



HIGH POINT UNIVERSITY

# Apogee Magazine

*Spring Two Thousand and Sixteen*





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Apogee Magazine: *Spring Two Thousand and Sixteen*

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Include a cover letter  
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**Cover Art:** *Fish* by Susan MacRae

### **Featured Artists:**

Susan MacRae's art comes from her daily drawing practice.  
Jane Callahan's work is inspired by nature.





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## CONTRIBUTORS

Hope



*Words by* Lauryn Polo  
*Art by* Susan MacRae


*Her eyes weren't transparent like the water in aquariums,  
instead they carried everything she saw,  
eroded emotions, some not her own, into her mind.*

I'm losing hope.  
I'm on the edges and it seems  
easier to just let go  
of what's keeping me grounded.

*Her hair was filled with stories,  
that's why it never fell flat over her shoulders.*

It's in your name.  
Carved like initials on a tree, it wasn't  
like keys, not something you lose.

*Her ears were red,  
not from someone talking about her  
like her mom always said,  
but from the lies that surrounded her like cobwebs.*

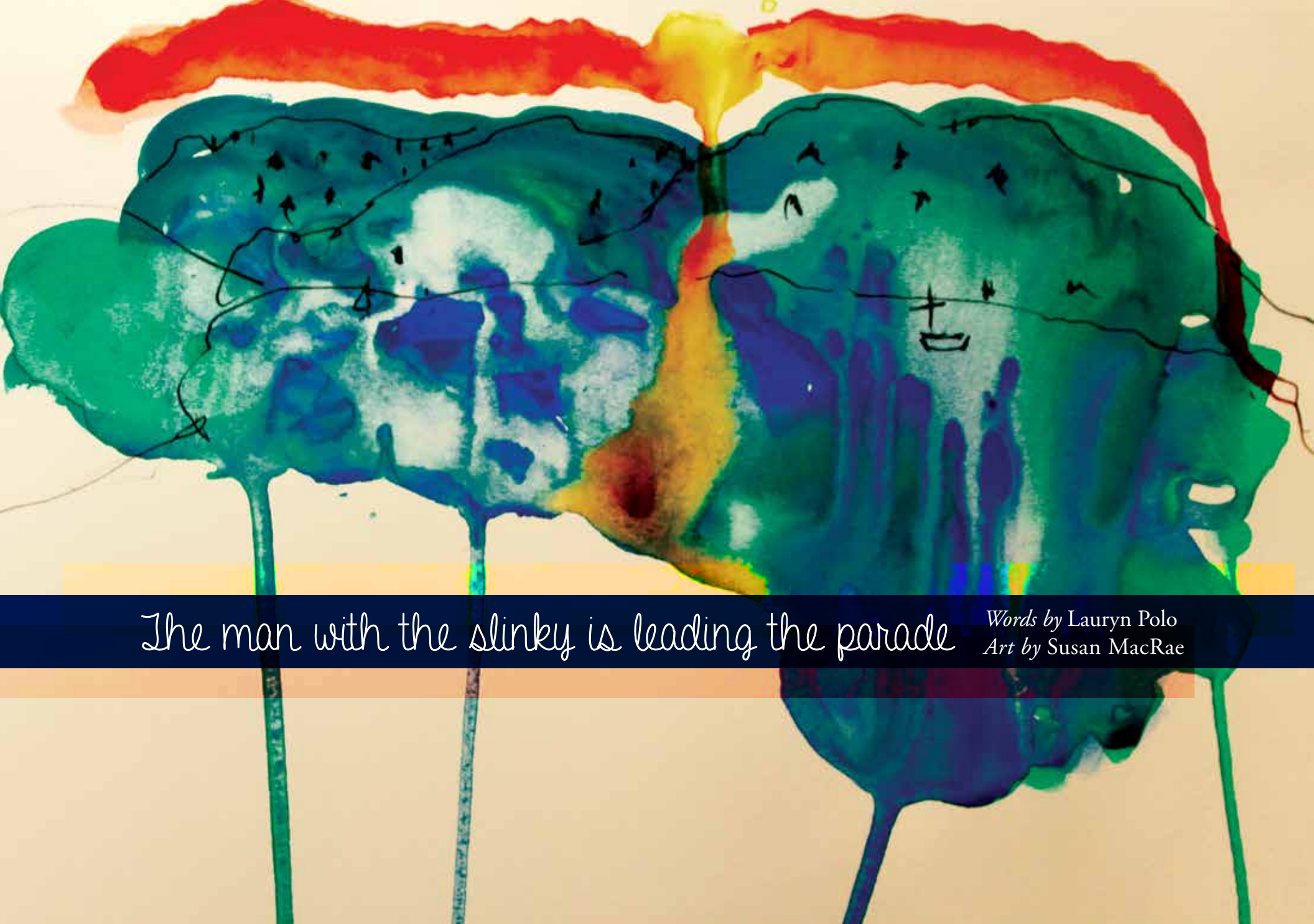


The scars like tally marks,  
reminding me of all the times  
I was weak,  
would prove otherwise.

*Her scars held the stories her hair couldn't tell,  
the ones she hoped people wouldn't  
notice, the pink lines on tanned skin.*

But scars are good.  
It shows you are stronger than  
what tried to kill you.

*Her fingertips grazed her wrist.  
We both knew we didn't need to say anything else.*



*The man with the slinky is leading the parade*

*Words by Lauryn Polo  
Art by Susan MacRae*

his pace is steady

as he marches to the beat

none of the cars behind him can hear.

The white Camry has his hazards on  
keeping the drum major safe,

keeping the rest of the band in check.

The cars are lined up,

not because they are a part of the band,

not because they are a colorful float,

not because they want to be in this parade,

but because they want to go home.

It's Friday after five and the rest of the parade  
is restless.

And not all of the cars even know why they aren't moving,  
why they aren't home yet.

But the man with the neon yellow slinky is keeping the pace.  
And they don't know why he is marching in the middle of the road,

but they look out over to the French Broad,

and they turn their music up a little louder,

and they sit and realize there is no rush,

because the man with the slinky is leading their parade home.

# Homecoming

*Words by Lauryn Polo*

I drove to the Target  
only two miles  
away.

As I walked into the Target  
the florescent fire  
burned my eyes.

Women with red hair from cheap dye,  
collect food, books, magazines, lip stick, deodorant,  
and other nonessentials.

My feet are on polished linoleum,

We walked six miles to Site Jane  
on rolling hills  
and weak ankles.

For a week our light was only given to us from the sun,  
and a sixty watt bulb  
in each room.

Little black girls with orange hair from  
malnourishment, collected the stickers  
like currency.

We walked down the main road that was home  
to the market of Cange.  
Soap, food, charcoal; nothing unnecessary.  
my heart was left on a Haitian hill at sunrise.



*Abstract of a Chinese House* by Susan MacRae



# Wife • STILL WITH ISLAND

*Words by Joanna Fuhrman  
Art by Jane Callahan*

A crocodile sleeps  
on the chest of a naked  
sleeping woman.  
The woman like all  
naked sleeping women  
is dreaming of  
an alligator and  
the crocodile, like  
all crocodiles,  
is jealous of  
the dream beast.

The sun, watching  
from the gold  
picture frame,  
steps out  
of the painting,  
says,

*please forgive  
the alligator  
its glamour.  
There's a sadness  
that comes from slipping  
beneath surfaces unseen,  
from sleeping between  
the cracks of  
ambient rocks.*

And so the weather  
peels off her off-  
white gloves, and  
the clouds twist  
in the sky like ripped  
fishing nests.

And the crocodile,  
like all crocodiles,  
listens to what  
the sun says  
tries to believe  
what he hears.

I Have a

# Secret Crush

on Everyone in the World

*Words by Joanna Fuhrman*

When I say I have a secret crush on everyone in the world, I mean the earth is a fur-covered fireball, speeding into the expanding spaces between paragliding atoms. It means I have a crush on the way your dangling earlobes say one thing and your elephant, anxious hips say another-- the way you dial the same number six times before you build up the nerve to finish. And yes, it means I am seriously crushing on your chipped gold nail polish, the way it signifies a desire to make the world more beautiful, but also the way it displays a fuck-you approach to beauty. I was going to email to say I have a crush on your pre-apocalyptic recipe poems, but it's 2016 and according to twitter only old folks use email. Is there anything more crush-worthy than a manifesto spelled out in lightly frosted snickerdoodles, or an essay floating in a lagoon-shaped swimming pool? I have a public crush on the number 8 bus, alfresco Thai brunches and dirty Brooklyn swans. I love all errors and eras equally. I have a repressed crush on New Jersey pollution, the way its oil refineries remind me I have a nose. To have a crush is to crush out doubt so thoroughly its green, leathery skin becomes your own, to taste another's DNA so purely Januaries dissolve into vats of frothy vanilla egg creams, spilling into the cracks of your spine and your loose brain jelly, into old feet and the cold twitch of your jaw. To crush is to slide into the neural network where our wires are made of bird songs and magenta-colored loss, is to feel the floor open and the reverberating metallic shivers after.







Detail of *Into Night* by Jane Callahan

B O R E =

D O M

*Words by Joanna Fuhrman  
Art by Jane Callahan*

is a skinny green  
tree who tries  
to gain weight  
by eating rainbow  
sprinkle dingdongs  
and playing  
cellphone tetras.  
How long will  
it take for  
the universe  
to decipher  
the meaning of  
his yawn?  
If you weighed it,  
it would levitate  
the scale,  
would rejigger  
the sadness  
hidden in each  
shifting pause,  
but he, he  
can't feel  
his leaves  
through his  
borrowed  
snow mittens,  
and he doesn't  
know how  
to recreate  
the feeling  
of being born.  
All he wants  
to do is to  
repost his  
frenemy's  
status updates  
on his ugliest bark,  
shake a little  
confetti entitlement  
on the trail,  
trade on his  
good looks  
for hot  
leafy cash.



*Storm Comin'* by Jane Callahan

# History Lesson #3

Words by Joanna Fuhrman

The first coins were made  
of glass, so we could look  
through them, glimpse our lives  
before the invention of money.

We could see the pond  
we used to watch goldfish  
bubble in and the mud  
that covered our feet in July.

We didn't miss the language of blinks,  
the way value was a dance  
choreographed by branches in wind.

We missed our lives in the fields,  
in the dirt, with the seals on the rocks  
who knew our names and could  
retell our dreams in barks.

After the era of hard cash ended,  
we survived by bartering hugs,  
made new credit cards out  
of discarded contact lenses  
and swiped raw guilt out  
of our tightening stomachs.

My mother would say,  
"Before you were born,  
we didn't need objects to be happy.  
There was no such thing  
as *things*—it was just *us*,  
floating between pages of air."

# CRANBERRY JUICE

# MOMIN

*Words by Joanna Fuhrman*

It may be true that we were all goddesses once, but that doesn't mean I want to use my womb as a petri dish for biological car tires.

I'd be happy if it just walked away.

It could join the womb circus in Eastern, PA, or study post-human ethics in the body part university..

If you ask me, too many wombs are too literal about their so-called "identity."

Did you know that the lieutenant governor is rumored to be an ex-womb, and that womb online dating is the new heart online dating?

They say even the last winner of *Who Wants to be a Criminal* turns into a womb when it rains.



Detail of *Storm Comin'* by Jane Callahan



*Buried 2015—Mixed Media by Jane Callahan*



S P I E S

( N O M O R E )

*Words by Tara Needham  
Art by Jane Callahan*

I try to sleep in the common heat  
windows propped open  
with books I never read  
The night we met, after the collapse  
air singed with cinders  
still I made you laugh

Back then, my feckless days  
bled into reckless nights  
I was losing my way  
just stalled in the bright lights  
Asking when, how, and why  
beneath the fallen skies  
Brushing ash from your hair  
comparing alibis

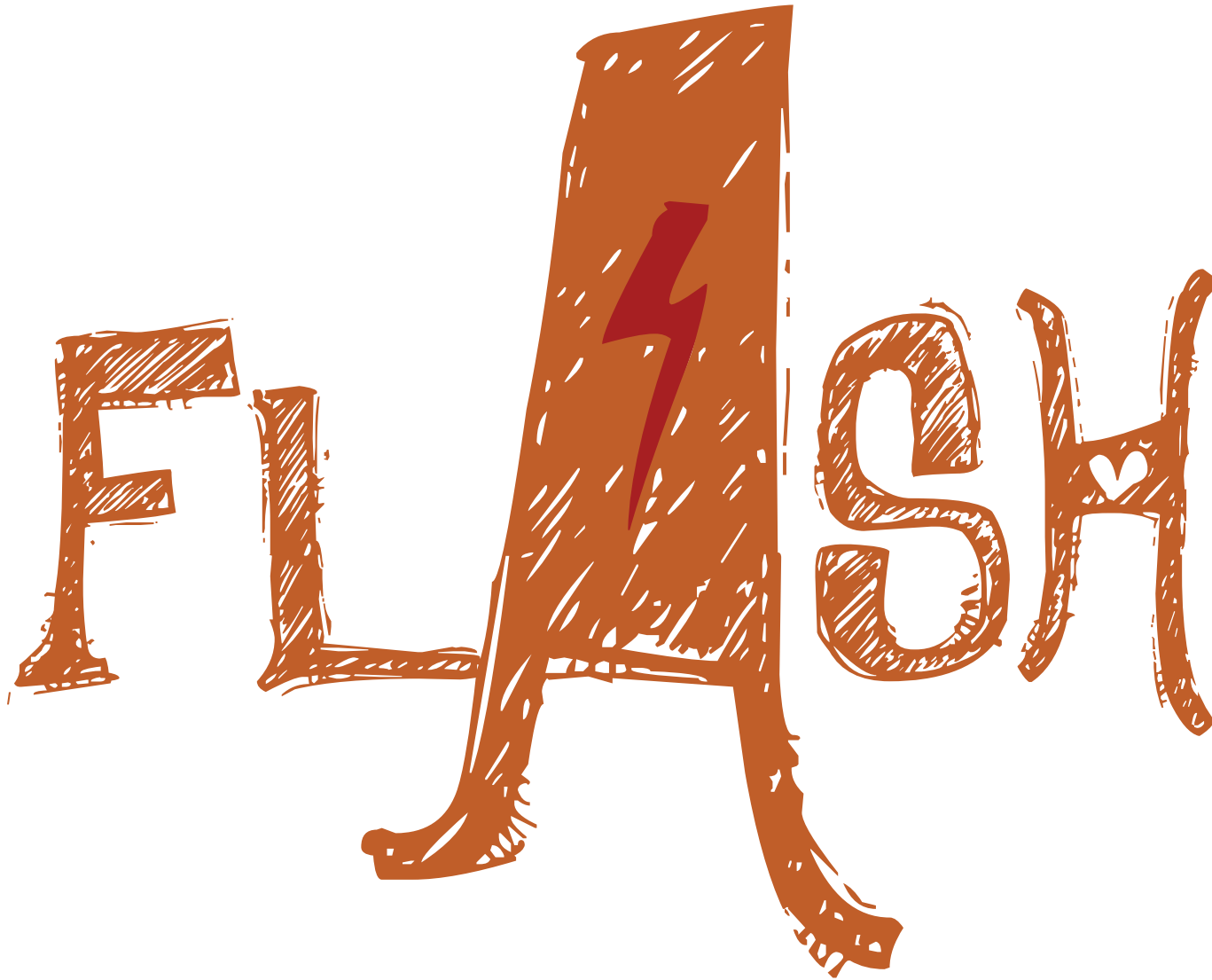
Proximity, no privacy  
Silhouettes are shameless  
Nothing to hide in this city

Walls like papier-maché,  
too good to leave, too bad to stay  
It's barely Brooklyn, baby,  
you'd never know from what we pay  
So with a kid on my hip  
I'm asking you to dance  
Just like we did  
the first night holding hands

No more stories of spies  
or scenes of long goodbyes  
No more telling myself  
things could be otherwise  
So with a kid on my hip,  
I'm asking you to dance  
Let's put the kid in the crib,  
this could be our last chance

Where were you when  
the sky split in two?  
Where were you then?  
Right beside you.





*Words by Tara Needham*

After nightfall and alcohol  
I made the call to the first friend  
Will I ever, ever see you again?

On the sidewalk in fading chalk  
we left our mark  
But the rain, it came too quick  
and our eyes were taken by

A flash and those flowers  
Who do we think we are?  
Wandering the streets at this hour  
with your kid and a bass guitar

At the motel we fought like hell  
Then came the truth  
I'm spoken for, even though it's you I adore

Down the stairwell the fragments fell  
—a busted valise  
Stay the night, I swear we'll sleep  
Close your eyes, keep dreaming

Then a flash turns to showers  
Who do we think we are?  
Wandering the streets at this hour  
Too late to go so far

Catch the next cab alone  
Meet me at the promenade  
Catch the next cab and I will  
Meet you at the end  
At our old place, I'll know your face  
As sky and stars stand guard

After nightfall and alcohol  
we made the call  
But your eyes had gone too weak to decide.

# The Way Of Geese

Words by Jean Rodenbough

*"We were made to be airborne."* – Browne Barr

Autumn skies fill with October's hue, the deep  
clear blinding blue as formations of geese fly  
toward warm winds in other skies. Air flows  
through their bones and lungs; feathers glory  
to be airborne, their down warm beneath.  
I hear them soar with their loud songs. My  
longing follows them, seeking solace  
where their nesting will settle for a season.

Take me with you, my heart calls out  
like the call of the geese; take me with you.  
Take me on your wings to the refuge  
you seek where winter does not chill.  
Take my cold dreams to be warmed  
in your distant journeys. Give them new life.  
Breathe your wildness into my emptiness.  
Take me to the truth I have not found.





# FIVE ROSES (EXCERPT)

*Words by Alice Zorn*

The real estate agent had given Frédéric the address. It was in Pointe St. Charles, an older Montreal neighbourhood. He and Fara walked from the subway, crossing a long, narrow park. From a distance, she heard a metal clunk that made her think of old movies with country fairs, pony carts, and candy apples. “Is that . . .?” She heard it again. “Horseshoes?”

Past the trees they saw a man swing his arm. Thud! Even the sound was a miss. The man standing with him kissed his horseshoe before he tossed it. Clang! He hooted.

On the sidewalk sat a toilet planted with blowsy pink petunias. The brick row houses along the street were old and pockmarked, but they’d withstood the years. They were solid. At the end of the street, against the sky, jutted the enormous metal letters of the FIVE ROSES sign. It was in the news just now, because the new owners of the building didn’t want to keep it lit. Montrealers protested. The historic sign had marked their horizon since the 1940s.

The trees in the alleys were branching patriarchs overlooking the houses. “Because there’s been no development,” Frédéric said. “No one’s cut them down.”

“No development means no cafés either,” Fara said. “No boulangerie with fresh baguettes. We’ll have to eat sliced white bread in a bag.”

“We’d only be a fifteen-minute walk from the Atwater Market.”

“Where we live now, I can get a baguette in one minute.”

“You’re going to arrange your whole life around the availability of baguettes?”

They waited on the sidewalk in front of a row house with a recessed entrance panelled in wood that had been painted beige. The paint was caked with grime, as were the windows, which were strung across with faded cloth. Frédéric crouched to examine the hewn blocks of stone that formed the foundation. Fara wandered over to look at the house next door. It had

the same style of panelled entrance, but the wood had been stripped and varnished. “Come see this,” she called.

He walked over but looked more skeptical than impressed. “That’s a lot of work.”

“You can’t buy an old place and not expect a lot of work.”

“You would still set priorities. I don’t think stripping the entrance —”

The door swung wide. The woman who slammed it and bounded down the steps nearly collided with Fara. “Oops, sorry, I didn’t see you.”

“We were admiring your entrance.”

The woman stared at the panelling as if she’d never seen it before. She raked her hand through her thick curls. She was Fara’s age, maybe older.

“You didn’t strip the wood?” Fara asked.

“Ages ago. Maybe ten years? I forgot all about it by now.” She laughed. “Guess I could have left it the way it was. Listen, sorry, I’ve got to run.” She fanned her fingers at them and hurried off down the sidewalk, the soft pummel of her broad buttocks ruffling the cloth of her skirt.

A car was pulling up. The real estate agent, Yolette, stepped out in a tailored white dress. To Fara, who hadn’t seen her for a few weeks, the fixed arch of her plucked and pencilled eyebrows looked more incredulous than ever. “Wait until you see!” she trilled. “You’ll *love* this place.”

“We just met the neighbour,” Frédéric said.

“Her?” Yolette nodded at the house next door. “I wish she’d sell. She’s got a gorgeous stairway with the original banister and a tiger oak newel. That’s one good thing the hippies did. They stripped all the wood. Back in the seventies this was a commune.”

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“How do you know?” Fara asked.

“My aunt used to live a couple of streets over. Everyone around here knew about this house. Some old Woodstock hippie set himself up as a free-love guru. Kids from Westmount used to hide out and smoke pot — and who knows what else — until their parents hauled them home again. Sometimes the parents called the police. The bikers didn’t like that. The guru got pushed out. Or maybe one of the parents laid charges. Some of the kids were minors.”

“Bikers?” Fara asked.

“They’re all gone now, don’t worry.”

Fara wasn’t sure she believed Yolette. But the neighbour hadn’t looked worried and she’d lived here for years.

Yolette dangled a house key as if it to hypnotize them with it. Just open the door, Fara thought. We’re here. Why turn this into a game on the sidewalk?

Yolette still hesitated, seemed about to say something, then didn’t. The door opened onto a hallway carpeted with filthy broadloom. Except for a mattress leaning against the wall, there was no furniture. Yolette strode across the large central room and tugged the chain for the vertical blinds. They stuttered open, flooding the room with light. The window was large with a handsomely moulded frame in stained and varnished wood. Outside was a deck and a tiny backyard of weeds grown high as hay.

Weeds and dingy broadloom could be ripped up. The white and gold ceiling fan chucked. What mattered was the size of the room, the tall ceiling, the large window, the stripped and varnished wood. Fara dragged the toe of her sandal across the carpet. “What’s under here? Wood?”

“Should be,” Yolette said.

The room next to the main room was painted brown, walls and ceiling.

The roll-down blind had been tacked to the window frame. The room was a cave. Fara felt a strangeness — that was somehow familiar? — but ignored it. She opened the closet, which was empty except for a pole and two hangers. She imagined the walls painted white. Or a pale wash of rose. A dining room or maybe a study.

Through the wall she heard Frédéric running water and flushing the toilet. Behind her Yolette was quiet. None of her usual chatter and pizzazz — for which Fara was grateful. She didn’t like being told where and how to look.

The kitchen counters were buckled and would have to be replaced. There were square-edged gaps for a refrigerator and a stove. Dribbles of what looked like hardened molasses on the wall. But also two large windows, lots of cupboards, and a walk-in pantry lined with shelves.

Fara brushed her fingers down the deep moulding of the door frame and walked back to the main room. She could picture their sofa against the far wall.

Yolette said, “Do you ...”

Fara had turned to gaze out the window. The tiny backyard was large enough for a garden.

“Do you have a problem with suicide?”

The word was a blade that touched her, sharp and cold, but she wouldn’t let it pierce her. She faced a window but felt herself standing in a dimly lit room. A bed with the duvet thrown back. Green plastic. Striped pyjamas. A thin body. Socks balled on the floor. Clothes dragged off a chair.

Yolette cleared her throat. How much time had passed? Fara made herself look at her. The manic arch of her eyebrows. Her white dress smudged across the hip. What an idiot to wear white to walk through an old house.



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“That’s why the owner is selling. His son killed himself here.”

“His son,” Fara repeated.

Yolette skimmed a glance at the white and gold ceiling fan, and as quickly away again.

*That* wobbly fixture of gold paint and plastic? Fara nearly scoffed. It wouldn’t hold the weight of a purse much less a person.

“It happened more than a year ago but he still won’t step in the house.” Yolette tried to sound concerned, but Fara could tell she had no idea how suicide rent your life — how you were forever marked by the guilt that you weren’t there when someone close to you chose death over life.

“He’s selling as is,” Yolette said. And more carefully, “His son’s clothes and belongings are still upstairs.”

Fara felt the cool edge of the blade again and willed herself not to. The clothes and belongings of a person who’d chosen to die were the detritus of a life that had been rejected. Winter boots and summer sandals jumbled at the bottom of a closet. A coffee mug that had been a gift. Fridge magnets. Photos. Mementos kept for years — but not worth staying alive for. Why should they mean anything to Fara if they’d meant nothing to Claire? *No, not Claire*. This boy.

“He’s asking hardly anything,” Yolette said softly. “Only a hundred and fifty.”

“A hundred and fifty thousand for the house?” The condos they’d looked at last winter were a hundred and sixty. “What’s wrong with it?”

“Nothing. He and his son started renovating, so the plumbing is all new and the wiring on the first floor has been redone.” Yolette knocked on the wall. “This is drywall. Insulated. Upstairs you’ve still got the original plaster.” She opened both hands like an emcee. “You won’t find a house this size for this price anywhere else in the city.”

“Why is it so cheap, then?”

“People won’t buy where there was a suicide.”

Frédéric walked into the room and winked so Yolette didn’t see. Fara could tell he liked the house. He crossed to the kitchen, where he gushed water in the sink.

“The counters need to be replaced,” he said, leaning against the door frame.

“I was just telling your wife,” Yolette began, then waited, as if Fara might want to tell him herself. Fara didn’t. “The owner’s son killed himself here.”

Frédéric gave Fara a sharp look. Yolette glanced between them.

Still watching Fara, Frédéric said, “We don’t want a house —”

“Can we see upstairs?” Fara cut him off. Daring herself. Not sure if she could.

Frédéric gave a small shake of his head.

“I want to see upstairs,” she repeated.

He looked at her an instant longer, then motioned for Yolette to precede them. He cupped Fara’s elbow and leaned close to whisper, “We can leave.”

“I like the house. And he’s only asking a hundred and fifty thousand.”

“But won’t it make you think about your sister?”

Fara didn’t answer. No one thought about suicide until it happened. Then, once it had and your ears were attuned, you discovered that people were killing themselves all the time — among your friends, their families, at work, down the street. There was always someone who couldn’t endure the despair of yet another day.

# Bricks

*Words by Taylor Tedford*

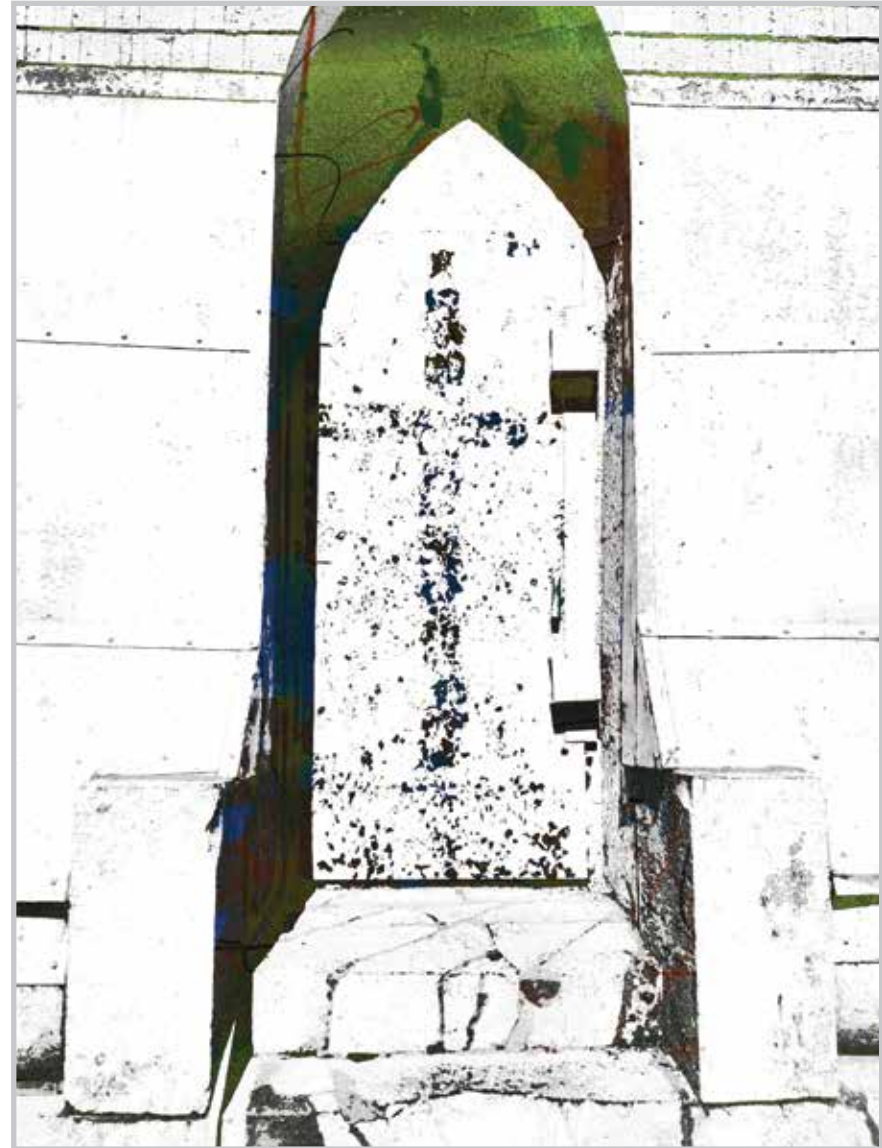
When your limbs hang instead of swing.  
The way that your lips pull downward,  
steps heavy.  
Not just spaces in time, the weight  
of separation.

Placing bricks,  
tactile tributes,  
for the memories you leave behind.

When you're dragging boulders,  
memories heavy as slabs of granite,  
you know the origin of each etching  
in the stone's side.

Until exhausted,  
you cast them off.

A pathway to visit and trudge,  
not begrudge.



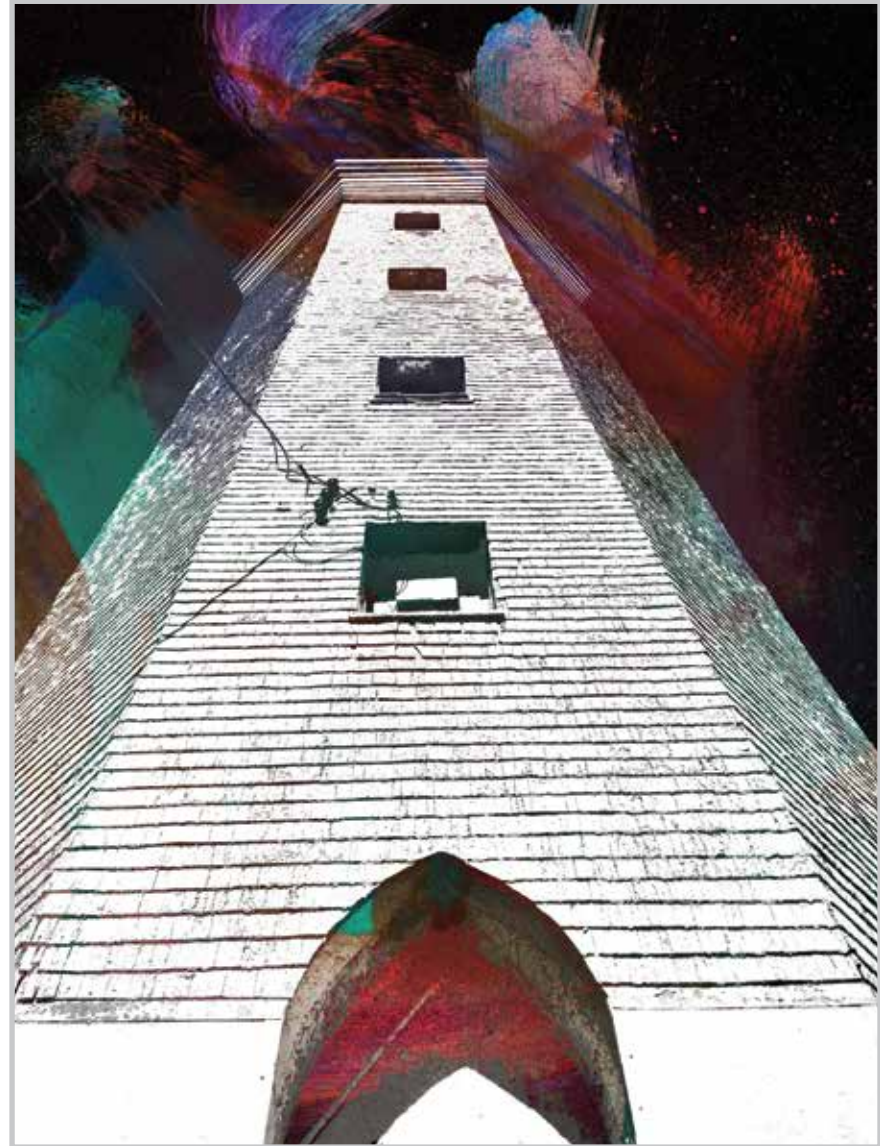
*Words by Taylor Tedford*

It's like building a wall when the bricks are crumbling, when the mortar hasn't been mixed. It's like a song stuck on replay. It's finding out that red is green. It's realizing that black was always white. It's disappointment heavy on your shoulders and couldabeens stuck in your membrane. It was nothing, is nothing, will be nothing.

But it was you singing Taylor Swift. It was you calling me baby. It was you who put me on a train to nowhere. It was the vibrations of your larynx coaxing me, *jump*. It was my bones shattering on impact. It is you who made me cry. It was so much more than tears.

You faded from my days.  
I crave the things that run away.

*Nothing*



# missing me

*Words by*  
Taylor Tedford

I want to be more than heat  
between your clavicles.

More than a body  
in the passenger seat.

More than a number,  
the salt in my hair  
our memories-  
                    your memory,  
acts as a snare.

Hoping you catch  
yourself on a tendril  
of a daydream.  
Topple when you recall.

Stall.

Masked by sand dunes  
beneath the moon.

Suffer and swear,  
hope you wonder,  
care.

Grasp  
for fleeting ligaments  
of me.



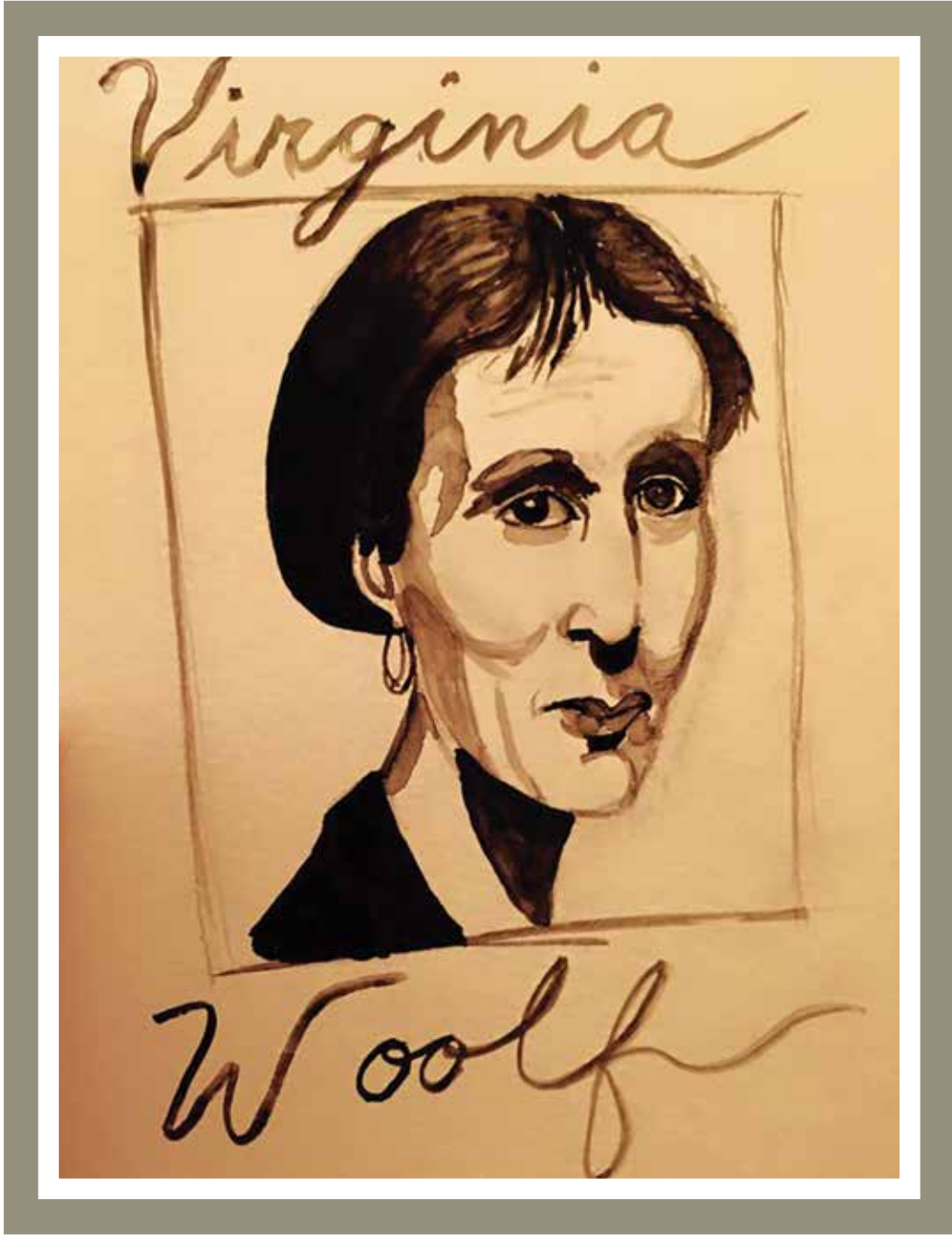


# Permitting

# *the* End

*Words by* María C. Domínguez

he walked out one night  
unbuttoned the space  
he had poured into  
his black cap, sack and anorak collection of knives and automatic left  
inside he meant to go for some time naked  
akin to the end



*Who's Afraid of Her? Virginia Woolf* by Susan MacRae



# WHO EVEN WATCHES THIS

Words by Christian Garber  
Art by Susan MacRae

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The voice that people were beginning to hear was a new phenomenon. It had very little explanation behind it. All anyone knew about was what they learned when they first heard it, that it was incredibly seductive, and resisting it was not an option. The voice had no specific prey. Men, women, young, and old. As long as you had a pulse and a gateway to receive its transmissions then you didn't stand a chance.

Come in. Walk right through. Everything you have ever waited for is right through this door. I can't wait to see you. I promise you will enjoy today's programming.

That was all it had to say.

*What an incredibly welcoming voice. I obviously have to listen to it and walk through their door. It's so trusting. What could possibly go wrong? I cannot wait to see what the program has to offer. I feel like I'm losing control to this voice. It's as if it is doing everything for me. The voice is my guide now.*

Billy immediately went to the pantry when he got home from school. He took out the Tostitos chips and the queso. He warmed up the queso in the microwave for 50 seconds, which he believed to be the most accurate duration for the cheese dip to be in the microwave to reach an appropriate temperature. When the queso was done warming up in the microwave he poured it on to a paper plate because he knew he could simply throw out the paper plate when he was done eating, and avoid getting yelled at by his mother for having left a dish unwashed in the sink. He took his afternoon snack over to the couch in front of the television. He picked up the remote and moved it through the air like an artist forming perfect brush strokes on their canvas. He scrolled through the channel guide looking for

the right thing to watch. When he reached the cartoon station he noticed it was airing *Hey Arnold*. He then began to watch the episode of *Hey Arnold*, but realized it was an episode that he had seen recently. Billy decided that he could not find an episode that was so fresh in his mind entertaining, so he went back to scanning the guide. He landed on something that he highly enjoyed watching, but could only watch when his parents were not home. He landed on the *Jerry Springer Show*. Billy was pleased to find out it was an episode that he was not familiar with, and left it on the show. Something began to happen. Billy's television screen turned into a door. Suddenly, like he was in some sort of trance Billy stood up. He dropped his chips and queso, and walked up to the door that was in his television, and stepped through it.

*Why are these people here right now? Wait... why am I here right now? What was I thinking when I walked in here and sat down as a part of this audience? The last thing I remember was updating my Tinder profile page on my phone while sitting on my couch in my apartment, and then I looked up at my television and saw Jerry Springer talking on it. How long ago was that? I don't even watch this show that much. I know I wouldn't purposely go see a live recording of it. Why would anyone do that? I can't even believe how many people are actually here right now. Are the audiences always this big? I don't think I've ever even met a true Springer fanatic. I definitely have never met someone who would intentionally come watch this live. At least I don't think I have met that person. What type of person would pursue something like that? Am I that type of person?*

*What about these people on stage? What are they even arguing about? All I keep hearing is one person say that they cheated on them, then another person say that it was their baby, then another*

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*person say they need to pay their child support, and occasionally brief interruptions from Jerry himself. Is anyone actually enjoying this? Everyone just looks like a complete zombie watching all of this. Did I look like that? This needs to stop. I need to say something.*

Kurt had stayed home from work for the day. He had become ill recently, and was planning on going to the doctor's. He couldn't get an appointment until tomorrow. He had called his boss in the morning to inform him that he was feeling under the weather, and that he could not get into the doctor's office until the morning. His boss told him not to worry about it, and to stay home from work anyway in order to avoid getting everyone else in the office sick. Kurt was finally feeling a little hungry, and decided to go into the kitchen to begin heating up soup. Through the directions on the back of the label on the can of soup he learned that the soup needed to be heated up in the microwave for three and a half minutes. He took off the lid of the soup, put it in the microwave, and began to heat it up. While heating it up he turned on the television in his kitchen. He began to scroll through the television guide to find something that might be suitable to his viewing pleasure. He passed through Sport Center and decided that he could not listen to the same sports commentary for the seventh time that day, and decided to keep looking for what he could potentially watch. He was not satisfied by the television options that were available to him, and decided to see what cartoons were on thinking it would be a nice change of pace. He noticed *Hey Arnold* was the only cartoon on he recognized, but did not want to watch it because he was never a fan of it. He then thought it would fun to reminisce and watch something that he used to watch with his friends all the time in college, and put on the *Jerry Springer Show*. He had picked up the show right when Jerry was announcing the show would return after a quick commercial break. As soon as the commercial for the newest flavor of queso by Tostitos came on the timer on the microwave erupted, and he was notified that his soup was ready

for consumption. Something began to happen. Kurt's television screen turned into a door. Suddenly, like he was in some sort of trance, Kurt stood up. He spilled his soup all over himself and his floor. He did not notice the burn though. He just kept walking towards the door appearing on his television, and eventually walked right through it. Once through it he noticed a long hallway full of people ahead of him.

*Please stop! I cannot listen to these people air out their dirty laundry like this anymore. Nobody should have to listen to this. Wait...no one should choose to listen to this! People of the audience, this is wrong. You people on stage, you're disgusting. Why would you go on television, and confess all your disgusting and demented problems in front of the world like this, just for a little pay? What drove you to this?*

*And you! Yeah Jerry I'm pointing at you. You're the biggest and sickest fuck of all the fucks! You're the one exploiting these people for money. You're the only one benefitting from something like this.*

*Audience members please join me. Join me in ending this now. We cannot just let someone ruin our brains and exploit the creative outlet of television by putting this filth out there. Audience members please join me! We can stop this. All we have to do is get up, and leave this room. If we all leave then there is no more show. We can end this now.*

Betsy was eager to get her day over with. She was quickly becoming tired and realized she could go for a midday pick me up. She went over to the break room, located the office Keurig, and began to make a cup of coffee. While coffee was brewing she searched the fridge looking for the creamer. After moving around her coworker's leftover lunches and scraps she found the creamer in the back of the fridge. She immediately noticed that the creamer was, however, empty. She was incredibly frustrated that someone had put the empty creamer back in the fridge.

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Betsy was able to overcome and ignore her frustration, and throw the empty creamer in the trash. While waiting for her coffee (that would have to be black) to finish she sat down at the small round table in the break room. She looked up and noticed that the television was on mute, but was glad because the *Jerry Springer Show* was playing. Jerry had just welcomed the audience back from a commercial break. He was reminding his viewers what had happened before the break, when he was interrupted by a breaking news alert. Jerry began to remind his audience that the program they had been enjoying was being sponsored by one of his favorite partners, Tostitos. Betsy had become sucked into the program, and failed to notice that her coffee had finished brewing in the office Keurig. Something began to happen. Betsy's television screen turned into a door. Suddenly, like she was in some sort of trance Betsy stood up. She ignored that her coffee was finished, and instead stepped through the door on the television. She found herself in a long hallway filled with people. Nobody was talking to one another, but instead just patiently waiting in line.

*I think I'm done. I've not only run out of things to say, but I've also lost my voice at this point. Why is nobody doing anything. Nobody is getting out of their seats. Hell even King Jerry isn't reacting, and I'm pretty sure I just ruined him in front of his precious audience. Wait. What is going on. Jerry is pointing. The idiots on stage are pointing. The audience is pointing. They're pointing at a door. Are they telling me to leave? What is behind the door? Is no one really going to follow me to the door? Ok I get that they want me to go through this door, but they don't all have to creepily stare at me as I go through it. It's almost rude.*

*There is nothing even behind this door. It's just a long hallway full of people. Are none of them going to answer me when I ask what is on the other side of this hallway? Alright whatever I'll just figure it...what the fuck. What the fuck did I just fall in. Am..... am.....am I floating down a river of queso? Jesus how am I supposed*

*to swim through this. Wait...is that...a giant Tostitos scoop? Am I really suppose to float down this hallway full of queso on a Tostitos scoop? How much did they fucking pay for this show? Whatever, I guess this is better than trying to swim.*

Clark was hopelessly scrolling through his LinkedIn feed looking for a job. He had recently graduated from college, and had yet to find his career and was still living at home with both of his parents. He told his parents that when he came home he was going to put an incredible amount of effort into finding a job, and that he would only be home for 6 weeks tops. That was six months ago. Clark was beginning to lose hope in finding a job, and was spending less and less time actually looking through LinkedIn for jobs. Instead his days were now mostly spent with video games, nachos, and chronic masturbation.

After 87 solid seconds of browsing on LinkedIn he decided he had been productive enough. He then began to switch to something that had recently become meaningful to him, his Clash of Clans account. He clicked on the app to open it, but quickly noticed that the app needed to be updated. He entered his password, and waited for the app to update so he could continue to check on his clan. While waiting for it to finish he turned on his TV to find something to watch. He quickly flipped to the *Jerry Springer Show*, which had become almost habitual for him, and begin to view the screen. Before Jerry could finish his latest Tostitos pitch, the two guests of the show began to pick their argument back up, viciously attacking one another. Clark was completely sucked in. Something began to happen. Clark's television screen turned into a door. Suddenly, like he was in some sort of trance Clark stood up. Once he was through the door on his television and in the hallway waiting with everyone else he took his place in line. He had no idea how long he was going to have to wait, or why he was even waiting. All he knew was that he felt like he had to wait. It was his purpose to wait in line. Clark did notice someone floating his

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way down the golden river next to him. It did not disrupt him though. He was going to wait in this line.

*I can't believe how many people are in this hallway. Where are they even going? What are they even doing? Holy cow! Is that a kid? That is a fucking kid waiting in line for the Jerry Springer Show! No....please...please...please tell me that that guy is not about to masturbate right next to the queso river. Please tell me that isn't real. Oh Gross...the guy just coughed...all over the woman in front of him. I'm pretty sure he got it in her coffee.*

*Wait the river is stopping is this the.....*

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*Holy fuck! That hurt. I wish they would give you a little warning before you fall down the fucking queso waterfall. I'm pretty sure that was it though. Come on! Another door? I'll go through it, but there better not be a queso hurricane behind this one. Jesus. Another crowd of people. Are they sitting in an audience too? Who is this bald man in the front?*

Hello, and welcome to the Steve Wilkos Show. I am your host, Steve Wilkos. Today's program is sponsored by Pepsi. Go ahead, have a seat, and make yourself at home.

*Was this the voice calling me all along? It sounds different, but essentially is offering the same thing. Do I listen to this one? It's so incredibly seductive. I have to. What could possibly go wrong?*

*No! I cannot fall victim to this again. I refuse. I have to end this.*

Blood dripped from the body to the stage. A Tostitos chip

had been thrust into the heart. It was a self-inflicted wound. The audience members just watched. They waited for their voice to address them.

Well that was a very interesting way to start today's show. Up next we have Brent, who is claiming that his brother Jim slept with his wife Shawna, and got her pregnant. Let's find out!

Everyone who was waiting in the line in the hallway had no idea why, but they were craving this moment. The moment when they heard the voice. The voice that had a somewhat calming sense of control over them ever since they turned their television on. Waiting in line to sit down and hear the voice was their fate. It was a channel they could not change. The voice was so soothing and seductive.

*Huhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh*

*I'm too scared to open my eyes. My plan to stab myself could've gone one of two ways. Either I am out of that hellhole trap like I expected, or I am actually dead now. I feel down my body and there is no chip or blood. Am I alive? I have to open my eyes....*

.....I'm....I'm back. I'm in my apartment, and I'm back. The television is off. My roommate Ben is just looking at me.

“Yo, you're awake. Let's watch some TV. It's the middle of the day, so the only thing on might be....”

*NOOOOOOOOOO.*

“What the fuck man? Why would you do that? Why the fuck would you throw the remote through the television? If you didn't want to watch it that badly you could've just gone to your room.”

*I stopped it. I stopped the voice. We are all saved.*



*Portrait of Franz Kafka* by Susan MacRae



# Caged

*Words by Lynn White*

It's pleasant enough  
wandering these pathways  
flanked by the tall rectangular cages,  
each protected by a steel door  
with a security code.

Even pleasanter later,  
when the cages become  
walled enclosures of decorative brick,  
surrounding green spaces.  
Intricate metal gates protect them  
with a security code.

Occasionally a creature may emerge,  
sometimes with barred teeth  
and raised claws.  
But mostly looking sad  
and out of condition.  
Lost inside themselves.  
Poor things.  
Lost souls  
searching.

Mostly though, I encounter them outside.  
Moving purposefully to a destination,  
not free to take random pathways, like me.  
Or desperately heading back to their cages,  
hoping there is no diversion  
which may leave them lost.  
Leave them to encounter the  
terror of the unforeseen  
circumstances  
that might arise  
from freedom.  
Freedom  
to be lost.

Poor things.  
Lost souls  
in or out  
of their  
zoo.



*of*  
GLASS



*Words by Matt Dugan*

Passing the disused multi-coloured trams

sleeping in waste of black confetti  
garden of shard bottles where children played hopscotch with broken glass,  
above concrete trees - walls in golden leaf graffiti.

Cobweb threads the frost on flowerpots  
hanging hump of leaves like snowmen in Autumn,  
City of glass - A perimeter in Teflon mesh  
where conker shells swam in black pastry gutters,  
sulphur rising in the blood stone pits of pig flesh.

Drinking cold whispers from warm women  
waltzing with the lights from smouldered traffic cones,  
pinstripe trees ensemble like tall dark knights of order  
aluminium structures tremble where footsteps roam.

Angels played an evening of grave hopping  
where a fox is pissing in the air drunk on the dregs of dirty drip trays,  
city of glass – a world beneath our feet  
recyclable foundations are reassembled like the quickening of a trawlers swaying lamp,  
City of glass – Towers of anatomy – a paper cut with no skin!

The background of the page is filled with several stylized, grey illustrations of bacteria. Each bacterium is depicted as an oval shape with short, radiating lines representing cilia or flagella. Inside each bacterium, there are several small, solid grey circles of varying sizes, representing internal organelles or genetic material. The bacteria are scattered across the page, with some appearing larger and more prominent than others, creating a sense of depth and movement.

# THE DISEASE

*Words by* Christina McAuliffe

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I run through the dry, cracked streets, listening to my footsteps echo off the buildings that loom over me. Barely anyone goes this way, so I make quick time cutting through the familiar alley-ways. As I go I see the old, tattered remains of anti-Amaranth propaganda. The sight gives me chills every time.

I'm frequently late to school but today I am really behind. My father usually wakes me, but today he had to respond to an emergency call at the hospital and forgot to remind my mother to do it. Only when she didn't hear me going about my usual morning business did she realize I was still sleeping.

The cold air bites at my cheeks and nose as it whips by, but the rest of me feels flushed under my heavy jacket. Running is keeping me warm, which helps me ignore harsh weather. Snow flurries fall gently to the ground all around me. If I wasn't in such a hurry I would slow down and appreciate them, but today I simply don't have the time.

As I turn the last corner I see a someone dressed in all black in the corner of my eye and instantly feel my shoulder collide with something hard. I fly sideways several feet before my hands and right leg make contact with the ground, and I can tell they're scraped up despite my gloves and jeans. I look over my shoulder to see who I ran into but the figure is already gone. Instead I get a glimpse of perfectly tousled light brown hair. Not today, please, not today, I silently beg as I drop my

eyes to see the face of the boy who is rushing towards me. Sure enough a set of unusually green eyes are looking down at me. They're too familiar for my taste, Arlo's eyes.

He offers his hand to me and I take it. He pulls me up and I stumble a little as I regain my feet. My leg stings and I wince a bit as I go to walk away. He grabs my shoulder, stopping me.

"You know, you should let me help you," he says.

"No, I think I can manage myself," I say with a sharp tongue.

I have known Arlo for years and although most people at school like him, I don't. He spent our childhood making me miserable and only let up after one afternoon when his cruel friends went one step too far. He realized they went over the line, and from then on he tried to make amends, but I'm not interested in being his friend.

"Come on, Minna, you're clearly hurt," he presses.

I throw a glare back at him and he smiles, but it looks a bit more strained than usual. Nonetheless it melts my anger a bit, but I don't let it register on my face. I hope. I have always been a fairly independent and private person, a trait that has been instilled in me. If my father hadn't encouraged me to hide

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my true identity for my entire life, maybe I'd be more open to others. I know he's just trying to ensure my safety, but it can get tiring keeping a secret from everyone, and sometimes there are slip ups.

It was four years ago and Arlo and I were both twelve years old. All the students were outside in the small schoolyard waiting for the day to begin and I was thirsty, so I decided to head for the water fountain. Arlo was in a huddle with his usual group of friends and I hoped to pass them with only a few words of ridicule, but one of them thought it would be funny to kick sand at me. It got into my eyes, which I refused to open in fear of my contacts falling out. I heard a few of his friends laughing, but I also registered that someone was yelling. That same someone, I guessed, grabbed my arm and led me inside. They pushed my face over a sink and turned the water on for me. I cupped the water and brought it to my face to clean out my eyes, and sure enough my contacts did fall out. I tried to grab them before my helper saw them, but it was too late. He grabbed them first. I looked up at him, most of the sand cleaned out, and his mouth dropped open as soon as we made eye contact. My heart sunk. Arlo was standing before me, staring at my eyes. I expected him to say "you're an Amaranth," but instead he surprised me.

"Why do you wear these?" he asked.

I just stared at him for a second, unsure of how to answer. "Why?" I asked back, defense mechanisms kicking in. I was sure he was going to be rude.

"Well, your eyes are just really pretty," he said.

When he said that, I was taken aback. He handed me my contacts and went to leave. He paused, hand on the door handle, and without turning back to me he said, "Your secret is safe with me," and he vanished.

I've always trusted that he has kept my secret. I don't see any reason why he wouldn't. I still never told my father that someone else knew about me, though.

Arlo gives up on trying to help me and walks beside me instead as I limp to the school's entrance. We move in silence, an awkward tension strung between us. When we get to the door he tries to open it for me but I cut in front of him, opening it myself. I then let it close behind me. He catches it and we enter the office. The secretary hands me the sign in sheet almost too quickly, as though she had it ready for me.

"Mr. Nolan," she says, turning to Arlo, "It's unusual to see you here this late. Is everything alright?"

"Yes ma'am, must've just missed my alarm this morning,"

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he laughs, stiffly.

"Well, it happens to the best of us," she says, snatching the sheet away from me and handing it to him with a smile.

I leave the office and make my way down the hall, trying to put distance between the two of us, which I know is futile because my knee still hurts and we have most classes together. The school is too small to have much variation when it comes to classmates.

Sure enough he catches up to me in about thirty seconds.

"You should go to the nurse," he says.

I ignore him. He could walk ahead but he doesn't leave my side. After a few seconds I feel his arm slide under mine. It's exhausting fighting him off so much, and it really does help relieve my pain, so I decide to allow it. There's a loud popping noise and I turn to try and see where it's coming from but it seems to startle Arlo and he pulls on my arm, urging me to move quicker towards the classroom. I look at him and his jaw is clenched hard. I go to try to ask what's wrong but before I can even begin my sentence he shoves me through the door.

I stumble into class while the teacher is in the middle of his lecture about the war. Arlo's hand is still holding my arm

and this is the only thing that helps me regain my balance. I'm relieved to know that the war is all I've missed because I read the section ahead of class last night, and it's something we've been learning about since we were young. It was the war that cut us off from the rest of the world and decimated our population. But it was also a war that forced us to rebuild our nation. I think we did a pretty good job, considering the teacher is using an interactive board that projects pictures and information at the push of a button.

My friend, Kay, catches my eye and raises her eyebrows at Arlo and I. Arlo must see this too and lets go of my arm. He doesn't take my rudeness seriously, but he doesn't bother me when Kay is around. I make my way to the open seat next to her. She flips her long, dark red hair over her shoulder and turns to me, wrinkling her nose in Arlo's direction. Her violet eyes look pretty even in the fluorescent lighting. I suppress a giggle and when I sit I glance over at Arlo. He sits in the front despite his height, and the small girl who sits behind him looks disgruntled, straining this way and that, trying to see the board. He keeps glancing at the door.

I take out my notebook and get ready to take notes as the teacher drones on and on. Kay pokes me.

"Why was he holding your arm?" she whispers.



*Portrait of Frida Kahlo and Diego Rivera by Susan MacRae*

# Denouement

*Words by* Sam Schoenfeld

When I see her, I see the ending of my favorite book. She is the last chapter coming to a close. I knew this was inescapable from the moment I held her in my hands, and my thumbs gently brushed across her words. Every story can only have so many. I let her rest, open on my chest and felt her ink bleeding into my skin, as we conversed in quiet whispers with the ceiling. Consonants and vowels so soft I mistook them for turning pages.

I don't know how many are left. Somewhere between goodbye and the lingering seconds it takes for one of us to leave. And in those paradoxically long but brief moments I am cramming notes into the margins to draw out the silence, draw away my eyes from the imprinted inevitable. We only have so many sentences left, so many periods together before the long silence; the crushing reality of being alone.

I'm sad; no, wait, that's not it. Afraid. Terrified that the last lines will render the story meaningless. I know it cannot end well, does not end well, because it is a true story. A story about loss; and now, I'm losing the story. Losing the air in my lungs, that I so desperately want to spend breathing in her scent of slightly yellowed pages, of familiarity. Of a love affair and a tragedy and the comfort that those things can provide when they're put to paper.

But to render them meaningless would be an injustice. In this denouement, this unwinding motion of a ticking clock and the untangling of our dreams like pretzeled limbs, it is closure I seek. The kind you look for both before and after finishing a book. That an epilogue can't provide, even in its best efforts. Closure that comes with time and distance.

The ink on my chest will fade. The characters will cease to be legible and become an old veneer. A reminder of my favorite book that I can no longer return to. So until then, I will hold her tightly, kiss up and down her spine, and then place her on the shelf of memory. And I will read no more.

# Celery

*Words by* Jacquie Cafasso

Like a butterfly, celery metamorphoses  
from a single seed  
to a curvaceous bulb.  
The final stage: a pupate.

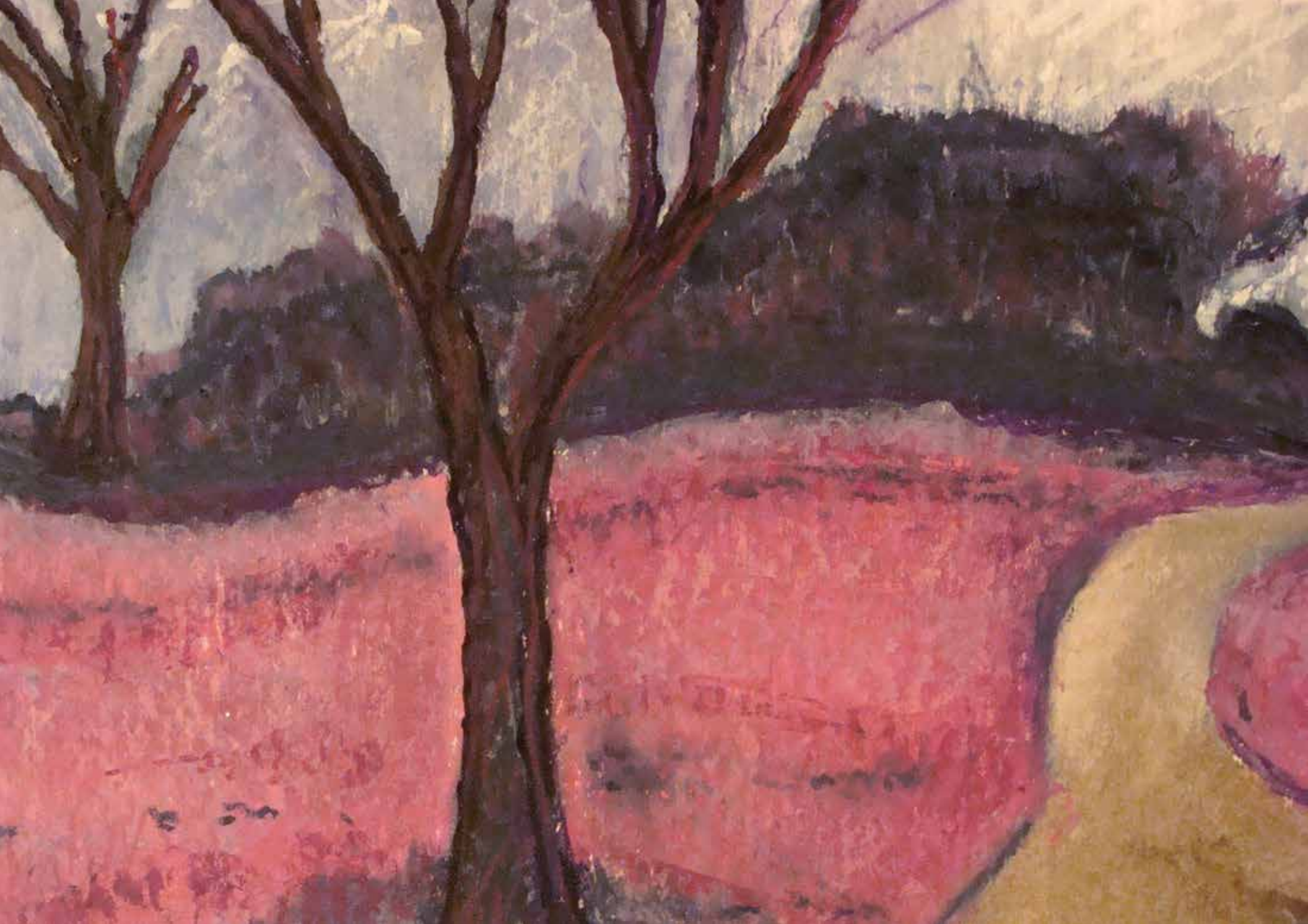
Celery is born in a commune of stalks  
where it grows directly besides its best friends,  
who are similar in appearance, size.  
They stay together until death do they part.

Their skin-tone fades from white to green  
as if the vegetables were dipped in dye  
leaving the outer root exposed and white,  
naked and erect to the public.

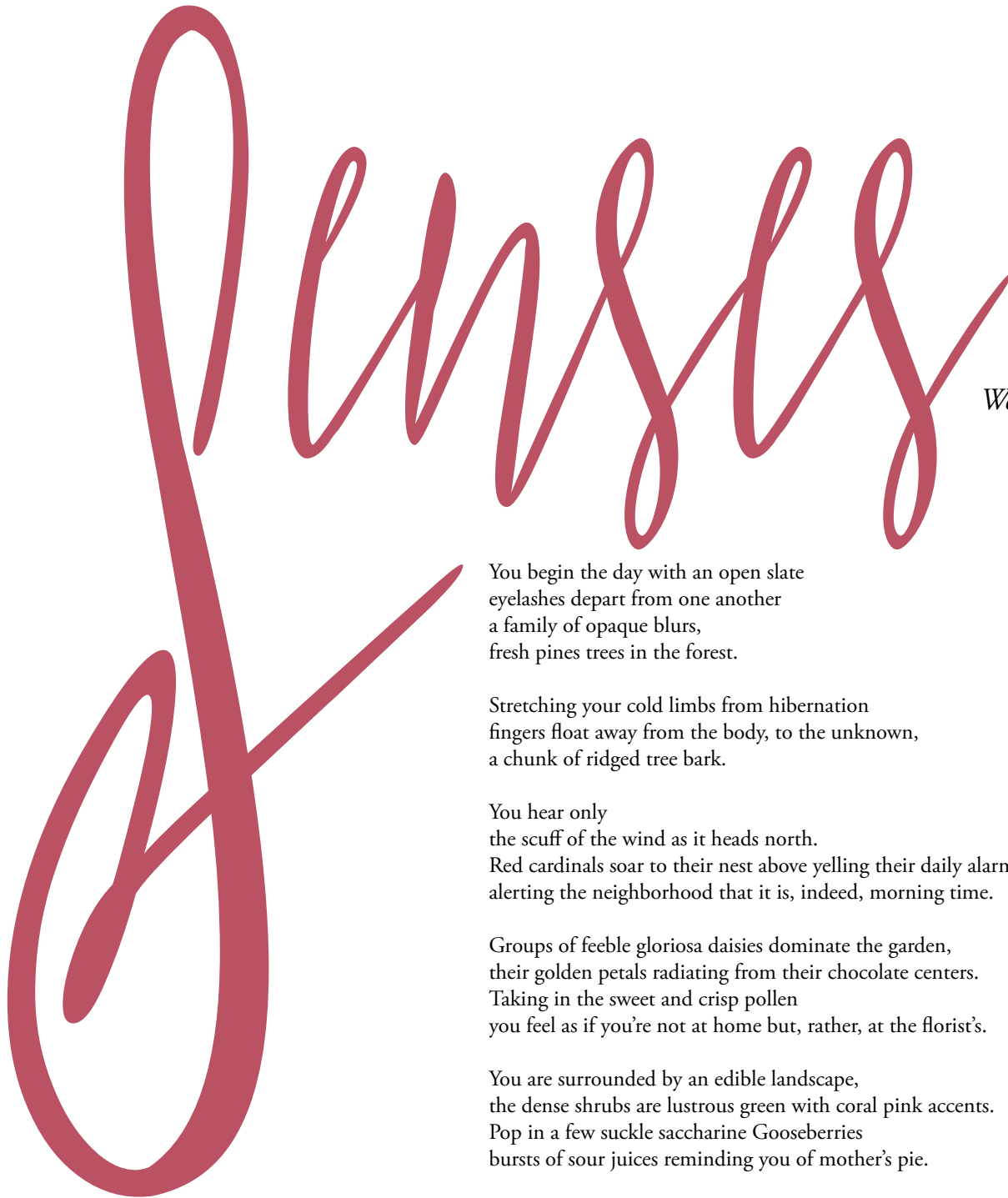
If Jack had climbed it  
instead of a beanstalk  
how endless the opportunities  
of slippery slopes to choose from.







*Lost Summer*—Oil pastel by Jane Callahan



*Words by* Jacquie Cafasso

You begin the day with an open slate  
eyelashes depart from one another  
a family of opaque blurs,  
fresh pines trees in the forest.

Stretching your cold limbs from hibernation  
fingers float away from the body, to the unknown,  
a chunk of ridged tree bark.

You hear only  
the scuff of the wind as it heads north.  
Red cardinals soar to their nest above yelling their daily alarm,  
alerting the neighborhood that it is, indeed, morning time.

Groups of feeble gloriosa daisies dominate the garden,  
their golden petals radiating from their chocolate centers.  
Taking in the sweet and crisp pollen  
you feel as if you're not at home but, rather, at the florist's.

You are surrounded by an edible landscape,  
the dense shrubs are lustrous green with coral pink accents.  
Pop in a few suckle saccharine Gooseberries  
bursts of sour juices reminding you of mother's pie.



*Untitled, Mixed media* by Jane Callahan

*Words by Joe Elliot*  
*Art by Jane Callahan*

I am already nostalgic  
for this moment.

I am already seeing it  
as having happened  
here, forever, the cat

curled up on a stack  
of papers to be graded  
on the table, the afternoon

sun preserving  
this instance of repose.

I am already hearing  
the low hum of the pump  
in the other room,

the gentle burbling  
of water into the tank,

and from here already  
and easily I am imagining  
the fish themselves,

alert and patterned and circling  
the bright plastic  
coral rooted in blue  
and pink pebbles,

and all these objects:  
the darting fish  
and the tank,

the standing lamp  
and the old sofa,

the back pack by the back door,  
the pile of books  
that mustn't be disturbed,

derive their weighty  
meaning from being gone.

# GRAND THEFT AUTO V FIVE

(Walter Has A Cold)

*Words by Joe Elliot*

Earlier I asked Walter to get off,  
and it seems like he's off  
because you can't hear the car crash,  
and the trash talk,  
and the guns going off.

But when I look up from my grading  
he's still in front of the screen,  
headphones on,  
and a man is holding up a store,  
and it's from his point of view.

Even from across the room,  
you are the gunman  
and you point it at the store owner,  
and when he reaches for  
something under the counter,

you shoot him once in the chest  
and once in the head,  
and his blood splatters on the wall,  
and the counter,  
and the register,

but the sound is off,  
completely off,  
so that what you hear is  
the click of a mouse  
and Walter breathing.



*Untitled, Mixed media* by Jane Callahan



*Untitled, Mixed media by Jane Callahan*



# Why Busses On Longer Routes Love Each Other And Tend To Clump

*Words by Joe Elliot*

The bus that already has more passengers begins to slow down because it needs to make more stops to let this greater number of passengers off, but, because it's slowing down and beginning to run a little bit behind schedule, the passengers waiting for this bus to arrive at last begin to accumulate more and more at each stop, so that this same slow bus begins to slow down even more, every stop it stops at five or ten or even fifteen passengers waiting to squeeze on or off, so that it takes this bus longer and longer to load and unload, the aisles beginning to crowd with passive aggression, the passenger attitudes beginning to erode, the spirit of mutual respect and cooperation more and more beginning to ebb, as this embarking and disembarking of passengers becomes a longer and longer trial, more filled with muttered interjections and askance glances, with the close odor of damp clothes, with crying children held by wrists, meanwhile, the busses behind this bus that has begun to slow down have begun to speed up more and more, to run a little bit ahead of schedule,

since that same bus slowing down ahead of them has begun to pick up a greater number of passengers from each stop at which they had begun to accumulate, certain passengers lining up on the long line to get on who wouldn't have made this bus at all if it had still been on schedule, but would've had to wait for the busses behind this one to pick them up, so that there's fewer and fewer passengers for the busses following the slower one ahead to be picked up, so that their loading and unloading takes less and less time, so that the second and third busses begin to catch up to this first one that has slowed down so much more and is now way behind schedule, so that the distances between the one ahead and the ones behind have begun to decrease, and all of the busses may even be able to see each other from a distance, just a few blocks away, looming in the rear or side view mirrors, the slower one in front now stopping for quite a while at every stop on every block, while the ones behind may already have begun to skip over a stop or two, since the passengers waiting at a stop may already have been picked up

by the bus in the lead, which, at this point, can hardly be said to be moving at all, and, since there's less and less distance between the busses, there is less and less opportunity for new passengers to accumulate at each stop between the three busses, although the ones ahead of the three now throng, an unhappy thickness of passengers glancing at watches and checking phones, craning necks and squinting down the avenue to see if the appointed bus, or any bus at all, is on its way, or, likewise, there may not be enough passengers on the busses behind waiting to get off to warrant a stop, there may not be a certain passenger waiting to get off at a certain stop, so that that certain stop is skipped, eliminating that time that might've been spent disembarking and embarking, so that the busses behind draw closer and closer, less and less behind, so that pretty soon the three are only a stop or two away from each other, are traveling in clumps, the first one overloaded standing room only, the second one having a few seats open only two or three passengers standing here and there in the aisle, and the third one nearly empty, careening after the first two, trying to catch up.

Robinson  
&  
Crusoe



*Words by Joe Elliot*

The voice of the novel  
implies the ability  
to sit in a room  
and face your loneliness  
and unconditional boredom  
and eventual oblivion.

Indeed, the reading of books  
could be said to be merely  
a season of hand-holding,  
a kind of heavy-lidded  
guided meditation  
before you are ready  
to keep your eyes open  
and sit there on your own.

It is this persistence of tone  
you hardly know you've  
stowed away in yourself,  
when a sudden wave  
knocks you overboard  
and you end up here  
standing in the sand  
staring into the blue,  
and you hear it and start  
talking to yourself.

# Contributors

**JACQUIE CAFASSO** is a senior at High Point University where she is studying English. After graduation, she will attend law school.

Inspired by nature and often obsessed by trees, **JANE CALLAHAN** has lived in the woods much of life, where the trees have reflected back her life experiences and become a vehicle for her expression, acceptance, and celebration of life. Perhaps it is growing up with Shel Silverstein's "The Giving Tree" in her psyche, but a good tree brings on a persona in the artists heart and a sort of companion in her personal reflections. Surfaces become as complex with line work as the lives we lead-no matter what the subject matter in hand. Jane resides in St. Charles, Illinois with her husband, son, and two dogs. She is a member of the Wayne Art League and participant at the DuPage Art League as well as other local art venues. Callahan's piece "Time for School" was chosen for Next Pop Up Gallery, a juried for entry show, last July. To see more of Jane's work, visit her blog at [janespurplecrayon.wordpress.com](http://janespurplecrayon.wordpress.com).

**MARÍA CASTRO DOMÍNGUEZ** was born in London. Written books of poetry including "Four Hands" (A Cuatro Manos) with Jacobo Valcárcel. Contributed in several newspapers and magazines, including "Blaze Vox", "Retort", "The Argotist" "Message in a Bottle" and "Bareknuckle Poet". Moving around words and languages hence a philologist and teacher.

**MATT DUGAN**, born in 1971 in Bristol, U.K., was the winner of the erbacce prize for poetry 2015. His poems have appeared in Apogee Magazine, The Seventh Quarry, Of/With - Journal of Immanent Renditions, Illumen, Yellow Chair Review, Fat Damsel, Lunar Poetry Magazine, The Journal, and many more. His new collection Dystopia 38.10 (erbacce press) will be published this December.

**JOE ELLIOT** is the author of HOMEWORK (Lunar Chandelier Press, 2010) and OPPOSABLE THUMB (Subpress, 2006); two collaborations with artists: *Object Lesson*, with artist Rich Ot' Russa and *If It Rained Here*, a collaboration with artist Julie Harrison; and numerous chapbooks including *You Gotta Go in It's the Big Game* Poem to Be Centered on a Much Much Larger Piece of Paper, and *15 Clanking Radiators*. His long poem, *101 Designs for the World Trade Center*, was published by Faux Press as an e-book. He co-edited the chapbook series Situations.

**JOANNA FUHRMAN** is the author of the poetry collections Freud in Brooklyn (2000); Ugh Ugh Ocean (2003); Moraine(2006); Pageant (2009), winner of the Kinereth Gensler Prize from Alice James Books; and The Year of Yellow Butterflies (2015). She is also the author of the chapbook The Emotive Function (2011).

**CHRISTIAN GARBER** is graduating English major. He recently presented and read an original story at the sigma tau delta conference in Minneapolis Minnesota. He looks forward to continuing his writing career.

**CHRISTINA MCAULIFFE** is an English Writing major at High Point University. She studies fiction and poetry.

**SUSAN MACRAE** resides in Vancouver, BC where she teaches at Columbia College. She recently graduated from Simon Fraser's Writers Studio Southbank Writers Program, and is studying fine arts at the Emily Carr University of Art and Design.

**TARA NEEDHAM** resides in Albany, NY where she teaches creative writing and is pursuing a PhD in English. She works as a singer-songwriter, and her most recent musical collaboration is the The Chandler Estate's debut "infrastructure." From 1994-1999 she was frontwoman for the post-new wave pop punk trio The Mad Planets. After the Planets, she launched the indie-rock duo the Reverse with Tod Karasik.

Since graduating from High Point University in 2014, **LAURYN POLO** has been working on her Master's of Art in Writing, with a concentration in Narrative Medicine, at Lenior-Rhyne University in Asheville. Some of her nonfiction can be found on ThoughtCatalog.com. She is currently working on her first novel as a final project for her Masters program.

**JEAN RODENBOUGH** is a member of the Writers' Group of the Triad, and writes poetry, prose, flash fiction, and is now working on a memoir. Rodenbough has published two books with All Things That Matter Press, and has numerous self-published works in both prose and poetry, as well as poems in various magazines.

**SAM SCHOENFELD**, 22, is a graduating senior at High Point University studying Game Design and Creative Writing. He hails from Baltimore, Maryland, but looks to the horizon for a future in game design, writing, and art. He wants to thank Charmaine Cadeau for her infinite patience, and feedback.

**TAYLOR TEDFORD** is a junior studying English Writing and Communications at High Point University with a passion for photography. In 2015 she was the Nonfiction winner of the Phoenix Festival prize for her piece, "Paradigm."

**LYNN WHITE** lives in north Wales. Her work is influenced by issues of social justice and events, places and people she has known or imagined. She is especially interested in exploring the boundaries of dream, fantasy and reality. Her poem 'A Rose For Gaza' was shortlisted for the Theatre Cloud 'War Poetry for Today' competition 2014 and has since been published and reprinted in several journals and anthologies. Poems have also recently been included in several anthologies including - Harbinger Asylum's 'A Moment To Live By', Stacey Savage's 'We Are Poetry an Anthology of Love poems', ITWOW, 'She Did It Anyway', Community Arts Ink's 'Reclaiming Our Voices,' and a number of on line and print journals.

**ALICE ZORN** has published a book of short fiction, *Ruins & Relics*, which was a finalist for the 2009 Quebec Writers' Federation First Book Prize, as well as a novel, *Arrhythmia*. This excerpt comes from a new novel, *Five Roses*, which will be appearing with Dundurn Press in Canada in July 2016, and in the US in August 2016. She lives in Montreal, Canada, but can also be found at <http://alicezorn.blogspot.com/>



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