

Dreams

A photograph of a young man and woman walking away from the camera down a path in an apple orchard. The trees are lush green and heavily laden with red and yellow apples. Some apples have fallen onto the grassy ground in the foreground. The man is wearing a dark t-shirt with 'Rib Curl' written on the back and is holding a clear plastic bag filled with apples. The woman is wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt and light blue jeans. The sky is overcast and grey.

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Deep Run High School

2017-2018

Dreams

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The staff members of Deep Run Literary Magazine do not disqualify entries on basis of race, gender, or age. The authors and artists, however, must be students at Deep Run High School at the time of the magazine's publication. After this first barrier is passed, the entries are then selected by quality of submission and/or relevance to theme of magazine.

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Table of Contents

Prose

"Fly High" by Maggie Liu	8-10
<i>The Roadrunners</i> "Chapter 1*" by Rachel Christina	16-17
"Patron Saint of Broken Dreams" by Maggie Liu	20-22
"Hills" by Lee DePue	33
"Dreamy Prose" by Salwa Balla	38

Poems

"Legacy" by Brooke Biastock	10
"Sonnet 91" by Brennan Thaler	11
"Catharsis" by Katelynne Collins	12
"Love Poem" by Madison Marshall	14
"Sketch" by Hannah Klose	14
"TV Head" by Parker O'Keefe	17
"Spring" by Madison Marshall	18
"Seasons" by Kristina Pratt	18
"The Stadium" by Nicholas Alouf	19
"Nightdreams" by Julia Nelson	19
"Legacy" by Brooke Biastock	23
"Blades of Grass" by Hannah Klose	24
"Rain" by Katie Johnson	24
"Stormy Future" by Wendy Chen	24
"Aurora Borealis" by Katelynne Collins	26
"Dreams" by Sarah Jones	27
"A Plea to Shift an Insidious Fate" by Adam Elwood	28-29
"Home" by Mary Leigh Biastock	30
"Worthy" by Mary Leigh Biastock	30

"Escape" by Mary Leigh Biastock	30
"Let Us Dance" by Olivia Gilmore	31
"Untitled" by Brooke Biastock	31
"Sorry for Staring" by Jack Rossi	32
"The Dream Factory" by Maria Lavrentyeva	34
"One Drop" by Brooke Biastock	35
"Dear Heart" by Hannah Klose	35
"Consequence" by Lee DePue	36
"Muse" by Brooke Biastock	37
"Next Year" by Sarah Jones	39
"Graduation" by Anna Russ	39

Art

<i>Pups</i> by Andrea Palmer	10
<i>Summer Nights</i> by Azzah Abdoalrhman	11
<i>A Glimpse of Hope</i> by Sierra Kenny	13
<i>Sky High</i> by Catherine Shen	15
<i>On the Way</i> by Jessica Wen	18
<i>VT</i> by Sam Murphy	19
<i>Reaching for the Light</i> by Alana Stokes	23
<i>Searching for Dreams</i> by Emily Griffith	25
<i>Campagne</i> by Anina Kotian	25
<i>Cirrus</i> by Zoë Fields	27
<i>Are Dreams What They Seem?</i> by Mary Leigh Biastock	28
<i>Pray</i> by Alana Stokes	32
<i>Fever Dreamer</i> by Andrea Palmer	36
<i>The Unknown</i> by Kristina Pratt	38
<i>Tennessee Dreams</i> by Mary Katherine Kidney	39

“Fly High” by Maggie Liu

“Winner takes all?” he asks, a devilish blue light glinting in his eyes. I roll my eyes, unsurprised by his daring request.

“Shake on it,” I chuckle. “Don’t cry when I beat you.”

His grip is confident, warm, and he smirks, raising his chin just a fraction of an inch. “We’ll see about that,” he tells me seriously. “I have no intention of letting you go.”

Before all the words have left his mouth, I take off. “Hey, no fair!” he yells, and I hear the zoom of his dreamcatcher behind me. I laugh out loud, riding easily on my dreams. There is absolutely no way that a Dreamchaser can catch me; I am the ultimate Nightmare, the one who eludes all attempts at domestication.

I am young, free, and wild. I am fleeting, devastating, and fragile. I am Death.

“In the human world,” I call, turning around to face him, “there is no fair and unfair. That is the way of life, and that is also the way of Death.” I speed up, intending to leave my Dreamchaser far behind, but he seems determined to keep up with me, even if it means pushing himself to the limit.

“Did you know,” he grits out between clenched teeth, face ashen from the effort of sustaining his dreamcatcher, “that I used to have everything? All I’d ever wanted? All I’d ever needed?” Dreamchasers are formed from the souls of those who die young. I should know; I am the one who takes them. “So?” I shrug. “It doesn’t matter to me.” I see the blood rise, briefly, to his cheeks before draining out again, but it’s true: I could not care less about the life he once led.

My job is to decide, every day, who dies and who lives. There is no bias in my job; the souls are selected by random, and all I must do is gather the young ones, bring them to the Dreamworld, and train them as Dreamchasers.

Of course there will be ones who rebel. They tend to be the ones who led half-full lives, the ones whose lives were always on the rise, the ones who had everything to lose.

His eyes burn bright blue, anger in its truest form, and he coughs

out a spurt of glowing white. I raise my eyebrows, amused. "Little boy," I call tauntingly, crossing my arms in an almost-motherly fashion, "you'd better stop now if you don't want to die." "Souls can't die," he spits, clutching both hands to his chest. "The worst I can do is ruin my dreamcatcher, or get suspended for slacking off."

"Nuh-uh-uh," I sing, wagging a finger with a mock pout. "That's where you're wrong, dear Chaser. Souls can and will die. Do you know where they go afterwards?" Without waiting for an answer, because I know he doesn't know it, I continue, "They don't."

"BS!" he chokes out, white light spilling past his lips and onto his shirt. "I don't-- we can't-- impossible!"

His last word comes as a gasp, a desperate last grasp at the remaining straws of his life, and I shake my head.

"Foolish boy," I say, softly. "I liked you. I thought you might, someday, become my apprentice."

He is on all fours, kneeling on his dreamcatcher, knuckles white from gripping its disintegrating structure, but the livid look in his eyes tells me more than words ever will.

"Oh yes," I tell him, "I do tell that to everyone in your position, but have you ever thought that maybe, just perhaps, the only ones qualified for my position are precisely the ones who have the courage to come this far?"

But I am talking to empty air. His dreamcatcher has finally fallen apart, and yet another outstanding Dreamchaser has shattered into a million remnants of sparkling white.

Finally, I stop. The fragments of his soul linger in the air, waiting for me, and I sigh, gathering the pieces into a small bag.

"When will these kids ever learn?" I ask myself, quietly. "No one wins against Death. Not even a dream."

Somewhere, far below my feet in the human world, a young girl dreams about becoming successful. A million miles away, an old man dreams about his deceased wife. A middle-aged woman

dreams about her illegitimate son, and her husband dreams about suffocation.
I flick my wrist, and my nightmares carry me towards one of them.
I don't know who, and I don't care, but tonight, one of these people will die.
I am nightmare personified. I am unbiased and just. I am ruthless yet merciful. I am Death.

"Legacy"

by Brooke Biastock

A knot,
I know every thread leading back to his heart.
No cut ties
I am simply unraveling.
He was woven into me.
I'm held together by stitches and seams;
I was never much of a seamstress,
a messy crime scene.
It was always blood and love,
no masterpiece made without the heat.
The heart.
A being.
Weak.
He wrote his legacy into me.



Pups

by Andrea Palmer

“Sonnet 91”

by Brennan Thaler

My love to you is greater than all things
Ice cream you are my one true love I've found
You come in many forms and joy it brings
The goodness of your taste I will resound

I love you through the summer days and nights
Your poolside stay is something I will miss
You make me glad under the baseball lights
Through extreme heat I'm in awe of your bliss

But through the winter snows I will miss you
For months you will only be a slight dream
The shops will close as I go search for you
As I sit by the fire I'll think of cream

When I see you again I will rejoice
Because you are my only solid choice



Summer Nights

by Azzah Abdoalrhman

"Catharsis"

by Katelynne Collins

I open my eyes to your hazy figure
That I struggle to recognize
But my eyes find your face
And suddenly I realize

My hand moves forward
Without any thought
But your figure disappears
And leaves me to rot

You knew me as deeply
As the Mariana's Trench
And seeing you there
Made my heart wrench

My eyes open again
To the sunlight through my window
And I press my face
Tightly against my pillow

Images of you
Rush past my eyes
And I break a smile
When I realize

Forever and always
You are still here
You helped me through every storm
And made them disappear

For when I sleep again
Your figure becomes clear
And I cannot help
But to shed a tear



A Glimpse of Hope
by Sierra Kenny

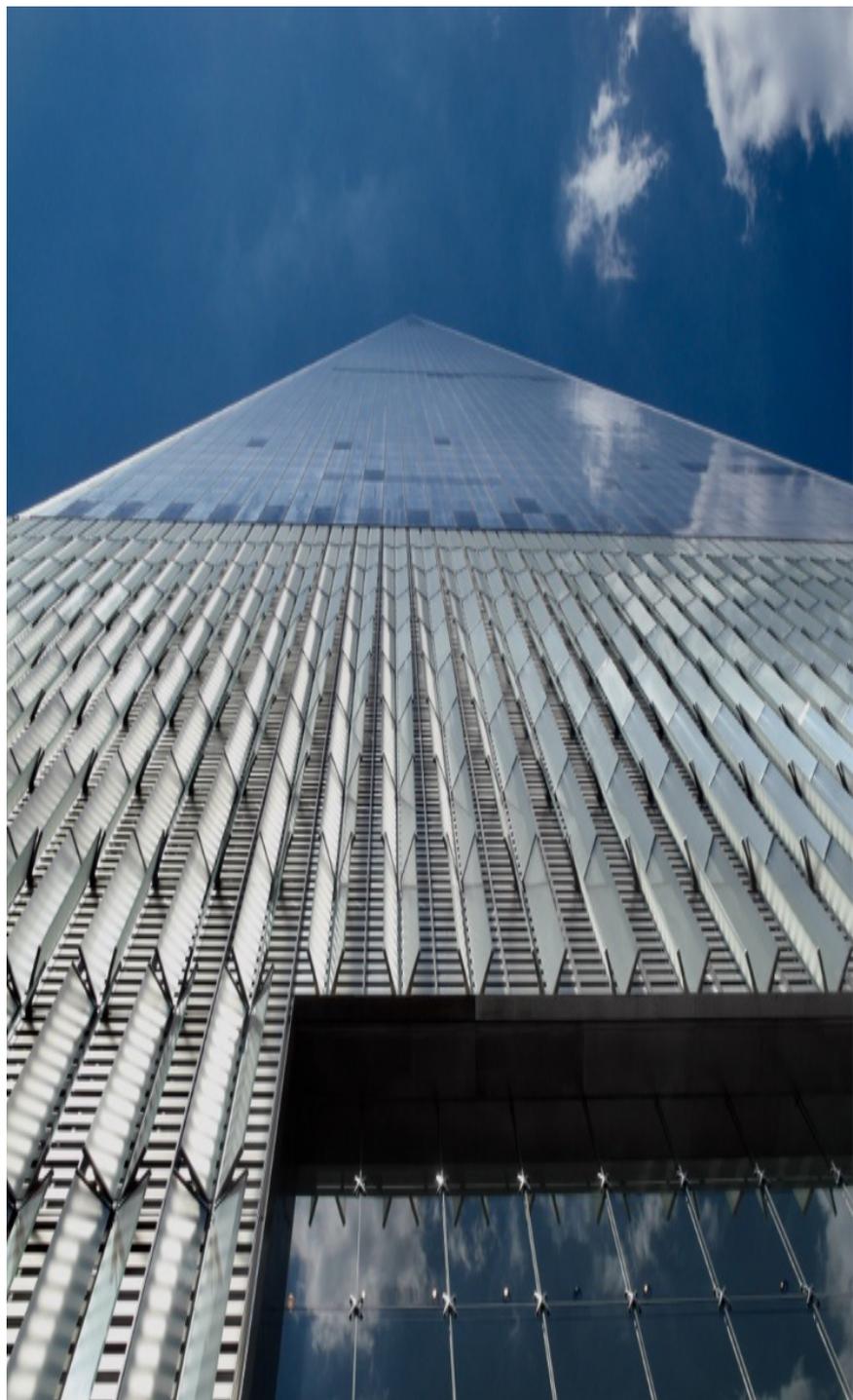
"Love Poem"
by Madison Marshall

A boy loved a girl,
He needed a friend
Someone to be there in the end,
So he gave it a whirl
To the girl named Pearl,
There was much time to spend
And many wounds to mend
All for this one girl,
They didn't have much time
He was always so kind
Their love was a crime
How could he be so blind
It could've last a lifetime
But now it's all behind.

"Sketch"
by Hannah Klose

As the shades of evening descend
Darkness begins to sketch
With his pencil he outlines
Every oak leaf, weed, and picket fence
He thickens his lines with alacrity
But the change is not one the eye can see
In fact,
If you blink,
You may miss it entirely

(facing page)
Sky High
by Catherine Shen



The Road Runners - "Chapter 1"*

by Rachel Christina

Humans are dreamers. Not because they sleep and their brain happens to fill their minds with five minutes of make believe while they recharge. Not that kind of dream. I'm talking about the escape dreams. The prophetic dreams. The life dreams. The farfetched dreams.

It all begins and ends with a dream.

Those that aren't are scared and those that do are more scared. What's worse than having a dream you ask? Having one never become a reality.

Tara dreamed with a soul never resting. Her dreams were worlds she lived in. Like forests she explored with thrill and ease. These dreams were familiar. They were home.

Her dreams weren't hidden; they were worn like tattoos on skin. Carefully crafted and permanently placed. She added to them sure but she was wary to make sure they were plausible. She wanted something that was attainable. Something sure like the ground beneath her feet and the stars in the sky.

Tara was born dreaming. Just like her mother. And her aunt.

And everyone who was ever born on this earth. But she never stopped. Named for the stars and always following them, her destiny was to leave town. Make something of herself.

Explore. Write. Become. Love.

She dreamed more than saw reality, her mother would say. But as a young blooded ambitious girl, she had become restless with the hope of a worthwhile future.

Dreams are dangerous but they generate hope. And hope is invaluable.



Mason Wells dreamed to create a sense of control. He had core dreams that were solace to his mind when plans weren't executed just as he pictured. He had those central dreams like threads in his hand that he held. He moved. He controlled. His parents chose a mold for him. A path all set up ages before he was born. They received a boy with a fondness for exploration,

learning, and dreaming. He dreamed to control his fate. Destiny was in his hands from the moment he was born into that rich family of his though. There was little he couldn't sway his way without a phone call or thick wad of cash.

The world bowed for him and he knew the power he held. He wasn't one to misuse that power, just one to bend it in his favor. Mason wasn't fearful of anything except for change. He believed change compromised his dreams, which was unacceptable. It was a fear he'd never been able to rid himself of. A fear of false hopes he childishly called dreams. A fear of never fulfilling his grand and great purpose, and on this night, this very quaint and plain night, he would face that very fear.

It started with a midnight run.

"TV Head"

by Parker O'Keefe

There's more than a ghost in this machine
But it used to be something more
Found endless connections in a screen
Now less in touch than before
All they want is to connect
But they don't know how after so long
The true self has withered from neglect
Can hardly tell what it is that's wrong
The hardest thing is to be alone
So they seek distractions in technicolor nights
Though they live in monochrome
They drown the static in electric lights
From in their screen they battle strife
Changing channels isn't life



On the Way

by Jessica Wen

"Spring"

by Madison Marshall

The warm thin crisp air
Lets me smile at the sky
Spring is home for me.

"Seasons"

by Kristina Pratt

Seasons come and go,
time cannot repeat itself.
Take comfort in that.

A beam of sunshine, a glimpse of warmth
in the darkest winters day.
Our hope will flourish.

“The Stadium”

by Nicholas Alouf

Walking into light
Brightens my eyes as fans roar
What a sensation



VT

by Sam Murphy

“Nightdreams”

by Julia Nelson

Dreams let me be free
As I fall asleep at night
I can't let them go

“Patron Saint of Broken Dreams”

by Maggie Liu

...the 16th, so tomorrow is repair day, and if I finish that in time, I can start on polishi--

Oh!

Who are you? No one should be able to see me.

Hmm... wait a second, I know! You're the reader, aren't you?

Ha, I knew it! My boss told me you'd be coming sometime today.

Hm, who's my boss? Oh, well, he's the omniscient deity who rules over the entire world: the one and only Death.

Hey, you look scared. Is it because I work for Death? Please don't worry, he's actually a very nice guy, understanding and fair. His sister, on the other hand... whew, now she's a character.

Yeah, that would be Life! I used to work for her, you know, as her Dream Messenger... oh wait, I haven't introduced myself yet! Oh, I'm so sorry for being rude!

I am the Patron Saint of Broken Dreams, in charge of collecting all the shattered pieces of an abandoned or forgotten dream, repairing them, and giving them back. If the host rejects the dream, then I give it to someone else.

Do I have a name? Um, isn't my name 'Patron Saint of Broken Dreams'? No, I don't have a name by human standards, but you may call me whatever you wish. I will give you five seconds to choose.

Oooooone, twooooo, threeeefourfive! Are you done yet?

Ooh, that's a cool name! Sure, I'll answer to that, but only for you, okay? Don't tell Death, he'd give me a talking-to.

What do you mean where am I going? I'm just trying to do my job, and my job does not constitute of talking to humans, even if Death personally granted you permission.

Wait, what do you want to do? Come with me?

...

...

Weeeeell...

I guess it couldn't hurt once... but just this once! And you have to listen to me, do everything I tell you to!

Okay, then, let's go! We're going to take a trip around America today to collect all the broken dreams. Don't smile, it's not an easy job! There are so many people in this country, and so many of them just throw away their dreams...

It's really kind of sad.

Hm? Well, sure, I guess I'm used to it, but still... I used to be— Oh look, that's our first dream! I bet you didn't think it would be sparkling pink. Okay, here, hold this bag open for me. No, open it wider! Yeah, that's good, that's good, stay like that.

(Ohh, come here, little one... don't be scared, I'm here to help... okay, now I just need to take you back to my shop and fix you all up, okay?)

Hey, good job! Huh? What was that dream about? Well, that's a little hard to explain...

Dreams are categorized by color, you see. Ambitions are bright colors, nightmares are dark, and daydreams are pastel. That one was pale pink, which means it was probably about love.

Wait, you think that's sad? Okay, okay, I see where you come from, but let me just tell you, I pick up about a million of broken loves every single time I go out. It's really not that sad.

Then what is?

...

There are a lot. I've seen flaming red college dreams shattered due to lack of money, forest green artist dreams broken because of parental disapproval, magenta dancer dreams splinter because of injury.

I've seen a lot, my friend, and I've seen yours too. I've seen how desperately you wanted those grades, how badly you craved to be accepted, how hopelessly you wanted that person to notice you. I've seen how much you've suffered, but I've also seen how much you've grown.

...

Look, there's another dream. How about you tell me what it signifies? I'll give you a hint: purple means regality.

Oh, you're really close! It's not a princess dream because the color's not pastel. Actually, it has nothing to do with royalty at all. Regality is a mindset, and this person... well, this person's calm, diplomatic mindset has just been shattered.

Wait, but look at how the edges are frayed. This means that the dream has a very likely chance of being repaired and reaccepted. On the other hand, a clean break can't be repaired as easily, and the host might not take it back.

What? Of course you can ask me a question! Come on, I don't mind.

...

...

...

Yes... you have grown a lot. I remember every dream I pick up, you know. I repair all of them, and you've accepted a lot of them back. But, at the same time, you reject many of them, those that are useless to dwell upon.

I'm very proud of you, you know. It's not often that someone knows the best route to take.

Hm? No, maybe you don't know it, but your sub-consciousness does, and that you accepted or rejected those certain dreams, that shows self-awareness.

You know yourself, friend, better than you think, and in the end, you'll be okay.

...

...

...

Oh, well, would you look at that? It's already time for you to go. Hurry, hurry, go home! Death is going to show up and yell at me for letting you stay, and we don't want to get either of us in trouble, do we? Come on, now, leave!

Will you ever come back? Hm, that's a good question. Maybe, maybe not, but you know, most of the people who come see me, they're in their darkest times and call upon Death. He sends them to me in hopes that I might be able to help, and most of the times, I do.

I hope you don't come back. I quite like you, you know. It'd be a shame if Death got you to himself so early.

Now seriously, hurry up and go home!



Reaching for the Light

by Alana Stokes

“Legacy”

by Brooke Biastock

A knot,
I know every thread leading back to his heart.
No cut ties
I am simply unraveling.
He was woven into me.
I'm held together by stitches and seams;
I was never much of a seamstress,
a messy crime scene.
It was always blood and love,
no masterpiece made without the heat.
The heart.
A being.
Weak.
He wrote his legacy into me.

“Blades of Grass”

by Hannah Klose

She sleeps under an ever-growing sky.
The blades of grass swing like pendulums
In fields so vast there is no time.
Knowing there is no pace to keep,
They continue to sway
Loose and lazy
With the breeze.

“Rain”

by Katie Johnson

I look up at the dark and gloomy sky
I notice the ground is very dry
Finally, some water for our plants
And something to drink for the ants

“Stormy Future”

by Wendy Chen

Thunder rolls
Thunder claps
And thunder booms,
In different colors of different rooms
Through all the things that shall be,
And all the things we shall see.
Different minds of different thoughts,
We try new things, but we always get caught



Searching for Dreams
By Emily Griffith



Campagne
By Anina Kotian

“Aurora Borealis”

by Katelynne Collins

Greens, blues, and purples are ablaze
Over a horizon within my gaze
I reach out to the painting in the sky
With its ability to mystify

Upon the stairs, we once shared
Hopes of the future of which we were scared
With reassurance and careful words
We sang freely like songbirds

Your eyes shone like the stars that I wished to see
And truthfully, it was hard for me to believe
But suddenly, I knew it was meant to be
You, seeing the lights, with me

A dream we both want to come true
That eventually, we'll see through
But for now, it's left as a wonder
A testament to us to become fonder

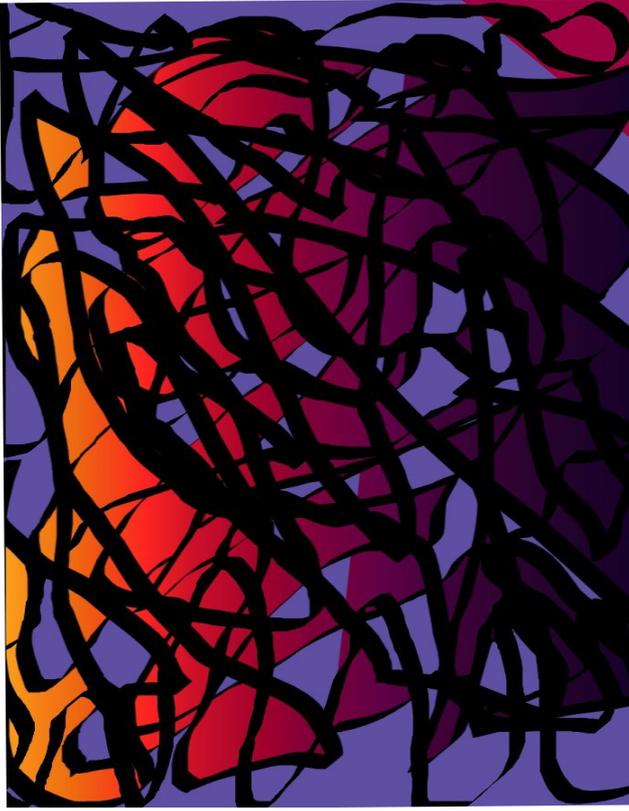
Greens, blues, and purples are ablaze
Over a horizon within my gaze
When this dream finally comes true
We'll both be able to see this view



Cirrus
by Zoë Fields

"Dreams"
by Sarah Jones

When the clock strikes one, I go to eat
And that's what helps me fall asleep
In my mind I'm at the beach
I spot a kite I can almost reach
I wander around up and down a path
Then I remember, I have to do math
In the car all ready to go home
Wake up in my bed all alone
My blankets cover me from my head to my toes
I think, did I even go to the beach? Who knows.



Are Dreams What They Seem?

by Mary Leigh Biastock

"A Plea to Shift an Insidious Fate"

by Adam Elwood

A bright, sunny day, spent inside.
An adept adherent's apex aches.
In a dreary room with fluorescent lights.
Being bored bamboozles brains?
Causing calm creates cranium calibration!
A muffled chatter in the background.
Daydreaming doesn't determine dull demeanors;
Every example – "Stop staring in to space and pay attention!"
A discouraging air fills the room.

Fighting fictional fallacies for fun?

Gladly! Gallant gallivants glean great goods.

Lilly and her friend quietly discussed the circumstances.

Hating hastily hewn heretics heat heroines' hemispheres.

Intervals in intuition increase intelligence.

After speaking for a while, Lilly eagerly waited for a response.

Just jousting jubilantly justified juxtapositions.

"Kill, kill, kill!" keyed Kat.

"Laceration lust limits logic." Lin lodged, lolled.

She calmly asked if her friend was okay.

Massive media mellows magnitude; many make maelstroms mainstream.

Newscasting negativity naturalizes "normal nuisances".

There was no response.

Often, objectification originates of obloquy.

Penelope, perturbed, perceived people: pacing, petrified, pandemonium.

Quantities quandering, quivering, quaking.

Flatline.

Radicalism remains rampant, ridiculous rates rise.

"Stop!" stood she, solemnly, "Savages shouldn't slay students!"

Many tried to save her, like she tried for others.

Tides turned; that terrifying turmoil targeted them.

Unfortunately, urges undermined unanimity.

Emotion hit Lilly like a tidal wave.

Violence vitrified vocal victims.

Why would wrinkled weasels withdrawal wits; wait?

Xenophobia?

Yesteryear's youth yields, yet.

Zeitgeist: zero zone zeal.

Lilly was overwhelmed with grief.

Why was she still alive?

Why is the monster still be here, and not Libby?

Why isn't anybody doing anything?

Why?

“Home”

by Mary Leigh Biastock

Broken

Some shards cannot be found

What is found is collected and broken again

In their smallest form they join together

The glass they create is no longer smooth

Broken once more, the cycle begins

The salvaged pieces diminish

A window can no longer be formed

And light is unable to penetrate the house that cages her

“Worthy”

by Mary Leigh Biastock

Running on a machine with a moving belt

His shins seize and he falls

The light shines upon him

He accepts

His body remains to be found

The soul passes on

Nothing was left to live for

“Escape”

by Mary Leigh Biastock

Hindered by the glass that surrounds

The sun rises and its ray shines

She hides beneath her arms

Hidden in her mind

The world still watches her

She weeps as they pass by

The glass cannot be broken

She is trapped in a cage of their design

“Let Us Dance”

by Olivia Gilmore

As music plays the sun will light the world
You look at me the way you did at first
We sing, I dance, you grab my hand, I twirl
The music still sings as nothing is forced

The sun will sink and lyrics will beam
We still dance, not as it was before
In the fridge light, as if it was a dream
Happy as can be, it has all restored

My love shines bright with my two favorite things
Unlike ever before, these feelings strong
The night will end forcing it all to sting
We are feeling as if we still belong

Never ends, we swirl into the sunrise
This is the feeling when summer arrives

“Untitled”

by Brooke Biastock

His pink lips shone under milky moonlight
Soft petals, a parted tulip
Leaning in to catch the moonlit fragments
Tulips touched and petals crushed
Sickly green hiding behind pink perfume
A warped unwelcome fiend
His body blended into trees
A simple kiss
and the kindly prince
became the rotten toad king

"sorry for staring"

by Jack Rossi

syllables choke, a voice suppressed by shame,
deliver me the words to be unknown
absorbed, the blood too free must meet the flame
i stole the songs your eyes had never shown.
my name lives not inside your beating heart,
the deep blue maze was not my home to find.
a love in which i never played a part,
tears me, my hope erodes inside my mind.
i hoped your light could free me from my dark,
a selfish plea to lead me through the mist.
my skin, it bears the familiar mark
reminding me, alone i must exist.

but should your soul not find its home today,
inside my love, forever it may stay.



Pray

by Alana Stokes

“Hills”

by Lee DePue

I'm afraid of hills. It's my go-to joke, my signature one-liner, and I really wish it was that simple. I'm not afraid of all hills; it's about grade and terrain. I can dissect a landscape like any skilled cartographer, if only to answer one simple question: will it freak me out?

Slope is a major fear factor for me; as slight turns to steep I get more nervous. Gentle, rolling hills are fine- but foothill territory is where my grievances begin. A classic fear of heights seems too vague in this case. Airplanes and skyscrapers don't keep me up at night. It's not the place of any point in space that rattles my nerves, but the path a possible descent from that point would take. Steep slopes seem to encourage falling. However, the only thing worse than a steep hill is a steep hill with no trees.

What's on the slope matters. If I fall, there has to be something on the way down. Trees hide the grade of a hillside and provide something to hold onto. Grass is more honest, but when it's long enough it can provide a comforting depth. Bare hills are the worst hills. They are brazen in their finality.

Though it forms a wonderful base for humor, it would make no sense to say that I find nature any less beautiful when it makes me nervous; in fact, I find that in many cases fear is directly proportional to beauty. Intimidation is often a precursor to awe. I don't actively avoid hills or mountains; I often seek them out. These trips aren't about facing my fears or pushing my limits. They're about finding enjoyment in an environment that isn't made just for me, and never will be. If fear makes me nervous, then awe makes me humble. (And, just for the record, I've never fallen down a hill.)

“The Dream Factory”

by Maria Lavrentyeva

A vague room consumed by a cloud of shadowy ink,
Gears twisting, scraping, grinding
Glistering strands weaving through the vicious teeth.
The iron hands seizing the strings, crushing them,
Molding them into dark-colored silhouettes of deception.
These damaged dreams have yet to fly
To those who await with dead and senseless minds.
Elongated bones and flesh. Spiders of the body, twisting the
strings,
Collecting them in rolls. It's time to soar.
They shoot freely through the tight pipes, hidden from the world.
Black holes of travelling thoughts and dreams. Bland walls of
restraint.
No longer shimmering, they plummet towards the bottom, gusts
of wind directing them to different ways.
They are free.
Free to be rejected.
Blasting furiously out of the minds,
Rotten and scorched, they drown in space. The sewer of unwanted
dreams awaits.
They are free.
Free to follow their guided paths.
Found by fortune and the vicious claws, they drift into the minds
of people,
Senseless and impartial
To the world,
Soaking up the strings that intertwine, tangle with their thoughts.
Faces veiled in silver tears, streams slithering down to trembling
hands.
Heinous laughter convulsing the reclining bodies.
Conscience surrenders, the battle is over.
The same spidery fingers drawing on the strings, their eyes filled
with poisonous satisfaction.

"One Drop"

by Brooke Biastock

One drop bleeds through the page
Soaked gown clings to her frame
Frayed nails pry streams from her face
Knees dig into weeping cedar
Arms of Poseidon pound against choking panes
Full blown battery rattles hollow home
Buoyant and porous she learns to float
Raging and red she navigates the open seas
A home: a boat and a burial
A women: a body and a broken storm
Water absorbed
Water absorbs

"Dear Heart"

by Hannah Klose

*Tell me about your dreams,
my heart asks of my soul.*

It longs to hear stories
that haven't yet been told.

It wants a new goal
to occupy its mind.

And my soul responds,
*Dear Heart,
these things take time.*

Fever Dreamer
by Andrea Palmer



"Consequence"
by Lee DePue

She loves us
but
It's complicated.

From the time you are a single cell
A single atom
She cradles you
Keeping you close

Many see her as a tie
A leash
A chain
A noose

But I think she just holds my hand
Firmly
to keep me safe from the things
She knows are out there

“Muse”

by Brooke Biastock

She curved into a canvas.
A muse,
much more romantic
than a girl with substance.
Memorialized is the artist,
but she was lost in the piece.
Thin as paper,
a girl living for an artist tears easily.
Hang a ghost on your wall,
a hollow voice
echoes through your halls.
Heart strings ring as gracefully
as harps-chords.
His magnum opus.
Her chorus.
Melpomene bled her blessing.
Angels and phantom soliloquies.
Poets give paper no agency.
Pens drenched in ink
carve into skin
blamelessly.
Words worthy of etching.
God knows,
Mutilating,
the holy cost of creating.

"Dreamy Prose"

by Salwa Balla

June 3rd, 2001

The glaucous ocean kissed the boy's ankles as it flooded over the shore. It was a nostalgic taste, as salt rippled the air and his skin tightened in remembrance. His numb limbs shook with the gelid touch of the water beading against his knees. Enraptured by the ache in his chest, his heavy legs moved deeper. The thick weight of the air constricted the damage in his thoughts; the gap between a schizoid and a histrionic.

Sweet molded cheeks and crescent shaped eyes. The honeyed boy with the taste of sap in his skin couldn't breathe. The sky was white with swollen memories and his throat was full with Aphrodite's tears. Unfortunate; his fate was clasped between his fingers but he would never imagine they would be pried open.



The Unknown

by Kristina Pratt

“Next Year”
by Sarah Jones

Seven more months until I’m off on my own
Then the college adventure begins
I’m excited and nervous at the same time
But I know I’ll be fine
The classes I assume will be quite hard
I’ll be okay as long as I have a food card

Tennessee Dreams
by Mary Katherine Kidney



“Graduation”
by Anna Russ

The day everyone has been waiting for,
Has finally come.
With new beginnings and sad endings,
And white gowns and caps,
Everyone sits together
With bittersweet hearts
It’s finally here
The saddest and most exciting time of the year.

