

THE LANTHORN
SPRING 17

EDITED BY
CARINA MARTIN AND THE
LANTHORN EDITORIAL BOARD

DEAR READER,

Thank you for picking up this year's final issue of the *Lantern*.

Decisions for this issue were difficult to make, simply because of the volume and quality of responses. There's a lot to unpack here, and I hope that you, reader, will take the time to dwell on what you and your classmates are choosing to write about.

Your hearts and minds are speaking widely in this issue, about why you love this little place, about all the ways that you desperately wish it were different, about what's been occupying your deepest thoughts, about where you've dragged your feet, about where your eyes are lingering now.

A pretty wise man once said: "Out of the overflow of the mind, the mouth speaks." I think it's worth taking him seriously.

YOUR EDITOR,
CARINA

GOOD THINGS
BY GENA HARTMAN

desire good things -
 for yourself,
and those you love,
 and the places
 you love most -

 weave the bonds
of community ever tighter,
 fix the broken strands
between place and people

love the earth and the
 ones upon it,
and desire for them
 good things

“THE GOOD EARTH”
BY JUDITH MARKLIN

i wonder
if the good earth feels the
weight of our footsteps

is it comforting –
like the smooth stone that
molds to the crook of my palm?
or is it a painful burden –
like that moment when the child
has grown and the once-small footsteps on your back
take the wind out of you?

i pray
that i may love like Creation
ever welcoming, ever radiant, ever good
ever whole.

OVERRIPE POETRY
BY JULIA CHAMBERLAIN

Let me not get sick of poetry
As I spit out overripe cheese
I don't want to be in misery
As I read the sweet words of parody

For too much flapping of the tongue
Can lead to meanings overdone
And take away the beauty of simplicity
In joy in reading because we please

UNTITLED
BY SARAH RITSON

The aching mound swells

We've been building it since day one
Adding to it our
worries
doubts
failures

We heap them on our disheveled altars
sacrificing our sanity
In pursuit of perfection

Meanwhile
The scared son stands nearby
having paid it all
just for the chance we would look up
lay heavy hands to rest

He waits to heal our tainted ground
And plant a garden.

“HOOKED”
BY TYGER DOELL

When I think on the nature of true love
I wonder if it's fated thus to be;
I question if this Muse sent from above
Is bothere, then, to come and visit me.
I see it in the pages of my books
And raise to heav'n my unrequited plea,
I emulate it in my forlorn looks;
Despite all this it never seems to be.
To open up my heart to someone new
Would doubtless be a dangerous pursuit
Until I get a second glimpse of you,
At which I will become a speechless brute.

'Cause when I think I'm getting thicker skin,
You hook me with your eyes and rope me in.

NERVOUS HABIT
BY JONAN PILET

left pinkie just a nub
a half sized twin
she gnaws at it, chewing hardened skin

she looks at her right pinkie
and begins again

“TO G AND G”
BY JUDITH MARKLIN

every year he's bought her a card and i can picture them
for valentine's day both
one of the hallmark ones stooped over a bread bowl
covered in hearts and roses and arthritic hands interlocked
all our symbols for representing giggling as if on that first
something that is much more date.
complex than the neat that legal-pad valentine
outlines of cupid's arrow is the best one she ever got.

but this time the years have
begun to catch up with him
and the car sits unused in the garage.
he slowly shuffles to the desk
and pulls out a yellow legal pad
a bit weathered on the edges.
along the top he traces the
shaky lines of a heart and
scrawls "maria" in the center.
it's a simple design that
encompasses sixty eight years
seven boys and nineteen grandchildren.

on the inside he writes in old blue pen
"it may not be pretty but it tells you
that you will always be my valentine."
he's still got his sense of humor and
signs it "guess who"
and he adds "when we both feel better
i'll take you out to dinner."
she chose panera.

MANANA EN GOICOCHEA

BY ALANNA PARIS

I open the door to the front yard; the warm sun wrapping me in its embrace
I turn to walk onto the dusty path to the gate
I unlock it
I turn onto the uneven pavement with my destination in sight
Some stray dogs run up beside me and stare at me
Like the locals, they are trying to figure out what this pale figure is
Why is it here?
Why does it have a family with skin the color of coffee?
I simply smile because even I don't have the answers to these questions
I find my bus stop
I take a seat, all alone
The birds erupt into song; the notes falling down like a hard rain
I revel in their sound as I wait
The faint smell of gasoline finds its way to me as the bus inches up
The driver opens the door, and I get on
It slowly fills with mothers clutching their babies, children in their uniforms, ready for school, and men in perfectly pressed suits, ready for work
The rhythms of smooth, perfect Spanish fills the bus as it cruises down the mountain
I stand up to get off
The entire bus looks at me curiously as I exit, trying to figure out why I'm here and not on the beach with all the others like me
I get off by the carnicerna.
I turn onto the street that houses my school
It's quiet and bright
I ring the bell to enter
It rings back at me, to signify the end of another tranquil Goicochea morning.

WALK ME THROUGH AFRICA
BY JULIA CHAMBERLAIN

To the harshened grass my being flows
Sifting through the hands of the abandoned child
Breathing sweetness into his deep brown eyes
His desperate plea resounds
Beckoning for me to walk through his streets
To see the crumpled shacks and blistered feet
To feel the warming sun beating off the dry ground
To smile at the beauty of life through a blade of grass

FEET
BY SAM YULY

Cracks and crevices where use has worn them down,
they carry the stink of the dirt and wear it as a crown.

BLACK TEARS
BY THERESA PATNALA

We cry out to you
Our tears are black
So is our colour
Our hearts are hurt
The wounds inside
Are building themselves a fort
We cry out, oh God
Deliver us
Before we lose hope

MEMO TO MYSELF; A HAIKU
BY MICHAEL CARPENTER

Brown skin and black skin
Kinky hair and flat noses
Belong here alright

MY DEVIOUS LEFT HAND
BY JULIA CHAMBERLAIN

My left hand spills the
 table salt
And then goes for the water glass
Seeping onto the
 softened ground
The devious move in revenge
to the right hand that shook yours

HOUGHTON'S STILL EMBLEM
BY JULIA CHAMBERLAIN

Pride rock.
Clothed in purple and gold.
A fortress divided,
A symbol of battles fought on fields of grass.

Stamped with gray lettering.
Dents and dimples coat its layer.
Impressions on the cold surface that begin to fade.
Availability beckoning commoners to prance on it in victory.

Immovable, still, a robust character of the school.
A specimen that sees generations create dreams and failures of
themselves.
Astutely, dutifully sitting as the representative of the soil.
Slowly sinking into the soul of the well-known foundation.

EYES
BY SAM YULY

Open wide, close -
When they meet we wear no clothes.

WHERE AM I GOING, WHERE HAVE I BEEN?
BY SAM YULY

Where am I going, where have I been?

It feels like a dream, what I once was, and what you all once were.

The world looked so big, and stretched out forever and ever -

It used to take hours to drive into town, now it takes minutes.

But it was small, oh how close the world was back then.

There were no states, or countries, or nations, or peoples, just us and me.

But I can't remember things right - I think back but things are different - I'm taller, and everyone's older, and my voice is deeper.

Am I losing every memory once its made into just a reflection of now?

Mom, can you hear me? Sitting in the front seat of the car next to you, asking

What does this button do? Is it fun to drive? I want to drive.

No I don't! I'm scared. How do I know who I am if I don't know who I was?

Where am I going, where have I been?

I am in a dream, aren't I? Linearity is a myth - there is no straight line; just a whole bunch of dots. But can I connect them?

Dad, we're shooting rockets in the field. I shake with excitement!

You tell me the physics of it - why it shoots in the air, why it comes down -

But mostly to stay back! Stay way back! And I have. It's dangerous, you say!

But I never believed you till now. Moments in time shoot forward, only to return - unrecognizable. Is this who I am? I don't recognize my face.

My life is like a clock, round and round and round and round -

I feel like I've been here before. A spiral - down, down, down to the ground - becoming what?

Do the moments ever cross? Do the dots ever meet?

Where am I going, where have I been?

Brothers, we play army men with little green soldiers -
or should we call it argument, cause that's all we do.

It doesn't matter though, I tell you, because I have a nuke -
That's not fair - I don't care! But mom hears our yelling and tells us to
pick up;

but is that even possible? Can you clean up war, just like that?

Pick up the corpses and put them back in their place? We aren't finished, we tell her -

can we please play? We won't argue! But we will, and we did, and now mom's mad.

Are you, God? Can we stop this before it's too late?

Is there really any real reason we're fighting? Did we disobey?

Can we just pick up the corpses and put them in their place?

Where are we going, where have we been?

My dear sister bossing us around. Boys! I need you to stop fighting!

You aren't my mom! I stick my tongue out at her!

You aren't my God, I rip the pages of your word.

But I love her so much, why am I so mean?

But I believe in Him - so much! How can I do such a thing?

You came to me in a dream when the baby died.

Your hand on my shoulder told me to dream - I held on so tight!

Can you come to me now? Tell me what to dream? Because I don't know -

Where am I going, where have I been?

When my brother came in the mail, you came with him.

His brain was broken, but you were in his skin -

He had a hole in his heart where you pierced him,

and when they patched it up, they trapped you inside.

I knocked on his heart, and you opened -

But I'm scared that I slammed the door on your face,

because I didn't feel much faith when I started to change.

But I'm standing here now, and I've been here before -

with my foot in the door, but too scared to step in. Please tell me -

Where am I going, where have I been?

ODE TO MODERATION
(A HAIKU CYCLE)
BY MEREDITH GUFFEY

I don't want to be
a junkie but we all have
to live on something.

Concerned over food
for our bodies, yet what of
the stories we eat?

Adrenal exhaust-
-ion; my soul cannot lift its
arms over head, but

the thickness of your
sheer kindness hosts my hope that
I, too, will be brave.

UNTITLED
BY SARAH RITSON

Why do we forget
to look up
To meet the eyes of moving masterpieces
To take in their details like we take in breath
Would life become more sacred
If we took a step back
And realized
in a sea of living sacrifices
We stand on holy ground

LOW TIDE

BY KEVIN BIONDOLILLO

When I was seven, I found
An old man lying on the beach.
The intense red burns of his chest
Bade me ask him if he was ok.
He did not start at my question.
His chest remained collapsed.
His eyes continued staring
At the cloudless sky.
Not knowing what was wrong
I reached out to shake him.

My mother's sudden snatch and yell
Left me more upset than the
Man's stagnation.
But before she caught me,
I saw his eyes—too still—
Gazing past the sun.

Some nights I wonder if he saw
Something behind the sky,
And If I will be unable to look away.
Perhaps my children will care enough
To reach out and close my eyes

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