

# The Lanthorn



“Epilogues”

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Tyger Doell

Shannon Moore

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# From the Editors

Dear Friends,

We have made it to the end of the semester. For the people featured in the following pages, it is a time of mixed feelings: happy or heartsore or both. I can scarcely believe that four years have passed since I came to Houghton as a first year student, yet now I have done what I came to do, learned many things, and am graduating. I have changed and grown, doubted and loved while at Houghton, and no doubt will continue to do so once I leave. I know the same is true for you, readers.

If you are also graduating, celebrate with me the gifts of your fellow seniors and the journeys that are yet to be taken. If you are returning to Houghton, celebrate with us, and be sure to treasure the things you learn inside and outside of your classrooms and churches.

I know I can speak for all four of us when I say that being on staff for the Lanthorn this academic year has been deeply rewarding and unforgettable. We are blessed to have served this campus and to pass on this literary light for future students. May grace and peace be your companions through the days ahead.

With Love,

Gena and the Lanthorn Staff

# Deven Blowers

*Deven prides himself on grit. Coming from a blue-collar background, he has developed a sense of honesty, naturalism, and rawness in his poetry and prose. Using a minimalist style in the same vein as Hemingway, Carver, and Ezra Pound, Deven tackles challenging topics in the realms of illness, sexuality, and family history. His favorite motif and symbol is vomit. He plans to continue writing poetry throughout the rest of his life and would like to publish a few volumes in the future.*

## “Malleable Mitts”

Fall fades,  
Winter hands overtake  
Malleable mitts.

Seams and folds break  
Into canyons—or dry rivers—  
Waiting to be ripped open.

Where crimson waters leak,  
Inconsistency.

Where to dam the flood  
Is to stuff it into denim pockets.

But you can't parch the blood  
On your hands,  
Staining your skin.

The scabs and impressions stay  
Remnants of fault lines remain  
until end of season  
unless they scar.

# Abigail Reeth

*Abigail Reeth is a writing and art double major. Through her various artistic pursuits, she enjoys reflecting on the nuances and subtle details of her surrounding environments. While she primarily writes creative nonfiction essays, Abigail also dabbles in poetry, using her love of words to find the perfect term or piece of imagery to convey her ideas.*

*She has engaged in a variety of opportunities to exercise her literary skills at Houghton, including working in the Writing Center and contributing to the Houghton Star and the Lanthorn. Believing in the power of combining written language and visual art, Abigail hopes to use these interests in the future to work with nonprofits in helping to build communities in urban areas.*

## “I’m ready”

I’m ready  
To go  
And to let go,  
To shake loose my mane,  
Turn my face to the wind,  
And let it steal my breath  
While I laugh through the ache.

I’m reckless,  
Hoping  
Freedom’s promise.  
Wasn’t that the point  
Of these last stressful years?  
When nothing holds me back,  
I will race far away.

I’m hasty  
And blind  
To all warnings  
Of the world beyond  
The safety of this place  
That I take for granted,  
As I yank up my roots.

I’m going  
And gone,  
My dreams in hand,  
With benediction,  
Memories and papers  
To prove I briefly stayed,  
To show I swiftly left.

And one thing  
I think—  
I’m ready.

## “He wants to make s’mores”

You ask me to trust you,  
but for me,  
trust is like roasting a marshmallow.

My heart at the end of the stick  
is soft and my love is thick;  
the kind of sugary sweet  
that can be crushed under extreme pressure  
or melted under prolonged heat.

We both already know that  
if you were to take this stick from my hands  
to hold it out over the flames;  
Promise to me that you won’t let it get burned—

Trust me:  
it's gonna catch fire no matter what.

## Shannon Moore

*Shannon Moore is a senior English major with a minor in History hailing from Brooklyn, NY. She has written for The Lanthorn since her sophomore year at Houghton, becoming an editor for it this past year. In 2018 she won an Honorable Mention in Houghton’s MLK Creative Writing Competition and had a short story accepted by the Taylor University Making Literature 2019 Conference.*

*She plans to get her MFA in Creative Writing. Eventually, she hopes to write her own books and get a position as either an editor or professor. Until then she’ll keep nurturing her plant children, harassing her cats, and swimming the breaststroke through her massive book collection.*

#ilovetheLanthornstaff

# Jonathan Durbin

*Jonathan is an Applied Physics and Data Science double major. He started writing poetry in earnest during his freshman year mayterm. He writes poetry to express his feelings on a variety of topics. Much of his inspiration comes from Romantic poets such as William Wordsworth and John Keats.*

## “In A Day”

In the morning  
I felt fresh  
And alone  
Woken by my dreams  
I confronted the day

By noon  
I was a little dirty  
But I stood straight  
With others beside me  
I belonged

Now, at night  
I'm worn  
And somehow alone again  
The unfamiliar sound  
Of my dreams  
Beckons me back to bed

## “Summit”

I looked up the mountain  
Briefly surveyed my path  
Shrouded in shade  
The climb was a hard one  
Each sheer cliff and wide river  
Seemed impassable at first  
Yet somehow I found myself  
Past each cliff and river  
When I finally reached the top  
I looked in the horizon  
Saw only taller mountains  
And tougher climbs  
But now I feel ready  
For the next one

## “To Houghton: With Gratitude”

Recently, I’ve been flipping through my journal. The stiff pages made flexible; the pen indents. The paragraphs I misspelled the same word three separate ways.

This year, I’ve written a lot about color.

In September, I wrote about the silvery-green of early fall mornings, when the mist lifted off the quad as I read Jane Austen. Then about the tree between Paine and Chamberlain, the one that looks like embers in a late night-bonfire. I wrote about the bareness that covered the Field of Dreams; about the turmeric I had to gather for my paper-making class, sharp copper blossoms against a muted landscape. When the snow fell, I wrote about that too. First about its ethereal whiteness. Then about the way it blotted everything else out. Then about the fact that it would not leave.

Now I am writing about mud. It covers my toes. I wash it off at night and think about the trees it will root, the flowers it will sustain, the Frisbee team it will make splattered.

Recently, I’ve been flipping through my journal. The places where I thought about my future. The plans I could only sketch instead of paint.

“We are like bare birds,” I scribbled, in the middle of job-hunting stress, “stepping out further and further onto a branch and hoping it will not crack beneath us.”

They stick out, these places. Everywhere else, there is so much color a journal could not possibly hope to contain it all. They stick out because I know what it is to live in vividness.

In three weeks, I leave Houghton.

I’m going to carry the color with me.

## Anna Schilke

*Anna is a writing major with minors in English, Spanish and Piano Performance. She writes because she cannot imagine a life without words. Although it would be hard to limit her literary influences to a few, if necessary she has found inspiration from Louise Glück and Jan Austen.*

**“as you begin”**

do not wander the earth with haste.

do not let your feet turn upon the  
ground too quickly, but walk lingering,  
overshadowed by ancient, dying trees.

let wind move across your being -  
an unmoving force, an indwelling peace.

take a shallow breath,  
then a deeper one, and listen  
to the endless call of the chickadees.

and the spiders, the grass,  
the planes of barren wood - all will  
find their place, however small, in your life.

feel the chill of air as old as stars  
move into the depths of your skin;

let yourself be still.

be silent before the love of family and place,  
the quiet land where you have always belonged,  
and whatever you do, wherever you go,

do not wander through your life in haste.

## **Genevieve Hartman**

*Gena has always been a reader and writer; for several years she was homeschooled in a bookstore. Current influencers are contemporary poets Mary Oliver, Wendell Berry, and Henri Cole. Through her poems, Gena wants to explore and push the boundaries of places and relationships, as well as address the everyday changes that surprise us and make us who we are. Gena is deeply grateful for the opportunity to work Lanthorn over the past few years and looks forward to possibly working towards an MFA in Poetry Writing.*

# Tyger Doell

*Tyger has been writing poetry since his teacher introduced him to the form in fifth grade. Since then, poetry has been a way for him to process the world so that others can participate and interact with his thoughts. Walt Whitman, William Blake, and Mary Oliver are prominent poetic influences in his work. Tyger also cites his fellow poets Genevieve Hartman, Deven Blowers, and Shannon Moore as contributors and influences in works. Tyger describes his poetry as “suburban” for its bridging of unlike concepts. He strives to find the place where old meets new, nature meets urban sprawl, and God meets humanity. It is in this place where he believes true poetry comes from.*

## “The Purpose of Poetry”

A fly lands on my poetry book.  
What would Mary Oliver say,  
That such a creature  
Wants to read her work,  
To rub his greedy front legs  
Over the ink  
As he does before a feast  
Of carrion?

I want to shoo him,  
To clench my fist at a creature  
Who could so disrespectfully  
Stain the beauty before me.  
He again rubs his hands together  
As if to ask me  
“If you’re real,  
Why not strike me down?”  
I’ve heard that before, somewhere.

I let him fly away on his own,  
When he’s lifted his dirty proboscis  
From the sanctified pages.  
I wonder if allowing him  
To preserve what little semblance  
Of dignity he has  
Is more important than smiting a creature  
Who cannot understand what I am?

“Let him come,” she whispers.  
I smile,  
But she was talking to the fly.

## “I Forgive You”

In my dream,  
I saw you and me,  
sitting by the shore.

By the shore,  
I heard the waves tell the truth  
we should have, years before.

As the waves roared,  
and the wind chilled, I saw  
tears from your eyes, quietly spill.

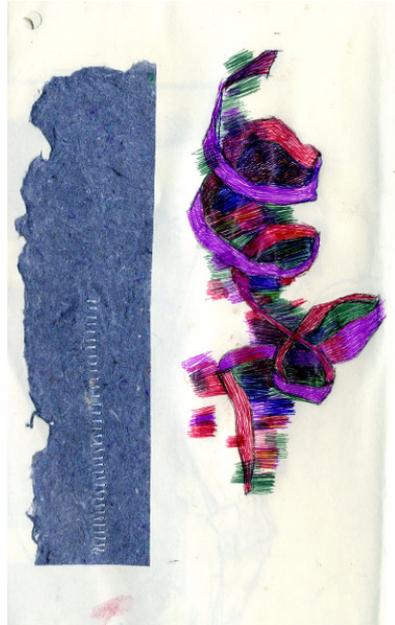
Tears turn to sobs;  
Of regret and repentance. Words cannot  
undo, the things you have done.

You continue to weep; I  
cried a little too. As the sun started  
to set, I took one deep breath & said,  
"I forgive you."

# Theresa Patnala

*Theresa Patnala (T-Bless) is a Psychology Major, who is also an international student, born and brought up in India. At the age of 12, Theresa discovered that writing could be her outlet for her angsty heart. Writing is still a way of processing emotions, healing, and finding a human connection for her. She enjoys taking notes of observations from colours, words, textures, feelings, nature, & people, and uses them as an inspiration to write poetry.*

# Seoyoung Je



*Seoyoung is a senior majoring in Studio Art and minoring in Psychology. She finds her inspiration from old masters as well as contemporary artists. Her work is inspired by the dialogue she has with them. She also draws a lot of her inspiration from the sun.*

## **Our Final Thank Yous:**

To Susan Peterson, who has brought  
our work to life;

To Dr. Stephen Woolsey, who has helped  
Houghton's literary community thrive  
during his many years of service;

To our readers, for enjoying and  
supporting the Lanthorn;

To all of our seniors, for being  
literary and artistic lights at Houghton.

## **A Final Blessing:**

*"May the peace of the Lord Christ go with you  
wherever He may send you.*

*May He guide you through the wilderness,  
protect you through the storm.*

*May He bring you home rejoicing  
at the wonders He has shown you,*

*May He bring you home rejoicing  
once again into our doors."*