









**The Manuscript**

**2013**



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### 1947 Foreword

With this issue of the 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 be proud.

The Editors



### 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 the Wilkes faculty, staff, students, and alumni. This process includes creative work-shopping, copyediting, and layout.

Wilkes students may elect to enroll in ENG 390, 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.



## **Staff**

**Executive Editor**  
**Miranda Baur**

**Assistant Editor**  
**Gabriella Zawacki**

**Copy Editor**  
**Victoria Hevener**

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**John Carroll**  
**Kendra Kuhar**  
**Sarah Simonovich**  
**Emily Yuscavage**

**Faculty Advisors**  
**Dr. Mischelle Anthony**  
**Dr. Sean Kelly**

Assembled by the Manuscript Society under the guidance of S.L. Stitch  
Kester with special thanks to Kimberly Coscia of Art Seen on the Square in  
Wilkes-Barre.

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**STAFF AND ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES**

Written Art

Written Art



Lauren Carey

Humpty' s Dumpty

Maybe I just need a therapist.  
I' m experiencing episodes  
Of desire  
For self-defenestration.

Maybe the wall I' m on is metaphorical.  
A turning point?  
My ego:  
Like eggshells.

I want to jump  
Into something new—  
Make a positive move.  
The more I think

I lean back  
The more I crash to the ground.

What' s my motivation?  
What keeps me perched on the wall?  
My self-esteem, self-concept?  
Both a self-fulfilling prophecy  
Caused by self-handicapping.

:  
:  
:  
:

I have to hope  
I' m not cracking up.  
I just need to breathe  
And find my center.

But it' s  
scrambled.

Lauren Carey

With Julia

We spent the night  
Under flannel covers  
With a flashlight  
Eating spaghetti with ketchup  
Learning how  
To apply eye-shadow  
With fingers  
And paintbrushes.

In the morning  
I stared at her face  
And the terrible blue streak  
That stretched from  
Her left eyebrow  
Down to her cheek.



John Carroll

I Speak the Blushing Language

I speak the blushing language,  
Let sounds of sentiment color my face  
And say the words best kept secret  
And express the feelings that I tried to hide  
As the wide mouth tried to speak the lie  
It wants you to believe  
And I take a leave from my good senses  
I am honest like Iago  
I am fearless like the lion  
I speak the blushing language  
With red faces and hands trembling like leaves,  
But I've never seen a leaf tremble and I've never heard a face lie  
I speak the blushing language  
And I try, I try, I tried to forget but forgot  
Cause you can't forget the blushing language  
It speaks right to the soul and I am rotten to the soul  
I am broken like the puzzle who is dead when he is whole  
I speak the blushing language.

John Carroll

I Watch for Broken Glass

Footbeat heartbeat hoofbeat paperbeats rock but "why" beats me.  
I watch for broken glass as I walk the city streets, and I wait  
for time to pass, and I wait for pain to ease.  
And I worry and I worry and I worry and I worry and I worry  
and I worry and I worry.  
And my feet hurt.



Dr. Helen Davis

The Repercussions of Impatience

"Are you mad at me?"  
Whispered in my ear  
Gentle reprimand

Shameful expression  
I put it on her face  
With my careless words

Just a gentle smile,  
A hug and all is better  
But I remember still

Bethany Guarilia

Act I

Time for the main act.  
the heroine (the girl in the woods)  
takes to the stage,

clack clack!

her shoes stamp the time on the wooden floor,  
echoing like a shadow twin.

The room is

silent

but for the buzzing of a fly.  
stage lights decorate in green  
her face

multiplied

beneath its watchful, compound eyes.

roots break through the stage floor  
and capture her legs  
until her hands are nothing more  
than little birds

hopping

between the branches.

in, out she breathes.

Then she

breaks

the silence.

Bethany Guarilia

at the sound of her voice,  
the fly lifts off,  
with wings too quick to see,  
and lands at the right-hand corner  
of her temple (that sacred place)  
proboscis lips

touch  
her skin with the lightest  
of kisses,

an itch.

all she needs is a sharp edge,  
just enough to

dig  
in  
with bitten, raw nails  
just enough to

scratch  
the seams  
of stitches newly healed.

this performance is a parasite,  
infectious,

a fever.  
with a final bow to the audience,  
she walks to the edge  
and steps off

free.



Bethany Guarilia

Spider Bites and Blind Eyes

I. The door creaks open and shadows briefly stain the walls before the light fades. Shuffling bare feet move toward his bed. He closes his eyes, blinded by the sudden absence of light. He can feel her shifting above him, and he focuses instead on the firmness of his pillow and the distant siren drifting through his open window.

The soft curtain of her hair encloses his face like a spider web. His tightly-shut eyes are the only rebellion against the gentle violence of her touch. When she kisses him, his lips open like a conquered city because she had said that if he did not offer even that small amount of consent, she would say that he forced her into this, and they would believe her. Her fingers crawl across his skin.

His mind escapes her touch, moving out past his closed bedroom door, past other sleeping figures, out of the shut windows and locked doors, to run with bare feet across wet grass and inhale the scent of spring. She knows better than to ask him to look at her while she does this, and he knows better than to ask her to stop.

II. His drawings fill notebooks that he hides in an old backpack in his closet. Her with eight spindly legs and her black hair tangled around her face like silk. Even after it stops, she crawls the ceiling every time he undresses and he feels her arachnid eyes on his skin like a whispered breath. He can almost hear her soft footsteps in every dark corner.

She had made a traitor of his body and a fugitive of his eyes. He woke to scratch mark from either her nails or his attempt to peel off his sinful skin. Every time, she had said she loved him. He would never stop hating her for it.

Justin Jones

Out in the Cold

She sniffled and listened to her own labored breathing, the only sound accompanying her in the dank and dark. Her sobbing had ceased to be what may have been ten or twenty minutes earlier, she had no way of being sure, but the tears continued to flow. For years she had worked furiously to turn herself as stoic as a porcelain doll, so when those tears dripped down to her cheeks and rolled down her chin, she felt as if she was cracking apart...and she hated it.

She fell forward, her elbows driving into the muck her knees had been languishing in for quite some time now. Her throat closed up and her face began to prickle, sure signs that she was about to have one of her dreaded panic attacks, but she knew that this wasn't the same. She wasn't panicking.

She was grieving.

Focusing, she reopened her airways and gulped down the cool night air, her stomach nearly turning in on itself when she could not inhale any further. She held that breath for a moment, wondering how easy it would be if she could actually choose which breath would be her last. She was not suicidal, she just pondered awkward things, like how the world would be if humans had their own OFF button...

The fire built in her lungs, reminding her that she was not in control. The body was meant to keep running as long as it was physically able to. Her respiratory system did not care that she was upset, it just needed to continue. So she stubbornly fought her survival instinct by defying the silence that had overcome her.

With all her might, Raven Hex screamed.



### Justin Jones

An owl hooted in surprise and rustled through the dark branches above, but she paid no attention to it as she recovered from her shriek. The burst of energy had hurt her throat and her temples were pounded from the pressure, but it was well worth it in her mind. Any type of physical pain allowed her to take the focus away from the emotional agony she had been left with...

That HE had left her with.

She tried not to think about him, but the task was fool-hardy, all things considered. How could you forget your mentor and soul-mate only moments after he had driven you out into the middle of nowhere and thrown you out of the car like an unwanted dog? Or worse, a corpse to rot where no one could find her.

Raven felt like a corpse and she knew she could be mistaken for one freshly risen from the grave at that moment, but no one would see her here, and the only true corpses in the vicinity were the ones six feet beneath her. What better way to tell someone that "you're dead to me," than dumping them in the middle of the woods with the graves of everyone who ever got close to you...

The poetic macabre nature of it would have left Hex in awe had she not been at the receiving end.

"Fucking prick," she whimpered, as she pushed herself back onto her backside and leaned back against the headstone of her lover's son.

The frailty in her whisper frightened her, so to combat what she viewed as petty weakness, she cracked her head back into the granite as hard as she could. Her vision swam and her headache reached migraine status, but she had gotten what she wanted, and the warm trickling down the back of her neck confirmed that fact. Smiling to herself, she slipped a shaking hand behind her head and felt the small gash on her scalp, not even wincing from the sting of her own touch.



### Justin Jones

When she withdrew her hand, it was crimson in the moonlight, reminding her that she was still alive and that this feeling of abandonment that was crashing through her like a tsunami wasn't some type of purgatory meant to break her spirit before digressing into the underworld. She was alive and time would continue to tick on, and with each passing tick, just like the pain coursing through her skull, her agony would subside...

Groaning, she wiped the blood away on her already ruined skirt and hunched forward onto all fours. The owl hooted again, curious to what it was watching as she crawled across the soil to where He had stood when he cut her from his life. She ran her trembling fingers across the grass, feeling the imprints of his boots where they had flattened it.

She moved her hands further, and finally, they rested on the tiny envelope he had dropped there. A parting gift from an unsatisfied lover. Exhausted, Raven rolled onto her back and stared up at the night sky, wondering how in this little cut off section of the map, in a place so polluted as Southern California, she could look up through swaying branches and see the stars as if she were looking through the lens of a telescope.

Lying there for what may have been an eternity, Raven wondered if she would ever see the stars come out to play as beautifully as they had that night...

Somehow, she doubted that the destination of the plane tickets in her hand could reciprocate that image, so she took it in for all it was worth.

A fleeting moment of tranquility before a lifetime of pain and regret.

Jami Kali

Over Untruths

Honesty sits sour in stomachs  
and sneaks up throats as words.

Honesty burns when you pee.

Honesty bites and nips heels  
with teeth behind lips softer  
than those of liars lying  
locking eyes  
unblinking  
never flinching  
or second-guessing.

Pretty pretending and lazy play-alongs  
palpitate behind liar's solid ribshields.

Honesty hits hard in the heart  
leaves it hollow or halved  
but never blasts a hole  
cannonball sized  
in your backside

like the love of a liar.

Jami Kali

The W(hole)

My head and my heart hold drilled-in holes. My head and my heart are lifted like layers of clay. My head and my heart are chewed and swallowed by the mouths of bodies that bleed light. My head and my heart explode at once and mix with sweat and flakes of flesh under heels and soles of liberated strangers. My head and my heart are healed by the blast of unbiased human combustion. Head is smashed on the wall. Heart is flung on the floor. My head and my heart crawl apart in all directions. My head and my heart meet somewhere back near start. Head comforts heart. Heart consoles head. My head and my heart are a chip off the whole. My head and my heart are null.



Sarah Simonovich

Adam

Did you find your god between your dirty sheets  
heavy with sweat and fluids and death?  
Did you find your god at the bottom of your 100-  
proof bottle of liquid testosterone?

"Drink me, Drink me,"  
One bottle makes you larger  
and another makes you small,  
smaller than the pills you pop  
like candy, Pez, a sugar high,  
high, higher than the clouds  
you soar on angel wings of wax  
until the sun melts your dreams  
like ice cream on a Brooklyn sidewalk  
where no tree dares grow.

Don't blame me for your shortcomings  
or your short comings  
you honey-skinned snake,  
you silver-tongued fox.  
Choke on that apple,  
the sultry fruit of my labor.

I listened to your lies  
over and over,  
let you paint me red,  
A scarlet-clad woman, but  
you are no Puritan.

Sarah Simonovich

Oh, Pinocchio!  
Does your wood not grow  
with your fabrications?  
Why so tall, little man?  
You stand an inch above the ground,  
crawling with the roaches  
and the serpents and the ants.

"Repent!" yelled your father  
and I spat in his face  
as I bore him your son, tainted  
with our sins, both mine and yours.  
He cried as he separated from my body  
and I laughed at what we had done,  
laughed at what was to come next.  
Not you.

We were made to love,  
my dear, I loved you once  
and I might still  
if only you would thaw your heart,  
caged in that chest  
of thorny steel ribs.

I would love you still if  
you stopped painting me in your mind  
as some Madonna, pure and lovely and Holy.  
I lost my god when you found  
yours buried deep inside of me.  
I lost mine when you lost yours  
far too quickly.

Sarah Simonovich

Insomnia

What goes through your mind when  
it's 4am and you can't sleep?  
Which songs play in your head,  
what memories run rampant  
when all the sheep are butchered  
by your inner hungry wolves?

I long to taste your lips salted by your tears  
when the pain in your head waxes  
and wanes with the dead moon.  
I long to feel your flesh next to mine,  
hot and heavy and sticky with need.

What do you think when the sun rises  
and you are awake to see it, but dead?  
Are the sun's rays cold against your cheek?  
Your eyes so blue are illuminated by sadness.

To be by your side on these nights would be my privilege:  
I would warm your body with my flesh,  
satisfy your need for life in the darkness,  
quell your deepest urges to end it all.  
You never dream, you tell me: well,  
all I do is dream, and I have enough for us both.



Brielle Stanton

Covered With Lace

Heated sphere, your clouds move so fast  
Your fingers wipe the gentle tears  
Excavate the damage of the past  
Your capacity surpasses twenty tender years

Don't close your endless eyes  
Undulations reaching nowhere  
If the invulnerable dies  
I still feel you smooth my hair

Rough skin can grace the surface  
This embrace, I hope, finds no release  
Hold still the pen consuming purpose  
Whisper of your cool breath above the noisy peace

Joy's seizure, she will shake  
Trembling with each quick glance  
Forsaken dungeon you once were fake  
Passionate touch makes the light dance

A splash of the sea runs down your face  
And lightly meets my dress covered with lace

Brielle Stanton

The Nature of Prediction

"Red Bird fly away!"  
Forecast says early winter  
She already knows

Brielle Stanton

New York

Watercolor hues dot the river's beating edge  
The dark sky is interrupted  
With sparkling glimmers of hope  
Leaves fall fast burying the earth, crisp and cool beneath our feet  
Still, firm and unforgiving buildings battle nature's placid power  
Relentlessly claiming  
Blade by blade  
Each hopeful sprout



Gabby Zawacki

The Kaleidoscope Life

You might wake up one morning,  
or every morning,  
and wonder why the hell you' re here,  
that first-world fatigue  
dragging

    you  
        down.

Maybe your car isn' t as  
eye-catching as the CEO' s  
down the street.

But it still runs  
on the remains of dinosaurs,  
that' s right, dinosaurs  
that lived 65 million years ago.  
That, my friend, is a gift from the past,  
that' s why they call it the present.  
This moment right now is really all you have,  
it' s all that' s guaranteed.

Your heart is a lava lake.  
Don' t let it harden.

Maybe we' re impressed with natural phenomena  
because they happen without  
knowing if they matter.  
Like foxfire fungi glowing  
without knowing why it' s growing.

Gabby Zawacki

St. Elmo's fire sending pulses of plasma through the sky  
like your brain propelling epiphanies  
that were long gone  
before you even knew they existed.  
When you look at the  
kaleidoscope of your life,  
what colors do you see?

You see, it's not the patterns that matter.  
Don't believe them when they tell you that.  
The answers aren't really ours to hold.  
They never were.  
God created the world in 7 days,  
but what they don't tell you  
is that he only did it because  
he was lonely.  
We all feel that way sometimes.  
The spaces between our fingers  
are not always laaced by love  
and sometimes the emptiness in our  
birdcage breast echoes  
just a little too loudly.

So just keep punching for the promise  
that today will be better than yesterday.  
You're still alive, aren't you?  
It's a goddamn miracle every time  
you get another shot  
at living and not just surviving.  
Your life is a natural phenomena and  
every day is beautiful.

Gabby Zawacki

Lilac Malaria

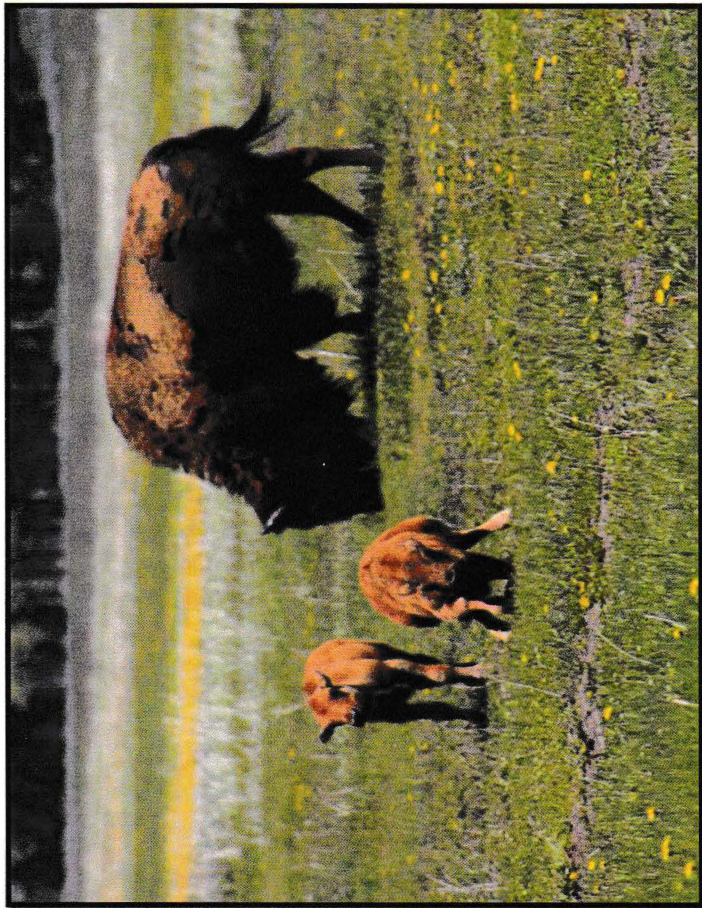
The streetlight struggles to breathe life into the bulb  
as your nicotine wave washes over me,  
your Lilac Malaria  
seeping  
into every pore of my passion.



Visual Art

Visual Art

Miranda Baur



TRIPPIN'



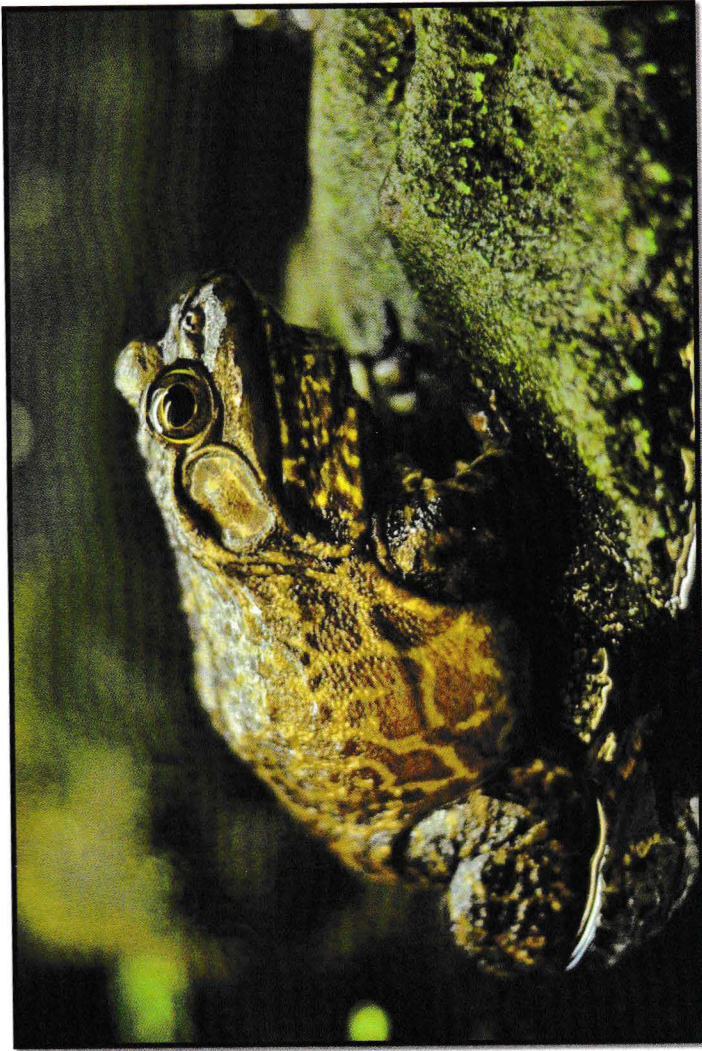
Asma Binladen



TIK TOK

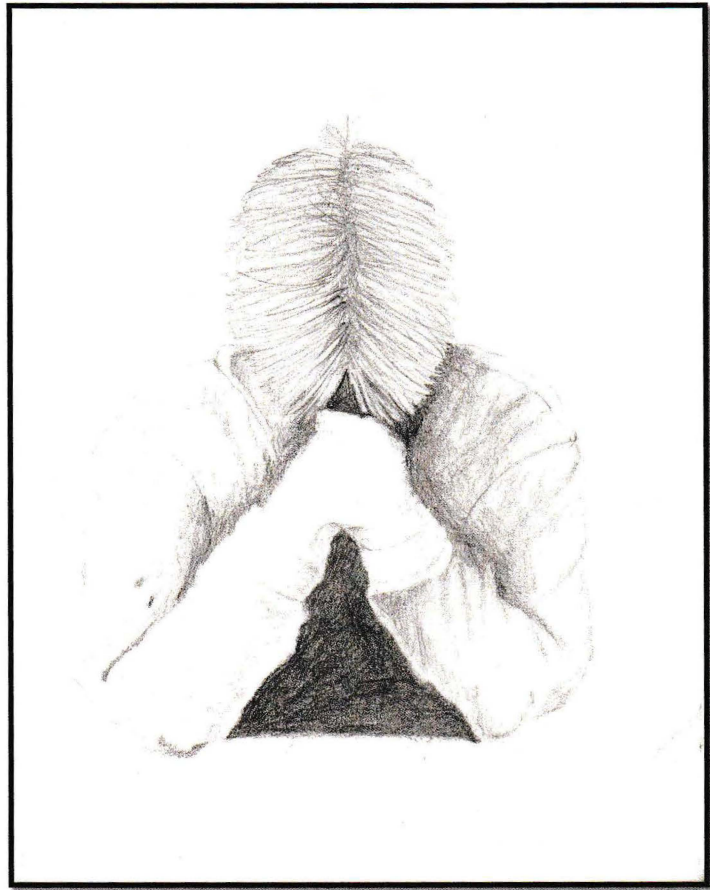


Asma Binladen



IT IS ALL GREEN IN MY EYES

Krista Bower



PLEASE HEAR ME





Katherine Dodson

WELCOME TO THE CREEP SHOW



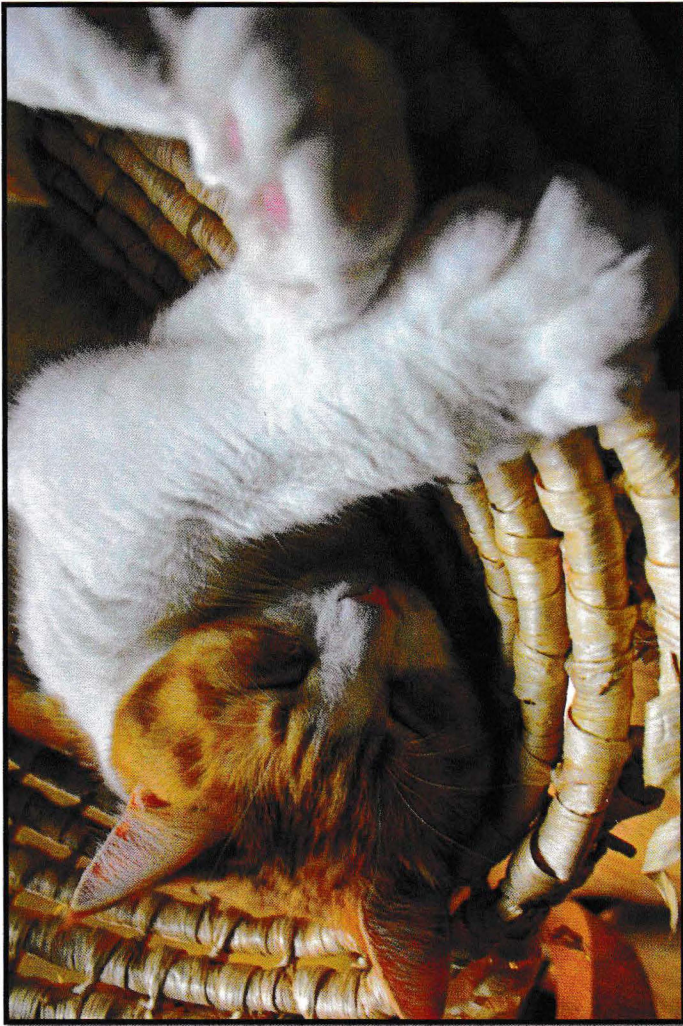
Katherine Dodson



FIREWORK FLOWER



Katherine Dodson



NAPTIME

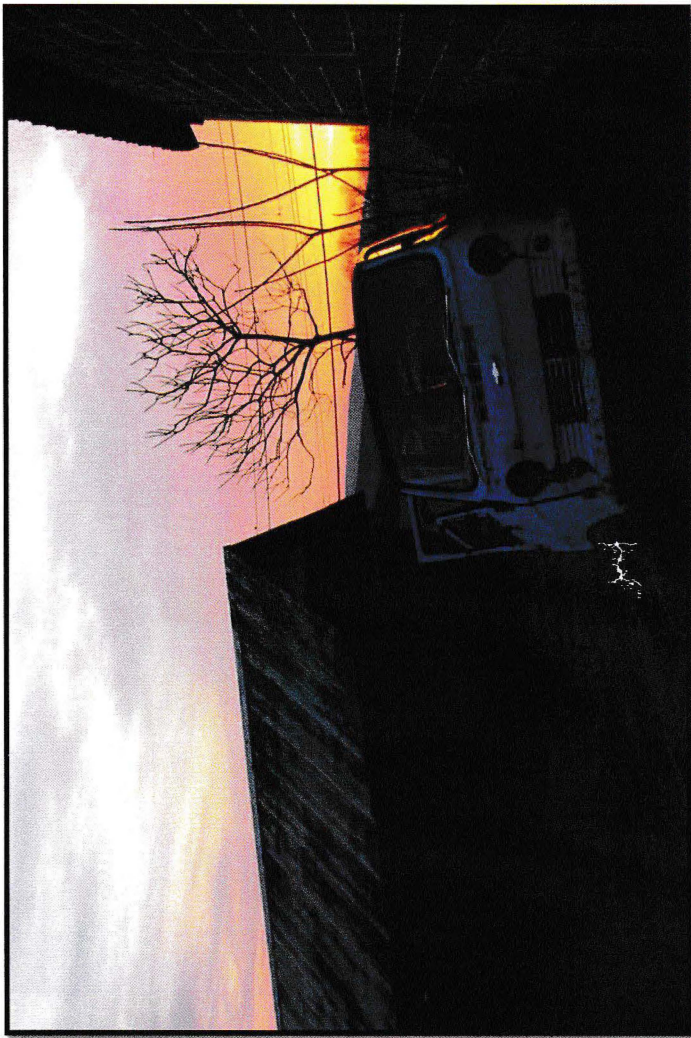
Katherine Dodson



RIBCAGE

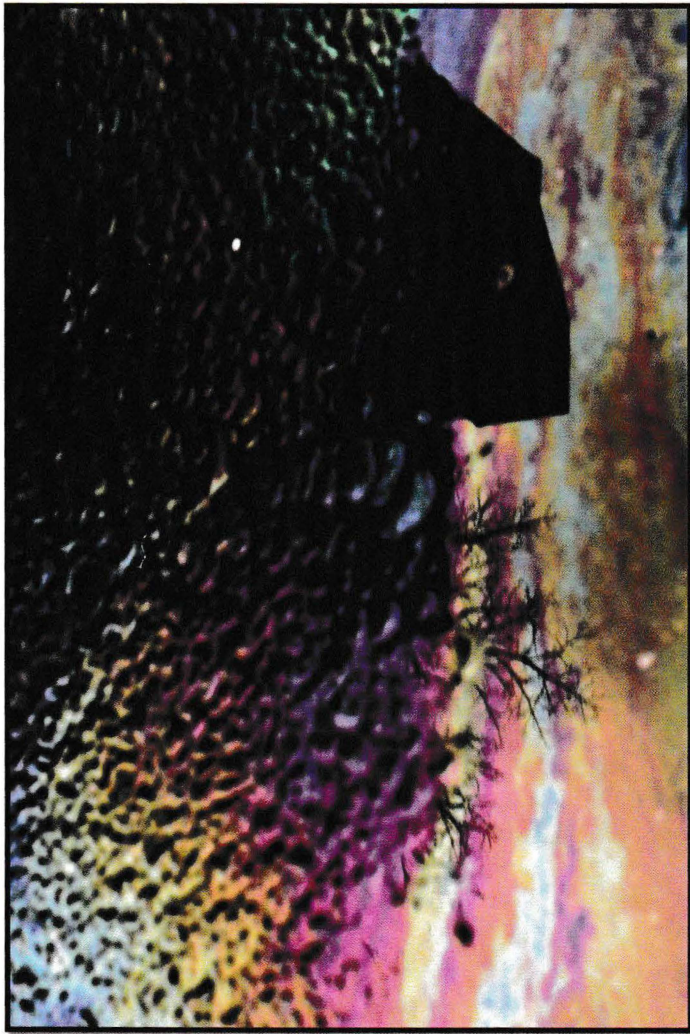


Katherine Dodson



BURNED OUT

Katherine Dodson



LOOKING GLASS



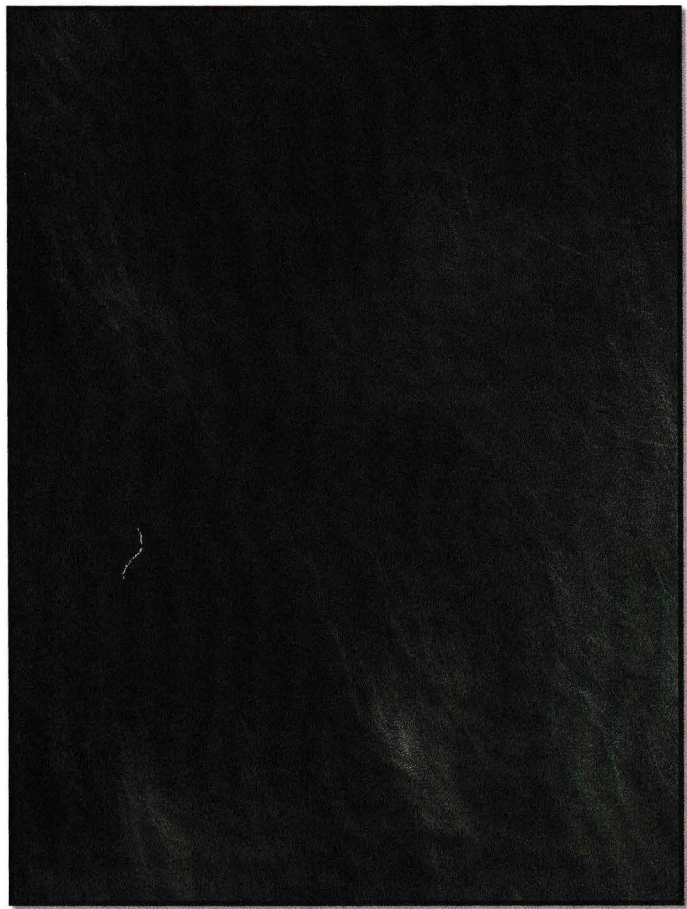


Joshua Elmore

VALLEY OF HEAVEN



Joshua Elmore



WAVES

Richard Harvey



OCTOPUS



Richard Harvey



FISHTOL



Richard Harvey



RAINBOW

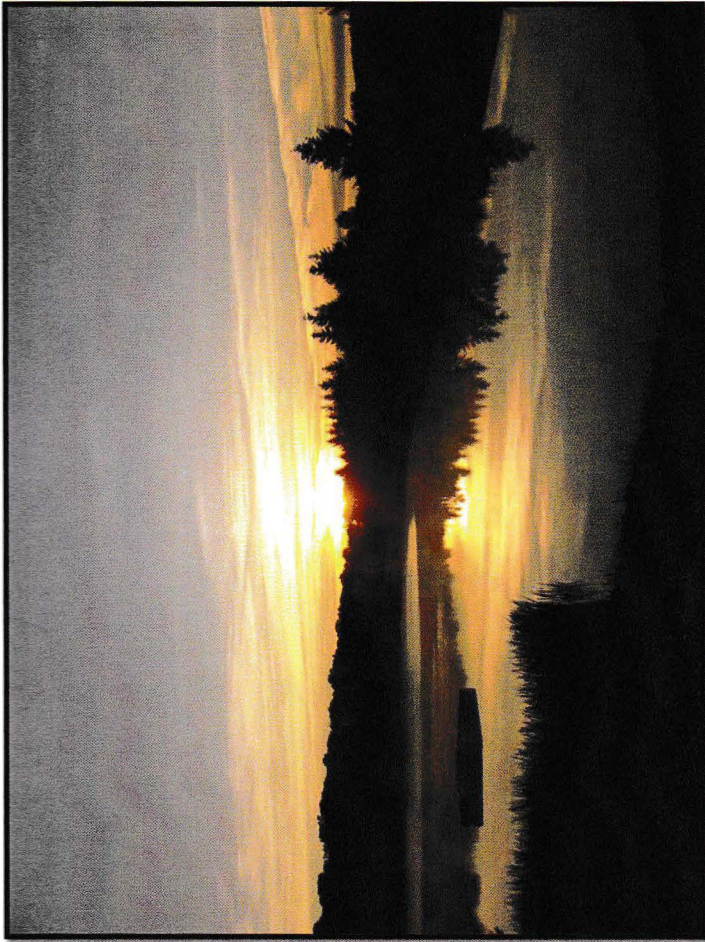
Sarah Simonovich



BORDERLESS



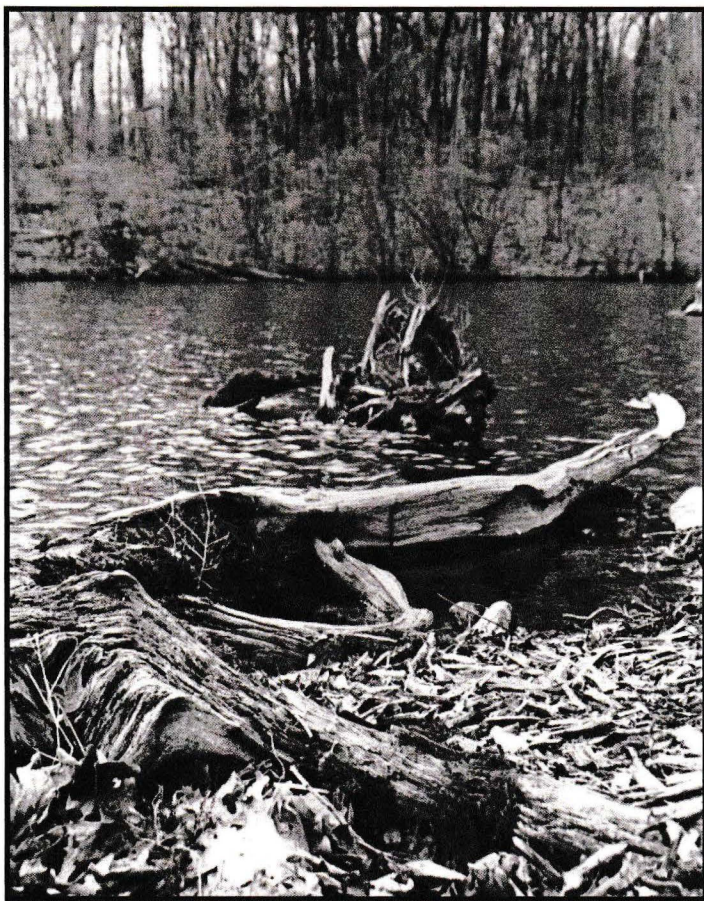
Marissa Spryn



UNTITLED



Emily Yuscavage



UNTITLED

Emily Yuscavage



UNTITLED



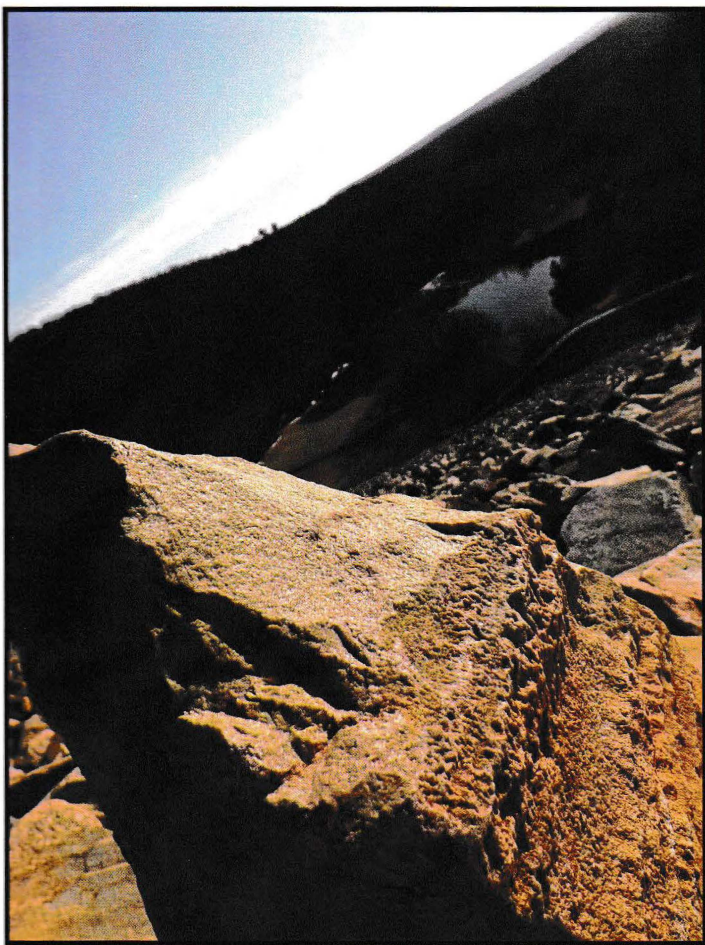
Gabby Zawacki



CLEVER THIEF

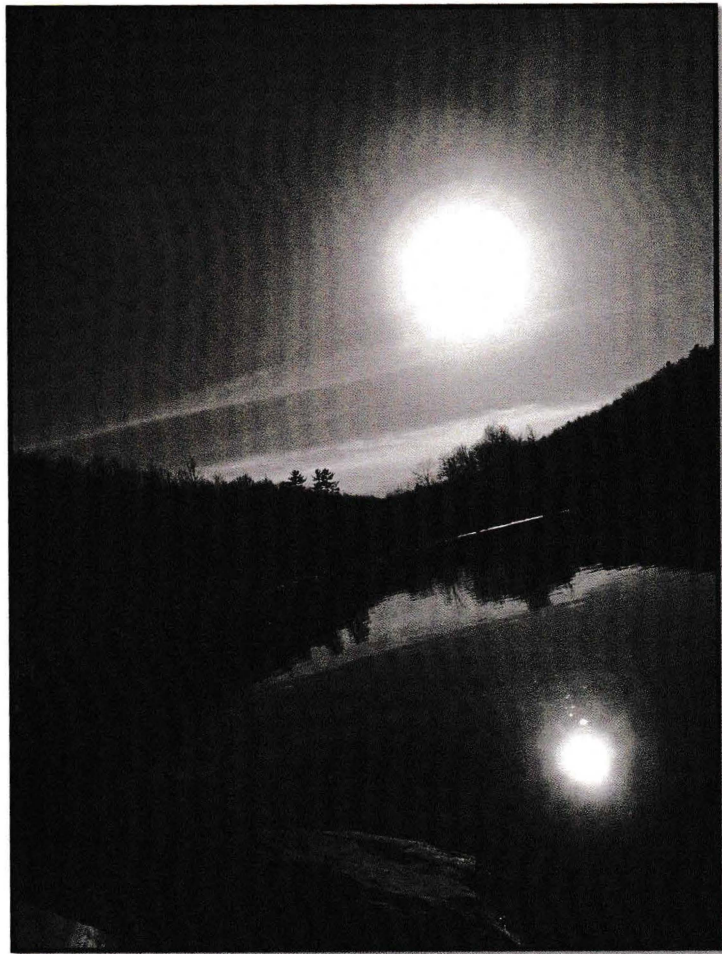


Gabby Zawacki



FULL TILT

Gabby Zawacki



GREYSCAPE



Gabby Zawacki



SURVIVOR

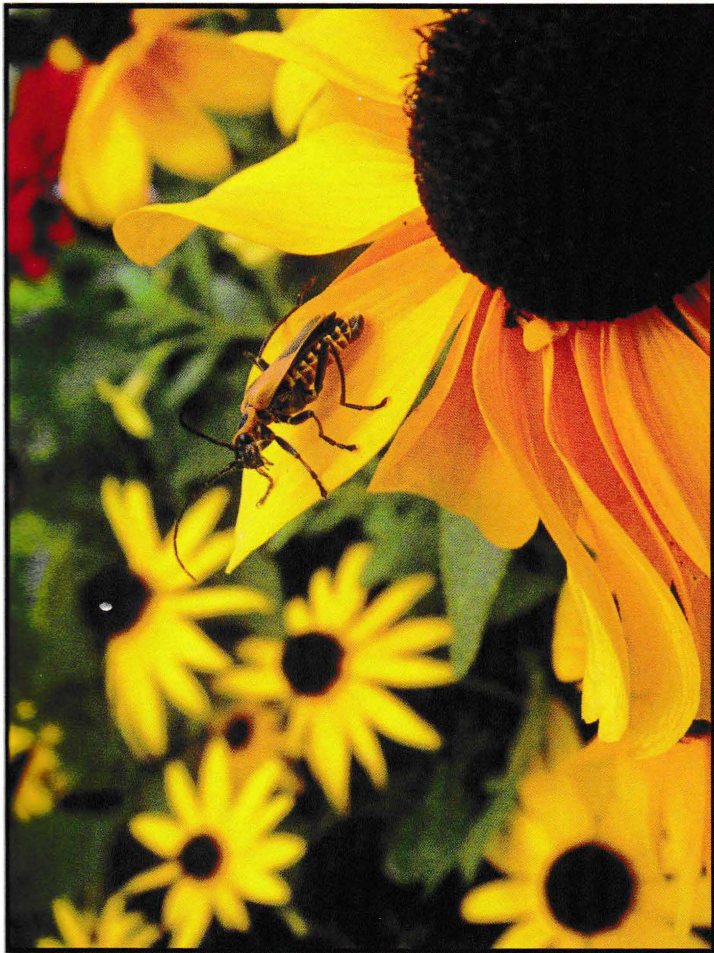


Gabby Zawacki



AS COOL AS ICE

Gabby Zawacki



INSECTOPIA



Gabby Zawacki



THE RUSTED RAIL

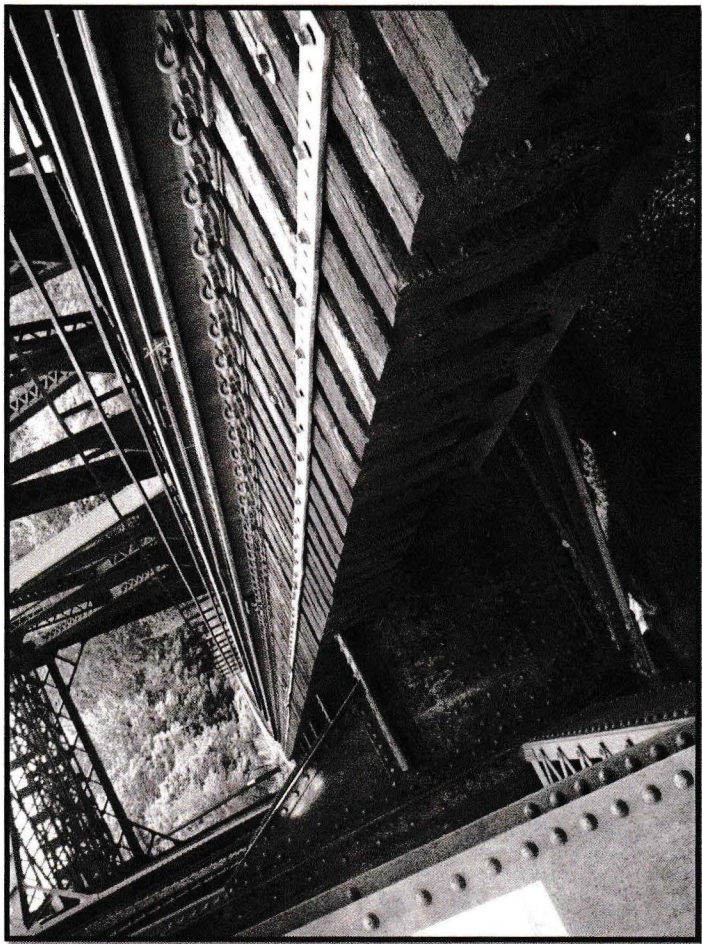


Gabby Zawacki



ANT HILL

Gabby Zawacki



THE SPLINTERED WOOD



Gabby Zawacki



THE YOYO

## STAFF AND ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES

Along with advising the Manuscript Society, **Mischelle Anthony** teaches poetry and eighteenth-century women writers. Mischelle is founder and coordinator of Luzerne County's Poetry In Transit program that places local writing and visual art on public buses. She wants to put a garden on the roof of her garage.

**James Alderiso** is a junior at Wilkes University. He is studying Theater and English.

**Miranda Baur** is busy.

**Asma Binladen** is a transferred international student who loves learning new stuff. A couple of years ago, she heard about a photography course and found it interesting to learn. After that, she found herself passionate about photography and art in general.

**Krista Bower** is from central PA with high aspirations. She's currently a sophomore PPGS student with a minor in neuroscience. Due to a highly scientific major and minor, she finds release through her art, music, and writing. Her crafty/ artistic side helps to keep her structured/ scientific side in balance.

**John Carroll** is a junior at Wilkes University. He is studying Philosophy and English.

**Lauren Carey** is a graduate of Wilkes University's Creative Writing MFA program. She spent most of her time undermining the lofty established literary climate by forcing everyone to take her work about TV game shows and karaoke seriously. She was semi-successful. Lauren currently teaches English at Luzerne County Community College, works as a supply church organist, and actually puts her English and Writing degrees to use working in Internet Marketing. She has naturally curly hair.

**Dr. Helen Davis** is a professor of English at Wilkes University and the faculty advisor of the Gay-Straight Alliance.

**Katherine Dodson** is a student at Wilkes University.



## STAFF AND ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES

**Josh Elmore** is a computer "scientist" who kindly requests you join the Anime Club. And remember WIMU.

**Bethany Guarilia** is a Wilkes alumnus who supports *The Manuscript* because Miranda Baur is awesome.

**Richard Harvey** observes and wonders. He doesn't memorize, he understand. He asks questions about the answers to his own questions. He has two cats, Mu and Tau. Forests, gyroscopes, vinyl records, and storms. All of these things make him happy.

**Victoria Hevener** is a senior English and Dance student at Wilkes University.

**Justin W. Jones** is a Wilkes alum and former Manuscript guru. Now, he spends his days helping people stay safe in their workplaces in all of PA, working with Cintas. He uses the traveling and interactions he has with his customers to inform his writing, which he will never give up.

**Jami Kali** is a reincarnated Mayan healer who aims to balance the flow of eh'ulel in her own body and the bodies of others. She likes to write, learn, make music and dance.

**Dr. Sean Kelly** is a professor at Wilkes University and the faculty advisor of *The Manuscript*.

**Kendra Kuhar** loves flying over large bodies of saltwater to visit foreign lands and reading the same book more than once.

**Sarah Simonovich** is a gnome collector who writes creatively in her free time. When she hiccups it sounds like a dog barking. Her future aspirations involve tea, more gnomes, and writing. But not poetry. Poetry is silly.

**Marissa Spryn** is a student at Wilkes University.

## STAFF AND ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES

**Brielle Stanton** is a senior Biology major, minoring in Chemistry and Dance. After graduating this spring, she will be attending Upstate Medical University. Brielle enjoys writing, dancing, and spending time with friends and family.

**Emily Yuscavage** was raised in Mountain Top, Pennsylvania. She is an undergraduate at Wilkes University studying English and History. She can read minds and will be sorely missed by the editors of *The Manuscript*.

**Gabby Zawacki** hates ostriches but loves tree frogs and thinks hotdog suits are pretty rad.







