



THE  
FIORETTI

SPRING 2014

*The* **Fioretti**  
Spring 2014

Michael Schrader  
Co-Editor in Chief

Lilly Foght  
Co-Editor in Chief

## ***Editor's Note***

The 2013-2014 year has been full of ups and downs. There has been the raising of Alumni Hall, as well as a fire partially burning Fisher Hall. With these and the many other trials faced this year, it is our pleasure to present the newest edition of *The Fioretti*. As one of the oldest traditions on Marian University's campus, *The Fioretti* is a publication of student artwork in both the literary and visual arts. The art forms have always held a particular place of importance on campus, from our Humanities courses to students spending late hours working on course projects. We are very proud to host an outlet for students who practice the arts and wish to celebrate this year with you. It is our hope that students will be inspired by the work of fellow classmates and continue this tradition.

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Sydney Shewmaker - Cover Art  
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The Fioretti

## ***Unmistakably***

Caitlyn McIntyre

Gulping in the fresh air  
Until my lungs can't breathe  
And I'll sit in the dark room  
Developing pictures with my tears  
I've never seen a picture so clear  
Showing me this is not the time to believe  
But to chew apart all questions and myths  
Then my labyrinth will be fixed  
Something shone through the cracks  
And touch me so deeply in a place I never found  
Unlocking a whole other being  
To be consumed in this daily life of living  
And it is forcing me to believe  
Like I've swallowed the key to my own humanity  
And I am Bursting, Searching for Release  
Oh, it's ripped me open.  
Whole and New  
I've never tasted air sweeter  
Or taken sight with this new light  
Unmistakably, I am Free.

## ***Shiver With Goodbye***

By James L. K.

In Loving Memory of W.B.

You feel as though your crawling  
The cars follow close to one another  
The rain keeps falling  
The day you bury your brother  
Your shoulders feel so heavy  
Your heart even more  
They say he is above you  
But you ask what for  
You know he is gone  
But you don't know why  
As you stand on the lawn  
Hearing his mother cry  
On a day so dark, no birds in the sky  
On a day so cold, you shiver with goodbye

## ***Cotton, Rings, and Rubber***

Natalie Butler

Cotton laced through silver rings,  
Weaving tightly for narrow it clings.  
All twisted and fastened with a bow,  
Then tucked under to slip on and go.

Ruby red slippers are what they seem,  
When they stroll across sidewalks with a certain gleam.  
Track by track, leaving a mark,  
For once they stood, but now they embark.

Where they lead, as they hug the pebbles,  
Dirt and soil, no longer focus on troubles.  
Hot and cold and every extreme,  
Wavering experiences, creating a theme.

Expediting one's duties in this every day scene,  
Adventures their seeking—not the world between.  
Bright and lighthearted in world of gray,  
From business paths they have gone astray.

People walking with their busy heads down,  
All caught up in thoughts in becoming renown.  
While searching for answers, try raising the glance,  
That life they offer might provide a second chance.

Don't think twice and don't disappoint,  
Allowing for a different viewpoint.  
Color is worth having in any shape or form,  
Endeavor to finally break the norm.

They created a new person who's waiting to brew,  
Who knew what could come from the life of a shoe.

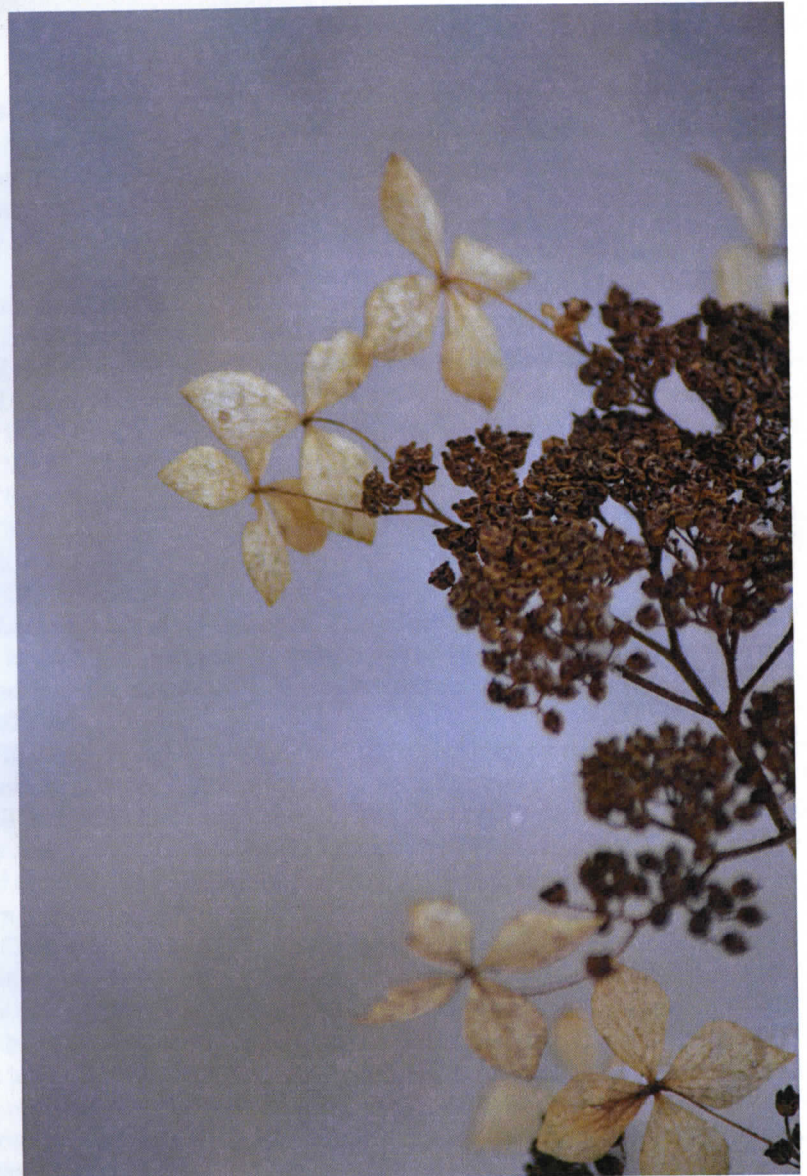
## *Diary of a Woman*

Leintz Belony

The red dress hugs her petite body,  
Exposing her newly –shaven legs and baring the features that make her a woman.  
She stands in front of the mirror not admiring  
But critiquing her work  
Eyeing every curve and every possible bulge  
Seeking out every piece of lint and fiber  
Making sure her skin and hair are L'Oreal-ready  
Her gaze lands on her belly  
She stretches the dress to expose a slight roundness  
The beginnings of a baby bump  
The end of her youth.

The dress fades to matte black  
19 yrs. old and so filled with fear  
She still hasn't told mama  
And daddy is somewhere doing something  
And as for her male counterpart  
Well, that's a mystery in itself.  
He's young, frivolous, in love with life  
Nothing is going to take that away from him  
Not even his seed,  
Lying in the depths of a woman who offered him  
Every inch of herself.  
Not him.  
Not now.

The dress turns red again  
But tonight, none of this ever existed  
No one else needs to know  
She's going to indulge in liquor and dementia  
Laugh until her abs are rigid  
And dance until her arches ache  
She gently smooths the dress,  
Giving it a final once over  
She applies her rouge lipstick  
Carefully balancing herself into her stilettos  
And quietly struts outside,  
To join the others.



Sydney Shewmaker  
Digital photograph

## ***Drawing a Blank***

Jill Crane

Drawing a blank  
A white crayon on white paper  
Nothing shows up  
And it doesn't surprise you  
But if the white crayon's all you've got  
You'll rub til it's a stub  
And you've caught the world's attention  
And the blank on plain white paper  
Will be worth its effort's mention.

## ***Conclusions over Chamomile***

Jill Crane

Cooling chamomile  
in charcoal cups  
curling up  
in signals of steam  
can I, could I  
come to a conclusion  
before the cool chamomile  
goes cold?

## ***Untitled***

Jill Crane

Wishes and words to the navy skies,  
Starlight reflected in wistful eyes,  
But empty the warm woolen gloves on this evening,  
She'll be patient in love, there's no sense bereaving,  
The silence on the sidewalk broken only by her breathing.

## ***Connecticut or Michigan?***

Joshua Miller

\$10,000

That would be an additional fifty percent to what they had already paid her. It would make Christmas easy. She could buy Jason and Clara those bikes they wanted, afford the trip to Georgia to see her family for New Years, and shave off a year of house payments. She might feel as secure as she had before Rob divorced her.

But an abortion?

Crystal ran her fingers lightly over the keyboard, not pressing anything, as she read over Tom and Linda's email. Light coming through the kitchen window created a glare on her laptop screen. She repositioned it on the plywood countertop. She heard the TV switch on in the living room. The Amazing Spiderman again.

"Jason! What did I tell you about the TV?"

"But, Mom!"

"Not at least till Clara gets home from school." The TV switched off. "Go play with your Legos."

"Ok." He sounded far from enthused.

Looking back at her computer, Crystal sighed. Her fingers began to press the keys. "Tom and Linda..." After a minute of key pressing, she ran her pinkie finger over the mouse and pressed send before she could change her mind.

\$20,000

That was enough to justify ignoring the churning sensation she felt in her stomach. It wasn't like she was saying no to her own child. She was pregnant with Tom and Linda's fetus after all. Welcome to the world of biological technology and surrogate motherhood. Perhaps she was not as able to handle it as she had thought. Now, she was being told that she did not even have a right to her own body because it wasn't her own body.

Crystal felt something brush her pant leg. She looked down to see Mel's orange stripes and frisky tail. The cat meowed at Crystal. It sat back on its hind legs so it could paw at her pant legs with its one forepaw. The right leg stopped at the inverted knee joint. "Oh, come here darling," said Crystal. She set the cat in her lap and wrapped her arms around it. "Do you think it's worth it Mel? I'll really need to find a job soon if I say no. Then who will give you your egg sprinkled cat food for lunch?" Mel sent a purr reverberating through Crystal's arms in response.

This had not been in the original plan. There had been no section of their contract that required her to have an abortion. Based on what the doctors were saying, the fetus did have some serious problems. It would be a medical nightmare to sort them all out upon the child's birth. But this hadn't been in the contract.

"We were hopeful and thoughtless, Mel," Crystal whispered. "The three of us just assumed it would be like any other pregnancy. It's not like this is the first time I've been a surrogate mom. Why does life do this to people?"

What if she did decide to have the kid anyways? What would Tom and Linda



do? They didn't want the child. Assuming the kid survived all of the operations it would need, they'd probably put it into foster care. Crystal's lip turned down. She hadn't heard too many positive things about the state's foster care system.

Taking that into consideration, Tom and Linda's insistence made a little more sense. This fetus could either be given no life or a pretty sucky one. That could be enough reason for Crystal to do it even without a reward. It's the right thing for the child. Right?

Slipping an arm beneath Mel, Crystal stood up and grabbed a coffee cup out of the cabinet. She moved the coffee cup to the dispenser, but she stopped just short of getting the cup in position. She stared at the cup. It shook. Not just a tremor, a rapid shake. She put the cup down and sat.

She had given birth a half dozen times. Not the most pleasant experiences, but the pain was faded in her memory. She remembered the eyes of each child she had birthed. Bobby, the last one, had dark brown eyes. You could barely make them out when his eyelids would let in a sliver of light. He had also screamed louder than a tornado siren. Crystal chuckled. Jason and Clara had seemed quiet after that. But this child would be deformed. It would not be a beautiful baby like Crystal was used to seeing.

Mel meowed, and Crystal looked down at the amputated leg. "Yes. We love you anyways." She set the cat down and let him walk off. It always amazed Crystal how he was able to adapt and walk so smoothly without his right paw.

She buried her face in her hands. Even if she had the child, Connecticut law would force her to surrender him to his biological parents. If they had only lived in Michigan she would receive custody of the child upon its birth.

She placed her hand on her four and a half month grown belly. "You'll be motor deficient, ugly and probably retarded. Is that really a life worth beginning?"

She gasped. She felt a kick on her hand. His first kick.

Crystal laid her head on the plywood countertop and cried silently.

She heard the bus breaks in the street. A click from the living room proceeded The Amazing Spiderman resuming. Crystal took a deep breath and lifted her head. Her computer chirped at her. "That was fast." She wiped the tears from her eyes and opened the email from Tom and Linda. They would pay her \$12,000. "Too bad, I've change my mind anyways." She began typing.

The kitchen door opened. "Hi, Mommy!" A little blond girl with round cheeks and bright blue eyes dropped her backpack and gave Crystal a hug.

"Hi, sweetheart. Can you bring your brother here? And turn that TV off?"

"Sure mom." Clara bounced away.

She quickly returned with her brother, also blond with round cheeks. His blue eyes though did not sparkle like his sister's. He crossed his arms. "You said I could watch Spiderman."

Crystal crouched down and placed her hands on her children's shoulders. "Clara. Jason." She took a breath. "We're moving to Michigan, and you're going to have a baby brother."

## **Cleromancy**

Michael Schrader

Her heels lie opposite my shoes  
and a watch sits broken  
on the floor, a purse is situated  
with contents spewed,  
there's a tie draped over  
the door - her bra is hiding  
underneath the bed.  
She finds her shirt  
in the hallway where we  
began intertwining,  
a sock still hangs  
from the brass knob.

I've mapped out  
these objects.  
It appears, I won't  
see her again.

## **Bad Intentions**

Leintz Belony

Last night I slept with the enemy  
And I have never felt more bliss in my years  
Her words were like nectar  
And she had lips like rose petals  
And where our skin touched  
Electricity erupted  
And when our eyes met  
Life made sense again  
Don't be fooled, I know it was wrong  
I know well that the past should remain in the past  
But how do you withdraw yourself from a bad thing  
That makes you feel alive  
From a drug that sucks away the sadness  
And slowly injects you with the serum of exhilaration.



***Maclura Pomifera***  
Jenny Ambroise

Acrylic on Canvas  
24"x30"

***Altered Eyes***

By James L.K.

Eye Open.

My mouth. No words can be spoken. Heart torn with emotion

Eye Patch.

These Wounds. Bloodied and burning. Writhing and turning.

Eye Stare.

At Fires. Swirling ashes, land lifeless on my lashes.

Eye Blink.

In the horror. Shaken to the core, of my being. I am seeing. No exit. No door.

Eye twitch.

With pain. Blood taking stain. Lifeless lay the slain.

Eye Strain.

To keep breathing. Burnt corpses seething. Flames weaving.

Eye stare.

To my brothers. Thoughts to their mothers. What for?

Eye Soar.

Above the field of battle. Slaughtered sheep, butchered cattle.

Eye Close.

My Eyes. Everyone sleeps, every body dies.

## *The Thinker*

Dylan Ng

Today I decided to think  
And thinking made me curious  
I wondered about it  
And I began to question  
Questions brought answers  
Answers brought knowledge  
Knowledge brought wisdom  
And wisdom brought happiness  
And you couldn't possibly understand  
The immensity of this thought  
Today I decided to think

## *An Empty Greenhouse*

Claire Crane

All was quiet, pensive in the swelter  
Afforded by the afternoon June heat,  
Close air filled with the sweet scent of peat  
And no wind, though there was nothing to stir.  
The rippled plastic made the sun obscure,  
Its amber glow spread upon the brown dust,  
A sepia tint, no living green hint, hushed  
Fans stilled to silence, all honeyed demure.  
An opened door, crunch of dirt underfoot,  
A sentimental sweep of the eyes,  
And a livened smile, for life was here,  
Green now unseen had billowed forth and put  
Forth buds, blossoms, fruit, diverse now disguised  
By passing time--ripened and picked cheer.

## *The Lupa*

Dante Fraturro

The lupa founded Rome. Lupa is a Latin word with two meanings. Some know the Latin translates to she-wolf but few know it also translates to whore. After two brothers, Romulus and Remus, were left for dead by a river they were discovered by the lupa. The lupa fostered the two children in their infancy. These brothers were the founders of Rome. The Rome that became an empire. The Rome that gave us roads and concrete and running water. The Rome where many of our laws are rooted and it's riveting how the Romans would rather believe a dog raised two boys as opposed to a prostitute. I suppose the whore was unfit to foster the lost and forgotten. Without her Rome would have never been realized and still the Romans rejected the lupa, the prostitute, the mother. They would rather revere relic of a dog and some babies while shamelessly maiming the lack of moral fabric covering the whore's knees. But what if appeasing the horny men is her only means to happy ending?

But that was the Romans, like two thousand years ago, things are different!  
There's no prejudice left, right? What do we call someone that sleeps around?

A slut, a whore, a lupa.

We overlook any context and mark the harlot with a scarlet and shame her as if slut is how she should be defined. The lupa may have lived on her knees but we will always be standing on her shoulders. The man will always be allowed to sleep around but if the woman reciprocates she's no more than a whore. But what if we saw grace in the girl that gets around? What if we discarded the double standard? What if we blew the whistle on the men that double teamed that girl instead of demeaning her as a slut? We should never throw stones at those we don't know, those without a home.

The lupas that founded Rome.

## *At Night*

Caitlyn McIntyre

Can we see the clouds at night?  
Does my sight take in the color white?  
Something that pure and translucent  
Only to be seen upside down  
Than am I really sleeping on the ceiling  
Has gravity failed me again?  
Because I think I'm lost in earth's spin  
My foot holds coming loose  
And my hairs blowing away in the wind  
I can't tell if I'm swaying  
Or dangling by a thread  
The rooms melting away  
No longer confined by four walls  
And one locked window  
But I'm glued to the ceiling  
And gravity's got me frozen in place  
And the clouds are still pure and white  
That must be why I can't see them at night.

## *What the Wall Saw*

Dylan Ng

No one can say for certain  
What the wall saw  
Because walls can't talk  
But if they could  
The stories they'd tell  
Of the girl in the closet  
Who lost her purity  
And her life  
To the fantasy of another  
And that  
I can say for certain  
Is what the wall saw

## *Desiredata*

Brendan Dugan

When the routine clamor  
of eat, drink, work, sleep  
becomes the heartbeat rhythm

and the babbling of faces  
disembodied and whirling becomes  
prayers of little creatures,

and the folly of children  
bespeaks the same determined progress of  
Misters and Misses in parody dress,

and the pantomimed script is  
rewritten again by manic hands  
and performed once more,

when our gods smile at our  
Sisyphean trial and error and  
trial and error and error and error,  
then carry on with their golf,

and the curious hell we've contrived  
of towering glass and ninety-nine  
cent heaven is paradise,

and the ritual elegance of  
a highway diner meal  
transcends the flesh,

and the piss and small talk,  
the labors of ants, gives  
poets pause

when the injunction finally reads,  
This is all, folks,

you may go placidly amid  
the noise and the haste, and know  
what peace may be found in it.

## Waiting Room

Katherine McConnell

I spent seven total hours in that chair. It wasn't consecutive, of course. But every time I sat down in the hunter green waiting area of Dr. Arnold Shapiro, MD, I timed it. This way, I knew exactly how many minutes of my life were spent waiting on this joker.

As I waited for a small part of those seven hours, I would play this game I called, "What's their mental illness?" While I waited for the secretary to come and invite me back, I observed all the others standing by. An old gray haired woman sat diagonally from me, sniffing from time to time. Depression. The child in the corner of the room that has spun in circles for 4, almost 5 minutes straight, had to have ADHD. The teenager sitting across from me wrestled with the leaves on the fake fern. A possible schizophrenic. No. . . wait... she is counting the leaves. She's OCD, for sure.

I looked to my mom. She was playing centipede on her cell phone. Her fingers pluck the plastic keys and her pupils zoom in on the small LCD screen. Collect the little dots. You get more points. However, the bug gets a little longer and a lot harder to handle.

This must be a nervous tendency she takes part in when she feels out of place. In the front wall, there is a small window. A woman in scrubs sits behind the desk. Her attention is focused on the computer. From time to time, she will look up when someone approaches to make an appointment. To the left of the window, there is a wooden door that leads to a hallway of offices. The largest one being Dr. Shapiro's.

A different woman, a petite woman, opens up the door. She is also in scrubs. But unlike the woman at the counter, her scrubs seem to be devouring her tiny torso. Blonde hair curls from her ears and meets the neatly sewn v-neck. In her hands, she holds a clip board. She looks down at it as she says, "Ms. Campbell, we can see you now."

I hate the expression "we can see you now." It has a false meaning. They could "see" her before. They chose not to.

The old sniffing woman who sat diagonally from me didn't seem bothered by it. Her arms lightly shook as she put a hunk of crumbled tissues back into her purse, stood up, and walked past the front desk area. Her dirty white tennis shoes clapped from the waiting room to behind the wooden door until the sound was too light to trace.

I sit back in my chair. Still waiting on my turn. For a short moment, I evaluate who was here before me and who came in after me. I think Mrs. Campbell was the last one who was in the waiting room when I entered. I should be next to go back.

I notice that in addition to the dust covered fake fern that is still being fondled by the teenager, the room is decorated in framed floral prints. The lavender in print is not lavender. It is periwinkle. I hate periwinkle.

"Ms. McConnell, we're ready for you."

I rise up and head to the wooden door. 31 minutes and 6 seconds.



**Panorama**  
Michael Schrader

Black and White Film Print

## **Untitled**

Lindsay Nichols

My sister, naïve, oblivious, single, pregnant, is worlds away from me, while simultaneously being in my heart all along because she is home and home is after all, where the heart is; but at the moment she has two hearts if you count the one beating inside the infant she is incubating, the baby she is so generously supplying life to, the baby she has hand-chosen a family for, the baby she did not intend to produce nor did she intend to destroy, the baby she is now defined by creating, as it's development progresses it slowly separates her from me, my mother, my father, her friends, the rest of our tiny little Podunk town, until it has ultimately distinguished her completely, beyond empathy, beyond consolation, and into the isolation that has become her pregnancy.

## **Bird Cage**

Leintz Belony

The moonlight confirms our sins  
Blood puddles in the cracks  
We find uninhibited love in a cage  
Alabaster fingers curled around cold bars  
Sea-blue eyes searching for liberation  
Quivering thin lips beg for a response  
For a minute they remain there  
Muted and still  
His smooth black feathers glisten beyond the shadows  
His mangled hands reach for her  
But the distance disapproves  
His darting bloodshot eyes inspect her dungeon  
Escape plans make his feathers stand erect  
She shakes her head, smiling politely  
Reaches out for his stroke his wooden beak  
But the distance is too great  
His eyes dim  
His charcoal wings fold  
He whispers, "I'll return tomorrow."

## **Fleeting**

Claire Crane

In a very small,  
Very, very small,  
Some would say  
Trivial moment,  
Suddenly you  
Think how, soon,  
Somehow soon,  
It will be ten,  
Twenty years from  
Now, and this  
Very small moment  
Will have flown—  
Reach out and  
Feel this moment,  
Feel the feathers  
On its heels,  
Enjoy and partake,  
For those heels  
In the next moment  
Will be the dust  
Flying by in their wake.

## *People, Life, and Growing Up – Just Some Thoughts*

BeauClair Shields

People never cease to amaze you;  
unpredictable, surprising, nice, friendly.  
Sometimes loving, sometimes grouchy.  
Seems there is never a reason.

Actions of others are a mystery.  
Wanting to impress or make a statement;  
People act for different reasons in different ways.  
For every action, there is a reaction.  
Some just seem to be more desirable than others.

Acting like this one day, like that the next.

It is hard to get a read on people.  
Understanding is not easy.  
We tend to judge too quickly,  
and speak without thinking.

Do you ever completely know a person?  
This I would like to know.  
It seems like the people you know best,  
are always able to reveal something else.  
But before you can begin to know and understand other people,  
You must know yourself, and realize that we are all human.

Growing up plays a huge part in knowing.  
Trying to find out who you are,  
it is difficult figuring out where to begin.  
Some just want to fit in, others to stand out.  
Add in friends and what you see around you;  
the decision of what type of person you truly want to be can be blurred all too  
easy.

Some luckier than others,  
they find who they want to be quickly,  
yet others take longer.  
People may walk many different paths,  
but if you choose the right direction then you're just fine.

The right direction is never the easy one.  
That is why you stand out.  
You become a mystery to many,  
yet people will be drawn to you  
for reasons they do not understand.  
Actions rarely go completely unnoticed.

Young kids look up to you.

Parents are proud.

Your presence will be accepted by all types of people.

Not everyone will like you though.

You will be envied by some.

People tend to not see the reasons why you are the way you are.

Jealousy overtakes them.

They do not know how to act towards you.

Being negative, mean, and rude.

They are the most jealous of what you have.

People are wary of what they don't know.

Envy tears them apart.

You have what TRULY makes you feel happy and loved.

More valuable than anything.

That, in some way, is wanted by all.

Knowing where to look is hard.

Drugs, alcohol, sex, gangs and, violence are not true love and happiness.

Received, at best, is a temporary feeling.

Things that are NOT TRUE do NOT LAST.

I am not one to say much,

I'm young.

I am still going from path to path,

but my direction to my destination is set.

That is the true goal.

My destination is in Christ,

-the only place where true love and happiness are found.

For that I am excited.

As for my path,-- does it matter?

God has a plan.

No matter what I choose to be in this life,

In my direction, the path leads to the right destination.





## **Cocaine Pancakes**

Michael Schrader

Crack whores eating  
cocaine pancakes  
with heroin syrup, topped off  
by cherry red prescription pills  
tearing strips of acid laced napkins,  
trapping themselves in kaleidoscope eyes,  
a world turning, fracturing,  
devolving – simplistic colors,  
shapes – a geometric wonderland:  
purple, orange and blue, while  
wearing crocodiles for shoes,  
the deconstruction of a hell bent  
reality to an elementary school understanding  
that a triangle atop a square  
constructs a house.

## **Touch-Me-Not**

Leintz Belony

Behind the Mansion, you'll find a whirl of hidden stone steps  
That filter into a vast ravine  
And as you trod east up the beaten narrow path  
You'll find little specks of unsolved mysteries  
A sunflower seed  
Covered in a silky green coating  
Touch it.  
Feel its lightness.  
Let its fragile existence provoke the mind  
Let its airiness excite wonder  
And its purpose leave you tangled in enquiries  
As soon you grow fond of the small substance  
And you will  
Give it a light squeeze  
And be blown away by its response  
It will incinerate into the air  
Into the world  
Leaving behind no trails of your misguided encounter  
No evidence of its past  
Just the questions that now stem in your mind.

## **Raincheck for a Kiss**

Dylan Ng

Opportunity called  
And we weren't there  
We missed it  
And now I'm sad  
Because what we have  
Is like no other  
And I want to celebrate it  
Celebrate us  
Because we make magic  
And I like that  
So let's promise  
Promise to never give up  
To keep fighting  
For each other  
And next time  
We'll answer  
When opportunity knocks  
And we'll make up for lost times  
And we'll kiss  
And the world will know  
This love  
Is ours

## **Goodbye**

Claire Crane

Shh—do not say that two syllable word  
With the two moony eyes in the middle of  
That astonishing antonym of how this feels  
And the final, long, longing sound of "I."

## Blackout in Chatsworth

Joshua Miller

Gabriel snatched the small pile of envelopes off the floor where a puddle was spreading from her feet. She held them away from her to keep them safe from the water dripping from her eyelashes. The first letter was addressed to Gabriel Bella; the next four were for Lizzy. In response to a shiver, she tossed the unopened envelopes onto her shoe rack. She whipped her blond hair to the side and then pushed the remaining strands out of her brown eyes and running mascara. Kicking off her red stilettos, she stepped into the center of her living room and stripped off her soaked shirt and pants. She reached her folded hands to the ceiling and bent to the left as she stretched her back.

Then Baxter crossed her mind. A shudder broke her stretch and brought her hands beneath her chin. She saw him, shirtless and with chain in hand.

She rattled her head back and forth before snatching the TV remote off the coffee table. She clicked on the screen, but didn't check the channel. As she walked to her bathroom, she pressed the radio's power button in passing. She left the door open to let in the BBC and Katy Perry. Ten minutes later she walked out wearing dry underwear. She had also removed her makeup though a visitor would not have suspected it from her facial features.

Her head bounced to the beat of "Wrecking Ball" as she again passed the radio and upped the sound dial. She pulled her phone out of her discarded jeans. One new message from Jack Robins. He probably wanted to get together this weekend. She'd check it later. She dialed up the thermostat. Fifty-two degrees outside deserved high seventies inside. At least for a three year Californian.

Gabriel poured a bowl of soup, set it in the microwave and went to find a channel while she waited. She just barely heard the first roll of thunder amidst Taylor Swift's "22," NCIS's theme song, the hum of the microwave, and the whining of overworked air vents. But she heard the next one.

There was a snap.

Darkness took over.

Gabriel's noise died, but not the thunder.

The storm reveled in its conquest, knocking on Gabriel's ear drums with wave upon wave of thunder. She squealed and fell, tripping over her wet clothes.

The rattling of her heart replaced the drumming thunder. It took a moment of blinking before Gabriel started cursing the storm. She started to get up. She looked at the little light coming through her window blinds, and her mind filled the darkness with a still shirtless Baxter, now armed with a knife. She choked on a scream and fell again.

She lay still until she could control her breath, then she cursed. She cursed the storm, her clothes, the TV, the microwave, Baxter and her job. She fumbled to find her phone in the dark, by its light, she put away the hazardous jeans and shirt and then fetched her lukewarm soup.

Then she sat.

Not even the pitter-patter of rain could be heard since there were two apartments above her. The January sun was long gone, and the storm had claimed the

street light. Gabriel glanced at her phone; 6:42. The night was young.

Her phone buzzed. It was Jack again. "U lose pwr?"

"He needs a girlfriend, so he'll leave me alone." She set her phone down without replying. She stared at the moonlit road through her window. She felt her mind begin to wander to her work and Baxter, so she opened candy crush on her phone. After ten minutes of mindless candy shuffling, she glanced at her battery bar and remembered that she had forgotten to plug it in last night. She sighed. "Better save it." She closed the game and sat back in her chair.

The silence was still there.

"Let's see what Abbey's up to?"

A few rings later, she heard, "Hey Lizzy! Where havvve you been?" The slur was unmistakable. Abbey was already having her evening's fun without Gabriel.

"Home. Where are you at?"

"With everyone at Baxter's party, of course!" Gabriel had forgotten about that. Just because she wasn't on speaking terms with Baxter didn't mean her other coworkers would skip his party.

"Oh, well have fun." She hung up.

Silence.

She shivered. She fumbled through her bedroom till she found her night gown. She tried to brush her teeth, but apparently she had forgotten to put the toothpaste back in the drawer and she wasn't about to search in the dark. Slamming her toothbrush on the bathroom counter, she went directly to her bed. She lay down, and began to toss and turn.

Eventually, she glanced at her phone: 7:45. She cursed her dreams that would not come and Baxter who kept them at bay. Chucking her covers off the bed, Gabriel walked to her kitchen table and buried her head in her arms. Her phone buzzed. "R u ok?"

"Shut up Jack!" she yelled. She typed back, "U think? No pwr, cold, can't sleep." She hit send and shoved her phone across the table, but sighed in relief when she didn't hear it hit the floor.

The phone buzzed. Gabriel ignored it, but the silence had its way. She walked around the table. "Want 2 go 2 TGIF?"

"You suck," she whispered. She glanced around the dark room. "Sure."

"I think we're ready to order too. She'll have the loaded potato skin appetizer with a Boston Lager. I'll have the Jack Daniel's Chicken Sandwich. . . No, just a water, please." The waiter left. "So, how've you been, Gab?"

"I go by my work name, Jack," replied Gabriel to the 21 year old sitting across from her. He was a short, scrawny fellow with a blue sweater hanging from his shoulders and engulfing the rest of his body. A sharp chin stuck out past the sweater's zipper. He pushed the glasses on his pointed nose closer to his large brown eyes.

"Sorry, Lizzy, old habits die hard," said Jack. When she didn't respond, he began, "Well, things have been going pretty well for me over at Pierce College. My 300 level economics classes have been a little harder than I expected this semester, but I'm handling it pretty well. Luckily golf hasn't been too demanding yet,

though it will. I will say that I'm glad I'm only taking 16 credit hours and not 19 like I had considered. That photography class can wait till senior year."

"Hmh," she responded.

Jack opened his mouth to speak, but paused to think on his question before asking it. "Have you heard from anyone back home?"

Gabriel raised her eyebrows at him. "You know the town has basically dis-owned me."

He nodded with a frown. "I talked with my parents the other day. They mentioned that your folks are doing alright. Your mother just got over her case of pneumonia, and she seems to be making a full recovery. Your brother Jim just got accepted to Ball State. Apparently your parents really didn't want him to leave Indiana."

"Funny, they didn't want me to leave either."

"How are things at... work?" he asked. She shrugged. "Baxter hasn't hit you again has he?"

Gabriel's jaw hardened. She looked at a distant table, not responding. After several moments, she sighed. "We haven't had a shot since. We have one coming up in a couple days."

"Is he in it?" She nodded. "Can't you tell the director so that Baxter will stop?"

"You know how much they care. If I complain, I'll just get on my boss's bad side. He might say something to Baxter to keep me quiet, but it won't change anything."

Jack frowned. "You know you really should just quit."

Gabriel rolled her eyes. "I knew that was coming. No, Jack. It makes good money and I'd have nowhere else to go, nothing else I could do, especially with this in my past. The adult film industry is my only career possibility."

"You still think so? Even after Jenna's suicide?"

"She was going downhill for a long time. Jill and Chelsie were the same story. Addicted to drugs within their first couple months of work. They never last longer than a year. I've survived for almost three, Jack. I know the pitfalls of the system, and I avoid them. I'm stuck, but I'm surviving."

Jack put up his hands. "I'm sorry, Lizzy. You know I just miss the cheerful girl I knew from high school. But, I'll drop it."

Gabriel grunted. The waiter returned with their drinks. She glanced at her phone: 8:30. She sighed.

"So, did you see the new Downton Abbey episode?"

Gabriel sat up strait and narrowed her eyes. "Why? I thought you didn't care for the series."

Jack smiled. "You said that you never miss an episode, so I figured I'd give it a shot. I've seen all three seasons."

"I told you that two weeks ago."

He smiled again. "Like I said, I've been busier this semester than I expected. For the first time that evening, Gabriel smiled back."

Jack pulled into Gabriel's driveway. She stepped out of the door and almost



**Untitled**

Sydney Shewmaker

Digital Photograph

slipped on the wet pavement. She looked at Jack across the roof of the car, and both broke out laughing. "I told you about what happened to Beth at turnabout junior year, right?"

"No." She pressed close to Jack so that her cheek, dimpled with laughter, bumped into his hand holding the umbrella.

"I was holding the door for her to climb into this very car. She slipped on a patch of snow right in front of me and got a four inch tear in her dress. Her mom had to sew it up, and we were thirty minutes late to the dance."

Gabriel snorted a laugh. "She was such a klutz."

The couple reached Gabriel's apartment. The lamp out front was still dark. She turned the key in the door and opened it. "Well, thank you for the evening, Lizzy. Sleep well."

"Good night," said Gabriel with a smile. Jack turned around and walked towards the car. She looked into her dark living room. Her smile faded. An image of Baxter with a chain in hand flashed across her mind. She gasped.

Jack heard her. "You ok?"

"Yeah, it's just that... Do you want to stay and visit for a little bit? I don't know what I'll do with myself for the next hour with no power. I can't usually get to sleep until midnight."

Jack glanced in the dark apartment and then at his watch: 9:58. "Yeah. I can stay a bit. I have some candles in my car I bought for the storm."

They lighted up the kitchen counter and opened a bag of potato chips. For the next hour, they proceeded to laugh about the nerds, jocks and school jesters they had graduated with.

Gabriel excused herself to go to the bathroom. When she returned, she put her mouth to Jack's ear and whispered. "I want to thank you for everything tonight." He looked over his shoulder.

"What? No!" His chair slammed to the ground as he stood. Gabriel, standing in front of him in her underwear, raised an eyebrow and spread her arms. "You have been texting, calling and following me for the past two and a half years. Is this not what you've wanted?" Her voice was soft, like a young girl who doesn't understand why her brother doesn't like her sugar cookies.

Jack's breath had quickened. "Please, Lizzy. Don't tempt me. I don't want to use you." He made as if to walk past her.

She stepped in his way. She smiled into his eyes and whispered. "It's ok, Jack. I'm offering." She reached out towards his face, but Jack backed away into the table.

He took a deep breath. "There have been times I would have accepted without a moment's hesitation. I'll admit, I've been jealous of Baxter and those other creeps who are paid to have sex with you. But I know if I say yes, it would be only for myself." He moved again towards the door.

Gabriel remained transfixed and let him pass her. She stopped him two steps later with a word. "What does that make me, then?" Her softness was replaced by steel. She turned toward him. He was half way between her and the door. He had already lifted his hand for the door knob, though it was still three yards away. His raised hand trembled. "So I'm a whore?" continued Gabriel. "Not content

with my fellow porn stars I go after desperate college students? Is that how you see me, Jack? Is that what you're taking from tonight?"

His trembling hand fell to his side. With his head bent forward, he turned toward her. He lifted his eyes, and Gabriel saw tears forming. "I miss the girl I knew three years ago, but, Gab, I know she still exists."

Gabriel walked forward till her nose was in Jack's face. "Call me Lizzy." She stomped to her bedroom. "Leave!" As soon as she heard the door close, she collapsed on her bed and wept. Memories of homecoming with Jack freshman year ran alongside visuals of Baxter on top of her in a stage bed.

She slept at some point, because she woke up in the morning. However, she hardly felt refreshed. The same memories continued on repeat.

She walked into her living room. The lights were on. The burnt wick of Jack's candle sat on her table. Her lip trembled. She pulled out her phone. It was dead. She plugged it in to make her call.

He picked up, but there was a pause. "Jack?" she asked.

"Can I help you, Lizzy?"

"Jack—" she swallowed a lump in her throat and took a breath. "I want to apologize for last night. I know you better than that."

"It's ok, Lizzy. I don't hold it against you."

"I also want to say thank you. Things with work have been rough lately, and I do appreciate you being real with me."

"You're welcome. I really had a great evening too."

There was a pause. Jack broke the silence. "Would you like to have lunch tomorrow?"

"Sorry, I have a shoot tomorrow."

"I know."

"I'll get in so much trouble!"

"Well?"

She sighed and let her eyes roam around her room as she searched for an easy excuse. She took a quick breath. She thought she had seen Baxter in her bed. She hadn't fixed her sheets. "Fine."

"Wonderful! I'll pick you up at twelve, Gab."

She took a breath to speak, but after a moment of thought let it back out without sound. "Thanks, Jack. I'm looking forward to it."



*Texan Tree*  
Michael Schrader

Black and White Film Print

*To the woman I don't think I've met yet*  
Dante Fraturro

To the woman I don't think I've met yet  
I got bad luck like I broke a mirror under a ladder in front of pack of black pan-  
thers  
It's very superstitious  
And I'm beginning to Stevie wonder when I'll get a sign so I can be sealed and  
delivered to you  
And when I'm yours I want you to open me like your favorite book  
But read me like it's your first time  
Be gentle at first like it's my first time  
The lines on the pages will teach you my life lessons  
Each chapter will tell why I walk a little less tall than the one before  
And I hope you're floored by this poem but this is not a really poem it's a prayer  
And each day I pray that God will give me a queen instead of just another prin-  
cess  
Just another tempest I can't resist  
And I'm tired of being a witness to the battery of my own heart  
I wonder if it will ever get too tired and die  
Or if after three days you could resurrect it

To the woman I don't think I've met yet  
With the strength of a tyrannosaurs Oedipus rex I hope you're like my mother  
I hope you're strong  
I hope you're stubborn  
I hope you don't give two shits about what people say about you  
And when someone hits you I want you to hit em' back  
I hope that's your prerogative  
I hope we have a love like Bobby and Whitney  
Actually, I hope we don't  
Actually, I hope we become a song Ed Sheeran would write  
I hope build Lego houses  
I hope we hide in the attic of hearts and like pros we'll write lines of poetic justice  
and get high off em like lines of cocaine because you're one helluva drug  
Anne frankly I wanna fall into the ocean of your eyes  
I just hope I can swim good

To the woman I don't think I've met yet  
I want you to look forward to me like Friday  
I want you to have fun with me like Saturday  
I want you to forgive me like Sunday  
I want you to come over for breakfast  
And when you come over know that you are always welcome  
But when I'm gone don't talk to my bed sheets I don't know what they will say  
about me behind my back  
Don't talk to my fridge either, it'll say I drink too much

And don't talk to my futon, I've disrespected it more times than I can think of  
with girls that didn't even deserve a wink or even a blink of my time  
On second thought, if you're going to truly love me than you need to truly know  
all of me

The good, the bad, the happy, the sad  
Let's stay together 'til people are Al Greene with envy of our love  
Let's stay together 'til you get all my cheesy references  
That may be a while...

To the woman I don't think I've met yet  
To the woman I don't think I've met yet  
To the woman I don't think I've met yet  
If I have met you, I'm sorry  
Thank you for finally opening my eyes  
And if we haven't met  
My name's Dante  
Would you like to keep me company?

***Propinquity***  
Natalie Butler

***In the eyes of the little:***

Not understanding and  
No way to explain.

Misconceived,  
the seconds and  
the minutes  
Remain.

Arms of a hug,  
Streams of a tear,  
Strings of a heart being tugged.

Life without  
creates life within.

All that's visible is  
the blur and the spin.

***In the eyes of the middle:***

Trying to use words,  
But they come out all  
Wrong.

Leading by example,  
giving up for the  
distance  
of the feeling they long.

Always,  
someone is watching,  
someone who cares.

Don't let them control you,  
forget their dares.

***In the eyes of the old:***

See the pain, but  
share the stories.

Legends of old

bring back old glories.

Returning to familiar places.

Reminiscing in the times and in the spaces.

Protecting under supportive wings  
can only last so long.

Life can bring all kinds of things;  
the lessons are worth living—  
join in on the song.

*In the eyes of the Wiser:*

Contact  
is worth sharing.

It is my  
love  
you are carrying.

To the sea and back,  
Every country,  
Every grain,  
Every crack.

Spread  
my hope  
and  
my story,  
and you will be  
Rewarded.

I can give you  
Life,  
for you I have courted—

a love  
so deep and  
a peace  
so true.

Indeed,  
I gave myself for you.

Learn from  
42

the old,  
the middle,  
and  
the little.

Each step can trickle  
into the other.

I brought you here to  
walk with your brother.

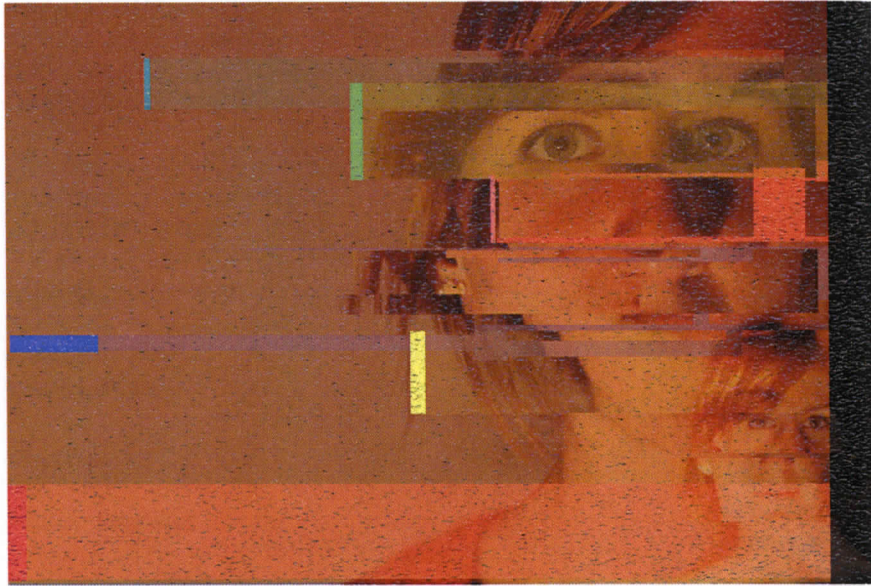
Hand in hand,  
Foot by foot,  
Eye to eye.

Don't stand back and  
wait—  
just to hear the dreadful sigh.

Evangelize a life  
that will not  
advertise  
the strife.

Stand firm  
and  
Lean on me,

and trust that  
Forever  
by your side I will  
Be.



### ***Glitched***

Veronica Belles

Photography/Digital Manipulation

### ***Love & Slugs*** Caitlyn McIntyre

There's a set of eyes staring me down, I've never seen them blink  
I can only taste the salt  
They said it'd make them go down easier  
But they crawled all the way down to my gut to lose their shell  
So it could lay eggs in my brain  
And my temporal lobe is pounding out my eardrums for an escape  
And my eyes wanna bleed from all the staring  
It's the worst dose of medicine  
What did you give me?  
It's got me trembling in sweat  
While my lips are stained in their own ruby red  
My teeth are cracking in attempt to flee my tainted mouth  
I'm spinning in circles, while you recite lyrics I never wrote down  
Then, I  
Fall  
And  
Fall  
And  
Fall  
Until it hits me square in the heart  
Still pounding away in my chest  
Its love,  
You dirty bastard, poisoned me with Love and Slugs



## Addiction

Adriana Zermeno

I could taste the nicotine and caffeine on my lips.  
Swept away by the lust in the air.  
In a dim lit room and smooth atmosphere.  
I could feel the flakes on my tongue.  
Tingling like little sweat bees on my taste buds.  
Psychologically pulling me in as I start melting  
on a plaid sofa with an overwhelming comfort.  
Easy does it.

The room enlaced with a light fog.  
Renewing the cataracts in my eyes  
making the little sparks explode.  
Empty wooden bottles scattered like tetris.  
Words remained miles away, hugging nonexistence.  
Endangering my feelings and thoughts.  
Easy does it.

My depressed nerves somehow finding delicate responses  
the stimuli unknowingly numbs the erect hairs  
The dark roast habituates the tiny earthquakes  
My shy, fresh thoughts,  
a tsunami of his outlining fingers,  
Tracing the flaws in my confidence  
Easy does it.

Light as a feather, floating  
I could smell the anticipation creeping  
Like harmless ants on an apples core  
Consuming my body with mindless twirls  
Of his caffeine and nicotine on my lips.

## Voodoo Horse Shit:

Katherine McConnell

Voodoo horse shit. That's what my dad calls it.

My mom calls it crystal healing.

"I'm so glad you're giving this a chance." She smiled and walks a little chiffon bag over the windowsill of my room. She opens it up. One by one, she pulls out multicolored glossy stones and explains each one to me.

"Amethyst. It opens the crown chakra." She explains as she sets it in the light.

"Ocean Jasper. It will help you balance your emotions."

"And finally, Calcite." As she pulls this stone out, I notice it is on a long silver chain.

"Leave these by the window to charge. Tomorrow, they'll be ready."

I'm uncomfortable with the fact that they have to charge. They're stones—not iPhones.

I'm uncomfortable with a lot of things my mom does. About a week ago, she sat me down to talk about my "options".

Therapy didn't work. Medication didn't work. Obviously, the next option is magic rocks.

She's always been this way. A crystal hippie. A self-proclaimed psychic.

A person who whispers to spirits and guides the dead to the light.

If it were up to her, we would have been practicing this method from the start.

As a child, I remember her oddness. I once came home one day from school to find her at the edge of my closet standing on a metal chair. All of my toys were pulled out of my closet. The board games that once sat on the top shelf were thrown off. Tiny plastic pawns were scattered on the floor.

"Hey, Honey. I'm reorganizing your closet. I don't want you keeping your things in here anymore. Your grandma doesn't like it."

I've never met my grandma. She died before I was born, but I know that this use to be her house and she used to sleep in my bedroom. I sat my backpack down near my bunk bed. She continued talking.

"When you cross over to the other side, you still see things as the way they were when you left. Your grandma gets angry when you take things out of the closet. She thinks you're taking her things."

As a second grader, I didn't ask questions. I nodded and promised my mother to stay out of my bedroom closet.

Suddenly, my instability seems hereditary.

After my mother leaves, I take the crystals from my windowsill and toss them into the closet.

## His Day

Dante Fraturro

He wakes up at 7:15 every morning from the same dream that one day poetry will be all he needs to get by and self-actualize, but every time he wakes up reality dictates a different plot line defined by a 9-5 climb up the corporate ladder resulting in fat cats growing fatter with few crumbs trickling down to his platter.

They say he's a player in the wrong game. They say he's a white kid with a black name. He wants to be off the chain but he's profiled like LinkedIn. Synced into a place where PCs feel like nooses and caffeine substitutes for creative juices, where the mouse and the monitor cock block the pen and the paper and these Beats bump, bump, bumping K. Dot are the only thing that keep his sanity on lock down and his spirits uptown where the theatre is.

See he strives to find the key to free himself from the corporate shackles smocking and mocking his creativity because he feels like a part of the chain, chain, chain of fools who chose a desk over love, the ones with no Aretha soul putting money above passion

And it's fashionable to get that pay check.

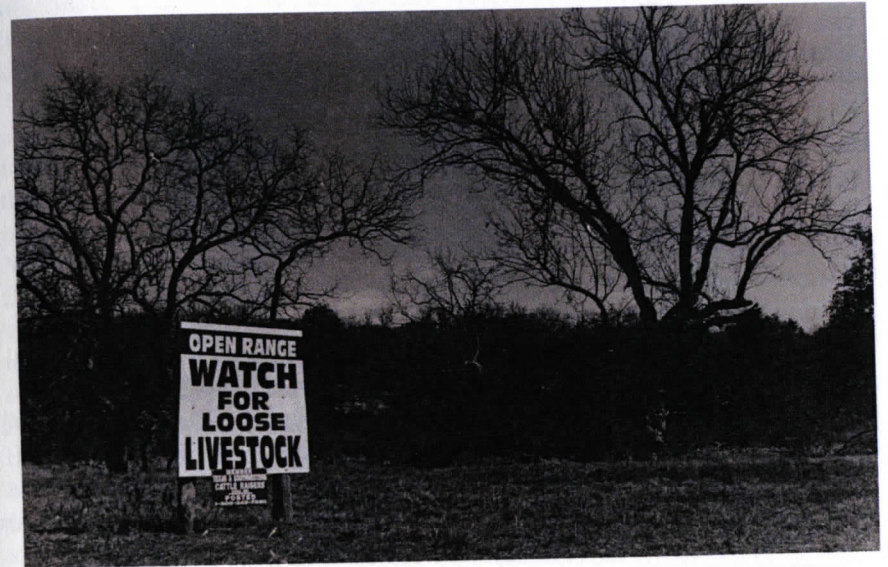
And It's easy to be too bashful to hop up on stage and spit hip hop style slam to an audience of priests hoping that these confessions will bring him inner salvation and praying that they don't see another Malibu's Most wanted overcompensating for a lack melanin, but simply an aspiring poet attempting to break free from mental solitary confinement.

So secretly each day he zones out from his daily tasks and locks in on something, anything to help him take flight out of his chair and into the Valhalla he is so desperately in pursuit of. He kills time and vibes until the clock strikes five which is when he dives out the door and cruises home soothed and swooned by the sounds the subwoofer boom, boom, booming out the back of his bass filled trunk.

Now that the day is done he grasps for an ice cold anything in the fridge and waits for nighttime to arrive. Anxiety builds as insomnia creeps in from the shadows. This daily demon is defeated only by a pen because Ambien just doesn't do the trick anymore.

He pours his bottled up anxiety and stress into a shot glass. He knows that depression makes for a shitty chaser but he's fucking fresh out of happy. Finally, he relinquishes his heart and soul onto paper and continues to test to see if he has what it takes make it as a poet, because at the end of the day that's who he was named after.

And that's exactly what he wants to be.



## WATCH FOR LOOSE LIVESTOCK

Michael Schrader

Black and White Film Print

Every year just as the Christmas holiday season gets underway the famous lingerie company Victoria's Secret hosts its annual fashion show. The show consists of around 24 supermodels that strut across stage in gaudy bedazzled undergarments complete with wings and headdresses. The one-hour extravaganza produces billions of dollars in profit each year. The Victoria's Secret brand also launches advertising campaigns year-round through various media outlets such as magazine ads and television commercials.

In the spring of 2013 Victoria's Secret launched a commercial promoting their new "Fabulous" edition of the iconic push-up bra. The ad is only 15 seconds long, features 3 lanky white female models, each with wavy brunette hair, and wearing only a bra and panties. The 3 women saunter about a series of rooms with floor-length purple curtains, plush velvet couches, and double-door closets filled with high heel shoes. The commercial is narrated by a female voice with a British accent that says only a few sentences. "Victoria's Secret introduces 'Fabulous.' Fabulous. An all-new collection with a unique feel that's fabulously sexy. Fabulous. Only at Victoria's Secret."

Victoria's Secret produces hundreds of ads just like this one, and they all impact both men and women across the globe. These types of ads help to determine what society perceives as beautiful, attractive, hot, and ideal. When women see this commercial they see what they are expected to look like. They see women who have flawless skin and hair, are all over 5'7" tall, and weigh less than 120 lbs. The whole point of the ad is for women to see these "beautiful" models and to associate their beauty with the brand's products; therefore buying the bra in hopes of feeling like them.

Men are also influenced by the advertisement, however the relationship between males and the Victoria's Secret industry is more complex than that of females. Men actually determine what is perceived as "attractive" and thus what is used to sell products. This is an example of patriarchal ideology at work. In our society men occupy a position of authority and superiority. In today's social structure men are at the top of the pyramid and therefore they determine what women should look like. Men develop the ideology that thinner is better, so the mass media implements it into their advertising strategies. The entire situation is viewed through a male gaze in order to appeal to both men and women. Women will want to buy the product in hopes of achieving the approval or at least attention of men. It is in this way that men control women without either party consciously realizing it. At first glance one would say the commercial is "for women" because it is selling women's undergarments, when in reality it is for men because it showcases a woman who adheres to male standards of sex appeal.

The problem with this Victoria's Secret commercial is that it is portraying these patriarchal ideologies, and they are not only harmful to women but also cause them to lose their individuality. All of the women in the commercial are white. All of the women have brown wavy hair. All of the women are skinny beyond realistic expectation. The models are practically clones of one another. What kind of message does this send to the women of society? That if they are

not white they are not "fabulous." That even if they are white, if they are blonde or red hair they are still not "fabulous." Even still, if they are white and have brown hair they may not be fabulous because chances are they are not as tall and slender as these models. This takes away any chances women have to express individuality in their appearance if they hope to be perceived as attractive by men, but also society as a whole because the media gives men the power to determine what the world should find attractive.

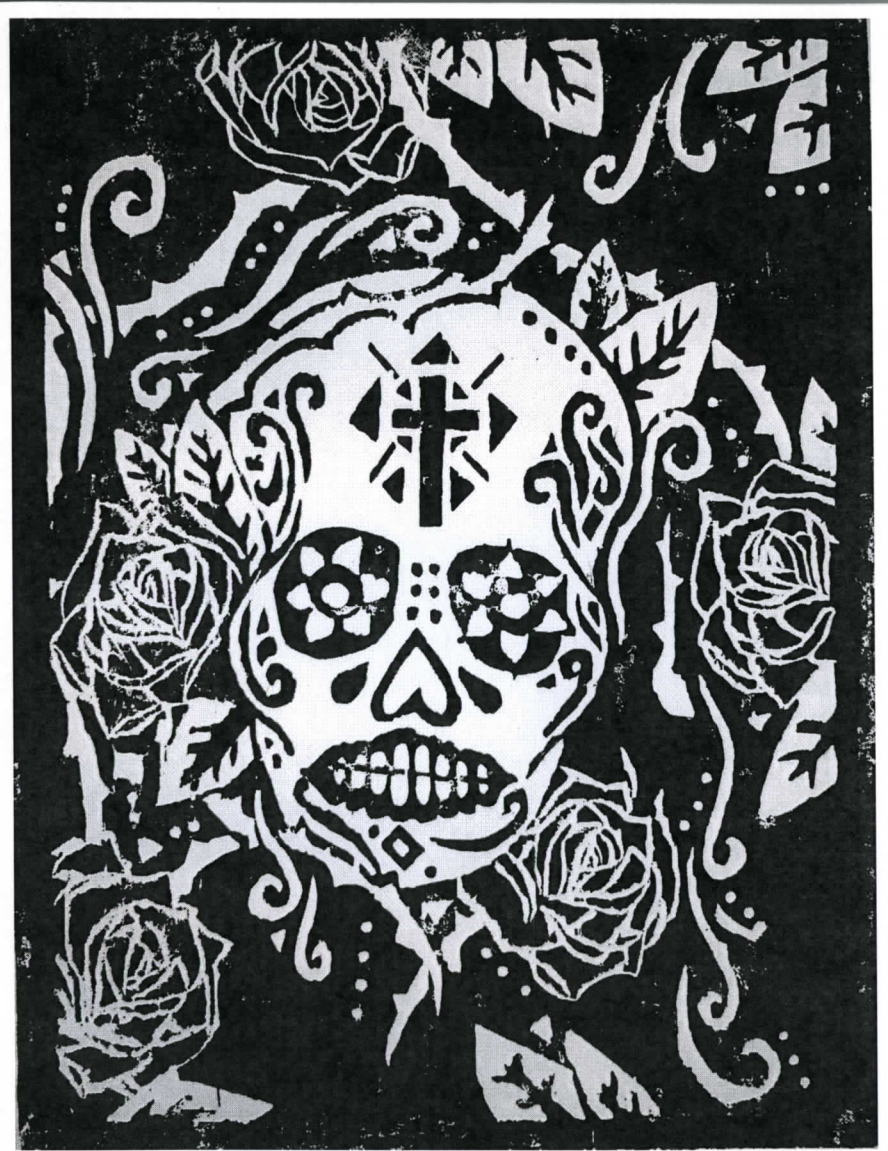
Not only does this take away some women's opportunities to make themselves individual, but it also denies other women the idea that they could ever even be "fabulous" and attractive. By using only white women in the commercial the ad puts forth an ideology suggesting that women of other races are not perceived as beautiful or attractive. Women whose body measurements are not 34-24-34 (yes, those are in fact the average measurements of the Victoria's Secret Angels) are denied the opportunity to be deemed "fabulous" by the Victoria's Secret standards. Men think that they want a woman who looks like these models when in reality a frame as small as theirs is extremely unhealthy and dangerous in some cases. For example, a 5'10" woman who weighs 112lbs cannot have a healthy baby. Men are not experts; they should not be given the power to dictate what the female body should look like.

Another way in which we can tell that this commercial has been designed with the male gaze in mind is that the women are all clothed in only underwear and high heels. If the ad were truly trying to convince women that their product was better than other brands of lingerie they might perhaps show how it fits well under a t-shirt or work blouse. They would emphasize the comfort or durability of the product rather than its sensual appeal. The commercial does not suggest that the bra has even a hint of practicality or versatility. Instead they employ the age-old rule that sex sells. Not only does this ad have women buying a product that lacks practicality but also one that is expensive to the point of excess. The collection of Fabulous bras at Victoria's Secret range from \$48-62 before tax. The advertisement implies that women should be willing to spend this amount of money on a product that will make them attractive to men. Women are expected to spend money on a product that may not stand the test of time, may not be comfortable, and probably won't even last more than 3 cycles through the washing machine.

Victoria's Secret is once again making use of the ideology that men want women who are sexualized. The commercial over-sexualizes them to the point where they are naked and shown to millions of viewers. This is problematic because now women of society are being told that men think women who wear minimal clothing in front of large audiences are "fabulous" and attractive. Victoria's Secret has advertisements targeting girls as young as ages 13-14. These girls see the bodies of supermodels and understand that if she wants to be attractive that is what she has to look like. These young girls grow up to be diet obsessed young women with low self-esteem because they may never achieve their ideal appearance. Not only does this commercial have women stripping themselves of their individuality, but also of their clothes. Is this really the kind of message we want teenage girls to be exposed to? Is this really the type of woman young boys should be attracted to?

The impact that the Victoria's Secret brand has on cultures views of women is astounding. Their consumption of the male ideal and production of an over sexualized twig model is harmful for our society to consume. They attempt to convince women that they want to or need to be sexual, because men hold the power and men want women who are sexualized. This division or hierarchy between the sexes creates power for men, focusing on the sexual differences of the female and hiding things that make women individuals with personalities or feelings.

Analyzing the models themselves can lead to realizations about the consumption of the Victoria's Secret models as a whole. The brand is often criticized for promoting the idea that skin and bones equal beauty, but they promote so much more than just malnourishment. Women of all ages, from pre-teens to middle aged housewives, consume the Victoria's Secret Angels culture. They strive to achieve their thick wavy long hairstyles, luscious lashes, skeleton frames, glowing complexions, and so much more. Women buy Victoria's Secret products because they want to identify with these super-models. They want to feel as fabulous as the models in this commercial look. In reality these women just end up paying for an over-priced bra that doesn't fit comfortably or correctly and still does not give them that exclusive "fabulous" appearance they strive for. The commercial is created based on the ideology of men and their standards, made to appeal to men's vision of beauty while informing women of their expected appearance, all without ever showing a man on screen.



*An Extraordinary Demise*

Veronica Belles

Wood Carving Print

## *17 and Snappy*

Michael Schader

17 and snappy,  
my old man  
didn't like it  
much –  
he'd tell me to  
watch my tone  
and I'd say  
I don't know  
what you're  
going  
to do about it,  
well, one night  
I found out  
he'd deal with me  
just like his  
old man  
dealt with him –  
he asked me  
to do something  
and I said no,  
and to  
kiss my butt,  
well, he didn't like that,  
gave me a smack  
across the face,  
and that  
was the last time  
I told him  
to kiss anything  
of mine.

## Contributors

### Jenny Ambroise

**Veronica Belles** is a senior, graphic design major. She hails from the East Side of Indianapolis, and she likes cats...she really likes cats.

### Leintz Belony

**Natalie Butler** is a sophomore Theology major, a San Damiano Scholar, and a member of the Prayer Team on campus. Shout out to my friends of the Marian community who have encouraged and inspired me to pursue my writing; I am blessed and forever thankful!

**Claire Crane** loves stories, imagined or real, and so she is reveling in her studies as a sophomore English and History major. Often found rummaging in the prop room for a theater production, discussing a paper with a student in the Writing Center, or with her nose buried in a book, Claire feels blessed to be pursuing her education at Marian. She feels even more blessed in her family and friends, for their love and support during both the times when words come easily and the times when they don't.

**Jill Crane** is a sophomore majoring in Psychology. Not surprisingly, she spends a good deal of time considering how people think and feel. She enjoys attempting to write realistic characters into her novels and scripts, though she can't help adding lighthearted humor at every opportunity. Her poetry often serves as a form of introspection, and a way to share her reflections with others that captures the rhythm of her thought as well as her frame of mind. She'd like to thank everyone who's taken the time to listen to and read her work, and who's supported her in its creation.

**Brendan Dugan** is a senior studying sociology, writing, and peace and justice studies, and will continue his education at Ball State as a graduate student of sociology this fall. His academic and expressive interests revolve around his fascination with dystopias, capitalism and modernity, and the human condition.

Hi, my name is **Dante Fratturo!** I'm a senior at Marian studying marketing with a minor in psychology. In my free time I write and perform spoken word poetry. What I study may seem pretty unrelated to poetry, because it kind of is. That's part of why I love it, though. Like many poets, poetry is my preferred outlet for catharsis and clarity. I write to express myself but also to speak out against issues that I think are worth talking about- and are not talked about enough. Hope y'all enjoy.

James L.K.

### Caitlyn McIntyre

Psych Major, 5'2", Can lick nose, [something deep and insightful]

**Katherine McConnell** **Katie McConnell** is a senior communication student--not a communications student. For the past four years, she spent most of her time writing long rhetorical criticism papers about virtual stuffed animals and editing news articles for The Phoenix. Recently, she took up memoir writing. The pieces included in The Fioretti are small pieces of a larger memoir, which is a work-in-progress. Questions, comments, and notes of encouragement can be emailed to Katie at kmccconnell730@marian.edu.

**Joshua Miller** is a junior studying Philosophy and English. He has moved all across the country as a military brat, but his family now lives in a town just north of Dayton, Ohio. He came to Marian University originally to be a part of the Bishop Simon Brute College Seminary. Having discerned out, he is now considering attending graduate school for philosophy. He has always loved reading fiction, and since coming to college discovered that he has a knack for writing. He has been experimenting with creative writing through Marian's creative writing courses, and he has enjoyed every minute of it.

**Dylan Ng** is a Senior Mathematics, Music Education, Secondary Education major. Writing has always been a passion of mine, even as a math person. I like that I can express my thoughts and ideas through writing. I find that writing can open up a world of creative possibilities. I am president of the Literary Arts Society, which is the official creative writing club here on campus. I hope to become a teacher some day and I plan to continue writing just for pleasure.

**Lindsay Nichols** is a sophomore majoring in Communication, with a minor in Pre-Law, and a concentration in Political Science. I'm a member of the track team here at Marian. In my spare time I like to eat junk food and tweet.

**Michael Schrader** is a senior by credit but junior by heart. As a photography major and writing concentration, he has enjoyed his time at Marian University so much that he has decided to stay for a victory lap; although it will be a slow lap as he can be seen frequenting the "place beyond the power lines."

### Sydney Shewmaker

**BeauClair Shields** is a sophomore working on a degree in Business Management. I grew up in Martinsville Indiana where I played football and was a 9 year 4-H member. I made my way to Marian after a year at ISU. Football is my passion, #31.

**Adrianna Zermeno** is a senior psychology major with minors in Spanish and peace studies.



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