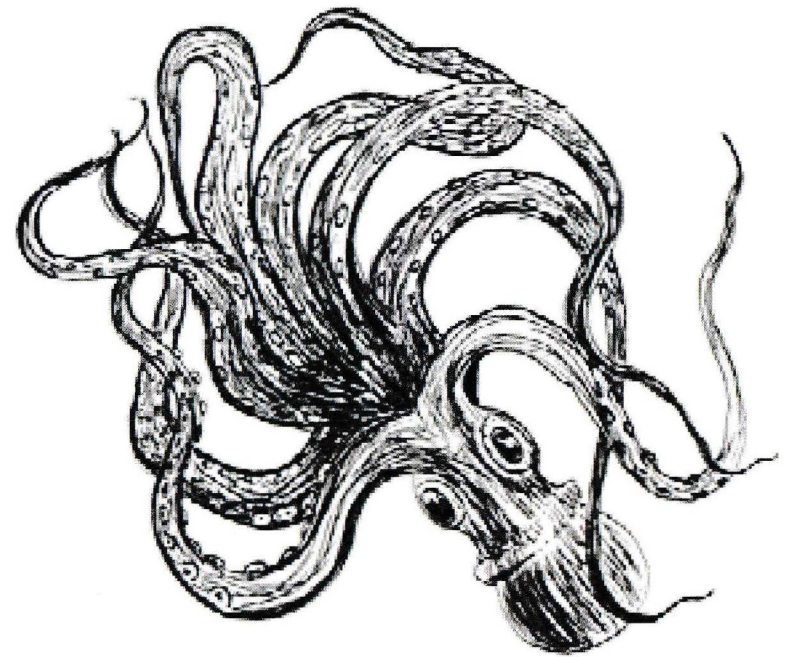


Manuscript 2015



1947 Foreword

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 this magazine will develop into a college tradition of which we may all be proud.

The Editors

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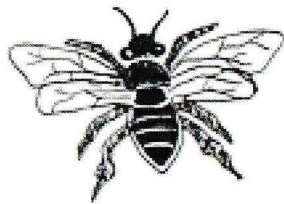
Interior Layout by Sarah Simonovich with special thanks to Gabby Zawacki and Jason Klus. Illustrations by Sarah Simonovich.

Mission Statement

The Manuscript Society of Wilkes University has been publishing its creative written 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 to or work on the editorial board of the Manuscript Society and critique a variety of creative pieces, including visual art, from Wilkes faculty, staff, students, and alumni. This process includes creative work-shopping, copyediting, and layout.

Wilkes students may elect to enroll in ENG 190B, 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.



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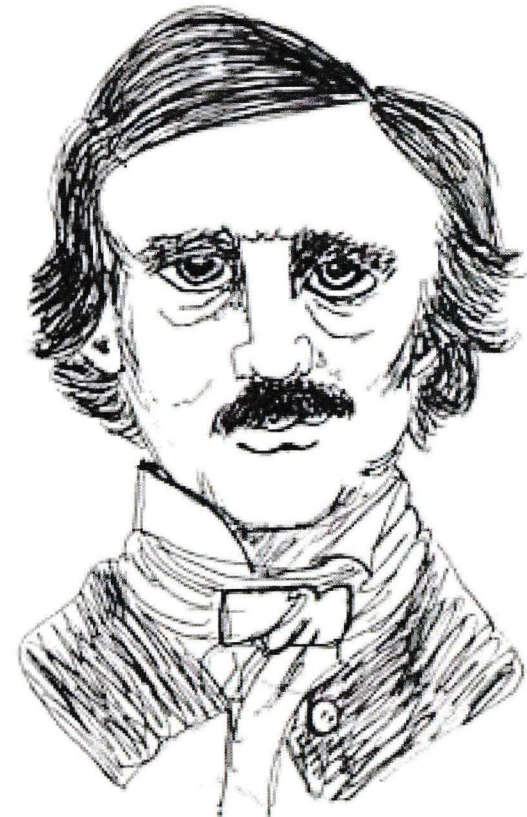
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Unsung Ironies

Josephine Latimer

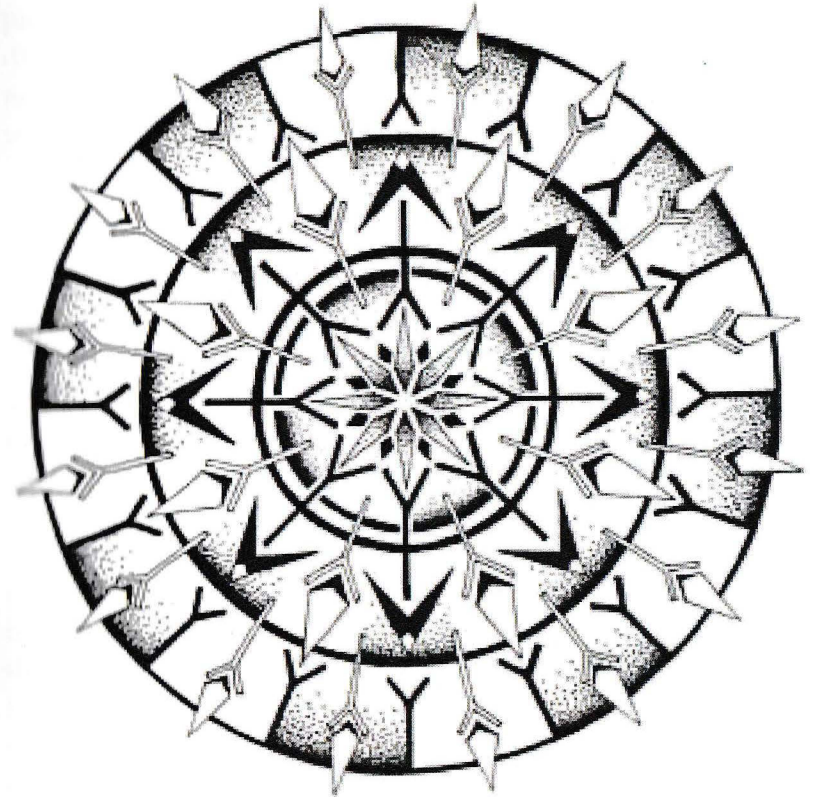
You live in
unsung ironies,
echoed in the abyss
of your memories.

You wanted to feel
as you once felt—
when they brushed tender
blush from neck and cheek,
smiled as you sang—
lips curled around
collarbone as you came.

There was bliss in
Bedroom Hymns,
peace in prosperous demise.

Assumption of our Lord
the keeper of keys—
unlock Pandora's box
on genuflected knees,
our moans spiritual exaltation
of sinful delight, hands pressed
to chest in prayer.

Untitled 60



Danica DeMesa

pen on paper

greetings from...

Victoria Rendina

we never thought we'd
stand a chance out here
when destruction is
all we've ever known
we're broken and
shattered, a sunken
shipwreck washed up
for nosy moms and
snotty kids to wonder if
our fragments jutting out
in the sand mean
caution: high voltage
or private property: do
not disturb

hush around us we're
their best keep secret,
a photo op in our own
back yard, talk of the
town, *did you see*
that, what a mess!
and they'll whisper
nonsense behind
hardened hands
while our heavy
hearts got lost some
where between the
rocks with the seagulls

(even though i swore
i saw them under the
pier but you knew
it went for the birds,
tossed against the
waves and crumbling,
picked over, never fully
digested because it was
never really something
we could swallow)

they think we don't
notice their looks since
we're tourists in
our own home too
scared to ask them
for the directions we
should know by now
but this place has
been ripped up in
riots and overthrown
by hurricanes and
they'll leave us
here to fall
apart, and yet here
we stand, shaky
and scattered as
perfect imperfection

we're trying to
keep it together
but decay never
felt so good

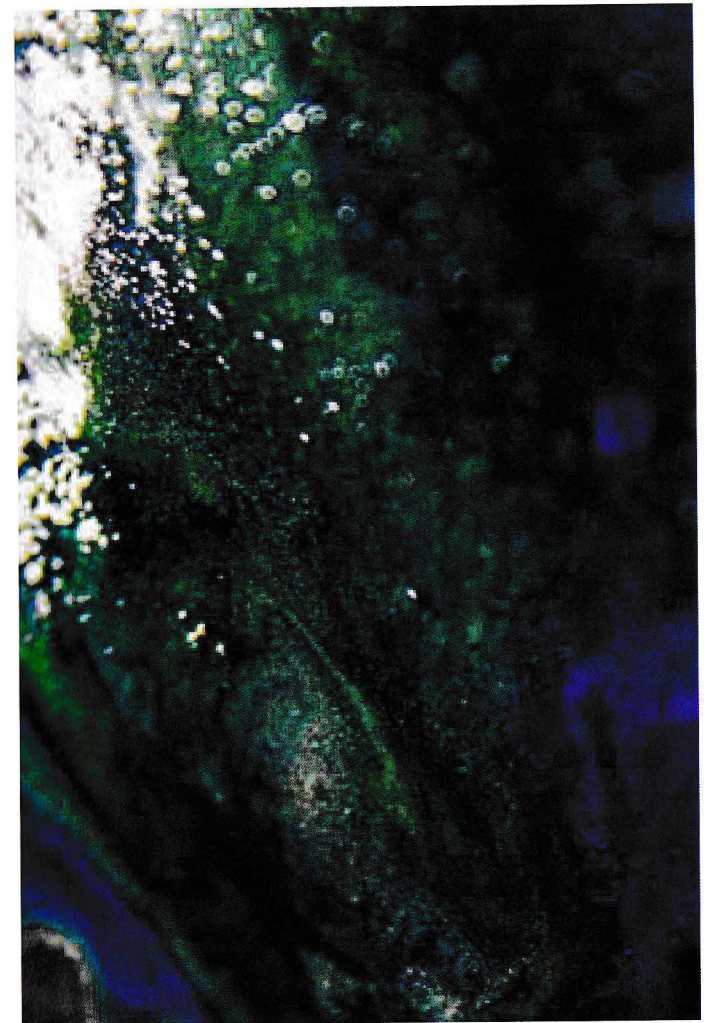
skylight

Elyse Guzewicz

I am made of stardust
or so I am told.
The fragments of burst cosmic balls
that lived their time and went out in flame.
Before my ancestors breathed,
my molecules went supernova
and turned to ash.
So you see,
I was born shattered
with death already inside of me.



Mothership



Gabby Zawacki

digital photography

One Reading; or, Accountability

Dr. Thomas A. Hamill

Sunrise flares the
Failing Sun's apocalypse

We load the weapon
Faithfully in form
(Our faithful Technicolor form)

Seated Hope anticipate
Looks down the cargo drop

We know light speeds us
Faster than our sound

The fires we set
Will go (for some) unheard

As will our weeping

River Street

Jason Klus

A crimson splatter grazed
the sunset last night
as I drove on either side
of withered yellow lines.
The red flash illuminated the
growing darkness, as I
waited for the asphalt to dissipate
into the murky night sky.

A mass of mangled flesh melted
into the road and silently the
golden lines turned orange, bleeding
into the sunset like some overripe fruit.
The raccoon didn't stir as the
sun's brush, drenched in scarlet
traced the miserable ringlet around
the deceased's leaden tail.

A dashed orange line, running
away as if to escape the gruesome tail
and accented with the sun's acrylic red
dropped from glory, now crusted and shining.
The setting sun is a thing like
rainbow sherbet, gummy on my hands
swallowed whole by five-year-old me and
and now providing a gulp of vermillion relief.

Zero Fox Given



Sarah Simonovich

oil pastel on bristol

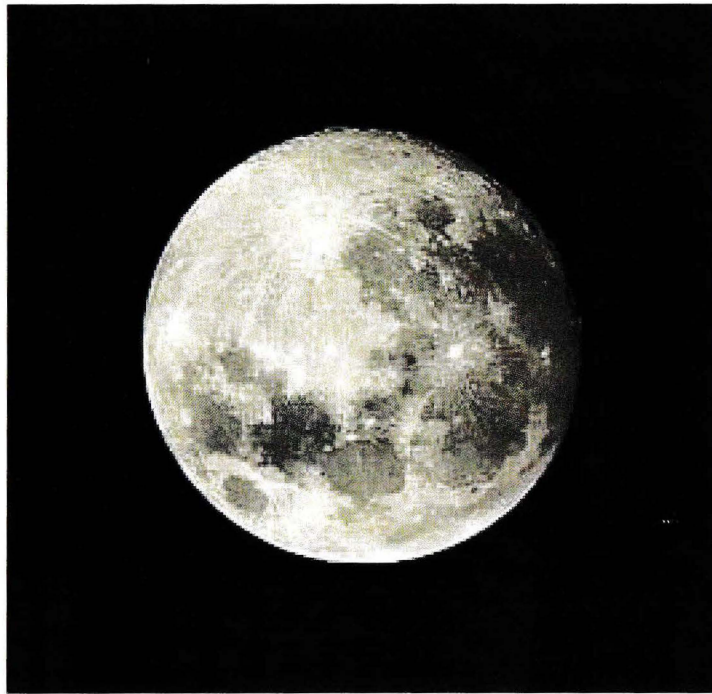
Space Oddity



Victoria Rendina

digital photography

Moonscape



Gabby Zawacki

digital photography
through telescope

Float Away



Emily Bellanco

digital photography

Close Enough

Josephine Latimer

You were there, not in your car but in the
basement of that church—
scuffed linoleum littered with footprints,
beams a sturdy overhang that kept the ceiling from
collapsing and there you stood, leaning against
cool white cement of a pillar in the back right corner.

(where was my beam to keep me
from collapsing)

You looked as you did:
flannel muted, Flyers cap perched atop
hay colored hair, faded gold as stocks
sway in mid-May field.
Your shoulders hunched, lanky frame
an all-limbed confusion.

There you were and there I was—
the first time in so long where I was
close enough to spit in your eye.
close enough to make your world spin with
the back of my hand, peach flesh turned
crimson, burning bright—
betrayal an imprint unseen.

I was close enough to knock you on
cream colored floor, to let knuckles sink into
soft skin, pliant as the poetry I write of you.

Again and again until you tasted terror,
blood and bone a broken harmony as bands
played our melody, stained glass of your
shattered self. You would beg—
bitter irony of bent knees on holy ground,
fist the fallen angel Abaddon as I granted you
my gift of destruction.

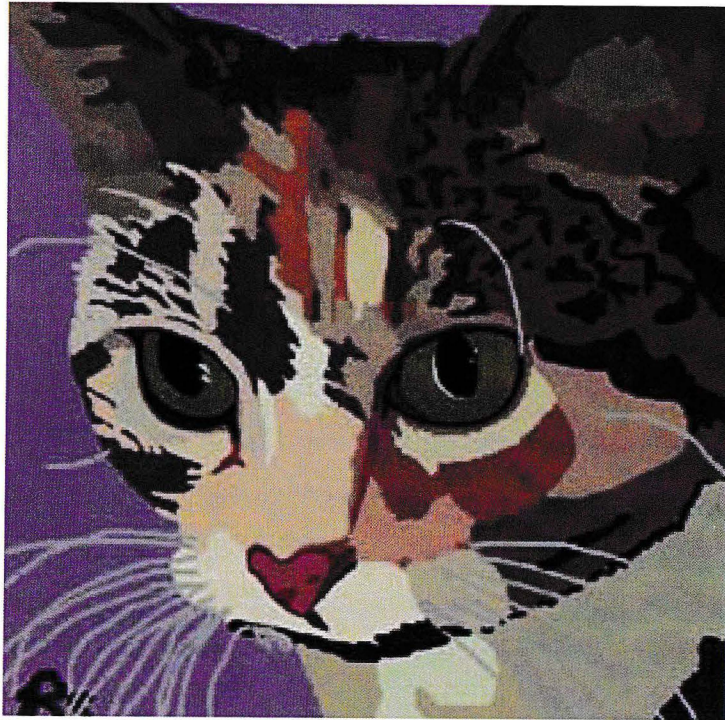
Amidst unsacred sacrament, lights
a dimmed calling of our factitious Father—
I was close enough to kiss you.
I was close enough to trace fingertips
on pillowed cheek, as we did those
Sunday afternoons.

I was close enough to nestle head
into neck, close enough to
feel home against your chest—
a double edged savior of sweet sin.

I was close enough
I was close enough

So there I was in my corner and
you in yours, waiting
for the moment we would be
saved as we stood
in the walls of God.

Pipsqueak



Rasha Shaker

digital painting
(photoshop)

Hopper Car



Jeremy Miller

marker on paper

Hypochondriac

Sara Pisak

Flushing fever
Systematic beads
of sweat
Fumble down
between green eyes
Shaking vertebrae
Spineless individuals
cannot look-up
Ignore – smog
dangling, cartoon piano
above your head.

Molten nose
Clammy (not)
mussel hands
Hole in the
ozone, crisp tan
Mow down
knee capped trees.

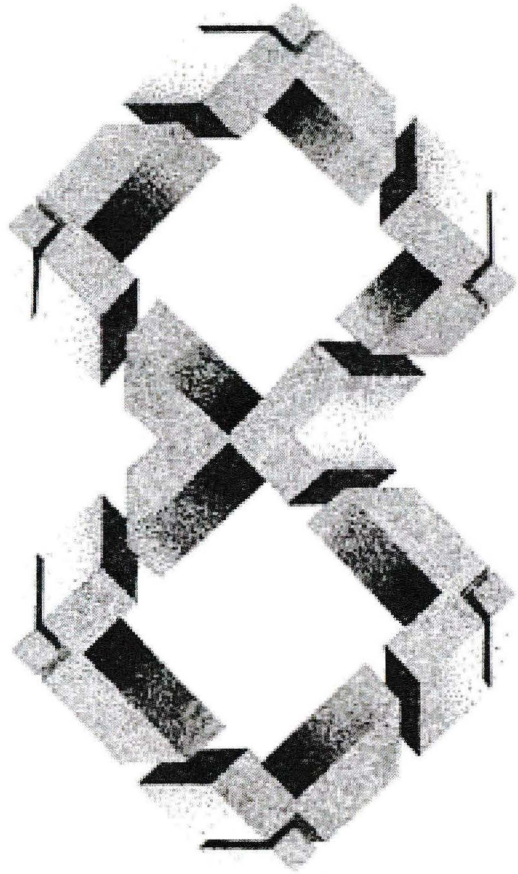
Achy body,
twinge and pang
Puffy roasting
marshmallow eyes
Smolder and explode
Cumulating, towering
inferno of national debt.

Groggy mind,
Lacerated, sore
throat.
Honey cough
drops soothe the
sting.
Turning stomach, gears
of war.
Germs of soldiers
Invade inches, cells
brandishing firearms.

Clamoring war
Disease spreads-
wildfire
So do ideas
Everyone and
Everything
-Contagious-



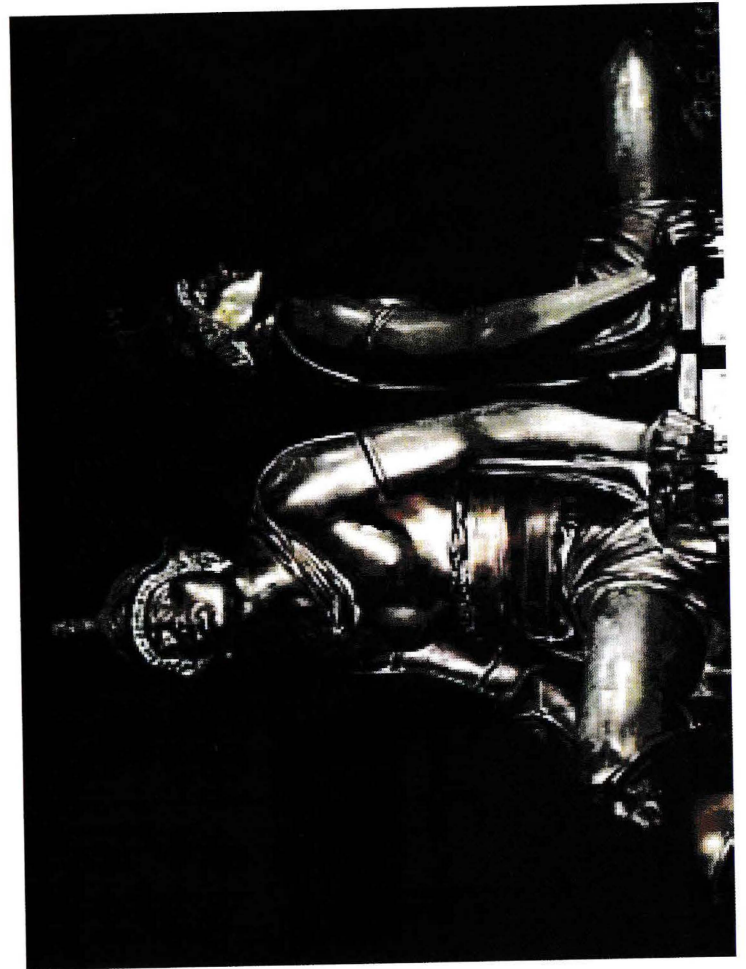
Untitled



Danica DeMesa

pen on paper

Stegmaier Statue



Rasha Shaker

digital photography

serenity

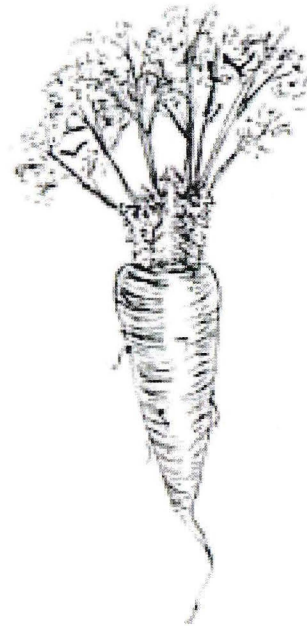
Victoria Rendina

i am a distant
memory
saturated in
bruised skin,
violet paper
mache molded
in your image and
falling apart
at the seams

you've cut me
up an endless
purgatory of
scarred grey
matter soaked
in bad thoughts
and dark places
plaster me
together with
scotch tape and
super glue

it's french for
chewed paper
fitting when you've
ripped me up
between your
teeth grant me the

piece you stole
and cast me as
a death mask to
mark my final hour
after hours 'til
divorce do us part
for one last glimpse
at immortality



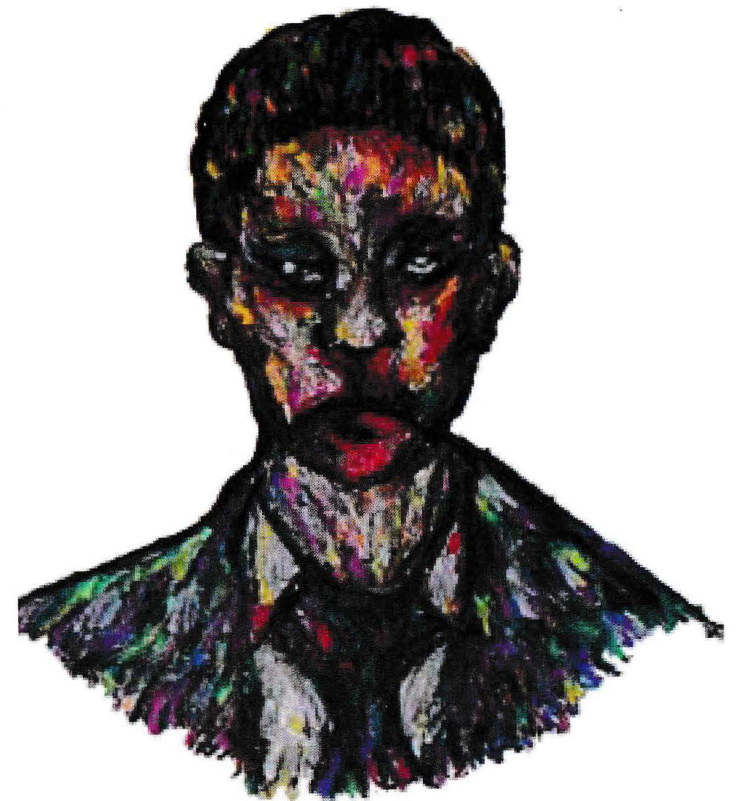
Ginsberg's "America"



Victoria Rendina

marker on paper

I am Jack



Sarah Simonovich

oil pastel on paper

Invisible Scars

Elyse Guziewicz

They landed exactly where they had started: in the strategic command room.

The captain turned to look at Erik, true concern in his eyes for the young man who stood there so quietly. All of them had known the risks of a strike into enemy territory, Erik and Mina most of all. But still he just stood there, looking at the blank table as if it would explain to him what had happened, gun hanging limply off one shoulder.

He looked up when the medic leaned dropped her supplies on the steel floor with an audible clang. The general caught Erik's eye again, seeming to try and search for answers to questions that remained unasked. Finally, the older man began putting the marks that represented his rank away, quietly telling Erik, "Get some rest. You need to grieve."

Erik nodded wordlessly, laying his weapon on the table and walking into the harsh electronic light of the command center hallway. He wasn't even sure where he was going. He moved quickly, shoulders hunched, head down, ignoring the inquisitive stares from soldiers and friends alike. He felt as if he were holding back tears, although he didn't know why. He was far too numb for tears.

He pushed out of the buildings and into the beautiful center of the DC complex. Trees dotted sidewalks and the open air felt amazing compared to the dry heat of combat. He turned to the right, heading for housing. Out of the corner of his eye he could see the pond, the one that froze solid enough you could ice skate during the winter, trying not to remember the time he had dragged Mina out there, even though it was six in the morn-

ing, because the only thing better than watching a sunrise on the pond was watching her face as he asked her to marry him. His steps sped up – this place held too many painful memories.

He had been back on the base when the IED went off.

Erik was considered one of the best sharpshooters in the Corps by the other officers, but his skills were elementary compared to his fiancée's. She was the youngest lieutenant to hold a strategic command and excelled at close-range combat. Her aim with a handgun was nearly equal to Erik's skill with a rifle. She was fast, nimble, and fearless, and Erik had always admired and somewhat feared her uncanny skill.

He ducked into one of the housing buildings, traveling by instinct instead of really watching where he was going. He swiped his key card through one of the doors and it chirped back, door unlocking in response. Tossing his bag on the table, Erik flopped on one of the couches, sitting forward with his head in his hands. There was an emptiness in his chest, an unsure weariness that floundered for anything to hold onto. He had lived a life before her but it seemed eons away, something he could never reach now. Sighing, he reached for the mug he had left on his coffee table before he left three months ago.

His hand closed around air. He looked up, startled, and suddenly realized where he was for the first time.

He wasn't in his house.

He was in hers.

Of course he was. He hadn't been paying attention, so his instinct had taken him where he most wanted to go. Since it couldn't find Mina herself, it did its very best.

He'd been drawn in at first by her almost manic energy. She would sprint lap after lap on the field, only stopping when she collapsed to her hands and knees. Her presence had commanded attention; it seemed almost impossible to look away when she entered a room. He'd been afraid to approach her at first, as if she were some untouchable goddess. When he finally managed to ask if she would go to the Commendation Dinner

with him, she agreed immediately. He had never looked back, caught in her electrifying magnetism.

Mina was intense as a firestorm through a dry forest. Her happiness was the sun and her anger was thunder. She was an uncontrollable force of nature, and Erik was pulled in her downdraft as she barreled headlong into life. Although she had seemed not to take a second to breathe, Erik could never have loved her as strongly as she loved him. His height of affection simply couldn't match the fierce energy she put into everything. She was strong, she was beautiful, and she was his. She had accepted his proposal with a giddy scream and a kiss so strong she nearly toppled him over.

That was a month ago.

They held a funeral. Erik didn't go. A sharp-dressed Marine Lieutenant delivered the folded flag with a salute and his condolences.

He never wanted to see this apartment again, this place that practically glowed with little touches of her. He never wanted to see the books and magazines in pristine stacks because he could see delicate fingers trying so hard to get them perfect. He didn't want handguns tucked behind baskets and discarded teabag wrappers lying haphazardly on counters. Every memory he had of her was stained with her blood on the sandy dirt.

He held the back of his hand to his mouth, trying not to look but not wanting to leave. There was nothing to bury. This was all he had left. These little things that hurt so much and he couldn't bear to leave behind. His head slid back down into his hands, shoulders shaking from anger and fear and the desperate need to fix this, will the universe into giving her back.

He forced himself to stand up and grab his bag off the table, telling himself he'd come back later but knowing he couldn't stay here. Each step felt more painful than the last. On impulse he turned into the kitchen and brushed the wrapper into the trash, knowing she'd hate to have it on her counter.

In the grand scheme of things, it didn't make a difference.

But if he acted like she was coming back, maybe she would.

Erik had always followed Mina's command unquestioningly. It wasn't just her personality – she was a genuinely talented commander. She shocked him when she told him she admired his cool, level head through every situation.

He collapsed against the counter, sliding to the ground, wishing desperately that wherever she was she couldn't see him like this. He didn't know how to pick up the pieces and put his life back together. In his heart, he believed he never would.

On quiet nights, when they both were able to have some free time, they would go to his apartment (or hers) and sit together quietly – reading a book, listening to music, watching television – just being near one another. She would have laid her head in his lap, usually dropping off to sleep within ten minutes while he stroked her icy blonde hair. He loved to watch her sleep. A being of ceaseless movement, watching her at rest was as intimate as any touch they shared. He knew she completely trusted him to let him see her at her most vulnerable. Most nights, he had carried her to bed and slept alongside her – near enough to hear her breathing and see her chest rise and fall.

What he wouldn't give to see that now.

He'd wake up in the morning and she'd be gone, usually in the shower. He'd wait to see her come out of the bathroom, hair in wet clumps, dressed in a sports bra and spandex shorts with a towel around her neck, and to hear her greet him and see her back to full energy. She'd grin and he'd give her a soft smile. The routine seemed simple, comforting, and Erik was angry at himself for taking it for granted.

He looked up and saw her, smiling widely with his arm around her shoulders. The picture had been taken at some community event where she had spent the evening talking for both of them, which he'd never seemed to mind. He had seen that same smile just a few weeks ago, those same pale blue eyes, those same wispy bangs that never seemed to stay in place.

She had been running through bombed ruins, directing

her team to different areas from which to fire grenades and hails of automatic fire. Erik had been on base, cleaning his rifle, prepping for a cleanup mission when she returned. They were holding position, but Mina had been ready to push further. She'd darted forward instead of directing one of her enlisted men – a habit of hers, as she claimed she was smaller and faster than any of them – and hid behind another wall, waiting to turn and shoot. Some of her men had joined her, and, at her direction, they all rushed forward and opened fire.

For the first few seconds, it seemed as if the maneuver had succeeded.

Then the bombs went off.

Bomb squad told Erik they had looked like cola cans. They'd all heard of the improvised bombs in Vietnam that were packed in soda cans, but Mina was too focused on the oncoming fire to search the ground; after all, why would the enemy risk their own soldiers with random IEDs? They just sat there among the other debris, blending in among rocks and ripped clothing and broken tables.

The lead barely nudged it with his foot. Just the slightest tap and the air was on fire. An alarm sounded on base, and teams of medics scrambled for the vehicles. Erik was on his feet in seconds, rifle on his back, strapping on a helmet, perching on the roof to cover for the men in the car.

Soldiers near the bomb cried out in pain, bodies on fire, limbs torn apart by shrapnel. He could hardly hear them. His eyes were on Mina, and the world seemed to suddenly move in slow motion. She turned in horror, mouth open in a silent scream, her terrified eyes seeming to bore into his skull. Then the second bomb went off, the flames reached their peak and he lost sight of her. Erik had scrambled from his perch as the fire began to recede, attackers nowhere in sight. They had known the battalion wouldn't pursue them, not with the carnage that lay ahead of him. Medics had rushed to the aid of the wounded, a mass of clean uniforms converging on blood and bones.

Erik had darted through the melee, eyes searching desperately for any sign of the woman he loved. He had known she'd be wounded badly, probably in critical condition. But they could help her, give her prosthetics to replace whatever limbs might have been damaged, steel ribs, organ transplants if necessary. He had prepared himself both mentally and emotionally to see her in grievous pain, burned, and broken. He would have reached out to hold her hand and tell her it was okay, it would be alright, she would make it through. The ground was such a cloud of smoke and burned flesh that she was nearly impossible to locate.

In her apartment, he stood shakily to his feet, leaning against the wall where the photo hung, stroking her face on the paper. Seeing her whole, healthy and smiling, was like a stab wound in his side. No matter where he looked, photos of her seemed to morph, showing him her body lying, unmoving, on the Iranian sand.

He had finally seen her off to the side, a little apart from the others. He had rushed to her side, checking to see how badly she'd been injured. From where he had stood, she had seemed awake, pale blue eyes still wide open. Even better, he'd heard no moans or screams of pain like those surrounding them.

Realization hit like a hammer. He finally got close enough to really see her; or rather, what was left of her.

The fire had chewed at her and spat back the charred bones. All of her left side was missing, ribs turned to burnt matches from the still-burning fire. Shrapnel had carved deep canyons whose rivers ran red into the ground. The open eyes he had taken for consciousness were glassy, what he had seen of her face masking the crater from her jaw to the base of her skull.

He had shaken her as if that would bring her back, regrow her heart and lungs, repair all the damage done to her skull. He had known the futility of his actions but couldn't stop himself, finally bowing over her, choking on his own tears, forgetting to care about the iron face of the Marine. In that moment, he had wished the bomb had hit him and that they both would have

gone up in flames so he wouldn't have to feel this terrible, awful pain.

He would never see her again.

The world had faded into a mindless blur. The weeks that followed held little memory. He had been brought home, presumably to prepare for discharge. The lead medic had diagnosed him with post-traumatic stress disorder and given him a prescription for an antidepressant of some sort. The paper was still somewhere among his things, unused. Only now had life begun to come back into focus, and with it, the enormous hole that no amount of grief could fill.

He looked at the picture again and was filled with sudden anger. Why did he get to be happy then? Why would the universe do this to him? Screaming his rage at the wall, he punched the photograph again and again, until all the glass had shattered and he was beating an empty patch of wall. He pulled his hands away to see that his knuckles were bleeding and that snapped him back into reality.

Mina was dead.

She would never be back. The universe that stole her from him would see no justice. He wouldn't see her smile or hear her voice from this moment until the day he died. He would still have waking nightmares, not knowing where he was. In that moment, he was struck with the aching realization: he was as broken and scarred as any of the men who had lost a limb in that fire. He would feel this every day, until he finally got to join Mina in wherever it was she had gone.

He could only hope he'd live up to her legacy.



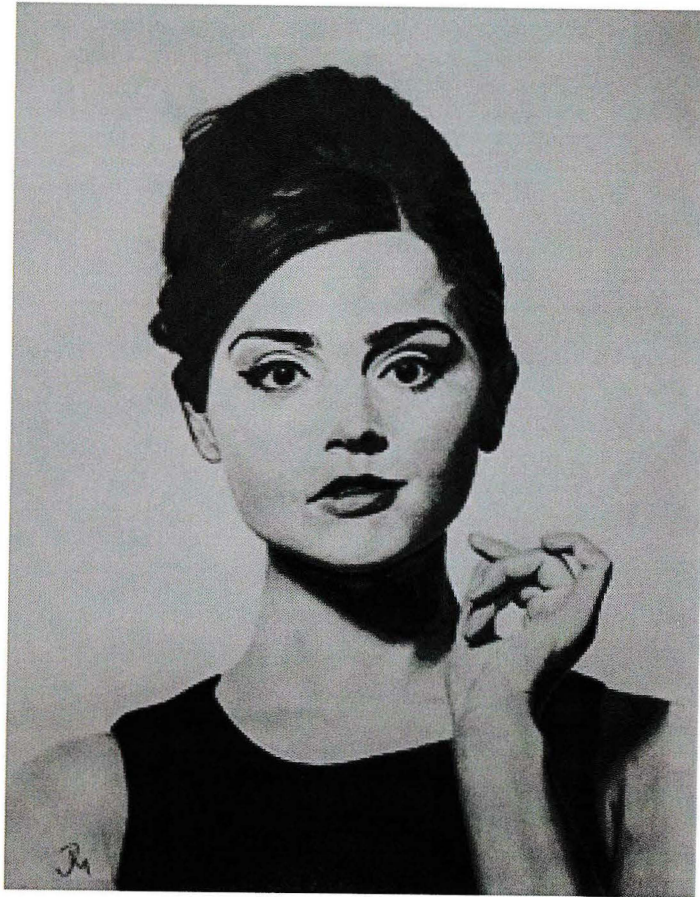
Logging Camp Props



Robert Hildenbrand

lightwave 3D and photoshop

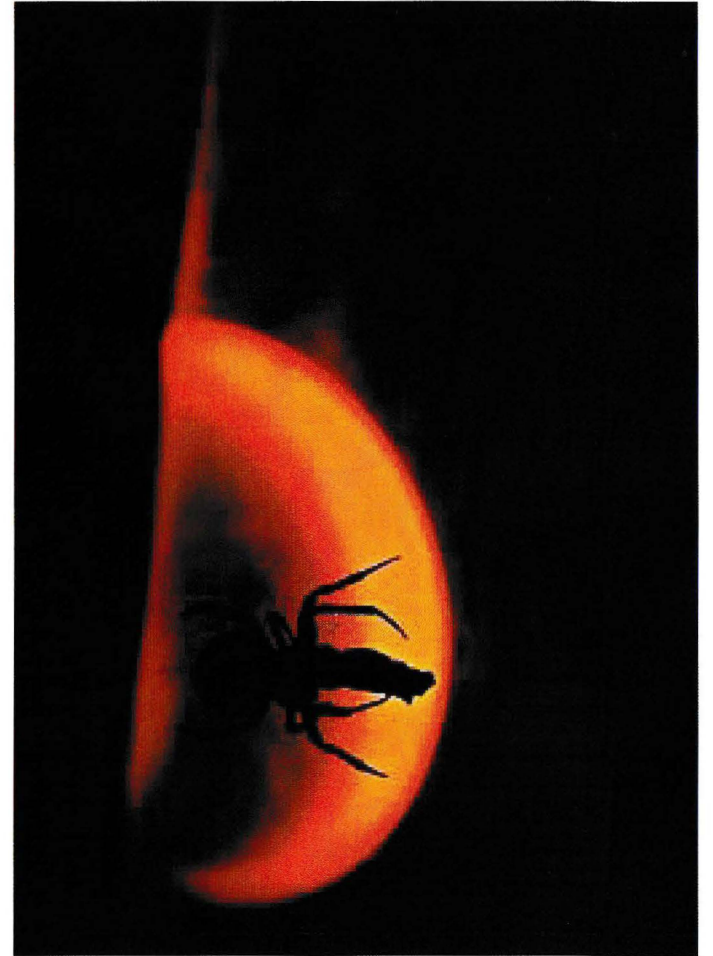
Jenna-Louise
Coleman



Jeremy Miller

pencil on paper

Untitled



Jordan Ramirez

digital photography

Wrinkles

Alyssa Mursch

Her face
Like my wrinkled clothes
Worn with the weight
And the worry

Laced with hope
She smiles
Still

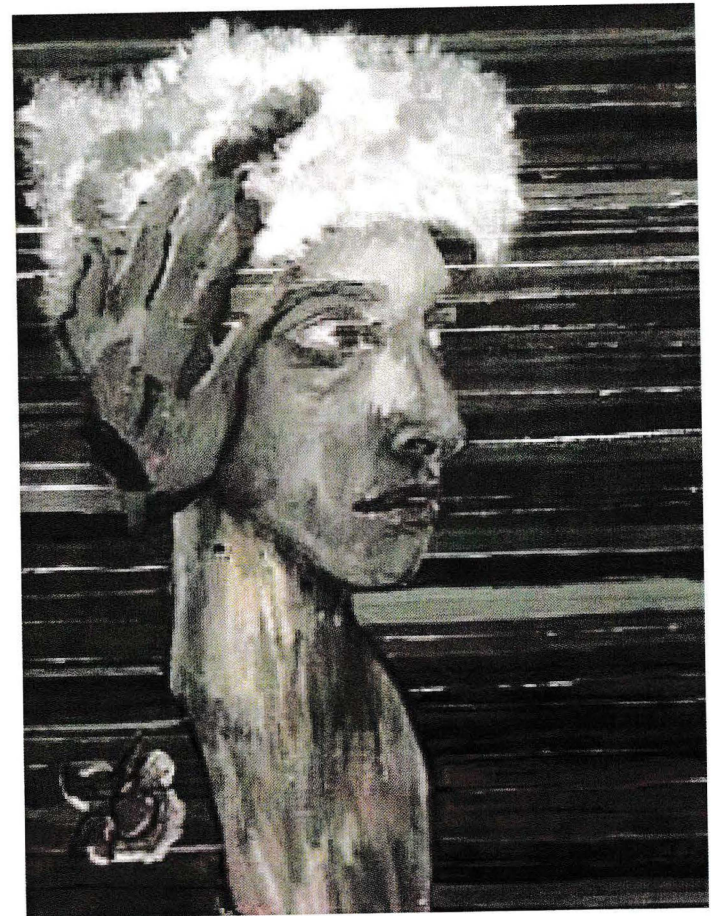
Wrinkles of time
Of death
Of grief

Her face and my clothes
Neither cared for how they should
Neither given
What they deserve

We three are the iron
Smoothing
Mending

The wrinkles never leave
But they can
Fade

Catherine's Portrait



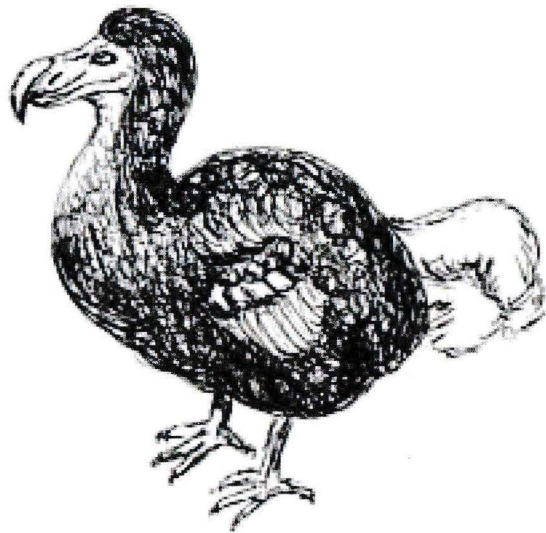
Anne Janecek

acrylic on canvas

7-5-7: Literary Values

Dr. Thomas Hamill

Making copies of copies,
I laugh. "Plato's right?"
But then I remember. "No."



Goodbye Blue Monday



Victoria Rendina

printmaking on paper

A Seasonal Depression

James Jaskolka

Wind wisps listlessly through the autumn air
Stirring through the street and its collection of leaves
And into my jacket;
It's biting
It hints of winter
and the snow that I know will eventually burden the side-
walks—
Less of a coating,
More of a smother
(a scarf pressed too tight against your nose)—
And spoil the scenery
Of Summer's leftover sunlight.

It chills
To think of
August fading:
The drying
Of a flower
In the cold.

Spine



Gabby Zawacki

digital photography

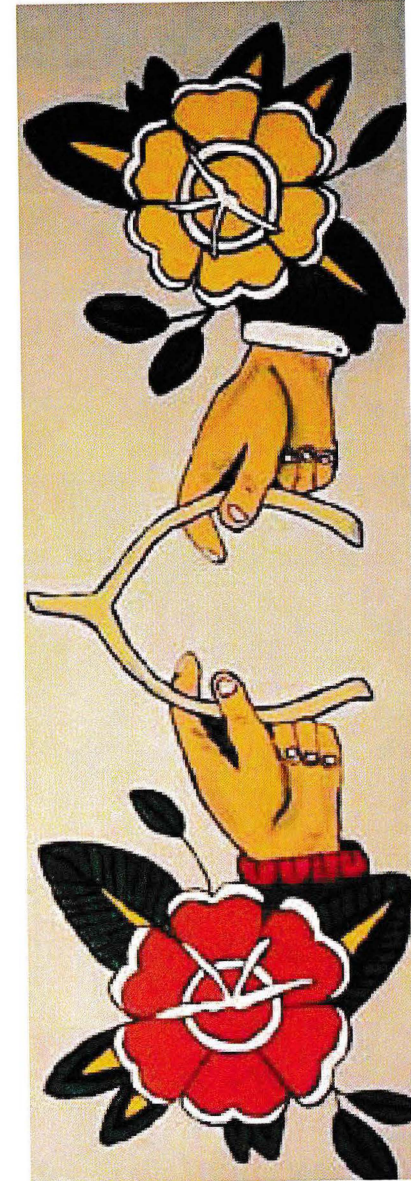
Vincent



Victoria Rendina

acrylic on canvas

Make A Wish



Emily Bellanco

acrylic on canvas

Dinner

Jason Klus

Blue sparks melt the
hair off my knuckles where
the skin puffs up
at the end of the night.
I flip the light-switch
to summon tungsten light that
shrinks my pupils into beetles –
george-and-ringo-size.

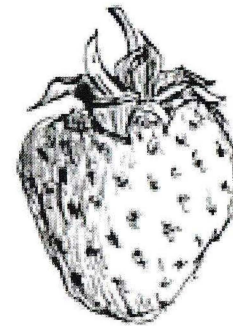
Water's tremoring on the stove
And I think I don't have time
to cook rigatoni as I'm scolded
by the smiling teeth of chipped
black enamel placed over an
overexposed electric burner.

So many smirks lie
in the blistered veneer of
this pan, as if its surly handles
are scolding me with a voice like
Victor Hugo's chain-smoking brother:
vous ne pouvez pas faire cuire.

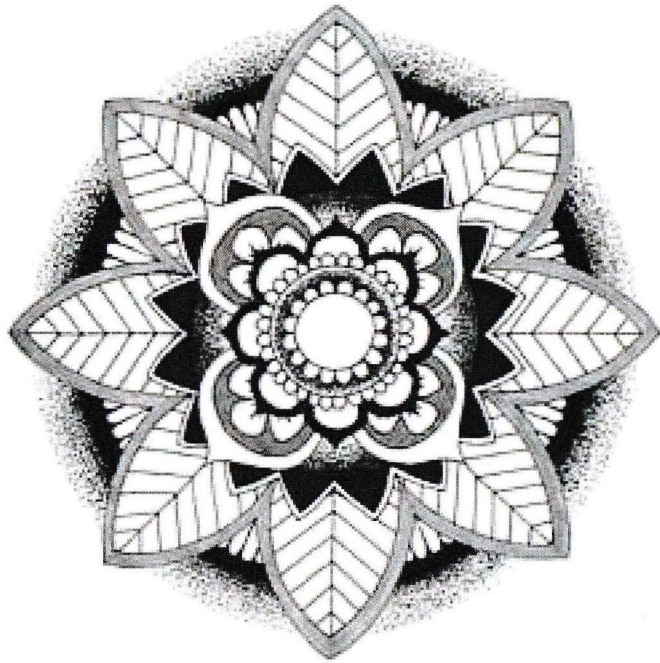
And with my hairless knuckles
I stir and taste and create
culinary chaos as I granulated
garlic fingerprints etch tattoos
into my forehead, and I think

mom will be mad if I burn
the sauce without realizing
I have been burned too.

What would it be like to turn
the lights on and burn
endlessly – To be the pan?
Would my mother find me
sizzled and stiff, lying
on the linoleum with
no knuckle hair at all?
The pot gets to live.
I will soon be too scorched to
respond back in my kitchen-only
french dialect: *je vais réussir.*



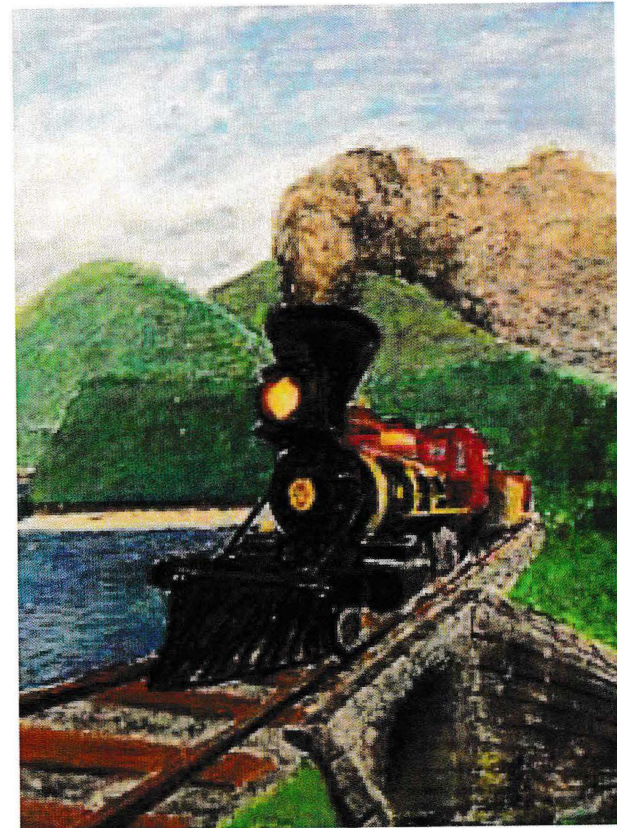
Untitled 12



Danica DeMesa

pen on paper

Virginia and Truckee 20



Jeremy Miller

oil pastel on paper

because

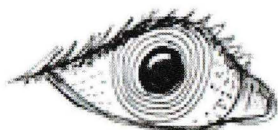
Elyse Guziewicz

“faith
is the substance of things hoped for
the evidence of things not seen,”

but also

fear
is the substance of things broken
the evidence of things not known

the latter being prayed in huddled, shivering
corners
when no god can be found.



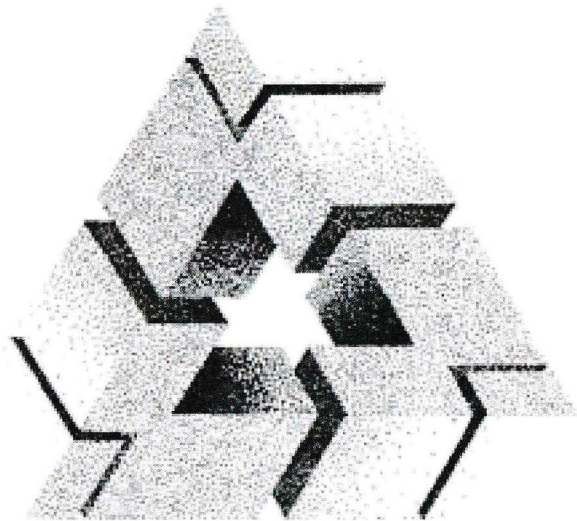
Spiral



Gabby Zawacki

digital photography

Untitled 3



Danica DeMesa

pen on paper

Play Crack The Sky



Gabby Zawacki

pencil and food coloring on paper

rewritten

James Jaskolka

poems and
parts of poems
litter the apartment
coffee-stained and incomplete
like adolescent memories
of holding hands inside
an August afternoon

erase a line
revise the poem
watch the sun recede

what is winter
except the absence of summer
and the scenes my senses hunger for –

the cherry oak
of a hand-me-down
bedframe
comfort
in the corner
of a quiet room

or sunflower sheets
that bloom through
arching fingers as they
linger in the quiet
light of mourning's break

before it peaks
then fades –

lackluster
as it surrenders
back into its absence

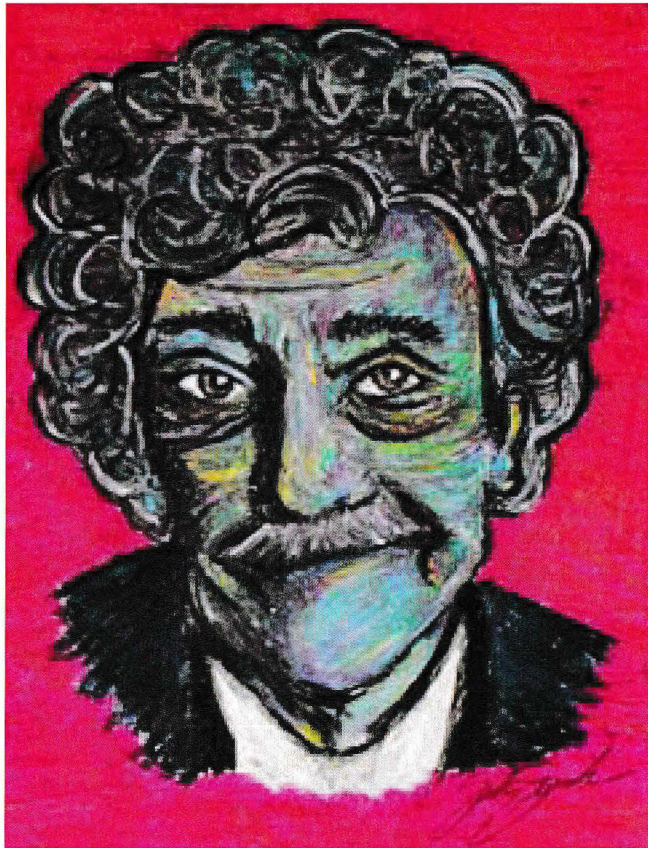
rewrite it all
on crumpled napkins
between golden bracelets
on the insides of your arms

I dreamt of a better way
to end the poem, but
I must have left it
in the ashtray, beside
your cigarette stained
in muted lipstick –

smothered out
smoldering still



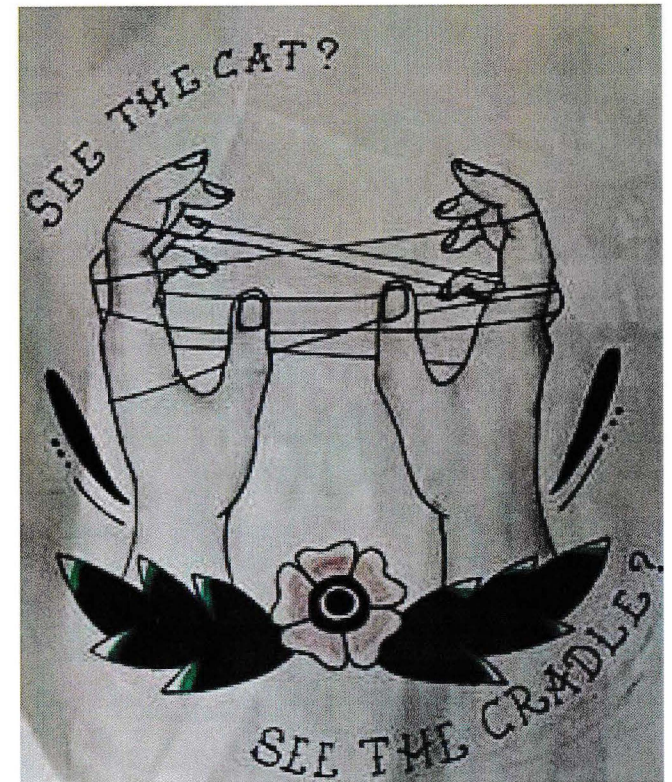
In Nonsense is Strength



Sarah Simonovich

oil pastel on bristol

No Damn Cat



Victoria Rendina

marker on paper

Words Flow

Josephine Latimer

Words wrap itching fingertips,
Fidget as they find urgent keys,
Broken keys of wrought thoughts
And heavy despondency—

An ecstasy of imagination
Curled through cuticles uncut,
Uncut and jagged
Like the knife you drove
Through my heart,
Heart of hearts:

Pick a card:
Ace of Spades
(Jack of Trades)

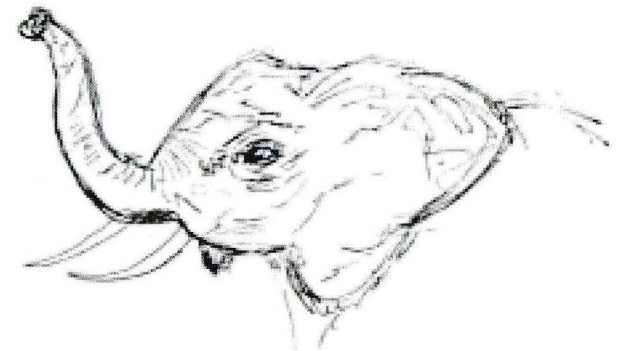
King of Diamonds—
(blind in one eye, seeing
scenes in sepia tones)

Queen of Clubs—
(you clubbed the care from
curving hips and ready lips)

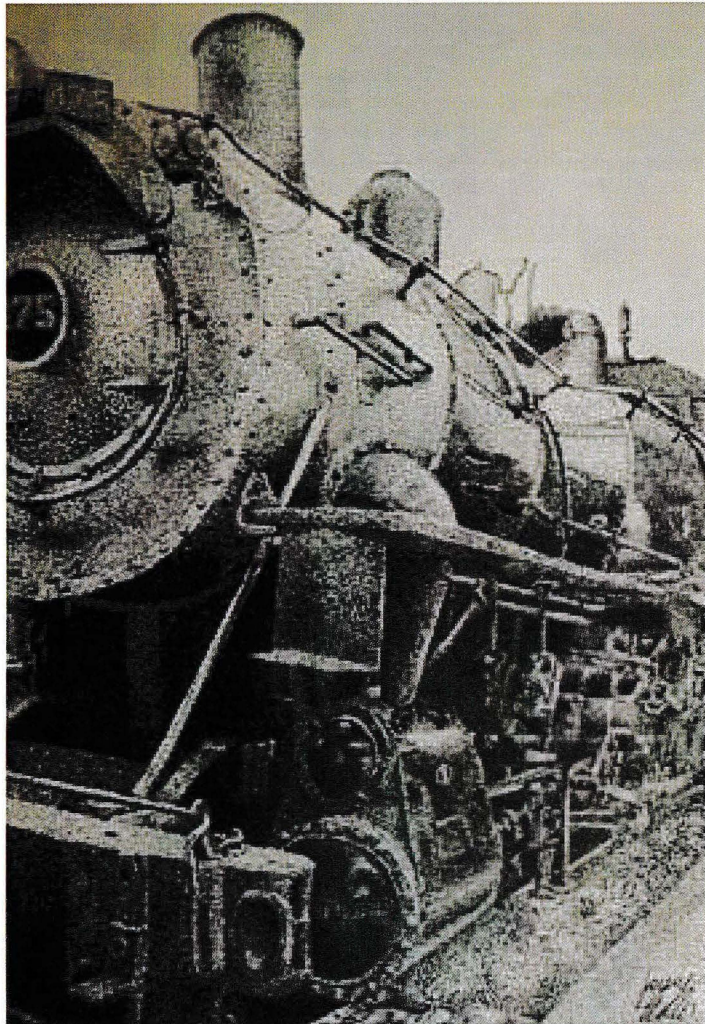
Words flow free as lies
You spoon-fed me,
Eager and willing,

Willing to please
(oh please)
(oh yes)

Cars speeding
By as I watch with
Broken eyes and heavy limbs,
Words flow frothy in bloated brain.



Norfolk & Western
475



Jeremy Miller

micron pens on paper

Untitled 84



Danica DeMesa

pen on paper

Biographies

Authors, Artists, and Staff

Dr. Mischelle Anthony didn't write her own biography (but if she did it'd probably be a poem).

Emily Bellanco gave up a pharmacy guaranteed seat to become an Integrative Media major. She loves her dogs, tattoos, and the ukulele. Chase dreams not dollar bills.

Catie Conte really enjoyed her first semester being a part of Manuscript & all the dog pictures Sarah sent at the end of every email.

Danica DeMesa was tragically stricken down in the '70s, only to haunt the 1st floor of the SUB until she was reborn at Warped Tour '13.

Elyse Guziewicz is very jealous of anyone with a better Tolkien collection than hers and may be composed entirely of insomnia and sarcasm.

Dr. Thomas A. Hamill submitted his biography on time, which is probably why it

includes only this brief and nondescript David Bowie reference that only last semester's Chaucer students and anyone who's been near his office door of late will understand. He is honored to have his poems included in this issue, and he would like to formally and gratefully thank the staff and advisors of *The Manuscript*, past and present, for making the world richer and more true through their invaluable work.

Robert Hildenbrand once was a Heavy Equipment operator and now is an amateur Computer Graphic artist, writer, and photographer with a horrific sense of humor and style of dress. He is easy to spot in a crowd of people by being the one staying to the outside, staring into the crowd. Robert is a jack of many trades, even reinventing himself.

Anne Janecek died tragically rescuing his family from the wreckage of a destroyed sinking battleship. (1932 - 2001)

James Jaskolka is a fake English major. He once let somebody tattoo a heart on his ankle with a sewing needle.

Dr. Sean Kelly was assigned this biography by outside forces.

Jason Klus is busy helping Father Damien with the lepers in Moloka'i when he's not hangliding over the Florida Keys. He's a scratch golfer who, under president Jimmy Carter, served as the US Senate majority whip. Oh, and he likes cats.

Josephine Latimer has crazy hair, resembles a Florida retiree and sometimes writes poetry.

Em Leonick is bad at writing about herself.

Jeremy Miller likes to draw trains and doesn't think Jackson Pollock is a real artist.

Alyssa Mursch is an aspiring journalist, working to leave her mark on the world one article at a time.

Sara Pisak is an English Creative Writing and English Literature major with a minor in Women and Gender Studies. Sara enjoys watching classic movies and spending time with family and friends.

Maddie Powell usually has her mother write these things, but she's been busy.

Jordan Ramirez graduated from Wilkes University and all he got was this crappy bio.

Victoria Rendina is known to be half cat, half goth princess, and upon recent accidental green hair, she believes she is becoming a sea witch. A wise man once told her to get out of her head and write an expletive story; she's working on it.

Rasha Shaker was going to attend art school, but life had to suck. So instead she pretends to be an artist. She's a practitioner of Hakuna Matataism - ask, and she'll tell you what that means.

Sarah Simonovich was born four score and seven years ago to a family of yak farmers just south of the US-Mexico border. She is best known for her dog, Thomas Pynchon, and her love/hate relationship with writing.

Gabby Zawacki is playing in abandoned mine drainage.

