

# The Lanthorn



“Spring”

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from the editors

Dear Friends,

Thank you for picking up a copy of the spring edition of the *Lanthorn*. Many of the following literary and artistic works are centered around themes associated with spring such as growth, rebirth, trees, etc. Some of the enclosed works aren't, but they're still equally loved by God and the *Lanthorn* staff regardless. As you read through the rest of this booklet, here are some topics that you may find it helpful to ponder: birds, Easter, abloom, rain, sunshine. If you aren't feeling relaxed now, it may be because the previous words spelled out the word bears, many of which come out of hibernation during spring. If you were feeling relaxed before you noticed this, I apologize because you probably aren't now. Bears are powerful, majestic creatures, and we in the *Lanthorn* staff hope you find the enclosed literary/artistic works just as powerful and majestic as these beautiful creatures.

Bears aside, it's been a pleasure serving you, our readers, these past 1.5 semesters. As a science major, I was unsure how I would fit in to my role as a member of the *Lanthorn* staff when this academic year was starting. I guess I'm doing good, however, since I haven't been fired yet. Now that I'm graduating, I can only hope that I did my part to "pass on the literary torch", as a predecessor eloquently put it. As a closing note, I ask you, friend and reader, to remember and keep in mind that art can be found anywhere. Even for those of us who aren't writing or art majors.

Artistically yours,

Jon and the *Lanthorn* Staff

## “Season of Love”

Sarah Burton

Brisk air rushes toward the face  
Holy Spirit, you are welcome here  
Slight chill is caressed by beaming sunlight  
Birds sing cheerfully  
I am with you always  
Dew sprinkles the green growing grass  
Let the riches of My kingdom fall on you  
Flowers poke and prod the soft soil  
My creation endures forever  
Trees bud and sway in the breeze  
I have died for you so you could live again  
White fluff rolls high above, in the bright blue sky  
Heaven is closer than you believe  
Rain is soon to come and  
I have sent a rainbow, and it will be a sign of  
My covenant  
New hope rises from death  
Spring is God’s promise to us  
To renew the Earth  
To rejuvenate our relationship  
He is a creative and most beautiful God  
An awesome God, He reigns  
Sovereign over everything.



Art: Caroline Oakes

Art: Nicole Dubay



“Refracted”

Jonathan Durbin

I remember that day like it was yesterday  
The stars seemed especially bright, quietly burning  
in the distance  
The quiet hum of the engine offered some relief  
To the otherwise pitch-black quiet.

I was awoken for a routine inspection  
Of the center hull, checking for micrometeorite impacts  
As I floated my way up, I happened to glance out  
a window  
And then I saw someone

For the briefest of moments, I thought it was normal  
Then I remembered I was some thousands of light-years  
from home  
Their body was slightly transparent and unfamiliar  
I could see the constellations behind them  
They matched my wide-eyed expression  
When I pressed my hand to the glass, they did too  
I smiled, so did they  
And when I turned off the lights to get a better look,  
They disappeared.

## “The Cast of Camille”

Megan Brown

I thought my French would improve when I started dating Camille. It hasn't. High school French appears to be failing me. Though it didn't seem to matter, she normally did the speaking when we visited her hometown.

But it mattered while I watched her chatter to Timothée. He'd rapidly mumble something. She'd laugh and reply.

I couldn't understand a word they said.

She tucked her hair behind her ear while she said something. He nodded and his eyes flicked above her to me. I stood up straighter.

Timothée said something else and walked away. His shoes clicked on the marble of the museum, reverberating off the walls. Nothing seemed so loud.

“What were you guys saying?” I crossed my arms over my chest.

She giggled and shook her head. The tendril she had previously pushed behind her ear fell forward. “We were just talking about how all these statues are casts.”

She gestured to the one right beside us. A man held a jawbone in his fist, while a contorted man lay at his feet. The man on the ground barely appeared shocked. The statue was a shade just lighter than brown, and even with the sunlight peeking in through the windows in the ceiling, it didn't appear more smooth or shiny. It looked like solid dust.

“His parents have quite the art collection. He invited me to come see it tomorrow.”

“Huh, well my flight leaves tomorrow, so I won't be able to come.”

“Oh, that's alright. He only invited me anyway.” She turned her back to me to examine a different statue.

“Oh.”

“Didn't suppose you'd want to come anyway. You couldn't even tell casts from the real thing.”

I swallowed. “No, I suppose I can't.”

“At Least”  
Jacie Cook

I don't care if you pick up the phone  
And call me at 3am.  
At least I hear the sound of  
Your tired voice.

I don't care if you tease me  
With my childhood nickname,  
At least you remember slightly  
who I was back then.

I really don't care that you  
Drove to my house unexpectedly,  
At least you made time  
to visit.

There is a lot I don't care about,  
regarding you.

I don't care if I settle for  
the least part of you;  
at least I have you,  
partially.

I don't care if you  
Don't love me,  
At least you admit  
You can't live  
without me.

I really don't care if you  
Leave me now,  
at least I had moments  
with you.

I still have photographs of us,  
that's good enough for me.

At least I had you.

“The World”  
Jared Hobson

Watch the sun sink on the horizon,  
feel how the air escapes from our lungs;  
a thousand hues reflect in your eyes  
and for that moment we're good enough.

I say that you can let your guard down,  
you pull me out from my silver screen.  
We're running restless, day after day;  
don't you and I make the perfect team?

Now the flowers bloom beneath the snow  
and the birds we know return to trees;  
you will always be within my heart,  
my best friend: you mean the world to me.



Art: Caroline Oakes

“London Spring”  
Anonymous (with photo)

I arrived in London in January and was immediately struck by the grass. Just that it was there, green and lush, not buried under a few inches of mixed snow and mud. Here and there I could spot flowers on bushes in the month that, in New York, marks the dead of winter. But if I laid in my bed and looked out the window, all I could see was bare tree branches between me and the grey sky.

The first weekend I was there, it snowed in big wet flakes, and I realized I brought winter with me from New York.

I knew that it was almost always above freezing, if the grass and the bushes were staying alive. But I was walking outside so much more than I was used to, exposed to the elements. I felt the cold. And one week the whole city iced over; I hadn't brought a hat with me, so my ears were so cold they hurt for as long as I was outside and for awhile after until they thawed. The sidewalks were slippery without a shovel and road salt in every shop's doorway. Nobody knew what to do with this cold.

I cried every day, most of the time I was there. I had hurt for a long time but I had never felt it so honestly. Every day I laid on my bed and stared up at those naked trees. Maybe, I thought, when they grow leaves I'll be happy again.

I was counting on the leaves coming out by April. The weather turned warm, then so hot that no one knew what to do with this other weather extreme. I made it through a couple days without crying – managed to go out in nice clothes without having to plan in time to get my weeping out of the way first. But I wasn't really okay. As I counted down the days to leave London, my dread increased – and still the trees were dark skeletons against the sky.

I cried on the tube and I cried through a concert and I cried on a bench in the British Library. I had some hope but still so much pain. The sun helped a little, but there are depths its light can't touch without me laying down and splitting myself lengthwise.

But on my very last day I took a long walk and then looked up at the tree outside my window. It had leaves.



“Real Life”  
Jakob Knudson

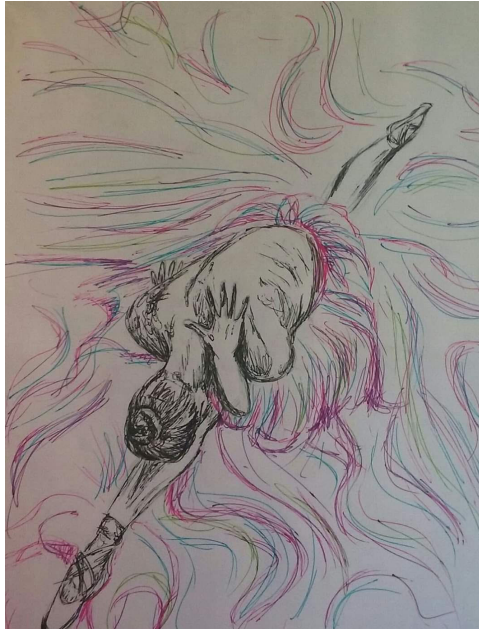
In a black car on a highway at night.  
Lights glide softly by  
and electronic music plays quietly in the background.  
Banter is exchanged, a laugh,  
a moment of silence.  
Nothing much is said;  
inside, you feel like  
someone else.

Or, somewhere else—  
Standing at the intersection  
of the roads that lead to the room where you were born  
and the plot of hearth that will house your grave.  
You know which way you have to turn.

The music changes, and the beat picks up pace—  
There will be laughing and dancing;  
draughts of bitter bliss,  
warm despair,  
a blast of cold summer air.  
The wedding bell tolls,  
there’s a riot of emotions inside your soul.

But it comes down to the  
handshakes, the  
unread emails and  
overworn signatures  
(initial here to take out another loan).  
You ate dinner alone, tonight;  
you don't know where the last eight hours went.  
Nothing ends when you feel  
like it should.  
Two teenagers shout nonsense verses in the distance;  
what do they mean to you?

The car stops, the passengers disembark.  
The black Atlantic glitters under the light of the moon.  
Now, we walk across the beach,  
aware of nothing but the wind, the stars, and  
the roar of the tide.



Art: Lisbeth Crompton

## “The Setting Sun Is at My Back”

Garrett Martin

I have arrived at the point,  
The point the ends my link with the people and places  
I know  
The point where I long to stay in the past and fear for  
the future,  
I enter a strange land one full of unfamiliarity  
The sights, the views, the people everything  
has changed  
I long for some stable environment but instead am  
thrust into uncertainty and anxiety  
My past triumphs mean nothing now  
My old friends off on their own journey, some I may  
never see again  
It's a time of endings and sorrow  
However, it is also the point of new  
Hope's and opportunities  
New places to explore and study  
New friends await around every corner sometimes  
meeting in the most odd ways  
New triumphs and glories to be won  
It is a point that has its lessons, tools, and sorrows  
But the brand new nature of it all can turn even the  
most profound skeptic a beacon of hope  
One must continue on this path, until there is no path to  
follow and the rest up to the imagination  
So, the setting sun is at my back and the rising stars lead  
me into the new world.

“Dreamer”  
Anonymous

Dreamer,  
Running among the winds  
Dancing among the auroras  
Flung beyond the stars  
Lost beyond reality

A reverie blossoming in rosy hues  
A vision blooming in shades of violet  
A fantasy cascading in crystal fountains  
A dream whisked away on stained-glass wings

Stretch out your hand, but it evades you  
Grasp it, but it slips through your fingers

Away it flies  
Faster  
Ever faster  
And faster still  
The Dreamer chasing behind

Through clouds dusted with fiery gold  
Through skies stained salmon pink

Beyond a crimson sunset  
Beyond a burning horizon

Into a darkening twilight  
Into an inky blackness

Dreamer,  
Stop your chasing  
Give up your pursuit  
Turn around and return to the day

Else stained-glass wings will lose you in the darkness  
And this dream that you chase into the night  
Will not long remain a dream

“Untitled”  
Jonathan Durbin

Bathed in warm yellows  
Tilt my head up, close my eyes  
Greeted by a sea of mellow red  
Sink my toes beneath the sand  
Past the coarse rocky mosaic  
Into the cool blue underneath  
For a moment, a kernel of truth  
Stretched between the sky and the earth  
Somehow I'll find my way back to you



Art: Lisbeth Crompton

“January, Looking Forward”  
Ally Stevick

January day.  
Between classes I take up residence in the greenhouse.  
I pull off my shoes and socks and wriggle my white  
shriveled toes.  
So pale, they are blindingly bright  
Like white larvae uncovered in the light of day  
On the surface of the dark brown earth.  
A large pot stands to one side, unoccupied,  
Inviting with the smell of its dirt,  
The affectionate touch of damp, dark brown,  
Things that lived before.  
It is here that I plant myself,  
Covering over my wrinkled toes with the comfort of  
healthy soil.  
No one, I am sure, will notice me here.  
They will walk by and only see in me one more  
geranium,  
Or one more jade,  
One more mother-in-laws-tongue,  
With my flat, pointed leaves reaching skyward.  
January day.  
Perhaps by February the bright pink buds  
That have sprouted from the insides of my elbows  
And the joints of my fingers  
Will have opened.

# our thanks...

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pronounced "lantern")

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for their innovation and warmth.