





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:
Catherine Lynip, *Untitled*

Haikus and the Ordinary

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Letter from the Editors

Dear Reader,

Sometimes this time of the year can feel never-ending. Finals are a week away, but not here yet; we wallow in wonted work and worry about that which we have not begun. And we watch the battle between winter and spring; one day muddy, the next a tempest. On days like these, little may seem remarkable. But there is still much to ponder in our ordinary, busy lives. So here we reflect on the common, the routine, the familiar, sometimes at length, sometimes in the form of a haiku.

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

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“The things we see everyday, the potter’s wheel, the windows which display the heavenly scenery, the countertops with which we work tirelessly on, the shelves which display our finished work. All these things deserve to be thought off—or though we see them most everyday they play important roles in our lives. The professor who spends hours piecing together a lecture and grades your work, the chef who spends hours each day crafting meals for you to eat, the potter who spends hours shaping his clay into something marvelous. All these people, all these things, though so very familiar to us remind us that there is something to be said. Everyday life is life. It is not just when we are happy that life is lively; we are also living when we are listening to our Professors, when we are crafting with our hands, when we are spending time with others.”

—Adelaine Morgiewicz

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Adelaine Morgiewicz, *The Potter’s Space*

Haikus

Shua Wilmot

To learn is to grow
To grow is to bless others
Never stop learning

Accept yourself first
Love your neighbor as yourself
“As yourself” is key

Pretending I’m fine
It truthfully helps no one
Save those who don’t care

Actions speak volumes
But inaction prompts a most
Deafening silence

Fear is imminent
Our response is defining
Fear can enslave us

Words as instruments
Symphony of suggestion
Heart and pen unite

Bounce, whack, whoosh, bounce, whack
Over the net once again
Bounce, whack, whoosh, bounce, whack

Sweat caught in my brow
Smelling the life-giving earth
Stubborn weeds uproot

Legs crossed and eyes closed
Healing the mind with stillness
Life re-centering

Thank you, my readers.
I hope you enjoy Haiku.
You can write some too!

For those not in London

—A drizzly walk down Highbury Fields

Susannah Denham

“An older woman with white hair,” he said. “And a younger man with a pointed beard.”

“I’m glad we’re going back now,” giggled two girls with shopping bags on their arms.

There were no dogs chasing balls today, only tennis players. Pigeons were picking over the wet grass.

Bicyclists dodged through the people, as two joggers started racing each other. The kids on the benches smoked.

Some talked in French together, some in Spanish. Two old ladies puzzled over the remains of a torn poster on a tree.

The stop light turned red and the crowd surged across the street. I caught the end of the announcement: “... wet and slippery surfaces... please take care...”

One of the Highbury staff had talked to me this morning. “It’s hard not to ignore all the people in a city,” he said.

And a lady on the Tube asked for money.

Chicago

Shua Wilmot

A glass landscape
Ornate decorum carved on every edifice
Powerful symbols of capitalism loom over the street
Staring down the working class
Patient foot traffic declines to risk itself for a few spared seconds
Two Native riders remind us where we are
An unexpected park
Trees in their squares
Loose gravel under foot
A Black couple enjoying canned music and a private picnic in public
while five copper ladies bathe nearby
A pair of lions guard the art
Everything about this city is art
Buildings, gardens, flag poles, abstract metallic forms
Two glass pillars silently express themselves to one another as children dance in their cascading aqua hair
Hundreds gather nearby to see themselves in the contorted reflections of the cityscape
The smell of flowers usher safe passage to a great lawn of leaning toothbrushes
Shouts of worship boom from a twisted metal amphitheater
A pigeon deeply coos his approval
Gray stone flower pots commemorate struggles against cellular abnormalities
Wooden archways invite curious wanderers through a maze of tactile art
White tents dot the vast lawn as artists prepare to earn their bread
A cool shaded breeze refreshes my long walk through the sun before I arrive on the vast brick courtyard surrounding the immense display of moving water down thoughtfully crafted stone
The essence of life pouring over the handiwork of man
In a modest display of genuine affection, a father blows bubbles for his son next to this iconic giant
The boy cannot be distracted by tourist attractions in the presence of his father



Catherine Lynip, *Cows on Content Farm Road*

oh deer

Benjamin Dostie

plump.
a berry.
a berry in a bush.
the very berry, in my hand
now sadly turns to mush.

crack!
a sound.
I'm very wary now.
what is that standing in the path?
a very ugly cow!?

nope.
I'm blind.
that is in fact a deer.
it's staring at me funny-like
with sideways perked an ear.

here.
is where you should be,
and I should be standing there.
instead we're standing, blankly staring
a very awkward pair.

well,
this is a mess,
a straight up roaring row!
you're on the path, I'm in a bush
we need to fix this now.

go!
on down the path.
I'll run into the brush.
I'll feign my tail up in the air,

my gait a deer-like rush.

whew!

a close one.

I think I'm in the clear.

you'd think that you're but picking berries,
next minute you're a deer.

Next page:

Tenshi Chispa, *Floral & Pine Cone*



10.18.21 The Woodpecker

Catherine Lynip

I don't envy you,
Mr. Woodpecker.
It must be boring
To bore holes
In dying trees
With your face
For all your life.

His Voice Lives

Adelaine Morgiewicz

Dedicated to those in my life I call my beloved family, Dedicated to The Spirit who gives me words even when I do not understand them at first

His voice lives on and His voice cannot be silenced.

Hear Him in the winds as they carry
the Saharan sands, bringing its glories forth to the north
where its shiny glow echoes through the winds.

Hear Him speak in the little lilies brought forth from the dirt as the
winters turn to spring.

Hear Him in the soft spoken words of a mother leading her child to
the truth.

Hear Him in the words of a father as he guides his child towards
following the righteous.

Hear Him in the greeting of a grandmother as she opens her arms
for a nice, long embrace.

Hear Him in the laughter of a brother as he shares his stories of
great adventures to his sisters over a candlelit dinner.

Hear Him in the silence of a sister's warm smile as she admires the
preciousness of life.

Hear Him in the pastor's love to his congregation as he partakes in
communion with them.

Hear Him in the coach's instruction whose voice travels through
harsh waves of activity to reach the runner's ears.

Hear Him in the reprise of a song which speaks its truths a second
time to remind its listeners to pay attention.

Hear Him in the pauses of a speaker's speech as he allows time for
his hearers to let reality set in.

His voice lives on and His voice cannot be silenced.

For His voice is heard even in the silence, as His silence speaks.

For His voice can be heard as a whisper in the night.

For His voice does not need to be heard as grand, since He Himself is the Grandest.

Hear Him speak now for The King does not need grand gestures to be heard by His servants.

Seated Agon

Shua Wilmot

I wrap my nervous legs around yours

I grip your arms tightly

I sink my back into yours

And digest the unthinkable words I just heard from the other side
of the desk.

Thank you for supporting me.

Almost There

Shua Wilmot

“Are you OK?”

He pushed his bike from Hillsboro.

“Pushed it?!”

The throttle snapped.

“Have you had something to drink?”

He has half a bottle left.

“Do you need anything?”

He just needs to rest on the curb.

“Will you be alright?”

He has only a couple blocks to go.

Next page:

Catherine Lynip, *Telephone Posts*



DeCamerina: A Series of Haikus

Maximilian (Rothendaler The Second)

I know not a more
Unordinary thing than
Every Moment

The Night is yet young
I have much homework to do
What a comfy bed

A crowded tube car
Hundreds of thoughts in one place
But still so silent

A fat, plump Magpie
Hops across the green grass glade
On two stubby legs

Another gray day
Another gloomy wake-up
Thank God for good toast

I see the man there.
Cast down on the street begging
Do I just walk by?

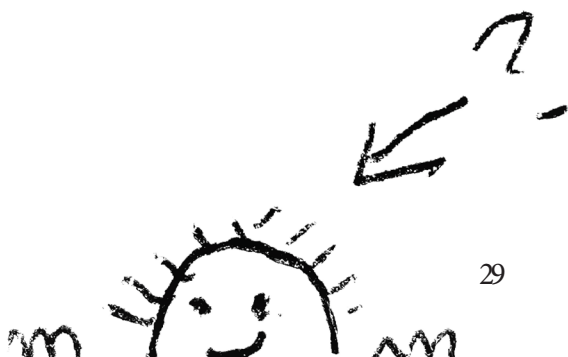
Snow has left us here
Rain and gloom have replaced it
Just give me the sun

I like good haikus
But what I like more is the
Element of Surprise

Leroy or Kilroy?

Catherine Lynip

Little pencil head,
Peaking over my notes page...
Leroy or Kilroy?



10-page paper—Catherine Lynip

One, two, three, four nights:
Up till One Ay eM, he writes.
This stupid paper.

In a rush—Catherine Lynip

How come it is that
Whenever I'm hurrying
People go so slow?

Untitled—Susannah Denham

Do you believe in fairies?
He asks often and without context
How much depends on the answer?

Atrium, March 23—Rachel Huchthausen

Rains after long snow
Earth-spiced scent pervades white walls
Twitter of songbirds

Resilience—Adrianna Kappmeier

Walking by a bridge
Oceans of water below
I will not rest here

Memories—Adrianna Kappmeier

An old maple tree
Withered by hardship and time
Where memories rest

Season of Change—Sarah Burton

Adrift in ice breeze
Tickles cheeks, pushes clouds on
Sun peeks through; birds chirp

—Rachel Huchthausen

All these songs to sing—
Swirling, scattered, rhythms, words.
silence of the snow

7.16.21 House Finches

Catherine Lynip

The house finches fly swiftly by,
Low to the ground, then up into the sky.
They are never silent, constantly chattering,
Until an outsider sends them scattering.
They are like the wind, floating free,
Never to be caught by someone like me.

Next page:

Catherine Lynip, *Untitled*



Oranges

Rachel Huchthausen

In America, oranges are an everyday fruit. Gisela's granddaughter told her that oranges were one of the three fruits they had in the cafeteria at her college—apples, bananas, and oranges. Gisela wished she could give her some other fruits—something special. A thousand miles across the country was just too far to send anything but words spelled out in greeting cards or stories buzzing between telephone receivers.

Gisela pushed the shopping cart through the automatic doors at Quillins in Caledonia. The cart rattled down the aisle and she turned the corner. A bright orange pyramid was mounded in the produce section. Gisela shook out a plastic bag and slipped five oranges inside. She had always loved how they smelled of some kind of quiet celebration.

In their house in Long Island, she had kept a fruit bowl of oranges too. No one would reach to eat them on their own. When Loren and Christine and Ben were snuggled on the couch in front of their new color television, Gisela would bring a bowl and knife to the living room. She scored the oranges the same way every time—a circle around the top and three slits down the sides. Bright fragrance erupted into the air as Ben padded over in his footie pajamas. "Can I have some, Mom?" Gisela dropped the orange peels in the bowl and handed out the orange wedges. Juice beaded on the translucent skins.

She still remembered smelling her first orange.

After the war, the American military jeeps would grumble along Mühlenstraße towards the river. The soldiers stayed in what Gisela called the Villa, the largest house in Jagstheim. They would pass by Gisela's house; the animals lived on the first floor and her family lived above them. The other children would come running around the Americans. Little Fritz would ride to them on his tricycle. Gisela stayed behind them as the American soldiers slowed and handed out packets of sugar and sweet dry milk.

Usually she was afraid of the tanks and their tracks turning down, eating up, the street. But this time there weren't so many tanks. She came along as the children clambered around the Americans. The soldier reached into his bag. "Here you go." He put something bright and round into her six-year-old hands. She smelled it. It was fresh and sweet. Gisela ran away with the mysterious ball cradled in her hands.

She showed it to her Mutti. She brought it to her Vati. He said, "Oh ja. Das ist eine Orange." She watched as her Mutti washed its pitted skin, as she drew a knife along its curve, as she tore into it. And Gisela discovered there was white beneath the orange skin. They divided the orange slices. Two for Gisela, two for little Fritz, two for Maja, two for Mutti, and two for Vatti. It burst in her mouth—sweet and sour and utterly new.

Fireworks/Dreams

Alexa Williams

I wanted fireworks.
And I got fire.
Sparks leaping into the air
dazzling but destructive—
I didn't think my dreams could hurt this much.

I wanted a big life—I wanted adventure—
I wanted to grow, to explore, to live life changing,
emptying and rewriting bucket lists.

And I got a big life—
I'm exploring new places,
and facing new adventures each day.
My bucket list is smaller due to all the things I've done.
I'm living the life I dreamed about.

But growing isn't easy,
and the firework fanfare
of the lives we all dream of
leaves sparks that burn my hands.
The big things aren't easy.

I'm changing,
and I'm growing
I'm starting to face the struggles I've been hiding from.
I'm becoming the person I will live the rest of my life as—
and that's important, and good, and big—
and it hurts.

There's a little part of me
that misses those days I spent wishing for fireworks
before I ever touched one.

There's a little part of me
that wishes, instead of bright summer days,
for a warm cup of tea and a friend on the rainy autumn ones.
I'm starting to see the value of stillness.
Maybe the little days hold just as much worth as the big ones.

I used to long for fireworks.
But now—
I'd rather a warm fireplace.

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Thank you!

