 square miles, forcing nearly a million people to evacuate. I packed my most precious belongings into a box just as the fire safety guides had said to do. I awaited the phone call that would tell us to evacuate. I thought that I would carry with me stories of how exciting it was to have to move out because of the fires. That phone call never came, and as the year went by I began to realize how truly miserable it would have been to lose my home.

In 2008, I dreamed of going to culinary school and becoming a chef. Standing in the kitchen with my mother, I mixed ingredients into a bowl, covered them in oil, and cooked them up. Cooking, my mother determined, was not for me. I lacked the patience, she told me, and I could not correctly follow directions. I couldn't tell teaspoon from tablespoon, baking pan from frying pan. Thoroughly disheartened, I cut my aspirations adrift, and a dream of mine slowly melted into gray reality.

In 2015, my mother had to explain to me why my aunt and uncle had divorced after many years of marriage. My uncle had been unfaithful. He left my aunt, moved north, and went to live with the woman with whom he had cheated. My aunt, the dear soul, stayed behind. Trapped in a house full of memories now warped by pain, she had to move away as well. The funny, kind man I had known in my uncle was dead to me, and with him died a part of my trust.

I used to think that it was these events, and the events in the world around me, that destroyed my ability to wonder as I had before. Perhaps, though, that was not the case.

Here is what I think now. I think that the reason childlike wonder fades with age is because we stop wondering. We feel as if we have a solid grasp on everything that we need to, so we accuse, we protest, we preach. We lose our sense of wonder, not because the world ceases to inspire curiosity and awe, but because we stop asking why, and how, and what, and the questions that propelled us this far in the first place.

How can we hope to enter the kingdom of God if we do not approach it with that same wonder, like a child gazing upon what they cannot yet fathom with a heart pounding at the vision of its beauty and joy? When we forget to wonder, we stop growing, and in some of us that spark of childlike wonderment dies.

Now space and seas and uncles and aunts do not look the same to me. Nothing, as I have learned and have been reminded of over the years, is as beautiful and innocent as it seems. However, no one, I would like to think, has to lose their sense of wonder or hope.

Nonfiction
Shiloh Ennis '21

You Bring out the Flight in Me

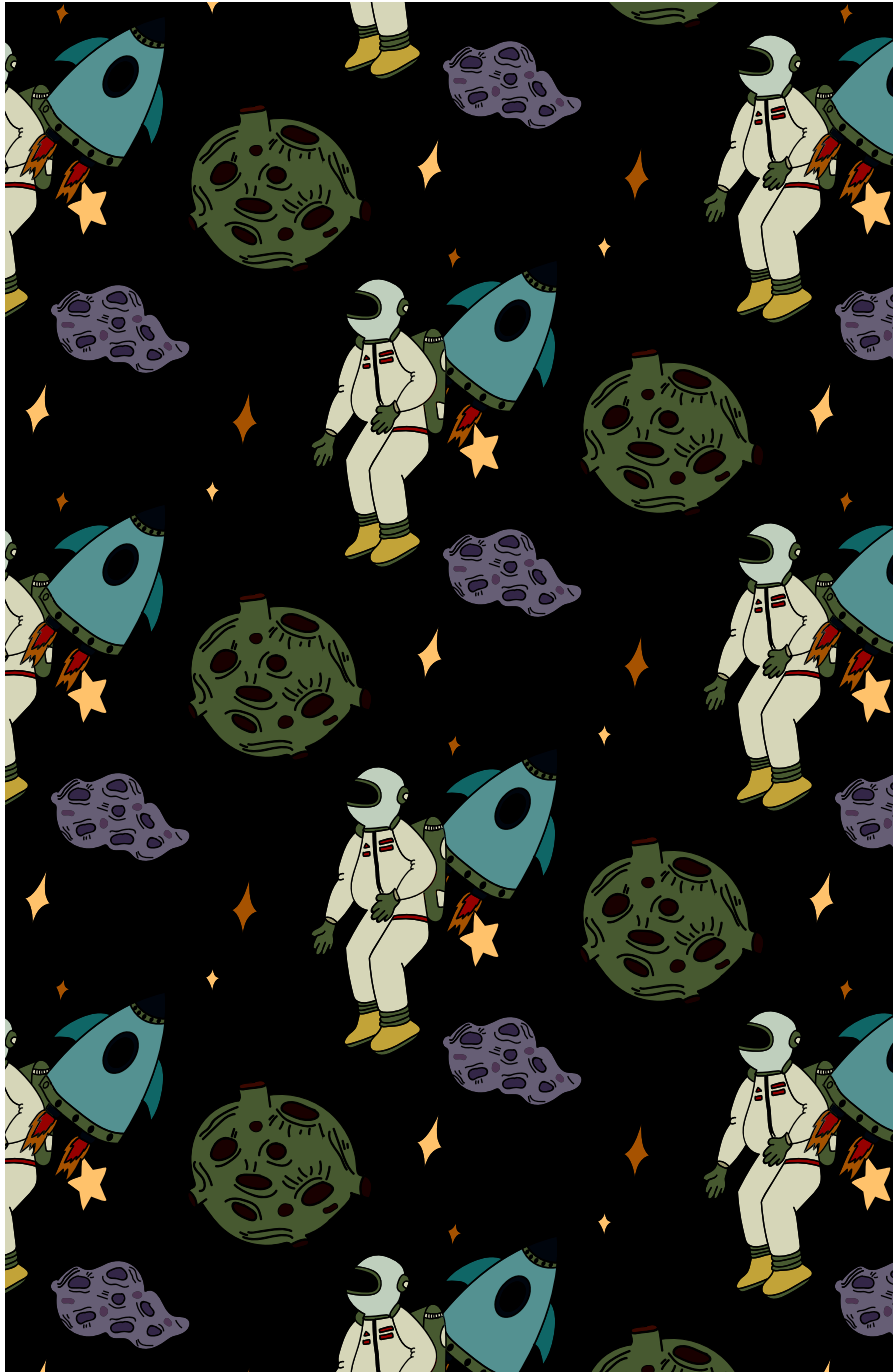
You bring out the flight in me,
The wild, starlit night in me,
The run-leap-dance-and-fight in me,
The whirling and wonderful light in me.

You bring out the smile in me,
The haven't-felt-like-this-in-awhile in me,
The laughing, splashing child in me,
The sliding-in-socks-over-tile in me.

You bring out the song in me,
The nothing-can-ever-go-wrong in me,
The sadness-and-sorrow-are-gone in me,
The life-will-be-happy-and-long in me.

You bring out the sea in me,
The ecstatic, inspired, the *free* in me,
The see-all-there-is-to-see in me,
You bring out the *me* in me.

Poetry
Ellie Swan '21



Defying
Digital Illustration
Isabella Jackson '19



Dumbfoundead Album Cover

Digital Illustration

Mariah Kohl '18

Don't Love Me to Death

I look at the address, then my watch, and back again. 8192 Serpico Road. I must've written it down wrong—this can't be the place. The house leans over me like it just stepped in something and found me smeared on the bottom of its shoe. If houses wore shoes. I have to have the wrong address, but the numbers and road match. And I'm late. I run a hand through my hair for the millionth time. Gotta get myself together. When your girlfriend invites you to dinner at her place, you don't say "no." Sitting out here looks shady—I should call her. The place's lights aren't even—wait, they just turned on.

I almost trip on the crooked cobblestones up to the front door. The epitome of grace, that's me. The doorbell's gone, leaving a snake of naked wire, and I swallow before I raise a hand to knock just as the door opens. And there she is.

Lit from behind, her blonde hair becomes a halo. Her dress hugs her body as she steps aside to let me in. "Get lost?"

"Hello to you too, Rose. And maybe."

I kiss her cheek, and just beyond the threshold I'm hit with a wave of moisture that smells like tea and roasting meat. My stomach growls, and if she hears it she's polite enough not to mention it. She pulls me into the house. "Make yourself at home while I get your tea."

The carpet has had enough crap spilled on it that it crunches beneath my feet. Cobwebs hang from the ceiling fan like party streamers. The wallpaper was yellow at some point, but now it looks like Dijon mustard.

The couch screeches when I sit down and I try not to think about the brownish stain on the seat. Rose brings me a teacup and I have a sip. It leaves an aftertaste like toothpaste and orange juice in my throat.

"What kind of tea is this?"

Rose doesn't answer, but leans forward. "Shut up. Sleep."

I don't want to, but I do.

And I wake up in the dining room chair. My throat burns and my vision blurs, but I can make her out. Rose sets a bowl in front of me, smiling. Her teeth and skin look gray in the candlelight; the lights are off again. I try to talk, but my voice breaks. I cough and try again.

"Rose?"

"Shh, David. Shh. Dinnertime."

I look down at the bowl and gag. The fur is gone, but the head, eyes, teeth, and tail aren't. Neither are

the guts. It used to be a rat. I think. Maybe a gopher or a baby opossum. I swallow.

“Oh. Boy. This looks great, but, uh, I left something in the car.” I get up and my head weighs a ton. I blink, trying to focus.

“Sit down and eat. Get it later,” Rose says through gray teeth.

“I actually ate before I came, so I’m pretty full. And I really shouldn’t leave it in the car.”

“You’re under my roof; you follow my rules. I cooked for you! Now eat! Don’t you like me anymore?” Her voice sounds like she’s about to cry, but call me a jerk—I tend to place my own safety above a crying girlfriend.

“I gotta go.”

“Do I need to get my pliers?” Her voice changes. Colder. Crueler.

“What?”

“Your smile always had too many teeth. Eat what I made or never eat on your own at all.”

She grabs me and I feel her nails on my throat. She takes a pair of tiny pliers out of a drawer. I squirm, and she slams me against the table. I’m off balance from the drugged tea. She uses my weight against me. The yellow wallpaper shifts and jerks and dances behind her like fire. The halo of her hair burns in my vision.

I can barely reach the bowl of rat. I grab it and throw it in her face, steaming broth and rodent and all. She screams, though I don’t know if it’s out of surprise or if I hurt her. I don’t care either. I run to my car and almost fall again on the cobblestone path outside. I don’t look back as I tear into the night.

So yeah, that’s why I’m single.

Fiction

Kaitlynn Otte, alumni '17



Study of Pieter Claesz' Still Life with a Skull and Quill

Oil on Canvas
Mariah Kohl '18



Hope
Photography
Arianna Dahlia '19

Petrichor*

Little one, please wait for the rain.
I hear your quiet words at dusk's end,
when the sky is the only one listening
to the girl with midnight skin
who never learned to stand.

You don't know the strength
that runs through your effervescent veins,
that surviving is in, *is*, your blood
when the world tries to tell you
black girls aren't good enough.

But little one, please wait for the rain
because I see the sunlight
in your melanin even when the moon
steals it away.

You hold the space around you
the way darkness holds galaxies
and I promise you,
you are no less lovely.

Little black girl, I am not blind
to the pooling in your eyes,
but I need you to feel the heartbeat
of kings and queens in the ebb of the Atlantic.

A storm away, the saccharine scent of
Victory waits to breathe
into the rise of an arid day,
so, please wait for the rain.

It *is* coming.

*Petrichor: A pleasant smell that frequently accompanies
the first rain after a long period of warm, dry weather.

Poetry
Skylar Wilson '20



Self-Reflection
Digital Illustration
Tamlyn Kurata '19

The Punch

I was a tomboy growing up. Cuyama was a small town, and we lived several minutes away from it. Growing up in a rural area meant there weren't many kids to play with. Neighbors were scarce, and my brother and I attended the private school instead of the public school. Nine students attended my entire school, while the public school had around ten students per grade. Since there weren't many options for friends, my brother and I found a friend in each other. We would spend our time playing outside, not knowing where our backyard ended and where the woods started. Our parents never worried about us since our dog, Pongo the dalmatian, was always with us and could be spotted from a mile away.

I remember finding a group of boys one afternoon when my brother and I had gone to the riverbed to explore. I was around nine years old. The group of four boys were brothers, and the oldest, Isaac, was a year older than me. Isaac was tall and skinny with curly blonde hair and green eyes. I don't remember anything about his brothers, but I remember they followed and tried to emulate their older brother in any way they could. We were surprised to see other kids in the riverbed. Since we had spent many afternoons there it was our stomping ground, and I felt a bit territorial when we saw the boys. After introductions, my brother seemed very excited that we had found kids to play with. One of the boys had the same name as he did, and they spent countless hours arguing whose spelling was the correct one. My brother's name ended with a "k" while the other boy's name ended with a "c."

We began to spend every afternoon after school playing together. We were surrounded by nature, which fed our appetite for exploration. On one side, endless trees and shrubbery were protected by mountains. On the other side, we had a dry riverbed which would occasionally fill up when it rained. Our meeting point was always the riverbed which my brother and I insisted was the midpoint between our homes, even though it was right next to our home and a three-minute walk for the boys.

The riverbed was also the starting point for our adventures. Some days we would dig in the riverbed and find fossils or obsidian rocks. One afternoon we found an obsidian spear, not aware that we were digging around old Chumash Indian territory. We would have contests to see who could dig to China first. We would usually dig knee-deep before getting tired and giving up. We spent countless hours trying to catch lizards, without any luck. We would disobey my father's orders and try to catch as many frogs as we could from the pond. They were small frogs that were about the size of a half dollar. Messy mud piles served as our hurdles as we would see who could coax their frog into jumping over them. The best days were the ones after we had rain; we would have never-ending mud fights in the riverbed. We lost many belongs to the mud during that time. We would go hiking, play hide and seek, or just see where our imaginations took us. We had competitions to see who could climb pine trees the fastest which usually ended in ties, our hands sticky with sap and dizzy with the scent of pines. The things the outdoors had to offer us were as abundant as our yearning to unearth it all in an afternoon. I became one of the boys, spending my evenings looking for what the wildlife had to offer.

We rarely went inside to play, but one afternoon we were indoors because my brother had gotten a new dirt bike. That afternoon, the boys rushed to our garage to look at the new toy. It was the first time the boys had come to our home. They refused to leave our garage. They took turns sitting on the bike, pretending to be riding it. They ogled over the new dirt bike, ignoring my pleas to go outside and play.

"You're just a girl. You don't understand how much cooler this bike is than playing outside," said Isaac. I was speechless as I heard his brothers agree. All of a sudden, the group of boys decided to make fun of me for being a girl. The boys had always been nice to me, and their words left me confused.

“You’re a scrawny girl and shouldn’t even be hanging out with us.”

Anger began to wash over me, “I am not; I’m just like you and just as strong!”

“Girls aren’t strong!” The younger brothers began to chant.

Before I realized it, my hand was in a fist and heading toward Isaac. Everyone was silent as they waited for Isaac to react. Isaac fell over and just hugged his stomach and started to wail. I didn’t realize what I had done until I saw him curled up on the ground. Isaac looked like he was in pain, but I felt an immense wave of satisfaction seeing him on the ground. All I could hear was my brother laughing as the younger boys helped their older brother up. My brother’s laughter reaffirmed that I had done the right thing as I watched them leave our garage.

Those boys never played with us again after that incident, which didn’t surprise me. They left our lives as quickly as they had entered. My brother and I went back to being a duo, looking for new adventures of our own. My brother had always treated me as his equal, and I had assumed that those boys saw me as one also. I never let a boy say who I was or what I couldn’t be after that event. I always tell this story as a funny story from my childhood but have realized I’ve always had the same mentality about the other sex; I’ve always seen us as equals not as opposites.

Nonfiction
Lorena Esparza '19



Self-Portrait

Oil on Canvas

Mariah Kohl '18



Solitude
Photography
Isabella Jackson '19

Searching Costco
After "Buying Wine" by Sebastian Matthews

When we were girls, we had a choice: stay in the van or else
follow her into Costco, capacious retail castle,

down aisle after aisle – Havarti cheese to half-sheet cakes
to widescreen TVs – past freezers loaded like armories

with frozen breakfasts, each with its own insignia, its bright blazonry
of labels; we trailed after our mother as she towed the ever-filling cart,

neck craned in concentration, one hand smudging stray lipstick,
the other wielding packaged foods like swords fresh from sheaths

then setting them down, comparing the information stored in her brain
against the cost, the expiration date, what it could be served with:

a steak, say, if these cheesy potatoes had enough zest and weight
to charm the hearts and stomachs of those feasting; or some artichokes maybe,

those fuzzy hearts of the earth, a bouquet in a plastic bag,
and a drizzle of butter soft enough not to drown their petals.

Often, we'd stay in the car until we'd used up every pop station
and our plummeting faith that our mother

might actually just be getting "a few things," then we'd break free, release
our seatbelts, and run through the parking lot like knights on horses

prepared to slash down any adversaries who faced us; sometimes,
I'd peer into the warehouse, tiptoes aching from overuse,

catching flashes of my mother's pink dress appearing and disappearing
behind the stacks of cardboard boxes. Once I slipped past the Costco greeter,

and wandered the aisles, master of my own cart, filling it to overflowing
for the fantasy cocktail party I was going to throw. But mostly, like now,

as I search for the perfect free sample, I'd dance along, giggling jester
behind the queen, and wait for my mother to declare, short and strong

in her tennis body, cheeses like jewels in her hands, "You're gonna love this!"

Poetry
Sydney Luchansky '18



Joyland
Digital Illustration
Kaelyn Whitcomb '20

Little Penguin

Sitting on my bed, in the middle of the sunshine-yellow room, I look around at everything that is mine. A small dresser I've had since I was an infant, a window seat filled with my minuscule, dust-covered Barbie collection, a closet that overflows with clothes that I do not necessarily wear anymore, two bookshelves filled with books from all points in my life, and a plethora of stuffed penguins. Each toy penguin holds a special place in my heart. They not only are all different and unique, but they represent various parts of my life. Every penguin, no matter how little room I have left, sits at the head of my bed like guardians. When disaster tries to strike, an army of flightless birds is ready to fight.

(Sometimes it's hard to remember when my obsession started.)

After my parents finalized their divorce in 2003, my life changed forever. At first, living in two different houses was great. I had two homes, two beds, two closets, two of everything. Many kids would find this to be the best thing ever. More toys and stuff, right? Wrong! Eventually, I grew tired of it. Driving back and forth from house to house caused me to lose sleep and constantly nap wherever I could. This could be why I sometimes mixed up house rules.

Once, when I was five or six, I was having dinner at my father's house. We had just sat down with our takeout from a local restaurant. Before my father took his place next to me, he turned the television on to ESPN. Some sports game was on, but I didn't care much for it. He would do this at every meal, but for some reason, that night I had to understand why.

"Daddy, why do we always watch TV when we're eating any meal? At Mommy's house, she says it's rude and keeps us from interacting with one another." Instantly, I regretted it.

"Are you at your mother's right now?" His voice held a false sense of calm, though his eyes burned with fury.

"No, but—"

Exactly! This is my house, so my rules. Don't you compare my house to your mother's ever again; do you understand?" I nodded my head vigorously. Seeing the fear he had placed in me, my father's expression softened. Possibly feeling guilty, he tried to redeem himself. "I'm sorry, Cap. I didn't mean to frighten you. Why don't you choose what we watch?"

That night, I was lucky, but my father never answered the question. Anytime I asked similar ones, Dad instantly responded with, "My house so my rules." Granted, I should not be complaining. His rules were short and simple: be honest and communicate. Compared to Mom's house, it was paradise. My mother's rules all revolved around chores and responsibility. One parent was relaxed and easy going; the other was strict but for good reasons.

(You can see how confusing it was for a young child.)

Through all the torturous back and forth nonsense, I was able to find comfort in penguins: more specifically, the emperor penguin. Oddly enough, my first introductions to these flightless birds was the documentary *The March of the Penguins*.

When the documentary first came out in 2005, my mother thought it would be an excellent outing to distract me from the craziness that had become my life. Often, if we were going to watch a movie, it was in the comfort of our own home. Going to the movie theatre for a show instead of the small living room was a big deal. At the age of seven, I did not care what the movie was, as long as there was movie theatre

popcorn because it's always better than the microwavable stuff.

As the lights dimmed, I quietly anticipated what story would be thrown at me. During the film, I learned many new facts about emperor penguins. You see, an emperor penguin travels many miles to the mating ground. There, the penguins will find a mate that they will be faithful to for one full mating season. During this time, the flightless birds work together to produce and protect their egg. Once the pair has an egg, the mother passes the egg off to the father in order to return to the sea for food. After a few months, the mother returns and swaps places with the father in order for the male to regain their strength after going many months without food. Eventually, the chicks will go out into the world on their own and continue this cycle of life that the emperor penguins have been taking part in for as long as we know.

After the movie, my mom turned to me, "How did you like the movie, Sweetheart?"

"I liked it, but it was really sad when the egg fell on the ice. I hope that the mommy and daddy penguin had another egg."

"Honey, did you understand the movie?"

"Well, mommy and daddy penguins have a baby, but they have to take turns to watch it. Right?"

Smiling sweetly she said, "That's right. Kind of like you."

Confused by her words I asked, "Mommy, am I a penguin?"

She laughed at my misunderstanding. "No sweetheart. But you're my little penguin. Just like the chicks, you travel back and forth between your father and me."

My mother explained to me how she and my father were like the emperors. They took part in a "mating season" but eventually parted ways. This also explained why I would have a stepfather eventually. Of course, my mother had to clarify that she was not going to look for another husband after she married my stepfather. When my mom compared the chick to me, my life suddenly made sense. I would not always be with both parents anymore, but they would still love and care for me in their own ways, like an emperor penguin. After that day, penguins became my coping mechanism.

(Who knew a bird could impact one life so much?)

Glancing over my penguins, I can connect them to significant events. A checkered penguin, from a family trip to SeaWorld. A big blue penguin, from one of my first Comic-Cons. A dull black and white penguin with a Ty tag on the wing, from my mom, after seeing *March of the Penguins*. Of course, some stories I've forgotten over time, yet, my small colony grows continuously. I'm frequently making room for new arrivals. The more, the merrier.

(This little penguin has found her colony.)

Nonfiction
Caitlin Pryor '20

Steeping Tea

Plop.
The tea bag
Drops into the mug.
Setting the timer to give a ring
I sit and read a book snuggled tight
Waiting for the leaves to sing
A song of flavor rolling and tugging
Along my tongue.

Poetry
Carly Wilke '18



Into the Abyss

Photography
Minh Dang '18

California Dreamin'
After Shel Silverstein

A pigeon from Chicago
Decided one grey day
To pack a pair of swimming trunks
And travel to L.A.

He braved the six lane traffic;
He reached Laguna Beach
And bought a box of popsicles,
To quench the summer heat.

His pink toes grew quite toasty;
He basked under the sun.
While soaking in the ocean spray,
His popsicles had run.

His feathers started singeing;
No palm tree spared the chair.
He said "I'm done, there's too much sun!"
And flew back to O'Hare.

Poetry
Katherine Dubke, alumni '14

Wittenberg

A Poem Inspired by the Reformation 500 Tour

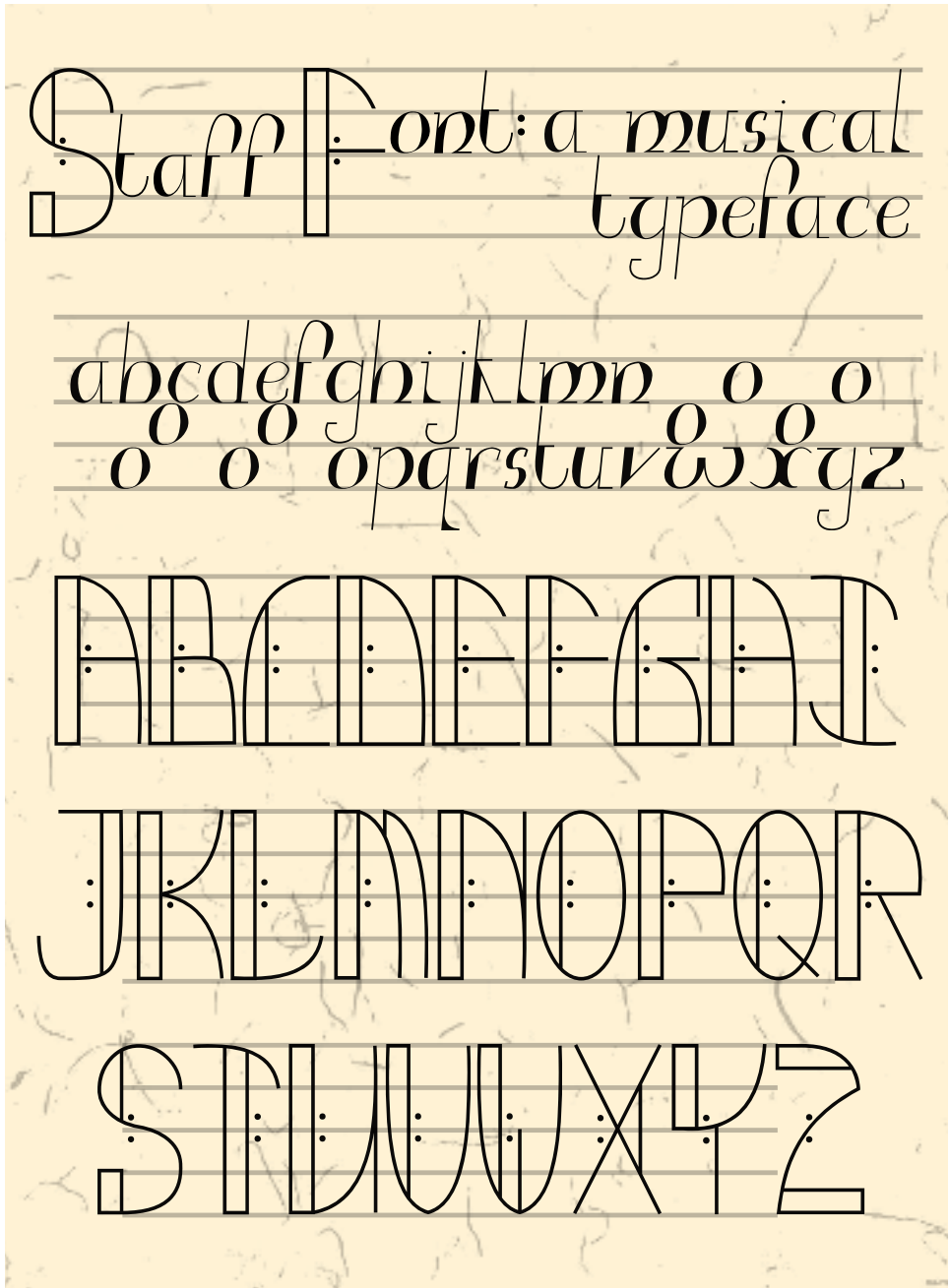
Watercolored cottages cluster along a stream
Intricate stained glass windows quilt the sun's fiery beams
Tangerine sunsets are captured through a lens
Trills of birds mingle with the chuckles of newfound friends
Earnest heads bow as the brassy organ blares
Ninety-five convictions, once hammered, still float through the air
Blossoms bejewel stiff statues throughout the square
Eager singers and players prance through the village without a care
Radiant hymns spill from horns and through toothy grins
God never fails; His love always wins.

Poetry
Megan Carbiener '18



Keys

Charcoal on Blackboard
Savannah Stame '21



Staff Font
Typeface Design
Josephine Thompson '19

Playing Naked

“The harp is like a naked piano”
people say
and they are right.
I wonder if they know
the terror of being exposed
every string laid bare
every muscle taut.
There is no foolproof accompanist
to clothe my insecurities
no orchestral ocean in which to sink
my shaking body.
Just me.
And a naked piano.

Poetry
Gretchen Sheetz, alumni '14



Bowling Alley Mishap
Color-Aid Tunnel Book
Josephine Thompson '19

Procrastination

Six hours until my essay is due:

I sit at my desk with my laptop open. Word count: 0. I stare at the keyboard. Tiny white specks sit stubbornly between the keys. I run my hand over the board in an attempt to remove them. The specks stay put, but the word count has changed to 1. My essay now reads, “klojihuygftdgropiuytfrdseSZDxfghjkl;,kmjnhbvgcf.”

Five hours until my essay is due:

I sit at my desk with my laptop open. Word count: 23. I rest my chin on my fist, contemplating the nature of pickles. An important question has formed in my mind: Most cucumbers have smooth skin; however, when they are pickled, their skin becomes rough and bumpy. One could assume that the pickling process is the root of this change. Why is this so? I continue to marvel at this pickle mystery.

Four hours until my essay is due:

I sit at my desk with my laptop open. Word count: 62. I remember that I forgot to text my mom back. She had asked me if I could take the dog to the vet next week. I reply, “yes.” Since my phone is open and in hand, I figure it would be ok to check Instagram for a few minutes. After some scrolling, I glance at the time. Forty minutes has passed.

Three hours until my essay is due:

I sit at my desk with my laptop open. Word count: 198. I decide that it’s time for a snack to reward my hard-working self. I pull an unopened bag of Doritos from my closet shelf. I rip open the bag and read the nutrition facts: 140 calories per serving, 8grams of fat, 210 mg of sodium . . . I move on to the ingredients list: corn, vegetable oil, maltodextrin, salt, cheddar cheese, and a bunch of other sciencey-sounding words that don’t sound like they belong in food items . . . I finish the whole bag.

Two hours until my essay is due:

I sit at my desk with my laptop open. Word count: 343. I decide to write a short story about procrastination. I stare at the new, blank document and begin typing, “I sit at my desk with my laptop open...”.

One hour until my essay is due:

I sit at my desk with my laptop open. Word count: 345. I decide it’s about time to begin. My fingers fly furiously across the keys. Words, sentences, and paragraphs form on the bright screen. Diamonds are made under pressure, they say.

I lean back in my desk chair. Word count: 2,341. I click submit with one minute to spare.



No Vacancy
Graphite
Michelle Hoff '19

Sonata

If I

knew a d*mned thing
about writing songs, I
wouldn't write you any songs at all.

Exposition

If I

knew how to paint a picture,
you know I would never have you sit for my paintings
at all.

(exposition)

An un-leashed albatross
isn't half as free as you,

isn't half as free from clichés as you.

bridge

You are

the jumbled thesis,
the thought better expressed
in wandering idea-maps, scribbled on receipts,
better shouted among bracken
than articulated on a dotted line.

Development

You don't rhyme,
your reason is faulty – without
the stamina to argue.

(development)

A papier-mâché boat in
the June harbor at dusk has more direction than you,
but isn't half as charming.

bridge

I don't know

anybody who has to eat his words
as often as you, nor a soul who does it
with such a bemused smile,
unaware of his own caprice

Recapitulation

Poetry

Natalie Bartels, alumni '17



Untitled
Makeup on Fabric and Wood
Leah Gong '20

On Inevitabilities

In the garden that was forgotten
some years past,

and after the keeper of the grounds
was long lost to time,

a tea cup bathes
in detritus. Mossy tendrils of dirt

hang from her edges suspended
like the final pizzicato in the symphony hall.

Forgotten too, how she leapt
from her perch on the patio table

(After all, they say that tea cups can fly,
given the right circumstances).

Forgotten too, the dusty automaton,
the trusty sprinkler

that douses the ferns and rusting grates
with dusty water.

He hands his stoic watch,
perchance, to someone who forgets

to water their lovely garden
(As they always do).

But today,
the tea cup was remembered. Ivy

had taken her chance and snuck over
the corrugated fence.

And with daring precision she
executed the maneuver flawlessly.

Poetry
Augustin Mallinson '20



Christmas
Digital Montage
Leah Gong '20

A Poem for Christmas Eve

To Bethlehem a town most lowly
Came Joseph and the Virgin holy
Every inn was full already
No one for the Christ child ready
Care for self in everyone's thought
God's promised savior no one sought

In Jerusalem, City of Kings
Their minds on wealth and other things
Only in a humble stable
Where there was no bed or table
Did this traveling family find
An invitation true and kind

There God's Son was born for us
With no royal pomp or fuss
This royal family did not think
They needed gifts or feasts or drinks
They pondered slowly through the night
How in this child God sent His light

Here lay the baby, yet their Lord
For our sake the incarnate Word
We have time tonight to ponder
What exactly was the wonder
Let the world turn ever so fast
We'll stay and let this moment last

The children help us see the story
What is God's alone the glory
God came to do the saving task
Demands of us He did not ask
Only watch and see Him do
A mighty work for me and you

This Babe bears shame, the law and cross
That we may never suffer loss
Hold fast the Word, which is His hand
To lead us to the heavenly land
Where time like this will last forever
Apart from God and family—never!

Amen

Poetry
Michael Eschelbach, Theology Faculty



Untitled
Photography
Sara Bard '18

Child

After "Girl" by Jamaica Kincaid

Smile when he screams and shouts, just smile child; don't cry; hold your head high, shoulders back; walk don't slide, glide don't strut; smile child; look at the stars it's almost like being home; child don't slouch; take that lipstick off, I did not raise a whore; hood off before you leave the house; smile child, don't let the lies hit home; eat your greens dear, don't mind our screams; put your shoes by the door or you'll be late tomorrow; dear child don't you dare forget to dream; watch the sunset every night, your life could be that bright; smile for me; careful with that broom; don't sweep our feet; what are you doing? Washing clothes? Not today, it's Sunday; put the black eyed peas in your bag; it's a New Year; water the plants with the rising sun; dear child go outside, have some fun; stop crying child; don't let the bruises show, they'll only cause more pain; oh, dear, I think you're getting fat; it's still okay to dream; let go, let loose, just dance; glide dear, you're drawing attention; be seen not heard; it's unappealing when you cry; dance; don't let the dreams fade; go ahead and shoot for the moon; close your knees child, I raised a lady; pull your pants up, push your hood down; smile, it brightens your face; spit on the broom; don't listen to the sweet talk, he only wants something you can give once; keep it in your pants, he's more trouble than he's worth; don't kick the wolf, he'll only attack you child; it's okay to dance in the rain—but not in *that* dress; smile, it's your birthday; don't curse darling, it's unbecoming; change that top, I did not raise a whore; change your pants, you're not a street rat; comb your hair; smile, and don't forget to dream; dream of the future, of days spent in the sun; be yourself, it is okay; always keep the boiling water on; put some salt in your sweetest desserts—always; say hello, they went through the same things you did; smile at everyone, even if you don't like them; shoulders back; smile, keep a thick skin; he didn't mean it, but you still mustn't tell; if a boy hits you, leave, he will always do it again; *we do not* hit women—any women; smile and dream; hold your head up; this is how you roast a turkey, dear child; this is how you make a burger—*but mommy i don't eat meat*—that's fine, someone will; this is how you make nurses' corners; this is how you iron your father's pants; this is how you fold your father's clothes—but *mom i don't live with father*; smile dear; follow your dreams; dance, child, you're almost free; your fairy tales can come true; dear child, be sweet, it will always come back to you; be careful little child, what you say; watch the sunset every night; laugh; smile child, of course you're pretty; careful, my dear child, what you hear; cook cornbread, greens, black eyed peas, pinto beans, and pork on New Year's—*mother I still don't eat meat*—but someone will; magnificent child; dream child, it will keep you young; remember to hope; smile, you're not alone, mother is here to guide you home; welcome your man home with open arms—*even if he hits me*—a real man will not hit you; if he cheats, let him go; now dear, don't tell me you aren't the type to smile.

Prose Poetry
Carmel McGee '19



Hands

Photography
Sara Bard '18

These Truths

In memory of Rodney King, Trayvon Martin, Sandra Bland, Eric Garner, Philando Castile, Tamir Rice, Rekia Boyd, Michael Brown, Oscar Grant III, Stephon Clark . . . and so many others. For the victims' families, all the parents who need to have "the talk" with their children, and my fellow brothers and sisters. We will meet our fallen again in paradise; they were wrongfully sacrificed. For now, fight on and rewrite history until the coming of the Lord when He grants us victory.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident:

That all men are created equal"

Unless your skin absorbs the sun and your hair defies gravity

You define me by my pigmentation

Hold me captive without question

Deny me salvation

There is no escaping your preconceived notions

The melanin in my skin makes me inferior to the majority, the authority, the white supremacy

I am no longer human but an animal, an ape, a thug, another dead nigger in the street

Because I have dark skin, not the right skin, white skin, but colored skin, the wrong skin

Yes, I am black

Yes, I have big hair

Yes, I am proud

This *I know* to be self-evident:

I am the spitting image of the Lord Almighty

His glory manifests itself in me

For I am fearfully and wonderfully made

And He still answers when I bow my head to pray

Poetry
Kathryn Chatman '19



Flowers for Mamá

Acrylic and Tempera
Yaileen Zamora '20

After Times of Crushing Sadness: An Easter Hymn

After times of crushing sadness / hearts are broken by the fight.
Sunshine thaws the frozen darkness / piercing gloom with beams of light.
Wake, O children, it is morning / Nightmare threats all fade away.
Dry your faces from your mourning / Rise to face this sweetest day.

Ancient dragon struck our Captain / blood is soaking in the sod.
Bruised and wounded by the serpent / Jesus King, the Son of God.
Do not worry, O my children / Jesus suffered in our stead.
You will never be death's victim / Gentle Jesus crushed its head.

Easter morning, Jesus living / Come behold the empty grave.
We deserved the fiery prison / Hear the pardon which He gave.
Be refreshed, renewed, my people / Stooped and beaten since the Fall.
You, in Him, have more than conquered / Cru-el Death is killed for all.

Come and revel at the table/ on the mountain of the Lord.
Welcome to the new creation. / Join your voices in accord.
Come, you children, to His banquet / To be filled with God's own bread.
Leave your burdens and your sorrows: / Christ is risen from the dead.

(suggested tune of "Come Thou Fount")

Poetry
Scott Stiegemeier, Theology Faculty

Kyoto Haiku

golden leaves flutter
a red sun rises slowly
the sky is at peace

Poetry
C. J. Nagel, Business Faculty



Haleakala
Photography
Minh Dang '18



Life
Digital Montage
Yaileen Zamora '20



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