

The Lanthorn



“Exploration”

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from the editors

Dear Readers,

Thank you for picking up this years first issue of the
Lanthorn.

We felt incredibly blessed to have the opportunity to read the wonderful submissions that we have received over this semester. Thank you to all that submitted, it was an extremely difficult task for our readers to decide on which poems should be published in our first issue. If you submitted, thank you!! Truly, we appreciate your creative talents.

Our first theme is “exploration” because we have noticed that students at Houghton are blessed with opportunities to explore during their time here. They explore the world around them, they explore their relationships and beliefs, and they explore who they are. We hope that you see Houghton as a place where you can feel safe examining all aspects of your life and the unknown until you become someone you can be proud of.

Keep exploring fearless ones. Sincerely,

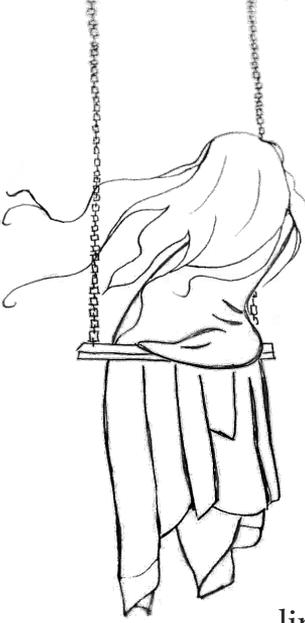
Erica and the Lanthorn Staff

P.S. The Lanthorn is pronounced “lantern”.

P.P.S. It’s the old English spelling.

P.P.P.S. Seriously, you should look it up.

Art: Lisbeth Crompton



“With Fortitude”
Jared Hobson

with the shifting of seasons
something shifted about him too.
lines blurred between familiar and foreign;
a stranger living in his childhood home.

he could feel the change inside him,
how it stirred inside his bones.
rising like heat from the late-July sun;
clear and calm, but relentlessly strong.

“what have you done to me?”
cried his distorted, former reflection.
“i’m all you have left here!”
“i’m all that’s safe and secure!”

the accusations pierced his skin
but he did not bleed a drop.
pulling the jagged words from his flesh
he rose and turned away from the past.

“now, go forth with fortitude,”
a new, braver voice whispered in his head;
and though he ached, he could never forget:
so wondrously and brutally, he was finally free.

The horizon cannot be seen,
for it is eclipsed by a sea of hills.
These hills, we must climb.
These hills,
they roll on and on.

“Vanishing Point”
Sarah Mertzlufft

Is there truly a horizon?
Is there a point of satisfaction,
or is it a figment of imagination?

That point, it seems, is a vanishing point;
a point that appears always out of reach,
but really, it does not exist.
As I walk toward the point,
it remains far, far away;
vanishing, slipping,
from my ever-reaching grasp.
As if in a dream, I struggle to move faster;
to catch what is eluding me,
but I can't.
It never comes.

So what if instead of longing for the vanishing point,
I make the hike through the woods,
over the hills and the mountains,
and I soak it in.
I take in the world, the beauty that surrounds me;
I enjoy every moment and I find my content in now.

I look to the distance at my dream, and know,
that my dream is not there.
It is here, around me, shaping my walk, my sight, my ear.
It is being formed by my perception of the past, present, and future.
It is behind me, around me, ahead of me.

What I do here, now, is what matters.
The vanishing point will soon be now,
so long as I keep walking;
so long as I keep my head up,
and stop every once in a while,
to let the sun soak into my skin;
to let the sounds and sights tell me,
that now, is a dream.

Art: Julia Wilmot



“Kicking Pebbles”
Jonathan Durbin

I cracked open my door
For the last time
Turned the key
With an armful of memories
I set off to find you

If the path ever filled with shadows
The marks on my arm
Would guide me
As I drift through the valleys
I'm just kicking pebbles on the road to you

Well, I saw the stars
Winking and laughing
From the wrong mountaintop
But I'm just trying
To find my way to you

“Wordsmith”
Jakob Knudsen

Take my words,
heat them in the fires of pain and passion,
strike them with everything you have, I'll strike them too,
forge the molten words, shape them into a wrought vessel
tempered time and time again
and to the ocean we will go,
sun hanging low, sky and waves glittering with stolen
orange hues.

Dawn, sunset—does not matter which.

Meet the tide as it rises to sweep away the sandcastles of
yesterday,

take the empty vessel and fill it,
three drops of blood and sunset-orange waves.

Stand and wait,

let the water, blood, and fire mix
and become something greater than before.

In the hands of the poet, that drought will turn to wine
sometimes bitter, sometimes sweet,

sometimes too rich, sometimes too thin,

sometimes meant to heal,

sometimes meant to harm,

and sometimes meant only to be poured back out on the
sand,

but still a filled vessel,

an attempt to change the world.

“Voyager”

Jonathan Durbin

Framed in stars

Rushing to nowhere

The “farthest man-made object”

But will a better view of a lonely planet

Or a clear glimpse of a network of stars

Reveal anything about us?

“Untitled”

Frances Mullen

When you leave everything that you once called home,

Then you'll grieve everyone that you used to know.

You've met your match! It's the world,

The whole thing is just daunting.

One day you'll come home and find yourself haunting

This place.

You cry every night because it's all too much,

Look you at you tryin'a get through life in a rush.

You beat yourself up

Because it's never enough.

The monsters! The monsters will keep you up at night,

The world will keep you up at night.

The monsters you made for yourself

When you went and you hid all your scars on a shelf.

That's no way to heal, dear.

And you just know when they tell you to heel, dog,

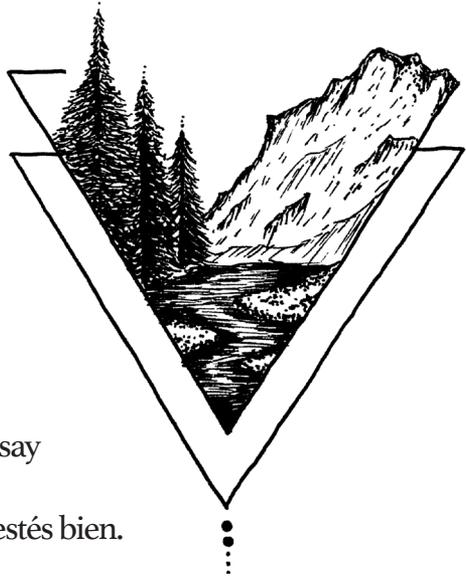
You won't fight.

You won't fight. You won't fight you won't fight you

won't fight you won't fight.

And nothing will ever change.

Art: Julia Wilmot



“Smile”

Ally Stevick

Lo siento. I'm sorry.
I don't have enough words to say
Much more than hello.
How are you? Espero que tú estés bien.

When you answer I'll have to say lo siento again
Porque no entiendo tus palabras.
I'll have to ask you to say it again
Y un tiempo mas and then one very last time.

And when I am afraid
Cuando pienso que tú y yo no podemos hablar
Then you offer me the grace I wished to give to you
With words I stored away for such a time as this:
Tú me das una sonrisa.

Like the sun que se entienden en todos las lenguas
That rises to shed light in every country of the world
Your face alights with a smile
Y por un momento solo, tu cara está el sol
And that I can understand.

As familiar to me as the day that breaks en todos los días que existen,
Recognizable without any words.
Maybe that is why they call it una sonrisa.

“Just the Ocean”
Anonymous

Someone I once knew told me:
“People come in waves”
At the time, I was clueless.

Now, as I reflect on this semester,
the words once shared with me
ring true.

I’ve lost a lot of friends.
It hurts, but losing you
Did the most damage.

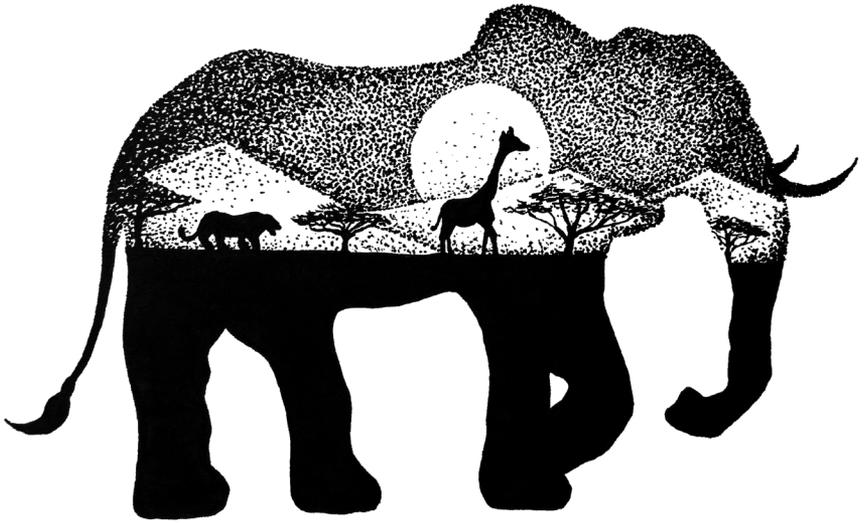
Now, I know full well
That people - and moments
come in waves.

Waves roll in,
Picking up, carrying, destroying
everything in their path.

Memories are cherished
In my heart; celebrated
for what they meant momentarily.

Likewise, I’ll mourn the loss of
A friend, a bridesmaid, an ally.
There’s no future, just the ocean.

Art: Julia Wilmot



“memories”
Eunjin Kwak

my memories are
the diamond stars
that light up
the dark canvas
of my heart.
they create constellations
that map out
where I have
been and where
i will go.

“Untitled”

Rachel Keener

There were moments when I didn't want to ever leave.
When the sun was setting behind the mountains,
or the moon was shining at night.

When the wind was blowing clouds through the stars
of the night sky,
or the hazy morning sun was covering the
mountains.

When I was sitting by the fire cooking,
or playing cards inside the house.

When I was basking in the late morning sun
on the mountainside they call their front lawn.

When I was making my way through jungle and
gravel to the shamba on the side of a hill.

When I was digging my feet into the soft, cool soil,
or making my way to church.

When I was on top of the world, one with the earth,
and low in the valleys and rivers.

When I was bathing in the open air with a mossy wall
surrounding me.

When I was sitting with them. When I was talking
with them.

When I was one with them.

When life was work, but life was simple.

When life was finally good.

There were moments when I didn't want to ever leave.

“Void”

John Gingrich

I seek you
Calling through the black cloud
Across the vast expanse
Your voice cuts through
Telling me to save myself
To run away while I can
I refuse

The waters around you turn as ink
A murky darkness diffusing around you
You cry out in pain
And my heart aches
Unable to sever the veil between us
I struggle against the current
Fighting a losing battle against the black

A light, then, shines from above
The darkness trembles, retreats
The radiant form of the Awesome
Places arms around you
And you cry softly as it holds you
I weep, joy at your salvation
Because I couldn't be there for you



“February 4 - The Night Of”
Caleb Fesmire

Raindrops sprinkle intermittently upon my hand—
A natural baptism of the body and soul, bringing
cleansing in the immersion of irrelevant droplets.
They dot my paper, and I smear them across the page.

Human voices carry across the white expanses:
sharp sounds to cut through the mundane symphony
of the exoskeletons of climate control. Laughs and shouts
grate against the natural world of mechanical incantation.

CLANG CLANG CLANG
amidst the ambiance:
The dull roar of fans and
slashing of rubber across
wet roads, up and down hills.

My head turns on a door's hinges to see who emerged
or who descended into phosphorescent tungsten purgatory.
Do I know them?
Do they know me?

“I Am”

Linette Taylor

I am not fear.
It has painted holes in my skin,
but I am not fear.
It has riddled me —
 marked me —
 caressed me in its abuse —
but I am not fear.

I am not pain.
It has chained me to my grave,
but I am not pain.
It has pierced me with needles,
 sharp and thick
 and all too real,
but I am not pain.

I am not death.
It reaches for me always,
but I am not death.
It has called to me
 with empty promises
 on its tongue,
but I am not death.

I am.
I am wrapped in the blanket of my ghosts,
 dressed in fear,
 groomed by pain,
 watched by death,
but still, I am.
In all of this, I am.

“Untitled”
Hope Barnes

Each day blends slowly into the next—
Goldenrod evenings into blue nights,
Dark mornings into beige afternoons,
Splashes of maroon and pink in between.
The colors swirl in a gray puddle of memory.
What came before or after no longer matters;
God holds my paintbrush for tomorrow.



Art: Julia Wilmot

Art: Julia Wilmot



our thanks

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it's pronounced "lantern")

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