Archarios, 2011 Spring

Office of Student Life
archarios

Literary Art Magazine
We bend the world to our will. What we see in human-to-human interaction, in the colors and textures of nature, what this world is as an entity separate from us, we change. We perhaps feel too deeply the heartbreaking realities that exist all around us, and the life that gives us inspiration, and, through our various modes of expression, we violently and urgently try to tell the world and our fellow people what this really is. We live our art unconsciously. It is who we are.

The 26th issue of Archarios Literary Art Magazine is representative of all the energy it takes to produce a magazine that showcases the creative process. We started this year by winning a gold ADDY for our fall 2010 submission week poster, and by coming in third place in the literary magazine category at the ACP/CMA National College Media Convention. We end the year with a high, and you’re holding it in your hands.
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the winners' circle

art

literature

paul rice poetry broadside
the winners’ circle

Look upon these works and marvel.
This piece was a face jug study, to a sculptural extreme, focusing on the Cyclops from *The Odyssey*.
This was one of my first tries at color pencil as a medium. I am familiar with using normal graphite pencils and cross hatching as a shading technique, and I am pretty decent at it. But, color was practically completely new to me. The addition of color to any medium adds another dimension of thought and consideration of composition. Thankfully, I kind of lucked out on this one and it worked out.
My woodblock print "Skin and Bones" places emphasis on the ephemeral nature of both personal depiction and external interpretation. It illustrates that despite how we choose to present ourselves, and regardless of how we are perceived by others, when reduced to our physical essence, we are all very much the same...disgustingly human.
In writing "Shades of Grey," I wanted to experiment with how an environment can reflect a character's state of mind through the perception of color. The first sentence is what spurred this story to be. It wouldn’t leave me alone until I wrote it down: "Aaron wouldn’t necessarily have described himself as an atheist." The story really started when I asked, "Why not?"
Aaron wouldn’t necessarily have described himself as an atheist. That required one to believe in something, which was nothing. He had the distinct feeling that the world had some sort of pattern to it. He just couldn’t be bothered to figure out what it was. People, however, were a different story. In fact, he had the art of judging a book by its cover down. He sat at a glass table huddled beneath an umbrella as he sipped at a cup of tea. All around him grey concrete bricks from buildings that felt more like large grey walls. The signs that read things like “Kat’s Café” and “Morrison’s Pub” had color, but it was long faded and dull now to match with everything else. Even the sky had become more grey than blue. He watched a couple walk by. Probably not a couple for long. They may have been holding hands, but the man wasn’t even looking at the woman.

She probably didn’t notice because her eyes were set to the floor. One of those nervous types, or maybe just shy. They weren’t even walking side by side. The so-called boyfriend always being two steps in front of her and when she walked faster to catch up he’d maintain the distance. It grated on his nerves. A black cat stepped out from the café’s alley. Aaron watched the cat without really seeing it. Maybe it was because that woman reminded him of her. She was shy, and kept her hair short and trim. Said it was just easier to keep that way, but that was the way he liked it. His mind was far from the cafe and his cup of tea. Far from the man that walked up to kick the cat. How was she doing? It hadn’t been long since she left. He would go see her, and see how she was doing in her new world.

Closing his eyes he saw her face. Her eyes looked dull. Grey eyes that had lost the gleam that gave them life. When he opened his eyes, there was green all around. A lush forest had suddenly sprung up all around. A tree in the center towered over the others, yet its limbs were still within reach. One could easily pick the apples off one by one. Perhaps too low in fact, for a little green snake on one of the branches was already trying to swallow one down. A lithe figure stood by the tree.
Somewhere between youth and adult. It was hard to tell which. “Don’t tell me you’re ripping off the Bible. How long did this take you? Seven days?”

She turned and set her hands on her hips, “Very funny! See I haven’t made time yet. So it took me no time at all.” She yelled out to him as she ran forward. Her light brown hair oddly not fluttering at all as she ran.

“How do you not invent time? And if that’s the case, how is anything even moving then?”

“It’s my creation. Deal with it. What do you think though?”

“I think if you’re going to make it the biblically accurate version of the real world, then at least do it all the way and give the poor place some proper physics,” Aaron said.

“You know… I never took a physics course actually.”

He slapped his palm against his forehead, “If you didn’t know much about the world, then how exactly were you planning on making one?”

“Well I’ve got a good start so far, I think. Plants and animals.”

“It’s going to end up just like the real world. Why make a new one if you’re just going to start it off the same?” he said.

She glanced off, “It won’t be the same as that place…”

Aaron closed his eyes. He felt the words on his lips, and yet they were stagnant. He forced the words out as he opened his eyes, “Why did you–” The air was crisp. He was back in the grey world.

Aaron stood up and took another sip of his tea. The cat scampered off back into the alleyway. He decided to head back home. He walked down the sidewalk and began wishing he’d brought a heavier coat. The wind felt as though it blew right through him and the temperature was steadily dropping. He could see his breath. Little white flakes began drifting down. Snow. She would be jealous. Though now she could have snow whenever she wanted. She’d never think about it. Next time he was there he would remind her. He hurried into his home. It was small, but it had everything he needed. It was cold, but the wind couldn’t get him here. Aaron took off his glasses. He rubbed them clean with his shirt tail. They’d fogged up. He set them back on and glanced at the table looking for mail. A newspaper sat on the edge of the wooden table. A large red circle looped around one of the black and white articles. He ran his hand through his short brown hair. It reminded him of that horrid joke. The one children told and everyone already knew what the answer was. He could hear her voice in his head.

“Hey Aaron! What’s black and white and red all over?”

“A newspaper of course,” he said.

“Nope. A penguin working in a ketchup factory!”

“…that’s a horrid joke.” It was so ridiculous he couldn’t help but laugh. She was so ridiculous it made him laugh, but it was one of the things he liked about her.

Aaron smiled to himself and hurried up the stairs. Thoughts of her just seemed to linger everywhere, but she seemed so happy where she was. It was probably what she’d wanted all along. In the bathroom, he tossed his clothes aside. He stepped under the shower head letting the hot water rush over him, washing away the cold. He closed his eyes and set his face beneath the water letting everything drown out off into the distance. There it was again. Her dead grey eyes. The dead grey eyes that reflected the world she saw here. The steam gently rose, among other things, as he watched her. The steam wrapped itself around him. The water pounding against his face. Rushing water growing louder and louder. The water at his feet gently encircling his ankles. He pulled away from the shadowless figure. She righted herself in the air and rushed down suddenly stopping in the air. She stepped down onto the grassy shore as if standing on invisible stairs. Aaron let out a
couple huffs, “You scared the p—”

“Why’re you naked...?” she asked. Her eyes staring up, trying not to look and, yet, sorely curious. She was bright red and let out a giggle as he grabbed a leaf off the fig tree next to him and tried to cover himself with it.

“Is this what’s going to bloody happen every time I think of you?” he said.

“You were thinking about me naked?” She asked going redder and yet smirking.

“No! It’s not what you’re thinking!”

“Do you like my newest addition?” She motioned to the waterfall.

Aaron looked at the waterfall and the green trees all around it. This place was so bright and warm, yet there was no sun in the sky. She’d probably forgotten about it, just like she had the shadows. Where was the light even coming from? He laughed, “It’s shaping up nicely. It’s warm.”

“Not too warm, is it?” she asked.

“It’s snowing outside,” he said.

“Really?” She lets out a sigh, “You’re so lucky. It only ever snowed that one time when I was little.”

“You can make it snow now,” he said.

“Oh! But wouldn’t you be cold?”

Aaron closed his eyes and laughed, “Just make it warm. You’ve done stranger things.” Water was suddenly pouding in his face. He stepped back, “What the—that’s right... Shower.” He finished and threw his clothes back on.

Aaron’s bedroom was clean if you ignored the pile of clothes sitting in the corner. They would be hung back eventually, just not now. The walls were white he knew, but the shadows set them grey. He cut on the radio. A guitar and harmonica’s melody drifted over the room. A man sung about lost love. Aaron cut off the radio. He hopped down on the bed and stared up at the ceiling. Tomorrow was work. Restocking shelves with movies he had yet to see and games he wanted. Waiting on managers that couldn’t just give him a spare key to the back room. Life drudged along. Had it always been like this? Had the world seemed this grey when he was a child? No. Perhaps then he just wasn’t seeing it as it was. That’s right, he left her there. He glanced at the clock. No, it would be best to get to bed, else he’d be too tired. Getting up early sucked. He went to bed, and fell into a dreamless sleep.

Work was a joke. He spent half the time waiting for the key. Which would have been fine had he had something to do. Though any sort of handheld would be too tempting and have him fired in the end. Waiting was tiring. He walked home. The snow that had fallen was already melting. The concrete was already peeking through. The snow, although cold, was at least different. Nothing around was that bright pure white anymore. He stooped down a moment. Scooping up some snow, he packed it into a ball. A couple of children were making last minute snowmen. One of the snowmen had fallen over. A small boy was squirting ketchup around the head of the fallen snowman. His friends watched giggling. Aaron gripped the snowball in his hand. He had to throw one for her. He tossed it, pegging the boy in the back of the head. He fell forward face first into the ketchup. He stood back up and let out a squeal. A girl fell over in the snow holding herself as she rolled about laughing. The boy gazed along the line of his friends, ketchup dripping off his pudgy cheeks, “Which o’ you tossed it?” After many “Not I”s the boy spotted Aaron creeping away. He snatched up a snowball and chucked it, hitting Aaron in the middle of his back. Aaron took off running as a group of children pursued him down the road, throwing snow all the way. He ran up the stairs and set the key in to unlock the door. A snowball grazed his shoulder. He opened the door and shut it behind him. Four thunks followed. Aaron huffed to catch his breath, then he fell to the floor and laughed. He laughed until he felt his sides hurt.

Laying on the floor he took a deep breath. Her grey eyes staring at him as he closed his eyes. They seemed dimmer today. The air was crisp. She must have figured out how to make it snow. His eyes opened. It was raining. The towering grey wall buildings were everywhere.
Shadowy figures hurried by. A pale figure sat in the middle of the plaza. The shadow people walking right through her. She was huddled on the ground hugging her knees close to her. Aaron rushed over. He wrapped his arms around her, but they passed through. She sat there, hiding her face in her knees. “Sera. Sera. Sera! Look at me!” She peeked up, “I don’t know what happened! They just—all of a sudden—”

“Calm down. Slow down,” he knelt by her. She grabbed at him trying to hug him, but passed through. She let out a whine and curled back up on the ground.

“Sera! Look.” Aaron set a hand by her face and moved it close enough that it seemed to touch. “See. Don’t you feel that?” He stroked at her cheek as if he could touch her.

She smiled, but it quickly faded, “I tried to make people, but it just—Everything just changed. They changed everything. Everything I wanted is gone!” She let out a whimper.

“Sera,” he stared into her eyes. They were dying again.

“Maybe I should leave?”

“Don’t leave me again.” He set his arm around her and moved by her ear, “This is your creation, right?” She was silent. “Don’t you remember, the trees you had over there? The ridiculous ones.”

“W-which ones...?”

“All those ones. Like the big apple tree with the little green snake dangling off that apple. The huge waterfall that should be over there,” he said.

“But...It’s ridiculous...Everything I make is ridiculous,” she said.

“I love ridiculous things.”

“What about physics?” she asked.

“Physics can go screw itself,” he tapped her nose. She giggled and rubbed at her eyes. She looked off trying to rid herself of the tears without him seeing them. “Sera...I don’t care why you left. As long as you’re here, I can deal with it.” He felt something touch his back and looked up into the branches of the apple tree. The snake fell with the apple still attached to its fangs. She giggled. Aaron moved in front of her and set his lips to the forehead he could not feel. He pulled away and looked into her eyes. Her green eyes shined. “One day I’ll be here with you. Full time.”

Sera smiled, “I’ll be here.”

Aaron went to work the next day. He told the manager what he thought about his job. His manager didn’t much appreciate his opinion. He walked home staring down at the pink discharge notice in his hands. There was something liberating about it. Something cold bashed him across the face. He set a hand over his cheek. The group of kids stood there giggling. The snow had already melted.

“Froze one just for you!”

Aaron felt a rage building up, but remembered they were just kids. He laughed it off, “Hey! You know what’s black and white and red all over?”

“Easy! A newspaper!”

“Wrong! A penguin working in a ketchup factory!” He yelled. The other children laughed as the pudgy faced one stood there dumbfounded.

The little girl yelled out, “You’re weird mister!”

Aaron smiled and walked home. He grabbed the newspaper off the table and tossed the obituaries into the garbage. He noticed a pale green envelope at the edge of the table. It must have been underneath the paper. He picked it up. From Sera. He took it to his room and taped it up on his wall. He stood back and stared at it. He didn’t need to read how sorry she was for leaving this world. He was satisfied believing she was sitting under the large green apple tree, and maybe someday he’d sit by her there.
Coming Home

Nonfiction Essay

The casket is draped with an American flag. Six white gloves grip the handles, Marines on both sides. A 20-year-old boy lay in the box. My brother’s best friend, Anthony Welch—his life taken during a second tour in Afghanistan.

Seven men in black and blue uniforms stand by the gravesite. They hold guns and I can’t look away. I want to touch the cold metal. My brother holds a gun and I imagine the two at war. I imagine the gun in a box. I imagine my brother in a box. I cry.

A week earlier, my brother escorted the Marine home to his family. He stood in full uniform, waiting on the porch as a delicate, pale woman opened the screen door. He could still remember the chipped white paint on the old farm house and the way the sun made her yellow hair glow. He stood silent as he removed his cover and placed it over his chest. She had tears in her eyes but peered eagerly through them, waiting for him to say something, anything. He couldn’t. His staff sergeant had told him exactly what to say—to let her know

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Corrie Lacey

I’ll never forget that summer day Will left for boot camp. It was hot, humid. Will was skinny, his eyes still innocent. I was the first one he hugged goodbye. I figured he would save the most important for last, so getting the first hug made me cry. He was so perfect that day. Everyone wanted his attention. I wanted his attention. I wanted to take back every bad thing I’d ever done to him. I wanted to be hugged last. But something changed between us that day, something I’ll never be able to explain. Despite the 500-mile distance that would come between us, we connected in a way we never had before. Maybe it was through letters or maybe it was something else, but for the duration of those three months, my brother and I developed an understanding only he and I can comprehend—a relationship only we can understand. “Coming Home” gives a glimpse into that relationship. The piece sheds a light on my brother as Lance Corporal Lacey and a love for him that can only be seen in the white spaces of the work—a love that, no matter where life takes either of us, will always feel like I’m coming home.
he had brought her dead son home. But all that came out was her name as he stood alone with her now. He didn't need to say anything more.

The woman dropped to her knees and sobbed. He told me he could only cry as he watched her scratch at the wooden porch—the white dish cloth she was holding stained red as the splinters bloodied her fingers. He was afraid to touch her—but wanted nothing more than to hold her as they cried together. She screamed and whimpered and screamed more. He lowered himself down to her and put his hand on her shoulder—his white glove against her dusty flannel.

“I always imagined what it would be like when he came home. I’d hang the flag and run out to meet him,” she said. “But now it’s you I’m meeting. And he’ll never see the flag.”

She stopped crying and thanked him. He handed her a piece of paper with information on her soldier. She thanked him again. She shook his hand before going back inside and closed the screen door behind her.

My brother stood on the porch alone. He stared out into the field of swaying grass, and returned the cover to his head. He had imagined the moment playing out slightly differently. He wasn’t sure what he had expected—but wished he could do it over.

Now the dead boy’s mother sits by the gravesite. Two Marines slide the flag from the coffin and meticulously fold it—their shaking hands move like a dance. The mother hides her tears behind dark sunglasses. It’s raining. More than a hundred people gather around the hole with their black umbrellas and watch my brother hand her the flag—now a thick triangle with only blue and white stars. She places it in her lap and wipes her nose with a tissue.

Nine days earlier, my brother had been reviewing a Department of Defense press release when he saw that Lance Corporal Anthony Welch was killed in action outside of Marjah. He and Anthony had been placed in the same platoon for their first tour in 2009 and had kept in touch and stayed close when they returned to the States. My brother notified his Battalion adjutant and told him that, should the duty to escort Lance Corporal Welch fall to his Battalion, he would take him home.

My brother boarded a plane at Kandahar International Airport in south Afghanistan, and landed in Dover AFB to receive the remains of his dear friend. He tells me that, as he sat on the humming aircraft, Anthony’s body below, he thought about the construction workers who had taken off their hard hats and placed them over their chest as Anthony’s hearse passed by. They stood perfectly straight, perfectly still. My brother had stood at saluted attention as the crew loaded the Marine’s casket into the belly of the plane, and, when he turned to board the aircraft, he noticed every civilian had stopped to pay the Marine respect. People lined the window of the terminal, and saluted. He said he remembered the flight attendants were a little choked up as they escorted him to his seat. He didn’t talk the entire flight, except to tell the flight attendant he preferred water. When the plane landed, he was the first one off. All the passengers stood as the pilot escorted him straight down the side stairs of the exit tunnel to the tarmac. As his “cargo” was unloaded, my brother stood in the dark, and executed a slow salute.

An older Marine plays Taps on the trumpet as everyone stands in silence next to the gravesite. He plays it slow and I close my eyes. The Marines holding guns fire three times. It startles me and I lift me head to look at my brother. He isn’t crying. His face is stern; I can barely see his eyes from under the brim of his cover. All the Marines look alike—like dolls, like toy soldiers as they stand at attention.

When the funeral is over, I stand by the car and wait for him to shake hands and give his condolences. I feel like I’m rushing him, but I’m tired of crying and tired of death.

Later that night, I sit with my brother. We don’t talk. We sip our beers and stare into the dark. He’s still in his dress blues. He says he can’t drink beer in his dress blues. I nod and
offer him another. The top pops and we clunk our long necks. I smile because I’m with him. I smile because we’re drinking beer together, something we’ve never done before. The beer is bitter and I don’t want to drink it, but I drink it. I drink it because he is drinking it. I drink it because he wants to drink it. I drink it because I am with him.

It isn’t until he recites the nomenclature of a machine gun that I stop staring at him and start listening to his storytelling.

His high and tight hair cut and the small structure of his torso are something I’m not used to. He isn’t my brother anymore. He is Lance Corporal Lacey and he smells like Burberry. His teeth are too white and his skin is too brown. His fingernails are short and clean, and his hard jaw line is a bone structure I’ve never seen before. They call him leather-neck now, a jarhead, a devil dog.

I remember my brother’s first day of kindergarten. That morning, he packed his crayon box in his Batman bookbag, put it on his back the way he saw the big kids do. We waited at the end of the gravel driveway until the bus came and swallowed us whole. When we arrived at our elementary school, he and I went to our rooms on separate sides of the building. I was happy to see him go. He could have stayed with me too easily. Things were simple between us, smooth and comfortable, as if we had known each other for centuries instead of just four and a half short years. He would have been satisfied to play with his toys: Spiderman, his plastic Power Rangers, and the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. He didn’t have to learn to read because I read to him. No need to learn math; I could figure out any numbers he needed to know. I could even handle snack time. But he couldn’t stay with me, letting me take care of him forever. He needed to venture out on his own. But I rested in the assurance that we’d meet again on the bus that afternoon and it would bring us home again.

The day after the funeral, my brother and I walk to a nearby track. It’s 16 laps to the mile, repetitious, monotonous, an unchanging view as we circle around. He runs 48 laps—3 miles, plus a few warm-up and cool-down laps. I run 16. He continues to circle as I grab my Evian and sit on the cool bleachers. The sun isn’t up, but light reflects off the dew of the infield. He is beautiful—Leonardo da Vinci’s Virtruvian Man.

I remember a conversation we had a few weeks ago about calling cadence—a call-and-response chant sung by Marines as they run.

“I used to sit at home all day,” I shout. He grins and shakes his head as he continues to run.

“I used to sit at home all day,” he yells back.

“‘Letting my life just slip away.’”

“‘Letting my life just slip away.’”

“Then one day a man in blue.”

“Then one day a man in blue.”

“Said ‘Son I got a job for you.’”

“Said ‘Son I got a job for you.’”

We yell back and forth, breaking the silence of the summer morning. I can see him smiling as he circles around the track. I’m curious as to what he’s thinking but I don’t care, it’s nice to see him happy. I think about him leaving soon—but I have him now.

My brother flies helicopters for The United States Marine Corps. He’s a crew chief. He shoots machine guns from the belly of a massive bird. He tells me only 700 helicopters have crashed in Afghanistan since the start of the war.

His platoon leader, Sgt. Klay South was shot with an AK-47 in the mouth while attempting to clear a house, shattering 22 of his teeth and blowing off most of his jaw. He is 25. On his second tour of Afghanistan, Cpl. Chris Bickel suffered extensive damage to his legs when an improvised rocket launcher was triggered and blew through a wall, striking his humvee. He is 23. Cpl. Ryan Walsh was wounded during a firefight in Afghanistan after a grenade exploded about 20 feet from his position and he took shrapnel in his legs, breaking both of his tibias. He is 21.
It is a week after the funeral and time for my brother to go. I hug him and start to cry. I bury my face in his chest, and although he is hard with muscle and bone, I remember him as the little boy at the bus stop. I can feel his Saint Christopher against my cheek, and want so badly to tell him how much I love him, but I can only sob. I can’t let go.

He pats my back and tells me everything will be ok. He says ‘I love you’ as he slips into the front seat of the government car. I wave and blow kisses and he smiles shyly. As the car pulls out, I fight the urge to run after it.

On the night my brother’s plane pulls away of the terminal, I wait up. It’s midnight, one, two, and, as I lay awake in bed, I imagine him looking as small and lost as he did on his first day of kindergarten. This time, there will be no bus to bring us back to the driveway. For the next few months, he will live and fight in a place 7,000 miles away.

He’ll land in Kabul International Airport in Afghanistan. He’ll meet up with the other Marines of his platoon and they’ll be herded into humvees and driven across war terrain laced with IEDs under the darkness of the desert night. They will sit in hushed anticipation, fear, anxiety, excitement hovering over the seats, fogging the Plexiglas windows.
### Enlightenment

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| Burning of Biblical books | A woman ponders world’s end |
| Students and Buddhists chanting | Sweating in her dark hijab |
| Heard across the universe | Prevailing under the sun |
| The stupidity of war | Molotov cocktails explode |

| Students and Buddhists chanting | Sweating in her dark hijab |
| Give peace a trying chance | They say ignorance is bliss |
| The stupidity of war | Molotov cocktails explode |
| In the hands of corruption | Arms still aimed at each other |

| Give peace a trying chance | Under the bright Bodhi tree |
| Under the bright Bodhi tree | A woman ponders world’s end |
| In the hands of corruption | Egyptian revolution |
| Egyptian revolution | Prevailing under the sun |

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**Portia Mellott**

My inspiration for “Enlightenment” came from the recent global news about the struggles of religion and government. I believe in restricted indifferentism (meaning that all religions have valid points), and it bothers me to see other Americans condemning other religions, especially Islam. The Iraqi War brought the terrorist scare, the Ground Zero mosque debate brought a Floridian pastor to burn the Qur’an, and there are still Americans who are unaware of what is happening in Egypt and Libya. I have learned that ignorance brings miscommunication and war, while enlightenment brings the possibility of peace.
Wipe the dust from your eyes.
Now see.
His and Hers
Lisa Tyree
Hopes of Understanding
Miranda Green
Water Life
Alverda Childers

Ceramic; 17" x 17.25" x 17.5"
Self Portrait
Israleh Brooks

Charcoal; 25.5” x 20”
The Dotson Twins
Lance Rhodes

Graphite, Ink, Colored Pencil; 13.5" x 10"
Slipping Through
Jeff Case
Doorway
Lisa Buff

Silver Gelatin Print; 5” x 7.5”
Two Sides of Addiction
Kandace Quinter
Sunrise Until
Drake Cartrette

Digital Photography; 20” x 12”
Language is reality.
Let's experience it.
By the Port: lumberjacks (drunken) breathe me, whores festering the black seared sky, and I rest, trapped with animals along the river, underneath the bridge.

Count of homeless, milltowns, & railroads smelling the gritty roar of back alley saloons. There’s more poetic resonance than a drifter’s existence, underneath the bridge.

At the mouth of two rivers, Billy ‘Ghoul’ murdering sailors as darkness falls on Lady Washington, the quiet/loud voices haunt under lock & key, underneath the bridge.

The River’s branded stench non-linear hindsight of teenage angst causing intestines to be ripped from the back of my throat, underneath the bridge.

A grief-stricken widow driven wild by death, chided for infidelity, negative thoughts rise with the tide, underneath the bridge.

Trial by fire, gentle lyrical pleas of “Go Away, Go Away, Go Away.” This hellhole appearing damp and rustic, allowing the new regime instant admission, underneath the bridge.

Write thoughts of mordant humor, telling it, ‘you got no right;’ my duties are done now that I’m completely drained, underneath the bridge.
That night could have been about sex.
Our bodies curled against one another,
your luminescent locks lightly shrouding my face.
Every breath I took drew in a new scent—
particles and pieces of you I had not known,
until now.

And while my fingers traced your figure,
my blood boiled and my chest wrenched.
Oh, timid temptress—how badly I craved you then.
How badly I wanted a part of you that no one else could experience,
that no other worldly-bound body could touch.
One that would allow me to penetrate into you,
not by touch, but by feeling.

And so we laid there in utter blackness
in a frenzied fit of hysterics,
as we joked about Ernest Hemingway
and a three-legged cat,
until the sun poured through the window
of your room.
The bees are dying. It’s simple, really. Their tiny wings cease to flutter, but it’s not like we could ever conceive of how fast they flap. The flowers know. They welcome the vibrations, spreading their petals wide in anxious wait of a creature so feared, so swatted at. A fallen soldier lays for inspection on my front porch. It’s awful against the rotting wood masked with a shade of discontinued paint. My daughter reaches for him, a prince to a queen that will never be rescued.

I grab her small wrist. “Don’t touch.”

She retracts and folds a hand over each knee. “What happened to it?”

The possibilities were endless for this bee. “It died.”

Her youthful forehead wrinkles and a familiar frown sets on her face. “I know, Mommy. But how?”

I reach out and smooth the angry skin above her light eyebrows that match the blonde ringlets resting on her shoulders. Every day she looks less and less like her father. Time chips away at him and seems to add pieces of me. At such a young age, she shouldn’t look like her mother or hold the same worries. Someone would save the bees when I couldn’t. Even if it meant she would be the one to do it.

“They got sick, sweetie,” I tell her.

In her head, she checks injury off her list with a purple crayon. She’d fancy the bees more if they were that color. If only the little things could transform themselves into an individual’s wants. Maybe he wouldn’t have left us if I had been able to do that.

“Is a doctor going to help them?” my daughter wonders, peering closer as if she’d prescribe a cure if one didn’t.

The bees are on their own. They won’t make the same mistakes again. I know that. “No. A doctor can’t help them.”

My daughter decides the bee needs a proper burial. It’s reminiscent of the Carolina Wren I found while my first born took her first steps in the outdoors. Handing my baby over to my mother that day, I scooped the bird away before she could see it. Spanish moss shaded the earth underneath one of my favorite trees and I took it there. I miss that tree. I miss the home that served as its background. But it died like the bird.

I sweep the insect into a shoebox but not before my little artist can get her hands on it. She paints flowers the color of snapdragons and I wonder if she knows how much the bees love that flower. She must. Green flickers the edges and the finishing touch, the most welcomed
piece, is the sun up high; four of them to be exact, one for each side.

I help her blow on the paint to hurry the funeral process. Once they're buried, they can be forgotten. I’m thankful for her tiny feet, knowing a shoebox my size would require a much larger death.

With my hand in one and the box in the other, she stares up at me as we head for the garden. “Does the bee have a mommy and daddy? Are they going to be sad?”

Bees are a dime a dozen. Well...they were once. To care about one is a stretch when the masses matter. What’s out there is an epidemic. I've seen it.

“Bee’s are special,” I tell her. “They have a different kind of family.”

“Like us,” she determines of our two person unit. “Do they have Jack’s?”

I chuckle. Any colony would be lucky to have a man like Jack to help rebuild the hive, even if he isn’t the queen’s king. If anyone can save the bees, it’s him.

“Only we have Jack,” I say in a whisper, smiling to myself.

Her eyes open wide with excitement of a treasure that is solely ours. To make a find so great holds the greatest chance of loss, but I’ll never let her lose again.

Entering the garden, a cloud eclipses the sun and I can only hope she doesn’t see it. From my height, it draws me to the ground. From hers, it compels her. I pull on her hand slightly, try to nudge us in a different direction. She drags her feet to a stop and points at the lifeless bee peaking out at us between the blades of grass. She sees everything.

“Mommy,” she groans, forcing me to confront the next casualty with her. I don’t want to. It hurts to see a creature with all the makings rendered this way.

She wants the truth, but it doesn’t belong in her world. It stays in mine where the mortgage is two months back, the tires on the car are bald and the man who loves us isn’t the one who was supposed to. Rich with a child is what her mother is. Nothing more.

I get eye level with her and recount what I hear on the news every morning. “It’s a virus and a fungus killing the bees. A virus is an infectious, microscopic organism that replicates in living cells and...” I stop. She stares.

“Huh?” Her mouth pulls to the side in near defiance of words that don’t exist.

I take her hand, hold it against my face and breathe. “Mommy’s silly. Isn’t she?”

She smiles because what’s real is her favorite color, the metamorphosing clouds and the stuffed monkey who hugs her back at night. She answers, “Yep.”

Very carefully, I demonstrate the proper way to pick up an insect that can harm in an instant. My daughter scrunches her nose up, irritated I know, that I get to touch the bee and she doesn’t. It joins its fellow comrade in the box and the trail through the garden completes the battalion. Bee after bee lay in wait on the ground till the whole box is filled and we walk the expanse of the garden alongside the back of our home. I would love more than anything to bring the bees back to life. Wishes. That’s what I have.

“Jack!” My daughter breaks free of my hold and runs to the man squatting below her bedroom window.

He wipes dirt off his hands, managing to smear some across his face and catch her in his arms. “What do you have, honey?”

She sighs heavily. “Bees. They’re all dying.”

He raises his eyebrows at me and I nod towards the box in her hand. “Oh,” he drawls, standing with my little girl in his arms. “Let’s see what the dragons have to say.”

We leave the decorated tomb next to the disturbed earth of a future rose bed. Jack’s idea.

Leisurely, he takes us around the corner of our home. We slow at the snapdragon’s lair. A squeal comes from my daughter as pollinators give special attention to the depths of each blue flower. I exhale.

Jack grins and I see his happiness there for the taking. The child he holds never hesitated to take a piece of him. If only her world were mine.

“She?” he asks us. A dirty hand skims down the inside of my arm. “The bees are going to be okay.” When his fingers find mine, I hold on.
I was you once—inside, stuck, and soaking.
I felt the world from your bellybutton
now farther out than you ever thought it would be.
It was hot, even for a New York June,
but I was tired, tired, tired,
and ready.

I had tasted freedom through the morsels you consumed:
spoonfuls of Jiffy peanut butter,
bowls of chocolate ice cream
drizzled with Hershey’s syrup,
and trees and trees of broccoli.
I wanted to taste too;
I stretched out my legs, ready to fly
just before you sank the 12th hole on the green.
You tell me the doctor-gods of Rome
had to make quick work
of our mess: the cord
wrapped wrong round my neck.

I think you grappled for me—

knowing that by holding me
you wouldn’t fall apart, like now
when your call at six in the morning
connects your ‘I miss you’ to my ear
and I hear myself in your voice,
clinking against your teeth.
The sound grinds against my pride.
I want to be unique, unlike you,
but you stained me with your colors—

my dark eyes match your own,
the shine of my cheeks mirrors yours,
even my toes curve like yours do.
I am you, but Mother, don’t forget
that you are me too.
I think of this and know
that always somewhere you’re thinking of me—
I’m out late tonight,
standing silently on the quay watching ships slip
out to sea.
I see sailboats dip
and bob through widening waves with their lights blinking
while they quietly creep out of sight.

Crowded cargo ships crawl into
the harbor and toss
their lines to the dockhands below,
who quickly tie their knots before
unloading containers
in rhythmic synchronization.

Old, broken homes sit abandoned
along empty streets and streetlamps
twinkle and flicker before dying while
store signs hang on hinges.
Sidewalks are plastered with shattered glass from broken bottles
of rum and whiskey left by the town’s
drunken sailors before they had climbed aboard
their vessels and sailed away.

John Clark
I.
The hand waved at me
from behind glass, the hand
of a small child I had never met,
orange with lollipop. He giggled.
I smiled. In the glare of sunlight
we both became ghosts
in a line of memories.

II.
The hug was long and tight.
His face was in the lioness’ mane,
hers in his bronzed Atlas neck,
and they stopped, the world
perpetuating about them.
They stayed, still, and talked
until the lonelier time came.

III.
The message had played,
had ended with a beep.
The operator spoke,
“Press seven to delete.”
I obeyed—both women gone.

IV.
The hour passed in candlelight,
and the young man sat alone.
The waitress seemed to know.
She moved closer to him,
when she slid him the bill,
and whispered. He laughed
back a tear before rising.

V.
I found a letter on the floor,
half-opened, written in three
different colored inks.
It wasn’t meant to be...
My place

Amanda Brown

Amongst the scattered leaves, amongst the scattered toys was where everything mine would always be. Daddy built that swing set just for me, it took all day hours it would take, telling me “patience.” He built me my castle never to return to me. Hearing his words I patiently waited and would return to my place, our place, to be patient. Here, every summer I went out to play, beautiful and smooth the new wood provided for me a home for me, the birds, and bunnies too. My zoo called “Mandy’s critters and more,” and there was more like the tigers that tried to eat us up, we’d tremble and hide finding caves made out of my wood. Dad’s castle was how I would wait for him.

But when I walked out that day, just a little bit older the wood was not smooth, was cracked and had holes. The sun was not shining; Mom said there was to be rain, my friends were not there, except for just one laying amongst the leaves still there was brown dead bird. Not understanding, my heart was heavy I picked up my friend gently and carried him inside. Not being as sad, my mom ordered me to put it down, even calling my friend disgusting. A salty feeling came straight to my eyes, Amongst the scattered leaves, amongst the scattered toys Was where everything mine would always be this was a dungeon, my place, my dungeon.
Kevin was a dark shadow on a street corner in South Congress a block away from an over-crowded costume shop. It was Halloween night.

There’s a magic about street musicians that binds us—we are lulled into their sounds, their voices, yet are too afraid to treat them as mere mortals. They are more mysterious, more mystifying than anyone else in the city. Jazzed into a daze, we pass them because our inner snobs tell us we can ignore the timbre notes, yet our eyes wander to their swelling forms, and linger on their closed eyelids, heads nodding to their own drums.

If we’re daring enough, we break that silence with a few crumpled bills and coins dropped into their instrument cases, but stroll by without another thought. But that’s where they get you. You start to wonder about their lives, and why they are on the street, why they chose the violin, or the trumpet, where they came from, their names.

I was helpless to the lure of the trumpet man playing under the neon stars of a brick split building.

It was our last night, and the morning would bring All Souls’ Day. I was gallivanting around Austin with the rest of my friends—just a couple of college kids who love art, Hemingway, and Pollock. We ran down to South Congress from the inner city where we were told all the best boutiques and shops were for costumes. The locals didn’t tell us which bus to take. Our muscles behind our shins ached as we gave up the search for decent disguises.

Instead, we turned our attentions to a neighboring antique shop, Uncommon Objects. As we walked in, a man with a black case rested his back against the brick wall. He opened his black case and wiped a silver mouthpiece. I stared, frozen by his young face scruffy with a midnight shadow, the golden instrument in his hand. Dark eyes like his that haven’t watched many years pass couldn’t be homeless. I wanted to ask his name, what the silver cup was for, why Austin, why me?

Instead, I followed my friends who I lost inside what looked like God’s collection of petty human things. From ceiling to floor, relics of ages past waited to be glanced at, brushed by, and overlooked. A love letter, torn at the folds and written in Edwardian script was hidden in a cigar box, white fishnet gloves rested lifeless, one over the other. I put them on, but my hands were too broad. Hanging in one corner was a framed painting of a man with a scruff beard, square jaw, and hard eyes. He reminded me of the man who sat down outside. He was there when we walked out one by one a half hour later.

Street musicians intrigue us just enough so we have to keep looking, piecing together bits of them in our minds in two second glances. Out of politeness, we try not to appear interested. We sneakily snap pictures as they play when they aren’t looking up. The young man playing the trumpet looked up and I turned my head back to the store…I needed an opening—I was too shy and out of practice to approach for no reason, but dropping cash would break some spell and stop me from
entering a conversation. Then I remembered the painting, the face I’d seen in the shop.

I ran back into the store and clicked a quick picture of the painting. As it was an antique store, the painting was probably of no one from Texas, but they were similar. It’s only fair to share the findings with the man in question.

I tiptoed towards him and waited for him to pause. “Hey.”

“Hi,” he said with raised eyebrows. His voice was softer than I expected, not as deep.

“I don’t mean to bother you, but I found this picture in the shop and I think it looks like you.”

“Yeah?” I turned the screen of my camera to him. His eyes widened, “Who knows? It does kinda look like me.”

“Come on!” The girl who shouted wanted to get back to the party on 6th Street.

“What’s your name?” he asked.

“Angela.”

“Kevin. Nice meetin’ you.” He shook my hand, and I was hooked.

Even though I shuffled back to the group, sullen, I couldn’t get him out of my head. I didn’t want to rip myself away from the siren’s call, yet my friends dragged me back to the bus stop. I shook my head, but it was no use—the name stuck. My mind fought kicking and screaming. I could see imagined, blurry images in my mind of the people crowding around averting their eyes, snapping peripheral glances at the man with the golden brass. They would forever ignore him, fighting against the trumpeter’s call. Thankfully (and probably because I wouldn’t shut up about it), another girl in our group wanted to stay a little longer. Melissa and I hustled back to the shops, and she took off and left me to my curiosity.

His eyes widened as I approached again. No, he didn’t mind if I sat next to him. No, go right on ahead. Like a child, I asked what and why. With patience, he showed me what the plunger, straight mute, and wa wa mute were. He procured their different sounds and even revealed that anyone can play music on any instrument by pulling from his bag a kid’s toy trumpet that had piano keys. He dueled the sounds with the toy harmonica and unleashed a fervor of alluring tones. When he paused, I continued asking questions.

“Why trumpet?”

“On the street,” he paused, “trumpet is the shit.”

The cars roared past as I listened on the cigarette butt–decorated sidewalk, sitting next to his black scuffed boots, worn jeans, and plain collared shirt, rolled up to the elbows. His dark eyes closed as his fingers pressed the three silver buttons and his deft hands held the plunger against the bell. His hair was short in dark waves and I was enraptured. Tall, dark, and handsome—wooing me from off the sidewalk of Congress Avenue in Austin. Wooing the masquerading people who rush past. The notes fell silent as he stood and said in his soft voice, “My butt’s asleep.”

For a thirty-one-year-old, he wasn’t bad looking. Hell, if I were a few years older, I’d ask for his number. I found my thoughts returning to Myrtle Beach and the problems waiting for me when I flew back. I shook my head and focused on the strains and wails of the trumpet.

As we continued rambling about music and artists, I learned more about him. He didn’t have a favorite type of music, loved all kinds. “Even polka?” I teased. Even polka. I asked him about old Blue Eyes, “Who doesn’t like Frank Sinatra? If you don’t like Frank Sinatra, you’re a communist.” He played again. Not the only trumpet he has, just the one he practices with. I recorded him, our conversation, not wanting to lose the enchantment of the moment, of the street musician’s captivation.

“Do you do anything else or is this what you do?”

“Nah, I do other things...always got my finger in something. Always got my hand in the cookie jar.” He rubbed his face, “Doing some studio work for this guy, doing back up shit for him. Layin’ low, just livin’ the Austin lifestyle. No stress, playing music. It took me awhile to get here I tell you what.”

Every musician has a history.

“There was a point in my life where I didn’t
sleep for two years. Not like drugs or anything but lots of psychedelics, beer, and working."

He wasn’t always in Austin. He didn’t always play the trumpet. He was a chef “by trade” and had cooked all his life. From a Greek family, the focus had always been on food, not finger buttons. Following in his grandfather’s footsteps, he became a chef and worked twelve-hour shifts, then played all night with friends. Five in the morning, he’d return to the restaurant.

“That’s a rough schedule!” I knew all about rough schedules, but his beat mine.

He laughed, “Yeah, no shit. It’s crazy, but it worked. I was dominating at work. I was dominating in my music. But, at the same time, expending that much energy for that amount of time will catch up with you. I was convinced that it wouldn’t and like, and then it did catch up with me. I lost my brain for a minute. But it’s okay to lose it as long as you get it back. I threw it out there and then I got it back.”

We fell into a comfortable silence, a rest in a music measure. I mentioned the Halloween craziness around us. “This is the shit right now.” His eyes took in the people in costumes around us. He seemed to take in their energy, store it up for a long night.

“I don’t want to be out on the streets tonight,” I confessed.

“Aw, you’re safe. You’re probably safer on a crazier night than on a slower night. On a crazier night, it’s like Woohoo! It’s like a Muppet show.”

I nodded with a noncommittal yeah, but I started thinking about all the people who passed him cemented in their agendas, the Muppets. I realized they were passing me too. I was now a vagabond, another person hanging out on the street. I could live the rest of my life on that sidewalk. Kevin was fine, doing what he loved and sharing it with the people who walked on, ignoring the voice that entices them to the source. It was then that I remembered his earlier words, “Once you get patience, you get whatever you want in the end.”

I was watching Kevin taking each day as a gift to enjoy and revel in, not as a deadline. My own cemented agenda was lurking at the end of the night—we were to return tomorrow morning. I was dealing with six classes, club meetings, magazine meetings, people’s writing, expenses, and on top of all that, I had to face the Fight: a horrendous argument that ended by a cracking slap across my friend’s face and his silence. He refused to speak to me.

I was in a new editing job, working at school, completing assignments, attending classes, day after day following a rigid schedule that kept me hopping through hoops. I took on even more to ignore the pain of his silence. I walked around with earphones blaring Sum 41 so I wouldn’t have to talk to anyone. They all knew, wanted to know. And there Kevin was, sitting Indian style with a golden wand between his ankles blowing away the Blues, my Blues. Once you get patience echoed in my ears, resounding like a chant. It had been exactly one month of silence when I met my trumpet man.

Before I knew it, Melissa was back with cupcakes. “It’s a novelty buying cupcakes out of an airstream van,” she said before sitting down beside me. The white box in her hands contained three confections, two with chocolate icing. With a vanilla iced cupcake, our trumpeteer told us the history of the airstream cupcake van. “It used to be ‘Hey Cupcake!’ was the only shack on that whole lot up until last year. Then all these friggin’ roach coaches came in and now it looks like a friggin’ trailer park.”

My stomach, newly awakened with hunger and sugar, growled. It was time to head toward the hotel and find some pizza, yet the magic of his story, his life, had entranced me. My own was a hundred times more complicated and busy, yet he was more content than I ever hoped to be.

“Bye, Kevin. Take care of yourself.”

“Oh, for sure. You too.”

For the rest of the night, I could talk of nothing but Kevin the trumpet man. He taught me something I probably would’ve learned from the next street musician I bothered, except then it wouldn’t have been from him. Although they are mere mortals, street musicians are America’s snake charmers. And we are the slinking reptiles lured from our private baskets out into the sun.
Eating the Godhead

Jackson Dudley

Holier than thou, I sit on my throne,
as I shit, snort and sodomize myself.
I salivate and masturbate alone,
my Bible tucked away within its shelf.
What would my Sunday school kids think of me,
head back, mouth wide, drugged beyond elation?
Would they pray for me on their bended knees,
or condemn my soul for desecration?
Surely, there is no swine as worse as I,
hypocrite hidden by the cloak of God.
Satisfied, I release a heavy sigh.
The deed finished, I repair my façade.
No matter my blaspheme and ways of sin
come Sunday, I shall be reborn again.
The apple pie was good, all but the crust.
I ate it all, leaving crumbs and bits askew
on a paper plate, and ran to grab my shoes,
and then out the door to master
the lawn and see the leaves fall with grace.
Watch them fall to their death.

Nature is brown and red and orange with death.
A mosaic carpet of crisp has-been canopy makers on the earth’s crust.
All of deciduous life and grace
are cast down, pine cones and gumballs askew.
Can this beauty have a master?
I bend over to double knot my shoes.

I stride and slide through leaves; they wisp, like track pants, on my shoes,
creating the crisp, noticeable brevity of death.
I stand next to a black-trunked giant, a master
of size and production, he who purges all substance from the crust.
He likes crust, and he leaves his spinning seeds askew,
that fall like thousands of paratroopers, and land with grace.

He grows and stands with silence and grace,
and his roots are knotted wooden shoes
thrust into fertile soil; his branches askew
in brisk blowing breezes that tug and twist and bring death.
Thick globs of goo drain from his innards, a crust
of sweet sugar sap on his bark; a viscous coat for the master.

In a hole in the heart of the giant lives another master.
Her spindly body is swift but moves with crucial grace.
Her snare is bathed in a cottony crust,
and her hourglass shoos
and shows only those who know, that she brings death,
and will drain you, only to leave a hollow shell askew.

Pieces of parasitic casualties are around the hole, askew
amidst the vortex of the master.
They found death.
She struck with nimbleness and grace,
ended the shoos,
and left only a crust.
I want to move like water—
settling in the low places.
Flowing around,
filling but never full—
draining yet never empty.
Smooth and calm—
rushing violence,
sustaining and killing
in some brutal balance
of black and white.
I want to run in river beds
until I move somewhere
lower.
The Paul Rice Poetry Broadside Series was created in fall 2006 by Coastal Carolina University’s English Department in memory of English professor Paul Rice. It is now sponsored by Coastal Carolina’s Chi Rho Chapter of the Sigma Tau Delta International English Honor Society. There are two contests per school year, one in fall and one in spring. Callie Melton’s “Ninja Owls” was chosen as the winner of the spring 2010 semester by judge Gregory Fisher. Haliegh Woodlief’s poem “Princess” was chosen as the winner of the fall 2010 semester by judge Janice N. Harrington. For more information, contact Professor Dan Albergotti at albergot@coastal.edu or visit http://www.coastal.edu/english.
Tell me whose trumpet sounds when the princess has been vanquished—
Just the one which heralds the court to feast, as it always has,
And the resounding cry from the forest as the hunt resumes its pace.

The spindle gleams, guiltless, in the attic of the King,
And the same wheel which spun for the fairy witch
Now spins in a harmless hag’s gnarled hands.
The thread is fine, and the wool from which it was taken
Came from a sheep that was sheared on the day of the princess’ death.
For the shepherd, there was no rest,
Though he spared the good lady a thought.
She was so young.

And so things were, continued to be, and are.
For no matter whose blood stain (it was just one drop, really)
Lingers in the molding wood floor,
Its color lost beneath the rushes of yester-eve,
One hundred years and a true-hearted prince are a long time in coming,
And who has time to wait but the dead?

Chilled winds are weeping through the cracks of this castle,
And the people need their winter clothes.
I almost loved you, you know.

I loved those days,
eating mango on the pier.
Our toes dangling in the water,
backs burnt by the Belizean sun.

Sneaking out,
to sit on our dumpster,
eat that stolen Chili’s food,
and spot Ninja Owls in the clouds.

Watching movies
that still make no sense.
Trying to find some philosophical meaning
so we feel smarter than we really are.

Listening to the song
you wrote when that southern boy
broke my heart and you said,
“His accent wasn’t worth your time anyway.”

Baking get-over-him
cookies while listening
to The Kooks. You telling me
you’d be there for me, always.

You leaving.
You going out with her
instead. Talking about
how great she was. How perfect.

Forgetting about me,
that girl who spotted ninja
owls. That girl who stole food for you.
Live your art. Writing, graphic design, ceramics, photography, scansion, glossing passages of *Beowulf*, whatever it is that you (our reader) do, do it with your whole heart, your whole being because, as Pablo Picasso once said, “Painting is not done to decorate apartments, it’s an instrument of war.” Art and writing are living, breathing things. Take pride in your work because it’s the writers, artists, and readers who are the life-blood of this publication.

Outside of the metaphor, this is what we are: Archarios Literary Art Magazine is an award-winning publication that comes out once a year. There are two submission week periods, one in fall and one in spring. Students, faculty, and staff members are welcome to submit up to five pieces of art and/or literature. The judging committee consists of students and select faculty members who conduct a blind judging of the art and literature. Only students who are not on staff are eligible for the best of show awards. Students who are interested in the magazine should take the one-credit class to be on staff, UNIV 200A, visit our website, wwww2.coastal.edu/archarios, or follow us on Twitter at @archariosmag.
Editor’s Thanks
Second year in a row. Wow. Here’s a list of people and things that I feel indebted to over this past year: My mum & dad; Netflix; my professors for giving me new ways to see the world; green tea and organic food (viva la revolucion!); the whole entire clan of artists, musicians, thinkers, misfits, and miscellany I call my friends; New Year’s Eve 2010; team trivia; Peggy Barra & her sass & wisdom; Dublin, Ireland; The Communist Manifesto; Vice TV; the writings of Pablo Neruda & Gabriel Garcia Marquez; punk rock; and last, but not least, Allie Tague & Paul Olsen. Paul, I hope I succeeded in making you proud. I’ll miss you.

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