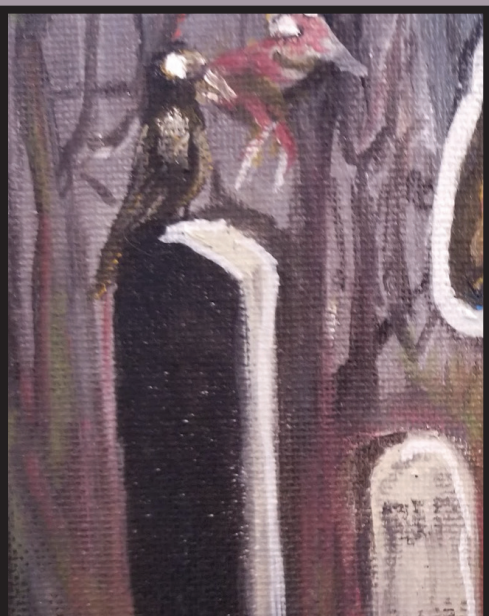


AIA ANDONOVSKA
ANN MARIE BATES
CHRISTINA BABOR
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RICKY CRULL
ELAINE ENTENZA
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VANCE REESE
SALLIE RIGGAN
SHAWNAIZJA SIMMONS
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CHIAROSCURO
Brevard College
2021



MASTHEAD

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CHIAROSCURO

(ki-ar'-e-skyoor'-o)

n. [pl. -ROS], [<It. <L. clarus, clear + obscurus, dark]

The treatment of light and shade in art to produce the illusion of depth.

Chiaroscuro is published annually by students enrolled in COM 107: Literary Journal Staff and COM 307: Literary Journal Production at Brevard College. We accept submissions of poetry, fiction, nonfiction, theatre, photography, and art from Brevard College students, faculty, staff, and alumni during the fall semester.

For more information, visit our website:
<https://brevard.edu/chiaroscuro/>

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Chiaroscuro gives students, faculty, and staff an opportunity to showcase their voice and special talents that may go unnoticed. We celebrate the world in its beauty and ugliness. Each piece within *Chiaroscuro* tells a story; whether it's about loss, mental illness, love, trauma, or happiness, it comes from the heart of our artists and writers. The year 2020 was difficult for everyone across the globe. In the 2020-2021 issue of *Chiaroscuro*, our goal was to encapsulate some of what happened through this global pandemic. These works pertaining to the pandemic, social justice tragedies, and environmental justice issues that happened throughout these two years show the vulnerability of students, faculty, and staff during this grueling time in history. The inner depths of the people who are part of the Brevard College community are showcased here in this issue.

Chiaroscuro is also a reflection to those who created it. My personal goal was to bring out the weirdness in everyone. In *Chiaroscuro*, we like testing societal norms and bringing to light issues that are currently going on in our world presently. I think advertising that we want atypical works that make us think and feel a connection to, is what the staff and I wanted to come out of this year's issue. The journal encompasses work that makes you ponder upon its meaning. All human expression is different from one another, and that's why we have such a wide variety of themes, topics, and people contributing to the journal.

I have always had a passion for writing when I was a little girl. I grew up with a father that was a songwriter, so naturally I was very influenced by poetry and writing song lyrics. However, growing up I never felt like I was good enough, and I thought the same thing about my writing. Writing for me was an escape, and I didn't want anyone to see or read my work. I stuffed it away in multiple journals scattered around my room. I put my heart and soul into those poems and lyrics, but then I got rid of them. I wish I still had some of my writing left from when I was a kid. Until I came to college and decided to minor in creative writing did I finally feel like my writing was good. I finally got the confidence to write that I wish I had growing up. I learned that no matter how bad or good your work is, not everyone will appreciate it, and that can be a hard pill to swallow.

I had to learn that lesson the hard way, but that didn't deter me from continuing my passion for writing. Knowing that I am satisfied with my own writing gives me more fulfillment than getting published. I am hoping to instill this knowledge of confidence into the journal and my staff. I want people to take away that, no matter what you do, you do it for you and only you. Everyone has a different life path, and will explore different versions of themselves through the years. Don't let society and culture dictate what you can or can't wear, say, eat, write, or love; the only thing in this world that matters is yourself and your happiness. In the end we all go into the ground and are recycled by the Earth, why not spend that time being true to yourself than trying to be like everyone else?

Sincerely,
Mickayla K. Smith

Kristen Martinets

DREI KOPFLOSE FREUNDE

(THREE HEADLESS FRIENDS)

Featured Artist



Kristen Martinets (aka Wednesday Wentz as her artist identification), graduated from Brevard College in 2020 with an Art degree. Her concentrations were art history and painting. She enjoys the darker side of beauty and paints almost anything! She truly enjoys working with the female figure and portraying surreal imagery. She has spent her time after graduation working on refining/expanding her techniques that she learned while attending Brevard College. Her style of painting uses a lot of shading and vibrant colors. Kristen hopes that in 2022 she will be part of a gallery, and is grateful to be an artist during the pandemic.

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Scott Urquhart

ENABLEMENT AND WINE

Inside is for stuffing
the birds, the birds, they are chirping
they are chirping
about the dead growth in their home
and
you're watching the television
while your mom
your mom is on
is on the floor's prescription
and your dad has been asleep
since he got off work
Yeah
what a jerk

such a jerk
and
she's in the dog crate now
swimming
swimming in her pool
She really wants to
to buy some hugs
but she can't even stagger
You,
You just want some sleep
but the gunshot still rings
and
you're the only one who heard it
Just another patchy problem
no wonder you can't sit still
no wonder you can't
sit
still

Mickayla Smith

A SWITCH

i don't remember you.
You seem to be a distant memory
that i can't hold any longer.

i forgot what it was like to hold you,
to feel comfortable in your arms.
That memory left me.
i left you.

i couldn't scratch it,
i couldn't itch it,
but blood remained.

A switch went off and i went running.
that's all i did when you were around.
Falling down a dark hole within an
endless cycle of pain.

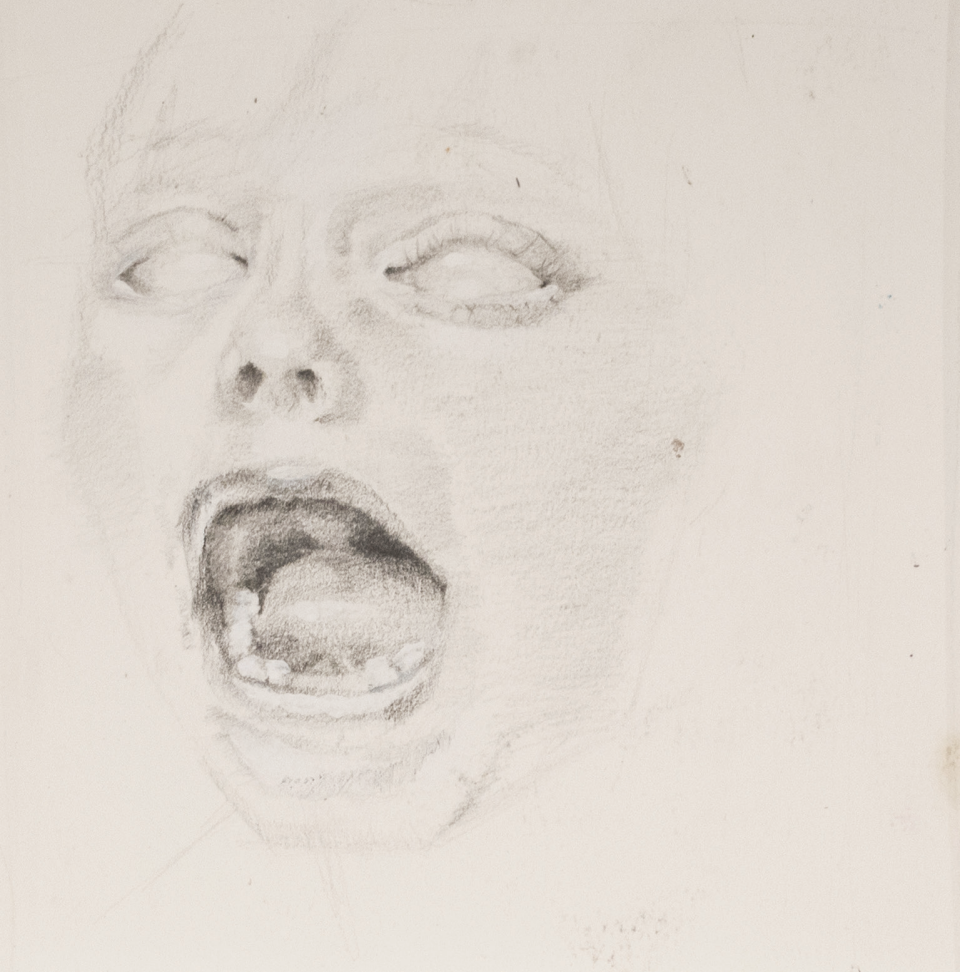
How could I do that to you?
My inner battles came out and damaged you.
We will never be the same. But...
possibly stronger.

I forgot what it was like to feel.
To touch something without any suffering.
To love freely
Especially myself.

Lynn Price

ILLNESS

2020 Alone Together Exhibit



Vance Reese

PART OF THE PANDEMIC

I didn't wash hands or observe protocol
That respect your space. Indiscretion!
And now it would seem I've committed towards you
A rather bad microbe aggression.

I didn't think twice, and the things that I did
Could only be called a transgression
That damaged your health in both body and mind
When I gave you microbic aggression.

I'm ignorant, heedless, and kind of a fool.
I don't understand your oppression.
It seems that my cluelessness clearly sets up
All the terms for microbic succession.

I'd ask for forgiveness, but is it too late?
I infected you, and your expression
Is one of dismay, resignation, disgust
In the growing microbial congression.

Insidious, small. They seem so benign –
These illnesses in our possession.
They germinate fast and get out of control:
A megamicrobial progression.

Can a bit of light verse serve society well
And dispense some immunosuppression
By showing awareness and fostering
care In a few little lines of regression?
I'd like to think attitudes matter and also
Our lives and our rich self-expression.
Perhaps we can act and speak clean, then love strong
To diminish our microbe aggression.

Morgan Graham

FALLS

Juried Art Selection, 3rd Place



Art Medium: Archival Pigment Print

Elaine Entenza
WAYFINDING

Silence at daybreak
so rare
and quite the gem...
What do you have to say?

I'm here
To listen
To practice
To grow
with zealous anticipation
only calmed
by the promise of peace.

The motherland I crave
Day in...
Day out...
Through the waves
of the tumultuous way
which leads me to you.

Through the seas
Navigating to peace
all I want from the
stars and the sky
is the Earth
that beats

Endlessly

Calling me home
where calm waters
reward my journey...
the same waters that thrashed
now gently
invite my boat to shore.

Mickayla Smith

HEAVEN



Emma

RELIGIOUS

I tried to kill God before He could kill me.

He sent loving characters played by actors I should have known were just not realistic.

They took turns on my body, but all at once.

I watched them stumble on lines and then felt their consequences alone. I shouldn't
have lived.

He had an infatuation with my suffering, it didn't stop.

I couldn't rid myself of the arms that reached my face, my eyelashes, my lips.

In attempt to destroy the very essence of my creator,

I killed every love I ever had. I lost sight of who the actors were.

I killed the souls of ones who were created with purpose.

I scream fire until I taste iron in my lungs. I breathe it, and scream as He still pretends He
can't hear.

Lilyan Lund

BEYOND

2020 Alone Together Exhibit



Sam Westlund

WRONG TURN

Winner of the 2020 Halloween Contest

You'll never leave this town alive. As the claws of branches and brambles tore at Tyler's skin and clothing the words from the woman back at the station flashed through his mind like a line from a half-remembered song. He should never have stopped at that gas station.

Another howl tore the night, and below the rasp of his own ragged breathing Tyler could hear growls and snarls, the sound of massive powerful bodies crashing through the brush behind him. They were getting closer. Behind him, the beasts' glowing red eyes bobbed and weaved through the trees and underbrush.

This was it, he thought. Ahead an orange glow filtered through the shadowy silhouettes of the trees, and even though he feared another trap a spark of hope drove Tyler in the direction of the eerie light. Light meant civilization. Civilization meant safety. So he ignored his apprehension and forced his weary body to press forward.

Why did I have to stop? Why didn't I keep going? As he ran through the gauntlet of clawlike thorns and branches Tyler's mind flashed back to when he had first arrived in the haunted valleys of Old Kentucky...

THE summer sun hung high over the low rolling hills of the Virginia panhandle when Tyler pulled into the gas station at Gateway. The air was warm and the sky was clear. But there had been no town names for miles, and before he knew that he had gotten turned around he was speeding past a sign welcoming him to Virginia. It was a beautiful country of green forests and rugged hills, especially now in the height of summer. But Tyler had places to be, people to see, and none of them were from around here. What he needed to do was find his way back to Tennessee so that he had familiar town names to guide the way to his destination, and the only way to get back on the right track was inside this lonely gas station in the valleys of Appalachia.

After driving back and forth a couple times trying to find his way back to the highway on his own, Tyler finally gave up and pulled in at the one-gas-station-town of Gateway, Virginia. He needed to fuel up anyway. So like a man on a mission, Tyler walked in smiling like nothing was wrong and crossed the linoleum tiles to the counter, behind which stood a short, heavy-set woman in her thirties.

"Why hi there," she smiled. "How can I help you, sir?"

"Not much, just a full tank of gas and some directions back to the Interstate," he replied calmly.

"Some directions, you said?" came a booming voice from the back of the station. It was the tall, bear-like man who had been standing to the side watching the conversation between Tyler and the cashier. "I can help you find the Interstate. You from New York?"

"No," Tyler answered, realizing that the man had seen the 1976 Birds of Prey shirt that he was wearing. "I'm from Brevard, and I'm on my way to Minnesota for my grandmother's ninetieth. I just need some directions back to the Interstate, that's all."

"Sure thing, sir," he said, grinning as he moved forward. The young girl who was with him and the cashier looked down at their feet nervously, and Tyler saw a subtle change in their demeanor. But he wrote it off as the man pulled out a wrinkled receipt and began to write down a list of directions for him. Follow this road straight ahead until you come to an intersection, take a left and keep going till you hit this town, then take another left turn

through the next town. Nothing that Tyler's mind had any trouble following.

When he was done, the man finished with a sentence that Tyler should have paid more careful attention to. "When you get to Harlan, stop at the gas station at the edge of town. There's a little lady there, she can tell you where to go next," he said, and Tyler thought he could hear something sinister in the man's tone, and for a moment he thought he detected some dark motive behind that wolfish grin.

"Thank you," Tyler said, ignoring what he dismissed as mere paranoia. Normal for an outsider who's found himself turned around in a place he doesn't know.

"Here you go, sir, have a nice day," said the movements of the cashier's mouth. But her solemn tone and her downturned eyes gave away her apprehension. If I had listened closer, they would have told me, "Not another one."

Tyler returned to his ugly red car, placing the crumpled receipt in the cup holder where he could see it. Out of the corner of his eye Tyler caught a glimpse of the hulking man and his nervous daughter watching from behind the glass double doors of the station, and that anxious feeling came over him again. A feeling that Tyler ignored as he found his way back to familiar roads.

Before he had even reached the town of Harlan it was like an invisible cloud blanketed the narrow valleys of Old Kentucky in an eerie twilight. The sky was clear, and the sun shone brightly against a field of blue yet her rays couldn't reach these valleys. It was as though she were afraid to touch the hills of Old Kentucky, and maybe Tyler should have taken this as a warning. But he ignored the pit of dread that had opened somewhere deep inside his gut, fueling up at Pennington Gap and then continuing to the gas station that the man in Gateway had described.

Like most buildings that hugged the steep walls of the valley, its brick facade looked old and drained of life, as though forgotten by time and then eventually by man. As Tyler pulled in and got out of the car, he could feel invisible eyes watching his every move. It was like the ghosts of Old Kentucky were watching intently, waiting for me to make one wrong move so they could ambush me from the shadows beneath the trees. Not only was it unusually dark for this time of day, but the air was heavy as though I were moving under water. There were no fuel pumps, and even though there was no doubt in my mind that I had the right gas station it looked abandoned.

Inside, a sad-looking woman stood behind the counter. She couldn't have been over forty but she looked old and care-worn beyond her years. My scalp prickled, and the hairs on my neck stood on end as her head darted up at the sound of the little bell ringing above the door, eyes locking with mine and freezing me in place.

"You will never leave this town alive," she said in a voice that sounded like a whisper. My blood ran cold.

"Sorry?"

"You will never leave this place alive, boy," she repeated cryptically. "He has chosen you. He will send his jackals for you. You will never leave this place alive, boy."

Thoroughly spooked and afraid that the man from Gateway and his cousins were about to ambush me and sacrifice me to Jughead, I quickly turned and left the station. Nothing for me here, he thought as he hurried back to his car. The woman's words haunted him the entire way as he sped along the asphalt serpent that wound its way through the haunted valleys of Harlan. He kept driving, waiting for a familiar town sign, or maybe a sign telling him that he had crossed the border into the next state, but none came.

The sun was sinking fast, and night was descending quickly on the hills of Old Kentucky. Tyler had nearly given up all hope of escape when the last rays of the setting sun

caught a sign emerging from the trees along the shoulder.

Thank God, he thought as the sign came into view. But his heart quickly sank when his car drew close enough for him to read the words “Welcome to Harlan.” It was impossible. There was no way that going straight would have brought him straight back to where he had started. Along the side of the road, he passed the creepy gas station where he had gotten out to ask the old woman for directions back to the Interstate, and his words echoed again in his mind. You’ll never leave this place alive, boy.

Heart racing, Tyler kept going. The sun had set, and it was dark now. In his headlights another sign emerged from the trees along the side of the road, but before he read it he knew that it said “Welcome to Harlan.”

As if the situation were not bad enough, something else happened that made it worse. As he passed the old gas station for the tenth time in a row, Tyler felt something large hit the side of his car with the force of a pick-up truck, and land and sky flipped as his car careened into a ditch across from the entrance to the gas station. Gouging a massive trench through the muddy earth along the side of the road as it rolled, the car was upside down when it ground to a jarring halt.

Tyler was dazed for a moment after the car had slid to a stop. It had all happened so fast. First there was a jolt as he lost control of the car and jumped off the shoulder of the road. Then land and sky flipped, and a shower of crystal pelted his face as the steering wheel struck him between the eyes.

He had hit his head on the steering wheel, and he could feel hot blood pouring from his fractured nose as he unbuckled and let himself drop to the carpet of shattered glass and mud. Nothing was broken. But he could not say the same for his car. This was such a terrible place to be stranded, he thought as he crawled through the mud and broken glass on all fours, out through what had once been the back windshield.

Still dizzy, Tyler rose to his feet and looked around. The car was, as he thought, a mangled mess. One of the tail lights was busted, the trunk was hanging open, and shards of glass and broken plastic littered the pavement for as far as the eye could see. There were no other cars on the road, and the gas station was still empty, the black squares of its windows watching him with sightless eyes.

Desperately, he patted his pants pockets looking for his phone. Then he crawled back into the car to search through the mud and shards of windshield that littered the ground. Nothing. Swearing under his breath, he began to pace back and forth. He couldn’t walk the rest of the way to Minnesota, that would be dangerous.

A long, bloodcurdling howl split the night, interrupting Tyler’s frantic thoughts. He froze. Never had he heard such a sound. Like something between the howl of a wolf, the roar of a grizzly, the scream of a cougar, and the cries of a woman in distress. Just as it had in the gas station while speaking with the old woman, the hair on the back of Tyler’s neck stood on end.

The howl was joined by another howl. Then three more howls. They sounded close, and every time Tyler heard them they sounded even closer.

Not wanting to return to the gas station and the creepy old woman, but also not wanting to stay on the edge of the trees where there the shadows were dark and full of nameless terrors whose howls pierced the night, Tyler hurried across the empty highway and stood in the middle of the gas station parking lot. In the middle of the pale street lights where the shadows could not reach him.

The howls were getting closer and closer. And it sounded as though they were circling, somewhere just beyond the island of light that protected Tyler from the nameless

evils of Old Kentucky. Soon he could see pairs of glowing red eyes bobbing around his pool of light, and the howls had become cackles, like the laughter of hyenas only deeper and more guttural.

One of the creatures stepped out of the shadows and Tyler thought that he would die of fright. It was tall and covered in shaggy black fur. It walked in the shape of a man, but its knees were backwards, and it had the head and tail of what could only be described as a wolf. Drool hung from its yellow fangs in foamy ropes, like the thing had rabies. Beneath the fur, Tyler could see that the man-beast's body was powerful, and he could see the muscles of its arms, legs, and chest ripple and coil with every step as it stalked around its victim.

The black wolfman was joined by another one, this one more heavy set with brown fur and eyes that glowed yellow. For some reason, it made Tyler think of that man from Gateway, the one whose directions had led him into what Tyler could now see was an ambush. Before more beast men could join the black wolf and the brown wolf, Tyler turned and ran. He followed the road at first, but then he left the road and crashed through the woods hoping to shake off his pursuers who were not only supernaturally strong but also inhumanly fast.

You'll never leave this town alive. As the claws of branches and brambles tore at his skin and clothes the words of the woman at the gas station flashed through Tyler's mind like the words of some half-remembered song. He should never have stopped at that gas station. Another howl tore through the night, and below the rasp of his own ragged breathing Tyler could hear the growls and snarls, the sound of massive powerful bodies crashing through the brush behind him. They were getting closer. Behind him the beasts' glowing red eyes bobbed and weaved through the trees and underbrush.

This was it, he thought. Ahead an orange glow filtered between the silhouettes of the trees, and even though he feared another trap, a spark of hope drove Tyler toward the eerie orange light. Light meant civilization. Civilization meant safety. So he ignored his apprehension and forced his weary body to press forward.

He emerged in the middle of a large clearing. The sound of his pursuers had ceased, but that terror was quickly replaced by a new one. In the middle of the clearing, a thicket of heads on poles stood clustered around a massive slab of stone. Fear and revulsion gripped him at the sight of the tortured faces that grimaced at him from the poles on which they had been mounted.

There was a low rhythmic chant that increased steadily in volume, and Tyler realized that he was surrounded by hooded figures in black robes, chanting an eerie prayer in a language that he could not recognize. Was it Latin? And where had the hooded figures come from? It was as though they had materialized out of thin air.

One of the hooded congregation ceased chanting and turned to look at Tyler. The others also stopped, slowly turning, but none of them spoke. It was the leader of the group who did the talking. He lowered his hood, revealing a deathly pale face, yellow eyes with slitted pupils, and rotting teeth that had been filed to razor sharp points like the fangs of an animal.

"Ah," he said. "Our jackals have brought our god another one. Quickly, tie him to the altar before he returns to his senses! We shall feast tonight, and our slaves shall be generously rewarded."

Before Tyler could react, powerful hands gripped his arms, dragging him towards the slab of rock. He kicked and struggled, but their grips were like an iron vice. Looking up, he thought he caught a glimpse of the other figures' hooded faces. Like their leader, their

faces were deathly pale, their blackened teeth were filed to razor-sharp points, and their eyes were yellow with cat-like pupils. He was lashed to the altar with thick cords, which tightened the more that he struggled to free himself.

The hooded men stood back and began to chant again. A restless energy filled the moonlit clearing, and there was a huge sound like rocks and gravel grating together as a huge pit opened. An orange glow like the one that filled the clearing poured from the rift that had opened up in the midst of the congregation, and Tyler thought he could see flames leaping up from it.

A long, slender arm covered in downy white fur emerged from the rift. Longer and thinner than the arm of any man that Tyler had ever seen. It was followed by another arm, then the rest of the thing's body emerged from the Pit.

The thing looked like a deranged muppet with its huge, crazy eyes, its inhumanly wide smile, small round body, and long, spidery limbs. When it moved its head bobbed up and down, and it appeared almost to gallop on all fours as it bobbed and bounced its way toward the altar where Tyler had been bound.

Bobbing and bouncing. Bobbing and bouncing. The demented muppet drew closer and closer. Unable to struggle any longer, Tyler closed his eyes so tight that he felt like they would pop inside their sockets, awaiting the inevitable as it reached for him with its long, furry white arms. Trying to unsee those crazy eyes, that leering smile.

It was the last thing that Tyler saw...

Jodi Wyse
STILLNESS
2020 Juried Art Show



Art Medium: Bronze, Clay and Moss

Gavin Martin

PURE BLOOD

Two worlds at war, one secret untold.
This fight for love is one that's bold.
Two hearts of night under moonlight,
but if they're caught, they'll face such a fright.

One from bat, one from wolf.
A mix of tyranny, treason, and tulf.
Marked for death they may be,
till death do them part, until judgment to thee.

This pure blood curse we bare and share,
leaves our souls tarnished and scared.
A forbidden love of ghoul and beast,
this love we share is our feast.

My blood that's cold but boils for you,
kills me because of the distance were through.
To hold you tight with no fear of the light,
would be a lovely, delightful, nightmarish fright.

My dreams of dark love I hold true and dear,
hurt to think of since you're not here.
Your Warm Embrace When You Cradle My Corpse,
Your Heart That Burns Like A Fiery Torch.

Come back to me now my love of my life,
though I am dead, we share a bright light.
These walls where I dwell,
are like living hell,

My natural cold state,
with you is always late.
When I'm with you I feel so alive,
but once you are gone it's like I re-die.

Escaped this we have, and years have now past,
away from the war we are now at last.

Now we have grown, and I have not aged,
you're laying still without any gaze.

My eyes tear as you lay asleep,
I long for your heart but there is no beat.
We lay together in one box outside counting sheep.
I wrap myself in your now cold arms and await the sun.

I see the light and feel it's warm touch,
and expect to see you so very much.
I turn to ash on top of your chest,
here remains of us what is left.

Eternity we share together again,
outside of harm and no opinions of sin.

Gavin Martin

HYBRID

Sequel to Pure Blood

Abomination they call me,
But am I?
Connected by two but belong to none,
Parents long gone and I am just one.
Part Wolf, Part Bat,
I sit alone,
That is that.
Abomination they call me,
Maybe I am but maybe I'm more.
They look at me as one would a whore,
But alas, the truth is that behind every door,
Is so much, very much more.
Some are afraid to open such door,
But I embrace to see what's in store.
Those who close doors, and call names like whores,
Fail to see the pain and Heart that's sore.
Abomination they call me,
Maybe I am.
But my wings stretch along a large span,
These humans who are put down I'll take as my own.
For I feel their exile that's thrown.
The ones called whores who are closed to all doors,
Will become my friends and fear no more.
To take them in and give them hope, joy, and make them complete.
Something this world has denied them.
To show no compassion for circumstance uncontrollable.
The rich and greedy show no mercy to the poor and needy.
They look down upon women of certain occupation,
But offer no help to them for a better life.
Some have no option and must do anything to live,
But are they living or existing?
One bite to save them from this world,
To start a new of luxury without fear of hunger.
Die a human, rebirth a hybrid.
No longer are they looked down upon,
I make them complete.
I give them a purpose, and life beyond death.
Die a human, live a Hybrid.
Abomination they call me,
I may just be.
Is it so wrong to help those in need?

Hello little one, do not fright.
A kiss on the cheek and then one bite.
Once on your feet we'll walk down the street,
Searching for more humans we seek.
Those who are sad, those who are poor,
Those like you have had closed doors.
More that we find, more that we bite,
Now we have a frightful delight.
A band of misfits we now have.
Abomination they call me.
Yes I Am.
To take over and form new life,
Find me one to be my wife.
To create new life such as me,
And take over the rest of these.
Abomination they call us,
But are we?
No, we are the start of a new.
The age of that,
Which is Half Wolf, Half Bat.
A new era has begun.
To end the war of wolf and bat,
Bring peace to the valley through that and that.
To all the weak, weary, sad and dreary,
Find me with no fear,
You will be welcomed in with arms and cheer.
To all who are left alone, I'll take you in as my own,
Sit around me in my throne, the room we share is now your home.
If you've truly lived a life with dread,
Die a Human, Reign a Hybrid.

Rachel Byrd

UNIDENTIFIED OBJECT

Juried Art Selection, Honorable Mention



Art Medium: Glazed Ceramics

Lilyan Lund

INNER VOICE

Juried Art Selection, Best in Show



Artist Statement: I created Inner Voice as commentary on my mental health during my Junior year. The work consists of a rusted steel cube enclosed in non-rusted bindings. This is to signify that over time the cube has been corrupted and the bindings were added later to keep in the noise; the corruption. The noise being sections of Dies irae (the Day of Wrath); an ancient Gregorian chant often used to denote impending doom or evoke thoughts of death. This chant has been widely used since its emergence in the Middle Ages and is still widely used in many well known series such as Star Wars, The Lion King, The Lord of the Rings, Jurassic Park, and more. I overlapped sections of Dies irae with backwards laughter, not only to emphasize the corrupt nature of Dies irae but evoke a feeling of madness.

Art Medium: Steel

Madison Ramsey

WITH FRIENDS LIKE YOU, WHO NEEDS FRIENDS



Artist Statement: For me, pursuing photography as a hobby was a bit of an accident. I took a photography class out of curiosity and found an unexpected world in front of my eyes, especially at nighttime. Now, photography has become a meditation of sorts where I am able to show others the world that I see on my nightly walks. These three photos are from a series that call “please stay, don’t go” and each reflect a moment in the stages of the kind of loneliness and restlessness that sometimes keeps me up at night. The eighth photo in the series is “with friends like these, who needs friends,” is the climatic moment in the loneliness where I begin to question myself and the relationships I’ve made, (continues next with “4AM.”)

Sarah Hajkowski
KITCHEN WITCHERY

Winner of the 2020 Halloween Contest

Do you understand
I am not even half the
kettle boiling
before you come to visit—
Please, I have never known how it feels
to shriek at the moon with someone
you love.
I only know banked coals
and covered-up fires
the sound of your boots
leather and autumnal, clapping the old maple roots of Spotsylvania Yanks*, kicking ash
over my open chest
could kill me, But more importantly
I live in a nest of distended tree-limbs
the giving arms of a thousand like me
who wrought and wrought—
The same coven of elm and rowan,
who shaded Hester on her
witch-walks
and sank with weeping for Josephine
girls don't like boys girls like grimoires and athames
And I am in them, too
even with your trace yowling at me
for treats
and the kettle whistling in the next room
in readiness for pouring
a cup of cardamom tea
that will sing fairy songs and stir by itself.
My eaves are dripping again,
damn, damn.
It's as if you were trapped in these cupboards. I am
opening all the cupboards;
all the cupboards at once:
bang, bang! all cobwebs and grace.

***The Battle of the Wilderness at Spotsylvania was a messy Civil War conflict colored by the dense forestry of its setting, ending with all obscured in smoke and fire, and no conclusive victory.**

Mickayla Smith

DÈS VU

“The awareness that this will become a memory”

- Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows



Mickayla Smith
“REAL GONE”
Inspired by Tom Waits album “Real Gone”

I remember this C.D.
My father had it along with
every other Tom Waits album.

I was afraid of his collection. Particularly this one.
“Real Gone” felt like a satanic artifact.
Its letters rose so slightly that it felt alive.

“I’m gonna take the sins of my father”, he said.
That’s all he knew, that’s all you came to expect.
He always hid himself beneath the devil’s mask,
as he hoisted the bottle to his lips.

His voice drowned in bourbon.
That was an occurring sound within the home.
Making it seem like demons were around
every corner.

I’m just a trampled rose.
Dead and lovely.

But when you grow older, you realize you
have already had a taste of what life is really like.
You undesirably numb yourself.
Making it easier to listen to the devil.

Tori Brayman

THE LIGHT

2020 Alone Together Exhibit



Carrie LaBonte
FLOWER

We begin as a flower,
Growing big and tall.
Loving and soaking up the sun.
Until the storm came.
Washing the dirt from the roots.
Exposing the foundation.
Till the bloom died.
The plant left rotting in the mud.
A once beautiful bloom.
Now becomes a rotten puddle of flesh.
Giving back its soul to the soil.
Over the frosty winter the seed remained dormant.
The spring light shined down through the chunky soil.
Again the flower bloomed in all its beauty.

Caroline Hoy

PINKY



Caroline Hoy

A DREAM'S ROSE

There was once a girl.
The girl,
she had many dreams,
but every year on February 14th
a rose is what she dreamed of
a special pink rose.
The girl loved pink.
She dreamed a boy
would gift the rose to her.
She wished for very much
singular pink rose
on Valentine's Day.
Not chocolate:
she wasn't a fan.
Not a large bouquet of flowers:
too much attention for her.
The girl simply wishes for
a pink,
fresh,
lovely smelling,
thornless rose.
The rose would have no thrones.
When the girl sees the rose
she will beam is big
that it will light the electrical candles.
The girl will take the rose
and put in her dirty blond hair.
It will be slightly hidden from her
uncontrollable knots problem.
The rose will match her simple pink dress.
The girl will have wished
upon shining stars,
thrown pennies in wells,
and picked all the petals of the sunflowers.
When her wish comes true
she will know.
All the wishing,
it will have been worth every second.
When on Valentine's Day
one of her biggest dreams will come
to the end of the tunnel.

She will be happy.
It will be a happy ending,
at least on this dream it will
be a happily ever after.

But she still will continue to dream.
Next time maybe she will wish
for true love's first kiss.

Madison Ramsey

4AM



Artist on “4AM”: The fifth photo in the “please stay, don’t go” series, “4am,” both marks the passage of time and the moment when conflicting feelings arise and I begin to ask myself “Should I keep going, or should I go back inside?”
(concludes with “Ultralight Beam.”)

Caroline Hoy

KITTY



Scott Urquhart

FIRST WORLD PROBLEMS SOUTH OF THE BORDER



Jodi Wyse

UNKNOWN

Juried Art Selection, 2nd Place



Art Medium: Photographs

Christina Babor

ACID BALLERINA

2020 Alone Together Exhibit



Robert Massey

SO LOVELY, SO ALLURING

There she was beside me, so lovely, so alluring.
Her heart called to me, so attractive, so captivating.
She said she was afraid, too soon, too faultless.
I knew she was wrong, too naïve, too thoughtless.

I opened my lips; with my words, I painted the scene.
I began telling a story, she can decide what it means.

There once a boy, too young to work, too poor to eat.
Who often did nothing, but stare at his feet.
“My boy,” the father said, “How shall we eat?”
“I have a task for you, now jump up on your feet!”

“I tell you to go north, past the creek, and follow the stream.
Continue through the thicket, to reach the clearing.
Gather me berries, nuts, and mushrooms to steam.
To love is to live and to live is to eat.” Said father Declaring.

The boy had a basket, that he had filled with these things
From up past the creek, up the stream, in the small quiet clearing.
The sun was going home and so should the boy,
Packed up and ready he came to face with a bunny, his Helen of Troy.

She was beside him, so lovely, so alluring.
Leaving behind what he had gathered, he took off running.
He thought of his father, that this prize was better.

In pursuit of this bunny, he knew he would catch her.

The boy was proud, for he took his prize home.
He looked at his father, holding her out in his right arm.
Father said, “WHY ARE YOU SMILING, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?”
“Too naïve too thoughtless. This brings me great harm.”

There she was beside me, so lovely, so alluring.
Her heart called to me, so attractive, so captivating.

She said she was afraid, no time, too heartless
She said I was wrong, too naïve, too thoughtless.

Emma

CARS UNDER MY SHOES

My bandaged up, banged up, red and white valentine edition Air Force's, have cars under them now. Racing past like all the mistakes I've ever made in this life of mine. So close to the finish line. I remember when I first got them. My sister was so jealous that I managed to score such a rare find at the Goodwill in Brevard, North Carolina. My roommate complained about the previous owners, and how they looked like they had survived several attempts themselves. I didn't care at the time, or even make the connection. I saw potential in these; Running through fields, trekking across campus when I awoke a few minutes behind schedule, driving them home to the safest pair of arms I could imagine. Maybe I would experience more firsts, meet new souls in these, possibly one would stay around for a while. I bought them for about three dollars.

I was unaware of them being the last pair I'd purchase. The pair equipped my own feet with fragile armour. They had holes in the bottoms, scrapes on the sides. Walking through rain was a commitment for my dampened socks, yet I wore them every day. I loved how I could feel every stone under my steps, I felt connected to the earth through this pair of shoes. But then I took turns and shortcuts I forgot existed. I felt the metal through the thin layer of rubber between me and the bridge. Neither my shoes nor my body were built for the terrain I chose, and we both fell apart. Now I am here. The cars underneath did not come in the bag with me that day. But they are here now. Blurred underneath these shoes of mine. I look up and receive nothing, I look down at my feet and witness excitement at the potential these cars bring. I feel drawn to the blurred colors with large flashlights for eyes. Some play songs that send me momentarily to a better place. But I am drawn back to the present by their honking. I wish to join them, and scream. I scream and fall into the safe arms of the moving colors.

Shawnaizja Simmons

PERSERVERE

2020 Juried Art Show Exhibit



Art Medium: Bronze & Resin Casting

Ann Marie Bates

MEMORIAM

Two years old today,
Though I've never watched you play
Round garden trees or in the sand;
I've never even held your hand,
Or nestled your head in the bend of my arm
To soothe or sigh or shield from harm.
I only held your still, small form
For one brief moment when you were born,
To mourn the breath you never drew

And all the hopes we placed in you.

Ashley Clark

MODELS IN PARIS

Juried Art Selection, Division Chair's Choice



Art Medium: Oil on panel

Caroline Hoy

MELTING

I watch it melt,
Down my hand,
It's cold.
My brain is full.
I don't need more sugar.
It will make me less pretty.
But if I don't eat all this
I will seem ungrateful.
I have to make a decision
Whether to eat or not to eat.
The cold liquid drips down my fingers.
It's 104 outside.
In this 104 weather my bum sticks to the sidewalk
And sweat drips down my body.
So it should be a no-brainer
I should want the sweet.
But the red, white, and blue sugary mess
looks like something my cat would bring home.
I take another lick,
But it continues to melt.
It doesn't taste good.
But I take another lick,
And give my lovely friend a weary smile.
She is so popular and cool.
I don't understand why she is here,
Why she decided to take me up on my invitation.
But she came with me and bought us sweets.
Her popsicle didn't seem to melt.
She reads the riddle off her stick.
It sounds like a poem
Coming from her bubble colored lips.
She is perfect.
Long blond hair,
Pink gossipy lips,
And bright blue eyes.
Then there is me,
Covered in melted firecracker.
Just the two of us sitting on a curb,
But I'm just a teenage girl
Hands covered in melted popsicle
And crushing hard
like there is no tomorrow.

Ricky Crull
NECTAR

2020 Alone Together Exhibit



Sallie Riggan

WAVES ON THE MOON

Juried Art Selection, President's Choice



Art Medium: Cast Aluminum

Elaine Entenza

MOTHERING THE UNIVERSE

Light into matter
the challenge begins
with boundaries
and restrictions
on your expansion.

Skin and bones
may seem to hold
In
but through your eyes
I see it All.
The galaxy and stars
and space and time
and Mother Earth's nature
housed in your soul –
embedded in your heart –
Your deep stare
for such a little bean
shows me
All
shows me
the
Truth.
Every new move
Every new glimpse
is Life.

Abigail Loy

FAUX CHILDHOOD

Juried Art Selection, 3rd Place



Art Medium: Bronze & Woodblock

Shawnaizja Simmons

FUDGE NUGGET

2020 Alone Together Exhibit



Madison Ramsey

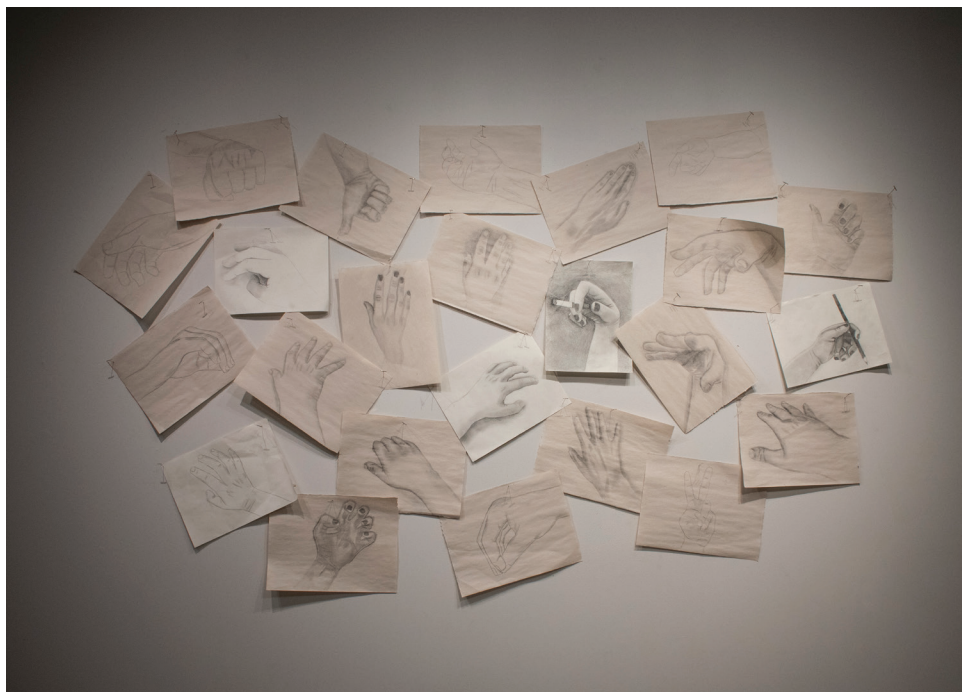
ULTRALIGHT BEAM



Artist on “Ultralight Beam:” The ninth photo in the “please stay, don’t go” series entitled “ultralight beam,” is when I finally realize that there is something so much more out there for me than worrying about anything and everything all of the time.

Lilyan Lund
HAND STUDIES

2020 Alone Together Exhibit



Sarah Hajkowski

INJURY & GOETHE TAKE ON THE PLAGUE

GOETHE

Oh, God, if there wasn't something rotten in our ethics already...

INJURY

Th-there's noth-nothing wrong in our ethics—

GOETHE

You don't think so.

INJURY

J-just mine. (giggle)

GOETHE

Injury, this isn't funny.

INJURY

One-ah-one of us is l-laughing.

GOETHE

There needs to be something in the Agreement about that obscene laugh of yours.

INJURY

(broccoli)

Agh, n-not th-that!

GOETHE

Yes, the Agreement, and speaking of being agreed—

INJURY

I d-didn't intentionally c-cause you harm!

GOETHE

Ah, but you knew what I was going to say! That suggests some form of guilty conscience.

INJURY

I'm not g-guilty of wan-wanting to hurt you, j-j-just accidentally ah-hurting you.

GOETHE

Every criminal is sorry when he's putting on the striped jumpsuit, Injury.

INJURY

Yes, I'm sorry! I'm s-sorry I'm b-b-b-bored, out of my mind when I'm er-trapped, here!

GOETHE

Well! What can I do about that?

(they've been here before)

You're a surgeon who refuses all but one type of surgery. I can't help that people don't come barging in here, eager to have you take off their—

(They see each other better having explored this question some, and now Injury is less defensive and would like to be done with the whole thing. Moments like this should be used to highlight the casual physical intimacy Injury and Goethe enjoy with each other, for example now Injury might hold out a finger or stopping hand to quiet Goethe at his lips.)

INJURY

I'm s-sorry.

GOETHE

(short laugh in spite of himself)

For which part?

(Injury sends over his own look. Goethe knows very well which part. He pats his leg, smiles. Two loony-birds cooped up in a Trauma practice together.)

Oh, that's alright, Liebling. Don't worry about that. Damn me, I accept your apology. Call it a symptom of living too long with you.

(Injury is consoled by this, laughs. Goethe is now fondly amused.)

Just look at how contrite you are.

Of course we do still have the moral dilemma in that you've been setting traps for the neighbors.

(Beat)

You're only so lucky that we don't have many—

(Suddenly, rippingly loud there is the sound from offstage of something metallic snapping shut and a young man, Petrarch, wailing in pain)

—I was saying.

(In an instant Injury has leapt from his chair once again and is pacing the short distance from its fireplace edge to Goethe. And in a fervor he is insisting:)

INJURY

G-Goethe you mus-muh!-must go and see! Who that -er-was!

GOETHE

Oh, Christ, Injury! You put the peanut butter out...

INJURY

Peanut butter?

GOETHE

Never mind, I'm sure it's all the same to him...

(It is understood that Goethe must be the one to open the door, he manages to push himself onto his feet whilst Injury in the same tizzy as when we first met him, trembles in place.)

Get me that crutch in the closet.

(Injury goes for it.)

One of us has got to play doctor around here while the other's manufacturing wounded.

(Injury hands Goethe the crutch and Goethe staggers upstage to the door. A feeble knock sounds twice, an equally feeble "Hello" accompanies it as Goethe travels to the door and Injury makes off upstage right to fetch certain necessities. Another knock, Goethe coming to the door.)

"Here's a knocking indeed..." Stay the door, brave soul, be with you in a (grouse of effort) a moment.

PETRARCH

Hello...I'm so sorry, so deeply sorry, but—you're—

GOETHE

Dr. Cecil Sevanes Von Goethe, and you've stepped in a bear trap. Come right in. We're doctors, you know.

PETRARCH

(profoundly disoriented, not sure whether to retreat back outside or take Goethe's offered arm)

A doctor...you know about this?

GOETHE

(indicating his leg)

All too well. (then) Just what you think it is. Sit here. (He has walked Petrarch to the emergency setup still lain out at stage center) Alright now boy—what is your name?

PETRARCH

Petrarch.

GOETHE

Petrarch, really? Petrarch. Well I'm not even going to begin delving into the apocalyptic implications of that—

PETRARCH

Uhh..but friends call me 'Pettie' for short.

INJURY

Rather p-petty of them.

GOETHE

Injury, for the love of God, keep silent.

PETRARCH

Oh, God—

GOETHE

Just settle down now, Pettie.

PETRARCH

No, I just thought—neither of you have it, have you?

(Goethe looks quizzically at Injury, who half returns it, but is A. still sulking and B. unwilling to acknowledge this uncertainty too readily)

GOETHE

What are you talking about?

PETRARCH

The pox, the disease, whatever it is—going around. You have heard of it?

GOETHE

(another unsupported shot backward)

No.

PETRARCH

Oh, that can't be good—that must be a sign of something—you mean you're doctors and you don't know? Doctors?

INJURY

(very quickly)

T-Trauma Specialists.

GOETHE

Technically, but you say—

PETRARCH

And you don't...? My God, we're all doomed.

GOETHE

Try to keep things in perspective. Injury, my glass of water for the lad?

(Despite a huff, Injury pivots to go to Goethe's desk midstage left and fetch his disused glass. But he is stopped at the edge of it by Pettie's protest)

PETRARCH

No! Thank you...but really, we're not supposed to drink out of anything someone else has touched.

(It has been suggested already that Goethe is closer to being Injury's match than he would like us to believe. The truth to this becomes evident with the foregoing: there is an interest in medicine within Goethe as in others there is a pulse. He drops into a place where only the steadiness of his questioning, urging the revelation of answer can exist.)

GOETHE

Please get us a clean glass, Injury.

(Goethe pulls his ottoman over to sit upon as Injury attempts to strike up another eye-contact conversation with the huffiness of a teenager being dismissed from the room. But he loses, reading the importance in Goethe's features, and exits again upstage right to the kitchen.)

PETRARCH

Thank you. He makes me awfully nervous.

GOETHE

(wincing for Injury again, plays it off)

Yes. We all feel that way from time to time.

PETRARCH

And you—live with him...God.

GOETHE

Now tell me please Pettie, what is this disease you mentioned?

PETRARCH

It's killed eight people already. That may not be a lot wherever you hail from, I guess—

GOETHE

(this hits a nerve)

I'm from town. I'm native to Peevishly.

PETRARCH

Oh, really. Anyway that's not a lot to many people but it's only been three days and you know how small a place we are, I mean they talk about it like it's Terror Alive, really. I'm not allowed to make any deliveries after today, we're all going to hole up in our houses, just like the end of the whole world—

GOETHE

How's it manifest? What are the symptoms?

(Injury clears his throat, Petrarch freezes up again. To keep him talking, Goethe slips into some more coddling and casual questioning.)

And about your deliveries...

PETRARCH

Right! Right, I'm your new postman. God, I—I nearly forgot—

(Injury tries in vain to spook Petrarch again, hands Goethe his blasted glass.)

GOETHE

Did you have something for us?

(Goethe humors Petrarch's clear anxiety and handles both pitcher and glass just as gingerly as possible, touching only a handle and bell in the whole process, never the lip or drinking part of either. Pettie accepts the glass, there is no touching of hands. He drinks. Injury stands unimpressed.)

PETRARCH

Yes, outside...I should—

GOETHE

You keep still, Pettie. Injury, would you please retrieve the mail Pettie brought us? I think he more than probably dropped it somewhere near the front door.

(Injury is just about at his threshold for disbelief, but once again huffily stalks off his spectator spot and sees to opening up the door upstage left, steps out. Goethe plays the apple-wielding neighborhood-doc of myth, a coldly comforting smile.)

You were saying.

PETRARCH

I was?

GOETHE

(dull that edge)

Symptoms.

PETRARCH

Oh...well it's a wasting disease, they say. Starts in your hands, feet. Feels like arthritis, even turns your skin red like it. But after the first few aches it's not just red, it's bloody red and your skin gets sore just to touch. Say it's painful as anything.

GOETHE

(gears clicking)

Erythrosis in the palms, knuckles, heels, arches...

PETRARCH

Then it tears up your insides, though people have different stories just what that feels like. Some describe it like pneumonia, that deep awful ache to your back, your shoulders, and lungs and you can't breathe, either that or—

GOETHE

Like a cancer. Saps energy, vitality. Loss of appetite. A comatose state sets in.

PETRARCH

Er—yes.

(Injury enters silently, his eyes boring holes in the large mailing envelope in his hands. He thrusts it like a burden under one arm and resets the door again. Goethe glances at him briefly, then returns to Petrarch. Unseen then, Injury walks himself back downstage to Goethe's desk and forfeits the object. From here he walks to the ottoman Goethe has pinched from him and quietly observes the finish of Petrarch and Goethe's conversation. Just his presence unnerves the former, and as recompense Injury takes advantage of that second water glass Petrarch is gulping down, unable to help himself.)

INJURY

S-spat in the water I gave you.

(A panicked Pettie spits into the glass, Goethe scrambles unsuccessfully to console him and winds up helping the unhesitating Pettie to his feet. Injury, too happy to see the little intruder go, rushes to find another crutch in the closet and holds it out to Pettie as a parting gift.)

GOETHE

He was only joking, Pettie!

PETRARCH

I should be going anyway. We're officially quarantined at sundown.

GOETHE

Quarantined?

(But it's far too late for any further questions, Petrarch goes out the door with Injury slamming it and locking all safely up once more. To his chagrin, he turns back to find Goethe with renewed interest staring at his package. The wideness of the eyes and the weightiness of the mailing label should much mirror Injury's, only that it should hint at positive, furtive joy rather than repulsion. Injury wanders back to his chair as normally as he can manage, playing dumb. Perhaps tending the fire.)

INJURY

What is it?

GOETHE

I have no idea.

This is an excerpt from a longer play currently in the works. A dark comedy set in the fictional island town of Peevishly; two (technically unlicensed) surgeons, Goethe and Injury, practice medicine together when no one else would have them. Injury's exclusive interest is amputation, specifically the parts cut off. Injury also has a stutter, but this stutter can disappear when he lies. Years ago Goethe quit Peevishly in disgrace and joined Injury's underground practice, supplementing the attention to live (albeit sans limb) patients in which Injury was lacking. This is much the state of the universe until it is disturbed by the scene below, when Peevishly's destructive plague puts Injury and Goethe at odds with one another.

Christina Babor

KING AMPHIBIAN

2020 Alone Together Exhibit



Sallie Riggan

QUARANTINE BLUES

2020 Alone Together Exhibit



Aia Andonovska

THE COLORADO RIVER, ARIZONA



Aia Andonovska

#BLM: DALLAS, TEXAS



Scott Urquhart
PALENQUE

Ancient ruins of a great civilization
shot into space
and reborn
as magnets and keychains

hawking without flight

entitled to your wealth
and their past

It's wretchedness
It's persecution

Being

Products of the state
They are lost at home

Scott Urquhart

RUINS OF A ONCE GREAT CIVILIZATION



Sarah Hajkowski
MOMENTUM

hey! I'm not proud, I'm sinking:
am I supposed to tell them
it's better now?
am I supposed to tell them
I'm clean of you?
tell me, when will you understand—

Oh, the dark? I tell her all about you.
I sit on the porch with the night hanging about
and I'm reminded of the winter we spent
in the Andromeda galaxy, do you remember?
yes, these days when I write about you
it seems I can't keep from writing about the stars too,
isn't that funny and sweet?
Yet I've heard it's a fact about stars,
in just the same way brilliance is,
that they die—no, not merely die:
that they explode, yes!
Stars are so dramatic, you see,
so self-absorbed of all that gas and luminescence
that they expire with barrier-breaking noise,
that they spatter their blood
all across the universal ceiling in the act.
That sounds a little like me.

I am like one of those sorry souls
lead-singing for an alt band
who counts the girl he met at a party once,
the one who smiles at you, the one you never see again,
—as his entire inspiration.
You'd think the poor devil would
I don't know, run out of woes to explode about?
But before you know it, here he is back again
back from the world tour/ and the trips around the Moon
back from the library/ and the nightly jaunt over to the high school
just to see if the same feeling was
still living under the sidewalk—
back from 11:37 PM, stuck dreaming about your eyes again,
back to stay,
and write another poem,
and they say orbit is only for floating bodies.

Salena Malmin

MY MIND

2020 Alone Together Exhibit



Carrie LaBonte
SPACE

They say vivid dreaming is a form of time travel,

Or rather just a dream.

I found it to be neither.

Just a way for our brains to escape the madness.

Madness that can add years.

Do we ever stop and wonder what we are doing?

What our lives are really worth?

These dreams can be our truth.

Let your mind be your own truth.

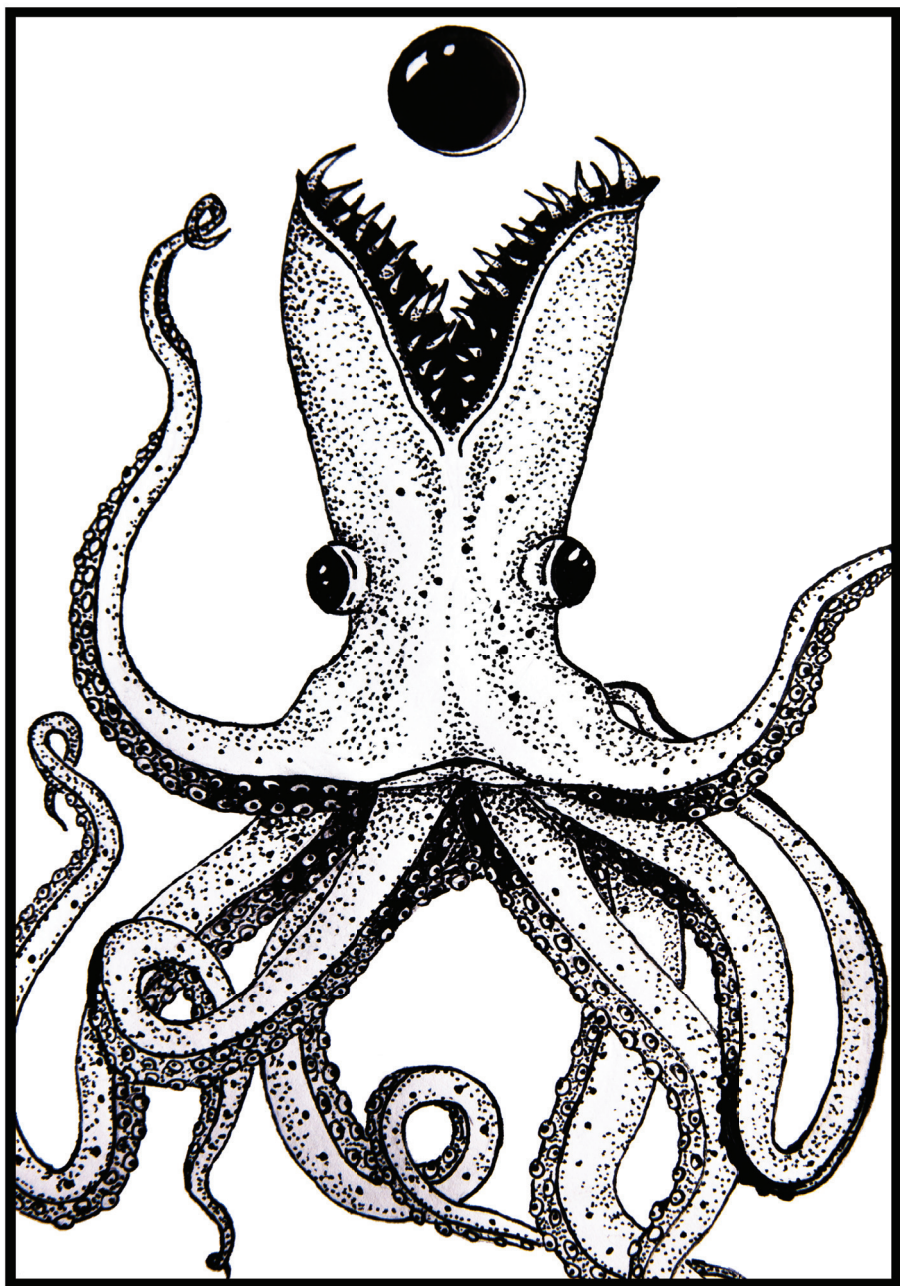
Scott Urquhart
CAMBODIA

Softly suffocating in silence
She
put her hand on my lungs
Cold,
shaking

barely breathing
the warmth never lasts
S a g r n
t g e i g
f o r a d r i n k
wishing for sleep
without dreams
` as they come at night
leaving only pain
justifying the next line
rolling in vomit
feeling comfortable
repeating until broken
Hoping for nothing

Mazie Hayden

ERIK



Mickayla Smith

BLUEBERRY SKIES



LOVE IS FRIGHTENING

Scott Urquhart

ACTUAL FLOWERS OF
HUMBOLDT
COUNTY



Ann Marie Bates

EPIPHANY

You are not sterile.
You—the Source of life,
In the beginning,
Knees and hands in the muddy clay,
Close enough to smell us—
You exhaled and we became.
You are not distant.
You are down-in-the-dirt Holiness.
Of all the ways to bring a baby into being,
You chose body fluids.
Sweat. Mucus.
Water. Blood.
A perpetuation of the beautiful mess You started.
You are not aloof.
You are blood and sweat and Redemption.
Close enough to smell our stench,
To get splattered with it,
Wasn't close enough.
So You entered into it,
Became it.
You are not sterile.
You are in the middle of our mess.
Reaching out to touch decaying flesh
With tenderness
When a word would have done the job.
Taking risks to be identified with
Trouble makers and filth
For the sake of relationship.

Sallie Riggan
NIGHTLY RONA
ROUTINE

2020 Alone Together Exhibit



Shawnaizja Simmons

SPIRITUAL MASK

2020 Alone Together Exhibit



BIOS

Aia Andonovska is a senior, graduating with the class of 2021. She is a history and English double major. For her senior project, she wrote a travel blog and researched the history of the Havasupai tribe. She took a road trip out west and the photos you see within are from this trip. Enjoy!

Ann Marie Bates is majoring in music after having reared four children. A stranger and exile on the earth, she looks for a better city. In the meantime, she lives in Fletcher, North Carolina, with her husband, Eric, and their little dog, Molly.

“Tori” Brayman is a photography major with a concentration of digital media and a minor in Business (Org) . She is a junior here, once a part of Photography club which has since been on hiatus due to COVID. However the club is something Tori feels strongly about and she hopes to have it back up and running in the spring. In high school Tori did swim, soccer and bowling. She continued on with soccer and is currently on the women’s soccer team, with jersey number 14.

Ricky Crull was raised in Charlotte, North Carolina where he strived for the outdoors and the pursuit of complete freedom. Through middle and high school Ricky struggled with academics and authority, causing a difficult time before moving to Western North Carolina to attend Brevard College. At Brevard College, Ricky started to thrive while obtaining a degree in Wilderness Leadership and Experiential Education. It was not until his sophomore year when Ricky began to wrap wire and stone. It took two more years until Ricky actually started to take formal art classes which uncovered a hidden passion. Once Ricky placed himself in an educational environment, reality started to blossom. Ricky has been progressing ever since.

Elaine Marie Entenza is an adjunct teacher of Pilates and Wellness here at BC. She is taking the semester off to ground a bit, let COVID (hopefully?) simmer down, and spend a little more time writing. She has always wanted to write more, and with the pandemic shutting down old life routines she decided to take advantage of this time to do so. The pandemic forced Elaine to slow down and look at her life, so she used the time to sift through her thoughts and make sure they aligned with her dreams. It turns out, Elaine’s heart wants to rush less and write more, so in her own words: “here I am.”

Emma is a Psychology major with an interest in English as a minor. She is currently the Art and Design editor of *Chiaroscuro*.

Sarah Hajkowski is a sophomore at Brevard College studying English and Theatre, and she currently heads *Chiaroscuro’s* Poetry and Theatre editorial position. In this year’s *Chiaroscuro* she has two poems, “Momentum” and “Kitchen Witchery,” and a theatre submission entitled “Injury & Goethe Take on the Plague.” Sarah believes passionately in the power of the written word to change the world.

Mazie Hayden is a junior on the cycling team. At her previous college, she was a public health major, but has yet to decide her major at Brevard. She is a member of *Chiaroscuro’s*

genre team, and enjoys art and writing with a darker aesthetic. In her spare time, she competes in downhill mountain biking, and was once a ski racer on the international level.

Caroline Hoy is a sophomore Environmental Studies Major. She is from Charleston, South Carolina. Caroline has been on the staff of *Chiaroscuro* for two years now and is the social media editor. Caroline has been on the staff of three literary magazines, The Outlet, The Red Balloon, and *Chiaroscuro*. In her free time Caroline volunteers with Girl Scouts. Caroline is also a giant fan of butterflies.

Carrie LaBonte is the author of “Space” and “Flower.” A junior exercise science major. She is from Blowing Rock, NC. This is her first time on the *Chiaroscuro* as a lead genre editor. Her passions include sewing, plants, and interior design. She hopes to continue her time at *Chiaroscuro* in her senior year.

Lilyan Lund is a senior art major at Brevard College. Through her time in the art department she has concentrated on sculpture and time based media. Her passions include trying to mix sculptural elements with sound and video. She hopes to graduate in spring of 2021.

Salena Malmin is 25 years old, and a Junior here at Brevard College. Her major is in Art History, and Salena plans to one day own her own art gallery and to give back to her community in Marion, North Carolina. Salena lived in Marion for 12 years before moving out on her own. Undeterred by the challenge, Salena was a high school dropout but earned her Adult high school diploma a couple of years before applying for college. She has a background in oil painting and drawing, and is the first in her family to attend college.

Gavin Martin (aka “The Ghoul”) is currently a Junior majoring in Theatre Technology and minoring in Business. He is a musician that’s part of an up-and-coming band called “Cleansing the of Temple”, from Tamassee, South Carolina.

Robert Massey is a 19 year old sophomore with a Business and Organizational Leadership Major at Brevard College and a minor in Creative Writing. Robert’s aspirations to start writing began at a young age and was very poetry centered, for poetry was a way for him to find peace within his words. Robert’s hobbies include playing baseball, making coffee, drinking coffee, and writing while drinking coffee.

Lynn Price is to major in art in addition to pursuing teaching licensure to teach art. As for hobbies, Lynn enjoys Painting on large planks of wood, drawing, and writing novels. Art has been a passion of hers/theirs for a long time now because not only is it a motivational outlet, but also a therapeutic coping mechanism. Lynn holds that life is a lot better with art because people need more self-expression.

Madison Ramsey is a Senior and will be graduating in May 2021 with a BA in History. Her hometown is Swords Creek, Virginia and lives there with her family and two dogs, Duke and Hazel. In her free time, Madison enjoys playing tabletop games, watching Netflix, and listening to music and hanging out with her friends.

Vance Reese is an active musician and a teacher in the BC Music Department. He wrote

this poem as a self-discovery exercise this summer as he continued to realize that he is part of the problem, despite his ego thinking that he is part of the solution. Becoming more compassionate is his full-time job.

Sallie Riggan is a senior at Brevard College studying art with a concentration in sculpture, she has had a strong love for art since a young age and is very passionate about pottery. When the pandemic hit and quarantine was put into place, she did not have access to the studio to throw on the wheel. Her mixed media collage, *Quarantine Blues*, was inspired by her quarantine activities and state of mind. The collage includes magazine clippings, an original cyanotype, and ink.

Shawnaizja Simmons is a sophomore with a double major in Theater and Art. She is an artist because it allows her self-expression in many different ways. Shawnaizja also enjoys the process of creating whether that is painting or sculpting. Besides painting and sculpting her passion lies in special effects makeup and writing poetry.

Mickayla Smith is a graduating senior with a major in Psychology and a double minor in Philosophy/Religion and Creative Writing. She is currently the editor-in-chief and managing editor for *Chiaroscuro*. She draws inspiration from raw emotions, abnormal beauty, spirituality, and the darkness within that so many try to avoid. She understands that life is not black and white, but gray. The gray part of life is unknown and scary for some who dare not to enter. Within her work(s), she touches on all uncomfortable parts of life, and captures the tender moments that we often take for granted. Mickayla believes that writing digs into the deeper parts of the mind and spirit that are frequently ignored.

Scott Urquhart: Despondent at best, the work of Scott Urquhart is shadowed with a longing for stability that is encapsulated by turmoil and bouts of misanthropy that occasionally compete with the admiration of breaths whose body exudes a lugubrious sense of serenity and longing for something greater than what is understood.

Samuel Westlund is the author of the short story "Wrong Turn." Sam enjoyed writing this and hope that those subscribed to the *Chiaroscuro* enjoy reading it. He wrote it using a method called a perspective shift, which means writing the original draft in first person and then the final draft in third person. The effect is eerie and unsettling, and makes the reader feel like he--or she--is in the story. He was also able to make the demonic Muppet at the end scary using this method. He would say he took some artistic liberties with childhood dreams and memories from his own young adult life. This is the first time he has written for a magazine. He considers it a good learning experience, and would like to thank the staff of the *Chiaroscuro* for publishing it.

ABOUT THE JUROR FOR THE 2021 JURIED STUDENT ART COMPETITION

Tracey Norman-Morgan

Owner/Director of Tracey Morgan Gallery, Asheville, North Carolina
Brevard College Class of 1990

Tracey Norman-Morgan has over twenty four-years of gallery, research and curatorial experience, including over a decade specializing in photographic based art work. She began her career at Eaton Fine Art, FL as a Curatorial Associate contributing to exhibitions such as John Marin: The Sea, Joseph Stella: Flora and Celebrating a Treasure: Masterpieces from the Butler Institute of American Art, among others. Morgan continued her career in New York City as Associate Director with Yancey Richardson Gallery and Pace/MacGill Gallery. During her time there, Morgan curated several group shows at both galleries and as an independent curator, she organized Love's Secret Domain: Contemporary Psychedelic Art at Third Ward Gallery in Brooklyn and The Effect of your Body at Republic Worldwide also in Brooklyn.

In 2017, Morgan opened her own gallery in Asheville, NC. The gallery specializes in contemporary photography, works on paper, painting, sculpture and installation by emerging and established artists from the United States and abroad. The secondary focus of the gallery is to promote the visual arts in the community by highlighting work created by regional artists or pertaining to Western North Carolina. Each year, the gallery presents a rotation of well-researched exhibitions by individual artists as well as curated group shows that explore historical and contemporary themes.

Morgan received her A.F.A. from Brevard College and her B.A. in Art History from Florida State University. She is currently on the Western Carolina University Fine Art Museum Collections Committee and has been a board member for the Junior League of Asheville since 2018.

ABOUT THE 2020 ALONE TOGETHER EXHIBIT

The Brevard College Fine Arts Division invited students to submit work they created while participating in online learning due to the COVID-19 pandemic. The work was displayed in the Spiers Gallery as a showing of the creative spirit and work that continued under the shelter-in-place orders and move to online learning due to pandemic. Submissions were open to any Brevard College student enrolled in an art class from spring or fall 2020. All showcased work was completed during the online learning portion of the semester, or in response to any of the shelter-in-place orders or social distancing guidelines.

