



Lantern
Senior Spotlight:
Catherine Lynip

7.9.21

Why do we write?

For fear we might burst
From everything inside.

For fear we might be forgotten
And then cease to exist.

For fear that what we lived
Will become only dust
In our careless memories

Front Cover:

Winter Hydrangea - photo

Dear Reader(s),

For those of you who don't know me as well, my name is Catherine Lynip (pronounced like Line Up). I am an Equestrian Management major with minors in Art and Linguistics. I am the Treasurer of the Ultimate Frisbee Club and an editor on the Lantern staff. I have a few odd talents, one of which is the ability to find the right size socket on the first try when using a socket wrench.

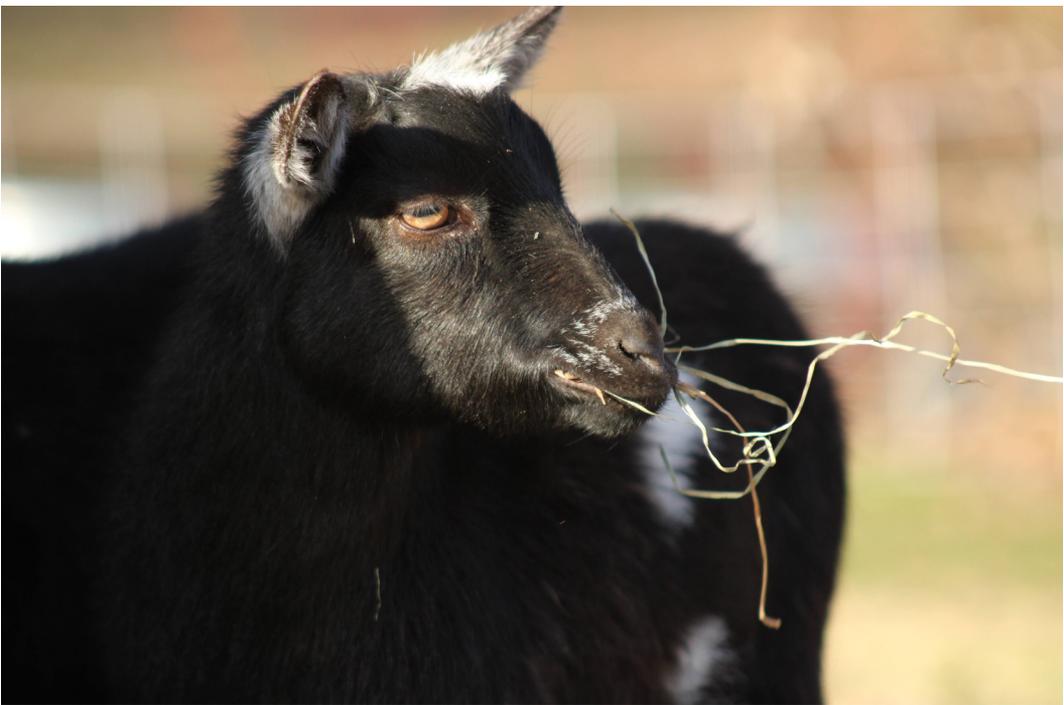
In the following pages is a collection of poems, paintings, and photographs that I have written, painted, and taken during my time at Houghton, some of which have already been printed in previous Lantern/Lanthorn editions.

Some of the poems are silly, some a bit more thoughtful. In retrospect I recognize a similar underlying discontent with the present state, or an urge to continue, think more, explore farther, very similar to my father, who was also part of the Lanthorn staff/contributors in his time here more than thirty years ago.

Most of the photographs try to show ordinary objects and scenes, things you might not take any notice of, in a beautiful way. The big, exciting things of life are only a very small part. Our lives are mostly made up of little, not unusual, things. I've discovered that I can be a lot happier and more fulfilled if I can find joy in these everyday things.

The paintings are a much broader category. There are quite a few based on real places in Scotland. Some of the paintings are purely out of my imagination. Some are silly. Some are nostalgic.

So here are some little, incomplete pieces of me. Enjoy!
Catherine



Daisy the Goat - photo

Opposite:
Oranges - photo

7.9.21 *Pet Beetles*

My beetles are making disgusting noises.
I can hear them trying to climb up the plastic walls
(It sounds like marbles rolling around an empty box)
And clawing at or clambering over various objects,
(It sounds like stepping on a bag of soggy chips).
I swear I can hear them chewing.
(It sounds like my grandfather eating a carrot).

Why are they still there, you ask?
Because I do not know how to get rid of them.
I'm pretty sure that would make me sad, anyway,
Despite their lack of basic manners,
Like staying quiet when I am trying to sleep.



9.22.21 *Meat Chickens*

Chickens.
Fat birbs.
Tiny dinos.

They have invaded the lawn.
They are eating the flowers.
They are mucking up the garden.

Run, fat hens and fat roosters!
Chase the bugs around the field
In the golden, evening light.

Feathers fly from a mock fight
Over a fallen apple in the orchard,
Which has sat, unnoticed, for days.

Noise erupts once the feeder is
filled.
Fat, gluttonous, spoiled chickens
Who cannot fathom their fate.





Mount Snow - watercolor painting

2.16.24 *Notes Upon Observing a Squirrel Through a Window in the CC*

Winter fat squirrel, back to window through which I watch, frantically digs, large round nut of some kind gripped in mouth, looks up frequently and with concern. Digs digs digs. Nut in hole. Tiny hands with fingers outstretched pack dirt around, then grass and leaves, then snow on top. Scampers away to nearby tree and chatters at nearby people lingering too long in a goodbye.

Opposite:
Pot Shards - photo

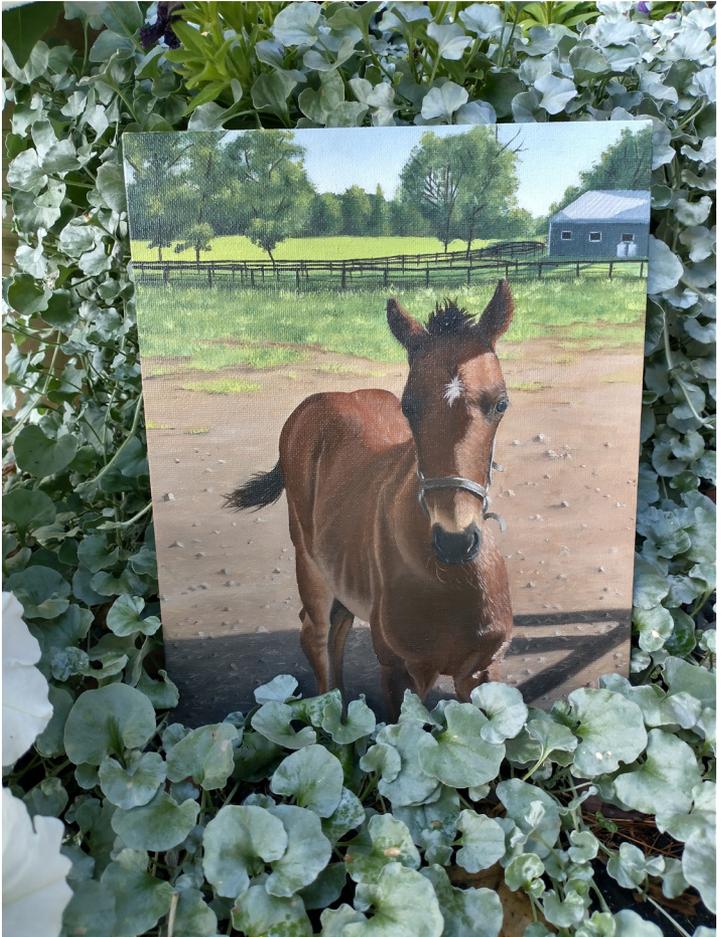


Isle of Skye - oil painting

7.16.21 *House Finches*

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.

McMahon Foal - oil painting





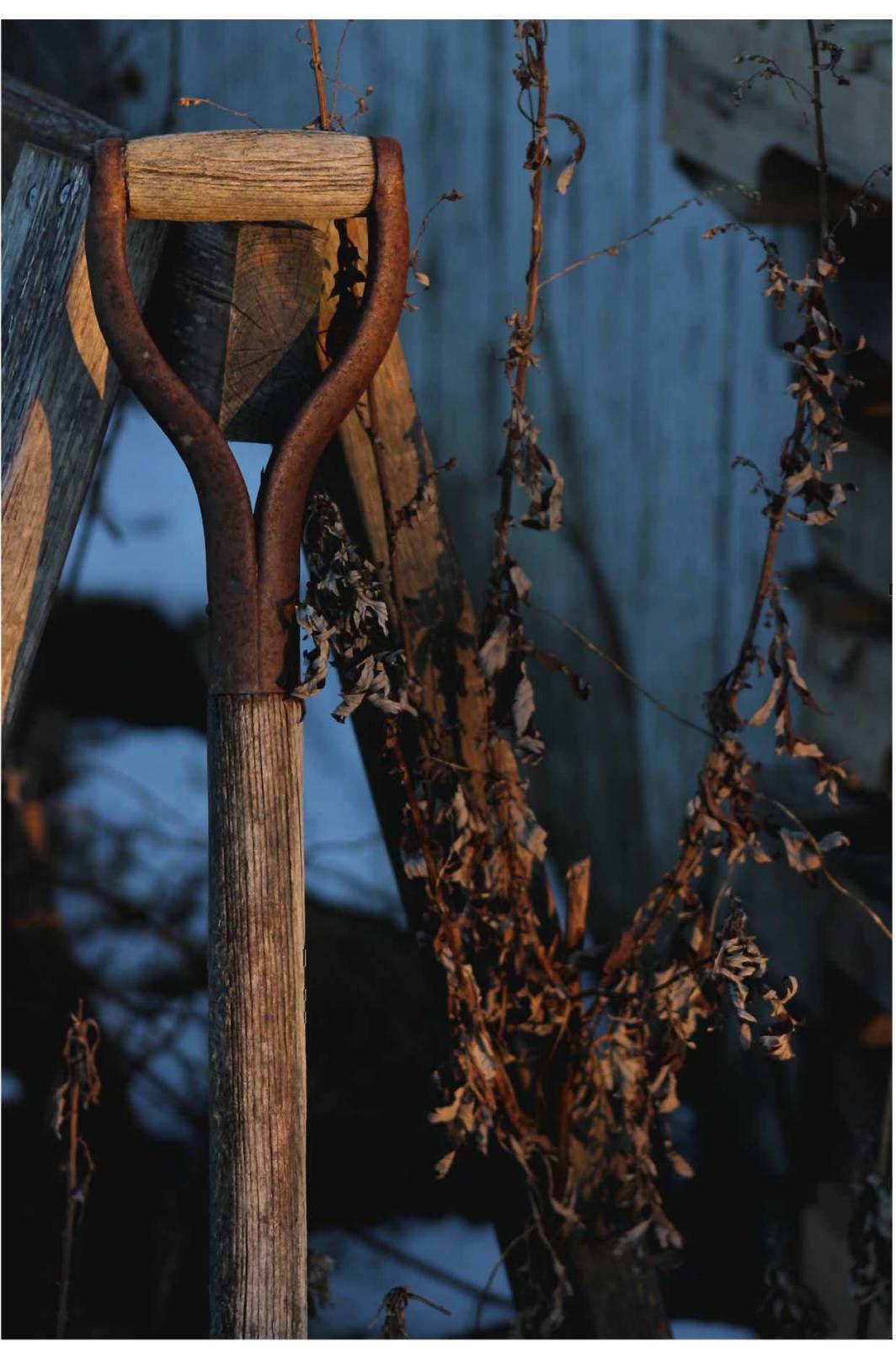
11.10.22 *The Fox*

By the bridge, there is a fox.
I've caught him unawares
While he playfully frolics.
Then he suddenly stops and stares.
He is frighteningly unafraid
Of my blatantly human existence.
Is this some masquerade?
Will he keep a healthy distance?
I want to reach my hand out
And him to come toward me,
But my instincts have doubt
In a wild animal such as he.



Litter - photo

Opposite:
Piano - photo



10.24.23 *First World Problems*

Nobody washes their dishes;
they pile up so high that
I cannot use the sink to get water.

My room is too small
for all the things I own:
food and books and clothes....

The people in the dining hall
walk slowly in front of me
when I am in a hurry.

I hate getting up in the night
to use the bathroom because
I do not want to fully wake up.

There was too much food
and I ate too much of it
so now my belly is too full.

The closest I can park my car
is the Randal Townhouse lot;
then I have to walk up a short hill.

Opposite:
Shovel - photo



Genesee River - oil painting

9.17.22 *Summer Symphony*

The crow who sits on the ridgepole—
What does he cry about?
To whom does he desperately call?
And why does he fall silent
As I pass by, far below?

The coy-dogs who roam my woods—
What makes them clamor?
What must they shout at the moon?
And why do their voices fade
As suddenly as they began?

The crickets who hop in the grass—
What do they whistle about?
What prompts their wild song?
And who am I to hold such a being
On the small surface of my palm?

The water that flows forever by—
What does it dream of?
Why does it wake up with a roar?
And what desire draws it down,
Down to the dark ocean floor?

The woman that listens to God's
 symphony—
The same desperate need stirs her to
 sing
As it does her fellow creation....
So why does she stand mute?
What thwarts her from being just as
 beautiful?

God, I am this woman.
Please give me a voice that I, too,
 might sing.

Fossils - photo





Allt Coire Lagan - oil painting



Turtle - oil painting

10.25.22 *Observations From Underneath the Linden Tree*

The sound of plastic wheels approaches.
The rider pedals with all his might.
He is hyper-focused on the next obstacles,
His face set in utmost concentration.
He deftly swerves around the corner
And over the bumps in the sidewalk
Created by creeping roots from my Linden tree.
With small plastic training wheels,
This four-year-old is unstoppable.



T-Rex Can't Get the Pizza to His Mouth - watercolor painting

7.8.21 *Midnight Thunderstorm*

When the wind propels the chairs across the deck
And the windows creak and groan and crack;
When the rain beats against the front of the house,
Sweeping under the eaves until everything is doused;
This is when I wake in the dim dark of my room.
I hear footsteps in the hall, but from whom?
I am the only one conscious at this early hour...
It is only the house, which the storm greedily devours.

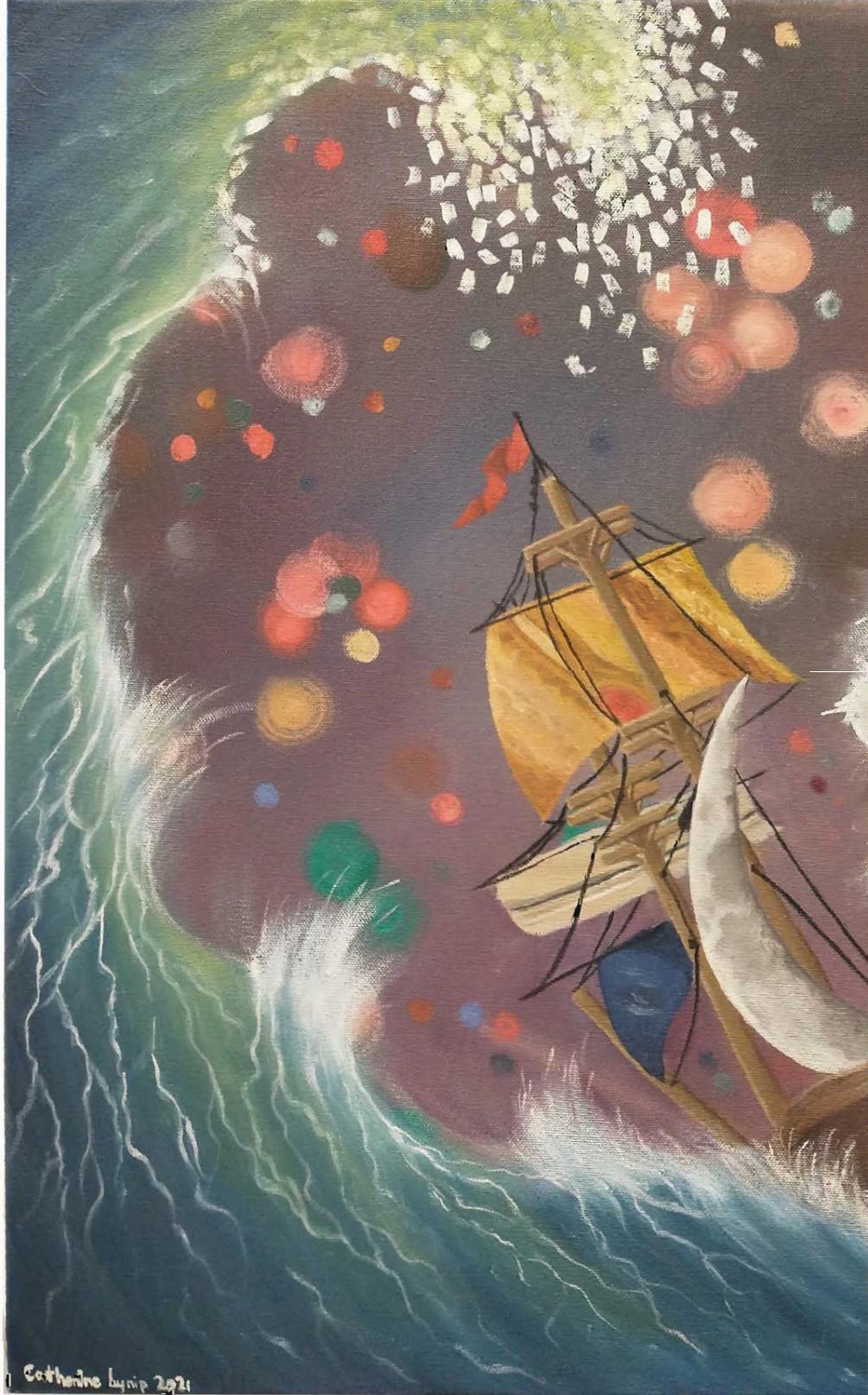
I sit up and stagger down the ladder of my bed,
Clumsy from the half-formed dreams in my head.
The tiny room is suddenly filled with a light,
Cold, white, and—like the sun—blindingly bright.
I am dazzled and awed but at the same time, afraid.
Nevertheless, I watch it as if it were some play.
It is the highest form of entertainment
Captivating and powerful, wild and ancient.

For one brief second, though it seems to remain
For longer, across the sky's never-ending domain,
A white vein of light divides the heavens in two
Leaving the whole wide valley in conspicuous view.
Then it is gone, leaving my eyes momentarily blind.
Seven seconds later, thunder booms as if to remind
Us that the light was not just our imagination,
But, instead, an animated conversation.

When the wind has blown itself out to a breeze
And when the rain has decided finally to ease,
I am there still, waiting for the next bolt of lightning,
Each is the same, and each is still as exciting.
But, deep within me lingers a sort of dissatisfaction;
With only myself, the joy of a storm loses some attraction.
These moments of bewildered beauty are best shared.
With someone else, you can look with new eyes and truly care.

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Fantasy Ship - oil painting



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7.13.21 *Falling From the Grandfather Oak*

I did not mean to fall,
But I heard the call
Of an oak tree's branches,
So I took my chances
On the rotten pallet ladder.
And then, it shattered.
I plummeted from the sky
While praying I wouldn't die.
Only a second to prepare
Before I was in the air,
Still trying to grasp
That my bones might not last.
I collided with the ground
In an unflattering mound.
On top of me landed a tire
And a heavy pallet, entire.
I do not know what saved me;
It must have been divine decree.
So, now I stand, unharmed,
Except for bruises, but alarmed
At my obvious stupidity.

7.9.22 *My dad is in Africa*

My dad is in Africa,
This house feels lonely
And this time passes slowly.

My dad is in Africa.
But for what reason?
His career seeks a new season.

My dad is in Africa.
When will he return?
Whenever he discerns....

My dad is in Africa.
What more is there to say?
He is far, far away.

My dad is in Africa.
He is halfway 'round our sphere
And I am still stuck here.

My dad is in Africa,
And my restless heart
Wishes I, too, could be part.



Dad and I - oil painting



Pop-pop's Garden - watercolor painting

12.23.22 *The Wind Shakes This House*

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.

I know now why people say:
“God is calling them home.”
It’s far easier than: “They are dying,
And we must now live without them.”

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

My Mother - watercolor
painting





Chives - photo

Back Cover:
Stop, Children at Play - photo

