





# Grief and the Dream

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## **Letter from the Editors**

In these pages there is much sorrow. The poets and artists represented here have set before us a glimpse of broken hopes, broken bodies, broken relationships, and our broken world. We thank you for sharing this with us. May we as readers learn to grieve well with you in this season of lament for all that is broken.

In many of these works, while there is sorrow, there is also the flickering of a dream. Here sorrow is lifted to light the world. There is a longing for a better future, and expectation of change, the hope of a wholeness that comes through our remembrance and work partnered with and receiving the greater and redeeming work of God. As we journey together from Epiphany through this season of Lent, let us also learn to dream again.

Yours for lighting up the world,  
Rachel and Zach

## Untitled

VagaBond

*“Dealing with the condition itself is not enough, we have to get to the cause of it all, or to the root of it all. It is because of our efforts towards getting straight to the root that people oft[en] times think that we are dealing in hate.” ---Malcolm X*

The forecast for Minneapolis is overcast skies,  
Thirsty for justice,  
Dehydrated bodies left dry  
Pray it will reign.

*“When Black people who are being oppressed become impatient, they say that’s emotional.”*

Expired registration,  
A traffic violation,  
A counterfeit bill,  
Illegal cigarette sale,  
No trials, no jury, no judge,  
A Black man gets the death penalty despite the crime  
being alleged.

*“When Black people who are being deprived of their citizenship—not only of their Civil Rights but of their human rights become impatient, become fed-up—don’t want to wait any longer— then they say that’s emotional.”*

Nazario wanted to pull over at a well-lit location,  
Hoping the light could prevent a life-or-death situation.  
A wallet, cellphone, vehicle registration  
Could all look like weapons to an officer armed with a  
taser, gun, and fear.

“Get on the ground now!”

He did not comply.

The images of his uncle’s last struggle for life came back  
to mind. The concrete scaffold has taken many a breath,

A chokehold,

A knee to the neck.

Remaining in his car with his hands raised,

Pepper sprayed.

Nazario’s tags were displayed

In the corner of his back window they were made

Visible to the officer now in this well-lit area.

There was no violation.

The police waited for twenty minutes until Nazario re-  
gained his vision. Still, he feels the burning sensation.

There are good men dressed in blue.

There are good men clothed in black.

There were good men made black and blue that we can’t  
ever get back. “We are not brutalized because we are  
Baptist.”

“Fixing to ride the lighting son!”

*“We are not brutalized because we are Methodist.”*

“I’m honestly afraid.”

“You should be!”

*“We are not brutalized because we are Muslim.”*

“Taser, taser, taser!”

*“We are not brutalized because we are Catholic.”*

“I can’t breathe!”

*“We are brutalized because we are Black people in  
America.”*

The forecast predicts scattered showers.

Tears will drip down from heavenly heights.

They will flood the sidewalks, the asphalt, the driver’s  
seats.

Lament will thunder.

But no white light,

No lightning strike,

Will strike the ground.

Will strike down their feet.



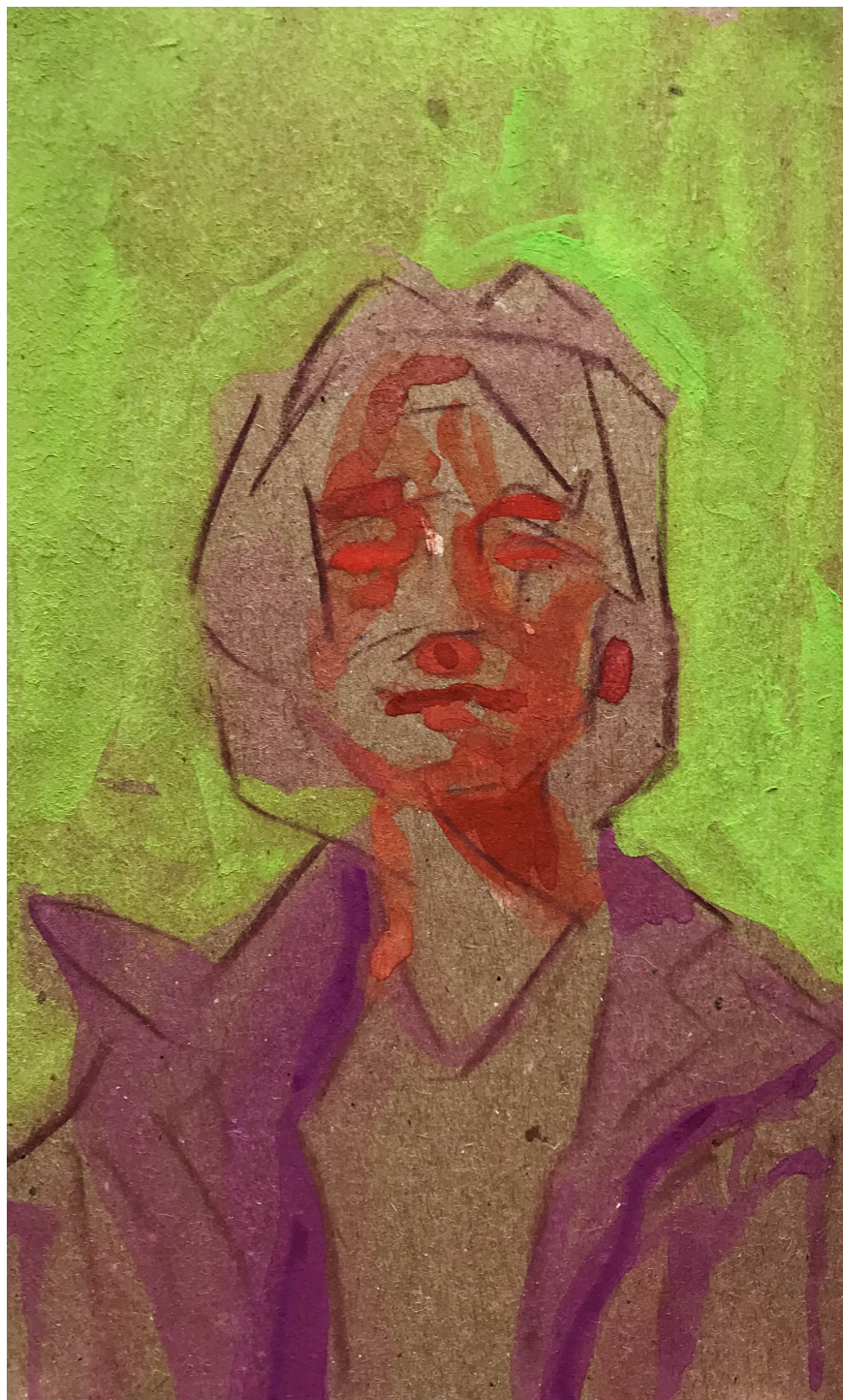
## **Epiphany**

VagaBond

Three kings from the East  
Journey to God with tiring feet.  
Starlight to starve the darkness and light a feast.  
Gifts given to a gift given to be.

Journey to God with tiring feet,  
A King in the South,  
Gifts given to a gift given to be.  
A speech, no doubt, entered the heart and left the mouth.

A King in the South.  
Three kings from the East.  
A speech, no doubt, entered the heart and left the mouth.  
Gifts given to a gift given to be.



## Untitled

Anonymous

Do you think I could forget it?  
The way your broken pieces cut my hands;  
Cut my heart.

-

Beautiful shards in my open palms  
Catch the heavy lamplight;  
In that moment when I couldn't catch you.

Painful crimson on my trembling fingers  
Reaches the deepest fissures within me;  
In that moment when I couldn't reach you.

-

You lift the weight in my arms,  
Even as your heart litters the ground.  
Why do you ask me to share my burden?  
Let every shard cut me deeper.  
For marble does not bleed.

You stand at the doorway,  
And it is ready to swallow you up.  
Why do you say there is light ahead?  
There is only darkness in my eyes.  
For marble cannot see.

-

But how could marble hurt so  
When your gaze pierces through?  
Could that be rain  
Upon the visage of stone?

How could a statue hold so tender a spot  
That bleeds at a single question?  
Could that be a crack  
In the armor of stone?

-

I hear the bells.  
They ring;  
They ring for you.

Do not look back;  
For that is my lot.

Go.

Go, and fare thee well.

## **Untitled**

Anonymous

His coat is blue-gray  
Or black, depending on the day.  
The last time I saw it, in May,  
He was walking away.

## **Did your eyes meet mine?**

Anonymous

Did your eyes meet mine  
When we got ice cream by the pool  
On that soft summer morning?

The creamy sweetness on my tongue  
Strawberry sunrises over the foaming waves.  
I snuck a glance  
Your cotton candy ice cream was blue  
But your eyes were bluer.

Did your hand touch mine  
When we sat at the picnic table  
On that sleepy summer day?

The warm sunlight on my cheek  
Golden breezes over dusty fields.  
I looked at you  
The cloudless sky was bright  
But your smile was brighter.

Did your heart miss mine  
When we watched the sunset  
On that cool summer evening?

The wind in my hair  
Bruised clouds over a burning horizon.  
I couldn't turn away  
That line of gold was far in the distance  
But you were farther.

## **A Paper Heart**

Anonymous

There were neon lights  
Caught in the raindrop  
As it rolled down the window.

A shooting star on tinted glass  
Because there were none in the sky.

There were shopfronts  
Captured in puddles  
As the taxi drove through them.

Warm dumplings to fill your belly  
But not quite fill your heart.

There was a lonely face  
Held in the dirty mirror  
As the elevator hummed.

And a paper heart stuck on a suitcase  
With nowhere else to call home.





## **Mr. Hopkins**

Anonymous

God, what even am I to pray?  
That on this earth he shall stay  
For just a little while longer?  
That we could all be stronger?  
That I would know things  
To say to take away the sting?  
I do not think there is any answer  
To this, the killing cancer.

God, what even am I to pray?  
That his family will be okay?  
That we will not mourn him,  
And the future will not look dim?  
I do not think there is any answer  
To this, the killing cancer.

God, what even am I to pray?  
That you will take this pain away?  
But I know that is not a solution.  
Because this makes us human:  
To love and to lose and to grieve,  
Then to live on, until we also leave.

God, I can only think to pray  
That everything will be okay,  
And that this relentless pain  
Will not always remain.



## **How Long, Doctor**

Rachel Huchthausen

How long, Doctor,  
Will you pour only-bitter medicine  
Lacking hope-touched sweetness?  
Until the draught is measured out?  
Until the draught is measured out.

How long, Doctor,  
Will you draw up our tears with your exacting pipette  
Dropping them singly in your bottle?  
Until the cup overflows?  
Until the cup overflows.

How long, Doctor,  
Will your searching fall in controlled lightning  
Burning away our extremity and endurance?  
Until all is revealed?  
Until all is revealed.

How long, Doctor,  
Will you observe our jangled joints,  
Holding them as they rebel against each other?  
Until the knee bends aright?  
Until the knee bends aright.

How long, Doctor,  
Will you sit waiting with your watch  
Ticking to bells-tolls and centuries?  
Until we are new at last?  
Until we are new at last.



**Beloved Friend,**  
Sarah Burton

Your pain,  
the world upon your shoulders.  
A crushing weight  
that bares down onto you.

Your shame,  
boulders being dragged with tearing rope.  
With every ounce of strength,  
you carry on.

Your anger,  
a riptide at your heels  
swaying you this way and that;  
Unable to maintain your balance.

This overwhelming feeling,  
like venom,  
Circulating with every heartbeat,  
until you begin to wither and decay.

Infection starts slow,  
until hopes and dreams  
Become doubts and suspicions.  
Thinking of the future  
becomes thinking of tomorrow,  
only, alone.

Darkness nips... pulls  
leaving nothing but  
this burden,  
this grief,  
of living.

My friend, my beloved,  
Share your pain  
Release your shame  
Leave your anger.

This anti-venom  
halts the persistence  
of the Snake.

There is a Light,  
in the distance.  
Closer than you realize,  
guiding your way.

Away from the consuming abyss  
of hatred and despair,  
towards Love and Hope  
In the face of a friend,  
In this moment.

## **You Hear**

Adelaine Morgiewicz

The stars felt sad, and the moon seemed to mourn.  
Stress, confusion, and loss swept through these halls.  
You heard our unvoiced calls,  
Our desperate prayers.  
You showed us Your care.  
The darkness felt so full and concentrated in these halls.  
Yet You heard our unvoiced calls.  
Our desperate prayers.  
You showed us Your care.  
And I can see it now: The Light.  
The night those spirits came loudly shouting, You casted  
them away,  
Your sword shone brightly – the brightest Light I'd ever  
seen.  
You sent Your angels to reassure us.  
They looked not as I thought they would and that scared  
me.  
But You told me with Your gentle voice, "These, these  
are Mine."  
And, "You, you are Mine."  
The moon no longer weeps, the stars no longer flicker,  
The skies they smile now. They know of the Hope you  
give us.  
Creation joins us in the praises of The Father.  
We no longer have to fear.  
You have shown us The Promise, The Promise of Your  
Light and Love come down,  
The Promise of the second coming,  
The Bright Morning Star, Jesus Christ.



The beautiful cover and interior art are the work of Mary Hannah Kennedy.

Thank you for always being willing to share it with us!

Many thanks to this issue's featured poet, VagaBond.

Thank you for your flexibility, grace, and willingness.

You are greatly appreciated!

Many thanks are also owed to Prof. Jesse Sharpe,  
our advisor across the pond.

Thank you!









# The Lantern