

# THE LANTHORN

WINTER 2015

EDITED BY Ava Bergen  
Sophia Ross  
Lanthorn Staff

COVER ART Thomas Eckert

ILLUSTRATIONS Kim Logee

LAYOUT Ava Bergen

WEB EDITOR Sophia Ross

# Yardley Court

by Alyssa Rogan

gray clouds stir the sky  
like a child churning  
the veggies in his soup.  
the skeleton trees  
bid their brittle branches to me  
as i park the car in the driveway,  
blotched with melted snow puddles.  
i haul my suitcase to the door,  
the dewy grass wetting my boots.  
632 yardley court.  
this is home.  
this always will be.



H  
P  
A  
S

A Traveling Rhyme  
by Dan Bellerose

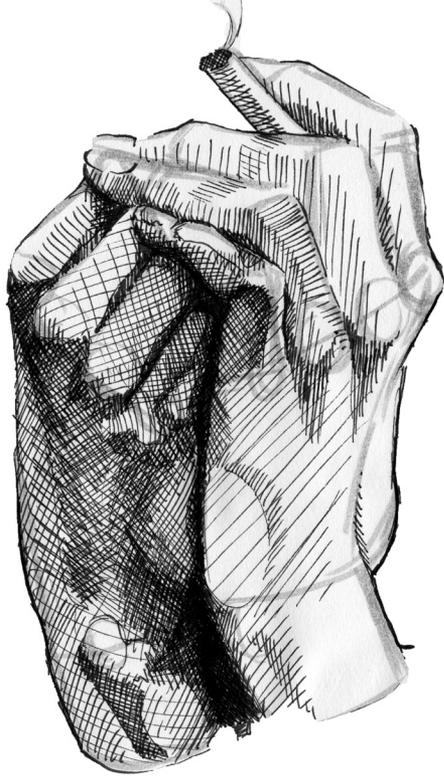
A hearth in my hand  
Twas always my plan  
To smoke silver ringlets  
    around my wool cap  
A hearth for the road  
And I've always know  
I'd be a hearth stoker  
    just like my old pop



In Winter  
by Colleen Shannon

Stillness is the flower of winter.  
It grows in the pregnant silence that reminds me of My Place of Used  
To Be.  
In My Place of Used To Be there are smiles that don't need a reason.  
tears too.  
And outside isn't somewhere to go but to be. I am there, limitless.  
  
Coming into Now is loud. too loud.  
So I let the cold numb my senses as I walk  
slowly as if each step is weighted with the possibility of sinking below  
the surface completely.  
Down into the silence, a still flower.

Maybe I want that.



self harm.  
by Mary Cronin

Silence wriggled over and under and through  
the poet's trite lines;  
etched on bleached paper,  
carved on ivory forearm.

The poet snapped her pen  
in half,  
pooled the ink in her palms,  
and smeared it on the parchment  
of her lover's breasts.

(Unrequited love is a strain few would bear.)

The pain of the Other  
is never  
raw red wrists;  
it is running dry  
before having poured enough  
into her mouth.

## I Think Of It Often

by Laura Johnson

It's when you change the window locks to guard the insides.  
When you shut the curtains, wince at wind noise.  
When you turn off your phone and he leaves his voice [over and over]  
and he messages your father with too-late-tattles of ancient suicide.

It's when he drives to your home on a sleepy Sunday morning.  
When your mother finds him dazed and huddled on the stone porch.  
When father and brother tell him to take his blade and leave over and  
over [until he does]  
and they don't wake you 'til he's gone.

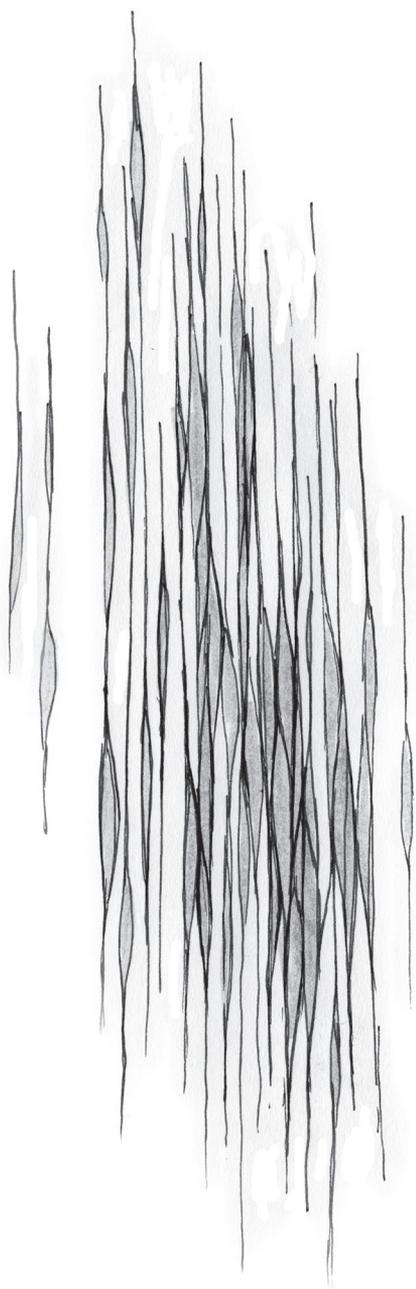
It's then that you imagine those ones you love torn up or shot  
It's then you pocket the pepper spray they bought.  
It is time to decide if that was him or not,  
Decide if madness is sowed or sought.

## To Everything

by Dan Bellerose

What is the harvest?  
I asked the small boy,  
"To need and be given."  
What is the harvest?  
I asked the young man,  
"To empty and be filled."  
What is the harvest?  
I asked the father,  
"To tend and to grow."  
What is the harvest?  
I asked the old man,  
"To live and to die."





The Bittersweet Journey  
by Judith Marklin

There's a certain kind of bittersweet to  
journeys already traveled.  
The plane is taking off  
but the anticipation is spent  
like the last of my brother's pour-over coffee  
slowly trickling through grinds and filter  
until somehow I'm looking back at the  
fragments of eager awaiting  
as the buildings turn to blocks  
and the cars to ants  
wondering if I can somehow do it over  
or evade the work and reality that is ready to  
drop like cinderblocks upon my arrival home.  
It is strange that I feel sadness  
after such beautiful moments –  
but they are  
memories  
in the past  
carved into the stones of time  
and the mystery of the journey to come  
is dusted out of the newly etched grooves.  
Oh to look upon a vast expanse  
and dream of all the memories to be made  
but once accomplished,  
we are left with chips and scratches from the road  
yearning for another go  
just to be made whole.

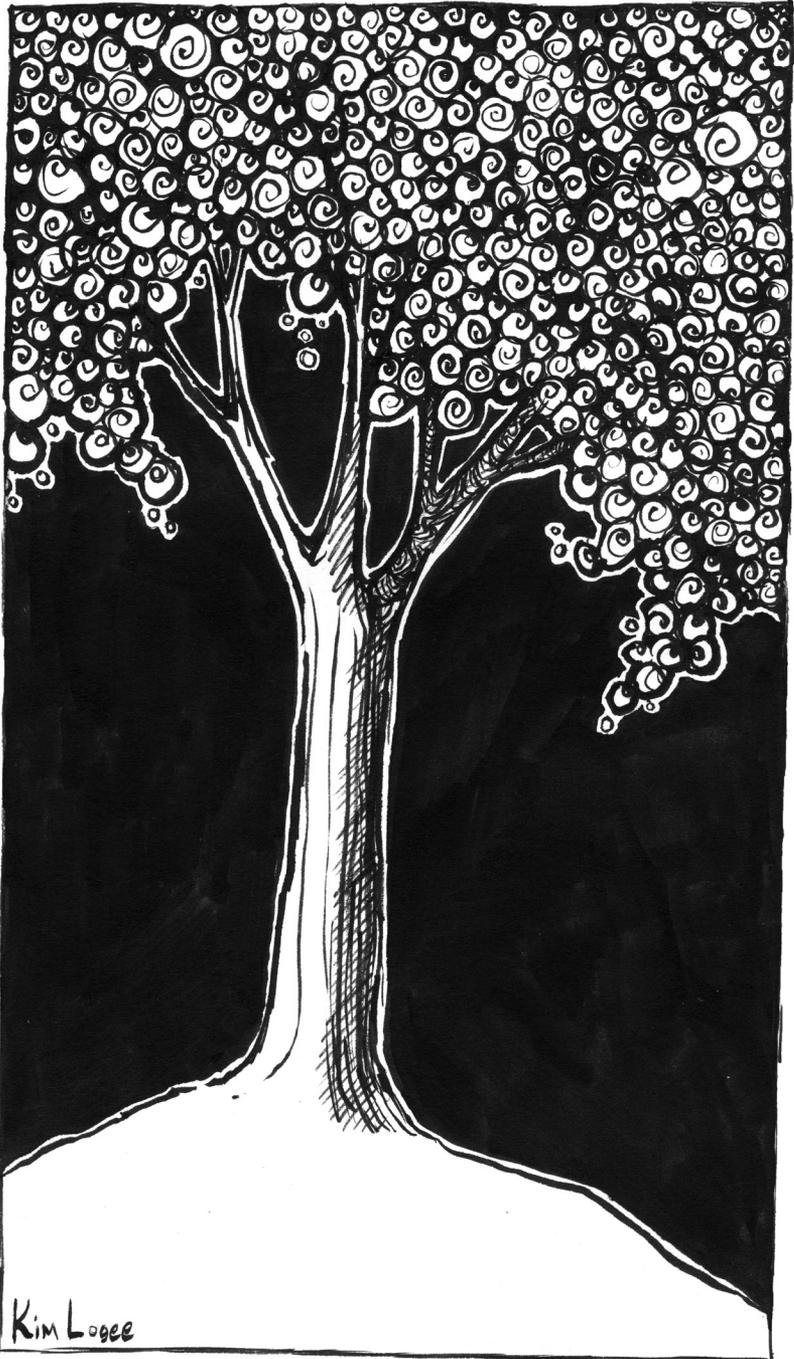


Mandarin and Shrimp  
by Laura Johnson

In this delicious mass  
I cannot determine  
Flesh from flesh

Goodnight Blessings  
by Judith Marklin

Herr, bleibe bei mir  
denn es will Abend werden  
und der Tag hat sich geneidet.  
Lord, stay by me  
as it wishes to become evening  
and the day bows down in surrender.  
Slowly  
the earth folds itself inwards  
anticipating the dawning of the night.  
Yet again we surrender to the dark  
but not without a  
brazen blazing parting  
(a comfort to hold us until morning)  
as a reminder of what lies behind  
and all that is to come.



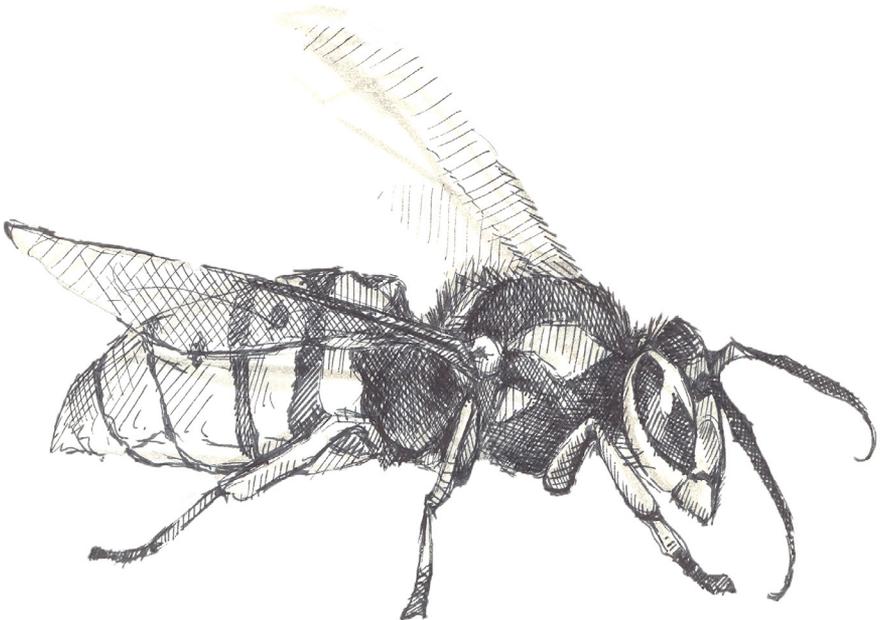
Kim Logee

Untitled  
by Meredith Guffey

There is  
a small valley  
behind what some once called  
Brookside.

In the chill  
of the deepening months  
when earth turns away,  
deer in reverence of the Trinity  
can be seen there,  
flashing burnished nickel.

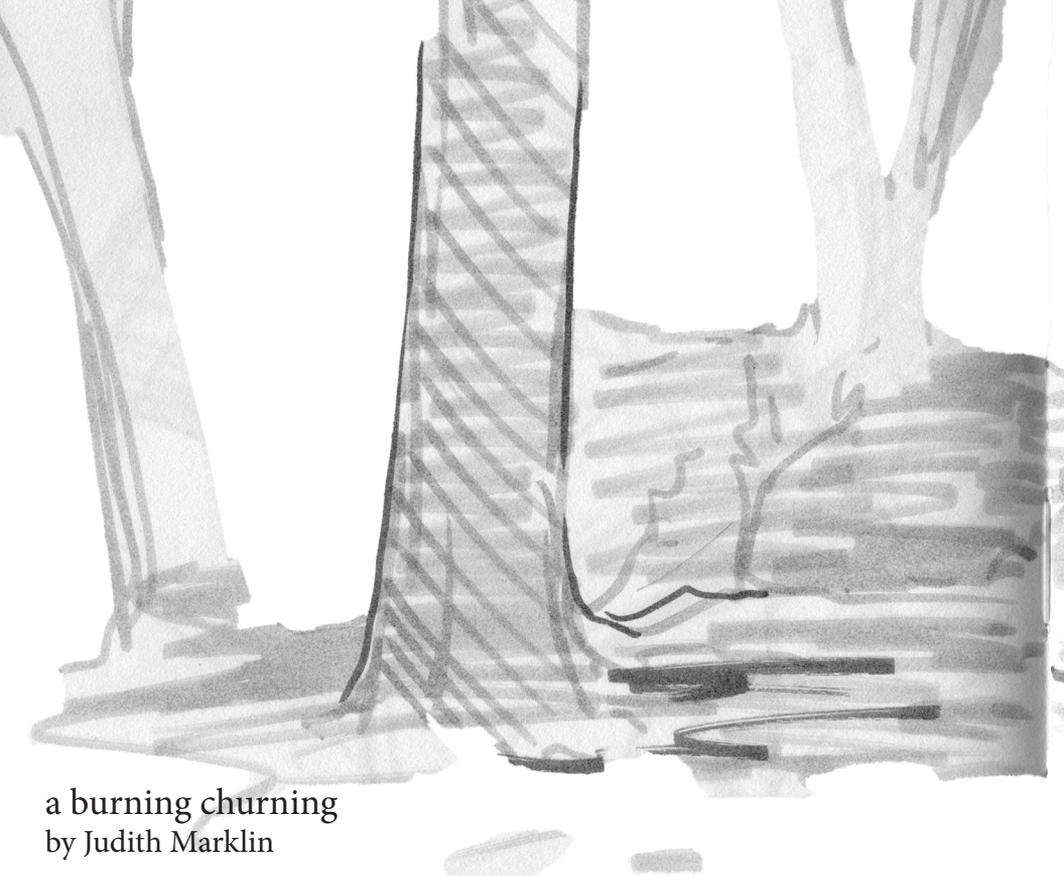
But in friendlier days  
the creek runs liquid openly  
once more  
and the last of the day's rose-gold  
is made malleable to leaf  
between the gaps  
of the trees.





Future  
by Ava Bergen

it would be good,  
to work at a table littered with our paper strewn  
a tiny kitchen with (I'd imagine) a tiny vase of tiny flowers and  
tiny plates  
four chairs, for company  
it's all so easy in my head but I know it's hard  
If we orchestrated it like a play, like we will some days  
you will storm and slam doors, I'll yell shrill curled on the floor  
But when we fight we don't scream like the TV static screams,  
when we fight its damp and sad,  
watery words trying to say--  
we laugh sick, stroking the sad hollows in our cheekbones--  
sweet cheekbone holes  
soaking tea bag days that hang on us, we dry  
and dearest  
it would be good,  
to make days with you.



a burning churning  
by Judith Marklin

Deep burning red hills greeted me  
welcomed me in  
mirrored my longing for  
home.

Churning old engine carried me into the valley  
with an empty passenger seat  
and a winding road ahead.

Beyond the red  
stood dusky dark purple ones  
as if to show the maturation  
of my returning.

And as the years pass  
the right seat stays empty,  
and I always seem to be driving  
west  
away from those emblazoned hills  
and all that they stand for.



KNOW THERE MUST

by Meredith Guffey

A land  
a wood  
of perpetual autumn.  
Of stills and shaft light;  
a scattering of the ephemeral  
yet never diaspora.  
A surge of slowness  
caught in cutting sweetness:  
all time  
swept away.  
Each instant  
a new peeling of warmth  
curling back  
to the truer shade of green.



We encourage you to check out the Lanthorn's new website for additional works that were not be printed due to size constraints.

This publication is now available online at [www.thelanthorn.com](http://www.thelanthorn.com)

Additional pieces:

Rachel Zimmerman's short story "November Skies"

Photography by Nathan Moore and Morgan Loghry

"No Surprise" a film by Derek Brooker