

# SINK HOLLOW

ISSUE 6



# EDITOR'S NOTE

**“PAIN AND SUFFERING ARE ALWAYS INEVITABLE FOR A LARGE INTELLIGENCE AND A DEEP HEART. THE REALLY GREAT MEN MUST, I THINK, HAVE GREAT SADNESS ON EARTH.”**

Fyodor Dostoevsky,  
*Crime and Punishment*

There is no way around it. This issue, our 6th in the last three years, is painful. The underbelly of the human experience is laid bare and there is no hiding from it here.

But that is also what makes it so incredibly beautiful. It is a raw commentary on those things that, despite their pain, make us so uniquely human. It is our ability to trudge on, to continue to seek happiness even when it feels like there may never be joy again that makes us such wonderful, hopeful creatures.

As always, it is my privilege to present the art and writing within this publication to you, our reader, with the sentiment that one must know pain to know joy.

That's all.

Enjoy.

**Jess Nani**

editor-in-chief

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# SHALLOW SUGAR

emily neuharth

i am caught in the almost  
full moon, lost in dust and white  
light of an abandoned parking lot.

a jumbo box of easter pink peeps rests  
in the nook between my arm and ribs.  
i walk while waiting with outstretched

palms trying to catch real life between  
the valleys of my shaking fingers.  
longing, to cry hosanna! like the others.

but the only sound is the crunch and tear  
of the peeps' plastic bag, muffling  
the inner screams of my defeated self-

hate. when alone,  
"this is when i need  
God," echoes in the silence.

i stop in the thin street between rows  
of carless placemats. i eat the last peep,  
sickening my stomach i drop its bag,

and then walk over the flattened tomb.  
wondering how it must have felt to fly, rising  
in the highest;

above this Empty into outstretched  
arms, into the immeasurable depth  
of real substance.



# AENEOS

anna martin

# HEARTS IN OUR HANDS

alexis pearson

We play cards in the dark naked  
and call it love making,  
well I call it love and you  
call it Friday night and  
they call it poker  
(poke her).  
With what  
(all I have is this card).  
So draw another  
and I'll count the stars while you do  
and wonder how it is that nothing  
ever makes sense despite all these patterns.  
Patterns.  
(Pat her).  
With what  
(all I have is this joker).  
(Joke her).  
Nevermind.  
You forgot to remove the jokers  
again.  
But I like to laugh.  
But that's not what –  
nevermind.  
Deal another,  
a flush of hearts,  
ironic, no?  
(no).  
Count the stars again  
one, two, three, heart.  
What?  
Four.  
I thought you said heart.  
I did.  
What game are we playing anyway.





# WOMANHOOD

charity poole

# SATURDAY

hannah meltzer



1.

You kiss me on a Saturday night, and though I am enjoying the reprieve of my cushioned bar stool more than your gin soaked lips on mine I'd still prefer the sight of your knotted cock to another night of watching my grandmother cry on an overturned crate in her twisted fun house of blackened mirrors, so I go home with you. I thought I'd showered off all the death, but I guess I must've missed a spot because in your bed you stay soft inside me, apologize with silent, ill-placed kisses and fall asleep on my chest, so small and sweet and innocent that I hate you, want to snap you like a twig then light you like timber and I wonder if this is what it feels like to be a man. I have felt death in every iteration and you are the man I try to fuck away my grief with. Your best friend overdoses in her bathtub and you put a hole through your bedroom wall then fuck me like you're trying to put a hole through me too, and though you'll like that I am bulletproof, all we ever create with our friction is more suffering so we never seem to fit quite right.

2.

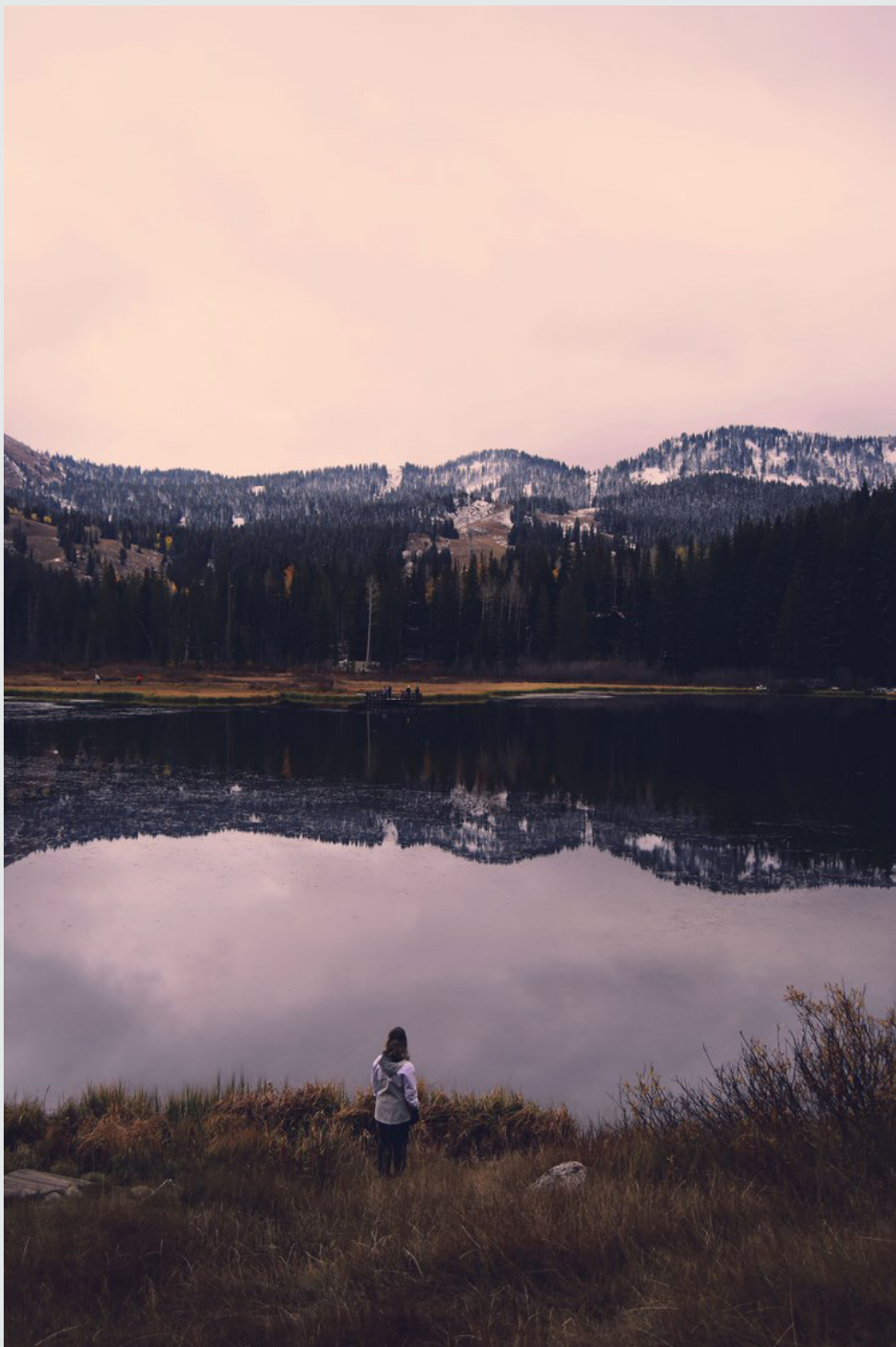
I call you from a back-alley bar in Hong Kong, my voice hopscotching its way across two oceans and filthy streets that I've spent a lifetime fighting to root myself to. Expats on the other side of the bathroom wall are flinging darts at my back, and their cheers punctuate my words, so "*I am pregnant*" becomes "I. AM. PREGNANT!", which feels more fitting anyway. Everything we say is being crushed by the space between us. You tell me that you love me, the breath of the woman lying next to you leaking through the receiver like white noise, with its not-so-subliminal messaging all too loud and clear: she gets to leave in the morning. I hear all the promises that you don't bother making me, and I resent the absence of platitudes, your inability to offer me any form of weakness to hide behind. But we both know what happens to children conceived out of the kind of rage we carry, we are still those children after all. So at least you keep it simple, and I'm stranded with a maxed out credit card, a plane ticket I can't afford, and a coat hanger I don't know how to use. But this is the sort of math I'm good at, where  $X + Y = \text{Fucked}$  and  $Y - X = \text{Dead}$ . I'm familiar with these equations. I wander from pharmacies to apothecaries, looking for english speakers, purple carrots, mathematicians, concentrated doses of Vitamin C, and maybe even God but I don't find shit so I buy another pregnancy test and a shot of tequila and try to remember who it was that defined insanity as doing the same thing over and over again expecting different results, so that I can tell him to go fuck himself.

3.

The nurse plays your heartbeat for me, but its not her fault. I was suffocating between the swell of pregnant bellies in the waiting room and I couldn't get enough oxygen to remind the woman at the front desk that I was there for more than just an ultrasound. If anyone is wondering, it sounded like a rattlesnake, like a battle cry, like the static thump-thump-t-humping before the calm of dead air on the radio. I blame the tears on hormones, apologize to the technician who visits me next as she pulls off the impressive feat of balancing on her tippy toes, drawing blood with one arm, while wrapping the other around me. She says, *Baby, I don't know what it is, but I know that there's another side.* After I take the first pill, I get on the train. A man sits across from me on the subway, chewing off his scabs and spitting them at commuters. I wrap my arms around my stomach and I whisper, *Baby, I don't know what it is, but I know that there's another side.* The man looks up at me. *Liar.* He projectiles a clump of hardened flesh in my direction.

4.

Here is what I remember: my body contorted like an exorcism. It was fitting, this was an exorcism of sorts. I covered every surface that I glanced at in blood, my best friend trailed behind me, mopping at my footsteps with a wet rag. I guess at some point even I was spared the gory details, because I passed out on the kitchen floor. This is a shame, because I don't want to offer you the grace of ignorance when your anatomy already grants you so much simply by virtue of its existence. But I am not a liar, and the truth is that it was all a vague stroke of pain and suffering, so there isn't much I can relay. So I will tell you about the day afterwards instead, when everything between us had supposedly been already severed. Even after the cramping had subsided, I couldn't walk. It wasn't until my friend shuttled me to her bathtub and tucked me beneath the bubbles that it occurred to me to reach inside myself. And there she was in the palm of my hand, a bloodied knot the size of my fist. She had your eyes I think, all red and wide. Pain has a way of confusing people, untying the lines between realities. So maybe I was dreaming, and maybe it doesn't matter, but I held her for a full minute before I flipped down the drain switch and flushed her down the pipes with the rest of my dirty water.



# LURID

anna martin



# YIELD 1

drake



# FIGURE

truber



# NOT THAT KIND OF PLACE

olivette petersen

I took my first waitressing job in the fall of my sophomore year of college at a small Mediterranean restaurant. I was barely 18. It was a small place, brightly colored and tacky. The kitchen smelled heavy and fried, and it stuck to my clothes when I left for the night. We still used carbon pads to take phone orders, and paper cards to punch in and out of our shifts. I was paid less than minimum wage to keep the kitchen clean, to wash dishes and sweep the bathrooms, stock the freezers with drinks, take and deliver orders. I made tips for good service, for being polite.

I've read stories about men who refuse their waitresses tips unless they leave their phone numbers, or entertain their forwardness. They dangle dollar bills in front of girls' faces and refuse to hand them over unless their flirtation is returned. I can't imagine what this must feel like. I do know that one time I thought my waiter at the Cheesecake Factory was hot, so I tipped him 25% and left my number on the receipt. He did text me later that night. I never would have expected it, never would have withheld payment if he hadn't played along. But would I have tipped any less if he hadn't returned my glances?

As a waitress, I myself was "very polite, very polite," my boss would tell me. People came in frequently, and knew me by name. I smiled and was attentive to their orders and their questions. I made conversation when they asked me about my major and my hometown; I returned the favor. I was a hard worker too, I did not mind scrubbing the sinks or mopping behind the booths when asked. At first, I did not think much at all about the fact that only girls were hired as waitresses, and men were sent immediately to the kitchen. It couldn't

have been the kind of place where that was intentional.

A friend told me once, a long time ago, before I knew much about the art of making tips, that she loved going to Hooters for hot wings. I never imagined people went to those kinds of places for the food, and I couldn't imagine a girl going to a Hooters to fulfill a craving. I tried to picture how it must feel being served by a waitress in a tight revealing outfit, clearly dressed to be paraded around. To be looked at and to entertain. I imagined I would feel outraged in such an environment, I wouldn't be able to stand idly by casually eating wings in the midst of such brutal, obvious objectification and oversexualization of these women, carrying beer and chicken out to men ogling them as they passed by.

I didn't work at a Hooters, but I was paid tips to entertain nonetheless. I think my entertainment was perhaps more insidious. They were good men, those who came in to our restaurant. They never would have gone to bars or strip clubs. One day, one of the men told me,

"You cannot blame me for looking at you, because you are so beautiful. A beautiful work of art demands to be looked at."

I was very polite. These types of comments had grown very common. I smiled at him said "thank you, you're too kind" or perhaps "I suppose you're right," or some other rushed nicety projected through a nervous laugh and a forced grin. "Would you like a refill on your drink?" I returned, trying to divert the subject while still offering service. How nice, I didn't even have to wear a tight shirt to catch eyes, to look pretty carrying out platters of hot tea to

pour and serve. Lines are blurry when objectification is a subtle veil. When you aren't obviously dressed up to put on a show, but you are expected to be a good girl and make money being nice enough to snuff out suspicion. You start to ask yourself, do their eyes burn watchful auras as you bend over to wipe down tables? Are you being presumptuous? Surely you didn't imagine the looks in their eyes, like they had confused you with a dish coming out from the swinging kitchen doors. Surely they meant a modest compliment when they pointed out your "lovely figure." Five dollar bills would be left on the table. Their wives weren't here; their kids were your age.

I remember the weighted aroma of kitchen grease, seasoned with tahini and chick peas, clouding the air. Loud hums. In the safety of the kitchen, thoughts are only present for a minute, before they are drowned out by the loud clangs of the dishwasher. What can you say to someone whose good favor you rely on for employment? Someone whose friendship with your boss keeps you quiet in the claustrophobic kitchen, trying to scrub away discomfort as you wash away the grime of leftover food.

Before long, my boss took to taking my picture behind the counter, and encouraging regulars to stop by for falafel with a picture of their "favorite waitress." I was a wonderful marketing project. I left my job eventually, under the cover of "too much schoolwork," unable to explain why. Unable to undo myself as everyone's favorite waitress. But before I left, I trained a couple of new girls for the job. They were very sweet, very polite. One of them I heard stopped showing up for her shifts after two weeks, and told no one why.

The other girl I sometimes still see behind the counter when I pass by the restaurant's windows. Perhaps I am imagining it, projecting my own thoughts, but I wonder if she ever sometimes hides in the kitchen. I wonder, too, how many dollars her kindness is worth.





**SWAY**

anthony jimenez

# IN 2007, MOM WROTE HER DISSERTATION ON THE AUGURS OF ANCIENT ROME

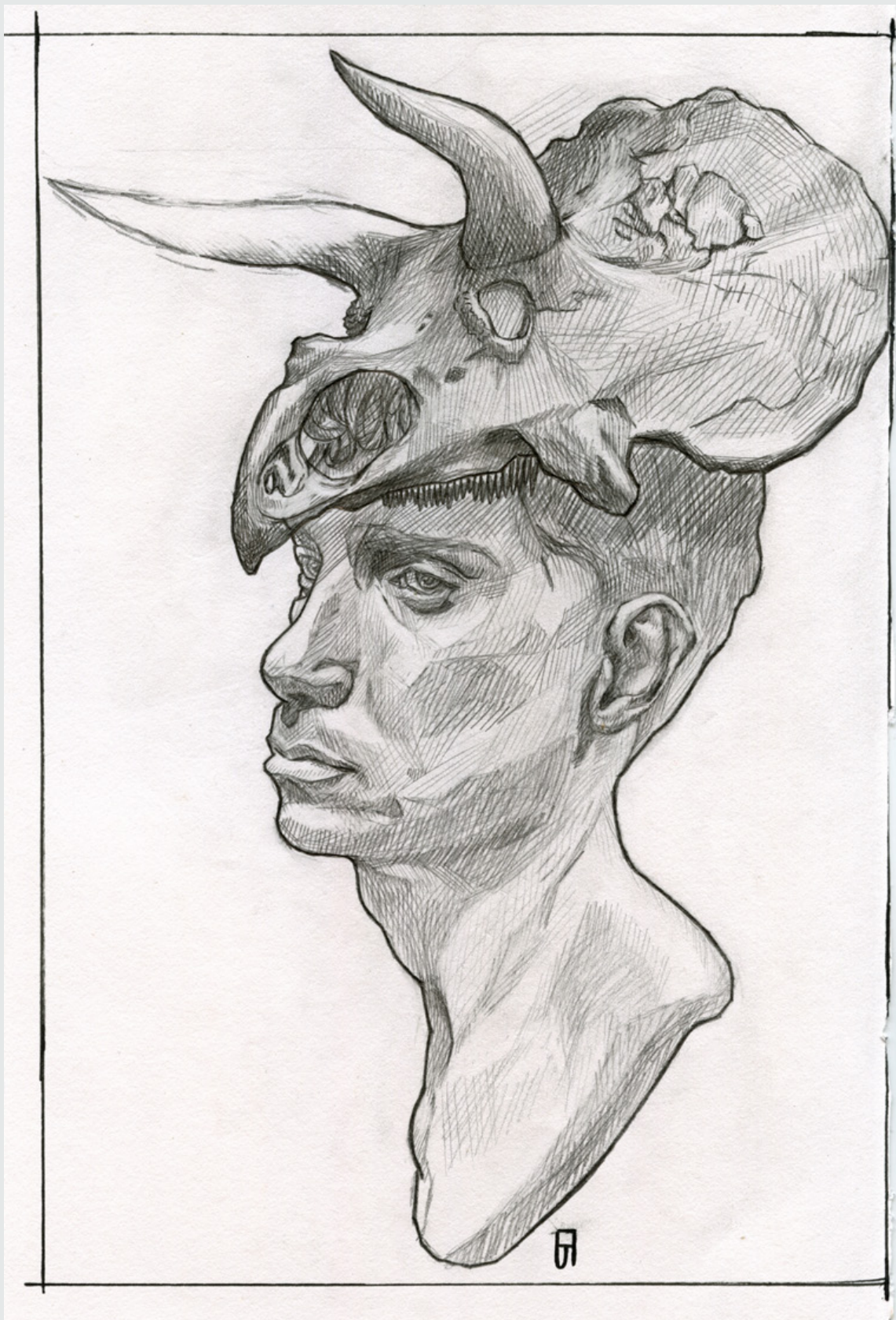
evan williams

He dies and Mom tells me  
he grew wings and I ask why  
he would rather be a bird than a man  
and whether Blackbirds worry about gravity  
or its adjoining philosophies.

She covers my heart with the sheets and confesses  
she and Dad sunk the body in the rain  
where it will lose its personness and surrender  
its claim to the notion of perpetuity—  
*impermanence is a kind of consolation, she says,*  
*and Birds do not adhere to the concept of time, anyway.*

When I am still not grown, she levels my being  
with heaven's nonexistence. One is among the Land—  
the Birds are our future,  
we will grow Wings, Son,  
we'll just lack haloes.





# CROWN

anthony jimenez





# QUEEN'S CROWN

anthony jimenez

# AND I HOLD THE KEYS OF DEATH

natalie fitzgerald

*Revelation 1:18*

We don't *Two GSW victims inbound, cardiac and respiratory arrest, ETA 2 minutes* often consider that there's about five liters of blood in the adult human body. A bullet had passed through the left lung, damaged the heart. I watched the surgeon shout for a scalpel, then open the patient - sternum to armpit - between the fourth and fifth ribs. He flailed his head. *I need hands*. The nurse pushed meds and ventilated, mine were the only hands available so I reached out as he hacked through the latissimus dorsi like a diner saws into a juicy steak. He dropped the blade, shoved his hands into the incision, and cracked the boy's chest open like a can of tomato soup. He said *Hold it!* I slid my hands in, wrapping blue-gloved fingers around bone while he adjusted the rib spreader. We could see his heart and it was still. They put paddles on the pericardial sac and shocked him directly. Nothing happened. They drew fluid in an attempt to resolve the cardiac tamponade, but the boy died on the table, metal where my hands had been, inches from the heart. I had stripped and showered but I could still see the heart, still and unnatural. My partner had been working the other boy and he had died in the ER as well. I drove us back to my place because it was closest. He went to sleep on the sofa. I took another shower and went to bed. I woke up with him on top of me. He was as absent from his mind as I ached to be absent from my body. An empty fifth of Jack shivered on my coffee table when I entered the living room. He kneeled. He begged. I barely spoke. I thought of touching the heart and the image stilled me.





# FOUR

joey aronhalt



# FIVE

joey aronhalt





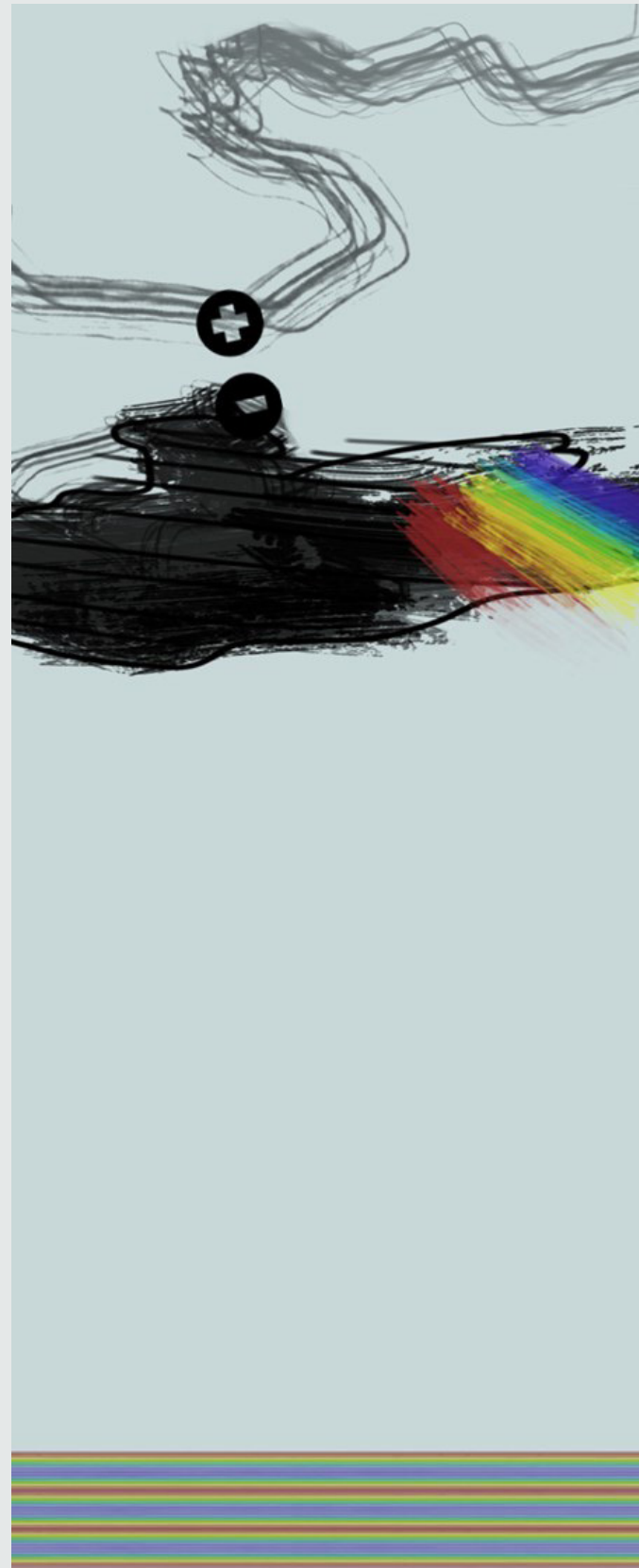




# CHRONICLE OF A DIABETIC HOARDER

natalie fitzgerald

I am drenched in sweat before ten  
a.m. Purple scrubs adhere  
to my lower back, legs. A triple amputee  
lolls on the bariatric stretcher, waiting to be hauled  
up two narrow flights of stairs. When we get his torso propped  
up in the stair-chair, we begin to drag him bodily over  
each chipped cement step. Mid-August in Baltimore  
and the city wavers before me as I bark  
my booted heel on a broken step. Inside  
we rest and I wish we hadn't. The smell hits and there is  
no air left. Maybe twenty cats shouldn't live  
in a Dundalk rowhouse. Sick, we move  
to the stairs, stepping over yellow-damp papers, chip bags,  
shirts, more cats. At the top of the stairs his wife  
awaits us, and she at least is only missing  
one foot, but I see the ulcers weeping on her  
remaining ankle. The bed is yellow, and the slats must be broken in  
the box spring because the whole thing sags. At least they have  
a Hoyer in the bedroom. He grunts at the woman  
to bring him a drink and doesn't thank us.  
We leave quickly, passing the wife who is back  
downstairs. From the fetid kitchen, she has unearthed  
a honey bun, a Pepsi.



# RAINBOW EX

drake



# PERIMENTAL

truber



# FATHER

katherine d. westbrook

grind stone from wet  
knuckles. the kingfisher and  
pauper fawn in the underbrush of  
sunlight. heat in the belly, thick  
gravity on the browbone.  
ankles, anchored, atrophies.  
hook, line, quick sting of hands,  
a match catch on the  
water's back.



# LUTEOUS

anna martin

# CARRYING WATER

dylene cymraes

He stops at the wrought iron gate. Mountains loom  
smoke-blue, far away. July dust sifts like hot flour  
from the mill down the road as sweat cakes on his back.

His ironed white handkerchief, holding creases, cleans  
his shoes before he steps on grass,  
and he lights a Winston with shaky hands.

A rusty spigot sputters bloodwarm water  
over his hands into a three-pound coffee can.  
People leave them by the gate, sometimes with extra flowers,  
but today he brings geraniums, ruby flashes, emerald leaves,  
and black soil. He fights a memory, her at four years old.  
*Her hair in pigtails, a fistful of weedy flowers for her cat—  
the day after she found it dead.*

His cigarette ash trembles, falls.

He thinks about plastic flowers  
but it seems wrong, though his heart might burst  
if he carries water here again before Christmas.

Now he stands at her small marker and wishes  
for a better stone, for a different reason to stand  
here, for a life where he died first.  
*No father should have to bury a daughter—*

He puts out his cigarette and scrapes  
a black smear on the pale path under his shoe.  
He cleans chalky bird dirt from blood-red granite  
and tries not to read her name,  
or *Aged 26*,  
as he sets the geraniums in with the water  
breathing a prayer for rain.

At the car, he wipes his shoes,  
drops the handkerchief to the charcoal road,  
watches it tumble, a boneless ghost.





# RUBI

anna m



IOUS

martin

# PURPLE

madi dillingham

His vibrant purple sweater overtook my peripheral before anything else, and in that moment I froze. It came all at once, the purple sweater pulled comfortably over a sharp, ironed white shirt, and a matching bowtie that tied him all together. I didn't have to look directly at him to know exactly what I would see, but when his familiar wide laugh burst and hovered to me over the white noise of a church house adjourned, my eyes shot to him with much less discipline than I would care to admit. They steered my head over my shoulder to find him, just rising from his pew, talking loudly with our old friends right through his big, white teeth. Periodically he erupted in that laugh; it had always seemed so much more deep and full than his speaking voice. A mask of sincerity.

As the chattering congregation began to ramble casually out of the chapel, I stood frigid, watching him, my brain frozen and my heart twitching and with no idea of how to revive either one.

A warm, low voice behind me pulled me back to reality before it was too late.

"What are you looking at?"

My attention jerked forward again to meet the bright blue eyes of my fiancé, grinning down at me with all the warmth my distraction had cost me. I relaxed a little, suddenly noticing his messy hair and overall disarray. I straightened his crooked tie for him, tucking it back into his one-size-too-big vest. He too had decided to wear purple today. Today of all days, when I had brought him back to my little hometown for the first time. Today of all days, when for once he wouldn't be the only



one wearing that color. The bright dress shirt was wrinkled in a few awkward places, and it was indeed a bright shade of purple, as I was now acutely aware.

“Familiar faces,” I gestured quickly around us at the chapel full of my childhood as I finished my appraisal of him. “I haven’t seen a lot of these people in years.”

*It isn’t a lie*, I told myself as I took his hand and hurried him out into the lobby. It certainly was not a lie.

The foyer was crowded with shuffling white collars, skirts, and friendly smiles. Familiar voices greeted me and hands patted my back.

“It’s been so long!”

“How are you?”

“Congratulations on your engagement!”

“This must be the lucky fella!”

“You’ve grown into such a beautiful woman.”

I responded politely with nods and smiles and “Thank you”s while my eyes darted in circles, watching for wide white teeth and immaculately styled hair and a purple sweater.

“I’m going to wait outside,” my fiancé rubbed my back gently.

“Take your time; go ahead and say hi to everyone. It’s just really crowded in here!”

“No, it’s alright, I’m coming too—“

“Oh my gosh, hi! It’s so good to see you!” My anxious voice was suddenly cut off by an old friend. She embraced me. “How have you been?”

“Oh, hey! Great, yes, I’ve been fine...”

I half-listened as she talked excitedly. My fiancé maneuvered away from me between the crowd in the direction of the big glass double doors. With my escape route gone, I settled nervously into conversation, still carefully watching everyone in my view. *It’s alright, he probably left. He never really liked church anyway; I’m surprised he was here in the first place. I’ll just say goodbye and head outside to find—*

“Hey, you.”

My thoughts crumbled. I froze.

“Haven’t seen you in forever.”

I turned toward his high, melodic voice and faced him. My friend, who had been cut off behind me, hastily bid me farewell and hurried off, squeezing my shoulder as she left. I sensed the attempt at reassurance in her grip appreciatively.

“I know!” I answered him too quickly, plastering on a grin and looking up at his face. I tried to keep my eyes from darting to the transparent front door. My fiancé was leaning patiently against a wall outside in clear view from where we stood in the church lobby. I had never been this close in proximity to both of these men simultaneously. They had never met. I had meticulously made sure of that. “Life gets crazy,” I continued, training my eyes on his handsome face. “How have you been?”



I regretted it immediately. He smirked quietly down at me for a moment with his dazzling white smile, letting me dwell miserably on the fact that I had asked a stupid question for which I already knew the answer. I felt the guilt of my abandonment creep in on me like an illness. Suddenly I realized just how long I had been away from this place and just how far and fast I had run.

*No.* I set my jaw. *It was never my fault.* I met his eyes defiantly, smiling a little too pleasantly into their narrowed icy blue. They stared back. I knew them so well, the irony of their defining contradiction; they reflected a full life of kindness and cruelty. We shared a moment of common knowledge. His face fell slightly. He finally broke our contact and I knew it was his turn to feel shame.

“Oh, you know. As well as can be expected, I guess,” he answered finally. I heard the familiar hint of a sad young boy in his tone. The piece of him that could always incite pity, no matter what the rest of him had done.

I ignored it. “Well I suppose that’s alright. I’ve been well. It’s fun to be home.” I nodded around us to the chattering crowd of our shared childhood. “I admit I didn’t expect to see you here, though.”

He laughed a little sheepishly, looking down at his polished shoes and pushing his hands in his pleated pockets. “Well, I don’t have anywhere else to go.

”We were quiet for a moment, surrounded by familiar faces and voices and walls and every year of our time that we had in common. I was suddenly aware of every one of our shared

footprints that stung this little town and all the stories we wrote into its history. Looking up at him, I almost wished his eyes were still kind, that I didn’t have to run, that we could have kept writing.

“You look beautiful,” he said finally, daring to look back up and meet my eyes. “You always did.”

“Thank you,” I smiled, sincerely this time. It was never my fault. I felt myself relax into my sense of control of the situation, and even chanced a glance outside where my fiancé was looking lazily up at the gray winter clouds.

“You’re looking sharp yourself,” I nodded, trying to ease the tension in our conversation. “I like your purple sweater.”

I had slipped. He stood up straighter for a moment, lifting his chin to look down at me. Without a word, I felt him seize my sense of control as abruptly as he had let me have it. A subtle chill crept back into his voice in one last defiant stand. “I know you do.” His attention followed mine to the glass door, toward something bright outside he obviously did not want to see. A flash of anger crossed his face so suddenly, so quickly, only someone who knew how to recognize it could have seen the change. He turned his stare back down at me. A pang of anxiety iced my lungs, but I held my ground. I shifted my own gaze from the door and the future waiting for me outside it and looked right back at him, refusing to break eye contact. Refusing to submit. *You can’t do anything here. You can’t take anything from me anymore. I didn’t leave you, I escaped. It was never my fault, and you know it.* In the middle of the bustling church foyer, I braced

myself for the explosion.

It did not come. Instead, he deflated. His demeanor softened, defeated. His eyes retreated from mine and darted around, taking in the dozens of people around us, before they trailed back to the glass doors, resting on what stood beyond them. His shoulders dropped a little as the gray winter light outside reflected in his face. Slowly he looked at me again and offered a sad smile. "It's a good color."

I nodded shakily and he took a step toward me. "It was good to see you," he said quietly.

"You as well," I tried to recover with a friendly grin, though feeling my body instinctively lean away from him.

He stepped forward again despite this and embraced me softly, resting his hand on the back of my head and holding me to him for a long moment, before he released. With a final nod, he turned and disappeared into the crowd. I stood alone in the center of it all, shaking, acute fear ebbing away into a strange sense of victory.

"That was faster than I expected!" My fiancé welcomed me as I pushed my way through the church doors in a sort of daze.

"What?" It seemed like an eternity had passed since we had separated in the foyer, but as I glanced at his watch, I realized it had only been a few minutes. In only a few minutes, I had fought and won a battle. A long-settled weight had lifted from my shoulders, and though drained and exhausted, I felt a golden triumph coursing like blood inside me.

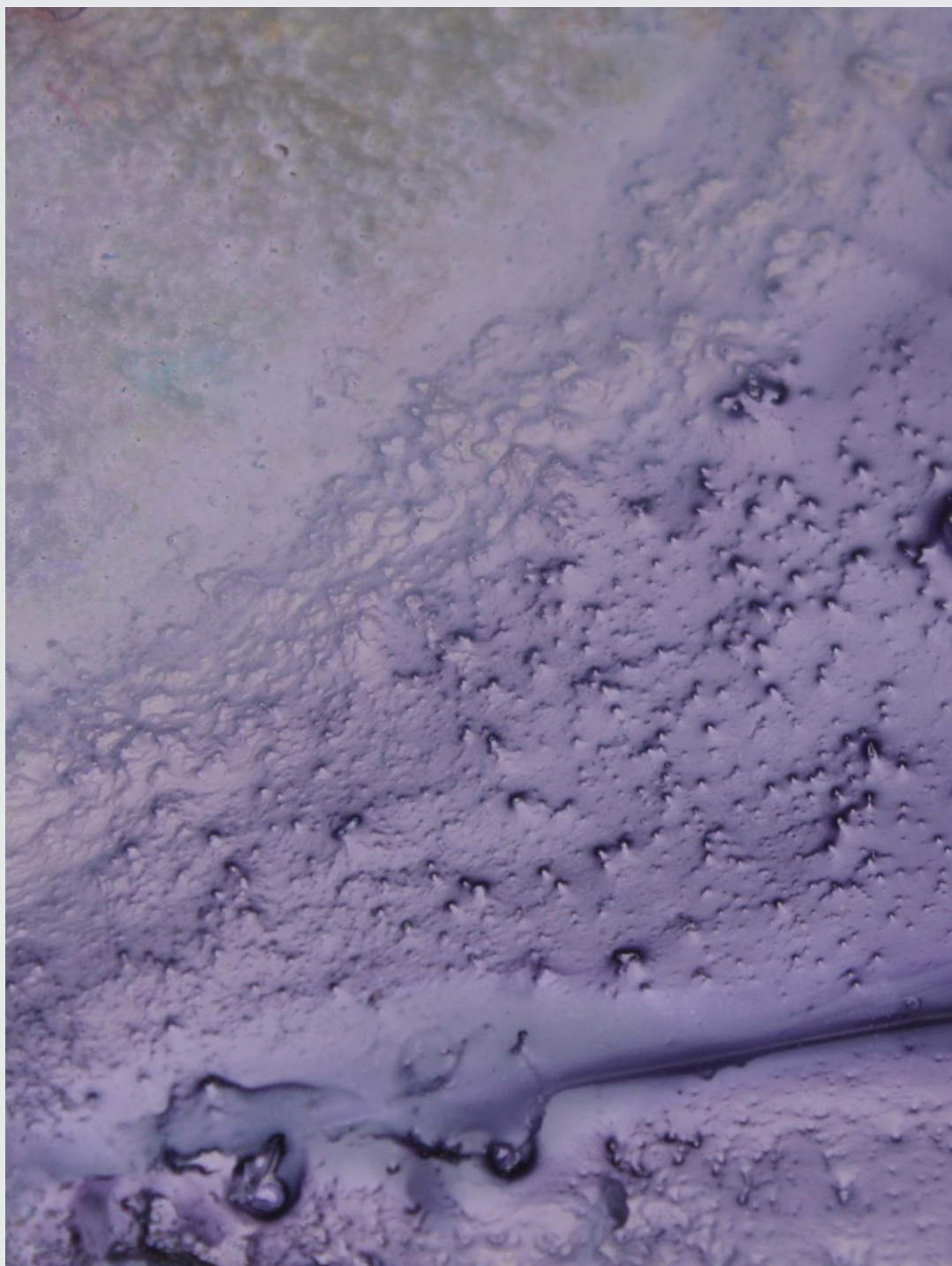
He looked at me curiously for a moment, taking note of my distance.

"Did you see everyone you needed to?"

I held onto his question for several seconds before answering. "Yeah. I think I did," I said slowly. I looked up at him and finally grinned. He returned the gesture with a sense of relief and I noted how much I loved his crooked smile. The back of his hair had not improved since I had last seen him, and his tie had come untucked from his vest again. The whole picture was perfect. I didn't touch a bit of it, but rubbed his arm affectionately, rumpling his vibrant purple dress shirt even more. He looked so good in that color. I moved toe to toe with his scuffed shoes and rose up to kiss him before firmly taking his hand, his warmth filling me up. "Let's get going."

I led him down the sidewalk, away from the old church house without a second glance, listening to his hardy, honest laugh fill the cold empty air around us as we talked, and after he opened the car door for me, we drove off into the gray winter day. Somewhere behind us stood a town and a church house and a purple sweater with polished shoes, all tied together with a bowtie that had filled my younger years.

We kept driving.



# WASTE

min jin





# D SINK

n song

# BIOGRAPHIES

## ART

### JOEY ARONHALT

Joey Aronhalt is an Akron based film photographer and is currently studying at the University of Akron. He mainly uses black and white medium format film. His main goal throughout his photographs is to make the viewer question what is going on. Why? Why not? What is being hidden? For what reason? Even if the Photographs do not contain the answers.

### ANTHONY JIMENEZ

Anthony Jimenez is an undergraduate student at California State University Monterey Bay, where he studies Visual and Public Art. His hobbies include drawing, painting/digital painting, design, playing and writing music, and reading. He is passionate about producing unique art and inspiring others through his themes and through education.

### ANNA MARTIN

Anna Martin is a visual artist and writer, native to Baltimore, Maryland, and currently based out of Salt Lake City, Utah. Anna is currently an undergraduate at Salt Lake Community College. She is an avid explorer and much of her artwork is inspired by her travels; her work is also heavily influenced by nature and science. Anna's work has been previously exhibited in various galleries and museums, such as the Rosenberg Gallery, the Baltimore Museum of Art, and A.I.R. Gallery in Brooklyn, NY. She has also been published in various art magazines such as *Grub Street*, *Litro*, *Green Writer's Press*, and *Intima: A Journal of Narrative Medicine*.

### CHARITY POOLE

Charity Poole is an undergraduate student pursuing her BFA in Metalsmithing & Jewelry Design, with a secondary concentration in Photography, at the University of Kansas.

### MIN JIN SONG

Min Jin Song is an undergraduate student at New York University. She loves traveling and capturing moments from spaces that evoke interesting contexts. Her work investigates a sense of humor embedded within the idea and the object.

### DRAKE TRUBER

Drake Truber's sketches are recognized for their emotional energy and narrative qualities. Truber is a student at Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California. Truber also takes interests in history, metaphysics, public speaking, and writing.



# NONFICTION

## OLIVETTE PETERSEN

Olivette Petersen is an undergraduate student studying psychology at The University of Tennessee at Chattanooga. She loves writing, playing guitar, and biking in her free time.

## MADI DILLINGHAM

Madi Dillingham is an undergraduate student studying English with an emphasis in secondary education at Utah State University. She has a passion for literature and looks forward to helping her future students foster a love for reading and writing as well. When she isn't curled up with a good book, Madi spends her time exploring the mountains near her home and planning her next trip with her husband, Jason.

# POETRY

## DYLENE CYMRAES

Dylene Cymraes is the Editor-in-Chief of *Metafore Magazine*. She is a BFA student in the Creative and Professional Writing program at Maharishi University in Fairfield, Iowa. She has published four novels, & her poem, "Writer's Portrait, Too" was published last spring by the *American Journal of Poetry*.

## NATALIE FITZGERALD

Natalie Fitzgerald is an undergraduate student at Salisbury University. She spent several years as an EMT and enjoys oil painting, reading, and baking.

## HANNAH MELTZER

Hannah Meltzer is an undergraduate student at Mills College in Oakland, California.

## EMILY NEUHARTH

Emily Neuharth is an emerging writer from Valparaiso University where she is also editor in chief of their literary journal *The Lighter*. She writes in an effort to catch her mistakes and coping mechanisms in one hand so she can better observe how they play together.

## ALEXIS PEARSON

Alexis Pearson is an undergraduate student at St. Cloud State University in Minnesota. She enjoys a good cup of coffee and will read just about anything but has an affinity for writing that feels like jumping into the deep end.

# POETRY

## KATHERINE D. WESTBROOK

Katherine D. Westbrook is a senior literary artist, currently attending the Mississippi School of the Arts. She plans to attend the University of Iowa, pursuing degrees in English & Creative Writing and History.

## EVAN WILLIAMS

Evan Williams is a first-year student at The University of Chicago. He cannot wind a hose, and he often (always) burns himself lighting candles. His work has been featured in *The Ideate Review* and *Rockvale Review*.

# STAFF

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