





The Lantern

***The Lantern**, begun in 1932, is Houghton University's student-run literary magazine that exists to illuminate the thoughts and expressions of students and the greater Houghton community through works of literary and visual art.*

Cover art:

Front: Smertz, Melancholic

Back: Smertz, Sanguine

Creation

September, 2022-23 Acedemic Year
Issue No. 1

Letter from the Editors

Dear reader,

You have just picked up the first issue of the Lantern at Houghton University! We are excited take part in Houghton's new season—and we invite you to partake with us alongside the artists and poets included here.

While this semester is a new creation in Houghton's history, it is grounded in a greater story. One hundred and thirty-nine academic years have begun since Willard J. Houghton founded the seminary in 1883. Students have watched the summer fade, leaves fall, and snow come in this place for generations. This issue too is part of a larger history. 2022 marks the 90th anniversary of when a student club called The Owls published the results of a literary writing competition in the first issue of the Lanthorn in 1932.

The works represented here add to that story. They speak of and depict the cycle of time: summer and wintertide, springtime and harvest; hurts and healing; darkness and light. Creation here is both the first creative act and creative power sustained that brings growth in every season.

Yours for lighting up the world,
Rachel, Katya, Hannah, and Emma

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Untitled

Nico Seddio

fresh ink gleams the brightest color.
molded clay is at first still soft.

glue slides about before gelling
and the sharpened edge cuts most clean.

the scent of new pages recalls
memories of when taught to read.

words are loudest after silence.
the first in a list sets the tone.



Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Promise*

FALL(ING)

FALL(ING)

FALL(ING)

FALL(ING

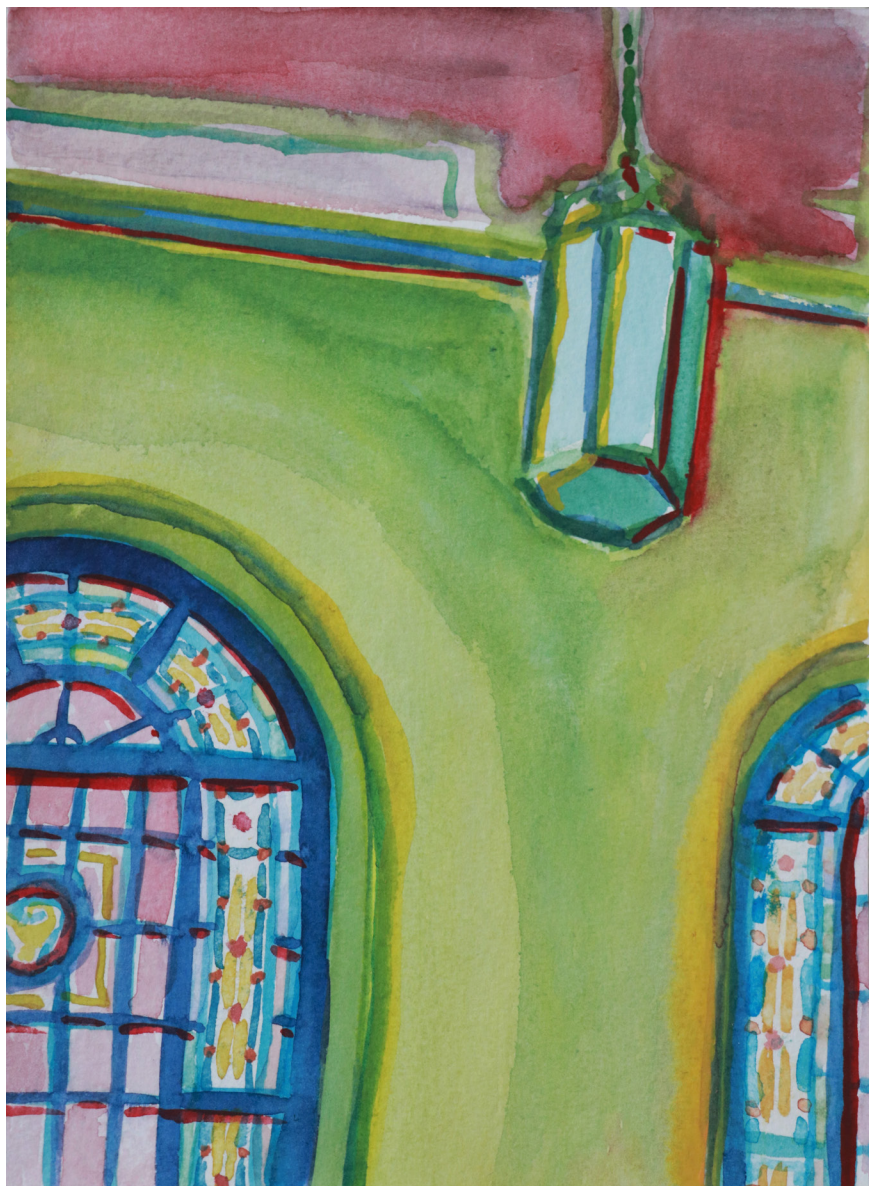
FALL(ING

FALL(ING

Window of a Star

TKDragon

We look down from the sky
My brothers and I;
I doubt you know our plight
How we shine with all our might
How we dance with all our hearts
In our bright and rhythmic art.
But the world below is blind
And in their minds confined
The skies with soot, and smog they choke
And ignore Earth's mournful croak
They make their lights brighter than bright
And shamelessly hide us from their sight.
Yet there are some who still look up
Who share our dreadful cup
And with smog's entombing shadow
They lament our muddied window.



Smertz, *Untitled*



Tenshi Chispa, *Breaking Sunlight*

The Maple Tree

AJ Kappmeier

I walked by that old maple tree
That we would often visit as kids
Even in old age the branches remain firm
Shifting ever so slightly in earthly winds

I picked up one of its fallen leaves
As seasons change they come and go
They always flourish in the summer dew
But can never withstand winter's snow

I think about all the time we spent
Under its shade during the warmer months
As my hands scrape the bark, I wonder where all that time went
And all that was lost just sitting there

What I would give to live a simple life again
When we were still in fact worried about time
Because curfew felt almost like a death sentence
And being late to dinner was our biggest crime

But the reality of this world has taken you
And engulfed you in a deceiving light
You are one amongst the fallen leaves
Wilting slowly, becoming one with the Earth

I like to pretend that you're still sitting here
Smiling up at a cloud coated sky
And like the tree, something is rooting you
in this place
Where our dreams blossomed and were fated to die

And though this old maple tree remains stagnant
A somber reminder of all that was and used to be
It is a testament to your legacy in a now trunk littered plain
That has, ever since then, never felt quite as free

I hope you know that I am still thinking of you now
You, who took solace in wilting amongst the leaves
How haunting, that whenever I look upon this old maple tree,
It feels as though you are smiling down upon me.



Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Nature's Patterns*

11/20/21

Smertz

I like the rain these days,
Impregnated clouds hold water hostage
The fluid stuff whose only way out is to fall
Just as I have fallen so many times

Caged in the purest of facades
My walls were made of cinder and the ceiling of fire
But I've always taken to the water
So I swam down and down
Until gravity threw me head over heels in love
I was no longer buoyant in my consoling pool
But falling
Falling

And right when I was about to land,
He entered in
Twice I told him not to,
but he persisted,
until I was broken on the ground,
too shattered from the fall to walk away,
So I lay
Numbed and shocked
At the weight of it

The rain brought me down here
But the rain will wash it all away.
I like the rain these days



Smertz, *Untitled*



Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Renewed*

Damsel's Lament

Smertz

Once upon a time made sure that the only way for us to experience love was to fall. A connection with someone had to be so powerful that the rest of the world was upside down, and we were the only ones who had figured out how to truly love.

It turns out though, I spent most of my life on the ground. Falling was the only reality I knew. I had to be on my back and allow everything in to keep myself out. For all intensive purposes, succeeded. I allowed it all in. I called it empathy, though others might have called it a doormat. A stepping stone for people to get to where they wanted to go.

I made it through life thus far relatively unscathed in this malleable mind, until I let someone through that entered in all the wrong ways, the ways that I repeatedly said no to.

But he entered anyway.

The first person I wanted to turn away would not go, because it turns out when you lay yourself down to the world for long enough, It's not so easy to get up and walk away.

She's speaking to me, soft and low, "it could have been prevented if you were just a little stronger." She judges me for being there in the first place and undoing that goddamn button.

The others tell me that he is to blame, that my two "no's" were far more than enough. But how could they have been? In this fairytale world I was told to believe that dancing with the prince always leads to happy endings. This smile on my face is not of joy, but of the knowledge that because I was asleep when he did it, his non-consensual kiss awoke me from my slumber. If only so that I can tell you my friends, to open your eyes too.

Written on an Airplane

Sarah Burton

Looking, searching
Longing, yearning
Something to fill me
Give me a home

In the sky
In the sea
Across the land
Beyond my understanding

Define creation
Something created by Creator
In the beginning
There was nothing

Then there was
Me and you and He
It was beautiful
Then it was not

Fallen and sinking
How to find the way back
Back to the origin
Of my story

A star fallen
Forgotten
Forsaken;
Not I

Not by He
Who knows
And sees
Who yearns for me, just the same



Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Tears of Sunshine*

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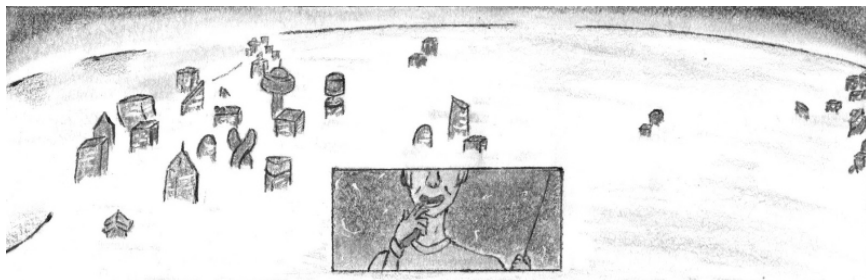
Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Untitled*



Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Receive with Joy*

Confectioner's Snow

Tenshi Chispa

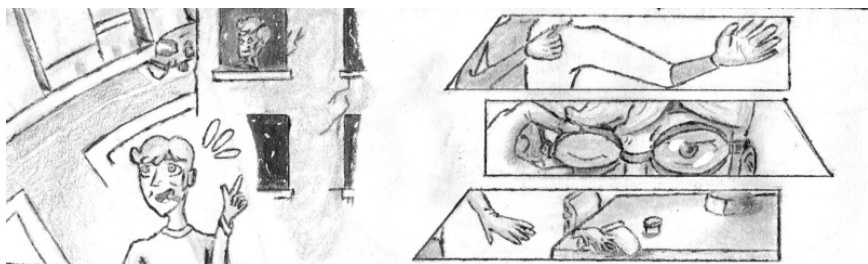


The city lights shone through the foggy glitter of the dying night. In the silence of the dark a set of blinds open to a blacked window, revealing the cold. A grayed old man, Zander, with childish green eyes, took in the blanked sight.

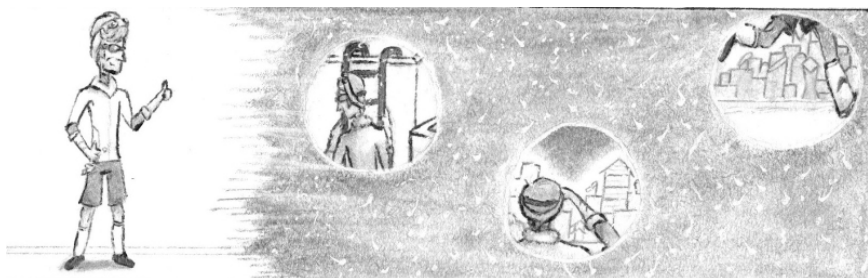
“It looks like powdered sugar! Untouched.” The words fell from his mouth.



Although Zander is not overly fond of the freezing temperatures, the snow was beyond value in his eyes. It was a sweet reminder that he was no longer under the chains of the desert. And sometimes, in the laughter of a child or in passing by snow sculptures, he would remember the joys of his youth.



It was still dark and the sidewalks remained mostly empty. The unseeable dawn was beginning to wane on what little time was left for a late nighlapse*. Of course, that only means one thing! Zander grabbed his coat and swimming goggles. He jammed an extra hat and pair of gloves into his pockets and set out into the snowy city.

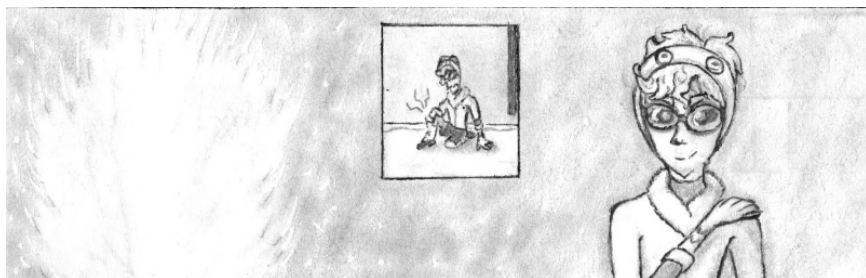


“But, where to strike?” he wondered. The whipped cream crunched beneath his feet as he walked on the roofs.



**To stay up at night, usually to do something reckless*

“Somewhere big.” Zander thought. He headed towards the heart of the city. Upon scaling the city office, the site laid open. Niagara Square! Though it was more of a circle, it seemed like the perfect place for such a sneaky act.



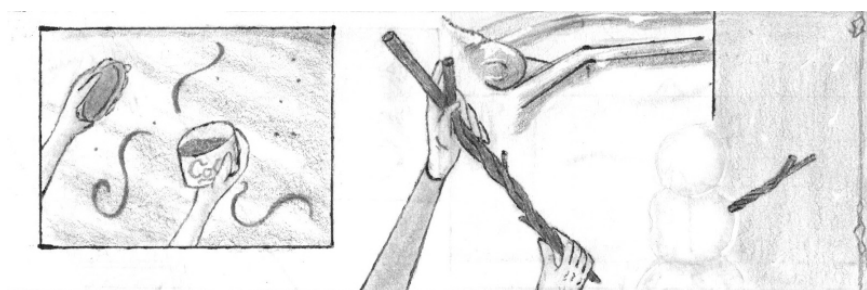
Climbing down, his figure fell, ungracefully, into the blanketing glitter. Sparkles filled the air, in place of the covered stars. Sugar Boy rose to his feet. Now it was time to get to work.



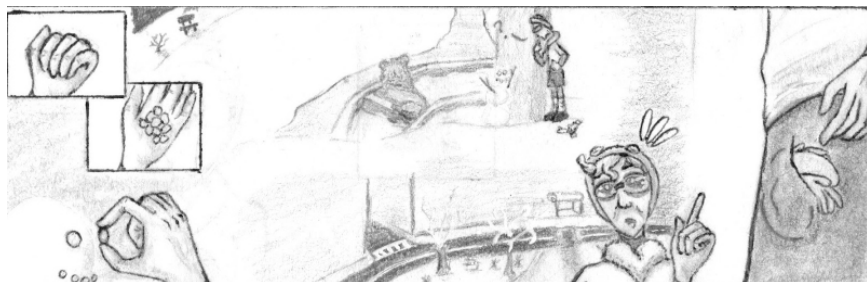
He laid his bare hands on the snow. Chills overtook his body, after eight years he still hasn't gotten used to the cold like he once had. Suddenly, the snow began to pop, ever so gently. Just like that, the Square was turned sweet. The snow was no longer simply frozen H₂O, but dreamy powdered sugar.



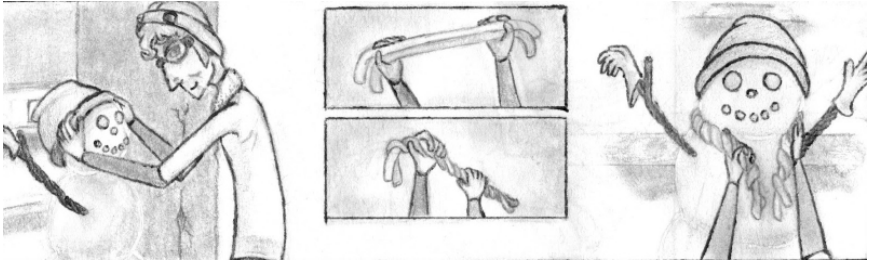
Sugar Boy made a ball and rolled it around. Like a skilled confectioner, he repeated the task, smaller, than smaller. He stacked them tiny to large.



Sugar Boy pulled out a capsule. Opened, the rich smell of cocoa filled the setting night. With the stroke of his hand a twisted string of chocolate, like a stick from an old painting, formed. Sugar Boy took two and stuck them deep into the sides of the center sphere.



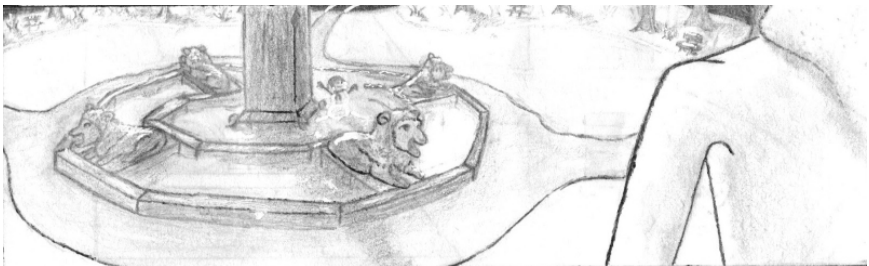
He opened his hand and pulled out candy buttons of cheerful colors. A delicate hand placed them on the front of the stack. Now, it smiled back at him, though it seemed cold, unprotected.



At this, Sugar Boy grabbed his extra hat and gloves, giving them to the little man. With a twist of pastel pink and yellow, a marshmallow scarf snuggled its neck.



The work was done. The sun's crown just yet to poke out into the foggy land of glitter. Sugar Boy yawned with delight. It was time for a nap...maybe.



lente

pranvera - Frisojohr

رب

primahera - գարուն - primavera - lapaki - udaherri

seena - nezaz-anzer - nponet

primavera - Tiggamulak

Moniuroun

Блакре - 春天 - gwaynten - proljeće - parvasat jaro - forár - xulegg ding' - r'nuuvé - lente

spring - kerad - primavera

vår

kevît - printemps - uurs Froarjohr fear

vierte

primavera - Kinkás - გადგებლი - Frühling

Fryling - բուսնի

Upemaañ - linte masitied veujohr - preñtan

אביב

spring - tavasz - vor - musim sami - blacm - earrach - primavera

春 - Эрмуuvé - 봄

مار - жаз - мрт - wétu - ver - parvasat

Kinvád - Blühtiet - Fréijohr - musim bunga - rebbingha

arree

Kdanga - xaaap -

vaha tau tuqu

renouvé - vâr - prima - zigwen - spring

سبتمبر

بهار

winsua - primavera - 春天 - chiraw pacha - primaveira - primăvară seena

gidda - tau tologo tau e fuga mai ai la-au

ولربيع

ware - earrach - nponete - ruvo - jar - ponlad - Qi'

naléco - primavera - bamvua

vår

tagibol - Бачор - 春天 - tau e tologo ai ná lakau

Ilkharar - seena - Kyz - vâr

keráz

mia xuân - kevüi - gwanwyn

intwasahhlobo



New Opportunity

Kendra Evans

“...I’ll rewrite my story...”

bursting with hope,

for a new opportunity.

I’m okay with past rejection,

because it lead to this moment;

A moment to be celebrated,

a moment to be remembered.

Past rejections passed by with a season of drought.

A season with a burning desire for something more;

For a purpose,

greater than anything I can comprehend.



Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Things Which Bring Life*

Remedy

Destiney Grace

The knife goes in, I don't make a sound
The bleeding starts, and all I can think
Please stop, you're making a mess
I patch and I press until the cloth goes red
Then the band-aid goes on

Temporary, you see
I layer and layer, bandage after bandage
Until the red no longer seeps through
Everything looks fine on the outside now

I run back to myself
The place where I can breath
Relax a little
Let myself live, but I don't know
How to unravel the knot binding me

I walk in the door
You greet me with a smile
And suddenly the bandages are on the floor
The red is a river in the small room
With sunshine on your face you
Hand me the needle and thread and say
Here's how to stitch it closed

It hurts, the sharp pinpricks
Of the needle pulling through flesh
My hands shake from the pressure
But it's better than the infection
That would have spread
From the pile of rags on the floor
I breathe deeply once more
Another scar on the soul closed
And say, *let's begin again*



Adelaine Morgiewicz, *A Strong Establishment*

Psalm for Late March

Will Allen

Lord you are hidden in the heath
On the misty Houghton hillside, you make your dwelling

Somewhere just around the bend of Houghton creek,
Into the austere haze, unchanged since antiquity

Cycling through seasons, like the wheel in the wheel
From everlasting to everlasting, you reign in unity over and in your
creation

Lord how I long to be with you
To pierce your clandestine cloud and lift the painted veil of your
mystery

And yet you are in me as I stand
From where my feet press into the Earth you occupy me in spirit
fluidity

I in you and you in me, reveals that divine symmetry
That veiled but open mystery

That I can only appreciate as one looking as far as they can into the
forest on a misty morning
As the haze from the rain simmers off the melting snow

As Houghton Creek flows behind, before, in and underneath me
A testament to your goodness O Lord

Adelaine Morgiewicz, *After the Rain*



Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Untitled*

Prayer for an Unexpected yet Serene April Snow

Will Allen

Dear God, I plead you why

Because I see tonight an uninhibited peace
And gentle snow that falls and knows it's mission and place
And I'm still pushing through my pretense at an unnatural pace
Any pattern that I posit is soon polluted paste

Dear God, I ask you now

To give me your perspective from a puffy cloud of peace
That I may glide slowly from the clouds unto my place
And peacefully be pulled at a natural pace
And pitter out a pattern like the snows pure paste



Adelaine Morgiewicz, *A Spring in Montana*

Benediction for Early May

Will Allen

Teachers and Students may summer bring you rest.

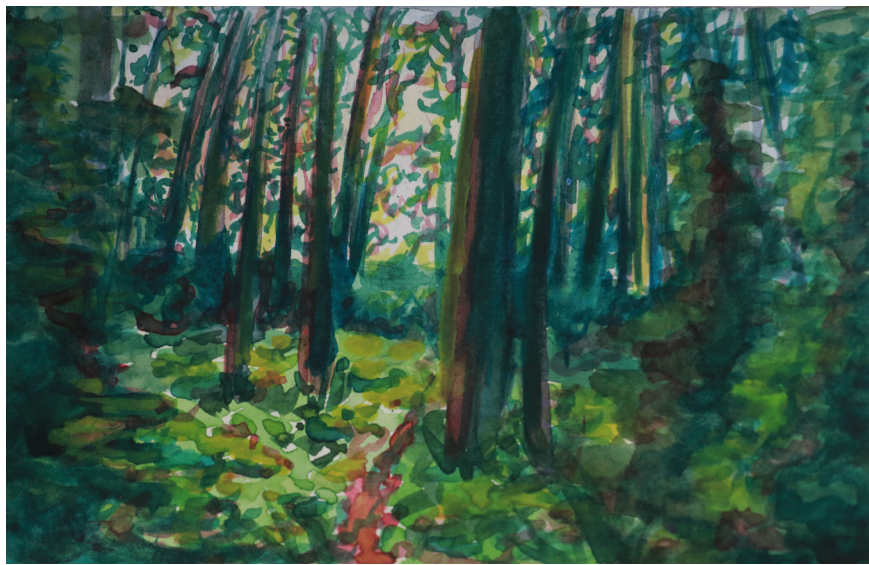
May the Lord's peace and reassurance cradle you like a hammock
in the shade of a hot summer day

And wonder capture your imagination staring up at a canopy of
green, sunshine lining each leaf in anticipation of glory as
you sway back and forth, content to watch God's wisdom
unfold

May God give you a lemonade of relief to hydrate your life and
dilate your eyes with its sweet succor, pulpy remains of an
endless stream of blessings, still sticking to your teeth

And the reassurance that you have all afternoon to bask in the sun
light of God-revealed and God-splendor.

Lord, give you rest as you fall asleep in the shade and wake up in a
greater light of afternoon grace, with a smile cross your
face



Smertz, *Untitled*



Chispa, *Native Animals Zoetrope*

Creation

Emma Dainty

In six days God made the earth;
On the sixth He gave men birth.
All He made this tale can't tell,
Yet here is some; listen well.
Into darkness shone the light—
Behold our God's awesome might!
Water above and below,
Yet still between land does show.
Green things next to dress the land:
Sequoia's tall, ferns in hand,
Plants for beauty, plants for food,
And God saw all things were good.
Lights to govern night and day,
Wheeling planets far away.
God: Maker of time itself,
Who stands above it Himself.
Creatures of feather and scale:
Humming bird to great blue whale,
Dwellers of water and air,
Dove meek and peacock fair,
Armored leviathan mighty,
Mirror of God Almighty.
Creatures to inhabit land:
Dwellers of earth, rock, and sand,
Creeping worms, leaping gazelle,
Lion of plain, frog of fell,
Behemoth towering high,
His head reaching to the sky.
All this God made; all He gave
To the men He chose to save.

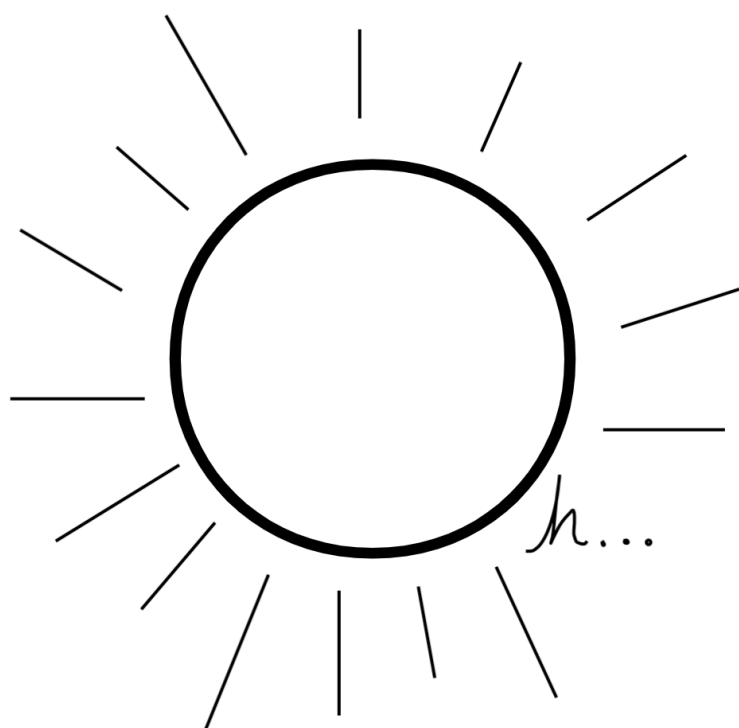


Kleinberger, *Argiope Appensa* – *Hawaiian Orb-Weaving Spider*

Pulling inspiration from nature, I photographed this spider while hiking and was just really intrigued by its imperfect web. I've always marveled at the symmetry and perfection of spider webs and was interested to learn more about this species since they fix their webs and repair them over time. I thought it fit well with the idea of a fresh beginning and the creative process which is evolving and taking what we have, spinning it into the future we create.



Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Buffalo Living*





Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Summer Leaves*

Red Messages

Adelaine Morgiewicz

Thought I saw a little bird, a red cardinal swoop by my window.
A message of Love came to my window,
A little red cardinal came to say hi.
And God spoke love letter through creation and the skies.
Although the sun was hidden this day and the clouds were grey.
Love still shines.
Despite the troubles and stresses of this world,
Love still shines.
God still shows.
Although we don't know,
He knows and He shows us His love
Although we don't know,
The One who knows is with us.



Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Love in Creation*

Human Beings

Kendra Evans

Human beings are temporary,
But yet again, we are necessary;
for the wellbeing of others;
The fulfillment of one's self;
a contribution to others' identity.

Everyday, I stand in wonder
At why a divine entity so great;
As to have control over the
universe as a whole; would create
a being, so small and minuscule;
with an everlasting purpose to
contribute to humanity.

And better yet;
To a kingdom of everlasting love.



Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Life in Places Deemed Dead*

This issue is the product of the faithfulness of many people.

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Thank you!

