

# Nineteen

# 1947 Forward

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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

# 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. Staff members critique a variety of creative pieces from Wilkes faculty, staff, students, and alumni. This process includes creative workshoping, copy editing, 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, bimonthly, or seasonal campus poetry readings are open to the Wilkes Community and the greater public. The end product is a published, award-winning magazine.

The Wilkes University Manuscript Society presents to you the 2018-2019 issue of *The Manuscript*.

The society would like to thank faculty advisor Dr. Chad Stanley and the English department administrative assistant Deb Archavage. A special thanks to all of the amazing contributors, staff members, students, faculty, and staff that have made the 71st *Manuscript* possible.

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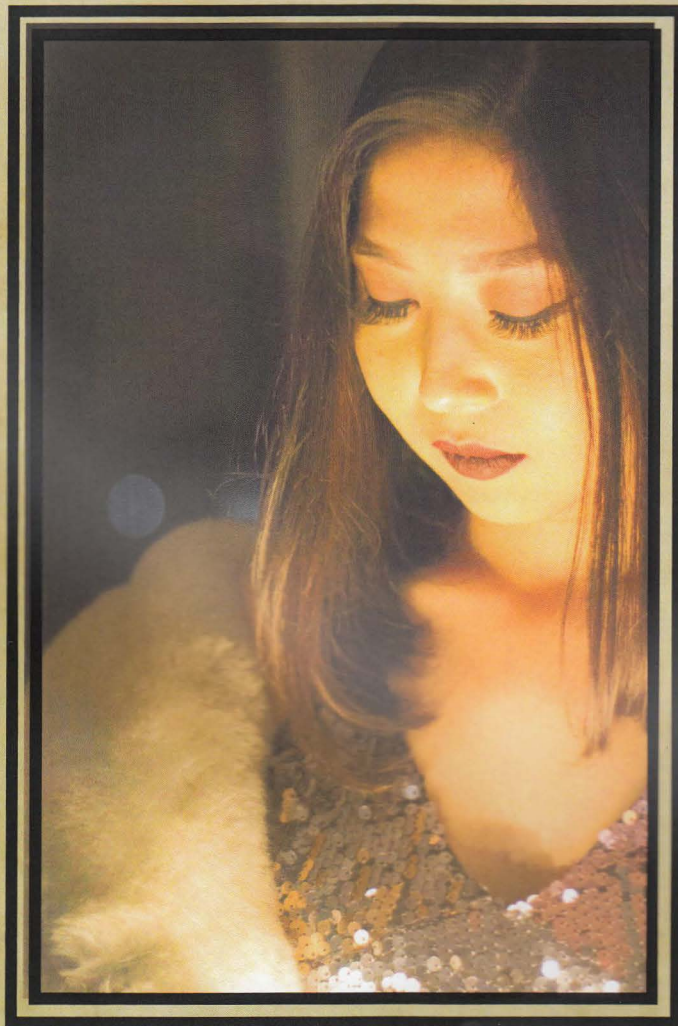


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Untitled

Onyinye Dimoriaku



# Under the Rainbow

Alicia Pendana







Untitled

Maddison Black

# WaterColors

Home on Long Island

The blood that runs through these halls  
can repaint the exterior of this house  
twice over

The white front door is the  
only light I can see  
from the kitchen floor

even when the dimmer rises

even when the shades fly up

the sun shines through,  
urging me to push myself up,  
to push up the corners of my  
mouth

but what does it know about the  
heat I already have to take?

As black coats my cheek  
Yellows and blues grace my thighs  
And cherry pours from my lips

# Sarah Weynand

I'm all colors, all you have to  
do is hang me  
up

yet I want to be as pure and clean as the  
door that breathes a whisper  
of freedom  
if only i'd just leave

The artist, sponsor of the work that is my body  
looms over, his shadow blocking the  
fantasy of ivory bliss

His deep baritone tells me that  
he likes me better  
in color

How romantic that would sound  
if his brush strokes  
didn't send me flying into the wall



Feminism

Maddie Black



# Catholic Feminist

(Found poem from the plays *The Crucible*, *For Colored Girls*  
and *Grand Concourse*)

Onyinye Dimoriaku

You've been placed in some faceless, institution  
Wearing a pretty dress  
We acknowledge the congregation  
A feeling of kinship surround us  
Lady of blue  
Laced in privilege  
Lined with small iridescent feathers  
The pastel ivy drawn on her shoulders  
Fixating the signs of deceit  
Finding differences in modes of worship  
In one hundred or in two hundred years

untitled

Jay Guzewicz

my poetry comes to me  
at night  
or in the shower  
or on a long drive.

sometimes,  
it softly introduces itself,  
sticks out its hand for me to take  
as it leads the words down from my brain  
and out through my fingertips.

other times,  
it falls from my tear ducts  
and splashes onto paper below  
forming lines without my hands,  
shaping itself without my input.

the worst times are  
when it burns itself into my skin  
or etches itself into my bones,  
and i know it will not leave me  
until i rip it from my body  
and offer it to the divine,  
my own version of abraham  
and isaac on mount moriah

# Bearing the Cross

Michaela Catapano

This is not my  
cross to bear. It  
is not my job to  
hold the pieces  
together when  
you are unable.

The wood slips through your fingers, and I  
cannot stop myself from running to catch it.  
Splinters dig into my delicate palms, the long  
end slams bruises onto my fragile shoulder.

I did not think, was not fully prepared  
to share your  
burden, and  
was not at all  
prepared for  
you to let go.  
You didn't say  
it would be  
mine alone.

Abandoned; no  
Simon of Cyrene  
to rush to my aid  
when I inevitably  
collapse from the  
crushing weight of  
your desertion.

# noise

I hear everyone who surrounds me. My neighbor to the left. My neighbor to the right. My neighbor across the hall, if I try hard enough. Most audibly, I hear my neighbor above me the clearest. The cheap rent explains the poorly installed sheetrock, which allows for no noise to leave his residence without me hearing it.

He has a girlfriend. A very pretty girl who looks to be around 20, with fair complexion and shoulder-length black hair. She doesn't live with him, though she is around a lot. I hear her all the time. Her and my upstairs neighbor have been together for a while. He's a very tall, very pale man with growing blonde curls that bounce with every humongous step. He towers over her average height. I hear them all the time. They always have conversations at 3am about whether or not bugs have feelings, or if one of them were to be trapped on an island, what three items would they bring to help them survive. Their laughs are loud and full of life. His bed is very old and squeaky, probably a box-spring. They've dropped 3 plates this past week. She put liquid soap in the dishwasher. He plays guitar for her. She wants kids. He wants to travel. She's going to school for teaching. He's working part-time. He makes her laugh. She gives him advice. They fight. He yells. She cries. She yells. He cries. They calm down. They joke. He says he's sorry. She says she's sorry too. He tells her he loves her. She says she loves him back.

Everything. I hear everything. I've talked to him about it once, when we were getting our mail. I told him that I hear his footsteps when he walks in the door. I told him I can physically feel whenever he puts the dishwasher on. He laughed at me. I said it's alright, just to keep it down, if possible. He said that he'll try.

And he did. I'd even get a knock on my ceiling time from time, when



J.M.

he would hear me awake. I couldn't do much to "knock" back, so I'd usually just ignore it. I would still hear them talk late at night. I could still hear her delicate steps trailing behind his bold ones. I couldn't make out words, only sounds. The bed still creaked, that couldn't be helped. Their laughs were always loud, which I didn't mind. The fights were minimal, as usual, but just as loud. Their usual, everyday lives, through my ears, turned from a conversation I could easily follow, to several undistinguishable mumbles. This went on for a few days. Weeks. Months.

Until, it got louder again. She moved in. She leaves after dinner. He stays. He watches TV. He waits for her. She gets home late, 4th time this month. She's drunk. He takes care of her. Repeat. His patience runs low each and every time she's late. She stumbles in. He yells. She yells. She cries. Silence. There are hushed and quickened mumbles. Silence again. Quiet, unidentifiable footsteps head towards the door. I fall asleep.

It's been a month. I don't hear her anymore. He gets home from work. He microwaves something. He throws it in the sink. He closes the door to his room. There is no laughter. There is no talk. Just the noises of basic living- the shower, the sink, the microwave, the TV, the door. There is no life. There is only living. There is no fun. There is no more motivation in his every step. There is no her. There is no love. There is no emotion. There is no heart. Nothing. I hear nothing.

# “Metronome”

A metronome is used to keep time.

A watch is used to keep time.

Only one can be worn on a wrist.

A metronome is used to play piano.

A watch is not used to play piano.

Only one can be worn on a wrist.

A metronome is not used to start fires.

A watch is not used to start fires.

Only one can be worn on a wrist.

A man walks into a closed antiques store.

Another man walks into a closed antiques store.

Only one can start fires.

A man pours gasoline over a piano.

The other man realizes that his watch is an hour slow.

Only one can start fires.



# William Farnelli



A man lights a match.

An antiques store owner comes back earlier than expected.

Only one can start fires.

Gasoline is not used to keep time.

A match is not used to keep time.

Both can start fires.

Old clocks need pendulums.

Pianos need metronomes.

Only you can prevent forest fires.

A metronome is used to keep time.

A watch is used to keep time.

Only one can be worn on a wrist.

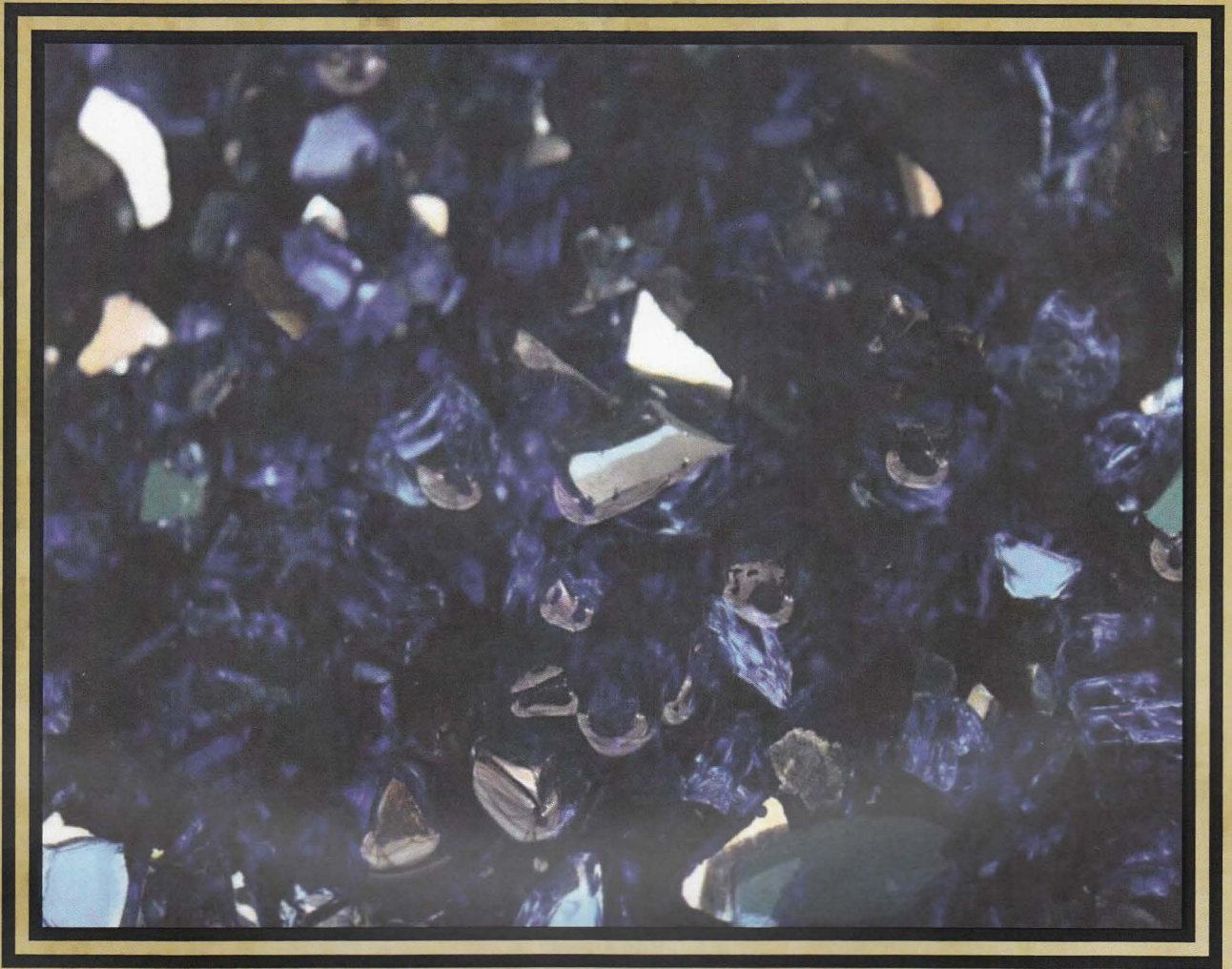
# Lipstick Stains and Works of Art

Mackenzie  
T. Egan

He'll take the lipstick stains on his collar  
The smell of her perfume.  
Works of art on stucco walls  
Memories taken down the hall.  
He'll take the scent of rainy days  
Traveling cross country in window panes.  
Laughter spilling over seams  
Of dust ridden leather and harlequin dreams.  
He'll take the secret letters to the grave  
Tear drops staining - driving ink.  
Silence ringing through the air  
An epithet he'll never spare

He'll take the late night calls  
Her voice drifting through the cracks.  
Wary moments of happenstance  
Wondering if she'd ever give a real chance.  
He'll take snowflakes in the morning  
Loading up the car with her gloom.  
Light breaking over a bleak midnight  
Could he ever have made it all right?  
He'll take the little gold band  
With its starlet center piece.  
There's a scar in his left eyebrow  
If anybody asks he doesn't know how.

He'll even take the silence  
The way it wraps around him still.  
Indents on the pillow case  
How her warmth still makes his heart race.  
He'll watch her walk away again  
Never counting the steps back to him.  
Because one day she will retrace their tracks  
All he has to do is count the minutes until she  
comes back



Swimming in Sapphire  
Alicia Pendana

Penance

Maddison Black



# Valley of Fire

Genny Fredricks

She walked to the edge of the rock; the red sandstone pebbles underfoot crunching with her steps; dust moving with the strong gusts of wind. Taking one last glance back, she lined up her toes with the edge and peeked over at the rock below her, as the wind began to swirl her hair into knots and tangles. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, full of fresh air; the kind of air she couldn't find at home. In the city the air was already used, already breathed, already cycled through the buildings and machines and cars and people, but here the air was all her own.

The air wasn't used, the air was in command.

It weathered the sandstone, broke the branches, pushed around the insects. It offered forgiveness from the beating sun, played with the leaves, whispered secrets only heard in the absolute silence.

And here she was at one with its power.

Arms outstretched, eyes closed, she let the wind play with her hair, tickle her skin, whisper what it needed to say.

At that moment she never felt more free, more alive.

# Untitled

William Billingsley

It was late,

Angelo was my opponent,  
It had continued into the night,  
Far past curfew...  
Both queens, dead.

The endgame just beginning,

Angelo traded his bishop for my rook  
With two pawns apiece and kings remaining,  
The game entered its final phase-

A reckless charge,

Both pawns mercilessly advanced  
'Onward to glory' they shouted  
Both were promoted though,  
Mine was first.

With newfound royalty on my side,

Another pawn charged,  
Deep into the empty battle lines,

At 11:02,

Angelo's fate was sealed  
His doom, impending

Checkmate.



# Recovering 1919

Chad Stanley

If the Twentieth was,  
as Luce said, America's,  
nineteen-nineteen  
is where it began.

Jazz bloomed to dysphonia  
in "Saxophobia":  
an irony-free symphony  
of sexuophobias.

The song of year, hands down,  
was Jolson's:

"You Ain't Heard Nothing  
Yet," and they hadn't

"When I call," he sang,  
"she takes my hand," he sang;  
"My girlie, when we'll marry,  
she'll be "my pet."

Hands stretched, petting  
pets as they listened,  
patting pets  
yet unmade.

Roosevelt lay  
dreaming in state;  
intestate;  
dead in January.

“Put out the light,” he said,  
and the light,  
as he said,  
was extinguished.

With the dawn vats  
rebel and explode:  
molasses breaks  
its bounds in the North End.

Waves flow from Purity,  
slouch southward, and  
twenty-one drown,  
sweetly, in Boston.

The great distillation—  
prohibition—  
Gently,  
is born.

Unginned,  
bathtub poisons  
to blind you, unmade,  
but predicted.

Gin to make one  
still unmade as  
last year's  
sickbeds.

Blown by Wilson's whistles the klan  
catches protestant winds,  
changes tack;  
billows to four million sheets

In literary terms,  
the year, as we know,  
is a wasteland.

Where Debs cleaves the land,  
Anderson delivers Winesburg,  
Ohio.

The year is not literary,  
but explosive: paramilitary.

It was, you see, just  
one year out from  
the Great One:  
the newly done, lost/won.

The ordinance,  
passed down from the front,

rolled over palms,  
into fingers.

Fingers calloused by work,  
that held cigarettes,  
or Bee's Knees,  
worn smooth by leisure.

They say, today, in the North End,  
when it rains and the air's right,  
the sweetness; the stench:  
you can smell it.

It's in the city, they say:  
in our bodies;  
our mouths;  
in our us.

It tastes like, they say,  
prohibition.  
It tastes like  
a war yet unwon.

# Letting Go

Alicia Pendana



# Angel in a Centerfold

Jay Guzewicz

First, let me preface this whole story with the fact that I work the fuckin' graveyard shift at a convenience store. I've seen some shit. People high on almost every drug, people covered in what I hoped was fake blood, people who were used to being up late, people who hadn't stayed up past 9 pm since the seventies. I've had people swear at me, threaten me, try to rob me, try to save my soul, try to save my soul and then, when I blew them off, try to rob me.

Let me tell you, all of that? Nothing compared to this.

When I first laid eyes on it, I thought I was seeing things. There was no way in hell that what I was seeing was real.

It was 3am on a Tuesday night when it showed up. I was behind the register, selling Mrs. O'Reilly her nightly post-hospital shift cigarettes when I heard the door jingle. I didn't bother glancing at who entered, too busy with my sale to be bothered by the probably high college kid stopping in to grab a slushie and some snacks. After all, Mrs. O'Reilly always complained that I was too distracted, and I wasn't in the mood to deal with her bitching tonight. But after she left, I looked out into the store, and that's when I saw it.

It was standing in front of the beer cooler, and was about 5'10, wearing ripped black skinny jeans, a black shirt, a leather jacket with the hood up, with two huge-ass wings protruding from what I assumed would be shoulder blades. I don't know what my face looked like, but I can imagine my jaw hanging open in shock. It's not every day you have an encounter with the unknown in the middle of bumfuck nowhere Pennsylvania.

Anyway, as I was saying, there it was, standing in front of the beer cooler, just staring at the cans, when the door jingled again. Again, I didn't bother looking, but that's because this time I was too busy staring at Maximum Ride to be

bothered. Suddenly, there was a bang, like someone hit the register and I jumped before looking at the counter in front of me. There was Lloyd (always Lloyd, never Mr. Yankovich) with his Big Gulp and bag of salt and vinegar chips glaring at me.

“Young man, I don’t have all day,” he told me.

He did have all day. I knew for a fact he was just going to buy a pack of cigarettes to go along with his midnight snack, and then sit in his shitty pickup, smoke, and eat while the missus was asleep and couldn’t get on his ass about lung cancer and diabetes.

“You’re right, sorry about that, Lloyd.” I told him, scanning the items.

“A pack of Marlboro Reds too, son,” He said, softening up slightly. An apology would always do that, serious or not. I just think he felt guilty about being rude to the one person in his life who knew all his secrets.

“Of course, Lloyd,” I said, turning around to grab the pack. “Hey Lloyd, you see that person by the beer?” I asked him.

“By the beer?” He turned to look “Son, there ain’t nobody in here except me an’ you.” He told me. I grabbed the cigarettes and scanned them, placing them next to the bag of chips.

“You really don’t see them? Right there by the cooler? Big wings? You can’t miss ‘em.” I asked again. He shook his head.

“Seriously son, there ain’t nobody there. Are you feelin alright?” He asked.

“Y-yeah.” I stuttered. “Been working too many night shifts I guess.”

“That’s probably it. I’ll see you later then, Wade.” He said, turning and walking to the door. He stopped before opening, turning back around to look at me. “Maybe you should close up early and go home, Wade. Get some rest. Call off tomorrow.” He said, before pushing the door open and walking out. I rubbed my eyes before looking back at the beer cooler, think maybe wings would gone, but no. Hawkman was still standing there. Great, after being boring all my life, now I was seeing things. I couldn’t have seen winged creatures when Supernatural was popular? At least then people would know what I was talking about when I said

Castiel came into my job at 3am. And then I could've passed it off as being the actor. But no, it had to appear now, after high school and the Supernatural craze.

Finally, it opened the cooler, and grabbed a six pack. It then began to stumble around the snack aisle. It seemed to pick up every single bag in the aisle and read all the ingredients before placing it back down. Not only did Rainbow Dash have to be in my 7-11, it had to be a health freak too.

Eventually, it made a selection and walked over to the register, placing it's items down. Finally, I got a good look at its face. It was young, too young to buy beer. Choppy bangs, poorly dyed green almost covered its eyes, which were covered in black eyeliner. It was pale, and its lips seemingly had no color. It was like the emo Gabriel, but instead of bringing glad tidings of great joy to shepherds, it was bringing me coors light and mini muffins. And they weren't even really for me.

I scanned the little bites.

"Um, so, I kinda have to see an ID for this." I said, patting the beer. Out of everything I could imagine myself saying to what appeared to be a celestial being, that was not what I thought would come out of my mouth.

"You need a what." It said, looking absolutely floored.

"An ID?" I asked again, unsure.

"I was created before this world and yet I still have to produce an ID to buy beer. I helped guard the Garden of Eden. And I'm getting carded. At a 7-11." It muttered to itself.

"Sorry, it's store policy, gotta card anyone who could possibly be underage. You fit the bill on that one." I said.

"It's store policy. It's store policy to card all the angels that come in to get beer. Jesus Christ, I really need to find a new form that looks older than 18." It said.

"If you're an angel, should you really be taking the lord's name in vain?" I asked "Besides, why are you even drinking? Isn't heaven perfect and all that shit?"



It laughed, or what would pass for a human laugh. Maybe it was the angel equivalent of flipping the bird.

“Rough millenium.” It said, before reaching into its back pocket and pulling out a small stone. It handed it to me. The writing on the stone was not English. I looked up at the being.

“Where is this ID from?” I asked.

“Sumer.” It told me.

“Ooo yeah, sorry bud, looks like it’s expired. Got anything more recent?” I asked.

With a roll of its eyes, it took the cuneiform tablet back from me and placed it back in its pocket. From its other pocket it removed a beat up leather wallet.

“All I have is my entrance ID for the Gates of Heaven.” It told me.

“Can it be scanned?” I asked.

It looked down at the ID and nodded.

“Hand it over, doesn’t hurt to try.” I said.

It passed me the ID and as soon as it hit my hands, it was like a bolt of lightning went through me. I looked down at the ID. On the front were four different photos in a grid-like pattern, one box had a picture of the being in front of me, another one had a picture of an ox, another a picture of a tiger, and the last a picture of an eagle. Across from the photos was your standard ID information, y’know, name, date of creation, wing color, height in full angelic glory, the like. I was barely able to read it, as it seemed to be almost every language shifting into each other. On the back, sure enough, there was an area to scan. I slowly ran the ID over the scanner. Nothing. I tried again, a little faster, nothing. I resorted to swiping the ID back and forth rapidly until I heard the confirmation beep of the register. I mentally fist pumped and handed the ID back to the being, along with the rest of its purchases.

“Thanks for shopping at 7-11, have a great day.”

# Bitter Repose

Alicia Pendana



La Belleza de

la Naturaleza

Juan Romero Flores



# Boy in Pictures

Had she been given a choice she wouldn't have waited so long to meet him. That was one of her first thoughts, one of the first things she'd scripted in her head, when she walked into the small diner. The diner itself was a sunlit corner of town - full of a friendly atmosphere and dated decor. After she looked around, finding a seat at a burgundy benched booth beneath a large section of windows, the woman checked the tightness of the scarf wrapped around her face. It was loosening against her nose and her breath had long since started to cause a sticky, damp spot over her mouth.

With a heavy sigh she unwound the gossamer swatch of fabric and people did the very worst. More than a few heads turned in her direction - berating her with wistful stares and suspicious glances. Then the most miraculous thing - they all turned back to what they were doing, as if she wasn't the first person to enter their lives in her condition.

She felt elated. The sense of anonymity, of fitting in without being seen, made some-thing so precarious as her heart soar. It was something so coveted and so rarely received that the moment filled her with ease. After setting the fabric beside her on the bench she picked up the plastic-guarded menu, not hungry so much as looking for a way to hide herself.

A waitress, slight in stature with mousy brown hair and eyes only a shade lighter, came over to her table moments after she sat down. The girl was wearing a grey and pink ensemble resembling a poodle skirt. Her name tag read Allie and she all but ignored the woman's appearance. "What can I get you to drink?" She asked instead with a sunny smile, her heart going out to the stranger.

The woman glanced around the girl, her eyes searching the door, her face pinched, before she replied. "Coffee. Black. And could I have another menu please?"

# Mackenzie. T. Egan

“Are you waiting for somebody?” Allie’s hand hovered over her notepad with a precision in the furrow of her eyebrows.

Dark green eyes met Allie’s face and the woman nodded with a wavering smile. Her mouth barely formed the words “I am”. I’ve been waiting a long time, she thought, I just didn’t know it.

Before Allie could respond the door opened and in stepped he, getting salutations and tossing smiles in return. Coarse black hair and peridot eyes, a bewitching corn starch smile, all of it glanced around the room with confidence. Until those bright eyes landed on the woman with the dark curls, tense smile, and ruined face. He shot the waitress a strained smile as he crossed the room and touched her shoulder with one thin hand. “Nothing for me, Al.” He murmured and sat down with a stiff spine.

Understanding crossed her face and Allie nodded, hurrying towards the counter of the diner. As she slipped behind the divider the other waitress on duty, a classmate to the aforementioned children, whispered to her. “Is that..?” To this Allie could only nod.

At the table, the woman looked over at her new companion and tried to smile. With a shaking hand she reached for the scarf, sure his silence was from discomfort. He shook his head when she started to put the fabric before her face and she let it drop. “I was surprised that you called.” His tone, too tense for his fragile features, caused a chill in her spine. “Margarette, right?”

The woman nodded and swallowed back her sadness. “I was surprised that you existed.” Her response, so soft, made his face contort more. “More surprised even when the private investigator told us you’d been putting feelers out for me as well.” She held out one hand, a fan of formal introductions no matter how late they came. “It’s nice to meet you, Connor.”

Connor's hands stayed firmly in his lap. His head pounded and soon he'd need to fish the pill bottle from his pocket. Not in front of her - no. This meeting was strictly business. Should he show weakness she'd surely see how much he needed her. Her words stuck with him as he pondered when to slip to the bathroom with a cup of water from the kitchen - perhaps after she gave her denial and left. Until then, he might as well fish for information.

"If you..." He started sluggishly, paused to collect his thoughts, and then started again. "How did you find out about me?" He thought she could've been beautiful, had her pale lips not been interrupted with thick scars, had her nose been straight, her eyes not rimmed with violet bags. Her dark bangs covered a forehead that seemed to drip with webbing pink lines, curving around cheekbones and in the hollows of two temples.

"I've always known about you." The woman, Margarete, sighed heavily. "We had a private investigator keep in touch with your family when I woke from the accident-

"Accident?" Connor's ears practically perked on their own. He took into account the woman's face, all the way down to what was exposed of her collarbone. Marred by pink spider webs, her skin resembled in fraction the pigments his carried. "What accident?"

Margarete's eyes darkened cautiously, pitching towards blackness in the way a healthier version of Connor's used to. "When I was twenty one...when I was pregnant with you...we were hit head on by a drunk driver on my way home from work." Connor could've sworn he saw dampness in her eyes as Margarete sank back into the booth and crossed her fingers before her. When he didn't say anything she continued on. "I'd had no immediate family so you were taken by Cesarean section and put up for adoption. I was in a coma, the doctors didn't believe I'd wake up."

Connor nodded slowly. "But you did?" Of course she had. She was sitting before him, wasn't she?

"You would've been almost three when I did. My husband, he was one

of my doctors - "Margarette stopped talking when Connor quirked a thin eyebrow. "We got married ten years ago."

"You fell in love with your doctor? Isn't that kind of....against their code or whatever?" Connor couldn't help himself with that quip. It seemed a little surreal.

"Yes." She smiled at his ruefulness and continued. "His name is Roger, he told me about you and we searched for you. when we found you...your parents wouldn't let me so much as see you." A tear escaped Margarette's eye and trickled down her cheek. "So when you contacted the investigator...I had to come, don't you see? They'd led you to believe I didn't know you existed and I had to tell you the truth."

He nodded and focused on her intently. "Maybe they were trying to protect me?"

"From your own mother? That hardly seems like protection to me." Margarette scoffed at Connor without really meaning to come across as rude. After a silent pause she reached her left hand forward, it was the hand that carried less damage. "How are you feeling?"

Feeling. Of course she knew. That was why they'd met after all, because Connor had leukemia. And he needed her bone marrow or else the prognosis was grim, very grim. "Ill." He tried to smile but upon her flinching offered a tepid expression. "My head aches, but it always does. Somedays are better...I mean I was able to meet you today, that counts for something right?"

Neither woman nor boy smiled, just exchanged a glance - sizing each other up. Connor would be handsome, Margarette decided, had the treatments not taken from him. There was a hollowness in his cheeks that proved he once had more meat on his bones and the bags under his eyes mirrored hers. He was still handsome; she puzzled that quietly. Maybe not in the way she'd have found attractive if she were that age again but the waitress, Allie, who had just set her coffee down and hurried back to the counter, didn't agree. Watching her gaze at him made a softness bloom in Margarette's

chest. Even sick, she was able to see her son - a piece of her, and know he was at least okay.

His eyes were starting to really hurt and he had to fist his hands in the fabric of his shorts to keep them from shaking. "Can you help me or not?" He asked her finally. The words that came out softly surprised them both - Connor because he sounded almost desperate and Margarett because he wasn't angry.

He looked at her and saw some of himself in her features. It seemed that every time he looked at the woman he saw more of their relation in her being. Now he noticed the softness of his jaw attuned to the curve of hers, the bowing of his upper lip, even the slightly off center way his eyes sat. They had the same dark colored hair and he bet she'd been a shade or two lighter in her youth. What he didn't see in her left him questioning, before she could even answer, "What of my father?"

Margarett's face, already screwed into a scowl, became pinched. "He left when he found out I was pregnant with you."

Connor nodded. That seemed about right. Just his luck. "Can you help me?" This time the question came softly.

"I cannot...all of the medications I'm still on, even seventeen years later, make it impossible." Her eyes were slippery with tears. "Roger and I tried to find a loophole...I would if I could. You have to believe me."

Connor nodded slowly as his heart sank into the pit of his stomach. "Why did you come then?" He felt the fool for allowing himself to believe that this absolute stranger would be able to help him but at the same time he'd gotten to meet her. That had to count for something right?

"I had to meet you! To see you before..." She was using her scarf to dry her eyes as she stared at him. This boy, her son, a piece of her whose body was destroying him from the inside out, looked at her with so much hopelessness in his eyes that she was wracked in pain. It was an emotional sort. The kind she'd experienced for months after learning her child, the



boy she spent months sharing a heart beat with, was taken from her forever.

“Before I died?” Connor asked softly. He wasn’t angry. If anything he was resigned. He pushed himself up from the table with a weary sigh. “Because that’s what’s going to happen. I’m going to die if I don’t get the bone marrow.” He ran a thin hand through his hair and came free with a few hairs clumped in his fingers. It didn’t seem to phase him - he shook his hand and the hair fell to the floor. “I’m glad I got to meet you, Margarete. But if you can’t help me I don’t see a reason for us to be in further contact.” When she started to speak he raised a hand to cut her off. “My mom is having a hard enough time with this as it is...I’d honestly be rude if I kept in contact with you.”

Margarete dug around in her purse, producing two black and white images dated the year Connor was born. She placed them both on the table. “These are for her.” Then she too rose and touched his thin shoulder.

Connor nodded slowly and shrugged away from her hand. “Thank you.”

The words hung in the air between the two of them for a moment before Margarete wrapped her scarf around her face. Even if they hadn’t both agreed on what exactly he was thanking her for the sentiment was there.

“You are....I wish you the best of luck.” And then she was gone.

Allie walked over just as Connor was sitting down heavily. She set a glass of water in front of him and then eased herself down beside him. Together they stared down at the seemingly healthy baby boy pictured below. Connor took two of the pills from the bottle in his pocket and chased them down with a half a glass of water. Allie rubbed his arm until he was finished.

“I’m sorry.” She said finally.

“She brought sonograms. For my mother. Why would she think that we’d want these?” Connor couldn’t help his disbelief.

“Because you do. The youngest picture your parents have for you are when you’re like two right? These are the youngest pictures of you to be had.

Your mom's going to want them. Maybe not now but if you..."

"When I. When I die."

"If you die. She was trying to help - at least in the ways she can."

Connor nodded and picked up the picture dated earlier on. "I was so small."

"And you've gotten so big." Allie laughed softly and stood up. "Let me see you home, okay?"

"Okay." Allie started for the door but Connor stayed rooted in his spot. His knuckles pressed into the table's surface and he waited only a second before he scooped up the two black and white images Margarete had left behind. Silently he put them in his back pocket before following Allie out. A small voice told him that he got to meet the woman who looked like him.

# Precious Art

Onyinye Dimoriaku

Precious Art  
I met you young  
Your eyes called to me  
Begging for love  
Your voice danced like calligraphy in the wind  
Your heart full of wonder and awe  
You see the ugliness painted on the canvas  
Mean, hurtful, dead  
You enlighten my heart with love  
Lovely, wonderful, humble  
You rewrite your beauty  
Reborn butterfly  
Precious is what you are  
Precious is what you will be



# becoming the fly

be I house, horse, or fruit?  
I become the fly.  
the ommatidia be my optic  
as I take this dipteran disguise!  
unrecognizable to past populations,  
I take my rest on familiar fortification.

I've been here before.  
previously coerced by its citizens,  
destine for abnormality-  
but this place had concealed it.  
"conform to the common!"  
"adapt to the ordinary!"  
I complied with their clichés;  
acted as advised.  
driven to practical lunacy-  
I left.  
they were just too frivolous.  
and I was much too fascinating.  
and now,



# Maddison Black

I am a fly.

current tenants are buoyant,  
but oblivious to connotation.  
so here I sit,  
a fly in its opulence  
overlooking senseless suburbanites-  
squatters within a previous life I lived!

but to newfound residents,  
I do provide  
a housewarming gift-

take this inevitable advice:

*avoid individuality  
or you, too,  
will become the fly*



# Solitary Research

Brianna Schunk

The world has shown, to my eyes, foreign sights  
Hands held with fingers loosely intertwined,  
I fear my fear of warmth has won the fight -  
This kind of love I don't think I can find.

To have someone's breath warm upon my lips,  
To have someone's arm gentle 'round my waist,  
I shy away from chance to share a kiss,  
my bones' hunger for touch is gone to waste.

I can't imagine it - myself and what?  
Another being taking up my space?  
I see myself alone and living, but  
unable to thrive in a lover's place.

Send all thoughts from my selfish heart above,  
Remember when I used to fall in love.

# "Arlath ma"

Jay Guzewicz

you and i  
are too alike  
to ever get along  
in close proximity,  
so we separated.  
we put one hundred  
and twenty five miles  
between each other,  
gave ourselves  
breathing space.  
it drew us closer  
than we ever were  
and now, in the middle  
of a harsh winter  
you are the one i  
turn to, the one i  
know will still be there.

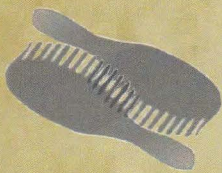
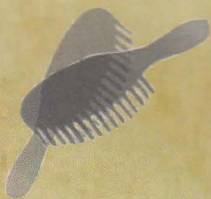


# Someday

Jay Guzewicz



someday  
the bald patches on my scalp  
will grow hair  
and the bruises on my trachea  
will fade  
but the mirror will always be dripping red  
like my nose onto my upper lip  
and I'm not sure  
you will leave me  
whole, sane  
like when we started.





et all

Mackenzie. T. Egan

you didn't fall at all  
at least  
not hard enough  
to shatter the ground  
despite warning bells and angry pills  
we still stand in this room to-  
gether  
you still try to convince me to  
do  
Better.

"I am at war with a poem"

I am at war with a poem.  
It puts up a good fight,  
refuses to be written,  
rejects forms I wish it to take.

Words that make it out of my brain  
walk stiff-legged, stilted and messy.  
They make no sense.  
What drunken general orders these troops?  
I open my mouth to speak --  
The cowards all vanish and hide.

I will not sit back and wait like they do,  
Snuggled up in trenches of my brain  
Away from criticism  
and the cold, harsh light of the world.  
It is beautiful out here, I whisper to them,  
People will revere you, they will shout you to the heavens.

When the coaxing does not work  
and my whispers are wind in my ears  
I will fill my words with bullet holes.

# Brianna Schunk

They will fall to their knees, submissive to my pen.  
They will come running and sprinting,  
They will come crawling and limping,  
Eager to escape my retaliation.

I am supplied, stocked,  
prepared to fight for this poem.  
They will not come.  
They will not come?

I will make them come to me:  
Angry and bitter,  
Sad and repentant,  
Joyous and content,  
My words will come to me.



*More... more... I need more.* My ragged breath echoes off the alley walls. The brick swims before my eyes. I stumble and fall, gravel digs into my palms. It burns. My pain receptors are on overload. I can feel my tolerance building, spiking. This shit isn't all it's cracked up to be. My head pounds. I vomit, yellow bile spilling onto my inflamed hands. I can't move. I am weighed down by the pain. My skin stings. The world is ricocheting around me.

I drag myself over to the brick wall and lean up against it. I'm in a dense, thick, molasses fog. I move in slow motion as I reach into my pockets. I must have some left - something, anything to get me through the next few hours. My stinging hands roam the ground around me like beetles and graze it - cool, slim metal attached to a glass tube. I grab it and hold it in front of my watering eyes. My hands are shaking too much to read the label, but it's the right color. There's half a milliliter left - not a lot, but enough to keep me going.

I drape my forearm across my bent knee. I can find a vein with my eyes closed -- puncture wounds pepper my arms like bullet holes. I bite my lip and slip the needle into my arm. Fuck, it hurts. My hand, still twitching, pushes the plunger, and the last drops of that sweet green medicine enter my veins. I sigh in relief. It feels so damn good.

My head pulses with colors - pinks and greens, purples and yellows swirl in my mind's eye like a lava lamp. I'm back in my happiest memories - college friends, my first dog - it's euphoria. I feel myself fall sideways, my head bashing into the asphalt, but it doesn't hurt. Nothing hurts. My pain receptors have finally shut the hell up and I am content.

\* \* \* \* \*

# Brianna Schunk

“What... what is it, sarge?”

“Hmm... vacant expression, swollen tongue, inflamed hands. Eyes - unresponsive. And a nasty-looking mess on his head.”

“But he looks so... content. Happy, even. What was it? Crack, meth, LSD?”

“Nah. Looks like a classic case of serotonin overdose. God, the arms look like a warzone. Who knows how this kid lasted so long.”

“Serotonin overdose?”

“Hey, I don't judge. I guess some people just want to be happy, and street drugs don't cut it no more. They're doing all this weird scientific shit now, messing with brain chemicals and whatnot.”

“Shit...God, he can't be much older that I am. ”

“Yeah, son. New York just ain't what it used to be.”

# Serenity

Alicia Pendana





Untitled

Onyinye Dimoriaku

# Contributor Bios

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## Juan Romero Flores

Juan C. Romero Flores is a Secondary Education in Spanish major at Wilkes. He likes taking photos, watching Netflix and having a good time. Photography is something he is very passionate about and he enjoys very much

## Genny Frederick

Genevieve Frederick is a sophomore double major in English and Earth and Environmental Science. She is a member of the Geo-Explorers club and enjoys reading, hiking, and writing in her free time. She's an avid fan of NEPA pizza and any drink that contains coffee.

## Will Farnelli

William Farnelli is pretty okay. He can tie a bowline with one hand, has a caffeine addiction and a tiny brain, and is about to eat something off of the floor. Someone should stop him.

## Alicia Pedana

Alicia Pedana, a 2017 graduate from West Side Career and Technology School, earned a certificate of study in Multimedia Technology. Alicia, sophomore, Wilkes University, pursues a BA in Early Child Education. Photography is a form of relaxation for Alicia. Although she photographs a variety of subjects, her passion is nature.

## Will Billingsley

William Billingsley is an upcoming Junior studying Political Science and History. During the school year, he can also be found reviewing Manuscript submissions and voting against most. Going forward, he hopes to successfully make Die Hard next year's theme. In his spare time, he can be found playing Ultimate Frisbee.

## J.M.

J. M. enjoys long walks on the beach and stealing candy from children. Their skills include, but are not limited to: being able to juggle one item at a time, sneezing with their eyes open, and eating sunflower seeds with the shell. They also really hate rainbow sprinkles. Like, who decided those were a good aesthetic choice for ice cream? C'mon.

## Michaela Catapano

Michaela Catapano is a Junior Musical Theatre major with minors in both Dance and Creative Writing. She has been writing little stories and silly poems since a very young age, and is very honored to have her first ever publication be in the Wilkes Manuscript.

## Sarah Weynand

As she completes her sophomore year, Sarah Weynand is thrilled to be included in this year's manuscript. When double majoring in Musical Theatre and English Literature, it can be hard to find time to write, but Sarah devotes her free time to writing poetry and has even started to showcase it on her poetry Instagram, @thornedrose.poetry. She would like to thank her mother, Maria, for always supporting her love of the arts and letting her fly on the wings of her dreams.



## Dr. Chad Stanley

Chad Stanley is an Associate Professor of English and the 2018-2019 faculty advisor to Manuscript. He also writes things. And paints things.

## Onyinye (Mmachi) Dimoriaku

Mmachi O. Dimoriaku is a Nigerian-American actress, singer, dancer, writer and photographer. She does a lot of stuff with the limited time she has to do them. She thanks you for reading her work and for you to check out her photography page in Instagram: md\_pixs

She is a Junior Theatre Arts major and a creative writing minor at Wilkes University. She is currently the president of the Wilkes African Cultural Association, Copy Editor of Manuscript and Public Relations Officer for the Multicultural Student Coalition. She enjoys singing, choreographing, and making clothes.

## Maddison Black

Maddison Black is a junior at Wilkes University. She has a dual major in Musical Theatre/ English as well as a dual minor in Creative Writing/ Art. Maddison enjoys all aspects of creation. She was recently nominated for the Irene Ryan Acting Scholarship for her performance as Fraulein Schneider in Wilkes University's production of "Cabaret." Last year, her poem "Unbreakable" was selected to be a part of Poetry in Transit. In her future, Maddison hopes to bring happiness to other through her various creative outlets.

## Jay Guziewicz

Jay (Julia) Guziewicz is a sophomore psychology major and apparently the assistant editor of this thing. They only wear black leggings and flannels. You can usually find them wandering around campus at 2 am wondering if it's really worth it to order Taco Bell or if they should save their money. Taco Bell usually wins. Don't tell their parents.

## Brianna Schunk

Brianna is a Junior with a dual major in English and Dance. She is the Social Media Coordinator and puts her blood, sweat, and tears into every Instagram post. When she isn't holed up in Kirby writing poetry she enjoys cross stitching, creating costumes for drag shows, and taking care of her succulents. She thanks you for reading and asks that you kiss your cats for her, please.

## Mackenzie T. Egan

Mackenzie is a copy editor and content writer who will be receiving a B.A. in English and History in May of 2019. Recently, she was a writing intern for the website DiscoverNEPA.com and a lifestyle writing intern for the online women's magazine Blysee.com. She is also working as a communications and marketing intern for the Pittsburgh magazine *Kine Hearts Magazine*.

She is an avid coffee drinker, a fan of Netflix shows and romance novels, and adores all four legged creatures. Outside of professional writing she writes poetry, short stories, and full length pieces and has recently been published in *Kine Hearts Magazine*. This past March, Mackenzie won third prize in the Original Fiction category at the 2019 Sigma Tau Delta International Convention for a short story titled "Sentiment."

# Staff Bios

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## Katherine Osmanski

Katherine is a junior English major at Wilkes.

