



# the Lanthorn

“Elsewhere”

**Edited by:**

Genevieve Hartman

Tyger Doell

Shannon Moore

Erica Durbin

**Cover Art by:**

Seth Pearson

**Illustrations by:**

Brianna Logee

Abigail Taylor

Theresa Patnala

# From the editors

Dear Readers,

At my grandpa's house in Florida, there is a small lake named Lake Reedy. Since I can remember, whenever we visit Grandpa, he'll pile us in his golf cart and drive us down to the lake. We let the wind rustle through our hair, and watch the Spanish moss wave in the trees. It's a staple of our trips to Florida, and I've come to look forward to seeing it every year. I've found, though, that every time I come to this lake, I'm different than I was the time before. What I take with me from this lake and what I leave there is different from year to year; I never experience the same lake twice.

Our staff wanted to pair this edition about places with our September issue, which centered around growth. We see these two themes as somewhat inseparable: the places we go shape us, and as we grow we tend to see these places in a new and different light. Growth, then, is facilitated by the places in which we find ourselves, whether they physical locations or the point in our lives we have reached.

In this edition, pay attention to how places have shaped our contributors. Listen as they tell you about the places that they've loved and the ones they've lost; tell you about the places they visit all the time, or the ones they're too scared to visit again. They'll tell you about the places they've traveled to with their feet, and tell you about the ones they've traveled to with their hearts. Read about the places others have been, and use it to help you understand the place they're in now.

Remember, too, that you will always have a place at our table, telling us your story and listening as others tell theirs.

Yours on the journey to any place you may find yourself,

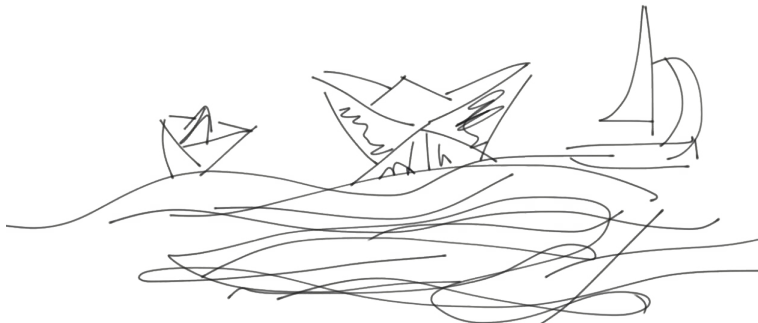
Tyger Doell and the Lanthorn staff

**“welcome here?”**

**- Erin Maggio**

feet thumping on concrete,  
eyes flinging to see,  
the sidewalk's edges being overtaken  
by the overgrown green,  
stalks growing in the unlikeliest places.  
amidst the green foreigners,  
a splattering of yellow.  
a sweet flower patch.  
are they welcome here?

billions of faces,  
eyes and ears and bones and brains.  
the big sphere of land and sea being overtaken  
by the “reasonable” reasoning.  
amidst the planet's foreigners,  
a splattering of me.  
different, but the same?  
am I welcome here?



**“take me home”**

**- Theresa Patnala**

stormy days take me back  
to the times when  
the city stopped in her tracks  
to watch the rain dance.

amma used to make  
garam pakodas  
while we sat by the gate  
making paper boats  
out of broken journals.

the lovely fragrance  
of rain and dirt flooded  
the streets, the same smell  
I dream of on lonely nights

and we played under the  
rainbow filled sky  
& no clock  
had control over us.



## **“The King’s Wisdom”** **- Anna Schilke**

I got a postcard in the mail today.

It was from Scotland, postmarked last week, a thick Euro stamp on one corner and Jane’s tiny handwriting neatly wound into every crevice of white space. I sat down cross-legged on the floor underneath my post box to read it, unable to wait. “It’s mid-fall here” she wrote “and the trees are not yet so bare as to be spindly.” It was such a good description; it was such a Jane description. I flipped the cardstock over to see what was on the other – less interesting – side. It was a painting of a landscape, muted blues and purples crashing together to make waves and a lighthouse. J. M.W. Turner, the inscription read. He’s my favorite artist.

I’m not sure if Jane knew that, or if it was just a lucky guess. I’m not sure if she knew this isn’t the only painting, or even the only JMW Turner postcard I own, but one of several. They’re littered throughout my life – in my cozy library carrel, tacked to my old-fashioned bedroom door, folded between pages of six different tea-stained journals. I keep them because they remind me of the places in the world I bought them: Minneapolis and Dublin, Seville, Vienna and Paris, London, even Prague. I keep them because I like beauty. I keep them because they remind me of a person that the warm, overwhelming Houghton community sometimes drowns out: a person who conquered foreign transits and reduced her life to what can fit in a carry-on sized backpack. I keep them because I like postcards.

It’s a love that Jane and I share. It’s why we’re exchanging them now; why she’s paid the exorbitant stamp prices to send me a 4x6 piece of cardstock and I will do the same to send her one back. Sitting there, underneath the dials of the postbox wall, I realized I don’t know how to hang what’s in my hands. Which side should be displayed? The side from someone who knows me so well she crammed four of my favorite things onto a paper hardly bigger than my hand? Or the side that displays the possibilities of a beautiful, magnificent world?

The postcard is sitting on my desk right now. I haven’t decided. How can I? It would be as absurd as King Solomon, telling a mother to cut her child in half.

## **“Warrior’s Song”**

**Jared Hobson**

You tell me to be honest.  
Honestly, I feel it in my bones,  
The weight of being lonely,  
Tell myself I’m better off alone.

Is this really my story?  
Some fated quest I’ve given a go?  
Shining knight and fearsome dragon,  
A tower - but there’s no one home.

I’m willing, but am I able  
to see past these imperfections?  
The mirror hanging on the wall.  
An unfamiliar reflection.

I wanna be okay.

Am I more than this eager blood?  
An old, enigmatic soul.  
The gravity of this kingdom crown,  
I feel my weight in gold.

Black and white fade to gray,  
My eyes adjust, I feel the rain.  
Wash away my heroes’ fame,  
Pedestals crumble, I’d built in vain.

I wanna be okay.



## **“I waited among”**

**Theresa Patnala**

I waited among  
the violets in the sunbeam.  
I waited for you to come in.

I waited among  
the night stars and their mystical beauty.  
I waited for you to come in.

I waited amidst  
the shining rain until it turned grey.  
I waited for you to come in.

I'm here now,  
the violets cold and dead;  
impatience clinging to my chest;  
I'm still waiting for you,  
to come in

## **“Villa #4”**

**Katherine Stevick**

We have stopped wearing clothes indoors, in all this heat.  
Our house has become a grotto, almost dark (the curtains stretch to not-quite cover the windows)  
Almost cool (the air conditioner rattles and beeps in frustration, icing over for no reason),  
A secluded cloister.

We nap in the dark,  
Sweaty bodies stretched out on hard beds.  
We eat mangos in our underwear, leaning over the sink,  
The juice running down our elbows.

The lizards in the shower, which began as enemies, have ended as friends.  
They wriggle over my toes as red earth runs off and pools slowly in the grate.  
(The lizards run. Why, I wonder, do creatures that live in a drain fear water?)

At night we lie in hot blackness,  
(Sheets drawn over our heads, a pale fortress against flying things,  
Listening the whining of the AC and the chatter of frogs)  
And pray for rain. Not for us,  
But for those who will remain behind

With no sinks to catch the mango juice that runs down their elbows,  
Who lie in the dark and pray,  
“Not my will, but thine be done.”



## **“Poreč”**

**- Shannon Moore**

In-between these houses of wood and stone  
I look up and observe around me  
Discovering that in this ancient city  
I am still all alone.

**“Rochester to Charlotte; One Way”**  
**Ben Reber**

To some, the fundamental force  
which creates all things and in turn destroys  
is called god

To me it is gravity

Names aside, we join together in laughing at the divine  
as the engines roar and the rush of acceleration  
overrides the natural order  
telling us to stay put  
to stay down.

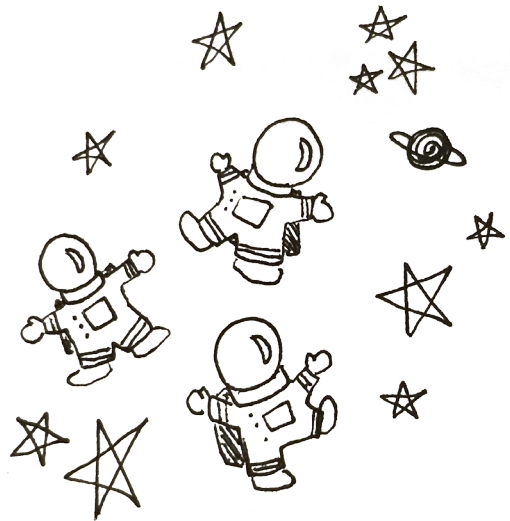
you may have destroyed the Tower of Babel  
but you can't keep us out of the heavens

The immense beauty of the world is sprawled out below  
Mountains pale when compared to the great pillars of cloud  
lining the sky  
We are witnesses to the miracle of human flight

And we are bored

We try to escape through the door of sleep  
and through the bright screens we stare at every day.  
When the cirrus are your downstairs neighbors  
it's easy to see why god doesn't give a shit

I close my window.



**“N5 2BJ”**  
**- Katherine Stevick**

At a quarter past midnight on the morning of my nineteenth birthday,  
Walking back from the bus stop—Aberdeen Park—  
Under a starless city sky, I saw a fox.

Red-blond, fine limbed,  
Soft as the fox-colored camellias spilling through iron bars  
Careening from the churchyard into the glow of the street lamp.

That fox, she took flight across the street,  
Rose up, as though drawn by hidden wires,  
Over the wall, through the bars,  
Into the dark garden beyond.

Rest assured: any voices screaming  
In the night, are only old foxes  
Rippling pale gold among the canes of bare, February roses.

**“Canonbury Square”**  
**- Allison Stevick**

In the park the other day I met a painter  
Painting a soft pink tree with his hard eyes  
I did not know him, but he told me he feared death  
Loved art, and wished he could believe in God

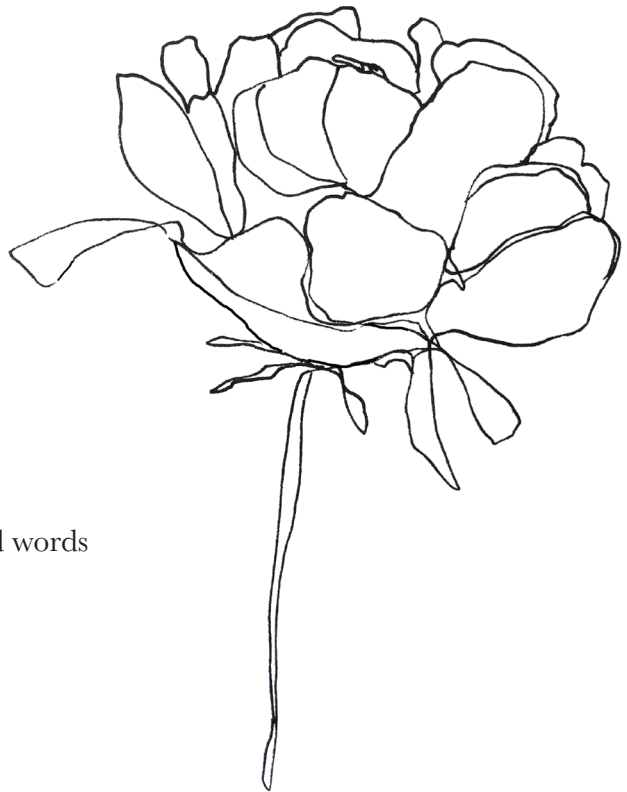
I was holding a package of Cubist post cards,  
So I couldn't exactly disagree

A perfect sunny day, I napped all morning,  
In my room in the basement where the open windows  
Show only blank concrete walls

I rose before evening to walk the streets at night  
The flowers of the daytime glimmered on trees  
Like ghosts—I ate an ice cream in Canonbury square  
In the dark.

The painter gone, I watched the empty petals of unsaid words  
Drift slowly onto the concrete  
In the dark where his hard eyes could not see  
I tried to say something about how  
Death comes the same to those who do not fear

But when they fell all the petals read was  
“I sleep on sunny mornings,  
And lick stamps with chocolate on my tongue.”





## **“But what I didn’t say”**

**- Emmanuel Abdulai**

But what I didn’t say is that I hate you.

I hate the way you always show me that bright, beautiful smile every day.

I hate the way you always seem to shine brighter than anyone around you

I hate the way you never seemed to feel down, even when the darkness would crowd around and engulf you

I hate the way you managed to fight off those monsters in my head who always would be picking on me, making me feel so terrible after.

I hate the way you always would form a rainbow in the middle of my thunderstorms.

I hate the way my heart always leapt so happily just at the sight of you.

I hate the way you always would make me feel so happy about living on this earth, if it just meant I could see you again.

I hate the way your smile began to fade, when life decided it had enough of your positivity.

I hate the way you looked, after he was stupid enough to hit you.

I hate the way your car looked, smashed, and crackled against his.

I hate the way you hid that fear behind that bright, beautiful smile when we found out the injuries were fatal.

I hate the way the sight of your broken body cracked my heart into several fragments of itself.

I hate the immense amounts of love I still felt for you when you took my hand during those last days.

I hate how I can still remember the sound of your last laugh, as if it were the only thing you could offer me.

I... I really, really hate you. Because of how much I loved you.

## **“back to the city of Buffalo”**

**- Genevieve Hartman**

i have missed the rhythms of family life,

of losing and fighting together.

i have missed the pain and the peace of it,

and traded it for a found family these past months.

a few dewy hours back home,

and i am leaving again

farmlands - the hay bales and silos passing out

the car window, the rain dripping over the grass,

what is there to say? i have chosen

differently, as my parents and their parents

chose differently. everything is being

left behind, blurry and damp from the rain.

the city lights are coming up ahead.

**“A Granddaughter’s Lament”**  
**- Maggie Clune**

One year.  
One long year.  
But it feels like yesterday.

Three complete seasons  
Winter,  
Spring,  
Summer,  
Now we’re back to Fall  
Was it not yesterday?

I can’t remember your voice,  
I remember your eyes.  
It’s been one year  
Without your joy in my life.  
I wish we could go back to yesterday

I want to tell you about my journeys.  
I’m graduating from college.  
I know you’d be proud  
Of the seasons I’ve conquered  
Without you around  
Can we go back to yesterday?

Time seemed irrelevant  
When you were alive  
Now that you’ve gone  
Does time mean anything to you at all?  
maybe it was only yesterday

Mom said you are looking down from heaven.  
I wonder if you’ve seen  
The places of your dreams,  
I hope they make you smile,  
Like you did yesterday

I want to live each season  
And be reminded of your eyes.  
I want to live each season  
Knowing your joy will never die.

So I think of the yesterdays  
Where you will remain.  
Mom says it’s been a year,  
One year,  
Since you left this earth in peace.

## **“Searching”**

**- Shannon Moore**

I reach my hands down through the red sands of time and watch as they trickle out, falling down onto these feet of mine before blowing back into yet another immeasurable dune, adding to the layers that make this dune different, but the same as the last and the next in this neverending wasteland. My hood I wear lowered over my head to block out the glaring sun, yet my hands are raised, stretched out to hold it all the same as grain by grain of sand trickles away in the wind. I can reach, but I can never touch. I can stop, but I can never stay. I am more than a sojourner and less than a nomad. My only roof is the starry heavens and my walls consist of an eternity of space. The land feeds me but as any guest, I must hurry on my way. I cannot rest: cursed to wander from one place to the next. Why do I wander? What do I hope to find? These questions I can no longer answer, for my mind has become the open road and the sound of my moving feet has become my song. My course is unimaginable and my fate is incomprehensible and I am just a fragment of sand blowing to the next dune.

## **“To The Finish”**

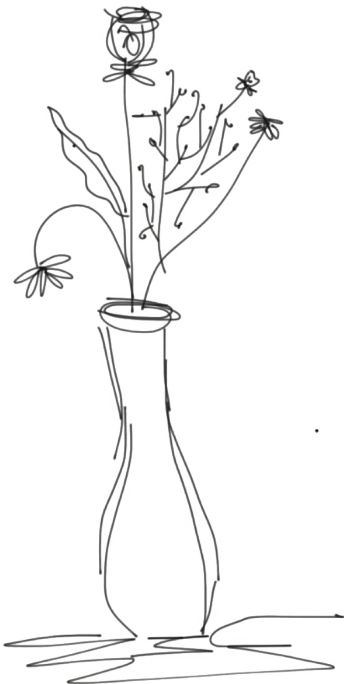
**- Jonathan Durbin**

On these young, callused feet  
I wear hole-filled socks  
While I run through muddy fields.

## **“Old White Dust”**

**- Nicco Seddio**

Looking outward warps reality,  
Looking inward recalls fond memory.  
Shaking up life stirs old white dust,  
Yet makes life most beautiful.  
Have you ever lived  
Inside a snow globe?



## **“Moving Out”**

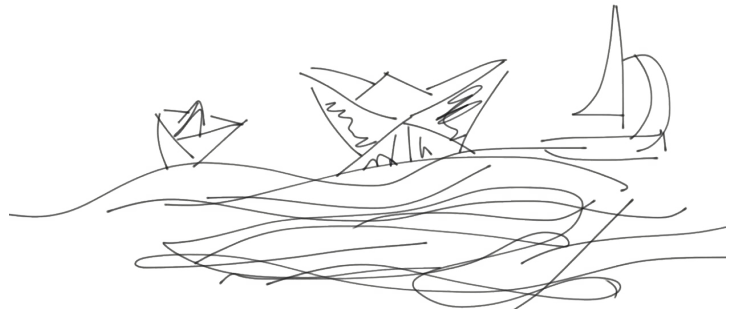
### **Tyger Doell**

It's time to say goodbye;  
Run your hands along the walls if it makes you feel better,  
For you probably won't be back to see the ways in which they change.

Soak in the way these last rays of light drench the room in gold;  
For you'll never have it hit you in quite the same way,  
But do not worry,  
You'll find other windows to the sun.

Drink one last cup of coffee here in the kitchen,  
And carry it from room to room;  
Your coffee won't ever brew again in quite this same way,  
But imagine the way it will taste in the days to come.

You may be leaving,  
But your memories aren't.



## **Thank You To:**

Stephen Woolsey for being our wise sage and advisor

Susan Peterson at Quick Print for making all of this possible

Our artists for making the pages of our edition beautiful

Our writers for taking us to the places in their hearts

Our editors and readers for traveling with us to the places found here