

The Lanthorn



“Imprints”

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from the editors

Dear Readers,

Over this past summer, my best friend confided to me that she wanted to eventually move out of state. This news was catastrophic to me: any form of distance was simply unacceptable. To my objections of her planned exodus she explained, “There’s just too many memories, too many places that remind me of things I’d rather not think of.”

What she said at that moment befuddled me; it’s become a source of contemplation for me ever since. Places are just places, right? Why should you let these places have power over you? Yet, the more I’ve thought about it, the more I’ve understood what she meant.

Places themselves do not have memories, but rather remind us of the ones that we have. A place is powerless without someone to give purpose to it. That’s why I smile when I think of camp; the swarm of emotions I feel standing next to the stump that used to be the Tree of Life; why my heart feels like it’s being squeezed whenever I’m around the Manhattan Bridge; these places are wonderful and complicated because someone imprinted a memory onto me. Subsequently, I am a collection of these memories.

This edition pairs off with the last by shifting from places to people, for people are often the reason why those places, whether physical or abstract, are meaningful. Pay attention to the collection of memories here and let it help you better understand your own.

Sincerely,
Shannon and the Lanthorn Staff

*P.S. A little haiku I made while crafting this letter:
These places left an
impression, but these people
have left an impact.*



“Coffee Mug Conversations”

Tyger Doell

“I have measured out my life with coffee spoons.”

- T.S. Eliot, “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock”

You have filled my mug up
With all you have to offer me;
The hospitality wraps around my nose,
Smiles at me through my reflection
In the liquid.

We both lift the cups to our lips,
A warm and friendly Eucharist
It is like you whisper to me
(and truthfully, I to you)
“When you go from this place,
Do this in remembrance of me.”

In this moment,
I see myself in a thousand mornings and evenings,
Some of them spent at your table.
In this moment, and infinite others

I will.

“To My Future”
Jonathan Durbin

You'll live and you'll die
Like a train you'll push on
Like a flower
Bloom and
Catch God's eye
You'll write hundreds of chapters
In living ink
Reflecting through your penmanship
The love of so many others

You never need to be alone
You can hold my hand
When the dark is too big
As a guiding lighthouse
I'll cut through the night
And on sunny days
You'll sneak a peak at the sun
Through your fingers
You will complete my life
Writing in sloppy, cursive love
Finishing the chapters of my book

And when I leave you alone
You'll take someone else's hand
Like a kite
Fly to new skies
Show them the sun
Through your carbon wings
And like a poet
They'll scribble love
In the pages of your own book
Until they carefully finish
Your final chapter

So hold on
To the hands you pass down
Remember mine
Keep my book safe
And I'll keep yours

“My Grandfather”
Phoebe Mullen

Scratch of a voice, like
sandpaper on sandpaper—
off-key 30’s tunes of love.
Flash of a camera;
Cold bottle in my hand;
Warm mud between
My ten-year-old toes



Seoyoung Je

“To Popo”
Shannon Moore

You are the one that I respect the most,
yet I don’t understand your spoken word-
embarrassment filling my cheeks, they roast;
I feebly piece together what I heard.
My eyes flit nervously at your locked gaze
and my hands fidget with the other’s mate:
what actions would let me conceive her ways,
ruminating what to do with my state.

Yet then I feel your blood within my veins
your smile reminds me of the love you bring.
Your open arms show signs of what love gains
when it takes risks; despite my lacking,
Regardless of what I don’t understand,
you reach out to me and I take your hand.

“parking lots at night”
Genevieve Hartman

the space between the stars is so wide -
the parking lot lights are
making the stars dim and
space goes on forever above.
i walk quickly, alone, to my car.

remember the cold night
years ago when mom went
alone to the grocery store
and was held at knife point?

remember your ten-year-old rage,
your twenty-year-old fear
as you walk in the chilly light
anxious to get home,

to fill the space between the stars
with warmth, hide the wide sky
behind the ceiling, go back to your mother,
whose no-longer bruised and
blackened eyes look at you,
and love and understand.



Theresa Patnala

“అమ్మ”

Theresa Patnala

My mother is fifty years of ancient
her fingers are wilting flowers
and her eyes bear suffering untold.
Through it all, love flows out of her cup
and grace adorns her neck
but someday I wake up and wonder
if she ever had the time
to love herself.

“Goodbye and Hello”
Shannan Johnson

goodbye is said
before hello
i learned this once
i finally let go

the page had turned
and once again
i met a friend
and said hello

“A note to my sister”
Jakob Knudsen

We used to listen to the same music, you and I.
Of course, then it was just our parents’ music,
a shared, inherited taste.
Now we listen to different tunes,
though the genres aren’t so different.

You stare at the wider world with wonder,
fingers itching for plane tickets,
looking for every route
that will take you out of this country
and to the source of your fascination.

Meanwhile, I stay in my room,
the once and always home slice,
letting words take me to places
my feet would sooner fail than reach.
Typing ferociously, pounding out my stories,
exploring the farthest reaches of my mind.
I’m afraid one day our paths will part for good.

No, no—don’t go,
if you’ll come in I’ll come out,
and just for this day we can make play
that we’re twelve again.
We’ll romp through the yard,
not too close and not too far,
and see the simple horizon as we did then,
like it was a different world, our world,
each time our boots hit the mud.

“Dear Buttercups and West Virginian Thunderstorms” Shannon Moore

It's been over 5 years— I wonder if you'd still recognize me. The real question is, would I recognize you? If I did, it wouldn't surprise me. Your sarcastic smirk is fresh in my mind, your gentle mannerisms still make me smile, the way your eyes crinkle upwards when you laugh is emblazoned in my memory—

It's been a while... are you still the same? Cause what I don't remember is the sound of my name on your lips, articulated by your tongue and echoed through your diaphragm. Was the sound of your laugh hesitant, as if you were scared that someone would make you take it back? As if they would grab the sound by the neck and forcefully return it back into your mouth, making you swallow it back down along with the reason why you ever dared to open up in the first place?

I think that your eyes looked lost— no, I know that they did. That the way your eyes looked out into the world was as if all they ever craved for was someone to ease their loneliness. I think— I thought they looked at me in this way. Like I was the one they needed. They told me that it was me. I thought that it was me.

Yet, 5 years have told me otherwise. The way that my phone doesn't ring, the way that a message with your face doesn't appear, the way that my inbox doesn't have an email with your name attached to it: all these reasons tell me, that it wasn't me.

So if I saw you, would I recognize you? Yes, I would, but I'd pretend that I didn't. Wishing you the best, even though I do not know what that means anymore.

Sincerely,
The Aftermath of the Rain

“Untitled”
EunJin Kwak

You live in a world of glitter.
But too much glitter turns to dust,
And, darling, I have allergies.



Ray Werner

“The Wise Women’s Gifts”

Ally Stevick

In the woods one day, I came across a sign hung by the path
On a tree, the bark grown over the edges
Til the very wood consumed the metal words

I have absorbed your gifts, covering them over with my skin
They have grown into me, like my little brother has grown into my favorite shirt
The purple one, the one I wore when I was (maybe eight?)
With the moose on the front, soft to the touch with synthetic fur

I have become your gifts, forgetting they were ever not a part of me,
I have repurposed them, made them part of my own cells
Use them as building blocks for my metabolism
Like the food I eat

The necklace that you gave me, the book I read at night,
The pin I clip my hair with, nearly every day, the laugh you gave to me last year,
I keep it in my shower caddy, with my bar of soap—
But I get the most use out of your discernment

I use your clear sight persistently, hoping some day it will be truly mine.

“To the Friend with Cancer”

Theresa Patnala

Our story goes beyond
the lines on our palms
Our history is more than
the pages in our journals.
When you cried, I was there;
Wiping the tears off your cheek.
When I fell apart, you were there;
Keeping close like a good friend.
We’ve been holding each other for years
except soon,
one of us will be gone.



“for m.”
Genevieve Hartman

i walked into the e.r. and
they pointed me to door 7.
when i asked, how are you?

you replied, not good.
i wanted to take your pain away,
but i did not know how.

Ray Werner

“Untitled”
Rachel Keener

I don't wanna be too damaged by the time I meet him Lord.
I don't wanna be too scared, or untrusting, or unsure.

I don't wanna be so broken, that I cry when he's right there.
I don't wanna be so screwed up that I act like I don't care.

So I need you to protect me.
Need you to try a little harder.
Cause you've let so many in,
feels like I haven't gotten smarter.

But I'm trying and I'm trusting,
and I won't be blamed for this.
Every single one I've loved,
gave me reasons to trust.

So now I've stopped trusting you,
cause you lead them all to me.
When I'm fragile and wounded,
trying to be strong and free.

They're all good friends to me,
till suddenly they're not.
And somehow I'm to blame,
for giving all I've got.

Lord I don't wanna be so broken,
that I run when he's right there.
I don't wanna be so screwed up,
that I act like I don't care.

So I need you to protect me.
Need you to tell them I'm not free.
Need you to check before you let,
another guy have me.

“Chardonnay”
Liv Dobmeier

i was a glass of wine
you complained i was not red
then drank until your head was spinning
and you thought a Hole In The Wall was magic
and a Picture was your future, carefully laid out

then you complained when
i did not see your Magic Wall
or understand your Future Picture
i was busy cleaning up
the hundreds of bottles
you left behind.

“Paternoster Square”

Anna Judd

Pigeons fluttered over and milled around my sneakers
as I tossed bits of my sandwich onto the flagstones.

Eventually they were joined by a girl with a camera
about my own age. She came over presently, and asked
was it all right if she took pictures, could she get closer? -
and I said it was fine, of course. When she was finished
she sat on the stone steps beside me and told me
she was an art student doing a project on pigeons
because people don't notice them enough. I wonder if maybe
people don't notice people either.

Her name, she said, was Anya (one letter away from my own).
I would swear I had never seen the girl in her photos before -
sitting in front of a fountain, grinning at the dozen birds all jostling
to take crumbs from her fingers, and as yet unaware
of being watched. It was not-unpleasantly disconcerting
to think of her noticing the scene, to think of existing
in third person, exposed to the eyes of passerby.

It's so easy, forgetting you exist in third person,
when no one is around to remind you of it.
And all of us, decorously, respect each other's forgetting,
letting our eyes pass over the picnickers perched on fountain-edges...
(all of us except the girl with the camera).

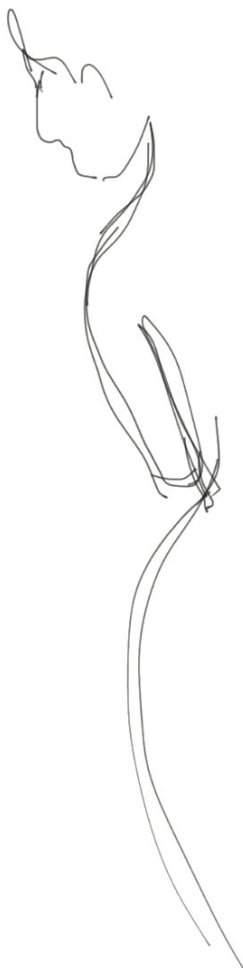
“Change”

Jared Hobson

This is it, isn't it?
Falling faster than the
snow to the ground.
I've been learning lately
that we can't stop change.
Although we try our best.
A hopeless romantic,
growing a little more manic
as the days progress;
Why can't we just stay the same?
But we can't stop change.
It's all around us,
it's in our DNA.

“Serpentes”
Liv Dobmeier

like a python
you slithered
around my throat
and slowly
tightened
until
i
was
right
where
you
wanted
me
and
there
was
nothing
i
could
do
but
try
to
survive.



Theresa Patnala

“Untitled”
EunJin Kwak

you were so in love
with the girl of your fantasies
that you forgot
to fall in love
with me



Abigail Taylor

“Type Two: The Helper” Maggie Clune

I make my way through the day
Knowing I won't sleep tonight.
So I sip my coffee and quietly listen,
I listen to you.

I try to be intentional,
I need to show compassion
To those that are around me,
The one's I love the most.

I'm sorry I never mean to zone out.
“Do not break eye contact”
I think to myself.
I promise, I'm listening.

I know that if I do not listen now
I'll think about it tonight,
As I lay in my bed
Deciding if I helped or if I hurt.

I tell you that I'm here
I will always care.
But it turns out empathy
Isn't all I thought it would be.

I'm exhausted.

I try to sleep
But I stay awake to think,
Was it enough?
I will try again tomorrow.

“Visualizing” Emmy Erisman

It's strange to be in your mind
All the time

But though I appear there
I do not dwell complete,
I'm fleeting
pieces come and go...
I am translucent.

Your brain cannot pin
me down.

Am I an image,
a screen
that flickers into existence.
Am I pixels,
do pieces capture my gentle curves.

Does your brain think
in two dimensions.
Do I exist as one frame:
a front, a back.

How do you see me
How do I exist to you
when you do not see me.

“Adventure” Emmy Erisman

really there's no such
Adventure quite like
washing a spoon.

“Classical Literature” Tyger Doell

Our friendship is in a book, dear reader,
But we must decide what kind of story we will be.

We could be a best-seller,
Conquering clowns in the sewers of Maine,
Speaking of okay and always,
Excitement and thrills on every page,
And a gripping end which leaves us
With tears in our eyes
And smiles on our faces.

But I don't want that kind of friendship.

For the truth, dear reader,
Is that life is not always exciting,
And I am not always exciting.
There are some days where all I can do
Is describe my emotional landscape
For what seems like entire chapters,
Or you'll labor in vain with me
As I try to decide between
An angry missionary or a blind playboy.

But reader,
Although I may allow sentient jewelry to corrupt my mind,
I promise if you walk with me up the mountain,
(at times you may have to carry me)
It will be a story to tell through the ages.

And whether I'm the chosen one or not,
I'll follow you with a stick in my hand,
And when the moment is right,
We'll confront our inner demons together.

For our friendship isn't one
I want to borrow from the library,
To reshell and walk away from.
I will not charge you for forgetting to bring me back.

No, Friend,
I will open up the worn and crinkled pages of our friendship
On a cool fall evening sitting in front of the fire,
And pick up right where I left off.

Quiet now,
This is my favorite part.



Seoyoung Je

our thanks

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