

THE LANTHORN

WINTER 2015

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Yardley Court

by Alyssa Rogan

gray clouds stir the sky
like a child churning
the veggies in his soup.
the skeleton trees
bid their brittle branches to me
as i park the car in the driveway,
blotched with melted snow puddles.
i haul my suitcase to the door,
the dewy grass wetting my boots.
632 yardley court.
this is home.
this always will be.



A Traveling Rhyme by Dan Bellerose

A hearth in my hand
Twas always my plan
To smoke silver ringlets
 around my wool cap
A hearth for the road
And I've always know
I'd be a hearth stoker
 just like my old pop

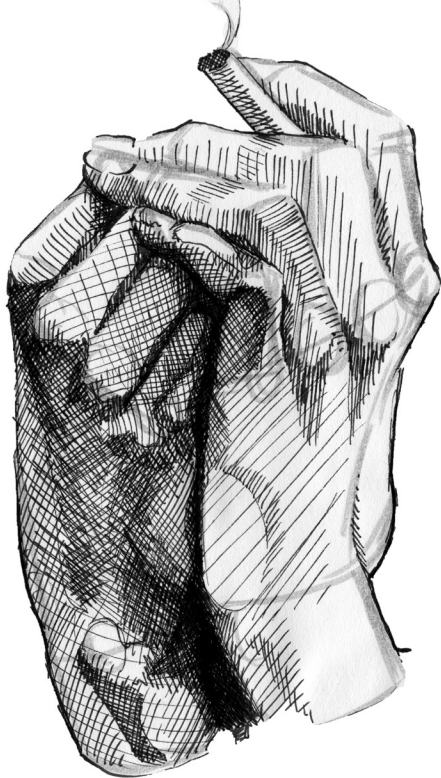


In Winter by Colleen Shannon

Stillness is the flower of winter.
It grows in the pregnant silence that reminds me of My Place of Used
To Be.
In My Place of Used To Be there are smiles that don't need a reason.
tears too.
And outside isn't somewhere to go but to be. I am there, limitless.

Coming into Now is loud. too loud.
So I let the cold numb my senses as I walk
slowly as if each step is weighted with the possibility of sinking below
the surface completely.
Down into the silence, a still flower.

Maybe I want that.



self harm.
by Mary Cronin

Silence wriggled over and under and through
the poet's trite lines;
etched on bleached paper,
carved on ivory forearm.

The poet snapped her pen
in half,
pooled the ink in her palms,
and smeared it on the parchment
of her lover's breasts.

(Unrequited love is a strain few would bear.)

The pain of the Other
is never
raw red wrists;
it is running dry
before having poured enough
into her mouth.

I Think Of It Often

by Laura Johnson

It's when you change the window locks to guard the insides.
When you shut the curtains, wince at wind noise.
When you turn off your phone and he leaves his voice [over and over]
and he messages your father with too-late-tattles of ancient suicide.

It's when he drives to your home on a sleepy Sunday morning.
When your mother finds him dazed and huddled on the stone porch.
When father and brother tell him to take his blade and leave over and
over [until he does]
and they don't wake you 'til he's gone.

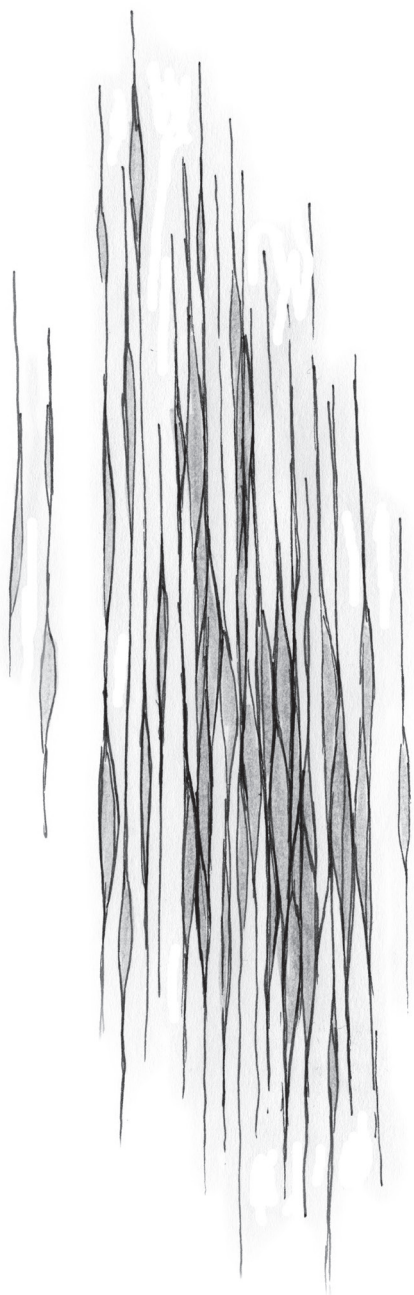
It's then that you imagine those ones you love torn up or shot
It's then you pocket the pepper spray they bought.
It is time to decide if that was him or not,
Decide if madness is sowed or sought.

To Everything

by Dan Bellerose

What is the harvest?
I asked the small boy,
"To need and be given."
What is the harvest?
I asked the young man,
"To empty and be filled."
What is the harvest?
I asked the father,
"To tend and to grow."
What is the harvest?
I asked the old man,
"To live and to die."

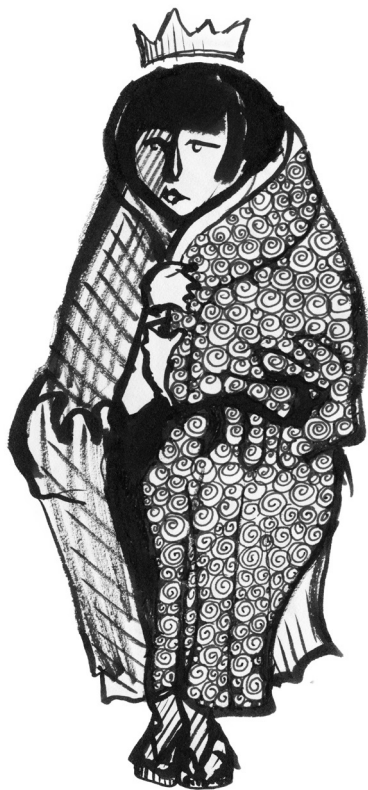




The Bittersweet Journey

by Judith Marklin

There's a certain kind of bittersweet to
journeys already traveled.
The plane is taking off
but the anticipation is spent
like the last of my brother's pour-over coffee
slowly trickling through grinds and filter
until somehow I'm looking back at the
fragments of eager awaiting
as the buildings turn to blocks
and the cars to ants
wondering if I can somehow do it over
or evade the work and reality that is ready to
drop like cinderblocks upon my arrival home.
It is strange that I feel sadness
after such beautiful moments –
but they are
memories
in the past
carved into the stones of time
and the mystery of the journey to come
is dusted out of the newly etched grooves.
Oh to look upon a vast expanse
and dream of all the memories to be made
but once accomplished,
we are left with chips and scratches from the road
yearning for another go
just to be made whole.

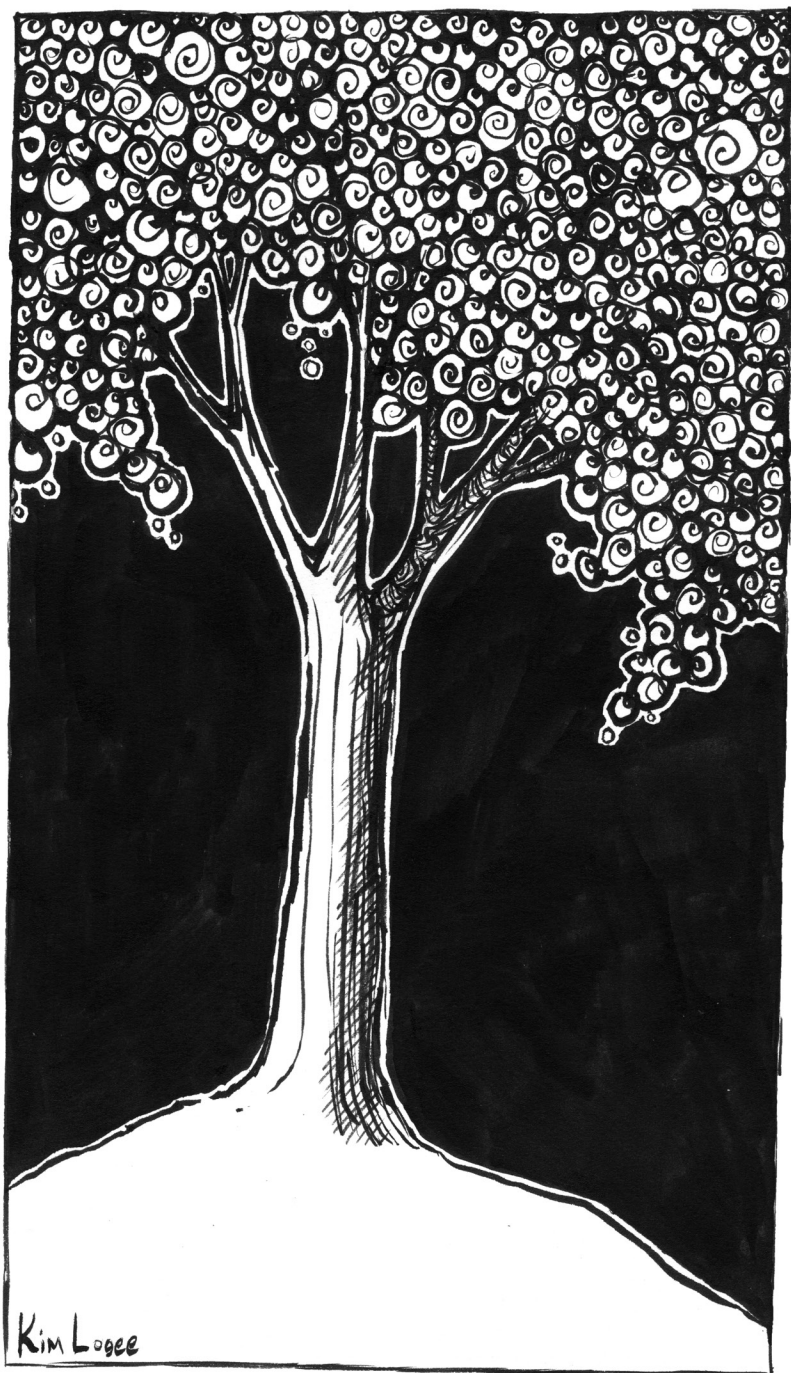


Mandarin and Shrimp
by Laura Johnson

In this delicious mass
I cannot determine
Flesh from flesh

Goodnight Blessings
by Judith Marklin

Herr, bleibe bei mir
denn es will Abend werden
und der Tag hat sich geneidet.
Lord, stay by me
as it wishes to become evening
and the day bows down in surrender.
Slowly
the earth folds itself inwards
anticipating the dawning of the night.
Yet again we surrender to the dark
but not without a
brazen blazing parting
(a comfort to hold us until morning)
as a reminder of what lies behind
and all that is to come.



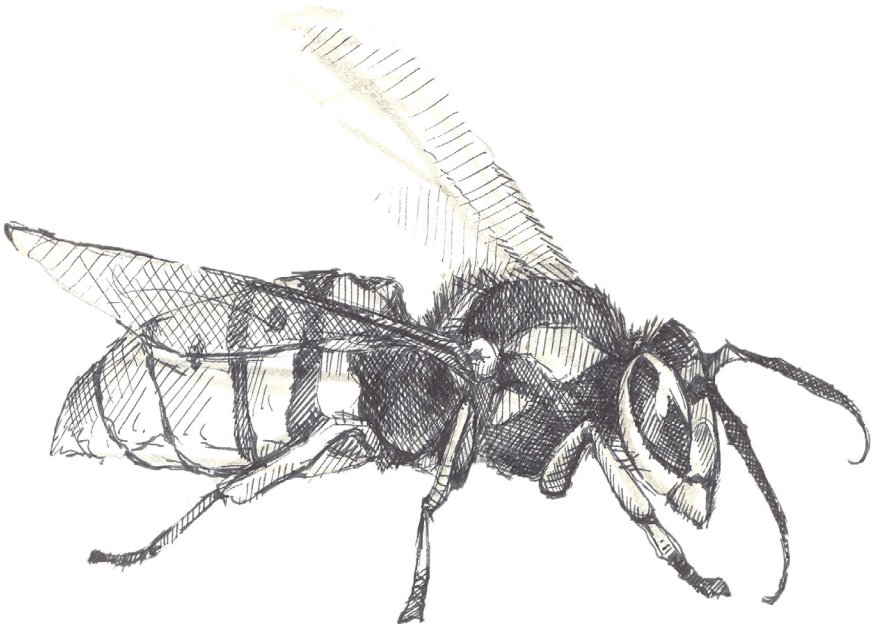
Kim Logee

Untitled
by Meredith Guffey

There is
a small valley
behind what some once called
Brookside.

In the chill
of the deepening months
when earth turns away,
deer in reverence of the Trinity
can be seen there,
flashing burnished nickel.

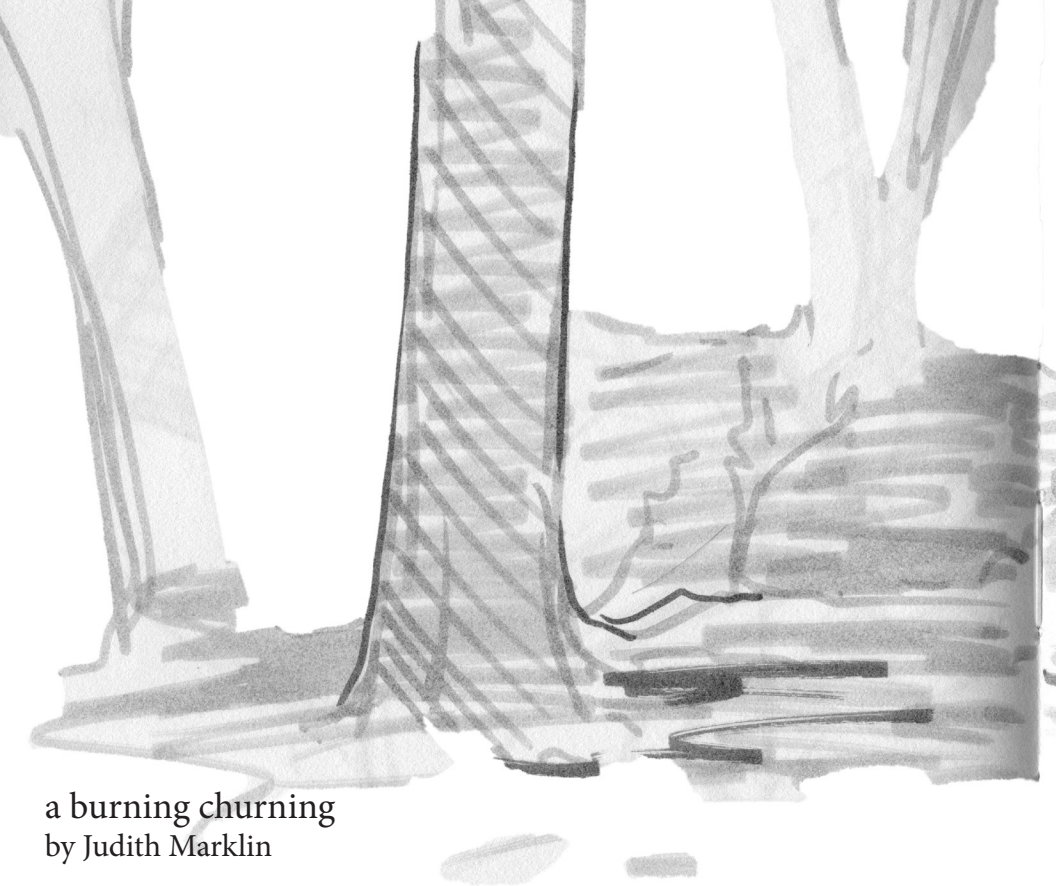
But in friendlier days
the creek runs liquid openly
once more
and the last of the day's rose-gold
is made malleable to leaf
between the gaps
of the trees.





Future
by Ava Bergen

it would be good,
to work at a table littered with our paper strewn
a tiny kitchen with (I'd imagine) a tiny vase of tiny flowers and
tiny plates
four chairs, for company
it's all so easy in my head but I know it's hard
If we orchestrated it like a play, like we will some days
you will storm and slam doors, I'll yell shrill curled on the floor
But when we fight we don't scream like the TV static screams,
when we fight its damp and sad,
watery words trying to say--
we laugh sick, stroking the sad hollows in our cheekbones--
sweet cheekbone holes
soaking tea bag days that hang on us, we dry
and dearest
it would be good,
to make days with you.



a burning churning
by Judith Marklin

Deep burning red hills greeted me
welcomed me in
mirrored my longing for
home.

Churning old engine carried me into the valley
with an empty passenger seat
and a winding road ahead.

Beyond the red
stood dusky dark purple ones
as if to show the maturation
of my returning.

And as the years pass
the right seat stays empty,
and I always seem to be driving
west
away from those emblazoned hills
and all that they stand for.



KNOW THERE MUST
by Meredith Guffey

A land
a wood
of perpetual autumn.
Of stills and shaft light;
a scattering of the ephemeral
yet never diaspora.
A surge of slowness
caught in cutting sweetness:
all time
swept away.
Each instant
a new peeling of warmth
curling back
to the truer shade of green.



We encourage you to check out the Lanthorn's new website for additional works that were not be printed due to size constraints.

This publication is now available online at www.thelanthorn.com

Additional pieces:

Rachel Zimmerman's short story "November Skies"

Photography by Nathan Moore and Morgan Loghry

"No Surprise" a film by Derek Brooker