







# **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:*

Aubree Niles, *Jumbled*

# Grief, Hope, & Sonnets

January-February  
2022-23 Academic Year  
Issue No. 4



# Letter from the Editors

Dear Reader,

In these last days of winter, the hope of spring is strong. It is now easier to believe that warmer days are coming. We walk through this season every year, yet the cold, dark days can still cause us to lose hope that the light is on its way. It is right and good to grieve the darkness in each of our lives and face the darkness as many of the poets have done here. The sonnet form, which the editors especially welcomed for this issue, traditionally develops from one initial idea through a *volta* or turn that invites the reader to consider the preceding ideas anew. In a similar way, may the knowledge of the coming light--that of spring and of eternity--give you hope.

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





## Table of Contents

No Escape.....	Aubree Niles	11
Survival.....	Grace Gouldeen	12
Crumbling.....	Liz Long	12
12.23.22 .....	Catherine Lynip	13
2.16.23 My Baba.....	Catherine Lynip	14
Loved One.....	Aubree Niles	15
Letting Things Fall as They May.....		
.....	Adelaine Morgiewicz	16
Loniness.....	Grace Gouldeen	17
Sonnet to Sorrow.....	Emma Dainty	18
Facing the Rain.....	Tenshi Chispa	19
When heat contrived in lust my longings spend.....	Will Allen	20
Our Marriage May Have Survived...	Shua Wilmot	21
The Game.....	Shua Wilmot	23
I'm a pretty face.....	Johanna Lamont	24
The Girl who Found the Light.....	Grace Gouldeen	25
Kicking the Door Open.....	Adelaine Morgiewicz	26
Land of Eloquence.....	Emma Dainty	27
Limning Lamentations.....	Rachel Huchthausen	28
concealed.....	Aubree Niles	29
Adrift.....	Shua Wilmot	30
Truth.....	Shua Wilmot	31
Opening the Blinds.....	Adelaine Morgiewicz	33
Just Because The Day is Cloudy Does Not Mean There Can't Be Any Color.....		
.....	Adelaine Morgiewicz	34
"I could try to write poetry".....	Susannah Denham	35
Taking Notice.....	Adelaine Morgiewicz	36
Will of the Songbird.....	Adrianna Kappmeier	37
Autumn of the Mind.....	Grace Gouldeen	39

The Shore Which Bore Many Sorrows and	
The Pasture Which Held Many Flowers.....	
.....Adelaine Morgiewicz	40
the quiet.....	Aubree Niles 41
He.....	Halle Karlson 42
Him.....	Halle Karlson 42
Candle.....	Alexa Williams 43
Yesterday, today, tomorrow, and all the other days.....	
.....Adelaine Morgiewicz	44
A Tear.....	Tenshi Chispa 45

# No Escape

Aubree Niles

like china against a wall,  
glass that took a fall.  
pieces of me are shattered.  
so broken from the weight of it all.

i feel trapped,  
being held against my will.  
like a bird in a cage,  
wanting to fly.  
longing to sing.

but my cries for help  
are being silenced,  
drowned out by the fear.  
fear of being misunderstood,  
of not being heard or validated.

the past haunts me,  
resurfacing in unwanted ways.  
i'll think i've moved on,  
yet i find myself  
gasping for air too many days.

# Survival

Grace Goulden

Take the next breath,  
Put on the next smile,  
Tell the next cheerful lie,  
Keep going through the next motions,  
Keep hoping that you'll start to thrive when tomorrow comes.

# Crumbling

Liz Long

I don't know what to do everyone is stressed and tired, worn out. I used to look around when I was younger and see strong fortresses, standing tall facing the world each stone unmovable I would look at their strength and think that is what I want to be tall, strong, able to face each storm of life still standing tall and brave, but now I look closer and see the cracks and watch as each stone of this wall I believed invincible starts to crumble down to nothing more than a mere pile of sand blown away by the slightest breeze, the walls that seemed to reach the sky when I was younger and naive now are within sight as they crumble to ruins. What happened? The people I saw strong and determined now stood before me their wounds exposed, wounds that only seemed to multiply and go deeper as time goes on. Now I look at the storm and step forward with tear-filled eyes. I want to protect those who protected me but what can I do? I'm not a strong fortress, I don't even have a single wall and as the storm rages on I just feel lost there are so many stones flying at me and past me, but I want, no need to stand and so I'll try my best, with what I got. I know I will not be perfect nor even good but all I can do is try, so here I'll stand, I will crack, I will crumble, I will fall, and it will not be easy, but this is where I will stay, and fight, until I return to sand.

**12.23.22**

Catherine Lynip

The wind shakes this house.  
The cold seeps in at the cracks.  
When the weather is powerful enough  
It will always find a way in.

My hands clutch a boney frame.  
The life is seeping out of him.  
None of us are powerful enough  
To hold it in without breaking him.

And as we watch our grandfather fade,  
Snow piles up around our doors;  
Black ice coats the ground;  
Christmas is forgotten in our timelessness.

## 2.16.23 My Baba

Catherine Lynip

I have had many meals in her kitchen,  
Watched many movies on her couch,  
Played many games in her basement,  
And begged for so many of her stories.

She is my grandmother, my Baba,  
Once so capable and willing,  
Now crabby and powerless,  
Convinced we are here to hurt her.

I once looked up into her face  
But now I must stoop to give a hug.  
Her back is twisted and bent double,  
Her feet malformed, her joints painful.

Once upon a time she played the organ  
And I sat beside her to turn the pages.  
Her hands are gnarly and crooked,  
Barely able to hold her cup of coffee.

She is so desperate for our attention  
Which we have had to turn towards  
Our grandfather, our Pop-pop,  
As the cancer in his body kills him.

What will happen to our Baba?  
She cannot walk or hold anything of substance.  
She cannot take care of a house by herself.  
She will not allow us to do anything for her.

Dearest Baba, please understand:  
You are not the woman you were.  
You are old now; let us take care of you  
Like you have taken care of us.

# Loved One

Aubree Niles

what is so hard about a date?  
an anniversary of something  
that created so much change?  
a year after life wasn't the same?

because each day, month, year is a reminder.  
a reminder that i can never talk to you again.  
or see your smile, and your rosy red face.  
a reminder that i will never hear your laugh again.  
or that i will no longer feel your embrace.

my only hope is that you knew Him.  
i know i will see you again someday.  
until then i will be kind to them,  
all the people i see today,  
the people i see everyday.





# Loneliness

Grace Gouldeen

The friend who's always there even though you never called them,  
The void that you feel deep down that you never have the words  
for,  
Hours upon hours trying to bide your time just to forget,  
The longing to talk about everything, anything,  
This is the burden of loneliness, would you care to join the fun?

*Previous page:*

Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Letting Things Fall As They May*

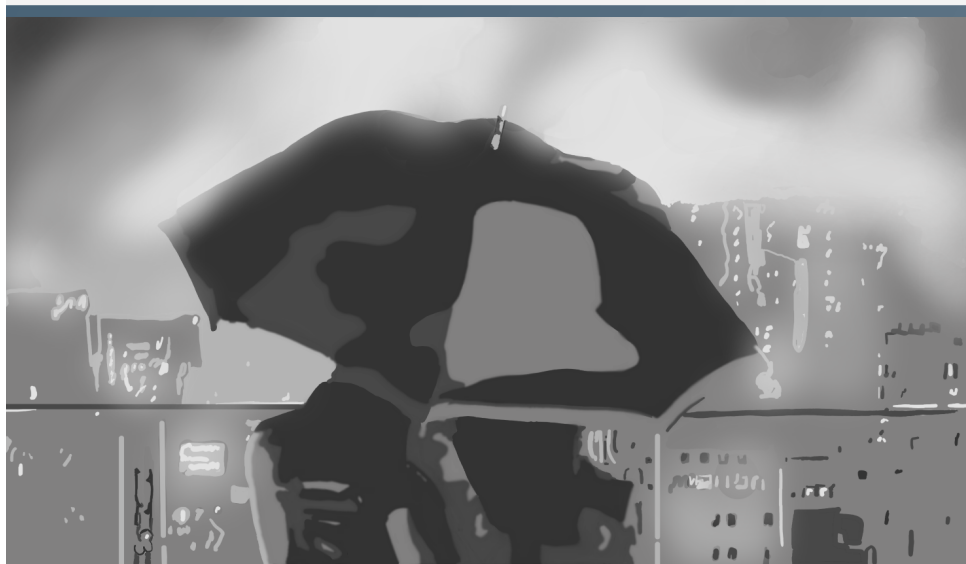
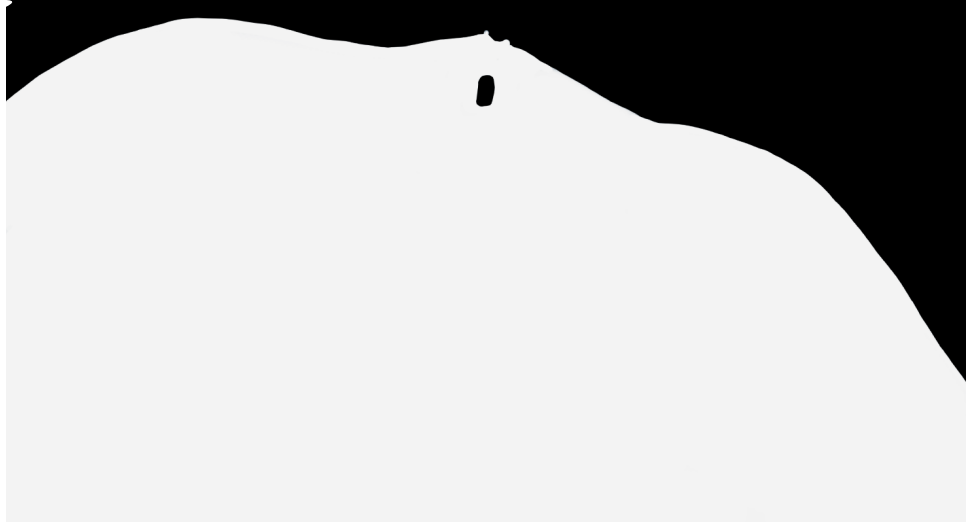
# Sonnet to Sorrow

Emma Dainty

Friends, here stand I in your midst, so happy  
Yet I fear what 'twill be like at the end,  
For I am lost without a caring friend.  
How to live without you all I can't see,  
How to exist without your company.  
This dread weight upon me does heavy bend:  
The sad time when our ways apart will wend  
And I walk again alone, miserably.  
Can you understand my impending grief?  
Do any of you apprehend it too?  
Feel you, too, keenly that time is too brief?  
Now, however, nostalgia is not due;  
I cannot now let sorrow be a thief,  
The sorrow of life without all of you.

*Next page:*

Tenshi Chispa, *Facing the Rain*



# **When heat contrived in lust my longings spend**

Will Allen

When heat contrived in lust my longings spend  
While snow serene takes flight for light to glaze  
I summon swift some balm my soul to mend  
And scroll to stroll along my music maze  
The soon selected song's a sweeter tune  
Which once upon my days was anthem dear  
Contains some courage carved like ancient rune  
Set for my scouraged conscience hear and clear  
In efforts such I take to soften sin  
The Holy Spirit thought invoked for me  
That equanimous feeling thought a'kin  
Was bound but to a pleasant memory  
If my faith's tied to only past time's spell  
The string will snap my future fast to Hell

# Our Marriage May Have Survived

Shua Wilmot

Our marriage may have survived  
If we had welcomed community  
Not sought isolation but unity  
Two lives became one  
And if one life is dying  
Would you call for help  
Or rather keep hiding?  
Picture perfect facade  
Desperately preserving  
Struggle is universal  
Normalize the unnerving  
Our marriage may have survived  
If there had been more humility less pride  
Slow it down, have a chat  
Don't take it so personal  
It's not an attack  
Listen, listen well  
We cherish each other  
Moments of weakness are opportunities  
To encourage and heal one another  
So our marriage may have survived  
If we shared a mindset of reconciliation  
Not lashed out in pain  
A violent cycle of retaliation  
Maintained hope in our future  
Forgiveness in our hearts  
Agreed to seek understanding  
Right from the start  
Cause when we say "forever"  
We agree to make things right  
Even when the pain  
Persists through the night  
And I know that isn't easy  
Trust's a delicate dynamic

At the first sign of danger  
Enticed to abandon it  
But marriage takes endurance  
Endurance and faith  
Ours may have survived  
If we put fear in its place  
No fear in love  
Love requires bravery  
Constantly I'd preach that  
And you'd see my hypocrisy  
I'm flawed and convicted  
But certainly not wicked  
That's why I now see  
Grace is the key  
Grace, yes, grace  
My grace and yours  
God's grace above the rest  
Our marriage may have survived  
If we had grace in that mess  
Grace towards each other  
For flaws, quirks, and mistakes  
Grace toward ourselves  
As we heal from trauma's aches  
In our self-loathing culture  
It's worth it to repeat  
"Grace toward ourselves  
As we heal from trauma's aches"  
Community, humility, reconciliation, and faith  
All amazing things  
But have no power without grace  
So when it comes to saving our marriage  
All the of the above may not have been enough  
But this I know above all else  
Our marriage would have survived  
If only you loved yourself

# The Game

Shua Wilmot

Us against them  
You think that's the game  
They use us as players  
It's always the same

Divide and conquer  
We turn against each other  
The game has played us  
Brother versus brother

It infiltrates our lives  
Our politics too  
Republicans and Democrats  
You think it's red versus blue

If you think we've won wars  
You misread their system  
War bats a thousand  
And everyone's its victim

But we haven't reached the end  
We don't gotta play the game  
In unity is hope  
At heart we're the same

Humanize your neighbor  
And yourself as a plus  
Get outside the system  
Or the game will play us

# **I'm a pretty face**

Johanna Lamont

I'm a pretty face

Full lips, straight jaw, flushed cheeks

A thrill to chase, your personal race

Vultures in suits, tearing me with their beaks.

Wings spread over me

Flying isn't freedom anymore, just survival

Hovering above, pecking, pecking, pecking at me

I cry out, my pain to see, you deem it trivial

This costume, my colors, constricting now

Remembrance of times before, of loving embraces

Not these cruel hands, not the rain beating my brow

Not the endless reports and impersonal cases

Another number in your statistics, a victim, not my place

When I come back, when I'm reading, you had better brace.



# **The Girl who Found the Light**

Grace Goulden

You are the girl who found the light  
The man in black he tried to take it from you  
He came in the night, you didn't see it coming  
Once he too was clothed in light, but now he wears a cloak  
The light you've found shines brighter than it did before  
Hold onto your light, fuel its fire, and pray that he too finds the  
light.



# Land of Eloquence

Emma Dainty

See beyond the world's bright rim;  
Pierce the cloudy gray veil dim,  
For yonder is all you seek—  
Of dreams the loftiest peak:  
Beyond insufficient word,  
More than wonders you have heard,  
Where fulfilled is dreaming heart  
And perfected is tongue's art,  
Where words came to fullest life  
Attained without toilsome strife.  
Here songs run in steady streams  
And ever bloom flow'ring dreams.  
If you reach this distant shore,  
You shall long for peace no more,  
For here tongue and pen are whole;  
Crystalized are thoughts of soul.  
No trials, stumbles, breaks of speech:  
Complete eloquence in reach.  
I want this language fluent,  
Winging words so swiftly sent,  
Instead of thoughts I can't grasp  
And in limning clearly hasp.

*Previous page:*

Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Kicking the Door Open*

# Limning Lamentations

Rachel Huchthausen

*after Bible of William of Devon,  
British Library, Royal MS 1 D I f. 348*

Cold in the waning sun, I press my red-  
Tipped brush against the lettered page, whose pores  
Receive my gold and make-believe it bled  
In letter-shapes for Jeremiah's wars,  
A wound that glistens by dark-latticed words  
That twine of torment, tears, and slow remembrance.  
On top I'll put a dragon, there a bird,  
Bright curls and dots in unpredicted dance.  
I trim a candle, right a rule, and set  
Aside my knife to curl my fingers 'round  
The warm and cheery light, to ease and stretch  
My aching back; I little comfort found.  
    So play, grotesque, fantastic birds; here, run;  
    My fingers feel there're pages still to come.

*Next page:  
Aubree Niles, concealed*



# Adrift

Shua Wilmot

Absence makes the heart fonder  
That's the lie that they tell  
Now my heart is adrift  
Unanchored to home  
Yearning to yearn for you  
Like I know you deserve

At times I feel distant  
And I'm physically afar  
But I must remain grateful  
Till our relieving reunion  
When my heart embarks home

The example you set  
Helps me navigate my course  
Your kindness, your grace, your love  
Puts wind in my sails

I know when I dock  
I can aid you in repairs  
From a journey of your own

There are dark nights ahead  
But soon I'll be home

Mooring in more love

# Truth

Shua Wilmot

Nothing heals us quite like truth

“You are loved”

We should say it more often

The world needs more truth

“Your presence matters”

It should be the only thing

Out of our powerful mouths

We should speak only truth

“You are valuable”

We should speak it lavishly

Minimizing lies is not enough

Abandoning dishonesty is only the first step

“You inspire me ...and so many others”

We must speak more truth to cast light

“You’re a good person”

“I enjoy our time together”

“It’s OK to not be OK”

“You deserve time to heal”

“I care about you”

Share each uplifting truth that comes to mind

“I love the sound of your gentle voice”

Don’t let your mighty truth go unsaid

Harmful absolutes are untrue and cut deep

Causing the self-image to bleed internally

“You are a blessing to this world”

But you can see the healing powers of truth

The world was created through words of truth

“It is good”

Now it is our call to reflect His likeness

Our truthful words create as God created

Generate love; increase its volume

“I cherish you”

We can heal His world with our words





Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Opening The Blinds*



## **“I could try to write poetry”**

Susannah Denham

I could try to write poetry  
But I'm not a poet  
There's no particular reason for me to write  
To pen the agony of mankind  
To document our glory and our evils  
I would rather paint the trees over the water  
With words inadequate of true description  
Try to comprehend the glory of God and majesty of creation  
The Things beyond ourselves  
There's no particular reason for me to write  
I'm not a poet  
But I could try to write poetry

*Previous page:*

Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Just Because The Day is Cloudy Does Not Mean There Can't Be Any Color*

*Next page:*

Adelaine Morgiewicz, *Taking Notice*





# Will of the Songbird

Adrianna Kappmeier

I am waiting for the morning when I wake up and see the light  
And I see the beauty in the world around  
When I see the cardinals dancing in the sky  
And the squirrels digging in the ground  
I am waiting for the cock to crow  
For the songbird to sing it's tune  
To remind me there still is a place  
Where even weeds are allowed to bloom

For days I have seen nothing but the darkness of the night  
Where the frogs croak and the wolves howl  
And the moths wander in search of the light  
Where the cicadas chirp their repetitious hymn  
And the trees sway so eerily in the wind  
Beneath my feet the sun lies in waiting; I am at unease  
It owes nothing yet still answers to nature's call  
It still rises when all we ever do is fall

These are the promises of night and day  
Something to accept; something to be expected  
Why do we sleep so soundly under the stars,  
If not for the assurance of day to be ours?  
I used to rebuke the uniformity of nature  
The anticipation of sun and moon  
But how wonderful it is that even through all the changes we endure  
There is still one thing that will always remain the same

So I am patient for the day that I wake up  
Without the urge that I'd rather die  
But rather the resolve to open the door  
And smell the freshness of the outside  
To see the cardinals dancing in the sky  
The squirrels digging and the cock crowing  
And the little songbird who's faith is unrelenting  
In it's darkest days, it never stops singing

I'll listen to the frogs croak and the wolves howl  
And I will find comfort in the rhythm of the cicadas  
Like the songbird, they never miss a beat  
They too are holding out for better days  
So I too will continue to sing  
Until my throat runs dry, and my lungs out of breath  
Until the day I become still as the soil, I will rejoice instead  
Because any day above ground is one worth singing about

# Autumn of the Mind

Grace Gouldeen

I think I'm turning numb, my leaves are changing color,  
Green, then yellow, orange and red, slowly fading into brown.  
Soon my branches will be bare, and lacking signs of life.  
The snow will come, the cold will linger,  
the wind might make me fall.  
I long for thoughts of warmth, to comfort in this season,  
But then I remember, Spring is almost here,  
Winter can not last forever.

# **The Shore Which Bore Many Sorrows and The Pasture Which Held Many Flowers:**

Adelaine Morgiewicz

A series of waves came following after  
on the shore which bore many sorrows. Next, harsh sand began to  
break down even calloused feet.

Yet inside the waves are five to seven large whales that follow each  
wave thereafter.

The sandy ground beneath is now beaten up and rusty, growing old  
and the walker getting tired with it, feeling incomplete.

Somehow the next arrival was up ahead,  
the walker, not thinking it would come. Yet the ground was now  
grass - and the grass was bright green.

This walk which one normally grows weary of was a walk that  
became one no longer to dread.

A Voice - a Presence enters and that which was unseen is now seen.

The Voice joins in song with the adventurer and the two now in  
harmony.

The song sung filled the atmosphere with peacefulness and restored  
the walker's confidence deep in his soul.

The walker, now looking at where he is standing, notices the  
vibrance which he did not see before surrounding him and so he  
stands fearlessly

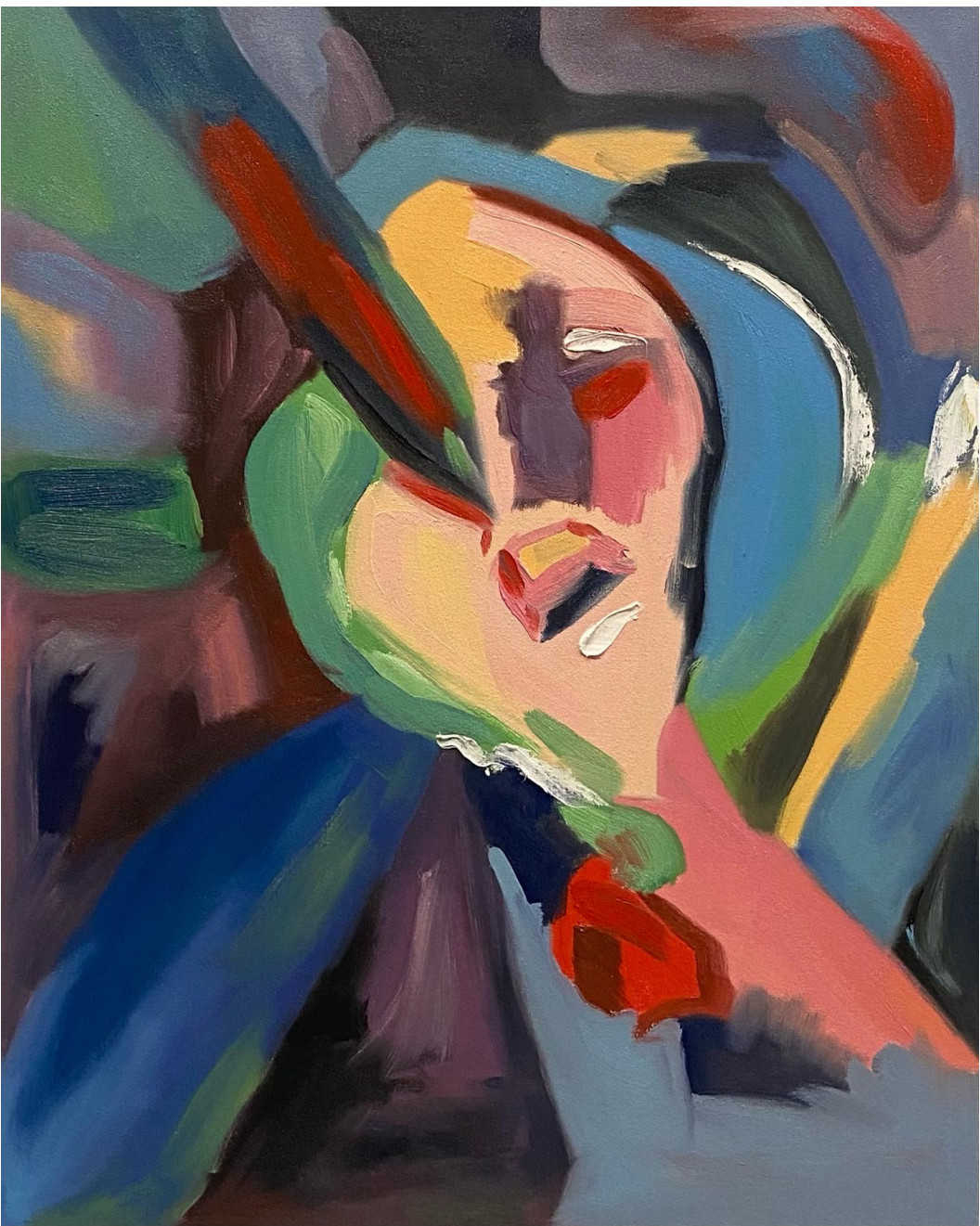
before his Maker and sings praises with the angels with a voice  
strong and full.

Up ahead a future awaits the adventurer and though he is scared,  
He hears within him a gentle Voice that says, I care.

*Next page:*

Aubree Niles, *the quiet*





# He

Halle Karlson

When the sunshine fades away.  
Most people don't lose hope in one day.  
I can feel the darkness consume me.  
I'm drowning in a sea of my emotion,  
But just when the sea is about to sweep me away,  
a hand holds out to save the day.  
I look up and it is He.  
You've set my heart in motion,  
my hope is restored  
and it is now a new day.

# Him

Halle Karlson

When the sunshine fades away.  
I feel dark, cool waters consume me.  
I am no longer free.  
I'm already lost after one day.  
The sea is sweeping me away,  
It was us three  
Now it's just me  
My vision has been taken away.  
My hearts' been hit, cut, and stabbed  
I can no longer feel  
I'm drowning in a sea of my emotion.  
There's not a feeling that can be compared  
So I kneel  
and give Him all my devotion.

# Candle

Alexa Williams

There's a lost girl crying across the street  
silent tears to push scornful looks away  
There's a blind man begging for food to eat  
he can't see the shaking heads pass each day.  
They're both looking for a way to survive  
the dark that seems to grow each passing night  
They both look for a match that might revive  
the flame that left these hearts longing for light.  
A healer-man walks streets these days they say  
Word is he came to make the wrong-things right  
A friend to broken souls long sent astray  
A kind touch to wet eyes searching for sight.  
And til the Friday when it is complete,  
there's a healer crying across the street.

# **Yesterday, today, tomorrow, and all the other days.**

Adelaine Morgiewicz

Today is just today.

Tomorrow is tomorrow.

Yesterday is yesterday.

Let the present reach your presence.

Let the future be something distant and hopeful.

Let the past stay in its own time.

Today is today.

Yesterday is yesterday.

Tomorrow is tomorrow.

Let today speak to you now.

Let yesterday be old news.

Let tomorrow inspire you and remind you the greatest things, the  
greatest people are worth waiting for.

Today is today.

Yesterday is yesterday.

Tomorrow is tomorrow.

Let today be a lively day, even if it's drenched in sorrow.

Let yesterday be an instance learned from or a day rejoiced over.

Let tomorrow be a day looked forward to, an anticipation worth  
being excited over.

Let tomorrow be met with the joys it deserves.

Today is today.

Yesterday is yesterday.

Tomorrow is tomorrow.

Let today tell you "I am sorry I am not happy today, it's okay if I am  
miserable."

Let yesterday tell you, "I am gone now. You can release me, It's  
okay."

Let tomorrow tell you, "Hello - I am tomorrow! I am new and I  
would love to meet you as you are."

Today is today.

Yesterday is yesterday.

Tomorrow is tomorrow.

Let them each be as they are, so as to remind yourself, you, yes you,  
are as you are and that is a beautiful thing!



Tenshi Chispa, *A Tear*

This issue is the product of the faithfulness of many people.

Thanks are due  
to Prof. Sharpe, our faculty advisor for his guidance and trust,  
to Prof. Madison Murphy and the Mac Lab proctors,  
and to all those who have generously submitted their work.

Thank you!



