

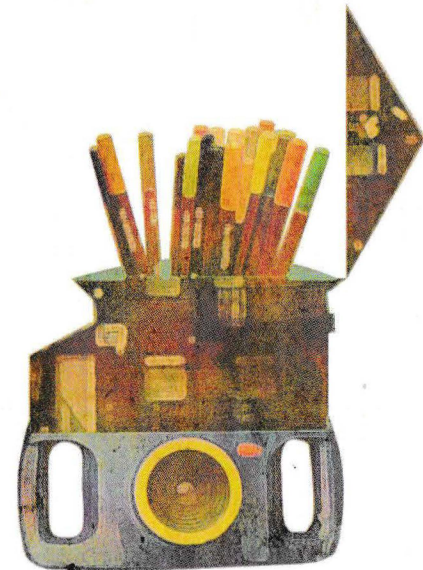




MANUSCRIPT   
 2016



# 1947 FOREWARD

With this issue of *Manuscript* a new publication is launched on the Bucknell University Campus in Wilkes-Barre. Those who have been responsible for its coming into being earnestly hope that through your efforts and the efforts of those who come after you that this magazine will develop into a college tradition of which we may all be proud.

the editors

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Interior Layout by Jason Klus  
Interior Collages by Jason Klus  
Photos courtesy of morguefile.com and Jason Klus

# MISSION STATEMENT

The Manuscript Society of Wilkes University has been publishing its creative writing and visual art magazine, *The Manuscript*, continuously since 1947. Currently, the student-led editorial staff publishes one issue per year, and copies are complimentary.

In preparation for a career in editing, publishing, or creative writing, any Wilkes student is welcome to submit or work on the editorial board of the Manuscript Society and critique a variety of creative pieces from Wilkes faculty, staff, students, and alumni. This process includes creative workshopping, copy editing, and layout.

Wilkes students may elect to enroll in ENG 190 B, Projects in Writing: Manuscript, for one (1) credit of coursework. Meetings are held during club hours each semester. Monthly campus poetry readings are open to the Wilkes Community and greater public. The end product is a published, award-winning magazine.

jason klus  
executive editor

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assistant editor

elyse guziewicz  
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dr. sean kelly  
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# STAFF

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# LAST ASSIGNMENT

*written in memory of  
Dr. Patricia Boyle Heaman  
1940 - 2015*

There are no words.  
And yet we try to speak;  
We shape the letters  
But they make no sound.

In mourning, all words fail;  
Only images remain upon  
The silent tongue. Unspoken,  
Sharply felt: memories unbound.

But loss always wins; he trumps  
Each hand. We turn away; we hide;  
We will not look at him; yet in the end  
He plays us, deftly, right into the ground.

So there are no words, nor should there be.  
Beyond all telling, there is only remembering.  
What she wrote and taught, created and shared--  
Only those words, her words, remain for us to sound.



I'M CONSUMED BY THE  
CHILL OF SOLITARY

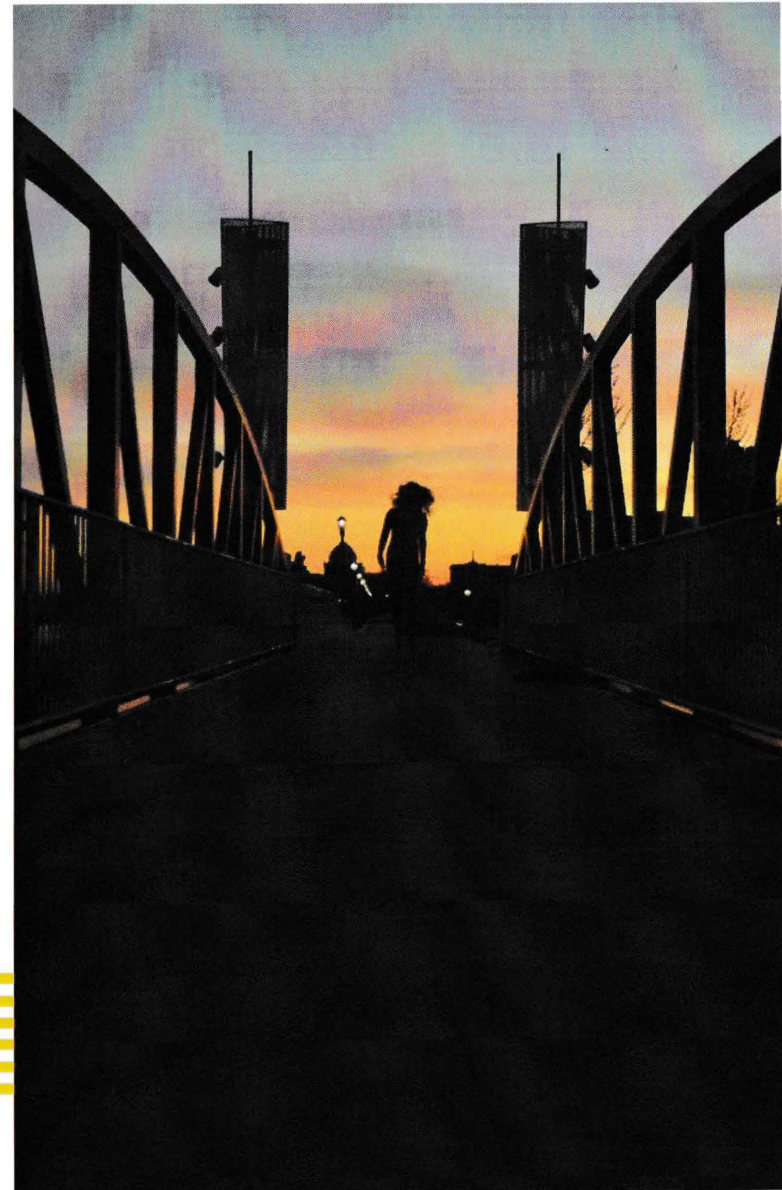
watercolor

nicole kutos

lyssa scott

digital photogra

5 AM





# GIRLHOOD

elyse guziewicz

I lost a piece of myself  
 the day our tree came down.  
 Branches I had used to cut my tender fingertips,  
 wean myself from my mother Earth,  
 let my feet taste air,  
 let my mind taste fear and relish its sharpness  
 tumbled to the ground with my wonder in their leaves.

I left my spirit  
 with the dogs who bark in the night  
 then yelp as a harsh hand reminds them of their place.  
 Their cries rise from my chest tonight.  
 Their innocence hides behind my eyes.  
 I howl with them to keep my newfound fear away.

I bartered away pieces of my heart  
 in exchange for an underwire bra, a box of pads,  
 and two tubes of red lipstick.  
 I sewed my chest together with my hair and a sliver of my rib.  
 Blood was my new home.  
 It washed away the thoughts I had of me  
 and the old tree  
 and my own worth.

I sold my soul to the devil  
 for a box of diet pills  
 and a promise that the boys would leave me alone.  
 I walk past the tree stump  
 in six inch heels and false eyelashes  
 and clutch my bag closer  
 and keep my steps quicker.



# REST & TRUST

emily bellanco

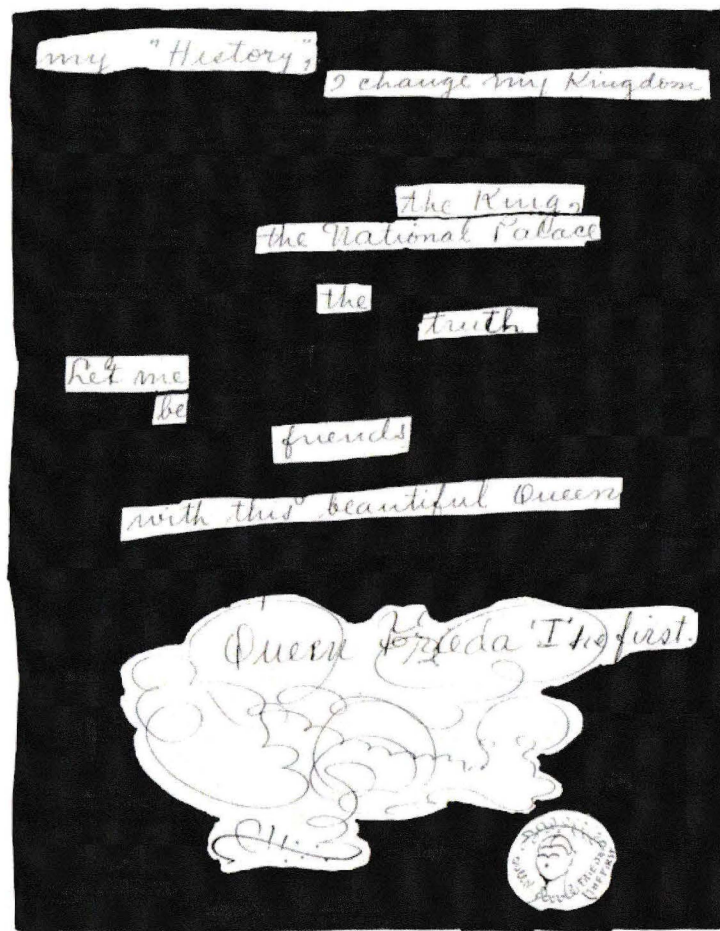
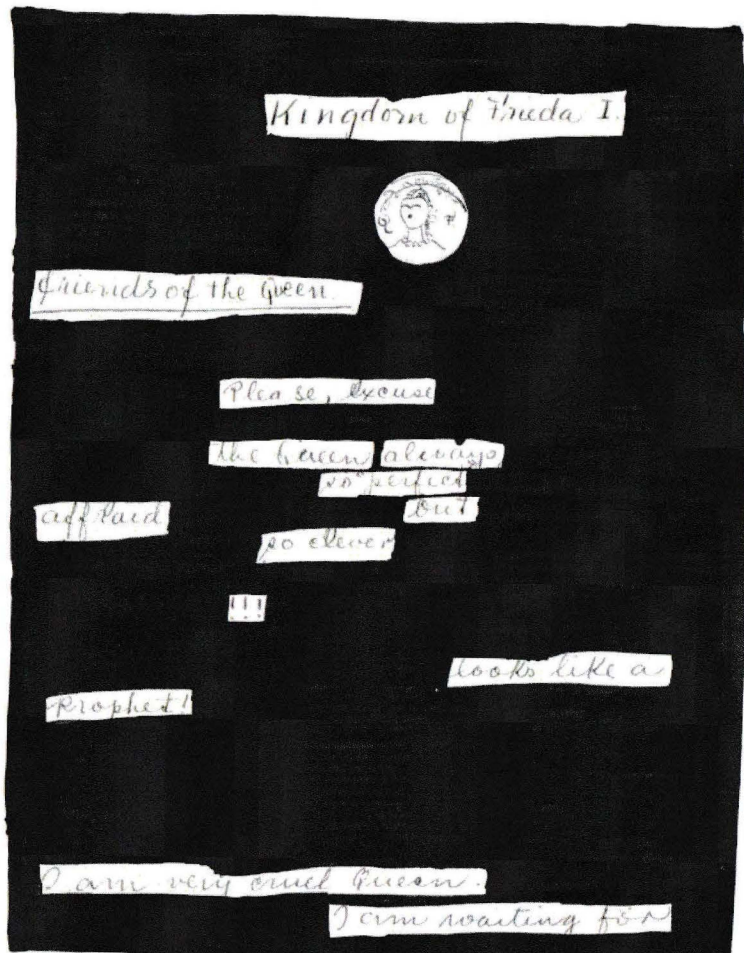
digital photography



pencil and paper

# 10 ANTE

jeremy miller



jason klus

# KINGDOM OF FRIEDA I

source: letter from Frida Kahlo to Clara and Gerry Strang, September 2nd, 1931



jonathan sytko

# LOOKING FOR THE WAY

digital photography

nicole kutos

# DUALITY

pencil and paper



SOUTH STATION TRAIN INFORMATION      CURRENT TIME 9:06 PM

DESTINATION	TRAIN	TRACK	STATUS
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS	633	9	ON TIME
Worcester/Union Station	541	TBD	ON TIME
Newport News, VA	555	TBD	ON TIME
Kingston	751	TBD	ON TIME
Andoverville	093	TBD	ON TIME
Greenwich	543	TBD	ON TIME
Worcester/Union Station	829	TBD	ON TIME
Providence	029	TBD	ON TIME
Middleboro/Lakeville	625	TBD	ON TIME
Needham Heights	729	TBD	ON TIME
Forge Park/495	057	TBD	ON TIME
Kingston	931	TBD	ON TIME
Stoughton	545	TBD	ON TIME
Worcester/Union Station	731	TBD	ON TIME
Forge Park/495	931	TBD	ON TIME
Providence	8195	TBD	ON TIME
Richmond, VA-Brin St	2170	TBD	LATE 20 MIN
Washington, DC	94	TBD	LATE 30 MIN
Newport News, VA	2172	TBD	ON TIME
Washington, DC	178	TBD	ON TIME

## EORGANIC

josephine latimer

my body is  
not  
robotic

my body is earth  
bound leather,  
rising and setting  
on rough current  
waves

my body is my  
own:

tulips, pearls and  
peonies  
petals made for more than  
your consumption

I breathe  
I speak  
I live

a life of languid  
laughter  
joyous, calla lily chorus –

organic  
pure  
being

my circuits are anything but –

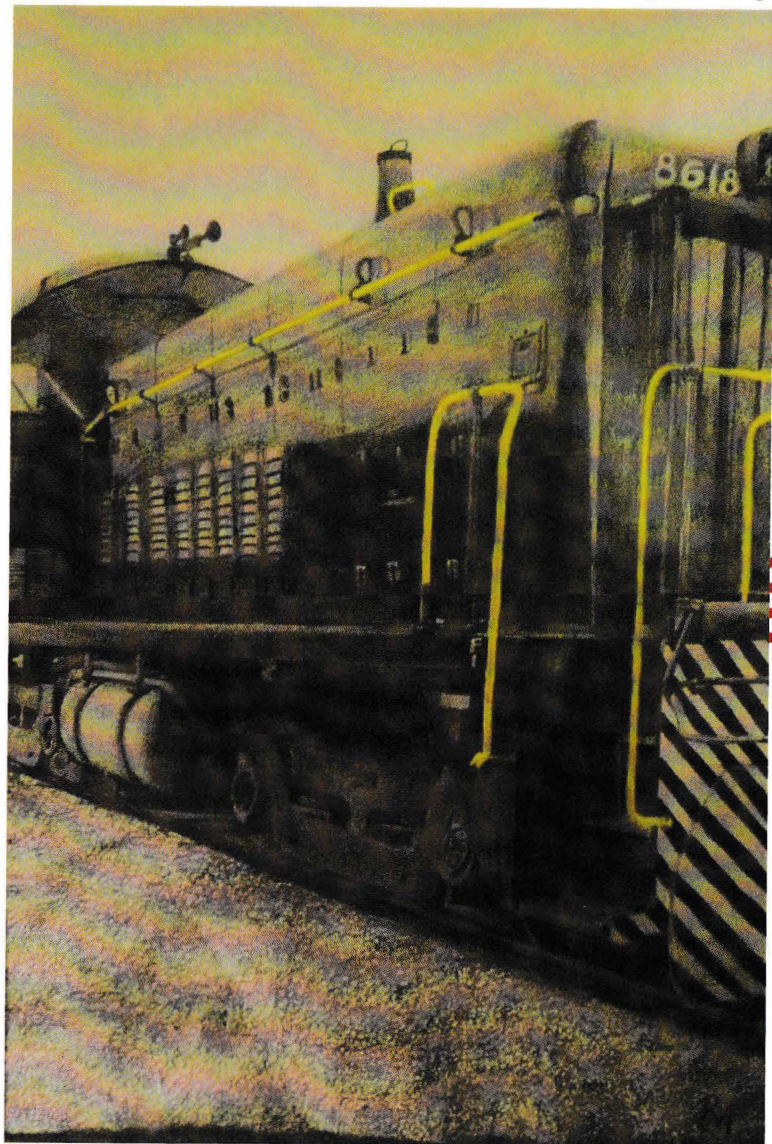
I am not programmed for  
your pleasure.



jeremy miller

# NEW YORK CENTRAL 8618

pencil and paper



emily bellanco

# BLOOM

acrylic on guitar

emily bellanco

# OF THE SKY

acrylic on ukulele



catie conte

The heavy bass resonates deep within my chest, my sternum electrified by every drop orchestrated by the musicians on stage. I often forget to breathe when I experience sensory overload – the irony in forgetting to breathe, an already subconscious bodily performance that we, as humans, are foolish enough to think we actively have control over.

I swallow hard; feeling my face prickle with heat as your eyes trace my body like a chalk line traces a murder victim. I cannot read what lies behind those eyes; I cannot fathom why I am so drawn to you. As you come closer, the hairs on the back of my neck stand up due to the wave of adrenaline that surges through my veins forcing me to go completely numb.

My eyes refuse to break their gaze with yours; as much as I will them to advert they betray me and hungrily drink you in. The closer you get, the harder my hands shake and the music is nothing but background noise. I've gone completely deaf to the surrounding chaos.

We're standing face to face and I can feel your fingers delicately trace the outline of my face and I suddenly cannot catch my breath. I'm slipping under you, overwhelmed by the way my heart beats when you smirk, you've devised something devilish and I am both thrilled and terrified of what could happen next.

# DEAR JACK

The light fills my room and my head is aching so intensely. I am alone. I check the surrounding area for context clues but there is nothing left from the aftermath. I try and wrack my memory for any trace evidence but the prior evening is a blurred mess of color, lights and a lot of bass. My sternum is bruised and so are my knees.

I roll over, pulling the tattered comforter over my shoulders and I see you. The way you sparkle in the sun, and I smile to myself as hot tears roll down my cheeks. I reach for you, gripping you tightly as I admire you. Your authority on me is so beautiful and so unique; people spending a lifetime searching for the love that we share.

You are responsible for my bruises, my blurred memory, my headache but I still love you regardless of the damage you have done.

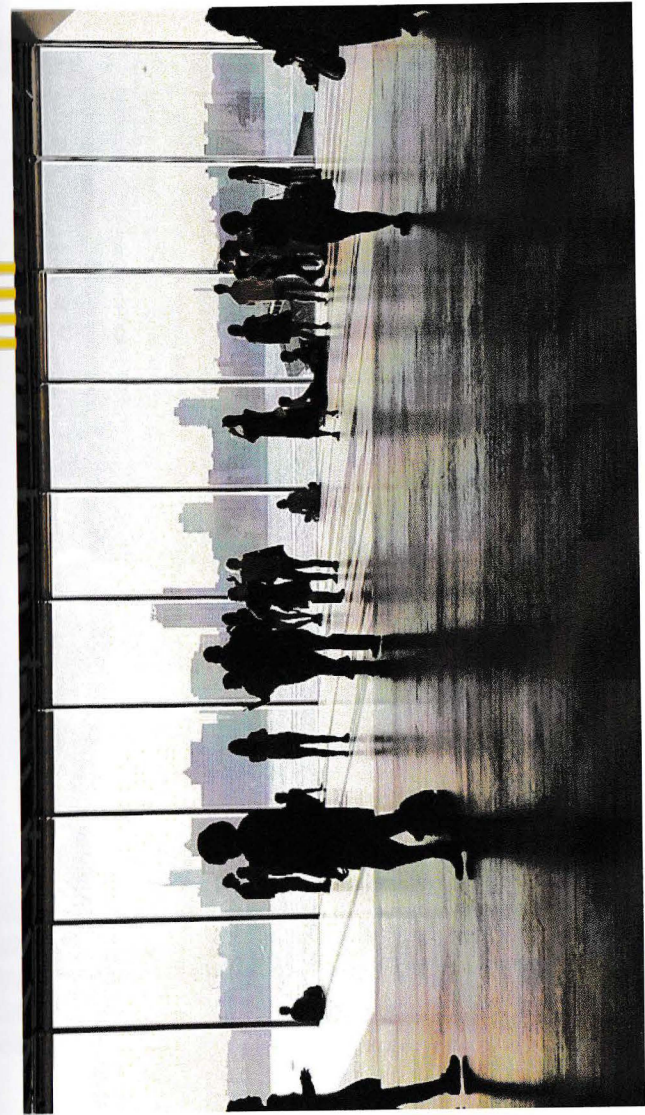
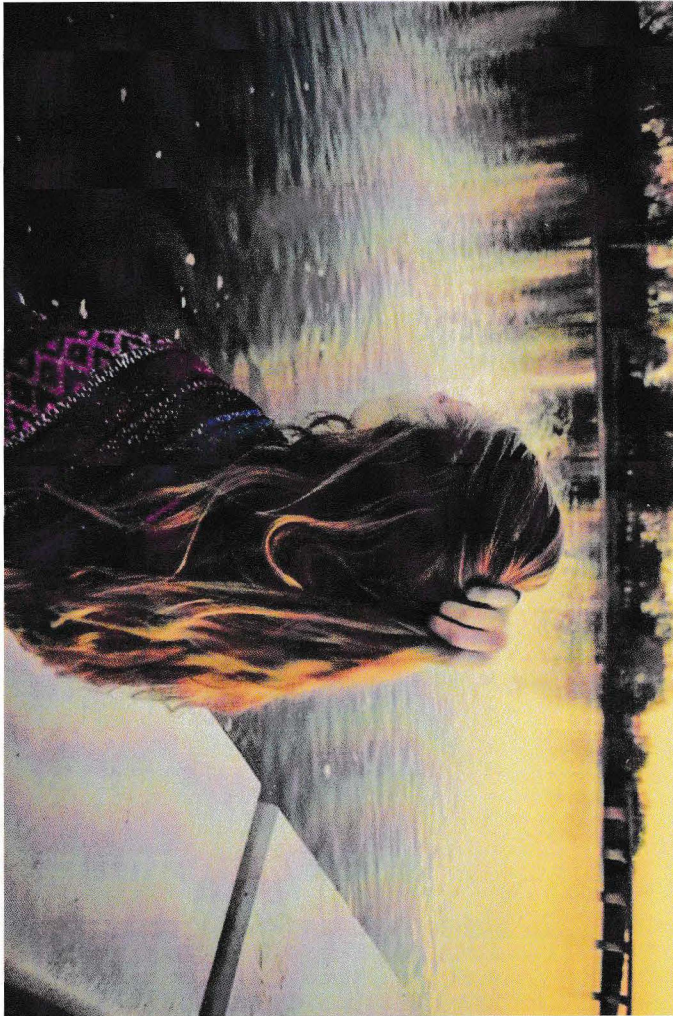
I find the remaining strength left in my body to get out of bed and place you with the other bottles of whiskey as I try and shake the thirst rising deep within the back of my throat.

I am made so painfully aware of my humanity at the most inconvenient of times.

lyssa scott

digital photography

# SUNRISE 59



# WHTINEY 2016: DOWN THE RIVER

mischelle anthony

digital photography



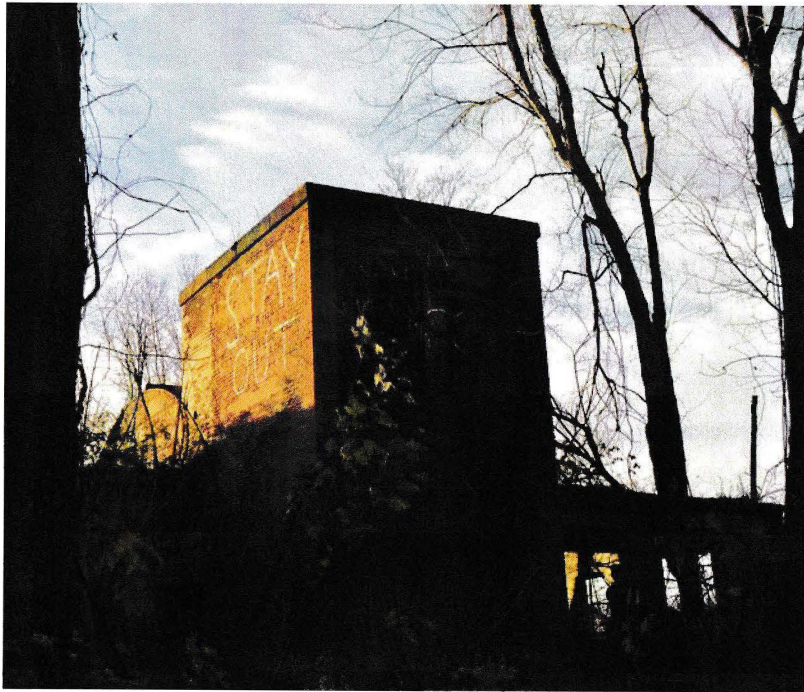
I want this to be perfect,  
 But I'm afraid it never will be.  
 Each time I move my hand  
 Is an opportunity for greatness—  
 An opportunity for ruin.  
 So far, so good;  
 One wrong move destroys everything that's been built,  
 But I can't stop.  
 I can't leave it as it is.  
 The paper is smooth and coarse  
 And I feel every mountain and every valley  
 On its flat white surface  
 As my fingers move back and forth,  
 Full of certainty,  
 Full of doubt,  
 So sure and so afraid.  
 I want this to be perfect,  
 But I know it never can be.

# FREDDIE MERCURY

## FACES THE BLANK PAGE



jeremy miller



emily bellanco

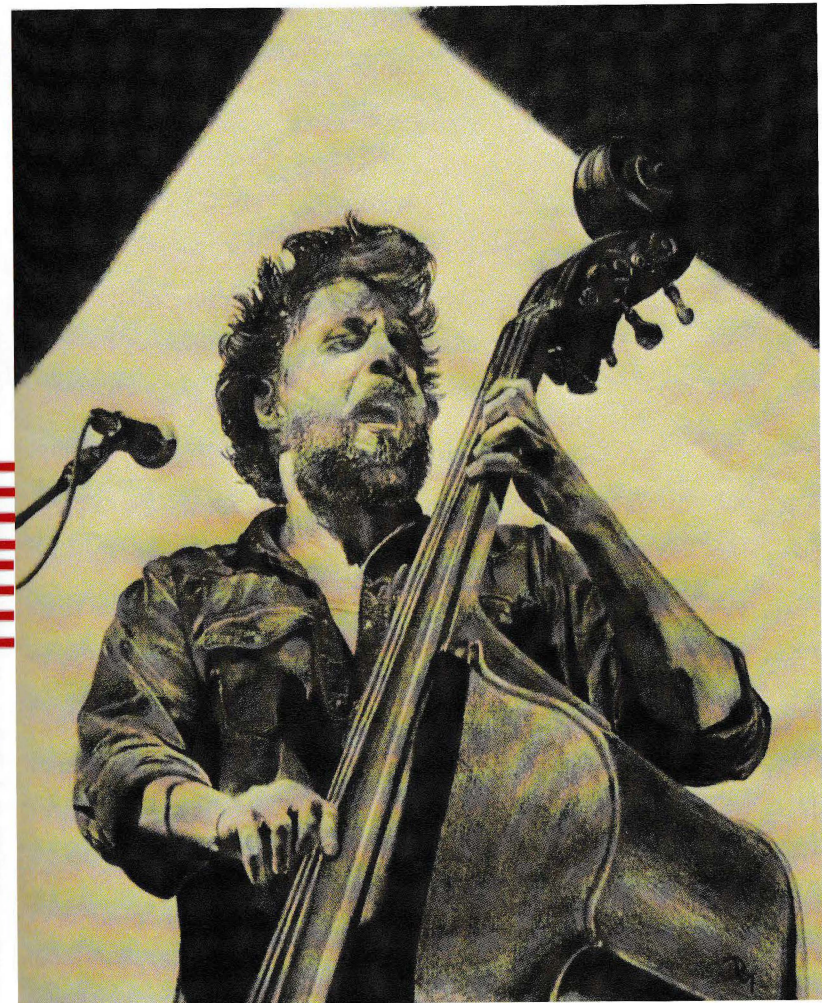
VOICE OF  
REASON

digital photography

jeremy miller

ETED DWANE

pencil and paper



these days  
you reside only  
in factioned memory

bits of you bound  
inside my brain:

three years old  
starving as we sat  
in sand and saltwater –

a shoreline scattered  
with shells and shards of glass

I remember how the waves broke  
washing white over my hair  
your dotted arms  
covering my crying eyes  
from an intrusive ocean

james jaskolka

when the waves receded  
we'd lie in their wake  
letting the excess rinse  
our bodies clean

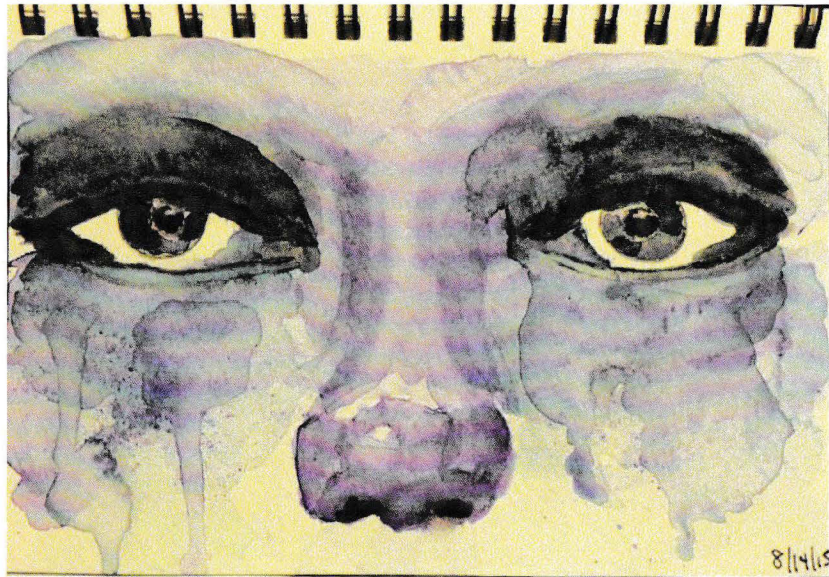
now I wish  
they'd washed  
away your habits -

the resin tarring  
unclean lungs

or the marks  
inside your arms  
that highlight hungry veins

hungry  
as the children  
you forgot to feed

CAPE COD



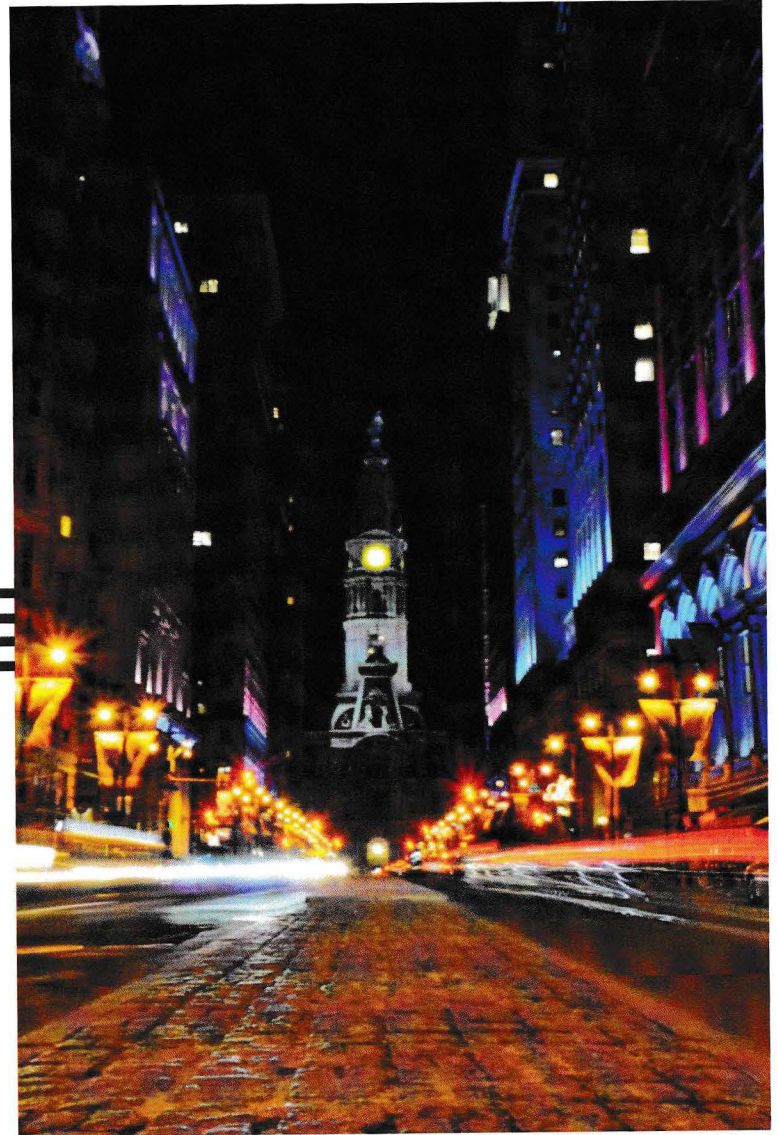
# UNBELIEVERS

nicole kutos

watercolor

# STANDING STILL IN A WHIRLWIND

jonathan sytko digital photography



# FATE IS FICTION

emily bellanco



Driving around smoking cigarettes  
like I was invincible.  
Spending time in other worlds.  
Just myself and the night.  
Navigating through masses of trivialities  
trying to decode wrong from right.

I think about you.  
Like I think about the mountains.  
I wonder what you're doing now.  
And if you're making your mother proud.  
Have you found what you were looking for?

I think of all the letters that I wrote  
but never got to send.  
Because sending letters is dead  
and you never answer my texts.

When you're young they never tell you  
the trouble you will go through  
to call someone your own.  
Or how to move on  
when you've just been someone's pawn.

It hurts just like the sting  
of that Marlboro in the back of my throat.  
When you realize that a person  
could never be more than just that.  
And that fate is fiction.  
And karma is cruel.

elyse guziewicz

# MEGHALAYA MOUNTAIN SHOP

digital photography



lyssa scott

# MOOSE DREAMS

sharpie and watercolor

elyse guziewicz

Buses are lit like prisons. The youngest girl wears an expensive shade of exhaustion under her eyes. Dark purple lipstick, the color of a fresh bruise, serves to mask the grimace that will soon be smothered by Oxy from a bottle that doesn't read her name. The man across from her wears muddled ink from wrist to shoulder. His skin is leather tanned by its own ground up intestines and cigarette smoke, amber trapping ancient spiders.

The youngest girl has slender hands, a shade of pale that will never be warm. Black backs of cracked fingertips scribble histories on paper bags. Tattooed knuckles grasp steel rails, the man does not stumble despite the mechanic forward clamor that dares to threaten his slow approach. His shoulders cast cloudy shadows on her paper. He is become the minotaur escaped from the cavernous labyrinth to ask what she is drawing.

## DRAG/ME/DOWN

She does not know. She can only ask what god gave her the right to ruin herself before she knows what she is. The man would like to have a word with the god himself, that old Eldritch horror that stalks him in the night with flaming teeth and iron eyes. He wonders if she knows the feeling of being confined until your skin melts off and you do not know what it is to be human and she does but she does not know what she is drawing.

The bus stops like a jerk awake from sleep. The youngest girl wraps worn straps like aged garden snakes around her wing-tip shoulders – the terminal is liminal space and she will not be there long. The man is already gone, swimming through the human forest into open waters. He will not return. The girl pats cheap concealer beneath her eyes, waiting in shuttered silence for another bus to take her into the murky netherworld.

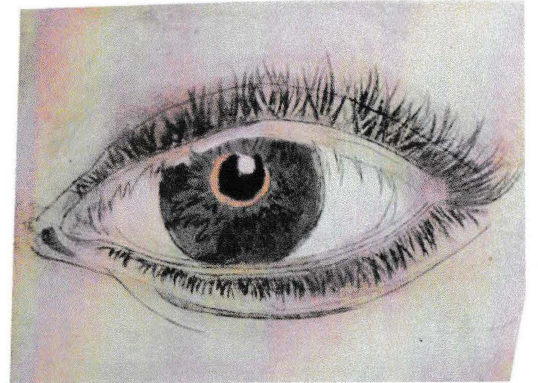


pencil and paper

# CARY GRANT

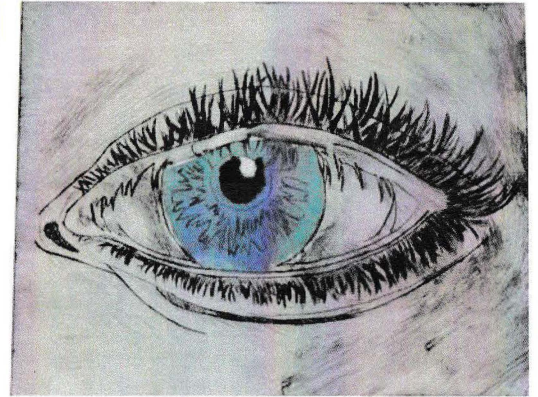
jeremy miller

OPIA



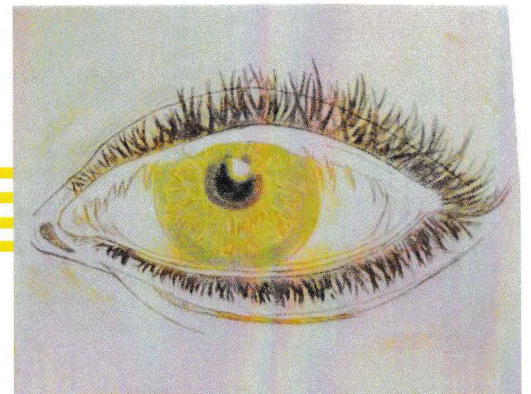
nicole kutos

OCCHIOLISM

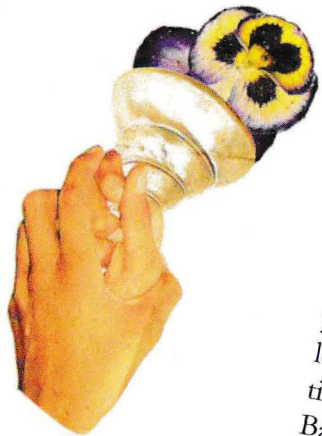


ink on stonehenge paper

SONDER







It is February, and you are blowing  
your nose: slinging snot from left nostril  
into moist tissue, drowsily adjusting  
into the stupor of the common cold.  
You teeter and fixate on the stinging  
buttons of your wannabe-brocade blouse  
like some Victorian curtain  
with ineffective tie-backs—  
pink lilies and chrysanthemums  
in muted earthy blues.  
You tuck the buttons into place.  
You try not to wince as they melt  
underneath your ribs, ornamental thorns  
prodding at your chest.

Dewdrops gather around the corners of  
your eyes, yellow like a carnation  
left to wither overnight  
till the edges are just barely crusted over.  
Baby's breath clumping together  
makes a doughy white mass of your face.

jason klus

TIED

Your vestment is closed, tied  
back as I knot the drapes into a perfect  
shoelace bow, shut so I cannot see  
light shining through the window panes.

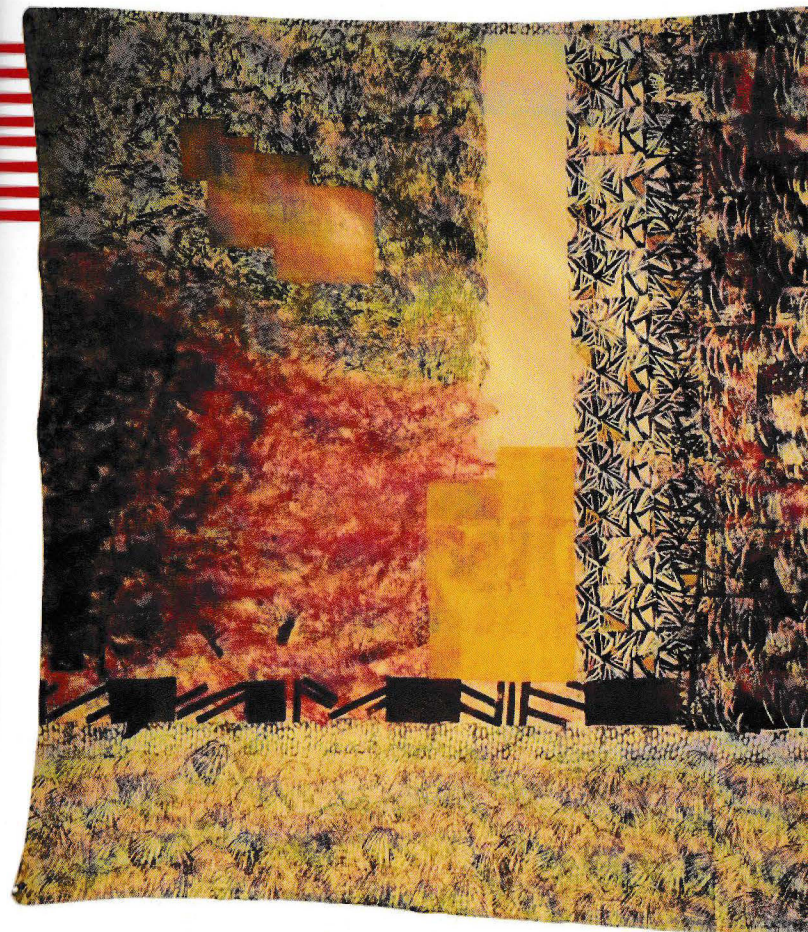
You wriggle. You shiver.  
The knot is undone and I am  
reminded that I could not tie  
my shoes until the third grade.  
But when you tied my shoes I felt  
my feet take root—I was tied  
to the ground, staring at you with  
reverence, smothered by something  
picturesque as my toes became one with  
the city-park-woodchips under our feet.

I am still there, waiting for  
the day when my hands can fasten  
the tie-backs at last and my veneration  
for you will remain shaded behind  
the floral façade you wear so well.

# UNION PACIFIC BIG BOY 4012

jeremy miller

pencil and paper



nicole kutos

# UNTITLED INFLUENCE

ink on muslin

# UNHEALTHY

you notice the noble way  
I recycle plastic bottles  
that aren't mine and ask  
me if I write poems.

I'm careful not to answer  
in a way that will make us  
fall in love, so I digress-

my yoga mat became  
more comfortable than  
a memory foam king,  
I boast with passion

I mastered tree pose  
by the warm river  
knowing finally  
how to balance  
on my own

I drink reassurance  
in the form of  
kombucha

and taste the shallow satisfaction  
of your vegan dessert

*no eggs were beat  
in the making of  
this cupcake*

gabriella romanelli

you so sweetly share  
arm extended dressed in  
off-white sleeve sure  
to be organic cotton

I indulge myself in  
almond-flavored distraction  
never telling you the answer is yes-

I've written poems before  
and after I learned to stand  
on one bare foot, make my  
heel's way up my inner thigh,  
glue palm to palm, fingers  
stretched to the sky and  
hold my own hand.

they are not about the way  
you tip your cap to greet me  
or dance when trumpets play  
in songs you've never heard.

they are not about you at all.

my raw food replaced emotion  
and banned you from this poem  
because it is unhealthy to stare  
at your lips when you sing  
and I don't have enough green  
tea to write about the heap of  
curls exposed every time  
you say hello.

# BIOGRAPHIES

**Mischelle Anthony**, Chair of English at Wilkes University, was but is no longer faculty advisor to *The Manuscript Society*; she still drops in on meetings to feel the rigor. Her work has appeared in *Found Poetry Review*, *Slush Pile*, *Mudfish* and *Watershed*, and her collection, *[Line]*, is available from Foothills Press. She is not a photographer.

**Emily Bellanco** is an Integrative Media major who likes to pretend she's Dana Scully.

**Catie Conte** enjoys boiling hot cups of coffee from Starbucks, Jason's Mom's butterscotch cookies and Halloween socks. Catie is very sad to leave the Manuscript after graduation but is extremely thankful for the opportunity to contribute original work to the best publication on campus. She is also mildly disappointed that she did not get to see a real ghost in Kirby Hall.

**Grace Graham** doesn't ever really know what to write for these sort of things.

**Elyse Guziewicz** is perpetually outraged and subsists on a diet of Sun Chips, chicken soup, and tea brewed from the tears of her enemies. In the wild, it's best to approach her with gifts of small berries or funny images.

**James Jaskolka** was pressured into an English major by Dr. Hamill, but opted for a minor instead. In their free time, James enjoys playing music, experimenting with vegan food and hanging out with their cat, Gandalf.

authors, artists, & staff

Currently on sabbatical, **Dr. Sean Kelly** wasn't informed about this biography. Our staff guesses that he is either working on his book project, which focuses on the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, or pondering the intricacies of the universe.

After finally finding pomegranates in the grocery store, **Jason Klus** has a new, restored faith in humanity. He wishes Amy Winehouse were still alive and can quote whole episodes of *The Golden Girls* from memory. He sincerely hopes you have enjoyed this issue of *Manuscript* and thanks everyone who contributed to its success.

**Nicole Kutos** has a scar on her left hand from getting bit by a girl while playing basketball. She can only eat cereal without milk. Her head is full of Brand New lyrics and her hands are probably full of books and art supplies.

If you're wondering how **Josephine Latimer** is doing, she snuck a cat into her apartment one night this March at 4 AM. Her hair vaguely resembles cotton candy.

"I grew up alongside the railroad tracks, listening to the sound of the sound of steam escaping from the pistons of the Pennsylvania Railroad's K4s locomotives and watching mile-long freight trains roll slowly down the line on a lazy Sunday afternoon. I once spilled a bucket of paint on an old canvas and sold it for \$500,000 as an original Jackson Pollock."

—Jeremy Miller

Recently bestowed the very prestigious and first-ever Manuscript Perfect Attendance Award, **Maddie Powell** recently met her personal hero David Sedaris, who asked her if she believes in ghosts. This summer, she hopes to convince her cat, George, to walk on a leash without retaliating by urinating in her shoes.

**William Richardson** writes short fiction and scripts for comics that might get made in the near to distant future. In his spare time he fights crime as the fearsome Conqueror Worm.

**Gabriella Romanelli** is a Leo and will remain a Leo regardless of this new system that claims she is actually a Cancer. She is a big believer in signs, and enjoys getting her cards read by local psychics. Gabriella continues to write despite the fact that no psychic has ever told her she was good at it.

**Lyssa Scott** is a messy-haired barefoot hippie who loves the open road, fitness, art & design.

authors, artists, & staff

**Dr. Chad Stanley** probably would have painted his biography had the executive editor remembered to ask him for one.

**Jonathan Sytko** is a P3 pharmacy student who dislikes writing about himself.

“My *Manuscript* days remain with me still as a time and a place of youthful promise, steadfast belief, and, yes, even that old chestnut: ‘hope, bright and innocent, dispelling darkness.’”

—**Anne Aimetti Thomas**, *Manuscript* Editor in the late 1960’s



≡ BIOGRAPHIES ≡

