My feet shuffle
along the dust
that masks death
and fertilizes
life.
Rusting leaves
dangle above,
whispering
dying
prayers.
The wind
snaps
their spines
one
by one,
releasing
their skeletons
to descend,
to rest,
to crunch
beneath
my heels,
where you are.
To be
forgotten
until Spring.

STATEMENT FROM ARTIST

In "Fallen", I use seasons to reveal
the truth about what it's like to
cope with loss: losing a loved one,
yourself, your way in life, etc.
We tend to fall into a pattern of
accepting, forgetting, and remembering
what we have lost, in order to
become stronger.
WORDS AND IMAGES COMPRIS THE WORLD AROUND US, THEY ARE THE VERY FIBER OF OUR BEINGS. ART AND LITERATURE WITHSTAND THE TEST OF TIME BECAUSE THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A DESIRE FOR PEOPLE TO CREATE AND INSPIRE. THESE ARE THE PRINCIPLE BELIEFS OF ARCHARIOS, AND THROUGH THIS EDITION WE AIM TO SHOW THAT CREATIVE EXPRESSION GOES BEYOND PUTTING THE PEN TO THE PAGE OR THE BRUSH TO THE CANVAS. ART, LITERATURE, DANCE, FREE EXPRESSION, THEY ARE LIKE MEDICINE, THEY SOOTHE US WHETHER WE ARE THE ARTIST OR THE OBSERVER. THERE IS A HUMAN NATURE INHERENT IN ALL CREATIVE PIECES, A Glimpse OF THE AUTHOR THAT WAS WORKED INTO THE PAGE. THIS IS WHY ART AND LITERATURE ARE SO INTOXICATING, BECAUSE IT IS THE MOST INTIMATE GLIMPSE INTO THE IMAGES AND WORDS THAT COMPRIS ANOTHER'S WORLD.
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“I don’t do drugs, I am drugs.”

SALVADOR DALI
BEST in SHOW

“I don’t do drugs, I am drugs.”

SALVADOR DALI
ability to look beyond human comprehension and into the realms of time and space yet to be discovered. Philosophers have long discussed what it means to know something. Plato’s allegory of the cave blatantly portrays that much of humanity is complacent in remaining ignorant of what is beyond their immediate comprehension and perception. As three dimensional beings, we understand a linear existence of time and space. Beyond our perception there lies the possibility that what we understand to be the past, present, and future, exist simultaneously. My images capture small scoops of that simultaneous existence and compress it into a two dimensional form so that they may act as a shadow of what lies beyond our comprehension.

MUNN, EMILY
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
COLOR FIELDS
TITLE OF PIECE
PHOTOGRAPHY, DIGITAL
MEDIUM
STATEMENT FROM ARTIST
Sometimes, the camera can allow us to catch a glimpse of what our eyes could never see. Long moments of time course through the fourth dimension, each moment a universe unto itself. This ebb and flow, undetectable through human perception, is exposed by the click of the shutter. A unique movement and rhythm is revealed by the camera's almost magical
ability to look beyond human comprehension and into the realms of time and space yet to be discovered. Philosophers have long discussed what it means to know something. Plato’s allegory of the cave blatantly portrays that much of humanity is complacent in remaining ignorant of what is beyond their immediate comprehension and perception. As three dimensional beings, we understand a linear existence of time and space. Beyond our perception there lies the possibility that what we understand to be the past, present, and future, exist simultaneously. My images capture small scoops of that simultaneous existence and compress it into a two dimensional form so that they may act as a shadow of what lies beyond our comprehension.
The way grandma sliced it, silver knife parting
flesh soundlessly, then the light tap on the counter.
Her talking over it in the pale light of the kitchen
window. The bar stools were too tall, our legs dangled
as we waited. She served it in big brown bowls,
and you were the first to grab it.
Your fingers plunging in, teeth tearing apart, making
Bite-marks the shape of grins
And green husks lay as crescent sacrifices
to a light smile on your face, the lime-smile of wasted cantaloupe skins, the ghost-smile
I find hidden in your beer cans nowadays.
The way grandma sliced it, silver knife parting flesh soundlessly, then the light tap on the counter. Her talking over it in the pale light of the kitchen window. The bar stools were too tall, our legs dangled as we waited. She served it in big brown bowls, and you were the first to grab it. Your fingers plunging in, teeth tearing apart, making Bite-marks the shape of grins And green husks lay as crescent sacrifices to a light smile on your face, the lime-smile of wasted cantaloupe skins, the ghost-smile I find hidden in your beer cans nowadays.

FIRST PLACE

POWELL, NICHOLAS C.
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
A GOOD MEMORY WITH YOU
TITLE OF PIECE
POETRY

STATEMENT FROM ARTIST
"A Good Memory with You" involves my beloved sister who, for a time, struggled with alcoholism. I remember one particularly bad night when, on the other side of the phone and with her voice breaking, she said to me that she used to have so much, that her life used to mean so much more to her than it did at that moment. I think this poem is how I mourned for that loss with her. My sister has since recovered (yay, happy endings!), but I'd still like to dedicate this poem to her in honor of her immeasurable strength and her kind heart, which has similarly heard my cries on my darkest days.

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SECOND PLACE

BARRETT, BRANT
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
BEAM ME UP SCOTTY
TITLE OF PIECE
PHOTOGRAPHY, DIGITAL

STATEMENT FROM ARTIST
This photo is from my series Bright Leaf, about tobacco farming. The troughs of water on the greenhouse floor make a perfect mirror giving the image an eerie off-world look, hence the homage to Star Trek.

Page no. 9
RYAN, ERIN S.

FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)

NICHOLS, MARGARET

FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)

STATEMENT FROM ARTIST

I watched the documentary series Blue Planet on Netflix just before I started writing this poem. In one of the episodes there was a scene similar to what I describe in the poem, and it broke my heart how beautiful and sad it was. I chose to write this as a sestina because the form seems very mathematical and calculated in a way similar to Nature itself. In reality Nature can be unpredictable and tragic. I hope this translates. I love the ocean as much as I am afraid of it, and I feel that there are good causes for both of these feelings.
No pause in their dead-eyed watch:
For leagues orcas have steadfast
stalked two humpbacks, these beasts black
behind eyeing the young
one slowing now, slower still.
It is hard to outswim the end.

Breathless, the calf gives the end
of the chase. Mother must watch
slick killers circle her calf, still
eyeing her, starved. It is fast
over. Mother thrashes the young
velvet hunters that black-

out blue seas but the boneblack
bodies hold her and upend
sea planes with plunges of unyoung
force—only the sea can watch
things end. One orca strikes fast;
The whole sea is at standstill

as the calf’s eyes flood, still
with salt and blood. Ruthless black-
fish finish her and breakfast
with her flesh. Motherhood ends.
She reels away, the deathwatch
done, useless. The good die young

and the cruel sea blinks at young
life lost or unlucky still-
births consumed. The orcas watch
God’s gift settle and like black
flies, they eat the flesh, and suspend
all desperate thoughts of fast.

The bones lock in the slime holdfast
below. Hagfish suck the young
corpse bare. All things age at the end
of the world. All becomes still
in anglerfish light in ice-black
sludge. No god suffers this watch.

Oh, swim fast and settle still
in the blackness, and there
be the one to watch the end.

I watched the documentary series Blue Planet
on Netflix just before I started writing this
poem. In one of the episodes there was a scene
similar to what I describe in the poem, and it
broke my heart how beautiful and sad it was. I
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The wind
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one
by one,
releasing
their skeletons
to descend,
to rest,
to crunch
beneath
my heels,
where you are.
To be
forgotten
until Spring.

THIRD PLACE

HOLCOMBE, KIMBERLY

FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)

FALLEN

TITLE OF PIECE

POETRY

TYPE

STATEMENT FROM ARTIST

In "Fallen", I use seasons to reveal
the truth about what it's like to
cope with loss: losing a loved one,
yourself, your way in life, etc.
We tend to fall into a pattern of
accepting, forgetting, and remembering
what we have lost, in order to
become stronger.
PREFACE

Words and images comprise the world around us, they are the very fiber of our beings. Art and literature withstand the test of time because there will always be a desire for people to create and inspire. These are the principle beliefs of Archarios, and through this edition we aim to show that creative expression goes beyond putting the pen to the page or the brush to the canvas. Art, literature, dance, free expression, they are like medicine, they soothe us whether we are the artist or the observer. There is a human nature inherent in all creative pieces, a glimpse of the author that was worked into the page. This is why art and literature are so intoxicating, because it is the most intimate glimpse into the images and words that comprise another’s world.
“Creativity is a drug I cannot live without.”
CECIL B. DEMILLE
“Creativity is a drug I cannot live without.”

CECIL B. DEMILLE
I ain’t never really understand why June Bugs called June Bugs when June Bugs don’t show up at my house till July. They come flying all green and clumsy-winged. I can’t never ever understand why summer come and sit so long, burn the fun out of everythang. The flesh from the cantaloupe, the skin from the roses. It come like company dat outwore they welcome and know good and well it time for dem to go. And why everybody call the sun beautiful when it ain’t nothin but a big giant ball of gas burnin in the sky? I heard some lady down the street say it God’s great big honeypot spilling on all his children, making us sticky, dance, even make us black. Lord knows we don’t need to get more blacker.

I like fall. I like how the trees rust over in October. How the colors remind me of candy yams and orange sherbet ice cream cones. How the uppermost branches of the tree prick a clearwater sky and the clouds, all fluffy-like, shade the day. How the wind, chilly, become for us a new flesh. Unwanted. But we take it. Like men. How it make my neighbors stand in they coats, and sweater caps, boots, and knitted gloves. They be outside. Laughin. Standin under the tree. Talkin bout people, playin spades, cuttin the fool, drinkin Godknowswha.

Oh how they be laughin, laughin so hard. They laugh so hard they show they teet. They must know something I don’t. That tree must tell dem thangs cause they know many, so many that they don’t tell me. They know people, places, contentions. Contentions long as lies. They know life. Can tell us all a thing or two. Or three. They know me. They know them. But they can’t know everythang. Nobody know everythang. Some of them men don’t know fear. Ain’t fraid of nothin. Some of them don’t know hate. Nobody never learned them to hate nobody. Some of them don’t know song. Can’t sing and dance a lick. And some of them don’t know nothing bout no evil less you consider that evil what they pour down they throats. But if you aks me what they do know I’ll tell you they know just enough. Enough to know we can’t make it out here alone. Enough to get up in the morning, tough our way through it. Enough to work and to laugh and to talk and to move. Enough to hold our backs up straight. To speak to the unspoken to and expect nothing in return. To give thanks for all thangs, even the little teenichee ones. Enough.

Where all of the luxuries of home meet the page--my language, my gaze, my neighbors--is the very place where I make sense of all things common--common talk, common people, common me--A neat twist of common sense.
I ain’t never really understand why June Bugs called June Bugs when June Bugs don’t show up at my house till July. They come flying all green and clumsy-winged. I can’t never ever understand why summer come and sit so long, burn the fun out of everythang. The flesh from the cantaloupe, the skin from the roses. It come like company dat outwore they welcome and know good and well it time for dem to go. And why everybody call the sun beautiful when it ain’t nothin but a big giant ball of gas burnin in the sky? I heard some lady down the street say it God’s great big honeypot spilling on all his children, making us sticky, dance, even make us black. Lord knows we don’t need to get more blacker.

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With my lips pursed tightly
I watch you watch her
Your eyes dart to her soft skin
They appraise her sinewy muscles
You are silently enthralled
I am quietly enraged
I reach my hand out
Expecting to find yours
However, I am stunned to find
She has already captured it
On the other side of the table
With my lips pursed tightly
I watch you watch her
Your eyes dart to her soft skin
They appraise her sinewy muscles
You are silently enthralled
I am quietly enraged
I reach my hand out
Expecting to find yours
However, I am stunned to find
She has already captured it
On the other side of the table

Burkett, Erica
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
CONTROLLED INTERPRETATION
TITLE OF PIECE
POSTER DESIGN
MEDIUM

Statement from Artist
The purpose of this piece was to prove the power that design has over words by creating visual languages that change the way we interpret messages.

Frederick, Miranda
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
HAND
TITLE OF PIECE
POETRY
TYPE

Statement from Artist
'Hand' is about the indecisive nature of love and our inability to control where it leads us.
COTTINGHAM, CHRISTOPHER D.  
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)  
SHADOW OF COLOSSUS TYPOGRAPHY  
TITLE OF PIECE  
DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION  
MEDIUM

For the basis of a typography project, I thought it would be epic if I made something from Shadow of the Colossus. The variety of letter sizes help give it a sense of bulk and geometric shape on top of the organic curves of its body. The fog provides contrast to the dark design, while adding depth and a veil of atmosphere.

LEWIS, KENNETH  
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)  
BEFORE BIRTH  
TITLE OF PIECE  
POETRY  
TYPE

"Before Birth" comes from a place in my gut I'd rather keep silent.

brother,  
we were  
supposed to make it  
we were  
supposed to sleep  
with the very same women,  
make Momma’s hairs grow gray,  
make Daddy’s dentures fall from laughing  
way too hard  
we were to give our sisters  
pure hell while raising it  
like children  
our love would have always been  
always been  

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SIG. DC

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SIG. [Signature]
COTTINGHAM, CHRISTOPHER D.  
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our love would have always been
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Page no. 20

Page no. 21
The young one nearly ran up the ladder, mumbling “Up, up, up” with each step he took. Once he reached the top, he did not slide down the slide. Instead, he sat there quietly with his hands in his lap and his chin raised upward as his big brown eyes took in every detail of the night sky presented before him.

The sky was all dark. He couldn’t see the clouds or the stars, no matter how hard he squinted. The only thing he could see was the little moon tucked away in the corner of the sky. It was a rare sight in the city, and he rarely saw it when he came.

He stared at it. How can something look so small when it was supposed to be so BIG? he wondered. He noticed what looked to be like dents… Were they bruises? Does the moon get bruises, too? The boy looked down and pressed his upper arm. The same pain spread over his body. Yup, he could still feel the bruises from the time Michael and Benny had pushed him down hard towards the dirty ground. He remembered the dust getting into his eyes- it almost made him cry.

He shook his head, as if he was getting the memories away like a dog shaking to dry off. He didn’t want to think about it because, as much as he didn’t want to say it, he was embarrassed that he didn’t stop them. And when he got embarrassed, he would cry. Big boys don’t cry.

“How do you do it?” he asked out loud, staring at the moon. “How do you not fall down?”

He waited. And waited. Time slowly passed as he waited as patiently as a 7 year old could wait. After a minute, he put his hands on his hips. “I want to know!” Still, the moon would not tell him.

“Please?”

Silence.

He sighed, “I guess you don’t want to talk to me.”

How did it do it? His little eyebrows furrowed as he thought. It wasn’t fast, it didn’t do anything really powerful or spectacular, and still floated in the sky with its bruises. Where did it find the power to still shine a light in the night for him?

He didn’t know. And as he slowly walked back up the street to the little silent house on the corner, he could only say that he wanted to be just like the moon.
The young one nearly ran up the ladder, mumbling “Up, up, up” with each step he took. Once he reached the top, he did not slide down the slide. Instead, he sat there quietly with his hands in his lap and his chin raised upward as his big brown eyes took in every detail of the night sky presented before him.

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“How do you do it?” he asked out loud, staring at the moon. His soft voice echoed through the maze of swings and slides. “How do you not fall down?”

He waited. And waited. Time slowly passed as he waited as patiently as a 7 year old could wait. After a minute, he put his hands on his hips. “I want to know!” Still, the moon would not tell him. “Please?”

The moon was still.

“Pretty please?”

Silence.

He sighed, “I guess you don’t want to talk to me.”

How did it do it? His little eyebrows furrowed as he thought. It wasn’t fast, it didn’t do anything really powerful or spectacular, and still floated in the sky with its bruises. Where did it find the power to still shine a light in the night for him?

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NGUYEN, BRIAN
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
NELUMBO NUCIFERA
TITLE OF PIECE
POETRY
TYPE

While trying to find inspiration for another poem to write for my senior thesis, I stumbled upon a picture of a lotus. I thought about how symbolic the flowering of a lotus is to Buddhism in that people suffer and go through life's sins before reaching enlightenment. I felt that the haiku would be best suited to portray the nature image of a lotus growing through muddy waters before rising above and blooming.

Murky rings ripple from mud droplets; white petals blooming high above.

ARAKAS, ASHLEE FLIPPIN
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
BIRDS OF A FEATHER: GOULDIN FINCHES
TITLE OF PIECE
WATERCOLOR
MEDIUM

Animalistic representations of women and their devotion to the conformity of societal renderings of idealistic beauty.
Murky rings ripple from mud droplets; white petals blooming high above.

NGUYEN, BRIAN
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
NELUMBO NUCIFERA
TITLE OF PIECE
POETRY
TYPE

While trying to find inspiration for another poem to write for my senior thesis, I stumbled upon a picture of a lotus. I thought about how symbolic the flowering of a lotus is to Buddhism in that people suffer and go through life’s sins before reaching enlightenment. I felt that the haiku would be best suited to portray the nature image of a lotus growing through muddy waters before rising above and blooming.
Your carousel spins
festival pirouettes.
Painted equines bounce,
their eyes commissioned
with counterfeit life.

Around my head
your mechanical clowns
perform a metallic verse,
shining rock candy lights
whirl and pulse
casting their vain reflections
into my eyes.

I travel your cable strung spine
lifted above and flying,
legs swinging
towards your carnival heart.
The delicacies tempt me,
your numbing sweetness and
that candy apple smile.
In solemn contempt for myself
I feast.

Disoriented by your mirrored funhouse
I lean over the edge
of our ferris wheel passenger car
to see you from another point of view.

Your chest lifts and sinks,
a swinging harlequin pendulum,
but none of those cotton candy breaths
are meant for me.

Like bumper cars we clash,
raining down iridescent blue electricity.
Forever caught
in a caustic collision,
our worn circuits wait
for the day they get
their mend.

SELLERS, ARIANA J.
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
LIKE BUMPER CARS
TITLE OF PIECE
POETRY
TYPE

ENGLEHART, EMILY
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
HUBERT’S LEMONADE
TITLE OF PIECE
PACKAGING DESIGN
MEDIUM

STATEMENT FROM ARTIST
when you love someone everything
reminds you of them. In this case, it
was the South Carolina State Fair.

I wanted to rebrand Hubert’s Lemonade, not by changing the
demographic but by enhancing the
consumer-to-product experience.
Currently Hubert’s Lemonade is sold
in singles and I created the “six pack of joy” to allow the consumers
to purchase more than one with ease.
The design has a vintage feel that
pays homage to when the company was
founded, in 1935.
Your carousel spins  

festival pirouettes.  

Painted equines bounce,  

their eyes commissioned  

with counterfeit life.  

Around my head  

your mechanical clowns  

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**STATEMENT FROM ARTIST**

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ENGLEHART, EMILY  

FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)

HUBERT’S LEMONADE  

TITLE OF PIECE

PACKAGING DESIGN  

MEDIUM

I wanted to rebrand Hubert’s Lemonade, not by changing the demographic but by enhancing the consumer-to-product experience.

Currently Hubert’s Lemonade is sold in singles and I created the “six pack of joy” to allow the consumers to purchase more than one with ease. The design has a vintage feel that pays homage to when the company was founded, in 1935.
The baby animal claws at her wrists so that the skin puckers up and spits blood. Then, she is eleven, lanky, shirtless in the moonlight with her pale-chested cousins, sneaking over fences to tip the neighbors’ cows. She dreams of planting bullets in the skulls of white-tail bucks—then, skimming them. In the loveliest and grandest of these, she’s lodging her bony fist again and again into the meaty, steadily bruising flesh of anyone’s solar plexus. She doesn’t even know it, but she gets off on all this. Inside, she goes wild. Eyes like onyx, mouth a gash, frothing at the prospect of pounding a face in. Outside, there is only a quiet electricity to her, in the faintly perceptible web of green veins on her eyelids and in the tiny trembling of her lips. You want to shove her weight off, but you fear you’ll wake her.

“I wanted to rid myself of the Self, to conquer it, but I could not conquer it, I could only deceive it, could only fly from it, could only hide from it.”
-Hermann Hesse, Siddhartha

Every man rages within the rib cage of a small girl with oily-blonde hair, crooked teeth, and biting insecurity. Wrapped in a smelly jacket, she wears a look of intense unaffectedness. She sits next to you on the sleepy, morning school bus. Sometimes, your arms touch, and you match your breathing to hers. Sometimes, she falls asleep and eventually, rests her head on your shoulder. You are always too kind to shrug her off. In the soft, pink amygdala, there plays a scratchy reel of Technicolor fantasies: she is president, tyrant, queen. She is carpenter, blacksmith, posthole digger. Her knuckles are white, her girlish fingers clasp around a kitten throat.

This is a tribute to the accidental intimacy we share with strangers. This is a warning. This is a poem about the violence we repress.
“I wanted to rid myself of the Self,
to conquer it, but I could not conquer it,
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You want to shove her weight off,
but you fear you’ll wake her.

This is a tribute to the accidental intimacy we share with strangers.
This is a warning. This is a poem about the violence we repress.
Lifting me high above his head,  
Twirling me around 'til the world spun, 
Holding me steady, on my bike and in life,  
Rock-solid, a guide for everyone. 

Black nails, deep crevasses  
Coated in oil and grease,  
After 14 hours of a mechanic's day,  
Stains only Bon Ami could release. 

Scarred from errant blades,  
But fearless, precise, skilled—  
Those hands made magic in the wood shop;  
There's nothing they couldn't build. 

Tanned brown, calloused,  
Making pockets in the soil,  
Planting seeds, tilling weeds,  
Taking delight in daily toil. 

Resting on the arms of the Lazy Boy,  
Or pointing, in agitation, at the TV screen,  
Carving dogs from blocks of wood,  
On the back porch, shelling beans.  

All these images, so lifelike, so real,  
I keep as treasures to erase  
The sight of a blue wristband labeled DNR,  
The inevitable end we all must face. 

To channel my grief at the passing of my father, mother, and aunt in the last two and a half years, I have turned to poetry. Reading these pieces at their funeral services has been difficult, but I am pleased to have created something tangible to share with others, something that keeps the stories of those important to me alive. I wrote "My Father's Hands" as a companion to "My Mother's Smile." Both poems, I hope, reflect the pride I have in my parents, the gratitude for all they have done for me, and the great loss I feel every day now that they are gone.
Lifting me high above his head,
Twirling me around ‘til the world spun,
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poems, I hope, reflect the pride I have in my
parents, the gratitude for all they have done for
me, and the great loss I feel every day now that
they are gone.
No sad music please, no tugging at heartstrings.
Only thanks, for giving me a chance.
One mistake should never be followed by another,
thus in giving up, you gave me life.

Thanks for giving me a chance.
It couldn’t have been easy, or maybe it was, but
in giving up, you gave me life.
I only wish I could thank you more intimately.

It couldn’t have been easy, or maybe it was,
either way its worked out for the best.
I only wish I could thank you more intimately.
A name with no face; a book, no author.

But either way its worked out for the best.
One mistake should never be followed by another.
A name with no face; a book, no author.
But please, no sad music, no tugging at heartstrings.

---

STEWARD, DEVONTA
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
THANKS
TITLE OF PIECE
POETRY

STATEMENT FROM ARTIST
Being an adopted youth, I dedicated
this poem to the mother I’ve never
met. It’s a personal release for me.
It’s my way of letting go and no
longer feeling ashamed, but rather
being accepting and gracious for the
opportunities I’ve been given.

Page no. 31

SELLERS, ARIANA J.
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
TOOTH FAIRY’S RODEO BROOCH
TITLE OF PIECE
METAL / HUMAN TOOTH

STATEMENT FROM ARTIST
This brooch is a representation of
my memory of loosing my first tooth
at the rodeo.

Page no. 32
No sad music please, no tugging at heartstrings.
Only thanks, for giving me a chance.
One mistake should never be followed by another,
thus in giving up, you gave me life.

Thanks for giving me a chance.
It couldn’t have been easy, or maybe it was, but
in giving up, you gave me life.
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STEWARD, DEVONTA
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
THANKS
TITLE OF PIECE
POETRY
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SELLERS, ARIANA J.
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
TITLE OF PIECE
TOOTH FAIRY’S RODEO BROOCH
MEDIUM
METAL / HUMAN TOOTH

STATEMENT FROM ARTIST
This brooch is a representation of
my memory of loosing my first tooth
at the rodeo.
She doesn’t see him
Walking far behind.
He follows from the shadows,
She’s completely blind.
His footsteps get louder
She begins to move faster
But she can’t outrun him
And soon,
Oh, so, soon,
He catches her.

She recognizes his grip
She remembers his size
Flashbacks to his anger
As he pulls her down
Her clothes rip as she hits the ground.

White wool hat.
Now tattered and torn.
The only witness,
To survive a gruesome storm.

White wool hat
Not White anymore.
Bloodstained and grieving,
You will be worn no more.

Red wool hat
Lost and never found.
Screaming so silently,
From the muddy ground.

White wool hat
Worn only in the cold.
White wool hat
Looks new, but it’s old.
White wool hat
So snuggly and warm.
White wool hat
Prepare to brave a storm.

She wore you so much
From the first time they met,
To every love filled date.
White wool hat
Now worn until the end.

White wool hat
She wears you once again.
She may not have love
But she has her friends.
White wool hat
She wears you out with them.
White wool hat
There when she’s drunk again.
White wool hat
She leaves the party alone.

Stumbling, lost and can’t find home.

**STATEMENT FROM ARTIST**

I wrote this poem after watching a season of Criminal Minds and finding one of my old winter hats covered in dust and dirt. In the poems setup and line placement, I wanted to create that sense of panic and craziness that is the climax of the poem itself.
She doesn’t see him
Walking far behind.
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Enchantments and incantations
last ing spells
stronger than love

You betwixt my lips
as I constrict your hips
and dream of the moment
I see you next.

For it is then that
I will know
this nightmare of absence
will end
in your eyes.

For those dreams
within a dream
dyed blue
with love potions and
apathy's antidote
are life
today.

I've lost control.
Like sand in the tide,
the more we touch,
the more I'm found
waning in your wake.

For if I woke
to find this all a dream,
I'd lay in darkness
until I found
your blue again.

This was inspired by a dream I'll
never forget. The magic is deep
in my memory. She is indelible in
essence and now in word.
Enchantments and incantations
lasting spells
stronger than love

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never forget. The magic is deep
in my memory. She is indelible in
essence and now in word.

The letterform in itself is a
beautiful character that the
eye moves and scans over never
really noticing its finesse and
nuances. This series utilizes
highly detailed illustrations
of moving water to force the
eye to come close and create
an intimacy with the form to
highlight the movement found
within the character and beauty
within that form.
They told me I'd be crooked.
That my spine would never sit quite right.

They said rods and bolts would replace bones
Victor Frankenstein's child (I imagined).

We're stealing your vertebra,
Doctor's crooked lips formed a smile

They asked about my summer plans.
Offered me some water
Lemon? Cucumber?

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ELMESIRY, YASMINA
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
CROOKED
TITLE OF PIECE
POETRY
TYPE

STATEMENT FROM ARTIST
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ARAKAS, ASHLEE FLIPPIN
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
BIODS OF A FEATHER: COCKATIELS
TITLE OF PIECE
WATERCOLOR
MEDIUM

STATEMENT FROM ARTIST
Animalistic representations
of women and their devotion
to the conformity of societal
renderings of idealistic beauty.
This is the Ebola joke.
A woman- frail, sick, hungry- sits on the dirty ground,
The ground where she's always lived.
She's got a baby in her hands,
Her dead child, clutched against her chest
She has another child too, sitting across from her
Asking questions like:
"Momma, where's my food? Why isn't the baby crying-
She's a baby, momma, aren't they supposed to cry?"
But all she can do is sit.
The baby got the disease- the disease that killed her mother, her father, her husband.
She knows she shouldn't be holding her- she might get it too
But her baby, her two month old baby, is dead,
And they're coming to take her- they're coming to take her.
And they're going to burn her- burn her to a crisp
They're going to take her and burn her,
ashes flowing through the streets-
She can't bear to think of it.
Because how can her baby get to Heaven
If there's no body for her soul to leave?
That is the Ebola joke.

This is the rape joke.
A girl, 14, sits on the edge of her bed.
Her father shuts the door behind him,
But he hasn't told her goodnight- he's left her for dead.
At least, that's what it feels like.
This is the Ebola joke.
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A girl, 14, sits on the edge of her bed.
Her father shuts the door behind him,
But he hasn’t told her goodnight- he’s left her for dead.
At least, that’s what it feels like.
This isn’t the ‘first time’ she’s imagined—this hurt,
It hurt, it ran through her like a fire,
Burning the forests in her soul
She can’t look in the mirror for three whole days,
And when she finally does, she wants to shed her skin.
She wants to tear away from this abused, diseased thing.
She walks downstairs, her mother says good morning.
Breakfast is on the table.
Her father breezes out of his room with a smile on his face.
They say they love her as she heads off to school—
She shuts the door behind her,
Knowing that today was the day
She’d leave this godforsaken earth
That’d only taught her pain,
And the way it felt to have her own father on top of her,
Groaning like some deranged animal.
That is the rape joke.

This is the Feminist joke.
A young woman, sits amid the old, bald heads of her ‘colleagues’
A pretty face among wrinkled demons.
She had big plans, promising to clean up Congress.
But she’d been reduced to smiles and “why don’t you loosen up a bit, sweetie?
Unbutton your blouse a little more— it might help you cool off.”
She stands to make her statement,
But the Speaker smiles and says
“Sit down please, we’re almost out of time.”
She sits. Tomorrow then.
She waits through the endless talk of these distasteful old men—
Droning about how women’s rights were threatening them,
How African American boys were ruining America,
And gays were debasing the integrity of marriage.
Those pasty, half-alive faces, making decisions on things
They had no knowledge of.
She stands to make her statement,
And the speaker smiles, repeating his words from the day before.
“Sit down please, we’re almost out of time.”
She sits. The same story would repeat itself for many tomorrow’s—
And she wasn’t allowed to speak.
This isn’t the ‘first time’ she’s imagined- this hurt,
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“Sit down please, we’re almost out of time.”
She sits. The same story would repeat itself for many tomorrow’s-
And she wasn’t allowed to speak

All because she didn’t have an extra body part
Sitting between her legs.
That is the Feminist joke.

This is the Gay joke.
A young man, about 28, sits outside his doctor’s office, with his face in his hands.
He’d recently come out-
He had thought that would be the hardest part.
Having to stand in front of his father and saying
“Dad, I’m the queer guy you beat up in high school.
I’m the faggot you hoped to never have to call a son.
I hate this, I hate you, no, nothing’s wrong with me-
Talk to me, Dad.
I’m gay, not dead.”
But this? This was worse.
He had a disease that was eating him from the inside out,
A four letter acronym, reducing him to a walking shadow,
Making him even more vulnerable than he already was.
He’d got it from a man he’d loved-
The man he’d imagined building a house, a family, a life with-
The dreamy, Neil Patrick Harris relationship-
But he’d just been used, by a gay-hating monster.
Giving him this disease to punish him for loving in a different way.
Because apparently, he should’ve known better than to trust someone who said they
loved you,
When so many others wanted you dead.
That is the Gay joke.

This isn’t a joke.
So why are we still laughing?
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

FROM THE ART DIRECTOR

LOPER, ASHLEY N.
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)

STATEMENT
We create, we inspire, we live to perpetuate any and all things that reside within the artistic realm. For most of us deemed artists and writers, the ability to make and create is like a drug. It’s a means for survival. It’s a release, it’s happiness, it’s what we know best. This year, Archarios was designed around an apothecary aesthetic to showcase what it is that artists and writers do, and what artists and writers cannot do without.

I’d like to extend a thousand thank you’s to everyone who made this publication possible. With all of you guys’ help we are able to contribute to the perpetuation of creativity for years to come.

SIG. [Signature]

FROM THE EDITOR

HAMMUTT, COURTNEY
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)

STATEMENT
I would like to thank our adviser Paul Olsen, Ms. Whitney Comer, and Ms. Diane Wilson for making this magazine possible. Thanks to Ashley Loper, a brilliant artist, for serving as art director. Huge thanks to our faculty judges Colin Burch and Hastings Hensel. Thanks to our amazing staff: Alison, Anna, Theresa, Enxhi, Emilee, and Erica. Thank you to my wonderfully supportive parents and my boyfriend of 4 years, Carlos.

SIG. [Signature]

TO SHERIAR

We here at Archarios would like to thank Sheriar for the many years of working alongside us. They are the reason we are able to put out beautiful literature and art magazines time and time again. Sheriar has been kind enough to go the extra mile in always helping us meet deadlines. We love working with Sheriar and hope to for many years to come.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

FROM THE ART DIRECTOR

LOPER, ASHLEY N.
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)

STATEMENT
We create, we inspire, we live to perpetuate any and all things that reside within the artistic realm. For most of us deemed artists and writers, the ability to make and create is like a drug. It’s a means for survival. It’s a release, it’s happiness, it’s what we know best. This year, Archarios was designed around an apothecary aesthetic to showcase what it is that artists and writers do, and what artists and writers cannot do without.

I’d like to extend a thousand thank you’s to everyone who made this publication possible. With all of you guys’ help we are able to contribute to the perpetuation of creativity for years to come.

SIG.

FROM THE EDITOR

HAMMUTT, COURTNEY
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)

STATEMENT
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SIG.

STAFF

CALABRESE, THERESA
ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR

LANE, ALISON
ASSISTANT EDITOR

BURKETT, ERICA
STAFF

MUNN, EMILY
PHOTOGRAPHER

QEMALLI, ENXHI
STAFF

GREEN, ANNA
STAFF

ROSEN, EMILY
STAFF

OLSEN, PAUL
ADVISOR

TO SHERIAR

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