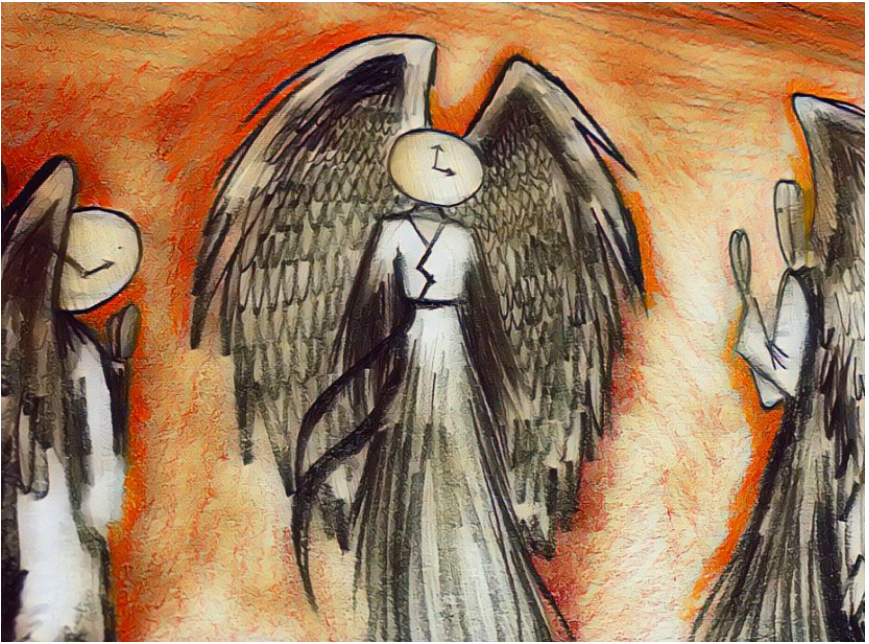


# The Lanthorn

November 2020



“waiting”



# The Lanthorn



“waiting”

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## from the editors

Dear Reader,

You are holding in your hands the last issue of The Lanthorn for the 2020 calendar year. Entrenched as The Lanthorn is in the cycle of an academic year, the last issue of a specific calendar year isn't always something we think about. But, this year, which has been for all of us a crazy, unpredictable and painful year, it seems significant. And it's part of why our theme for this issue is "waiting."

We are all waiting: for the end of this crazy year, for the end of a strange semester, for a new normal we can't even quite picture yet. We're waiting for a time when we can safely be with the people we love again. We're waiting and hoping. "Waiting" also seems appropriate for this particular time of year, with the season of Advent just around the corner. Every Advent we practice waiting again, waiting in darkness, longing for light, for the hope that is Christ's birth—but this year it seems especially poignant to me, as we collectively wait in what, for many of us, may feel like a time of great darkness.

The comfort I have to offer is that the season of Advent ends; that Christ comes to walk among us, to share our pain. Jane Kenyon, one of my favorite poets, promises in her beautiful poem "Let Evening Come" that "God will not leave us comfortless." Take hope, dear reader, and take care. God will not leave us comfortless.

And for now, for the not-yet, before Christmas, before the new year, before the end of the stress of finals, here are some words to wait with you.

All our love to you, reader, for now and for the days to come,  
Ally and The Lanthorn Staff

## “A Writer’s Prayer”

Phoebe Mullen

Oh Lord, I have so many words inside me,  
rattling the bars, restless, aching, crying to be set free—  
I can’t contain them all.

Oh Lord, the words seek meaning:  
they are noise.  
They seek purpose:  
they are scattered.

Strong as boulders,  
they raise up nations.  
Fragile as dry leaves,  
they fall under foot, and are crushed.  
Oh Living Word,  
breathe Your life into them,  
that they may live for You.

## “Istanbul 1.8.2020”

Hope Barnes

An airport is  
The ultimate liminal space  
Of people waiting to become  
Waiting for home  
Waiting for newness  
Waiting to run  
Or perhaps just waiting

## “The Waiting”

Katie Zirilli

One hundred and two  
One hundred and three  
One hundred and four  
One hundred and five

The clock chimes  
Another day done  
And still I'm waiting

One hundred and five days  
Two thousand five hundred and twenty hours  
One hundred fifty-one thousand two hundred minutes  
An eternity

I did my work  
Took a long walk  
But still I'm waiting

How long must I wait?  
One hundred and five days are eternity  
And yet three days is so much longer  
Will day one hundred and eight ever come?

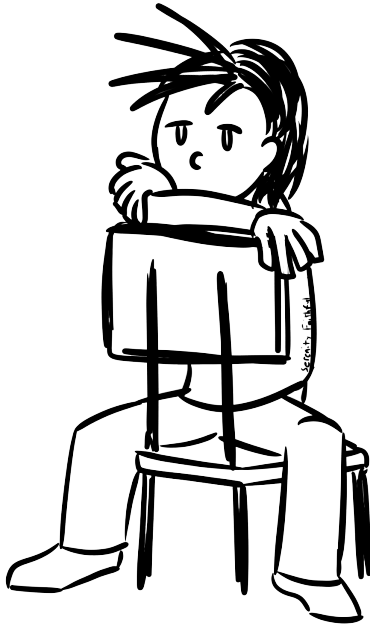
The anticipation builds up  
My heart feels like exploding  
But still I am waiting

I lay in bed wishing my brain would silence  
Praying I would think of anything else  
But my brain latches on to it again  
Just like it has done every night for an eternity

She is there in my brain  
Like always, giving me a hug  
But still I'm waiting

The hours tick by and I slumber  
It is a fitful rest as always  
Filled with hours of tossing and turning  
But then I wake, one day closer

I do it all over again  
Just trying to keep busy  
This is the waiting.



## “Middle”

Here I am, in the middle-  
between clouds and streetlights.  
Stars and darkness, both  
above and below.

Peering down,  
it is hard to see stars  
through all of that light.

Gazing up,  
it is hard to see darkness  
on such a beautiful night.

But both are there-  
and I am here-  
in the middle.

Between clouds and streetlights,  
waking and sleeping,  
fields and spires,  
done and undone.

Between earth and sky  
going and coming,  
now and not yet,  
known and unknown...

Here I am, in the middle-  
between clouds and streetlights.  
Stars and darkness, both  
behind and ahead.



# “What I’m Missing”

Hannah Fraser

what am I missing?

i’m ink run dry  
a drifting balloon  
carelessly careful

i’m gentle embers  
not yet aflame  
waiting for wind

wind of inspiring  
passion and insight  
of abundant words

i’m fresh cut grass  
unsure of my  
direction or source

a parked bus  
crowded with folks  
thrumming not moving

i’m missing what  
i’m waiting for  
waiting for myself

“It’s warm here”  
Demetri Court

It’s warm here.

And I think I won’t move  
towards the Fire  
any more.

What, do you think I’m stupid or something?

Fire is hot.

It’s warm here.

And I can wait  
a little longer.  
If the Fire wants me,  
it can find me.

The Fire said it would.  
That’s what Fire does.

Fire is hot.

It’s Fire.

Who am I to approach Fire?

It’s warm here.

And I want to be warmer.  
I want to feel  
heat.

Real heat, not this cozy blanket.

But you are so impossibly far away.  
And the path to you is so cold.

I can wait here.

Fire is hot.

It's warm here.

And I am not built for heat.

I am not built to move.

I am not built to fight.

I am not built for cold.

I can wait here.

It's warm here.



## “Light in the Woods”

Rachel Huchthausen

We were walking down from the woods holding lanterns. Prof. L said we would be like the Elves journeying through the Shire to set sail and cross the sea, never to return to Middle Earth.

We had come from evening class in the picnic shelter. Coats crinkled on like falling leaves reversed as the dark gathered around the trees. In lantern-lit pages, St. Augustine had stolen pears and turned his will and intellect away from the void and to the source of all light and all good. Friendship increased potential for dark and light two fold. And all I could think was that maybe I can't see all the light—not the lantern light shinning too brightly in my eyes, but St. Augustine's light, a part from which all is nothing. And all I could think was that maybe you can't see all the light either. That the light source Augustine saw was only a ray of a larger whole. And maybe with friendship, with other people, he could see more of the light. And without Augustine we would see less.

Two writers were walking in front of me. One carried a lantern and talked about how artificial light impacts story. How the phases of the moon are important for journeying across the ocean and knowing how the characters see. Two philosophers walked behind me and talked about how Augustine is too Greek. And about Kierkegaard and the library's philosophy collection. I wished to be like all four of them—honing a craft and chasing after truth.

I didn't really talk in class. It felt like either I couldn't follow or there was nothing to say. Nothing that mattered anyway. As I passed the art building with its wide windows, bright lights, and colored canvases, I thought "I'm so used to being told I'm smart, but maybe I've just been given wisdom." Maybe I'm not passionate like they are, only faithful. But I so want to be. I want to see that ray of light that only I can see and hoist my sail to journey toward its light, never to return to the dark. But the only lights I can see right now are the stars, and the yellow windows of students working late into the night.



# “Early Morning Hours”

Will Allen

In the early morning hours  
Before we’ve taken showers  
I sit and smell the flowers

It’s very cold out there  
Motionless in the chair

But all is worth it, it seems  
Seeing how the early sunlight gleams

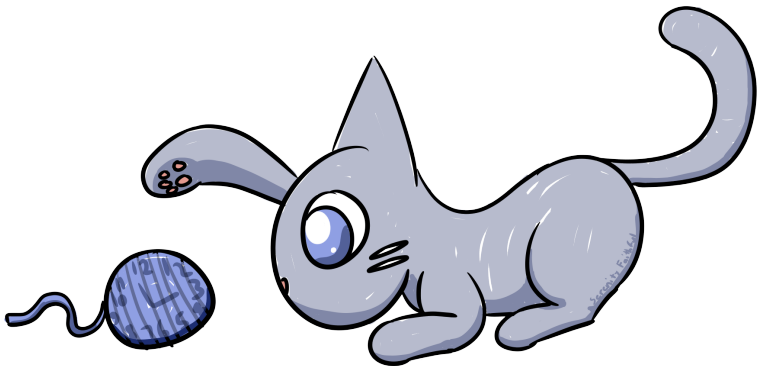
Through the leaves as they unfold

Nature’s first green is gold  
Or so I’m told

But in the early morning  
The world stops its mourning

And time stands still  
Save the birds’ cheep and trill

Till the first car goes by  
For then time will fly  
And will pass us by and by



## “Untitled”

Phoebe Mullen

When tears slip beneath my mask to hide,  
I let them lie there, safe, to warm themselves.

Warmth should pass from body to body.  
Arms around chests, and my head resting on your shoulder;  
your breath in my hair.

In a glory of red leaves, trees seem to burn  
like cathedrals set fire,  
and the sun burns on my face and on my hair,  
and fire burns in the furnace of the dorm  
and sends its heat groaning through the pipes—  
yet warmth should pass from body to body.

I pull a wool sweater tightly around me,  
hoping the rough-soft strands will warm me;  
but warmth must pass from body to body.

The void inside me cannot burn.  
It is cold and wet, airless, tight.  
I want to hide myself in your arms,  
feel your chest heaving—understand your breathing—  
to vibrate—know the boom of your body’s beat against  
my ear.  
My lungs seize up, dying to breathe—  
—dying to breathe near you—  
dying to breathe the same air.

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