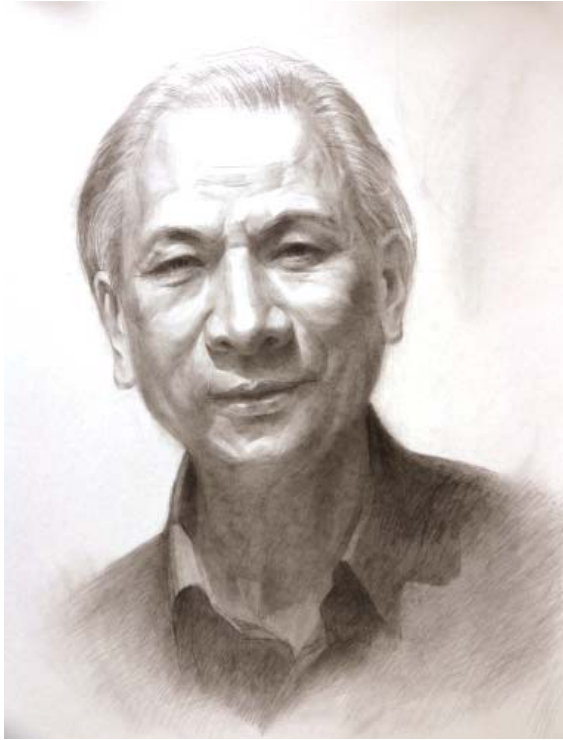


SPECTRUM

2015



Spectrum Literary-Art Magazine



*"Time is the longest distance between two places."
-Tennessee Williams*

Detroit Country Day School
22305 West Thirteen Mile Road
Beverly Hills, MI 48025-4435

Headmaster: Mr. Glen Shilling
Upper School Director: Mr. Tim Bearden

Phone: 248-646-7717
Website: www.dcds.edu
Volume No. 45

"Grandpa" page art by Lydia Wang
"Time" cover art by Lydia Wang

Cover

Font: Tempus Sans ITC

Paper: Card stock

Artwork: Painting (Gouache) by Lydia Wang

Edited on Adobe Photoshop CS5.1

Typography

Title page: Papyrus

Table of Contents: Tempus Sans ITC

Headlines: Imprint MT Shadow

Body: Imprint MT Shadow

By-lines: Tempus Sans ITC

Credits: Tempus Sans ITC

Design

Program: Adobe InDesign CS5.5

Paper Stock

Copy paper

Photography

Ms. Susan Lucas

Spectrum is Detroit Country Day School's literary magazine organized by Spectrum club members. As such, our goal is to represent the student body through creative writing. This annual issue is the culmination of both club members' and non-club members' work. As a club, Spectrum offers student writers the opportunity to write, edit, or ponder poetry once a week every Tuesday. We also have an insert in the school newspaper. An important aspect of the club is the encouraging environment for students to produce their writing. Students explore the artistic process of writing with the aid of staffers, the review of their writing, and the pride of published work.

Editors-in-Chief:

Lydia Wang and Rachel Clephane
Jiwon Yun and Kiana Sadri

Associate Editors:

Samina Saiffee and Tara Tang
Claire Wang and Maggie Chen
Nina Nakkash

Design Editor: Lydia Wang

Editorial Board:

Lydia Wang
Rachel Clephane
Jiwon Yun
Kiana Sadri
Samina Saiffee
Tara Tang
Claire Wang
Maggie Chen
Nina Nakkash

Faculty Advisor: Mrs. Beverly Hannett-Price

Submissions are accepted year-round until the end of May and can be sent to staffers and the faculty advisor Mrs. Hannett-Price by dropping off hard copies in room 130 or by emailing work to BPrice@dcds.edu.

We accept all types of creative and non-fictional writing.

LITERARY TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

Past, Present, Future [theme]	1
"Ahead" Lydia Wang & Rachel Clephane	2

PAST

Past Section Introduction	3
"Mighty Oak" Hanna Wink	4
"Ablaze" Samina Saifee	6
"C-Sharp Minor" Maggie Chen	7
"The Onion" Lydia Wang	8
"Disparity" Mina Lee	9
"12:59 AM" Eden Harrison	10
"Escape" Mina Lee	11
"Free is Easy" Tara Tang	12
"Human Nature" Mia Berry	13
"A Reason for Optimism" Hyven Lin	14
"Immunity" Tara Tang	16
"It All Balances Out" Rachel Clephane	17
"Lemonade Tears" Jiwon Yun	18
"Lust vs. Love" Tyler Jackson	25
"Masquerade" Mia Berry	26
"Melt the Sting Away" Tara Tang	27
"Merry-Go-Round" Lydia Wang	28
"Night Whispers" Jiwon Yun	29
"On the Fringes of Clarity" Mina Lee	30
"She" Myna Palakurthi	31
"The Beginning of Time" Kiana Sadri	32
"Woman Who Sits by the Window" Jiwon Yun	33

LITERARY TABLE OF CONTENTS

PRESENT

Present Section Introduction		35
"Wonder"	Jon Scott	36
"Blood Pacts are Out of Style"	Dillon McMurray	37
"The Pearl"	Samina Saifee	38
"Consistency: Today's Hurt"	Myna Palakurthi	40
"Blossom Valley"	Amy Huang	41
"The Hues of Music"	Joseph Nwabueze	42
"Introspection"	Mina Lee	44
"In the Moment"	Maggie Morgan	45
"Winter Roses"	Lydia Wang	46
"Jackknife Apt. #308"	Claire Wang	48
"Entropy"	Mina Lee	49
"Kismet"	Tara Tang	50
"Swings"	Nina Nakkash	51
"Life"	Kiana Sadri	52
"My Prisoner"	Zahra Qazi	54
"Pride"	Mia Berry	56
"Sweetheart Born From Flames"	Tara Tang	57
"Nobody Told Me"	Lydia Wang	58
"Pumpkin Spice Tea"	Maggie Chen	60
"Transcendence"	Claire Wang	61
"Mom"	Nina Nakkash	62
"Victims"	Mia Berry	64
"Wind-torn Yesterdays"	Myna Palakurthi	65

LITERARY TABLE OF CONTENTS

FUTURE

Future Section Introduction		66
"Repentance Like Living"	Tara Tang	67
"A Letter to My Sisters"	Eden Harrison	68
"A Study in Futility"	Dillon McMurray	70
"Sometimes Galaxies Collide"	Tara Tang	72
"Clay/X/Ali"	Anaya Johnson	73
"Aglets of Leaves, Soles of Wind"	Tara Tang	74
"Destination Determination"	Jon Scott	75
"An Array of Thoughts from the Past and Present"	Kiana Sadri	76
"Dominoes"	Nina Nakkash	78
"Eclipse"	Tara Tang	79
"The Moral Legality of the Illegal"	Dillon McMurray	80
"Futile Hope"	Mina Lee	82
"If You Let Me"	Claire Wang	83
"Pretense"	Mina Lee	84
"Expectations"	Nina Nakkash	85
"Skypunch."	Claire Wang	86
"Together"	Lydia Wang	87
"The Songs That Will Carry On for a Lifetime"	Lee Alexander	88
"The Metaphysical Science of Concrete Daydreams"	Dillon McMurray	90
"The Sunflower"	Lydia Wang	92
"When the World Is Numb"	Eden Harrison	94
"A Place We Do Not Own"	Mina Lee	95
Letters from the Staff		97
Credits		102

ART TABLE OF CONTENTS

"Time" (Digital Art)	Lydia Wang	Cover
"Grandpa" (Pencil Drawing)	Lydia Wang	Title Pg.
"Demons" (Photography)	Hannah Hansen	9
"Balance" (Photography)	Vanessa Raptis	12
"MLK" (Digital Art)	Steven Conyers	13
"Glee" (Photography)	Hannah Hansen	17
"Glare" (Painting/Digital Art)	Bobby DePollo	24
"Soar" (Photography)	Hannah Hansen	25
"Eye of the Beholder" (Painting)	Josie Teachout	26
"Jaw" (Jewelry)	Jackson White	28
"Masked" (Photography)	Jasmin Bhangu	34
"Paige" (Photography)	Arielle Tolbert	36
"Feed Me" (Photography)	Mary Cannapell	37
"Sorcerous" (Photography)	Hannah Hansen	39
"Peering In" (Jewelry)	Simran Brar	40
"Floral Trunk" (Painting)	Marah Brinjikji	41
"Syzygy" (Sculpture)	Jared Freeman	43
"Mysteries" (Photography)	Becky McGeorge	44
"Pieced Together" (Photography)	Chris Sobeck	45
"Ladder Toss Ring" (Jewelry)	Emilio Sosa	47
"Model Student" (Comic)	Katie Sullivan	49
"Beyond the Corner" (Photography)	Jasmin Bhangu	53
"Bonehead" (Jewelry)	Aidan Darby	55
"Looking" (Photography)	Hannah Hansen	56
"Troy Daze" (Photography)	Jasmin Bhangu	60
"Sizzle" (Photography/Digital Art)	Rishuv Mehta	63
"Patriot" (Painting)	Grant Anusbigian	65

ART TABLE OF CONTENTS

"Light of Life" (Pencil Drawing)	Lydia Wang	69
"Stopped in Tracks" (Photography)	Emily Herard	71
"Faith" (Photography)	Justin Graffa	74
"Mother" (Painting)	Eden Harrison	75
"Ripples" (Ceramics)	Katie Mansour	78
"Blue" (Drawing)	Juhi Katta	82
"Mystique" (Mixed Media)	Bobby Depollo	83
"#Purple" (Comic)	Katie Sullivan	84
"Feathers" (Painting)	Josie Teachout	85
"Goddess of Speed" (Photography)	Austin Santangelo	91
"Hickory Dickory Dock" (Drawing)	Hyven Lin	93
"On the Edge" (Photography)	Emily Herard	95
"Beyond" (Photography)	Emily Herard	96

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE

“Past, Present, Future”, the theme of the 2015 *SPECTRUM* issue, represents the categorization of time, an inescapable medium in our world. Invaluable time irreversibly ticks forward, but only humans are said to be aware of and afraid of time running out. Our fear inevitably affects our perspective of life and causes us to reflect upon our past and adjust attitudes toward the future.

The past is time upon which we can reflect. Representing personal and impersonal mistakes, experiences, and discoveries, the past allows us to learn and build upon knowledge useful for the present and future. The present is the current scene in the play called life, and it requires action, choices that will affect the future, and the ability to accept its impermanence to look ahead. Attitudes toward the future often vary depending on both the past and the present, so at times the future offers hope and opportunity, and at others it offers dread.

Here, we seek to explore the spectrum that exists in the passage of time. The spectrum of the issue runs through the past, present, and future.

S As it approaches the dusk
 P Sun engulfed in darkness
 E Everyone pulling into their driveways for the night.
 C The rush is over and many celebrate.
 T The grey cloud rapidly follows me
 R The pile of papers on my desk I shove into my case
 U But I'm not heading on vacation.
 M I'm heading home to the place where I should be happy
 2 But instead I'm greeted with the howls of a lost mind
 0 A sad soul drowning.
 1
 5
 Then my gaze lands on a tabby cat on the front porch
 As a spear of sunlight escapes through the cloud cover
 The cat, a flaming skeleton of marigold fur
 Mews for a scrap of sustenance.
 As my fingers run through its bristles,
 The cat and I become one
 Both searching among the clouds for a shard of blue hope,
 A smile of sun, and a chirp of happiness.

PAST

"Time flies over us, but leaves its shadow behind"
— Nathaniel Hawthorne

IDENTITY

CLOSURE

NOSTALGIA

DECIDED

MEMORIES

KNOWLEDGE

EXPERINCE

The birth of a child into a family can symbolize many different things. The union of two people creating a new life, a child to carry on the family name, a boy or girl to add to the diversity of the family unit, a brother or sister for a sibling, a child to inherit a priceless heirloom or family business. In my family, the birth of a child signifies the planting of a tree. “Each tree is so different,” my grandma says, pointing to the miniature forest growing in her backyard. “Just like each grandchild is so different. You are all special in your own way. Even when I can’t see you grow up each day, I see my trees growing instead.” My grandma has been planting a tree for each of her grandchildren for the past 23 years. It has become our family tradition with ten trees rooted deeply and reaching for the sky.

My grandma has always had a fondness for trees. She can notice the difference in trees and can sense that they each have a personality. When a grandchild is born she must learn the baby’s personality and then she selects a tree for them. It started with Erin, the first grandchild, and a Blue Spruce sapling in the backyard of my grandma’s old house on Maplehurst Street. A Blue Spruce is a special evergreen, just as her first grandchild was. When she left the Maplehurst house, my grandma uprooted the tree, which had grown three feet, and replanted it behind her new house. It is now a fifty-foot tree. Next came the Flowering Cherry trees for Fabian and Tillman. They live in Germa-

ny so she picked a flowering tree which only blooms once a year, since she only sees her grandson once a year. Christopher got a big strong Pine tree since she knew he would grow up to the “big and strong” according to grandma. Lena, also in Germany, got a Flowering Pear tree. Alex, Adam, Rylan and Max each have a tree of their own. Of course my tree is the most special to me. My tree is a soft White Pine. My grandma says, “It is so soft and delicate looking, but strong enough to withstand heavy storms and cold winter winds.” My grandma always tells me, “You are kind and caring, but also strong, just like all the women in our family.” I don’t always feel strong, but I try to remember that my grandma is a wise person and she knows me best.

My deepest wish is that my grandmother will be around to plant a tree for my child. She is 87 years old, so I am realistic and I know that the odds are not good. But my family will keep my grandma’s tradition going and our tree planting days are not over. Just like the trees that my grandmother planted, our family roots are strong and will live on. I am sure when the sad day comes, my family will pick out a special tree for my grandma. I think it will be a mighty Oak tree, with its strong branches and thick leaves that shine a magnificent auburn color in autumn and a vibrant green in summer. The mighty Oak is the only tree that is special enough for a mighty lady that is so strong with a solid core of gold.

My thoughts bounce off every wall

S And my words echo.

P This room conceals me, defines me, embraces me.

E The memories are powerful yet somewhat indefinite,

E But they are all there.

C For the once living, once breathing souls that used to roam

C In this very room

T Have seemingly vanished into thin air.

R A sharp current awakens me

R Bringing back endless memories.

U So real, so tangible, yet so far away and unreachable.

M The roaring fire, laughing voices, the smell of mint tea

M Intertwining with that of warm fudge, crystallizing in
a warm ambiance.

2 He builds his powerful fortresses, knocked down

2 With the flick of a finger.

O Her gaze carefully caresses the mystical pages,

1 While a smile curves its way up his face, as the satire on his screen
enlivens him.

5 But she is distant

5 With spent fingers.

I stand alone watching, reliving, wishing to return.

These small moments, so small, so seemingly trivial,

Yet powerful enough to bring about a storm of tears.

For the moments by our fireplace were memorable

And now I stand alone.

For nothing can warm the cold feeling of loss.

And I stare through the flames of my memory

But no reflection greets me.

I stare through the flames I conjure up in my mind,

But when I turn around,

It is as cold as ever.

C-SHARP MINOR

The silent whisper of fireflies' buzz,
 Open to their curiosity of the new addition
 Dark lanterns gleam against their excitement,
 Awaiting the sorrow that cradles the eyes of lovers lost.
 Ripples in the soundless lake
 Like glass slippers, smooth against feet.

The first note with
 A single step towards the dark moonless night
 Leap with wild skirts that flutter to chase the wind
 Repeat, repeat, repeat
 once more, again, encore.
 Until bruised soles pound red tears into glass
 Never breaking, never shattering
 Under the weight of heavy minor keys.

Minor 3rd, major 5th, pause, skip, and repeat
 Like grieving drums pressed against the brain,
 Soft gentle pluck into loud crescendo
 And peer up with hope only to be torn
 By a single breath and 3 sheets
 Of music lost to the restless air.

There is no standing ovation, no applause,
 Just the ringing in the air as the last note falls short,
 Pause. No, a sorrowful tune does no good
 Though my heart seems to lie against the strings and
 bounce with every curved overture.

A continuation is not necessary,
 As I have already introduced the Timeless Song
 And begun the Dance of Almost Fantasies.

Maggie Chen

S

P

E

C

T

R

U

M

2

0

1

5

THE ONION

S You cut the onion
 P skins of color buckling as your knife impaled
 E the nematocysts' prisons,
 C *Free at last!*
 T they scream as they float towards your eyes
 R and rip out the tears just as
 U you ripped their roots from Mother Earth.
 M I feel your waxy hands tapping
 the small of my back as I cough
 from the spice burrowing into my tongue.
 2 I have finally accepted your sesame oil dressing,
 O the dressing I know like the back of your head
 1 the head that I watched as you
 5 stuck onion chunks into my sandwiches and
 crisped my sawdust bread.

But now the winds have swept you away
 through the icicle hallways,
 leaving the counters to shiver and
 empty skins to fall into the sink with a crumple and
 a sigh.

I grab another onion from the long queue of others
 cowering in the corner of the cutting board,
 and I lose myself in peeling you away
 until I am left with the little white heart, and it
 is silent.

DISPARITY

Beneath the crumbles of earthen soil
Turning over perpetually
Frenzied activity,
Tremblings.

But above a queer uncanny silence
A suspended fog
Glides silently over the terrain
Not a waver
Not a dent.



"Demons" by Hannah Hansen
Photography

Mina Lee

12:59 AM

S Yesterday's tale of wonderful stories told,
P Eons and school years and summers ago.
E Nothing is the same,
C And yet nothing isn't.
T So much has changed,
R but nothing is different.
U If I didn't show up,
M Would you notice?
Was I on your mind?
2 Could you focus?
0 It's been too long,
1 I should try something new
5 Go and do what I know you're expecting me to do.
People count jumping sheep,
But my poor sheep trip on thoughts, crying out to keep-
Me up longer.
Hours fail to lead me into a steady slumber
Breath in, breath out
Eyelids spring up and flutter down
At last I feel sleep overcome me,
To tuck in the thoughts before they become overwhelming.
And as the last thought slowly fades away...
1:00 am.

ESCAPE

Within these pages,
Lies a home
that I would have never known.

The pages thrive.
In my mind's eye
The pages connect
Breathing with life,
Containing vivid scenes and
Underlying secrets
Of the echoing past,
A forgotten era,
Long, long ago.

Creativity,
Possibility,
Emotion.

Flow between thick circuits connecting the pages.
The book overflows with electrifying, mystical energy.

Will the world learn the truth of the forgotten era?
What I allow it to know?
Or am I doomed to be the chess-master
Of this game of brutality
For eternity?

I,
the forced chess-master of this
endless,
agonizing
maze of hatred and fear.

I continue to hide within the pages of creativity,
Escaping the forced role.
I rest,
Protected and safe within these pages.

Mina Lee

Calm and comfort under the guise of different and outsider,

A little boy floats toward the abandoned swing set.

He sits on black rubber and grips rusty chains,

Kicks his legs up until he's flying.

he takes a chance and lets go,

Feels his body being thrown into the air,

He expects to fall but instead he soars:

Ghosts are the free ones.



"Balance" by Vanessa Raptis
Photography

HUMAN NATURE

No one wants to hear the truth
 Rather believe in lies
 Than see the unblemished proof
 Illusion's eyes

Close-minded
 The evidence couldn't be any clearer
 So blinded
 Can't see the man in the mirror

Good times never last
 Broken smile hide that we're afflicted
 Hidden behind a mask
 Masquerade of all the bad and wicked

Everyone talks about change
 But no one wants to rearrange
 Their past behaviors.

We're all victims of human nature.



"MLK" by Steven Conyers
 Digital Art

I once met a friend online by the username of FmovieDelgado; it started out basically like any other online friend in existence. The first contact in a video game, the chats and getting to know each other better, and eventually the little request notification that would pop up in the corner of the screen of the computer. Years passed and we shared small snippets of our daily lives, his contribution noticeably larger than mine as I was raised to be wary of strangers online. Of these conversations I can solely recall videos he made for a film class as steps toward his aspirations as a film writer and the overflowing emotions he wanted to share with the world when he had managed to woo the girl of his dreams. More time passed and we fell out of touch, not completely as the time between our correspondences stretched for months and he would always manage quick greetings whenever our paths crossed. Then the day came when he started sending all his friends a message: he was bidding them goodbye because he decided that he wanted to commit suicide. As one of his closer friends, he told me of the purge of his friends list and that I would be one of the last. My concern at the time was more focused on my own selfish angst, and I made only a single half-hearted attempt to find the root cause of the problem. He stated, "I'm simply bored of life" and I left things like that; I didn't believe he had the will to do such a deed on such a weak resolution and I wished him the best before he removed me from his friends list and I forgot about him. A year later when I was scrolling through the history of posts that adorned my wall I saw a familiar post and recognized the username. I clicked on the familiar profile picture and was brought to his wall. In an attempt to reminisce about the past, I had planned to find my own posts but instead found a copy-and-pasted passage stating the following (Note: I will replace his real name for the sake of his privacy):

"I'll go ahead and put this here for anyone who still remains confused as to what happened. 11/11/13, 5:15 AM. Tuesday. Joe, at age 16, committed suicide by jumping in front of a BART-company train. Joe said to me one day, when I questioned him about his depression and thoughts of suicide, he said to me: 'life's so sad, i don't want to grow up. i'll stay a kid forever.'

Delgado's death reminded me of my own problems, in a way. And it reminded me: Life's too good to throw away. When you feel sad and depressed, try your hardest to look on the bright side, and think of how much you REALLY mean to the world. Your life, and your death, will move many people, and show that in the long run, all living things are important. And you are important, too.

I'm terribly sorry for anyone who's been close to Joe and his family, and I pray that you all may continue life without worry.

May your trails lead you to happiness.

-Master_of_nonsense."

Optimism is defined by the dictionary as "hopefulness and confidence about the future or the successful outcome of something." Optimism should be a priority due to the fact that it is a driving force in the acquisition of happiness. Without optimism one cannot truly enjoy the life they live and see only the negatives as they trudge through what seems to be a pointless existence accented by needless toil and hardship. In relation to my friend, what we can see here is that he ran out of optimism and ultimately paid the price in full. His final goodbyes to his closest friends on the Internet weren't intended as goodbyes, but in my mind I imagine he was imploring people to help him through his struggle with depression. The optimism he lost was slowly clawing its way into his very being and he was scared. I think the final straw in his resolution fell at some point when he found that none of his so-called friends from the Internet could truly sway his mind. I feel guilty for not being able to do more, but in turn I feel like I learned a lot from this experience in regard to optimism. Optimism gives me the purpose to wake up in the mornings and function like a normal human being amidst the turmoil that life always brings, and it's for that reason that I live the way I do. I identify as a pessimist in life as a result of circumstance but I know that somewhere I'm still an optimist or else I would've been gone long before as well. So I hope you enjoyed my pessimistic optimist paper and remember: In the words of Master_of_nonsense, "In the long run, all living things are important. And you are important, too."

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M
2
0
1
5

angie doesn't go to those parts of town anymore, doesn't want to see the alley where this happened and the building where that happened. she doesn't want to see the place where everything happened, doesn't want to see it, wants to forget it forget it forget it.

there was no pain is what she thinks when she ends up thinking about it (even though she wants to claw out her chest every time she does, every time).

she ignored the pain, told herself she feels no pain, she feels no pain, there is never any pain no pain what is pain she is *fine*. completely fine.

she can't remember the last time she had a nightmare because nightmares are painful (aren't they?) and angela deangelis feels no pain angela deangelis only feels conviction and ambition and control.

(she never lets herself ask if angie and angela deangelis are the same person.)

angela is a cop now, angela does what's right, angela feels no self-disgust remembers no trauma experiences no pain. angie has a beautiful daughter to love, has no time for bad memories that don't matter.

angie does not sell herself anymore, doesn't see why she ever thought she could make a profit from her body and not regret it. angie is done with that stage of her life, far far away from that stage of her life (but also very close).

she is ~~not~~ fine.

IT ALL BALANCES OUT

If the days pass you by
And your life follows the routine
What the sun makes dark, your night makes glow
Flashing back to what you have seen and felt earlier
Nothing is a surprise, nothing jumps out startling you
Lack of dimension clearly, as you live life without the
Uplifting whisper of hope.
When night falls,
Your life has a purpose.
You feel, you live, you complain
You laugh, you cry, you shout
It all balances out in the morning.

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M2
0
1
5

"Glee" by Hannah Hansen
Photography

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M
2
0
1
5

The summer was hot, heavy with the promise of a refreshing rain that never came. I took two cold showers every day because I couldn't stand to be in my own skin. My mother lounged around on the couch, fanning herself with a magazine and nagging at me constantly because the heat made her cranky. Being near each other put us both on edge, so I braved the glaring, vengeful sun and took bike rides to the local Seven Eleven for ice cream, thinking only of its sweet, cool salvation.

The parking lot of the Seven Eleven was where all the teenagers seemed to collect, probably out of some natural adolescent instinct, and on my way I passed two lanky boys clad in all black despite the scalding temperature, who saw me and began snickering from behind their Gatorade bottles. I flushed scarlet and fumbled as I lined my bike up with the others on the rack, feeling their eyes on my back the whole time.

When I walked into the store, the air conditioning hit me like rainfall after a drought. I paused and sucked in a breath of frigid air, feeling the clinging humidity falling from my skin. The man behind the counter was Mexican, his oiled black hair slick and shining on his head. He was rifling through a comic and leaning precariously back in a folding chair. He would rock back until it looked like he might fall, igniting my instinct to leap forward and block it, and then he would catch himself just before he lost balance. Watching him play his subconscious game was fascinating.

When he looked up, his dark eyes traveled from my scrawny legs to my sticky shirt, and finally up to my flat, damp hair, the corners of his mouth tilting up in an amused half-smile.

"How'd ya do?" he called out in heavily accented English, nodding at me from his perch behind the register. I shuffled forward, breathing in the cool air and trying to fill up my body with the cold to store for later. Out on the parking lot, the heat rose in waves from the asphalt, writhing like some kind of unconquerable, sizzling monster. The ice cream dispenser was making a low humming noise in the back of my mind, but other than that the place was empty and quiet. The man was still watching me, his eyes obsidian and indiscernible. I moved out of the line of his gaze and flip-flopped my way down the aisles in search of ice cream. My sweat was drying on my body and tracing chills up my spine. Goosebumps flecked across my limbs and tickled the fine hairs.

Next to the ice cream, I kicked off my sandals and pressed my feet against the tiles. I let out a sigh, imagining every hot, heavy thought leaving my body. When I finally got around to picking up an ice cream bar and slipping my feet back into my flip-flops, the man had moved on to a different volume of his comic. As I came back in sight, his eyes left the page to settle on me and his lips took on the shadow of a smile. I chewed on my nail, uncomfortable, and set the ice cream on the counter. He took it in his big, tan fingers and punched a code into the register. I handed him a couple dollars and took back the bar.

He nodded once, as if to say have a good day. I nodded back. I squared my shoulders for the blast of hot air to clamp its bulky hand around me, but halfway through the door, through hot and cold, hazy and bright, the man called out to me, "Next time, miss, please keep on those shoes."

After that, I went to the Seven Eleven every day, passing through the heat and the mocking scrutiny of the teenage boys into the frigid isolation of the store, which held the man with the dark brown eyes who balanced at the edge of the world, and the aisle of ice cream bars that quenched the perpetual thirst of summer. Soon I learned to smile at the man, and then I learned his name. Not long after that, he learned mine.

It was Monday when I pulled up and steered my bike past the two boys who stood with a bag of sour candy between them. They watched me with their steady eyes, their gazes hot on my back. I turned around and their faces pinched in surprise as their eyes met my face.

"Can I help you?" I asked, feeling braver than I was. The boys recovered quickly, because all teenagers think, after all, that they're invincible, and the taller boy reached into the bag for another candy. The other one smiled deliberately. I rephrased the question. "What do you want?" The boys laughed.

"Nothing," the taller said, playing with the wrapper of his candy. It made a scratchy foil sound that made me wince. I opened my mouth to say something, but the boys just laughed again, tossed me a candy, and left.

Inside the store, the man was at his usual spot, this time with a pen and paper in hand. He looked up, saw me, and smiled.

“Hello, girl,” he said.

I trudged through the aisles to the ice cream dispenser, making my way through the familiar maze of junk and refreshments. I saw the candy the boys had been eating outside and grimaced.

When I dumped my usual ice cream bar on the counter, the man put down his notebook and rang me up. I handed him my money and watched as he went through the motions that by now I knew so well I could do them myself. “You know,” I said, almost as an afterthought. “My name isn’t girl.”

The man looked up and smiled. It seemed to me that smiling was the best way he knew to get his thoughts across, when the words he knew weren’t enough.

“Then what is your name?”

I tensed, studying him. It wasn’t that I didn’t trust him. I just wondered why I felt the need to correct him – why I couldn’t have just let him go on calling me ‘girl.’

The man seemed to sense my hesitation and smiled again, gently. “I am Jorge. I am from Mexico.” He pronounced the “x” as an “h.”

“Mexico,” I said, trying it out. It sounded foreign and empty without the slash of the “x” across my tongue.

“Yes.”

I smiled softly back at him. “My name is Sophie, Jorge.” I liked the way his name sounded, like taking two short, gasping breaths. “I’m from America. It’s nice to meet you.”

He handed me my ice cream bar along with a stick of gum he dug from his pocket, which he proclaimed was “free for Sophie.” As I turned to leave, I glanced at his notebook, sprawled on the counter in front of me. The page was covered with doodles of Superman, the artwork surprisingly detailed and realistic. But instead of an “S” curving its way down the hero’s strong, broad chest, there was a “J.”

By the time summer ended, Jorge and I were the oddest of friends. He gave me a stick of gum every day, which I always saved. By the end of the summer, I had 35 pieces of Juicy Fruit stacked neatly in a drawer in my desk. The first few days of September, the weather wasn’t so suffocating anymore, and my mother and I could finally stand to be around each other. But I still went to the Seven Eleven every day, bought an ice cream bar from Jorge, and brought home a stick of gum like a tiny secret treasure in my fist.

Tuesday, a week before school started, I went to visit Jorge.

Jiwon Yun

He was counting up the coins in the register, examining each one before adding it to the growing pile on his left.

“Hey, Jorge,” I said, coming behind the counter and sitting next to him on a stool he’d pulled up just for me.

“Hello, Sophie.” I liked the way he said my name, with the second syllable longer than it should have been, as if he were drawing it out and trying out the feel of it in his mouth. He made my name sound like something special and exotic, a name no one in the world had ever had.

“Do you want some help?”

“No.”

He looked at me and didn’t smile. His dark eyes were hollow and depthless.

“Are you okay, Jorge?” I asked, hating the way his shoulders slumped, as if the weight of the whole world was on them. Today his chair was flat on the floor, his feet planted steadily beside it.

“I miss them, Sophie.”

“Who?”

He looked unbearably sad. Even the shine in his glossy, polished hair seemed dull.

“*Mi familia*, Sophie. *Mama, papa, hermano*. I come to America to make money. *Dinero, dinero*. So Marco can go to school. So mama can buy nice dress for church. So papa does not drink the bad liquid in cans. *Dinero*. I am alone, Sophie. I miss them. I miss *mi familia*. My family.”

Jorge’s eyes were brimming with tears, his thick lips quivering. His words shook as the empty, echoing loneliness within him flooded them with emotion. The rich sound of his language hung in the air between us. *Familia*, I thought. Family.

The silence that followed was taut and full of melancholy energy.

I said, suddenly, “So you are a hero.”

His eyes flickered to mine, full of questions and emotions too difficult to put into words.

“The pictures you draw, Jorge. They’re very good.”

He ducked his head, bashfully playing with a rusted Mississippi quarter. “*Gracias*,” he murmured quietly.

“Besides,” I said, tracing my finger along the edge of the counter. “You’re not alone. You have me. I’m your friend, Jorge.”

He smiled, and his eyes were warm. “*Amiga*,” he said.

After a minute, Jorge ducked out from behind the counter and ambled through the aisles. I waited until he returned with two cans of lemonade. He popped the tabs and handed me one. "Free for Sophie," he said. The sweet smell of lemonade floated through the air between us. Jorge took a sip and smacked his lips, grinning and satisfied. "Very good, yes?"

I drank and nodded.

"My mama told me after crying, you drink lemonade. It means after sadness, there is sweetness. Happiness. Everything becomes *bueno*. Good."

"*Bueno*," I said, and I laughed as I drank because the lemonade was sweet in my mouth and warm in my stomach.

That day, my friends came home from vacations and my quiet summer world came to life with the frenzied excitement of gossip and giggles muffled by sleeping bags deep into the dead of night. Rebecca, my best friend since second grade, had spent the summer in Texas with her grandmother and came home with a beautiful golden sheen to her skin. It felt strange to have her back. Good, but strange. A lot had changed. I had changed.

I wanted desperately to tell her about Jorge. I'd always been able to tell her anything, and keeping something from her was like trying to hide a secret from myself. I didn't see Jorge for a few days because I spent my days with Rebecca. It was oddly suffocating to be tied down with talks of boys and the other girls at school. Rebecca's words sounded so flat and meaningless compared to the rich cadences and timbres of Jorge's native language. I wanted to hear stories about his *familia* and be called *amiga* and doodle superheroes and drink lemonade that warms the deepest hollows of my heart. But I couldn't tell Rebecca.

I thought the summer would go by and I wouldn't get to see Jorge again. But Rebecca asked me to come to the Seven Eleven with her on Friday. I was sleeping over at her house that night, and her mother gave us a ten-dollar bill to go spend on anything we wanted. Squealing, we rode our bikes to the Seven Eleven and parked them outside. The boys weren't in their usual post by the door, and the empty patch of asphalt was an echoing reminder that the still, lazy memory of summer was just that. A memory.

Rebecca and I stepped into air conditioning that nipped at our faces like frostbite.

"It's cold in here," she murmured, rubbing her arm with the

fist that clutched our money. I looked up and there was Jorge, sitting on his stool behind the counter, the one thing that hadn't changed. He was chewing on the inside of his cheek as he stroked lines across his notepad. The image of him sitting there was so familiar, so comforting, that I wanted to run up and take my place beside him behind the counter, in a world of our own.

It occurred to me suddenly that we weren't alone in the store. There were other people milling the aisles, picking out bags of chips and candy bars and bottles of soda and making their way toward where Jorge sat, sketching the heroes he wanted to be.

As Rebecca and I made our way forward, a group of boys tossed their chips onto the counter and stood back, jostling against each other with their hands stuffed deep into the pockets of their baggy shorts. Jorge didn't look up.

"Hey, man," one of them said, tapping the counter next to Jorge's notebook. "Wanna ring us up?"

"Let me finish, please," Jorge replied pleasantly, his attention focused on his drawing. The boy stepped forward and adjusted his cap as his friends jeered and hissed behind him.

"What did you say, man? I asked nicely. I said ring us up. Did you not hear me?"

"I hear you. I say let me finish, please."

The boy lashed out with his hand and neatly knocked Jorge's notebook off the counter. It landed with a thud and a messy crunch of pages on the linoleum.

"You're done. Now ring us up. And because you made us wait, I get this for free."

The boy picked up a Kit Kat and dropped it in his pocket, watching Jorge's reaction with a smirk. Jorge looked up from the counter and stared fiercely up at the boy. Rebecca pulled me forward, and I stumbled. Jorge's dark eyes slid past the boy and locked on to me. His face lit up with a smile.

"Free for Sophie," he mumbled, and then louder, "Sophie!"

The boys swiveled around and five pairs of eyes looked me over. Rebecca dropped my arm. "Sophie? How does he know you?" Jorge was still smiling, waiting for me to step forward and claim my seat beside him and make the rude boy go away. He was waiting for his *amiga*.

Then I looked around and saw the accusatory gleam in the eyes around me, and I knew I couldn't be what he wanted. I had to be their Sophie, not his.

I laughed loudly. “I don’t know. I’ve shopped here before a couple times. Whatever. Come on, Rebecca. I want my Milky Way.” I dropped my gaze, took Rebecca’s arm, and brushed past the crowd of boys. But not before I saw Jorge’s smile falter, the confused look cross his face as he watched me walk away. “Sophie?” he called, but I ignored him.

I kept my shoes on in the aisles, and at the counter when Jorge tried to meet my eyes as his large, familiar hands bagged up my Milky Way and handed it back to me, I laughed with Rebecca and refused to look at him. Out of the corner of my eyes I saw his notebook on the floor, a crumbled sketch of me half finished on the page. I swallowed hard and looked away, my gaze wildly searching for a place to focus and finding Jorge. We stared at each other for a while, and then he smiled softly. Somehow that made it worse.

At home, I found a can of lemonade nestled within my bag.



“Glare” by Bobby DePollo
Painting/Digital Art

LUST VS. LOVE

I am sitting in my bedroom crying
And I am telling myself,
Get over him already.
30 minutes later
I convince myself that he still
Wants me
And I am blissful once again.
I'm so glad I met him,
He taught me that
Everyone who seems interested
Is not always.
Ever since then
I had always doubted that
Someone could be so overtaken
From "love"
and still be sane.
Now I've learned that
It's possible to love somebody
And love yourself
At the same time.
I'm so glad that I met you;
You taught me that.
You were put into my life
With such impeccable timing.

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M2
0
1
5

"Soar" by Hannah Hansen
Photography



Tyler Jackson

Good times never last
 Broken smiles hide that we're afflicted
 Hidden behind a mask
 Facade of all the bad and wicked

 Walls built to protect us
 Our only way to cope
 In God we trust
 Clinging onto hope

 Selective perception
 Outward perfection
 Inner rejection

A disguise as fragile as glass
 Revealed by years of cracks
 Damaged by our past
 Haunted by emotional flashbacks

 When the glass shatters
 It will all fall down.



"Eye of the Beholder" by Josie Teachout
 Painting

MELT THE STING AWAY

People are cold when they're dead. You know that, you feel that, you live that, cold corpse cold blood cold heart.

Do you remember the last time you felt warmth? Scorching flames, white-hot inferno, the burning fervor of life? (You don't tell yourself this, but you do not remember at all.)

You like to play pretend sometimes, like to fiddle with a cheap dollar store lighter, bring it close to your fingers and watch red lick at your skin, watch as your flesh glows. You cry sometimes, when it really sinks in that you feel nothing.

(But let's keep playing pretend, let's keep saying you can't feel it because you are a part of it, of course you can't feel it because you are just as warm as the flame, you are not dead not dead not dead you are *living* and you've never felt more alive than right now, warm skin warm blood warm heart. *Dead?* How ludicrous.)

But eventually the flame dies out and so does your tired little game. You are cold and you are dead and a weak ball of energy has no means of changing that.

On other days you wish you could push the sun into your chest, wish it would give you life, give you humanity and the feeling of fiery emotion and a pulse on your neck, because those were yours they belonged to you they were part of you and you didn't think they could be stolen and destroyed (but they were) (alive, you do not remember alive at all.)

So you flick the lighter in a rhythmic on and off, on and off, and the heat comes and goes, comes and goes, and you watch in the dark as life flickers and dies, flickers and dies.

The world's my spinny-top, said the girl
on the merry-go-round; it curls between my fingers, she said.

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M

Her pastel skies melted into fools' gold as familiar
voices cajoled and urged,

Stay on,

No,

Get off.

When she finally steps off the merry-go-round, she is
an old woman. The skies are frayed, ink-blotted, tarnished,
and the world has crept on.

Familiar voices echo in her skull, but only ghostly fireflies
born from carcasses remain
to illuminate the sleeping forms that bred them.

2
0
1
5



"Jaw" by Jackson White
Jewelry

NIGHT WHISPERS

We were only children, then,
 hidden beneath the embrace of blankets
 in a fort we'd built from the palace in our minds,
 a shadow world of darkness that became our sanctuary against
 the monsters that lurked outside.

We were only children,
 and your hand in mine was a refuge against the
 silent battle we fought
 against the cobwebs of sleep that strung our eyes.

We traded secrets in the darkness,
 hushed whispers that wove wisps of forbidden dreams
 and granted access to fairytale kingdoms.
 I told you the things that I could only say
 in the muffled ebony land of night,
 when the rest of the world lay intoxicated in the inevitable
 poison of sleep.

I told you things I couldn't even tell myself,
 my voice uncertain and small but
 comforted by your warmth and the slow blinking light
 of your eyes.

We were children, then,
 but only for a little while,
 and when morning came you carried
 my secrets out into a cold, unforgiving world,
 and left me alone in the darkness,
 left me to fight a solitary war,
 in the worst kind of betrayal.

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M2
0
1
5

Sharp intake of breath-

S Shards of stained glass
 P Scattered about the
 E Grimy, flawed concrete.

C Somehow they
 T Still glimmer
 R Amidst the pool of light
 U Spattering golden
 M Flecks
 Throughout.

2 Wisps of the mist
 0 Remain suspended
 1 In mid-air
 5 Its tendrils curl
 Into a subtle question

Everywhere else-
 Everything lies still
 ----- is no longer important
 ----- are no longer important
 Here we remain
 Lodged in this rut
 Lodged in the unclassified

Unless the hourglass
 Is tipped over.

SHE

She
cautiously Sweet like the plume of cream corrupting
your dark roast
but Bitter like the coffee grinds at the bottom of your cup,

At the bottom of your cup
a sable pointillist painting-
a self-portrait.
Of her.

She is pitch like the lunar eclipse
and she sings the split-ends of her hair.

She reads with her eyebrows and crow's feet
and cries with the creases in her hands.

She has the musk of sandalwood
and a voice like the smoke of incense.

She confronts the sun,
laments the moon,
sways with the tide,

And
She sees herself at the bottom of her cup.
At the bottom of her cup
She: a beautiful you

Can you see her,
Staring down at you at the bottom of the cup?

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M2
0
1
5

THE BEGINNING OF TIME

A melancholy teardrop falls from the Heavens
As the deep, elongated note begins,

S The idea of a cello.
P No bands to echo their booming, trumpeting thoughts,
E No music sheets to entertain the masses,
C No orchestras to lift their omnipotent voices,
T A simple idea.

A lighter sound merges with the rich voice,
Gaining prominence over the tearful passion of the cello.
A gentle vibrato,
R Enough to leave a smile on the Angel looking from above.
U The idea of a violin.

M A fluttering, shy sound trembles in the distance,
The Angel smiles with knowledge
Only understood by the greatest sages.
2 The sound begins to grow, approaching the center of the cosmos,
O Yearning for another smile.
The idea of a flute.

1 A sound, unlike any other,
5 Tremors the heart strings of the Angel.
A mystery waiting to be solved.
The noise bounces around the landscape,
Teasing the Angel,
She laughs. Throwing back her head,
Outstretching her arms,
She grabs for the rambunctious innocence,
Filling the voice with serenity.
The idea of a drum.

Surrounding the black abyss with colors,
Green, Yellow, Red,
Cadmium, Amber, Crimson.
The Angel combines her elegant speech
Reaching the culmination in the music.

The beautiful tension,
Grows from a small nucleus
To shadows of light encompassing the void.
An explosion.

The universe begins.

WOMAN WHO SITS BY THE WINDOW

My mother packed her life into a suitcase when she followed my father to America, a land with a language that sounded like the creaking staccato of old wooden floor. Clothes that smelled like the ancient dust in the backs of closets, frayed with the bittersweet erosion of memory, and bundles of food that tasted like home and the tireless love of her mother. She tells me her tongue felt heavy and awkward when she tried to make it mimic the sounds around her, that speaking English was like reading someone else's script. She could never truly express herself with the words she knew, the words that were never really hers. She felt naked under the curious gazes of icy blue eyes; eyes that made her feel foreign in a different way than she'd been labeled, as From Somewhere Else. She felt like she was Something Else. She longed for the comfort of her home. Home. The place in the photographs she kept in the drawers beside her bed, the place with the house and the family with warm, laughing eyes and wispy black hair, whose words she could understand, and whose emotions she could feel.

My mother's Korean sounds like an apology, with soft lilting syllables that caress the tongue like thick, oozing honey, the vowels and consonants rolling out of her mouth to skim gentle fingers down my cheek. Under my mother's care, Korean becomes a beautiful language, full of a love that could never be perfectly translated and understood as I do. Since I was little, I have grown up with the sound of my mother's tender voice stringing words like music to carry me through life on its sweet cadences.

My Korean is broken, fragmented, the words punctuated by slips of tongue and jagged mispronunciations, each one seeming to push my mother farther from me. Language is what connects us in our world of two vastly different cultures, and as I lose my ethnical roots as a Korean, I also lose my mother.

I can see my mother's story in her eyes when she looks at me. I see the lonely emptiness that was born with the songs on the radio and the commercials on T.V., which I would sing along in the language that sounded like the creaking of old

wooden floors, the words and their rhythms already deeply ingrained within me. What I couldn't see was my mother's heart breaking as she lost her baby to the blue-eyed aliens. As I grew older, bigger barriers sprung up between us, as America became my home while my mother remained in a place thousands of miles away. Her heart was with the people and the culture she'd left behind while the people she loved built their own traditions and pushed her farther away.

Often my mother likes to sit by the window and stare out at the plush green grass of our yard. Sometimes, over time, she withers in on herself and gets a faraway look in her eyes, as if she is a million miles away, back where she came from. I am sure she is thinking of the people and the home she left behind, and how she is marooned alone on a foreign island as the eyes of the people that were once a part of her watch coldly. When my mother sits by the window, she goes to a place I cannot follow, to a place I cannot reach. And I'm left to wonder if she ever truly comes back.



"Masked" by Jasmin Bhangu
Photography

PRESENT

“Real generosity toward the future lies in giving all to the present.”

— *Albert Camus*

DAYLIGHT

BREATH

EXISTENCE

CROSSROADS

ALIVE

EPHEMERAL

IMMEDIATE

WONDER

Leaves changing colors

Apples, donuts, and football

A time of wonder



"Paige" by Arielle Tolbert
Photography

BLOOD PACTS ARE OUT OF STYLE

And your face reflects
 All the things I cannot say
 For alabaster seas and
 Smooth pearl-skin
 Have nothing of their own.
 It absorbs the character
 To which it is
 Exposed
 And of which I am in
 Surplus.

Begging for you to take
 The parts of me
 Filling in my conscious.

I have the love
 (But I'm giving it
 To you).

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M2
0
1
5

"Feed Me" by Mary Cannapell
 Photography

Dillon McMurray

S My mother placed it
 P Into my cold, trembling hand.
 E A memento of my father
 C A piece of him that remained.
 T It glowed with its iridescence,
 R Straight from the depths of the whitecaps.
 U It was found by my favorite person
 M Who had now ascended, up and away.
 2 It glowed softly under the light
 O Of the rugged and torn lampshade.
 1 And it cast a minute shadow
 5 Upon my ever so small palm.
 I closed my fingers around it,
 Imagining him and his woody perfume.
 I imagined him and his somber disposition.
 During the last few months of his life.
 I remembered when he came home
 And placed the Pearl in my mother's hand.
 He told her he found it
 Straight from the depths of the whitecaps.
 And he told her how much he loved her,
 And how his love was vast and never ending.
 So now as my mother hands me the Pearl,
 She reminds me of what he said.
 I tell her he is buried in the ground.
 But she says his love is endless
 And that it is not bound,
 Not by the dirt above his body.
 Not by the carvings on his stone.
 And I take the Pearl into my room,
 And I set the luminescent sphere aside.
 I think back to the moments we shared,

AND I TREASURE THE PEARL
AND ITS SPECIAL PLACE IT ONCE HAD
AMONG THE DEPTHS OF THE WHITECAPS.
I IMAGINE MY FATHER'S LOVE FOR ME
TO HAVE ITS OWN SPECIAL PLACE.
UNDENIABLE, UNCONSTRAINED, AND ENDLESS.



"Sorcerous" by Hannah Hansen
Photography

 CONSISTENCY: TODAY'S HURT

S Today a light-colored bruise.

P A tender spot on my arm
E tempted to throb with self-pity

C like a tooth
T hanging just off the gum,
R but digging its last shard in for the sake of
U consistency.

M I do not know if today hurt.



"Peering In" by Simran Brar
Jewelry

BLOSSOM VALLEY

Petals part from branches
and fly in arms of winter breezes
that waft my hair white.



"Floral Trunk" by Marah Brinjikji
Painting

Biology postulates that all of the human sensory organs can only perceive a specific type of stimulus; noses smell, ears listen, tongues taste, eyes view, and limbs touch. Common knowledge of course, but when you get a smell of the basil *pesto* as you walk into the Italian restaurant, you concoct a vague image of the delicacy in your brain despite not being able to see it being cooked, but you know one thing: it's green. Obviously because it's basil *pesto* it's going to be green, but you can *smell* green. Just like how I can always smell the green as I walk into *Joe Randazzo's Fruit and Vegetable Market*. A justification for such an occurrence could be the phenomenon known as synesthesia, a neurological occurrence in which the stimulation of one sense simultaneously stimulates any of the other senses. It is quite enigmatic, but it can occur with any and every human sense, including hearing which leads to the question: What color can music produce? Most people well-versed in psychoacoustics would recommend that you learn about *timbre*, but a more natural answer would be that music doesn't simply produce a color, but rather many *colors*.

Music has a very wide range; if one were to count all of the defined music genres, they would reach a number around 310, with each and every one having its own distinct definition and composition. Therefore, how can music have only one color? Music of the classical kind such as Mozart's *Dies Irae*, a latin hymn attributed to the Franciscan Order, offers the consumer a beige hue. The color one would think of when trying to perceive 1700s Salzburg, an Austrian state in a time long gone. The song depicts the days to come filled with suffering, horror, and judgement. Jazz music, like its instruments, offers the color of brass metal. When you listen to the music of famous jazz musician Cab Calloway, brass or light-bronze results as the type of color you see. Listening to jazz is like stepping out of a limousine and entering a lavish hotel with an atrium adorned with brass-metal columns. Despite seeming so elegant, jazz music has an outlandish feel to it, like clerks who smile too much and moose heads on the wall. In the world of disco and old-school hip-hip, the SugarHill Gang is well-known for composing the song *Rapper's Delight*.

The song, while relatively long, is very descriptive and colorful. You listen to *Rapper's Delight* and see many colors: red, blue, orange, yellow, brown, and green, which aren't just plain and normal, in fact, they're abnormally plain. Despite being such a colorful song, you feel as if the colors you see are rather washed out and pastel, very similar to if one were to look back at a picture from 1979, the year of the publishing of *Rapper's Delight*. Different types of music all have components which give us the ability to see colors.

When you listen to *Dies Irae* you hear a brew of vocalists bellowing in Latin. You can see the suffering of the Christian people in the song, people starving, wars waging, you're seeing such brilliant visions despite not being able to understand a single word that you hear. The voices of the vocalists are taupe themselves. Cab Calloway's *Minnie the Moocher* has qualities similar to Classical music but at the same time they are very dissimilar. Classical music is like burlap but jazz is again, like brass. The two are relatively similar, but the contrast is that jazz is a bolder genre more centered on polish, while Classical music has a stronger foundation around compulsion. Burlap versus brass. *Rapper's Delight* has many descriptively bleak stories combined with an upright rhythm giving it many different colors. Music as a whole is a full spectrum of colors all separated individually.



"Syzygy" by Jared Freeman
Sculpture

Joseph Nwabueze

S Muddled in fumes
 P Cannot trudge any farther
 E Whip frantically around
 C Searching for anything
 T Anything.
 R Yet-
 U The same phantoms
 M Emerge before me
 Concealing the truth
 Concealing the energy
 2 Concealing the essence
 0
 1 Forever trapped in limbo
 5 Unless I figure
 Out
 The key



"Mysteries" by Becky McGeorge
Photography

IN THE MOMENT

Five, Six, Seven, Eight

Flying through the air; staying tight,

Feeling light, smiling wide.



"Pieced Together" by Chris Sobek
Photography

Three years ago, the summer fire charred fragile shoots into thick strong stems as it smoked the meadows green. The flame found itself quenched by an aura of ice; the thick grove of winter roses in which we sat. You and I. Brushing each other's cheeks with combs of white, cuddled in a cocoon of perfume, we sang our laughter into the stems, and laughed our song into the petals. In our haven we floated, until murky uncertainty and dreams flowed and converged into a roaring river, a silver ribbon billowing between the planets. The Great Magician gave us a tour under the wing of his velvet cape, and you and I, we reached into the cape to grasp the laughing stars.

The fall murmured the blues of multicolored leaves rippling across the unseen mystic meadows. Melancholy thunderstorms of tears boomed spontaneously and radioactive emotion flashed across the sky, cracking apart the chilly stiffening velvet star cape we had been shielded under. You and I. The streaks of water rolled down a tapestry of warped scenery, hot and cold down my windowpane, tearing pain into the window of my heart. My numbed skull wistfully recalls memories of us, of me, lying on my back next to you sighing, "I wish life was a constant miracle."

You plucked up a winter rose, roots and all. "Then miracles would not exist," you sniffed, the delicate scent as you gingerly peeled off the petals, and scattered them to the fickle wind, delighted at its fortune. Then you uprooted another flower stalk.

I roll my eyeballs in weak sockets now, shifting my gaze to two withered winter roses on my desk. The flowers pump bitter honey into my chest, overflowing and snaking into the heart of the crinkled blooms, the thick gooey rope yanking my chest forwards. The acrid honey gnarls my hands and I watch my fingers clutch and crumble a petal. They are iron digits as I claw, and then a jagged rip...and a roughly sewn scar in my heart. Something whirs in my mind and soon I am egging the honey on, bitter love ripping and sewing, ripping and sewing my heart into a misshapen lump of hardened wood as flower petals aggregate into a pile on the hardwood floor.

Then, breathing hard, I clench my eyes into slits, and through my narrow field of sight, I discover a sliver of paper

perching between the flower stems. The paper pulls me in by the skull until the textured surface inks words into my tear-washed eyes: "When life is lacking in miracles, throw open your bedroom window."

My bedroom window stands asleep, heavily curtained and covered for ancient clock-worn ages. But now, I trip over to the window, tear away the curtains and lift

Open,
Away,
Up.

The sunset piggyback-rides the first tendrils of snowflakes down to earth, the galloping winter icy fire thawing gnarled woody stems into fragile shoots as it smoothens the meadows with white icing. The flame finds itself fueled by an aura of ice, the ever-thickening grove of winter roses in which we had sat. You and I.

What I see on my windowsill brushes scented bliss onto my cheeks and a cold-presses a tinkling melody out of the flowers. The silently roaring river ebbs to a rustling trickle, steady clarity and everlasting dreams running side by side as I crawl my fingers up into the cape of stars in front of the watchful smiling silent eyes. White petals smooth over the bumps of my thawed heart as my gaze alights upon two freshly uprooted and intertwined stalks, serene.

Winter roses.

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M

2
0
1
5



"Ladder Toss Ring" by Emilio Sosa
Jewelry

S They said this place would never last. They said it was built
 P in the wrong neighborhood, with the wrong floor plan,
 E so in the morning all the sunlight warms the brick,
 C and all the windows are pointing west.
 T There are stains on the carpet in every room
 R which mark the closing acts of old owners,
 U legends of cowboys and magicians,
 M stories of fantastic duels and car-jackings,
 an old rumor of a man who was knifed and
 burned to death in your bedroom.
 You are the only daughter here and you hate it,
 but your eyes are everywhere in this floating wreckage.
 You are the wrecking ball swinging dangerously close to the tower,
 the man muttering to himself as he dangles his feet over the edge,
 the Olympic diver somersaulting off the north-side windowsill,
 whose body pierces the gasoline-drunk asphalt like a jackknife;
 You are the woman in the phone booth two blocks away,
 spilling quarters from her teeth for a taste of whimsy,
 the soldier who dials 9-1-1 for a chance to speak with God,
 whose lungs fill with a thousand tiny filaments before he can
 open his mouth;
 You are the prisoner in the basement of this place,
 who spends his nights spinning fool's gold from the
 blisters between his knuckles,
 who knows how to kill a cockroach three ways but
 can't remember his first name,
 the three-legged dog slinking down the steps to greet
 the only man who sees him;
 Don't you see your fingerprints on these windows?
 Don't you see your Sharpie-marker years on these walls?

Don't you know this place is yours?

ENTROPY

Overwhelmed by senses
 Surrounded by chaos
 Stand in the midst
 Yet cannot
 Cannot.

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M2
0
1
5

"Model Student" by Katie Sullivan
 Comic

Mina Lee

he is a Freshman in college when
 a stranger hurrying to Anatomy class
 crashes into him and
 he topples into the university's
 old mural of Adam and Eve.

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M

nobody has ever fallen into
 that looming painting on the wall before,
 so you can imagine his surprise,
 when he hits the wall and a lock clicks open.
 curiosity never seems to do
 anybody any good,
 but he leans on the wall anyway,
 and staggers into a blinding light.

2
0
1
5

he is standing on paper,
 and a pencil and eraser are laid out
 in front of him.
 on the white landscape, words of every script,
 every language, every arrangement
 are violently scribbled on the paper.

*a stranger runs into
 jonathan, who
 stumbles into the
 mural
 unlocks the
 entrance.
 he discovers the
 book of
 de*

the words flow until e is under the sole of his shoe
 the line is not complete.
 jonathan picks up the pencil and eraser,
 debates between going to the next page
 and flipping to the previous.

instead, he sets the stationary down
 and leaves,
 closing the door behind him.

SWINGS

She races
 toward the gateway
 Between two worlds.
 Held captive in the
 Monochrome reality,
 The vibrant delusion.

Her mind fuses the two worlds
 As she swings from
 fantasy
 to reality,
 And back to fantasy
 In a constant cycle.

Her eyes reflect the concrete scenery,
 But only bears witness to dreams.

She becomes stuck between the two worlds,
 Unable to comprehend which is the
actual truth
 and which is the
desired truth.

Unable to push forward
 unable to leave,
 She swings alone,
 In a
 Never-ending daydream.

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M

2
0
1
5

How beautiful life is...

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M
2
0
1
5

With its apple orchards and strong-willed trees
Stretching their dark brown branches
As they flood the azure sky.
Deep, strong roots submerged into the fertile soil
And crisp green rustling
With the wispy, intangible air
Rocking the red fair fruits dangling above
The ground, teasing the small child
Pouncing for the ruby-red jewel.

How contradictory life is...

With the tearful laughter of a mother,
Nurturing a newborn baby
As another mother's fretful tears
Fill the bitter air and flood her cheeks,
Facing her child's stone-cold coffin.
A full-course meal
Of Moules Marinères
And a simpler dessert of pear tarte tatin
Served with red wine, of course.
A makeshift table on the ground,
Made with grubby hands and strong back-bones
A meal of rice
And a treat of banana bread burnt on the edges,
Served with water, of course.

How exciting life is...

With a new adventure by the door,
New horizons, oceans, mountains
To explore.
With age-defying achievements
With sounds of loud exhilaration,
Of linking hands and linking hearts.

How peculiar life is...

Loud and busy in the morning,
 Surrounded with guffaws and superfluous conversations,
 Grinning smiles and exhales of confidence.
 Quiet and tranquil at night,
 Alone with hidden thoughts and emotions
 Among the vast expanse of stars,
 Subtle smiles and contented sighs of shyness.

How joyful life can become...

By seizing the woven-threads of opportunity
 By climbing the steep mountains of nonbelievers
 By standing above the world for a few everlasting minutes
 By leaving one's footprint on an aspiration reached at last,
 The final lingering echoes of a shout acclaiming.

The trophy gained at last

Beautiful ugly sweet bitter heartwarming heartbreaking:

Life...



"Beyond the Corner" by Jasmin Bhangu
 Photography

S I lie on my bed, the tears stinging my eyes,
 P Who imprisons me?
 E The room is as gray and empty.
 C The wood floor creaks.
 T The blinds, allow a few drops of sunlight to seep through,
 R The sounds of happiness outside,
 U Wanting to be heard.
 M The birds' chirping,
 The kids' laughing,
 The people talking happily.
 If only I were one of them
 Again I ask,
 2 Who imprisons me?
 O The question rings through my head
 1 My arms rolls off the bed,
 5 the knife hitting the floor,
 blood dripping off my hand.
 My eyes are open but feel closed.
 Nothing is getting through to me.
 My breaths are slow,
 ragged,
 and pointless.
 A light reflecting off the mirror catches my eye,
 I turn my head.
 An invisible force pulls me toward it.
 Slowly, I get off my bed.
 I step on the knife,
 Too numb to feel the pain.
 I walk to the cracked, dirty, mirror,
 Not surprised to see
 A mess of black hair,
 Skin as pale as an unpainted canvas,

A tear-stained face
with eyes showing the true chaos that lies within,
The sadness,
The depression,
The fear.
As I look at the reflection, I see her.
I finally see her.
My prisoner.



“Bonehead” by Aidan Darby
Jewelry

Insults used for satisfaction

S Inferior degrading

P Living a lie based on exaggeration

E Moral tainting

C Necessities taken for granted

T No sense of gratitude we're entitled

R Misinformation implanted

U Degenerate cycle

M Materials seem to heal

But they're really placebos

2 Immediate depression reveals

O We're cursed by our own egos

1 The higher you are

5 The harder you fall

Dark remains of a star

The discovery of humility after all



"Looking" by Hannah Hansen
Photography

SWEETHEART BORN FROM FLAMES

Did it hurt when you fell
from heaven?

Did it hurt when the pit of your stomach
dropped like an anchor,
And you lost your footing
on the glowing clouds of holiness?

Did you cry when the wind
swirled around you like a vacuum
as you plummeted,
When your ears popped and your skin prickled,
And you thought,
I am going to die
?

Did you shake in fear when your eyes
opened to sun and smoke and a world like punishment,
A world of destruction, of pain,
And you felt a gutting sense that
you deserved this, this land on fire?

Did you pray when you realized
that no one was there to
catch you?

(Yes,
you murmur at three in the
morning,
Looking at the stars, looking at your home,
And I wish I never left.)

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M2
0
1
5

Nobody told me

S a sisterhood could be the numbness of
 P a phantom limb, an immaterial flame,
 E and nobody told me the only time we'd really touch
 C would be your arms cradling the coarse
 T bundle of itchy wool blankets wrapped around
 R me,
 U a hot bulky potato that you were
 M afraid of dropping and
 2 incapable of crushing.
 O We spent four days in the two-room apartment together
 1 where the words *kitchen* and *bedroom* were
 5 synonymous and I was two. Mom
 cut pomegranates and we licked
 the blood-red spray flecking our faces
 like shrapnel
 scratching "separation" on our braised skin.

Nobody warned me

about the high-pitched cacophonies,
 the international calls overflowing the wastebasket,
 the cards, overflowing the wastebasket, until one day
 they stopped.

I looked over to glimpse the shadow of a hunched
 woman sobbing before Dad shut the door,
 and brought me back to Wai Po's front door,
 your door,
 the one you'd step out of before our grandparents'
 melatonin wore off to buy your soymilk-fried-dough-stick
 breakfast from
 vendors screaming down the sewer streets that lined
 the grocery stores, the stores hiding piles of
 carrots and husk-ripped corn and signs with
 big black blocks of Chinese characters screaming
 TAKE ME

take me away from these flickering lights and
the old wives' hands and the flies.

You faded away like those grocery store lights and I
stopped acknowledging your existence outside.
The alien emptiness burrowed into my mouth
and I taught myself to chew.

I stare at the Szechuan pickle moon cake Mom
has just placed in front of me. I split it unevenly,
three-eighths on the left, five-eighths on the right.
I close my eyes to hear the flaky
dough melting on your tongue so many phone calls ago,
sizzling to the spices on my singing taste buds, and
I remember this is your favorite food.
My eardrums stretch to the street outside our
subdivision and for a moment,
just a moment,
I feel your bicycle bell ring to the guard as you
pass by, and I watch your red plaid dress float into
the chaos of my foreign heritage.

Until you reply,
you pick up,
you come,
we can never be sisters, because honestly.
Nobody told me.
You could so quickly become.
My ghost.

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M

2
0
1
5

PUMPKIN SPICE TEA

Ginger warmth dip like

Spice with bright doors open. Burn,

Delicate fire.



"Troy Daze" by Jasmin Bhangu
Photography

Maggie Chen

TRANSCENDENCE

In the blue cusp of morning,
 We sit on the windowsill with our hands clutched
 around steaming cups of jasmine and rosewater.
 My mother's voice sings to me a life of rooster feathers
 and lots of red wine. Cold feet on hot pavement.
 The smell of the rain washing over broken arms
 and broken hearts, the light of a new day come to
 spin anew each and every morning -

 thousands of golden fibrils woven into
 a silken flower of faith and dreams,
 that is a mother's love -
 it is the energy of a thousand hearts
 beating at once,
 a rush of blood to the head,
 the fervor of a warm embrace
 that fills me to my fingertips
 and settles deep beneath my bones.

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M2
0
1
5

MOM

Autumn's

S Vivid shades of
 P Ravish rubies,
 E Tangerine oranges,
 C Maple bronzes
 T Flow smoothly in the
 T Curves of your luscious hair.

R Winter's

U Precious,
 M Pearly-textured whiteness,
 Pure as angel wings
 Glisten under
 2 Sun-kissed rays and
 O Moonlight beams,
 1 Portraying your eyes.

5 Spring's

Bees vivaciously buzz,
 Birds harmoniously chirp,
 Flowers gently blossom,
 Like the
 Tenderness and vitality
 You pour into my soul.

Summer's

Waves gleam,
 As if ignited
 By a thousand of heaven's
 Radiant stars.
 Waves that gently splash against the sand.
 Relaxing, renewing, reviving
 All who near it,
 Just as you do.

The day is near,
When you and I shall be
Apart for clusters of days.

But you are in every part of my very existence –
Etched
In the wooden-textured trunk of Autumn's Maple,
In angel's frozen teardrops of Winter's snow,
On soaring doves and cranes lifting Spring's clouds,
On soft sand surrounded by Summer's spectrum of sea shells.

Mom -
For eternity you are
A beautiful butterfly fluttering
Inside my heart.



"Sizzle" by Rishuv Mehta
Photography/Digital Art

VICTIMS

I Innately developed
 S Consciously led
 P Feelings enveloped
 E Morality interbred
 C Needing of acceptance
 T Instinctive reactions
 R Creation of lies leads to deception
 U Covered up by distractions
 M Pride won't allow us to ask for help
 Feathers aid the continuous masquerade
 2 Playing the cards we've been dealt
 0 Prejudice disgraced
 1 Separation due to confusion
 5 There is only one race
 Human

Victims from birth,
 With the ability to destroy.
 Conformity occurs
 Evil's greatest ploy

A great need for change
 Too stubborn to rearrange,
 Their past behaviors,

We're all victims of human nature

WIND-TORN YESTERDAYS

Today, I walked along the street
after the storm.

I might have stepped in some puddles,
but I didn't feel moist sloshing of run-off between my toes.

I just squeaked over the sidewalk - boots damp with
wind-torn yesterdays.



"Patriot" by Grant Anusbigian
Painting

FUTURE

“Destiny is no matter of chance. It is a matter of choice. It is not a thing to be waited for, it is a thing to be achieved.”

— William Jennings Bryan

DREAM

DESTINY

IMMINENT

UNRESTRAINED

BEYOND

POSSIBILITY

FLIGHT

REPENTANCE LIKE LIVING

Forgiveness is a strange thing, when you love someone the way she loves him. Sometimes love can be so perpetual, so unchanging and so solitary that it seems as natural as blood coursing through your veins (which, in hindsight, is not as natural as she used to think).

She realizes now that, for a love like that, refusing and forgetting are surprisingly similar, in the way that breathing in the first day of spring is like hunching your shoulders over on the first day of winter. When she tells herself to hate him, that is refusal. When she cannot recall why, that is forgetfulness.

Three years pass and refusal-forgetting-hate becomes part of her blood just as much as love was (*is, still is*), yet she finds herself shaking his hand and playing a game of chess with him, like old times. His strategy is still impressive but she always wins, and it does not feel too bad when he murmurs, "I taught you well." Like it is an apology.

(She does not accept it. Not from him.)

But they only spend a few days together and the refusal is only just beginning to filter out of flowing crimson when he makes a stupid decision to, what, prove himself? She wants to scoff at the thought; it is ridiculous but so typically selfless of him that she can only cry.

Forgiveness presents itself like a beating heart, and that, she knows, is the most natural of all.

A LETTER TO MY SISTERS

Who taught you to hate yourself?

S To despise the curls that coil
 P Fighting and cackling against
 E the combs trying to contain them?
 C to despise the feeling,
 T Of hair that locks onto hands,
 T With the strength of passion and heritage.

R Who taught you to hate yourself?
 U To despise the ebony of your skin,
 M Delicious glistening Godiva melting against
 M The sun in the summer months?
 T To despise the darker hues
 2 of skin that hypnotizes the eyes,
 O With the strength of passion and heritage.

1 Who taught you to hate yourself?
 5 To despise your voluptuous features
 Widening and stretching with age against
 The time trying to contain them?
 To despise the scars and spots, the reminders
 of beauty uncontainable,
 With the strength of passion and heritage.

Who taught you to strive for beauty that is not your own?
 Skin deep and inaccurate beauty,
 Unbelievably unattainable
 For those who bleed red?

Was it his shallow misunderstanding:
 Their ignorant insults,
 Loud mouths?
 Was it their polarized perusing:
 Their quiet judgments,
 His reinstating rejection?

Eden Harrison

Whatever it is, do not take it to heart.
Only a select few have a clear view.
It's undeniable, you are the best work of art.
So bid the morbid blues a final adieu.
And remember, my love,
Your beauty is the best beauty
No one else can be you.
So do not let another word fret your mind,
Because you only have yourself to appeal to.



"Light of Life" by Lydia Wang
Pencil Drawing

The written word is

S Dead.

P Gone EXTINCT

E Like

C The animal

T It is.

R Uncontrollable and

U Primal and

M Visceral,

Now a thing of

Philosophy.

2 We speak.

0 Words leave but not

1 In beauty.

5 They stagnate in

Disjointed slices

Of

Letters and

Sounds.

Spoken word no longer

Hides truth

Or pipe dreams

Because we do not take

Stock in

The eloquence of symbols

Carved

On

Paper.

“Think before you speak”

Is myth.

We don't think

Because we

Don't see.

Can't see the

Way the words feel,

Absorbed into our skin.

The written

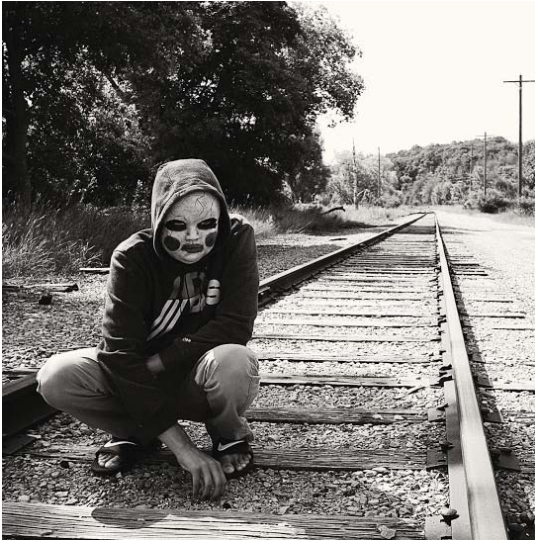
Word is dead.

This is not

Resurrection.

This is

Condemnation.



“Stopped in Tracks” by Emily Herard
Photography

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M

He has sunlight crackling at the corner of his lips when he smiles, moonlight shining through his pupils when he laughs, and blue skies white clouds soaring birds fill her entire existence when she sees him, when she sees sunlight and moonlight and the (her) whole world.

She is an eclipse. She is darkness, cold, death, emptiness. She is everything he isn't in all of the worst ways and she knows that, and she knows that one of those things she is and he isn't is selfish. So as the selfish eclipse blacks out the (his) whole world, so does she as she stays, tricks him into thinking she is special, she is worth it, she is forever.

(She is not).

2
0
1
5

He finds that out in a harsh scream of *you mean nothing to me* before she is pulling her already-packed clothes out of the door, out of his life, out of her universe. The moonlight does not shine through his eyes and the sunlight does not crackle at his lips when she looks in the rearview mirror and sees him, frozen and shocked, and then sobbing and broken.

Nine years later they see each other again for the first time and she looks desperately for the sun-moon-light but all she can see is storm clouds and hail.

As she tries to find the real him in him (at the same time hiding the real her in her), she finally realizes that an eclipse cannot exist without the sun and the moon (light).

(He had realized long ago that the sun and moon cannot exist without the occasional eclipse. He thought she had realized the same).

(She had not).

Now they see they are mutually dependent on each other. Sun, moon, eclipse. They are the (each other's) world.

Forever.

CLAY/X/ALI

Float like a butterfly
 Sting like a bee
 I'm going to fight fight fight
 Call me Ali

Watch! Watch my feet
 Flutter until all of them I have beat
 Change of the name
 But all in all I'm still the same

Why tire yourself
 When they're coming after you
 Play the defense
 Until the tide turns and it's all on you

Don't you dare count me out
 Wait for the final bells
 I'll put on one heck of a show
 Give the reporters the truth to tell

I'm the people's champion
 Just not the one they want me to be
 Living, impressing, inspiring
 The way that's pleasing to me

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M

2
0
1
5

S Pollen graces over your skin like a prayer,
P Carved designs lined with callouses,
E And tired eyes hide behind tired,
C Tired eyelids.
T Vines rip around you,
R There's dirt under your nails that makes you
U Want to kiss your palms
M Just like the sun kissed your hair.
2 And the grass tickles your toes
O As you rise up, taller than the tallest tree,
1 And the birds hum and the clouds murmur
5 With *count your sins* on their lips.
Reach for a handful of stars,
Hang the moon like painting, black and white,
Feel the eternal whisper of
Rebirth.



"Faith" by Justin Graffa
Photography

Tara Tang

DESTINATION DETERMINATION

Syncopated beats

Deft footsteps on the concrete

While next to the street



"Mother" by Eden Harrison
Painting

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M
2
0
1
5

The people in my neighborhood live in the midst of broken hopes, broken hearts, and broken lives. Our homes are decorated with broken windows and non-existent gardens. The weeds envelop my house, attempting to form a circle of captivity.

A scar traces my arm, a token from the ominous fight. John. His name echoes through my room, slowly fading into the distance. I still taste his words, the bitterness oozing from his mouth like dark, poisonous venom. I still feel the pain, the burning sensation. I still feel the excitement, the fleeting joy of finally seeing a color.

Only one trait binds my neighborhood. The love to fight. Papa says the urge comes from the ennui of “always bein’ on the bottom,” a discontentment of being the underdog of the social castes.

Papa. A terrible husband, drunkard, and gambler. Papa changed the course of his life in ninth grade after a teacher refused to provide a more thorough explication of a math problem because his teacher believed papa didn’t have the ability to learn. One refusal of an explanation led my father to leaving his school and working as a plumber. Papa reminisces the story with pride. He believes he won the fight against his school by refusing to learn. I think he lost.

The desire to escape binds Mama and Papa together. Mama escaped the abuse of her father by marrying the first man she saw. Papa escaped the responsibility of having an illiterate wife and a colorblind daughter through alcohol and fighting. He mocks me with his intoxication, the belt dangling between his fingers. The scar still travels around my arm. His words still burn my soul.

“No daughter of mine gon’ be a colorblind fool.”

My colorblindness gives the already cruel children of my neighborhood a perfect opportunity to call me, “the freak.” The children use my nickname as a weapon to call me slow. They do not understand a world filled with dull greens and yellows does not impact my mind.

I only visited the thrift shop across the street once. A female employee gave me a “red” scarf, praising the fabrics’ beautiful color. I remember walking around my neighborhood, wearing my scarf with pride. The children laughed at “the freak.” My mama cried. She kept saying, “It’s tan. It’s tan and you can’t tell. It’s tan and you can’t tell.”

My cheeks burned with embarrassment. Someone who tricked a helpless person for her own benefit had cozened me. And the children never stopped laughing. But I kept the scarf.

By sixth grade, I pleaded Mama to take me away from school. She refused. Mama's decision was adamant. Her face creased with determination, and I knew she would not change her mind. "You're gonna' like school. You ain't turning out like your papa or me. You need to grow up and buy a big ol' house with a big ol' job and a big ol' car. And then you gonna' come and save your mama. Now you sit right there on the floor and do those shapes for math."

Much to my chagrin, my math teachers love to incorporate color during class. Sweat lines my forehead and my palms as I raise my hand to ask what the colors represent. The teachers answer my questions with a pitiful smile. I fear the day a teacher may refuse to explain an answer. My peers' stares burn a hole into my dignity.

I survive school because of the existence of Mr. Tilt, who shows me a world I can see. A world filled with hope. I eat lunch with Mr. Tilt, my history teacher and only friend. I listen to his stories about people who achieved success despite the challenging circumstances they faced. He assuages my fears of failing in life due to my colorblindness. Only Mr. Tilt comforts me during my times of fear. For now, I listen to Mr. Tilt as I try to emulate the success of the people he describes. I strive to achieve the accomplishments of the people from Mr. Tilt's discussions, such as Helen Keller.

Mr. Tilt says the majority of the United States recognizes Helen Keller's name. My name does not hold enough prestige. Mama tells me to keep my promises. Okay mama. I promise myself the world will know my name one day, the name I have given myself.

Suri Fleming
The Burning Rose.

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M

2
0
1
5

Listings of things that must be done

S Align

P Like Dominoes in a queue.

E One task completed -

C One Domino put back in its place,

T Only to be

R Replaced

U By a box-full more...

V

M A drop of stress,

A miniscule touch,

and the Dominoes fall.

2 So fragile.

0

1

5



"Ripples" by Katie Mansour
Ceramics

ECLIPSE

Hope to not become an intellect of the mind but of the heart.

When the wind blows from the ethereal distance and into your ear, hear not the explanations or reason but stories of love and loss, tales of tears and sorrow, songs of joy and prosperity.

Step on shores of color and let waves of expression trickle through your toes, think not of why and how the water does this but of why and how the the cold and salty blue ocean soaks you to your bones and instills in you a sort of brisk passion for the corners of the spherical world, the colors of the night and the shadows of the sun, a frigid fervor for the language of nature.

When the rays of inspiration shine, they shine through you into you, illuminate the ghosts of your mind that you didn't know existed, and your eyes shine light outward, a mirror of the light shining inward but you see not the light of artificial science and technology but the light from within you that is divine in a way the world will never be, enlighten the lost minds of reason with the luminosity of a poor mind grown rich.

Those of the most intelligent brains seldom feel envy, but upon seeing your wealth of honest intellect, your extent of understanding, your flooding sea of emotion, they will finally comprehend the true meaning of "learn."

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M

2
0
1
5

There are things
 S That should be
 P Illegal.
 E
 C The way you
 T Talk
 T Should be illegal.
 R All soft breaths
 U And strong words.
 M Pure,
 Unadulterated,
 Honey
 2 With no egress
 O But the space
 1 Between your lips
 5 And I,
 Your pollinator.

The way you
 Walk
 Should be illegal.
 Each stride imbibed
 With such
 Confidence,
 People are helpless
 But to bow
 In your wake.
 And I, helpless
 But to get caught
 In your Windstream.

The way you
 Break the hearts

Of young,
 Naïve,
 Unwitting girls
 As you break their
 Bodies
 Should be illegal.
 The quick snap
 Of a wrist
 Is perfectly and elegantly
 Harmonious
 With the hiss of
 Innocence leaving a
 Freshly mangled and
 Mutilated soul.

But for every action,
 There is an equal, opposite
 Reaction.

So while the things you do
 Should be made punishable,
 There are illegalities
 That should be deemed
 Permissible.

You are a paradox
 Wrapped in an
 Anomaly,
 An inconsistency
 Encased in
 Ambiguity.

I am terrified
 To admit that
 I have figured you out.

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M

2
0
1
5

FUTILE HOPE

S A little boy
P Smudges on his face
E Tirelessly whacks away at the dirt beneath him
C He says to himself
T "Tomorrow's the day"
R "Tomorrow's the day"
U and he continues to scrape the
M hardened crust of earth
But never
Did that day come.

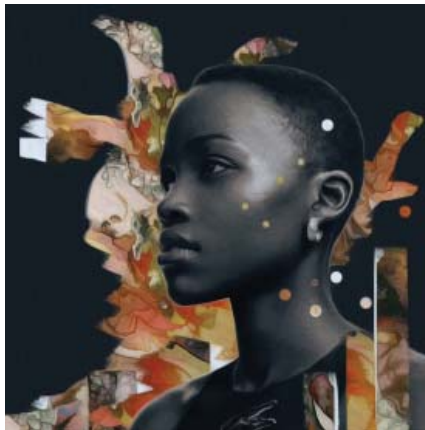


"Blue" by Juhi Katta
Drawing

IF YOU LET ME

I would love you the way freckles love to leave footprints across the sidewalks of your cheekbones. The smell of smoke after all the fireworks have gone off. The way the ocean ripples after a seagull's feet have skimmed the surface. But I will love you for the full plunge, headfirst, into claustrophobic city streets and broken elevators with all the buttons glowing at once. I will gladly walk up seventeen flights of stairs to tell you how beautiful you are. And when you open your door, pajamas inside-out, eyelashes bathed deep in the swirling steam of sleep, I will spell your name in sunlight. I will color your windowsill with the mismatched block letters of magazines. I will spend my whole life searching for the right words to say how it feels to have finally, finally found you. I will whisper, *Après la pluie le beau temps*.

After the rain, the nice weather.



"Mystique" by Bobby DePollo
Mixed Media

PRETENSE

It will only take a second
One flicker of a moment
Have patience:
Take it in your stride

The dose of pain
Taken right,
Will only be a small prick.



"#Purple" by Katie Sullivan
Comic

EXPECTATIONS

Expect the impossible.
Inevitably,
Disappointment will crash
Like treacherous waves and waters
Of Tsunamis.



"Feathers" by Josie Teachout
Painting

I want to feel the windowsills with your
S eyelashes curled in every corner,
P those little indigo wisps strung together like Christmas lights,
E that lie still as they listen for the soft simmer
C of street lamps stretching their backs
T against wet asphalt,
R I want to taste the crunching cursive
U of India ink and the slippery contest
M between hand and paper
flushed in the incandescent brine
of night and day,
Introduce me to the ghost who scrawls
your poems over all these dollar bills,
2 I want to meet the bandit who stamps your
O thumbprints into the heartbeat of these brick giants,
1 Teach me to feel like electric oils
5 wrapped in spider webs around my heart,
the sensation of a million solar flares
running through stripped cables and
hot-wired to car bombs,
Wash me in these ginger-soaked dreams
of raspy, spray-painted shadows and matches
struck at the last second,
the instantaneous synthesis of energy and musing
spun from a runny drizzle of subatomic particles
swimming in the soup of space and time,
that delicate moment when hands become mirrors,
the final sucker-punch that sends you into a
bubbling hysteria,
leaving you gasping,
begging for more.

TOGETHER

Etched in the wrinkles and
 the rustle of your palms, mother,
 I feel your love,
 rooted in every atom of your oaken spirit and body.
 Under branches woven with your dignity,
 I find shelter from exploding-aerosol-can tempests
 and razor lies wrapped in wool.

Together,
 we are reflections of raised fists in glass shards and
 sweater-static embraces,
 and giggled melodies the robins echo after
 sizzling spring storms.

Together,
 we are beacons of inner strength,
 you the lighthouse and I the torch,
 learning to build the walls of faith and grace
 against the fear of unknown seas.

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M2
0
1
5

S
P
E
C
T
R
U
M

I can still hear them even now...though faint; their voices and chains resonate with some sort of buoyancy and resilience. Through my hardships and adversity, I can still hear them. Their cries for freedom, and their hope for an equal world, where we can all live in harmony. Ironic, isn't it? The chains that were meant to bind my people to the ground, gifted freedom to their souls and spirits, and allowed them to dream bigger than anyone could ever imagine. I can still see them, their faces piercing through my mind like a thin point needle, their faces conveying an expression of dignity and pride. Even Now, in this very moment I feel their optimistic spirit, ridding my mind of all my detrimental thoughts, and doubts.

2
0
1
5

My African ancestors will live in me forever. An optimistic slave named Harriet Tubman once said, "Every great dream begins with a dreamer. Always remember, you have within you the strength, the patience, and the passion to reach for the stars to change the world." This was the Harriet Tubman's philosophy, and her wish to grant freedom to her people. I am proud to say I am a believer in this philosophy, and try to live by it, each and every day of my life. But I wasn't always an optimist. When I was about 11, an age when I was underdeveloped and not sure of myself, I dreamed of the future, wondered if I, a mere speck in this vast universe, deserved to be successful in life. Now I wasn't exactly a popular person in the 6th grade, and I sure wasn't an optimist. Whenever I got a bad grade on a test or fell short of one of my goals. I took this as an opportunity to sulk and waver in my failure. Instead of taking the opportunity to turn my failure into a learning experience. But then I started reading History, "The Life and Times of Frederick Douglass" is the book that changed my outlook on life. Here was a man who lived in one of the most oppressed times in our history. Yet through his optimism he was able to influence the thinking of President Abraham Lincoln, and many other political leaders, too actually abolish slavery. Then I read, "The Life of Malcolm X" and I was inspired, by the transformation, that I

Lee Alexander

saw this man make. He lived a life of crime, became radicalized, and then ultimately became a symbol of unity for all Americans. So I ask you, as a young American, how can I not be motivated and optimistic about my future, and how can I not want to positively impact my community; when I look back on history, and see how these common everyday people, defied all opposition, simply because they were optimistic about the future. They always knew we could be better and do better. I would like to carry that torch of optimism into my adulthood, and be example for those around me, who are shrouded by darkness and disillusioned by life experiences. I want to live my life in such a way, that I always see the good in people first, expect the best out of every situation, and make success out of every failure. I would like to think that I've always thought this way. For instance, when I started a new school in the 6th grade I was lost, I didn't have an identity, and didn't have any friends. But I was hopeful, that I would eventually find my niche, whether it be in a club, in a sport, or a social group. And because I was optimistic, all of those things eventually came into place. I became a dedicated member of the forensics team, joined the orchestra, joined the choir, became a member of the baseball team, participated in school plays, and gained many new friends. So I challenge each of you to choose to have an optimistic outlook on life, so that we all can have a positive impact on the environment and people around us. I leave you with the words of the famous Helen Keller, "Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement; nothing can be done without hope!"

I will dream

S My life away.

P With every time

E My eyes

C Drift

T Into

R And

Out of

U Focus,

M A piece may

Break off.

2 I am a

0 Puzzle,

1 In the way

5 Of duty,

Being taken

Apart.

With every wish,

engraved deep

In my spine,

A section of brain,

Scored and fire-polished,

Is

Quarantined

-

Taken out of touch

With the others,

Made to bring

That desire

To fruition.

The ones who
Dream
Will fade,
Along with the
Dreams
That mean
Nothing.

Rip out my spine,
Tear open my lungs,
Let my blood flow free
And you will see
The scars
From constant,
Painful,
Necessary
Reinvigoration.

I have vanished.
No -
I vanish.



"Goddess of Speed" by Austin Santangelo
Photography

Dillon McMurray

An old lady lived on that dusty street. It was a long street filled with nothing but perpetually burning sunlight, crumbling shacks, infertile corn fields, and an oddity: a neat little house painted creamy yellow, one of those stiff sturdy square box houses in which there just aren't enough corners to nestle furniture. The old lady lived in that neat little house, but she despised staying inside. The house sat on the dirt like a lighthouse on a flowering island in the midst of a dark, dusty sea. Even the sun could not melt the cream of the house into the coffee grounds. So instead, it vied for attention from the gossiping ranks of sunflowers surrounding the abode. They bobbed up and down with the oscillating heat waves, forever dreaming in hypnosis.

The flowers sported big drooping heads with orange-streaked yellow ribbons in their permanently unkempt hair. The old woman made sure to groom them every hour, and since no bees could last in that little town, the old woman pollinated the flowers herself. Pollinated all 672 of the flowers with brushes. In the mornings, she untangled the weeds from their skinny white feet, and showered the ballerinas three times a day with gallons of precious water. For herself, the old lady would drink one little mug a day. She loved to sit in her splintering lawn chair, even older than her, in the midst of her 28 rows of golden treasures, shriveling up amongst her child flowers.

Many hear rumors of the old woman and her peculiar ways. *Why doesn't she move away from that barren street, one might ask. Why does she grow so many sunflowers?* Some whisper that the old woman is a "cat lady", but instead of hoarding cats, she hoards sunflowers. Others believe she doesn't want to be the only living being on that dusty street.

Lydia Wang

Four weeks later, they're all gone. The old woman, the house, and all 672 sunflowers, all at once. Their demise arrived in the form of groups of men clad in uniforms, a wrecking ball, a truck, a few scythes, and a bus with the words "Closegate Senior Home: Safe and Secure, Guaranteed". After a brief scuffle with the old woman, the men wrestled her into the bus and locked her in. They laughed at the old woman and her solitary ways. The woman out of their way, the men did what they came to do, and they did it well. A few hours later, everyone and everything left; the men, the ball, the truck, the scythes, and the bus. Then, all was still.

An old lady lived on that dusty street. It's now a long street filled with nothing but burning sunlight, run-down shacks, dried infertile corn fields, and an oddity: nothing is alive. No old woman, no neat little house, and no sunflowers. Nothing to stir up little clouds of coffee grounds in the tepid air. Only the withering head of a forgotten sunflower in the waning light, struggling to follow the path of the setting sun.



"Hickory Dickory Dock" by Hyven Lin
Drawing

What can you do when the world is numb?

S When the TV shows a police officer

P Murder a darker human,

E And it is acceptable.

C It hurts for a second,

T Our skin is the same color -

R but mine is still warm.

U I forget and move on.

M What can you do when the world is numb?

When the TV shows a woman who

Was sexually assaulted,

With the implication that she only has herself to blame.

2 It hurts for a second,

0 We are the same gender,

1 Except my body is still deemed pure.

I forget and move on.

5 What can you do when you become numb,

And the box office is more important than

Who gets elected into office.

When you see women as just objects, and minorities

Do not matter.

When gun violence is just a description of problems,

That we do not have.

Where is the Humanity?

What can motivate you,

To wake up to another day in Hell?

Maybe the natural reaction to too much pain,

Is no reaction at all.

A PLACE WE DO NOT OWN

In a world
Set on precepts established by others
A number determines our fate
Trends we listlessly follow

What kind of life -
Is this?



"On the Edge" by Emily Herard
Photography

Mina Lee

*“The past, the present and the future are really
one: they are today.”
~Harriet Beecher Stowe*



“Beyond” by Emily Herard
Photography



First of all, I'd like to thank Mrs. Hannett-Price for her unwavering dedication and support of the Spectrum Club. I'm also thankful to Rachel, the members of the Spectrum staff, and the club members for their help and love of writing! By participating in Spectrum, I've formed tight bonds with my peers, both in person and through their work. As I head into senior year, I have cherished and will continue to cherish the relationships and memories made in these four years. Spectrum is an effective medium through which ideas are channeled through different methods of expression, and its work has helped me mature by providing deeper insight about my life. One can say that Spectrum is a quilt of squares sewn together, each square representing the ideas and philosophies of each individual in the club. Together, we knit together a bigger story - a distinctive eye opener to the soul and the world it resides in. I hope you enjoy this issue!

~Lydia Wang, editor-in-chief and
design editor



First of all, I would like to thank Mrs. Hannett for her continuing dedication and support for the Spectrum magazine. Her passion is truly inspiring. I am thankful for Lydia and the other members of the staff for their work. Spectrum has exposed me to the power of writing as an effective medium. This year's issue focuses on time. As we grow, we experience a variety of strong emotions. This issue examines the three segments of time: past, present, and future. As time passes, perspectives change and outcomes start coming into full view. I have been a part of the Spectrum process since freshman year, and now a senior in high school, I have experienced these changes first-hand. Spectrum encourages the creation of art -- for this, I would like to thank everyone who has contributed to the issue and participated in the Spectrum Club. Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Davis and all of my English teachers for their support and helping in developing my writing. I hope you enjoy the issue!

~Rachel Clephane, editor-in-chief

Whereas last year was more of a learning experience for me, I think I was able to approach this year of Spectrum with more experience and confidence. This was in no small part due to Mrs. Hannett's tireless dedication and love for the magazine, which inspired me to work harder and contribute with more enthusiasm. Our staff not only had valuable individual talent, but also a great group dynamic that allowed us to create an issue of Spectrum that I think is definitely a work of art. Spectrum is the medium by which I can explore my creative side and dive deep into the parts of myself I normally don't get to explore. The environment, the people, and the talent make this magazine something special and I'm so grateful to be a part of it. I'm also thankful for the experience I gained this year and the opportunity I was given to take on a more active, leadership type role. Finally, thank you Lydia for teaching me so much and for always keeping Spectrum on track! Your work is truly crucial and motivating, and I learn so much from you every day – not just about creative writing and the magazine but also about the power of a strong work ethic and positive attitude.

~Jiwon Yun, editor-in-chief

I would like to thank Mrs. Hannett for her unyielding dedication for Spectrum. This year I began the stirring venture of writing in Spectrum and with the help and support provided from my Spectrum peers, I embraced the splendors of creative writing and the pride in forming the Spectrum magazine. This splendid magazine expresses a strata of emotions and ideas through the current of words. This year's theme, past, present, and future, introduces the murky confusion and beauty of passing time and its effect on people. The theme explores the conflicting emotions of embracing the bittersweet memories of one's past endeavors as they shape current decisions. This exploration of time questions the future and the influence of destiny on not only prospective evens but also a person's present decisions. I am so thankful to have the opportunity to be a part of Spectrum and I cannot wait to continue my journey in the upcoming years. Enjoy this year's edition of the magazine!

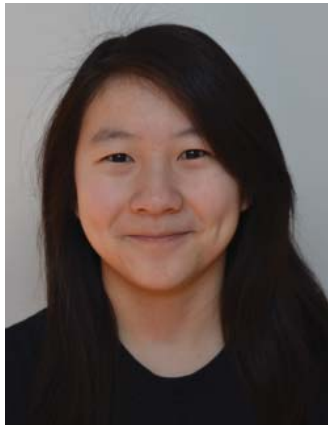
~Kiana Sadri, editor-in-chief





Working in Spectrum and having the opportunity to put forth my creative insight into the process has been a unique and wonderful experience. I would like to thank Mrs. Hannett for being a mentor to all of us as we have worked to create this magazine, and for her dedication to help us further improve upon our own writing skills. I would also like to thank Lydia and Rachel for teaching me about the basics of putting this magazine together, as well as giving me the opportunity to help in its creation. Although this was my first year on the editorial board, I have always reveled in the beauty and open-ended nature of creative writing. In this issue, the many facets of time are explored, because in one way, time constrains and suppresses people, but time can also be liberating and a carrier of hope and opportunity. I hope to continue on my journey through Spectrum and take part in more of these rewarding experiences.

~Samina Saifee, associate editor



Being part of Spectrum has shown me that writing is not an art that can be classified or judged, but an expansive realm of creativity and individuality, a world that constantly tries to burst out of the seams. I have read so many unique pieces and had the pleasure of helping bring them to the page for everyone to see. Thank you Mrs. Hannett-Price for giving me this opportunity and for being an amazing advisor, and thank you to all of the truly talented people who worked hard to make this incredible magazine a reality. I know the Spectrum issue this year will touch the hearts of many, and I feel overwhelmed and honored to be a part of that experience.

~Tara Tang, associate editor

First and foremost, I would like to give special thanks to Mrs. Hannett for providing invaluable mentorship and support in all our endeavors, both in Spectrum and beyond. I am also grateful to have spent these past few years working with fellow Spectrum writers as we have grown together and become a family of authors. Their writing, along with the friendships we have formed throughout these years, have inspired me in indescribable ways, and I have so many fond memories from Spectrum that I will carry with me through my last year of high school and the rest of my life. This year's issue focuses on the passing of time, a theme which could not be more appropriate as many of us are heading into our final year at Detroit Country Day. The stories of love, grief, gratitude, and so many more emotions are embodied in these works which we have poured our hearts into, and I am glad for this chance to share our passion for writing with you. Enjoy the issue!

~Claire Wang, associate editor



The theme of this year's Spectrum is based on the overall idea of time split into the three views like a path. Looking behind while walking forward is reflection on the past, on journeys taken and nostalgic memories. The action of walking and staring at self becomes the present, the immediate existence and life on a day-to-day basis. Further down the taken path is the future, the limitless and unexpected world that can either be better or worse than the present, but something that we continue to chase for the rest of our lives. I would like to thank Mrs. Hannett for the opportunity to be part of this amazing literary magazine and for wonderful suggestions and critiques on our works. I would also like to thank the other editors for their support and their cooperation, especially our editors-in-chief Rachel and Lydia for guiding us in creating this extraordinary piece. I sincerely hope that we will receive new interns with the coming school year along with new writers and new artists to further our collection of works for the magazine. May we have another great year ahead of us!

~Maggie Chen, associate editor





First and foremost, I would like to thank Mrs. Hannett for her constant motivation and positive energy. I would also like to thank Lydia and Rachel, they have guided me throughout the year through their leadership and have helped me understand the process that goes into making the Spectrum issue. Last, but certainly not the least, I would like to thank the other members of Spectrum for making Spectrum a time of the week to look forward too. Spectrum is another home - a safe haven where I can share my ideas and be inspired by others. I enjoy writing and taking risks with my writing. Thanks to Spectrum, I have a place to do so. I look forward to being a part of the Spectrum family next year!

~Nina Nakkash, associate editor



CREDITS

Editors-In-Chief:
Lydia Wang and Rachel Clephane
Jiwon Yun and Kiana Sadri

Associate Editors:
Samina Saiffee and Tara Tang
Claire Wang and Maggie Chen
Nina Nakkash

Design Editor:
Lydia Wang

Editorial Board:
Lydia Wang
Rachel Clephane
Jiwon Yun
Kiana Sadri
Samina Saiffee
Tara Tang
Claire Wang
Maggie Chen
Nina Nakkash

Faculty Advisor:
Mrs. Beverly Hannett-Price

Special Thanks:
The Spectrum Staff
Ms. Mary Ann DeVogel
The Art Department
The English Department
Sean Davis
Student Visual-Artists and Writers

