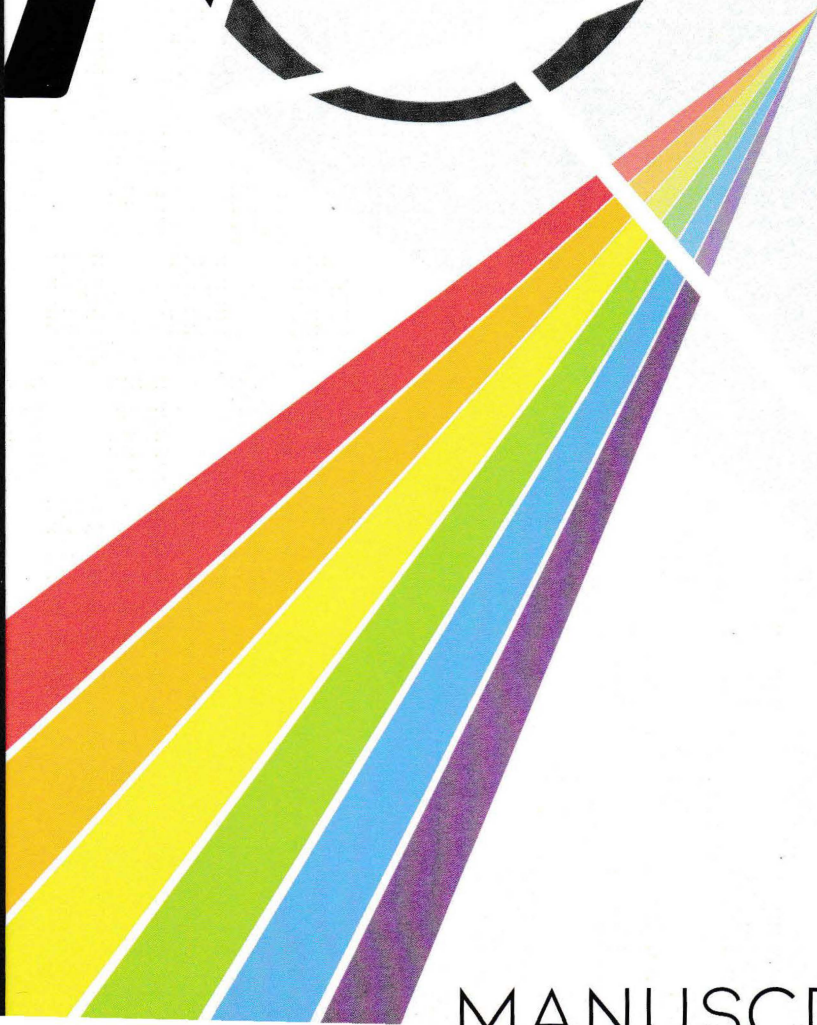
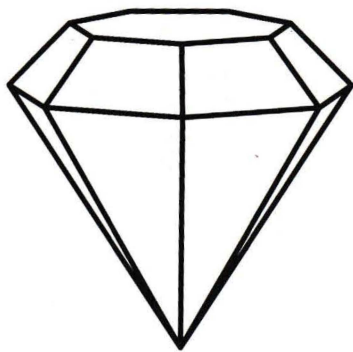


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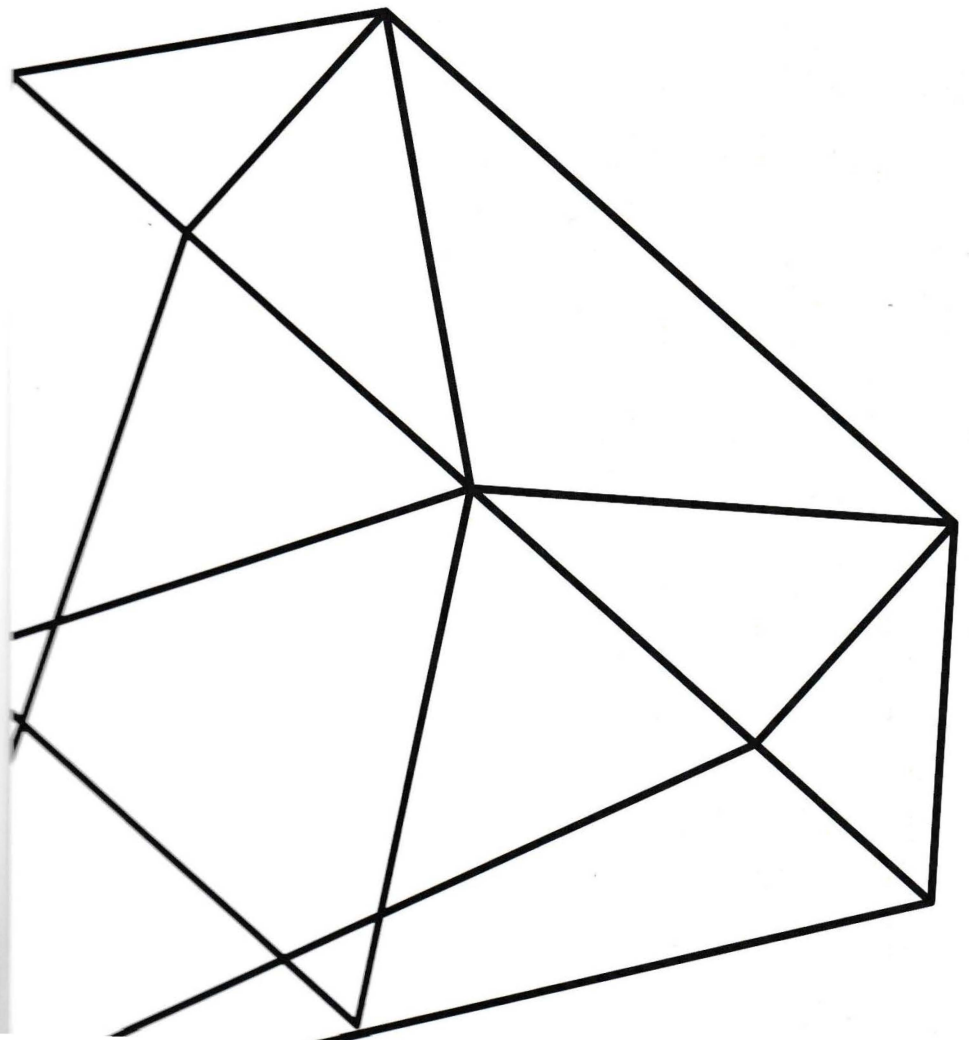


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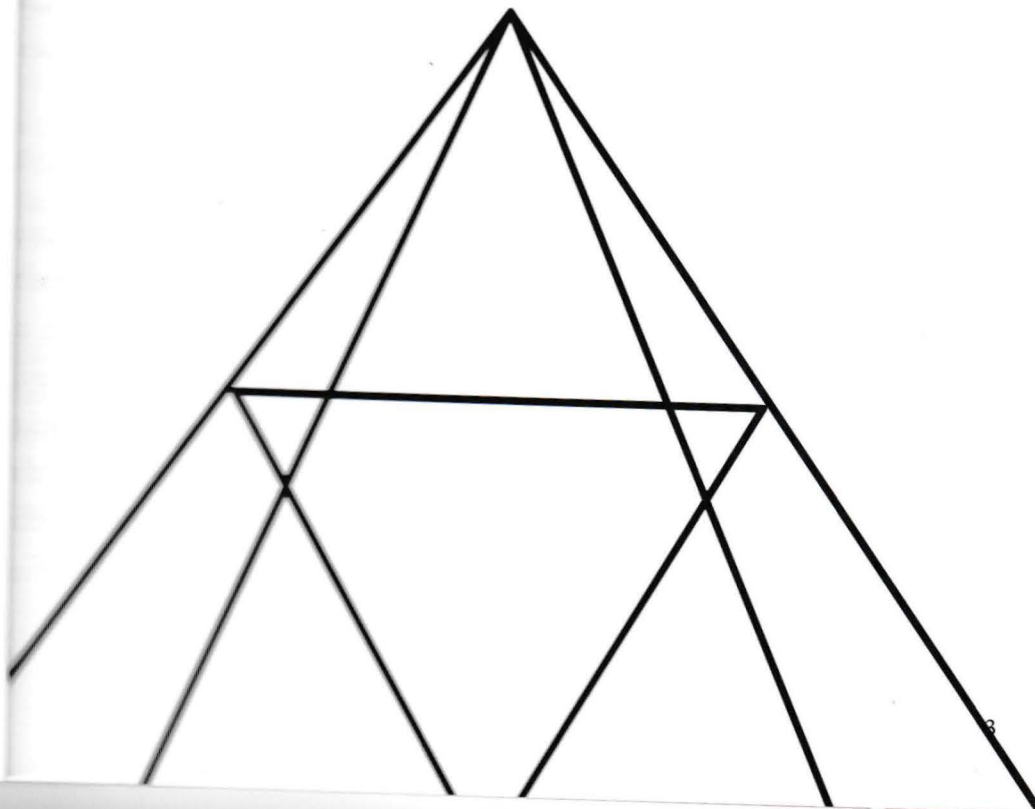
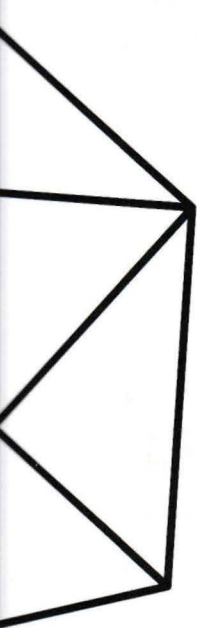
manuScript



70th Anniversary Edition



Dedicated to
Dr. Robert J. Heaman
and the late
Dr. Patricia B. Heaman
Manuscript faculty advisors
1982-1989



1947 FOREWARD

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

The Editors

2018 FOREWARD

In the 70 years since it began, the Manuscript literary magazine, and its parent organization, the Manuscript society, has been the source of artistic expression and recognition for students from all walks of life at this university. In this, our 70th anniversary edition, we hope to showcase not only some of the best work being produced by current students, but some of the highlights of this magazine's past. We hope you can appreciate the impact Manuscript has had on all of us.

The Editors

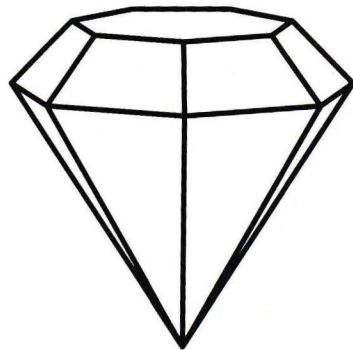
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MISSION STATEMENT



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 to 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 workshopping, 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 greater public. The end product is a published, award-winning magazine.

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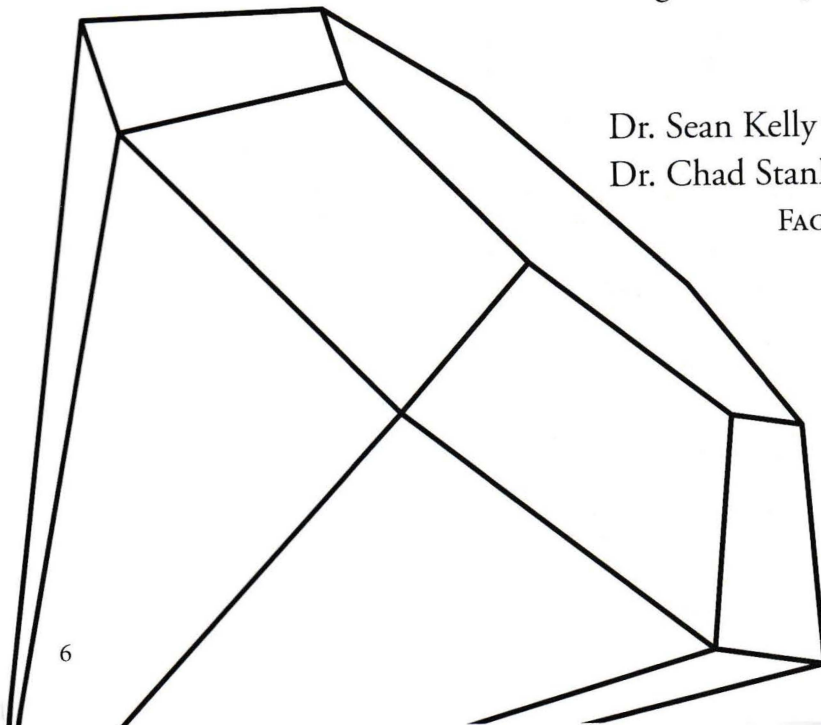
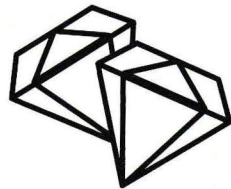


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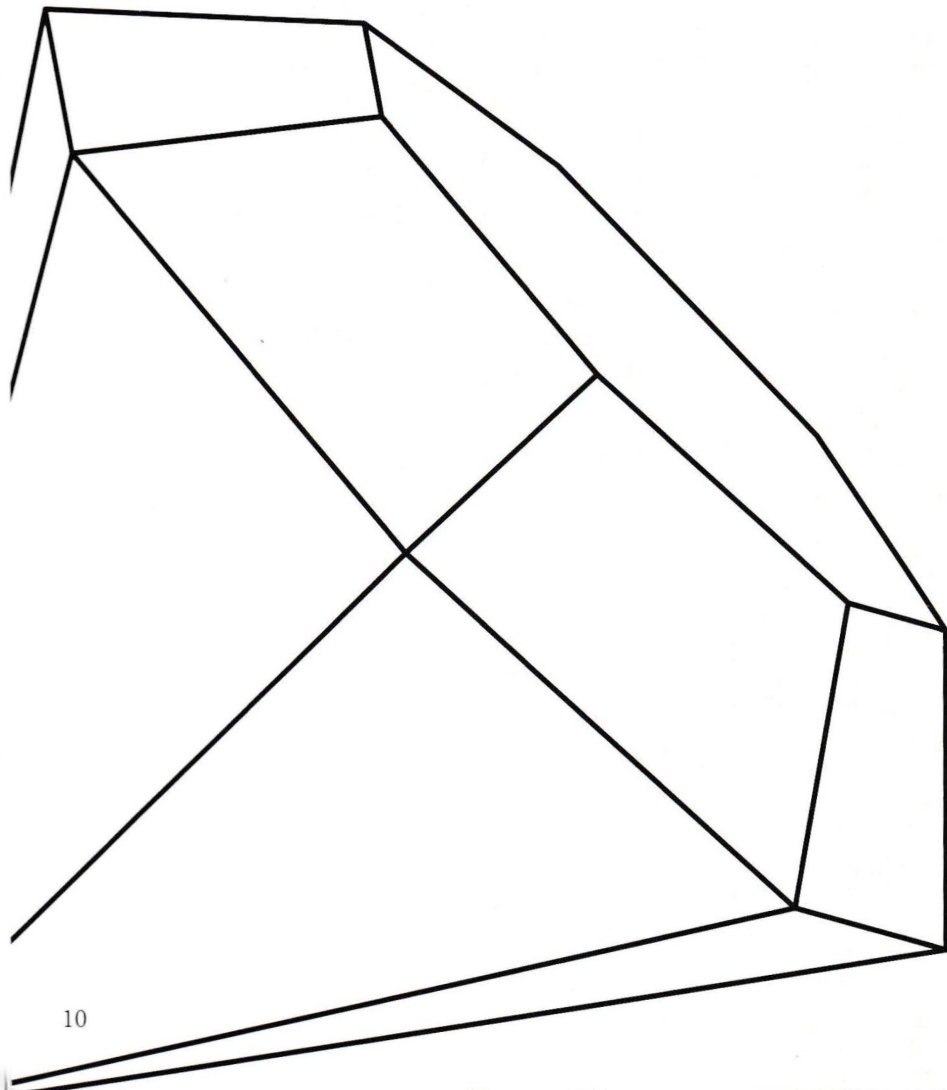
Mackenzie Egan

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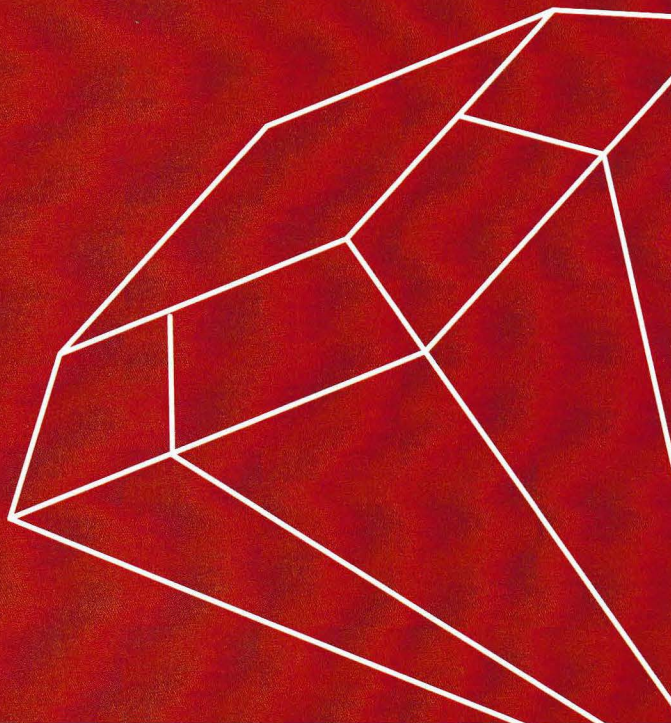
surrealist party games

Elyse Guzewicz

63



1940s



A World and Not A Lantern

1947

Robert Holleran

Swing your telescope toward the moon and look in wonder. It's another world! That's the first shock, the almost tangible wave of thought the sight projects upon the mind. The moon of old, the pretty lantern of the night, is gone.

In its place looms the satellite, its yellow surface tactile, real. Jagged mountains pierce the gasless sky and range in vast eruptive arcs across the face of a world. Lofty peaks rise in solitude from the midst of broad plains rimmed by huge scarfs of rock which seem to accentuate the isolation of the central spires. And everywhere spread the glowing seas of bright volcanic ash.

At the edge of darkness, where Terminator creeps forward to end the lunar night, the relief is greatest. Here long shadows duplicate the rocky crags and even the ashy plain appears pitted with innumerable tiny craters. Here the crest of some mighty peaky whose lower mass is lost in the shadow of the lunar night still gleams in the last rays of the setting sun.

Does the moon, like Earth, have sunsets? Yes. But Luna has no moon? Yes. Earth, the moon's cosmic brother, seems a satellite from there. The moon's a world and not a lantern.

See that vast crater, called Tycho by the Selenographers? What of Earth's surpasses it? From the level plain abruptly rises an impassable rim of rugged rock to form within the broad deep bowl of the crater. This is the setting for the central mass of stone which towers in grandeur into the black, vacant sky. The shadows reflect the mountain's stately height.

So vast are the peak and the enclosed plain, that within that shadow might nestle a city.

Is it so alien a scene that a modern eye, lured by the telescope's revelation of myriad impressive features and suggestion of formations beyond its power to define, could not be forgiven the creation of imaginary cities among those shaded valleys? It seems the musing eye might not be too astonished if one were to suddenly appear. Might not that eye precede history by a hundred or a million years and people the moon's impassive face? Such vision might be prophecy, not fantasy. For who shall set such cities on the moon beyond the attainments possible to a race armed at last with an energy, that of the atomic nucleus, sufficient to bridge the gap of space?

Why not dream of Luna's role in the epic of Man's ultimate expansion to the stars?

Ego

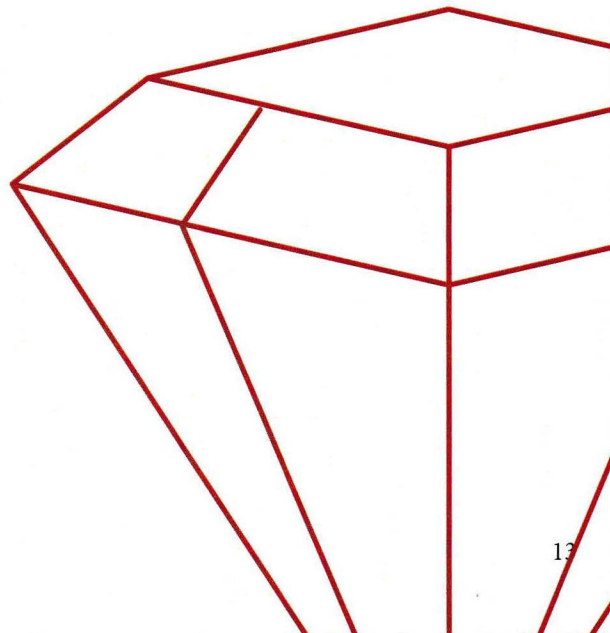
1949

Robert Holleran

Make me a star
And set me in place
High in the air,
And down through space
I'll stare
At the insignificant earth.

Grant me eternal life;
From my post on high
I'll look in wonder
At the men who die
Under
The strain of time and folly.

Let there be light in my body,
And my brow with fire anoint
For mankind to look up and see
As with their souls they point
To me
And forever admire my beauty



The Dance

1949

Anthony Andronaco

There is a strange music in my soul...
it is there...in the night, in the quiet...
music strange that fills my mind...
rhythm strange that whirls me in the mists of thought...
insinuating melody that lifts me to the night
dancing, sweeping through the void...
always the dance...the dance!

Dance Eternal

Fantastic figures in the dark,
Swirling, sweeping bodies
Swinging, singing
In the
Dark.

Dance-
Dance, dance!
Eternity!
What is there for
One who can only
Watch, calling,
Crying!
What

Is there that I, who in the darkm
Watching, wishing, may
Hope for? Hope for?
Dance-Dance,

Dance!

(Said he from far away,
- I see no dancers. There is only here
A barren landscape-empty.)

In my soul there is a dance...
the shadow figures dance the dance...
beneath the cold white melody...

Dance Nocturnal

An eerie moon
And a shrieking wind
And gold-silver-green green clouds boiling overhead,
And the dancers come.

The dancers come and swing and shout,
They raise their voices in a song
That gives itself to darkness.
The dancers sing
Their wild
Song.

I look an see
In the purple light.
The mad-free-gay forms dancing by the moon.
Then the moon is dark.

The dancers stop and fall and weep,
Their fearful weeping fills the night.
They do not know they can
Not dance for there
Is no
Moon.

(Said he from far away,
- The rhythm of your dance is evil.
But the fire in your soul!
What do you see?)

I see the dance! within my brain
the dancers whirl beneath the moon...
I hear the song in rhythm strange...
I whirl through space and dance the dance...

Dance Fantastic

It is a shriek of color
When the moon
Stealthily breaks through
The somber night-clouds.
Often have I seen them –
The half-lighted forms
Dancing in the night landscape.
The rocks are white and moon-luminous.
And the far-away figures dance

With wide-flung arms
And supple steps,
In broken rhythm
Of music wild.
They sing and shout.

Now they go,
Rhythm changing,
Into whirls, into spins.
Dancers strange step and swirl
In a dance wild and free.

Tempo slow, graceful though,
Slowly mounts. Faster now,
Swinging free, twirling fast
Whirling high dancers lithe
Step and twirl strut and swirl
Twisting turning
Swaying swinging
Dipping dancing
Dancing dancing
Dancing dancing-

The shadows dance
A mimic dance
In Silence.
(Said he from far away,
- what strangeness this that has you chained?)

I sit and think...and in my thoughts
the melody is wild...the rhythm loud!
and I hear a song...

Dance Melodic

Walking alone 'mid
The moon-bathed rocks
I saw some dancers
Who shouted thus-

The world is spinning on its axis
Though the stars remain unchanged.
Won't you join us in our dancing,
While the gaunt white fiddler plays?

And the strange forms, though
Drunk with dancing,

Whirled once again to
The tune of this –

You who are living, doing, loving,
Though the others go on dying,
Won't you join us in our dancing,
While the gaunt white fiddler plays?

Some stopped, falling, while
The rest, unheeding,
Danced in a frenzy,
Swinging, singing-

Days will go though the days are coming,
Ere the universe is done.
Won't you j join us in our dancing,
While the gaunt white fiddler plays?

(Said he from far away,
- The melody of evil sings!
The rhythm is corrupt!
Leave off the dance!
Be sane-be free.)

I see the dance! the dance...the dance!
I swing and shout! the dance...the dance!

Dance Ritual

Green-eyed goddess
With a heart of stone
Watches all the dances
With her wicked stare.
Wild and free
In exultation
Round and Round
'Mid the flames so cruel...
Beat, beat, beat,
Music wild,
Throb, beat, beat,
By the flames...
Round and round,
Ecstasy
In their dance
Flames rise high
To their Death.

Flickering highlights
On the slim, lithe shapes,
A fat,, cruel goddess
Sits upon her throne.
Round and round
In determination...
Wild, disjointed
In a dance so cruel...
Throb, throb, throb,
Dancers wild,
Beat, throb, throb,
By the flames.
High and high!
Jubilant
Flames roar high.
Dancers dance
To their death
Beat, beat, beat
Quiet, faster,
Louder, faster,
Faster faster,
Beat, beat, bat,
Faster faster faster!
Beat, beat!
Beat, beat bat beat!
Beat, beat!
Beat beat beat beat!
Done.

(Said he from far away,
- This is not true,
 This is not real,
 Leave off the dnace, beware the night!
 Live in the sun, live of the world!)

I see the dancers now devoid
 of masking of the night...they dance
 naked in the sun...

Dance Methodic

The thoughts march by in a martial order,
Step to the beat of a throbbing drum.
The thoughts slide by in a pattern fashion,
Dance to the rhythm of a pushing brain.

Stepping, starting,

Dancing, dipping ,
Arms precise in dreamed of angles,
Graceful movements all in order.

And all alike in a dreadful measure
Trample the dreams of a soaring mind.
The thoughts push down all the fleeting fancies
Leaving a dead, only marching soul.

Fights, struggling,
Climbing higher,
One intent on joyful freedom,
Soaring dreams, not dreading order!

-Slowly-slowly, intent on freedom,
This is the end of the dancing horde.
Going-going, no more to trample,
This is the birth of a flying soul!

Higher, higher,
Onward! Living!
No longer chained in a rhythmic pattern.
Soaring higher – dreaming, dreaming...

(Said he from far away,
- Be done with them!
Slay the enticing rhythm,
Discord the melody – destroy the dance!)

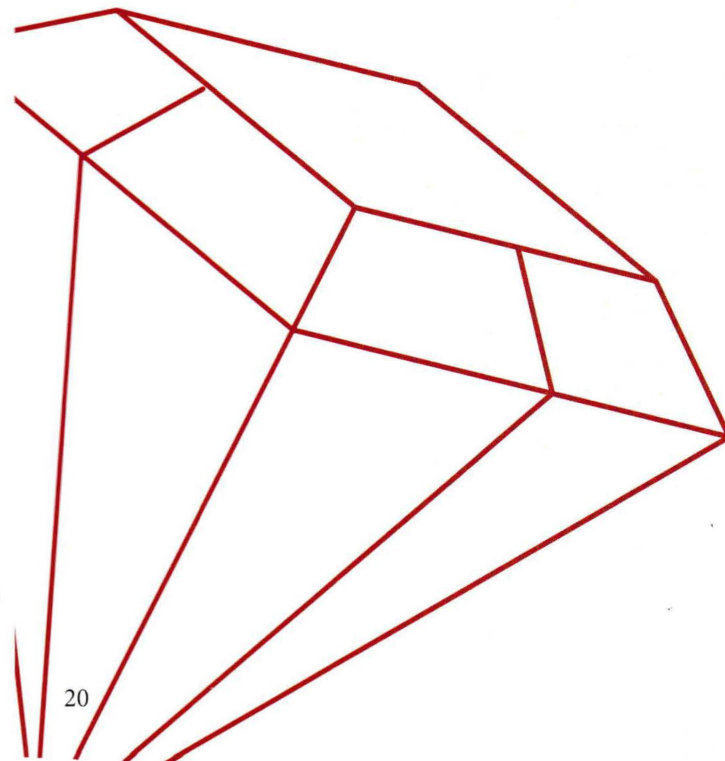
The sun shines on my face...I am immersed
in the pureness of the light...

Dance Mundane

Gracefully, orderly, dance in the sun!
Naked forms joyfully dance in the sun!
Dance in the world in the world of the sun
Dance of the sun in the world of the sun
Dance in the life of the world and the sun
Dance with the life in the heat of the sun
Dance in the sunlight of the living world.
Dance by the side of the stagnant pool
Dance in the midst of the putrid swamp
Dance in the clutch of the grasping vine
Dance with the snake as he slides through slime
Dance with the life of the foul breath
Dance with its gorging, breeding, eliminating

Dance with its dying in the stinking mud
Dance for the choking stifling life
Dance for the clutching killing life
Dance for its sweating, corrupt competition
Dance for its dying in the stinking mud.
Dance with the life! Dance with the life!
Dance! Live!
Dance.

(Said he from far away,
-Where is the fire in your soul?)



1960s



The Sleepy-Time God

1968

Anne Aimetti

Perhaps today is the day God will shave off His beard, will put on His sunglasses, and will be led into Yankee Stadium by a golden dog .

Perhaps today is the day God will hand back the keys and will close the door between man and Him forever.

Perhaps He is tired of one half going to bed hungry and the other half getting up in the middle of the night with indigestion.

Perhaps He is tired of the lack of communications between man and man, between man and woman , and between almost everyone and Him.

Perhaps God is tired of sacrifices that do not burn, of hearts that do not love, of images that have no shadows.

Perhaps God is tired of opening His biography, and finding the notes His two-faced followers left him saying, "you are dead"

Perhaps He is tired of clocks without hands, of ships without sails, of men without faith.

Perhaps God is tired of being God because men are simply tired of being men.

Protest ii

1968

Celia R Rosen

Tread softly so the echoing
Whisper of voices calling
Can be heard above
The dint of crunching earth.

Listen. Tiptoeing
To touch to the correct nerve
The silent hymn
Blaring to morning's discordant symphony.

Wear sneakers if you must.
To muffle the tears and whimpering
Of the dying earth.
Listen, listen. Do you hear?
There are other noises beside guns.

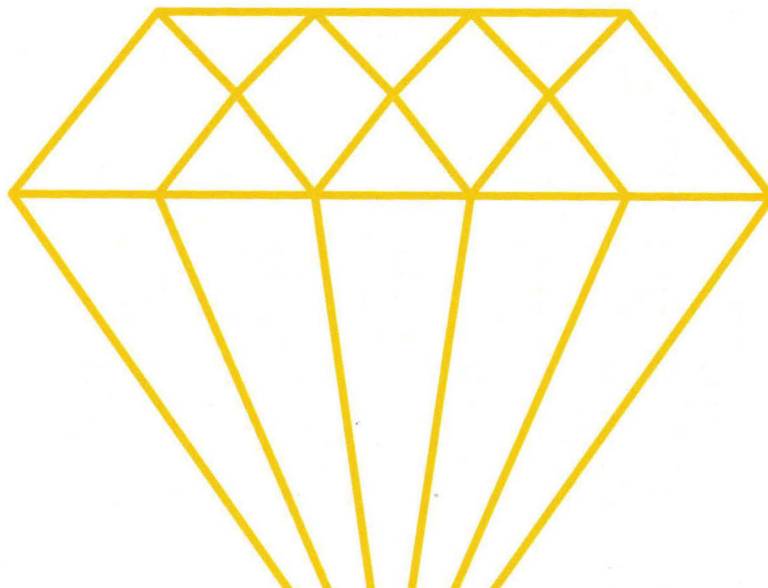


The Surprise Visit for the Lieutenant

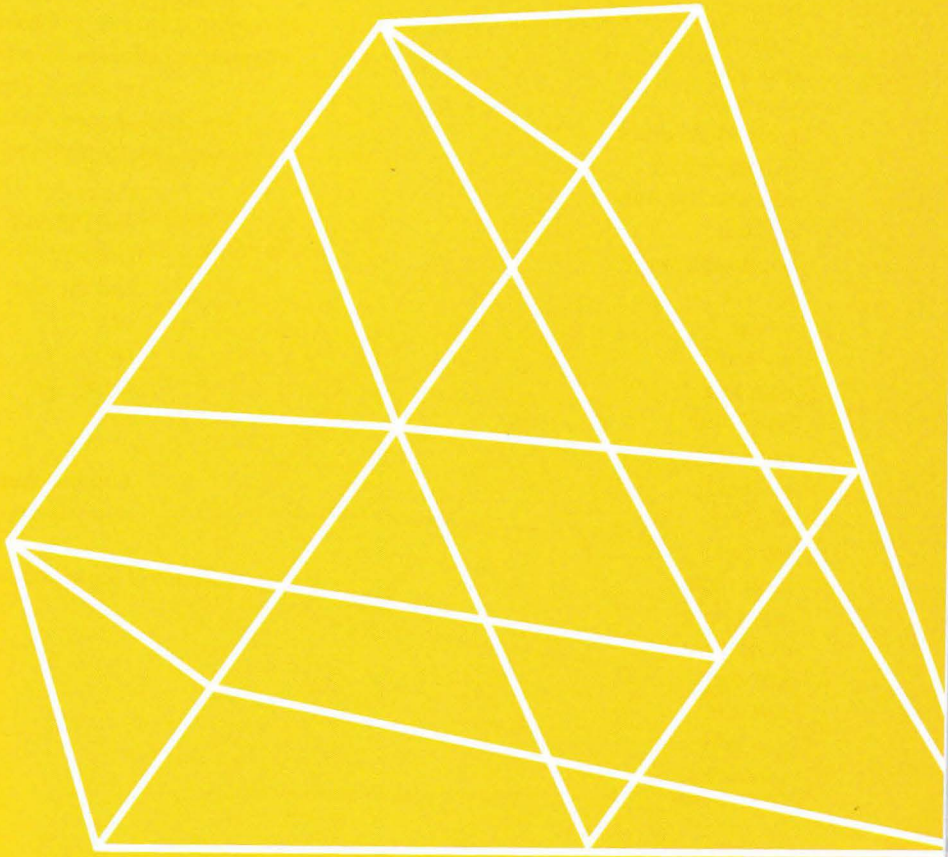
1968

Anne Aimetti

“Somewhere your life has run away with all the booty
And I am left holding fragments of what once held you together.
When They told me your whole left side was a bloody mess
All I said was ‘Thank God he is right-handed.’
Now, there is neither side. Now, there is almost nothing.
Just holes in the ground, but none in the sky.
When I go back home I will follow the lines of your shadow
Frozen in the face of the snowman – dressed in
Your old green scarf and silly college hat – that the boy
Was building. It is good that spring melts the snow.
The side of me that no one else loved or even knew
Will continue to live by sheer habit and your
Touch gone cold, the comfortless sheets and mothball-
Memories of your once-new uniform.
I am folding myself – like an Origami bird –
But there is no paper wind to carry me to the paper moon.
It’s funny: it was to be a surprise –
I had just come to say ‘I love you’
Bearing kisses and a basket of fruit.
But instead,
I guess I will have to say ‘good-bye’
And attend to sober young soldiers who are turning around
your boots”



1970s



Untitled

1970

Steven Morris Gliboff

hup hup hup
yup yup yup
green yup
hupyup
one
two
three
two
one
two
huptwo
three two
right two
hupyup
night too
dark too
won you
green khaki green
two three four
you won too war
tree war
hup to tree war
for war
to war
my war
your war
bomb war
calm war
more war
war war
left right
right right
night fight
slight fight
kill war
fun war
gun gore
sun sore

to the left
harch
drums
thump thump thump
trees
stump stump stump
bodies
dump dump dump
to the rear
harch

"They won't go."
"We will not go."
the end
end the end
end war
end the war
one
two
three
four

hup hup hup
yup yup yup

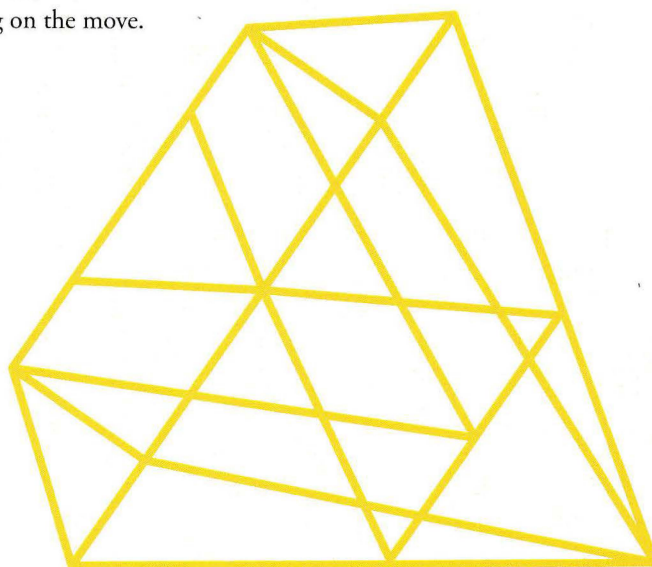
it all makes a lot of sense doesnt it

Untitled

1975

Patti Reilly

Death
puts on his callous gloves of cold,
and rides
horses of laughter down the lonely corridors
of everyman
in the darkness of the night.
He steals
children from their candy,
loves from lovers,
and whistles while he plays.
Be he freak,
queer, square, or pervert,
death in his self-declared hour of glory
rides
everyman into eternal nothingness.
Yet there remains the undaunted –
the Pepsi generation,
now alive, living forever –
in action, thought and change.
Death,
God's very damnable claws,
cannot pierce this being on the move.



No. 13

1978

Anne A Graham

A cat in moonlight watched the wind unlace
A spider's web. At intersecting points
The drops a dew were dripping light. A face
In tears, the web transformed to counterpoints.

A cat in the sunlight watched the wind unweave
The leaves to dance beneath a Druid tree.
The ancient wreath of rhythms did upheave
The mighty limbed and patterned harmony

A cat in twilight watched the wind undo
The mourners' hands of roses. Like the rush
Of maddened butterflies the petals flew
As hymns arose to close the swirling hush

A cat in darkness – no form, just a purr –
Was lulled to sleep by wind that froze her fur

Roses

1978

Adele Schwarz

Your garden had none
so you bought expensive ones
and wrote
get well
signed: love
and sent them
But the phone said
mother's dead,
and at the door, they returned
the roses.
So you froze them
to keep them.
And now your roses bloom
though you have no gardner
to cut them
and you bleed when
you touch them

For Father's Day

1978

Brian Boston

One night,
Alcohol giving you more words than before,
You spoke of Joyce – his style
Pulling yellowed volumes from their resting place on the shelf,
Then Faulkner, your favorite,
Writing on a wheelbarrow – how intense.
Old usage texts and do I use them,
Marked passages darkened with the loss of time.
Forgotten memoirs from the past escape discussion,
It ends.

Francis

1978

Ray Klimek

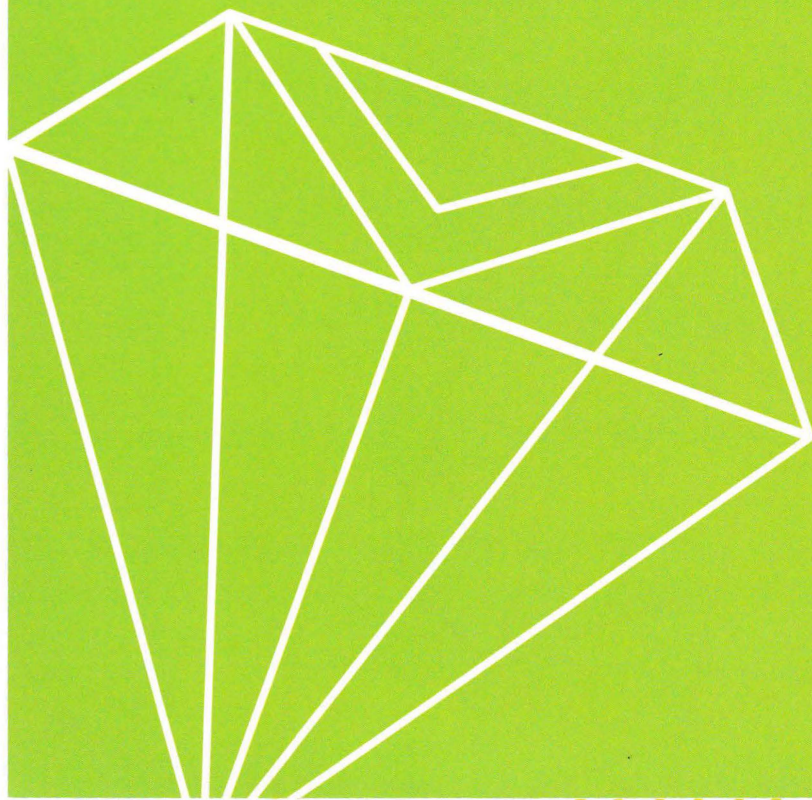
The smell of chalk.
The clack of the nun's thick beads.

Row upon row of desks.
On all of them the same book
was opened to the same picture
of that monk,
a wolf lying silent
at his feet.

And years later
that image returned
while feeding pigeons
in the park

When there was no "question of belief"
one could have believed
that they were drawn
by anything
but hunger.

1980s



Returning for Mother

1982

Anne May

This spring morning
looking into the mirror,
my mouth curls
into a firm fist.
I deny resembling you.

My hair doesn't grow
past my waist,
spilling down
into snow.
When you come out
of your Vermont winters,
your ends are twisted tight
with ice.

I am ten,
gripping the cabinet.
You turn,
a black eye swollen,
bruised by your husband.
My hands grasp table edges,
claws clutched rigid.

In the yard
of this crumbled house
from which I've grown
our bush is a broken cage
of branches,
your red mouth gapes
with a trap's teeth.

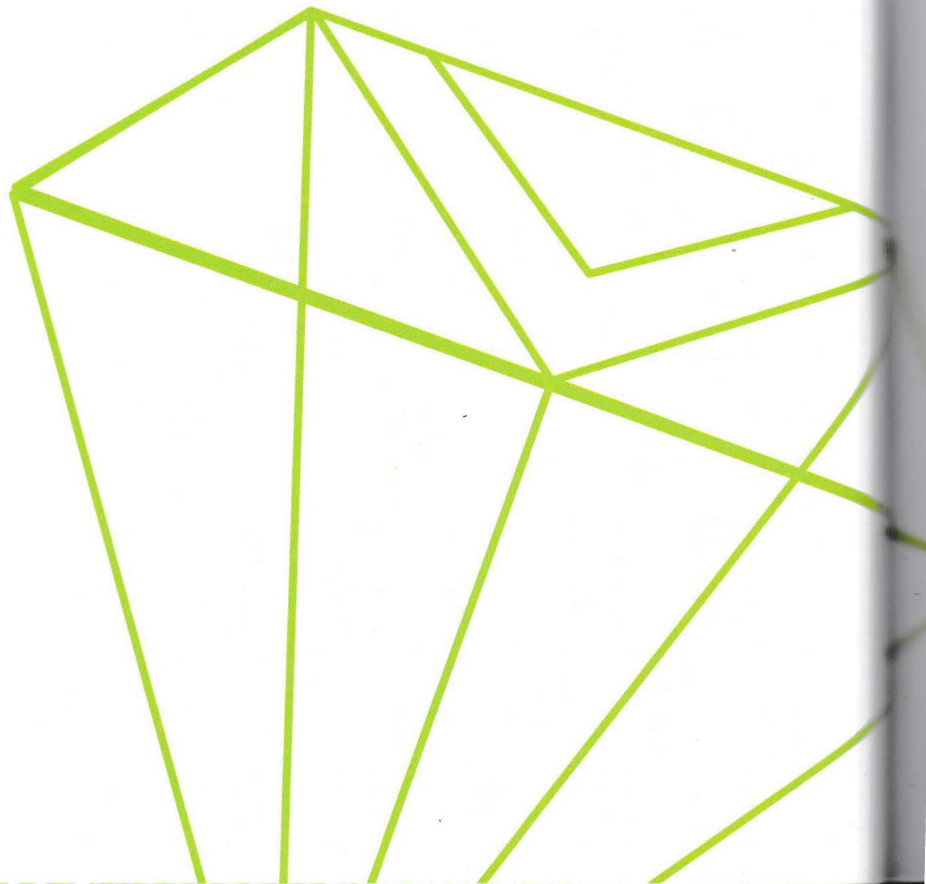
Untitled

1987

Andrew Morell

Is there a room
where all the snow
goes when it melts?

I know there's a man
who runs about town,
(there's one in every town),
at 4:30 in the morning
when it's cold and who
replaces all the
water with
ice



7
rell

genesis

1987

Elizabeth Mazullo

(this is what it is to be blind)

in primordial aloneness i am void without form.
i feel warmdarkness
pressing in,
i hear only acrid waters dripping into
unseen
unseeing
softblackness.

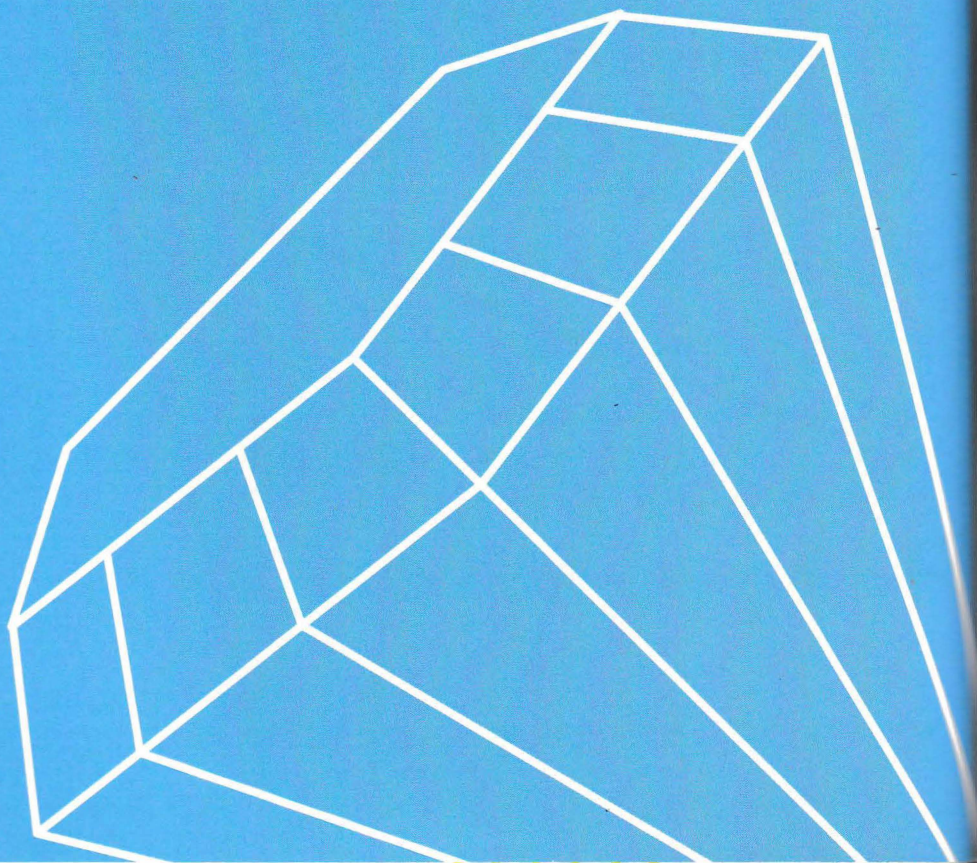
(in creation you reveal original *Sinn*)

i am cradled,
enclosed by warmstrength,
drowning in dampdarkness.

softvoicesspeaktome
caressing my mind.

(womb i am unto womb i have returned)

1990s



Haina

1991

Vito Sebastian Quaglia

Chuck the mechanic
in a barstool pose
w/ jack in hand
and weed

Roofing contracts and
Maryjane
Splitting his shifts among
da two

High school sweethearts
hurt the most
icy-veined
and strong

Scrant'n
w/ its coal glow beauty
da stadium
an' da Barons

Roofing contracts and
the baby daughter
He hasn't seen in months
Christmas gifts
but no child support
5.00/hr

English Kissing

1994

Tracy Youells

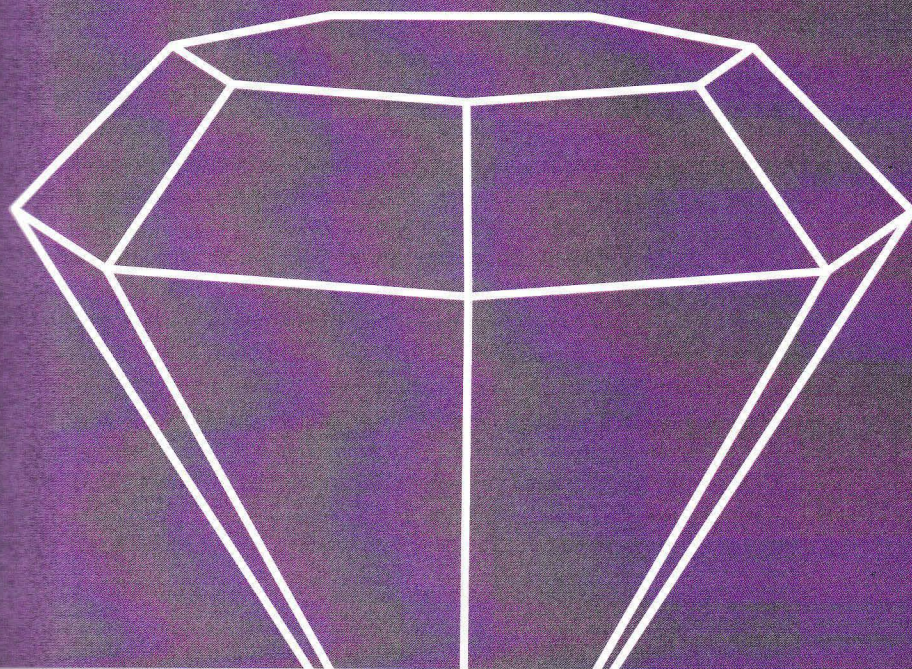
I search for sounds
in the soft mine
shaft between my
thighs, and with long
fingers, gently
pluck gems and spill
their glitter on
paper. I roll
thick dew around
teeth and gum, let
my hot tongue soak
in the woody wine.
How can I use
the bloody rust
handed down to me
to describe my
watering mouth?

The rust coating
my mother tongue
is thick. I use
my pencil like a chisel, and
chip at the crust
until it's thin
enough to be
scrubbed. The muscle
strains under wire
brushes and steel
wool, blood and spit
flush out brown specks.
I run my hand
over the pink
stem, it spins a
trail of moistness
in my palm. I
swallow the sounds
resurrected
from the rust and
mine for them with
the other hand

1994

Youells

2000s



Parrish Confessionals

2006

Lauren Mannion

I

Those lips on my face kiss the cold toilet. This is my own
Funeral. Alyssa *i fucking hate your-* left me for dead;
I choke on Absolut shit
And watch my life flush down the toilet.
Am I really listening to Sarah *in the arms of the-* McLachlan?
Jesus, no wonder I have no friends.

This tongue glosses over cracked teeth and taste
Sanguine, sagacious irony.

My face is ruined: my wisdom teeth remain but the
Subdermal hematoma
sawney parrish, this is the harvard admissions office, we regret-
Has shanghaied my skin into secondhand artistry.
I am all swirls;
I am nothing but failing shades of purple, yellow, and mocking green.
It is neither halogen illusion nor the carbonic oxygen pulsing in my blood
As two eyes drip down a mirrored face, and all that's left of one nose
Melts into a Picasso dream.

II

"Mr. Parrish? Mr. Parrish..."

"What the hell-"

"The boy's fine, but get an oxygen tank running-he may get a little post-traumatic."

"No pulse: she's gone..."

"Sam, this is Winchester, do you copy? Forget the ambulance. We need the ladder
rig."

"Ma'am, were you present at the scene of this..."

"Yessir, I seen it with my own two eyes. She leapt offa that
Acknee like a lemon offa cliff. No sir,
That Missus Parrish never was right, even before
Her husband left. An' I'll tell ya 'nother thing;
That there were boy's been - ever since, and-"

06
tion
“That’ll be all, Mrs. McKarm. You can head down to County for questions tomorrow.

Now, Mr. Parrish-”

“Officer. S’name’s Willow-bee.”

“Uh, Willoughby, I...Know this must be tough...”

“Sir. Please.

You have no idea.”

“No, I...I’m sure I don’t. But she’s in a better place, son.”

“I’m glad she’s gone.

And don’t call me *son*.”

III

Dear Mr. President,

You don’t think you know me, but you do. My name is Mikael Xavier Parrish,

mostly my friends call me mike and the other privates
called me mikey no-show but my brothers called me kael
because that is what Our Father called me

And I serve as a pirate under the command of your
Most respected and coordinated
Fighting First Infantry Division.

You don’t recall our names, but I swear,
You know us.
but i never really knew my brothers
until it was too late
too late

We gave your son that job at Morgan Stanley
And sold him the pipe at the hardware store
So he could purify the streets with the
Iron force of freedom.

We told your daughter where to hide
So the headmaster wouldn’t find her
Slumped on the floor with her hands
Between her legs, crying over the spilt blood.

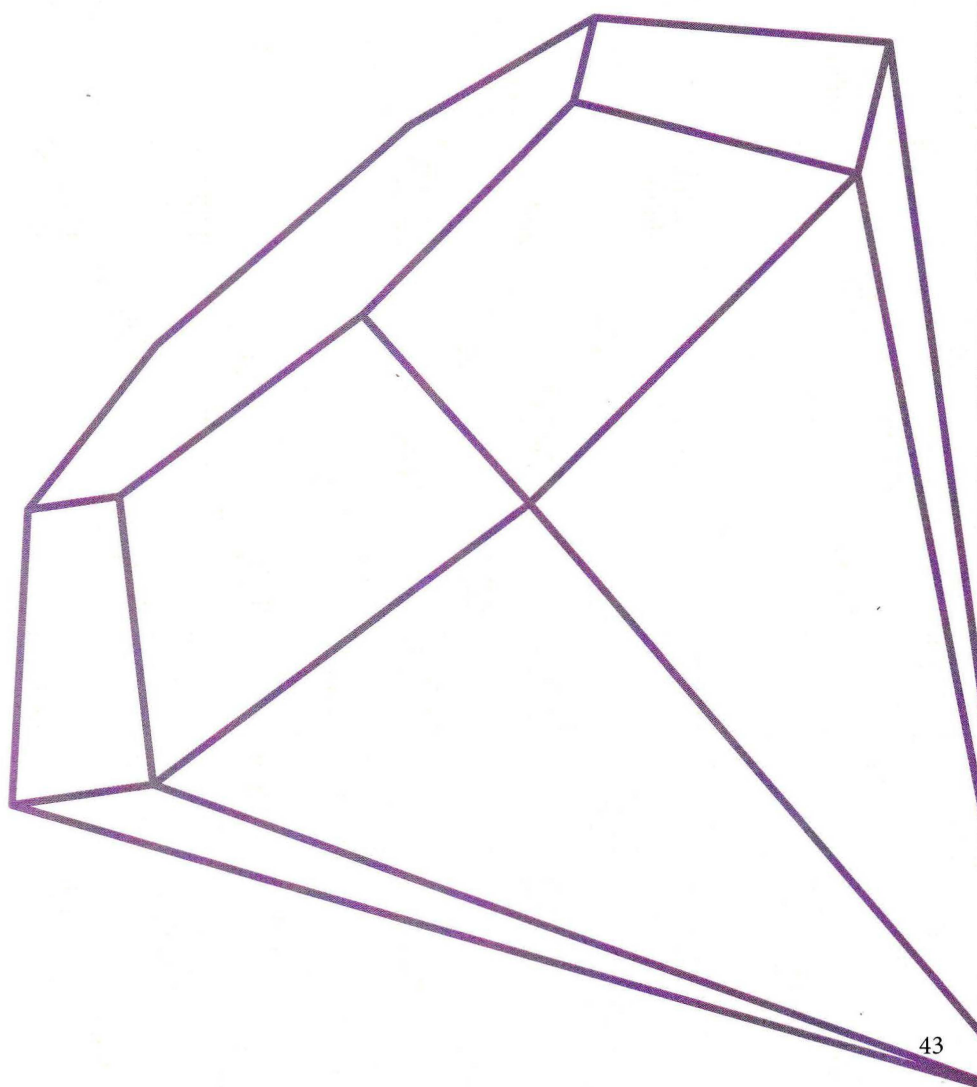
my mom said i couldnt have helped it
not with a father like ours
who aint in heaven
she cried when she met willoughby
because he looks most like dad
but his mom is dead suicide

i never knew her
but i imagine they were a lot alike
hes a writer he helped
write this
i cant write too much
i never learned except
the battle of gettysburg
but i still confused
booker and george
i would be jealous but
hes not like a kid anymore
i never wanna grow up
he says he doesnt care and that
dying is what were born to do
but once in mayfield
i swore i saw him blink back a tear
as he stood under the sky with us
and he whispered
its our curse that we cant tell a nuke from a shooting star

We married and marred your enemies.
We forged the filthy foundations of foreign factories.
We paved your streets with amber oil,
And we put rubber chickens in every (dimebag of) pot.
So you see, Mr. Precedent,
You know us because we are what you sold,
And you are what we bought.
We're everything we had to be to keep you what you are.
And now a request for just one thing in return:
Absolut Freedom

his vodka smile faded when the
fire grazed the sky
and physics disintegrated
over us all
but sawney fell into
charged at
became
that metal that was
made in japan
or was it america
well you never really can tell
melted into his head like a picasso dream
unhappy bastard our little matisse
and then his face was an explosion of color

splatter
i couldnt no i wouldnt
how could i understand
my baby brother was worms meat and you are
We are all the worms.



There Is Still An Awakening

2006

Anthony Thomas

Iraq
Busy market place around noon
Car bomb explodes
Killing hundreds
Men, women, and children
The young and the old

Thousands of miles away
At the base of snowy Oriental mountains
On the surface of a crystal lake
A lotus flower blossoms in the sun

2010s



Lego Houses

2018

Mackenzie Egan

At one point they all started out as Lego houses. Built brick by brick by men coated in cement dust and sweat, painted with a color palette of brown and grey - all of them adorned with inch tall grass that crinkles when stepped on. They each have the same false front of normalcy carefully scripted by suburbia rules and dry humored patriarchs. Each person's face bores nothing but sameness until the weather gets cold and social conventions beg for decoration. He's never questioned the clock work of this edifice brightening makeover; he learned long ago not to seek answers that the adults refused to give.

His corner of suburbia sits at the end of a moribund cul de sac. It seems to him that fewer lights are on every night that he walks home from work. Some of the yards have sprouted passed their allowed length and one house near the entrance has two cracked windows. If he closes his eyes he can remember a time when children used to loiter on the street until dusk, playing hockey or soccer, riding bicycles, running races, or sitting on the curb taking it all in. Laughter filled memories color his steps in hues of blue and fissured sunshine. Should he pause three houses up from his own he can taste the breath of his first girlfriend and hear the way her hair shifted in the wind. Her house now stands stark, empty, waiting to be filled with life once more. It's an onerous sight, one that reminds him that so much has changed.

Mom is cooking dinner when he steps through their ruddy colored door; just as she does every night when he gets home. He kisses her cheek and picks up his stack of mail from the dry sink in the corner. Under his fingertips the envelopes are starchy to the touch and he can see that the top one sports a 'change in address' alert. Dad's asleep in the living room when he passes through, parked in the recliner with a newspaper on his stomach and the news on. On the first page, in out of focus black and white, he can see the detritus of another crashed plane, stained with the lives of more people. The television screen is host to a nicely dressed anchorwoman who tells him that they're going to war again. He can see men in colored uniforms marching over sandy battle lines with young faces and scared eyes. Vaguely he wonders if any of his friends will be in the place of their fathers - both the ones that fought and returned and the ones who never got to meet them. He's thankful his father is too old to fight and his little brother too young; he's thankful that his older brother has a wife and baby at home; he's thankful that when he leaves it's not for the desert sand.

Upstairs in his corner bedroom he takes in all the dull brown cardboard boxes filled with a life: books and movies he'd had for years, music on both tapes and CDs, clothes he hasn't worn for months, and photographs too special to keep. The calendar on his grey wall sports a picture of his new home, lush in green and decorated with colors of life and learning. He and his father will leave after dinner and drive all night to get there by morning. His mother isn't able to make the drive - his younger siblings have to get shots tomorrow. He'll see them at the table and as they fill the car - and then he'll see them again at Thanksgiving when they unload the car and sit

to eat. He can hear them down the hall bickering over something. It occurs to him that someday he might miss that sound.

The news is off when he goes back downstairs and his father isn't in the recliner. Instead he sits at the head of the table and talks to his little sister. His older brother and sister in law are there, his younger brother sits by his seat holding the baby. Mom calls him in and they all sit to another family dinner. Over chicken and potatoes they talk about the classes that start in a few days and the room he'll share with two other people. While Mom is cutting the cake he talks about running in the fall and baseball come spring time. His older brother starts to brag about his own endeavors in sports and their father joins the conversation loudly. His younger brother talks excitedly about his upcoming football season and his sister is quiet when she talks about dance classes.

After dinner they load the car and gather for one last family picture. He holds his little sister on his hip and one hand rests on his mother's shoulder. They all smile at the camera on Dad's tripod and Mom only snuffles once before the flash goes off. She hugs him tightly as soon as he sets his sister down and leaves a lipstick print on his cheek. His sister in law does the same and even his older brother grapples him for a tight embrace. His younger brother runs inside and comes back with his dust covered baseball glove. He'd gotten a new one for graduation and had decided to leave the other one behind but he still took it from his brother, stroking the worn stitching.

Then he gave it back to his brother. "Keep it." He said and ruffled the boy's hair.

They didn't hug. After a grave moment they shook hands and then he turned and kissed his baby sister's head. From the car Dad called his name and he hugged his mother one last time. The five members of his family stood on the front porch of their little Lego house and waved towards the car's taillights as it pulled out of the drive. He pushed the button on the automatic window down and leaned out of the frame. A goodbye parted his lips and carried on a dry wind back to their ears. On the street, of all the houses lining both side, only a handful still had their lights on. He rolled his window up and settled back in his seat. "It's a dying town." He observes dryly. Even as they pull out onto the more lively main street only handfuls of lights in a row are on.

"For now." His father replies while glancing out the windshield. "These things come and go."

He shakes his head and drums his fingertips on his thigh. "You can't stay here forever, Dad. The jobs are drying up. Everyone is leaving."

"You're leaving," Dad points out.

"I'll be back." He states.

"It won't be the same." A pause fills the car. "You won't be staying, even after you graduated. You're not coming back are you?"

"I want a future." He sighs and turns back to the window. "This place doesn't have one."

"It's still home." There's resignation in his father's voice. "And will always be home."

"Home is where the people you care about are. And the people I care about are living in a Lego house, it's falling apart piece by piece."

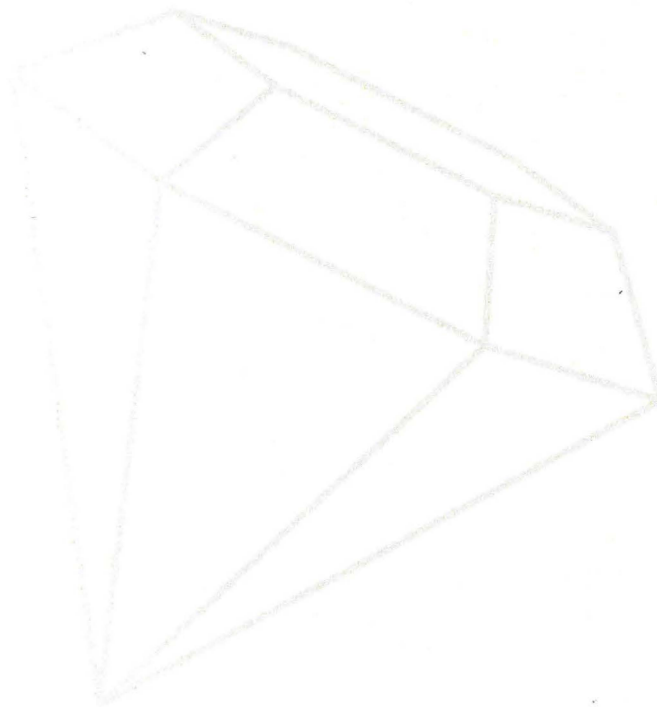
"And well pick those pieces again and again. We'll rebuild again and again. That's what you do with Legoes, isn't it?"

litany

2018

Elyse Guzewicz

I don't sleep anymore, legs folded
across my swivel chair, drumming patterns
on the counter covered with river-mud. You
never believed me when I told you that
I've got natural disasters and prisons and
broken bones, my nerves are shot full of the
fire in my tongue, greek fragments stuck between
my teeth, yellow lights and cults at my heels,
pretty little thing turned gnarled by cold.



Dum-Dums Aren't Lollipops Anymore

2018

Chad Stanley

I cannot believe I am actually hearing this:
"You come into our schools, you're gonna be dead—
and it's gonna be fast."

While we were waiting for barbarians, at the wall,
They crept in
to us.

They are very comfortable now; we get along famously.

Arriving at school,
before we clock in,
we Glock-in.

I check my mags,
cycle the action; eject a round
for safety's sake.

Magazines are in vogue, and in *Vogue*.
Our rounds are notched:
Dum Dums aren't lollipops anymore.

*Every item in the Back-to-School apparel aisle is certified as >70% Kevlar.
Returns of undamaged merchandise will be accepted within 30 days of verified impact.
Damaged items from our KevKids collection can be exchanged for store credit.*

A student presented today,
on the fall of the wall,
in Berlin.

I spoke of vertigo: the kind when
you don't know, or ken, where you are,
or what's moving around you, or you.

How, when, in my car,
the car next to mycar, it moves,
and me feels it's the me that's been moved.

018
anley
It makes me my my gorge rise,
like I might dashvomit,
but choke it down, like a good boy.

We get used to that feeling; it's so common these days.

While our students breakfast,
punch strawholes in milkblocks,
we put holes at range down the hall.

Snap, crackle, pops of cereal
only slightly muffled by
suppressed pop-pop-pops.

After, in the faculty restroom,

I line up before the cordite
cleanser dispenser.

*And while resupplying your own little ones for their new year, don't forget yourselves, teachers!
Our new ClassroomConduct line messenger bag has built-in quick clip click release features.
Grading Book and Cleaning Kit are FREE with your purchase in August.*

“So,” I asked, in class today,
“How did we get here? [postvertiginous, vomitus]
Is this [pointing to wall, through computer, on whiteboard] who we are?”

Then I talked about dogs, and of fences and walls,
saying strong fences make good dogs vicious:
Every wall makes two hates.

So, in sum, we
will not carry:
let Remington go bankrupt.

We will not bump
your stocks:
we don't buy it; we won't buy it at all.

Note to self: for annual self-evaluation, emphasize that 19 of 20 students responded

“Strongly Agree” in regards to question #22:

“The instructor's use of defensive technology in the classroom was effective.”

Goodnight

2018

Brianna Schunk

They walked me home through twilight.
Street lamps tossed yellow light onto me -
maybe-child of the perfect nuclear family
I no longer possess.

I spent the evening among grown-ups in
bustling gowns, smart suits,
perched on a chair in
my bright red bicycle scarf.
Crystal chandelier glittered overhead,
sparkled in my wide eyes.
I watched grown-ups smile,
speak politics, war, poetry.
They swirled their wine glasses -
I sipped from a cola can,
listened.

I wish this grey matter could go on forever,
adult in body,
child in mind.
My place at the grown-up's table feels unreal,
underage I imbibe wisdom and guidance
over wine and spirits.

Heart beats under yellow sweater sleeves.
I am still a child,
afraid of strangers and the dark.

Sen

Light gn
center of
ing when
skin is sti
tense fles
room thr
reminder

Outsid
sounding
they are s

He tak
with guilt
her thin a
tickles his
lucrative g
ing his cl

Once h
cancer stic
willing to

Both k
that night
the same s

She'd le

Now w
cubae in s
centuries
into etern

He's ne

He thin
intently. E
she won't,
together

He run
tick-tock,
looking at

Beauty
always so
be alive; t
appreciate
to sell her

He nev

Light grey smoke rises from the lit end of a cigarette - its browned tip sitting in the center of a cherry red 'o'. He watches it snake through the air and head for the ceiling where it evaporates under the circumstantial whirl of the fan jittering there. Their skin is sticky in the late heat; dotted with beads of sweat which roll down planes of tense flesh and drip onto cheap sheets. In the last rays of light, which steal into the room through blinded windows, two silver rings glint from the dresser - a constant reminder of all they have done.

Outside their chosen wasteland the ocean crashes in meticulous waves. Its chorus sounding of the world awaiting their perpetual walk of shame. For now, though, they are safe within the paper thin walls and tacky stucco door.

He takes a deep breath and his lungs fill with burning smoke. His body aches with guilt soon to crush his chest and flood his stomach. Salvation only comes when her thin arm reaches across him to flick ashes in their tray and her tangy breath tickles his face. He knows that when they leave the room the stench of tobacco and lucrative guilt will wear on him for days. It'll hang around him like a curtain, staining his clothes and his temper. It is the only piece of her he'll ever call his own.

Once he asked her if she wanted to die after watching her burn through three cancer sticks without stopping. Her response was cold and delayed. "Are you so willing to go to Hell?"

Both knew but neither said it out loud. Minutes passed before they spoke again that night - only words uttered when she left, cold and damning. He'd never been the same since.

She'd leaned over him and whispered in his ear. "Thou shall not covet."

Now when he closes his eyes after they've gone their separate ways he sees succubae in sultry pools of boiling ash. They call to him, tempting, with the songs of centuries of sirens. They've reserved a place for him among their ranks forever more into eternity.

He's never again asked her if she wants to die.

He thinks about it now as she rolls on her side to look at him, watching his face intently. He knows that if she wants to say something she will. He also knows that she won't, because there is only so much he can give in the few hours they're allowed together. Out of all he gives, she will only take so much.

He runs his fingers through her hair. Counts the ticks of the nightstand clock - tick-tock, tick-tick-tick. Finger pads rest on the curve of a slender back. Instead of looking at her he thinks of all she is.

Beauty put in the ugliest of situations, always so put together on the outside and always so torn apart on the in. He knows in his deepest of hearts she tries so hard to be alive; there is nothing fake about her. All she is, callously underdone and under appreciated, is never wrapped up as calm or sweet - cool or collected. She doesn't try to sell herself as anything. Least of all a decent human being.

He never has to worry about her outsmarting because she always does. She is,

after all, the one who approached him first. She is the constant where he is the variable. Even though she's in pieces, she's whole when he needs her to be.

She consumes most of him while the world outside plummets every day. She is the music after it died and the whisper in the wind. She is silky sheets and lace marionettes. She is warm and she is solid. Surrounding him, she is whole.

Even that is not enough, though. Not when they will go their separate ways.

He doesn't love her - he can't. He hates everything about her. Her beauty. Her light. He hates how she consumes and how she's given his life meaning. He hates how he doesn't love her. He hates how he's always thinking of her when she's not around. He hates how he doesn't hate her. He hates how closed off she is and how much he'd prefer that to her being gone.

What he hates most of all is the fact that he cannot live without her.

What sits in place of love that isn't there, hate that won't be felt, and everything she has consumed, is a broad emotion. It is the sentiment of how she makes him feel. He knows, has always known, he's safer without it. He knows he'd much rather keep it alive.

"What are you thinking about?" She interrupts their languid nirvana.

"Would you answer if I asked you?" He responds.

"You're just bound to explode your brain if you concentrate any harder."

"Explode or rot?"

He lazily watches her face darken. She gets up and begins to gather her things. His mouth opens, closes, and opens once more. He knows he has to fix it. SOMETHING catches his eye before the words came out. He knows he has to fix it. SOMETHING catches his eye before the words come out. "Your make up is smeared."

Her mouth trembles as she checks her reflection. With the back of her hand she wipes off smeared layers of concealer. A patch of purple and blue is now visible.

He sits up and his heart aches.

He hesitates before saying her name - a thing done so rarely it stops them both.

She forces a smile and leans down. He kisses the corner of her mouth and she squeezes his knee.

"It's already rotted." She whispers.

He watches her go, leaving behind the stench of cigarettes and sweat's sweet perfume. She never does say goodbye.

Lionardo de Tornabuoni

2018

Julia Guziewicz

scraped knees down
by the river as we
escaped the clutches
of overbearing mothers.
and as we laughed
we swore that we would
always be together,
“blood brothers”
you told me, as we
sliced our palms on
sharp rocks and shook,
red intermingling

skinned knuckles under
the faucet as I winced
from the stinging of
bar fights and bruised pride
and as I hissed you
rubbed away the wine color
from my torn up hands,
“star crossed lovers”
you whispered, barely
there but still I pressed
chapped mouths together,
hips meeting

scarred hearts laying
on a new mattress
hearing distancing footsteps
like a slap to the face
and as I lie there,
emotionless without you
I could hear the door open
and the word “lawful wedded wife”.
spoken into an old church.

kana

2018

Elyse Guzewicz

your tongue
will never feel right in my mouth.

you can't say my name
not like my mother did,
lullabies bundled up in fricatives
to brave the warsaw cold

(it still feels like home)

i want to love you, unafraid,
untranslated
you whisper in my ear,
breathe hot-high against my lips
symphonies, cacophony,
you score my ruination

at night
you hold me.
put your fingers in my mouth.
show me how to shape your syllables:
"deference," you say, "gracious"
(i have another name for this.
it shatters into softness on your lips)
shake my clattering plosives into
beauty I could never know

I wonder:
will the day come when I
deserve your vowels, pure redemption --
can I prove a love to you
in consonants you'll never hear.

2018

Holy Matrimony

2018

Elyse Guzewicz

Kelci Piavis

porcelain cheeks stained with
 blood and tears and
that blush mother likes.

she tells me
i'm pretty,
that the lace lays perfectly
 but i can't help but
 cry out curses to an unknown
 and unforgiving god.

 this isn't a marriage
 this is a sacrifice,
 holy lamb splayed out
on the mahogany
of an altar
that just matches
oh so perfectly
with the color of
 bruises on my arms
 and my legs and my neck and my
hair.

the white dress symbolizes
 the death of my freedom
my virginity,
the ring represents
 his hands around my neck,
 chains around my ankles
trust and love.

all you need to do is
 smile,
 say i do,
lay on your back
and think of england.

Act of Contrition

2018

Kelci Piavis

Jesus
a word full of everything,
nothing,
holds my hand as I walk through
fields of
regretability,
calls out names into
ceilings
god, jesus, *fuck*
mouth stuck
in a soundless scream

Jesus, Jesus
extra sips of altar wine
just to get by,
holding Father's hand
hoping to be forgiven,
behind closed doors
a small moan escapes lips,
whispers *daddy* instead
of sins

jesus
exhaled through open lips
into ears of a
lover
whose breath smells like
whiskey
whose cock makes me
fly
whose hands intertwine
with mine,
holds on too tight
whose mouth moves to
wine stained lips
(just for a taste
of what could be)

Jesus
 after *forgive me Father for i have*
 sinned
 after *i'm sorry daddy i've*
 been bad
it's been three months
since my last
 confession
 orgasm
 prescribed three hail marys
 one our father, and one
 two three orgasms

Jesus, *Jesus*
 shouts echo tolstoy
 Lord, forgive me for everything!
 (whispers *beg for it*)
 shouts into voids as eyes roll back
 —so do heads—
 (*please*)
 to the thrust of lovers
 hips,
 lips
 (*i love you*)
 teasing gently
 (*i know*)

Jesus
 says *take this and*
 eat it for this is
 my body which will be
 given up for you
 open, virgin mary mouth
 eager to receive
 sucking like she
 sucked the eucharist
 before fifteen
 pushed into walls
 thrown onto beds

jesus
 whispered into hair
 through clenched teeth,
 soft lips brush against ears

under the guise that you
love me,
more than my carnal flesh

jesus
on my knees
in front of you

praying
begging

please
and just hoping for a warm

yes
sighs of relief
hand strokes my head

good girl

forgive me Father for i have sinned



Fourteen Dresses

2018

Mackenzie Egan

You wore a pink dress once. It made you feel pretty. Momma bought it for you at the start of the summer and you wore it every Sunday. The hem rested at your knees and the color resembles a spring rose - it also resembles the heat of your cheeks when he compliments your forest colored eyes. He was sixteen, a whole three years older than you. Yet his bright eyes follow you at every service and now you show off just for him.

You wore a yellow dress once. It made you feel shy. It had straps for sleeves and the skirt danced around your shins when you walked. Even after all the time you know him you were still surprised when he asked you to dinner. Over a candlelit supper, under a sky full of stars, his backyard glowed like a movie scene. Every quick smile and little smirk made your heart flutter in ways you never knew. He kissed you at the door and now he'll always be your first love.

You wore an orange dress once. It made you feel empty. The color didn't set off the green in your eyes and the fabric was itchy around your shoulders. When you took it off that day you threw it out and you've never bought another orange dress since. You two had sat under the tree in your backyard for almost an hour in silence before he finally dropped the elephant in the room. As he left that day he swore it wasn't you but you were so angry you brushed him off. That night you told your mother you'd never forgive him.

You wore a cyan dress once. No one would see it for hours after you put it on because you wore it underneath the stiff black and green robe of your class. For an hour you sat under the bright sun, listening as your small class was called one by one across the stage. The principle called your name and you got to your feet, only to freeze after glancing into the crowd. He was sitting in the front row, between his parents and in front of yours. Your eyes met and he offered a smile. When you accepted your diploma your stomach was a mess of butterflies, but not from the weight of it in your hand. It'd been four months since you'd last seen him - whatever he wanted you wouldn't give it to him.

You wore a tan dress once. A few days after graduation your parents held a small party for you as a way of congratulations. You'd been seeing him on and off in the past few days, mainly just going for walks and talking, but he showed up wearing a nicely pressed suit and a tan tie. The matching outfits made people raise their eyebrows but you shrugged it off. After a few hours of mingling he asked you to go on a walk. Under the setting sun he kissed you. It was that little touch of the lips that made you realize how much you missed him. So you swallowed your pride and kissed him back.

You wore a purple dress once. It made you feel happy. Snug in all the right places and matching his tie. The dress made you the star of the town. He'd asked only the

day before and yet his mother had the party planned for months. As he announced his good fortune, his eyes gazing down at you, you beamed with pride. He once wished to hear your name and now you'll soon have his too.

You wore a white dress once. It made you feel beautiful. Layers of lace and chiffon that made your pale skin glow. In that little southern church you were the princess of your childhood fantasies - the Belle, Cinderella, and Aurora of storybooks. When his eyes landed on you his pride made you sore. He gave all of this to you and now you'll give all of you to him.

You wore a red dress once. It made you feel sexy. In that thin sheath of cherry red silk your dark hair and dark eyes shined. The night was cool on the deck of that ship but you were warm under his gaze. As the two of you danced under the starry night sky every word of the song brought tears to your eyes. He'd given you his heart and now you'll keep it safe forever more.

You wore a blue dress once. It made you feel strong. Scratch, stiff, some sort of striated cotton, and your sweat beaded forehead shone under the false light. With every moment of agony you came one step closer to the ultimate goal, and suddenly, forty hours were worth it. A final push and you were a mother - your heart soaring as he told you he was so in love. He filled your wildest dream and now you're going to do the best you can.

You wore a gold dress once. It made you feel proud. Soft, warm, made of shimmering satin that gave your still slim figure a boost. Music played and you were complimented but only his greying smile and smoldering eyes mattered. After fifty years he still looked at you like you were twenty three in that little church. He had a good life with you and now you most certainly reflect that.

You wore a green dress once. It made you feel scared. He'd bought it for you weeks before but in all the commotion you'd yet to put it on. When he saw you in its subtly hewed splendor, he gave a weak smile. He told you it reminded him of your eyes. His soft-whispered words carried back six decades to that little church yard where you first saw him smile your way. He was losing himself but for now you'll help him find the pieces.

You wore a black dress once. It made you feel tired. How long since you stopped caring about the fabric you wore? Everyone was quiet for you and echoes of fifty-nine years ran through that spacious mansion. Your son held your hand as you set that final rose down and the tears finally began to flow. Even after all the time you spent at his side you still wanted more, more memories, more laughter, more smiles. He gave you all you knew and now he's gone, but you'll survive for him.

You wore that green dress twice. It didn't make you feel anything at all. It hung off your still frame in the shade your young eyes had once been. You once knew how soft the fabric was and how it set off the still dark waves of your hair; now you don't know that it swallows the structure that was you. After he left you hadn't the heart to wear it. Now you'll wear it forever - whether or not you see him again.

surrealist party games

2018

Elyse Guzewicz

The fight between your knuckles, together
for safety, isn't mine anymore. I keep

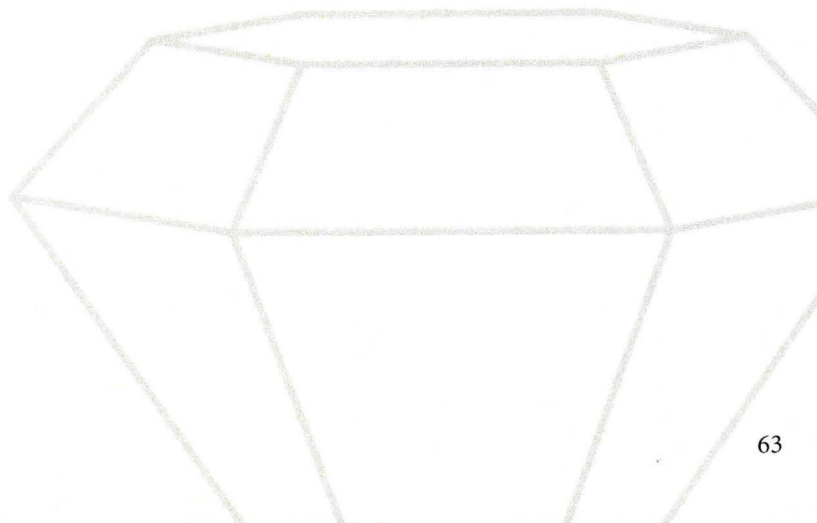
my hands in your lover's mouth, static only
in my mind, lines of casual obedience

overtaking acrid beaches without
waves, amplified through heavy, vivid

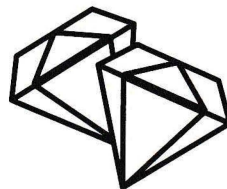
blackness we once shared. Fuck your
scorched earth, ignoring its own

nature, clinging to my heart like vines, not
shushing outside my door, barreling through

shit prescribed for hysterics trampled
by clicking in the cases where I keep your keys



BIOGRAPHIES



ELYSE GUZIEWICZ is a graduating senior at Wilkes University. This is her second year as the Executive Editor for Manuscript. She loves all the work she's done here more than she loves herself. If you hear faint sobbing sounds coming from the Digital Humanities Studio, that's just the ghost of Elyse.

MACKENZIE EGAN is a junior at Wilkes University. She is an English Lit and History double major, drowning in work and clubs, who thinks think doing something in the sciences would have been less time consuming at this point

KELCI PIAVIS is a graduating senior at Wilkes University. She is an English major who writes poetry instead of doing her term papers or taxes. This is her first year with manuscript.

BRIANNA SCHUNK is a sophomore at Wilkes University. She is currently earning a BA in English and a BFA in Dance from Wilkes University. My career plans are to dance professionally and publish poetry. My work "Why Am I Straight" has appeared in "Diary: A Journal of Black Out Poetry Inspired by 'The Andy Warhol Diaries'.

JULIA GUZIEWICZ is a freshman at Wilkes University. They too much about drum corps and spends too much time making new email addresses so that they can watch Game of Thrones without actually having to pay for it.

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TAYLOR

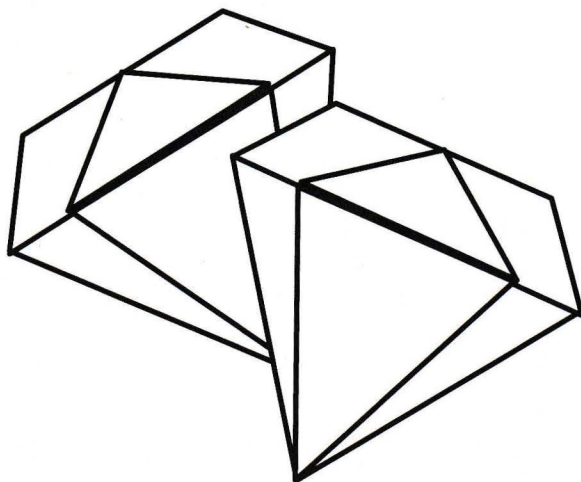
KAYLOR

DR. CHAD STANLEY is an English professor at Wilkes University. He is an Associate Professor of English at Wilkes University, first and foremost; then, a painter, and then a person who does things with words.

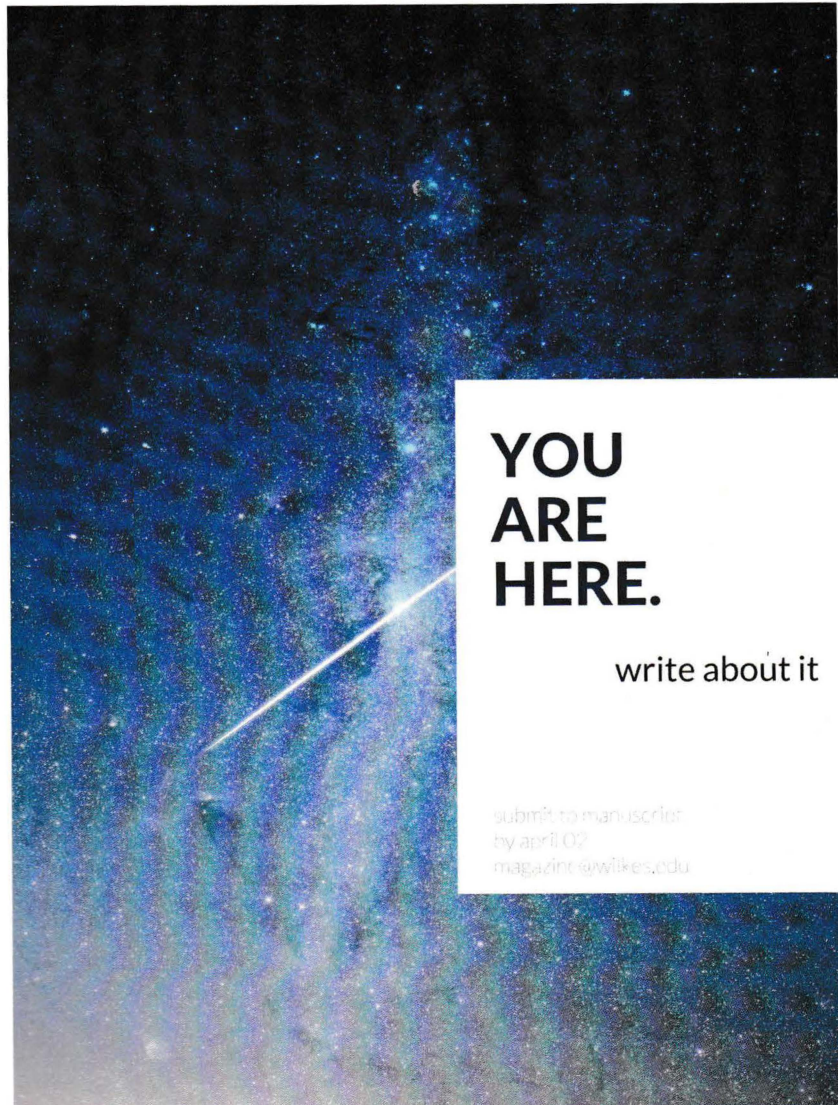
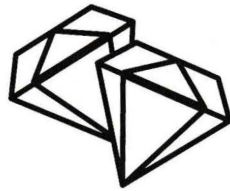
DR. SEAN J. KELLY is an Associate Professor in the English Department. He advised Manuscript from 2008-2018 and found it to be one of the most deeply rewarding experiences of his career.

TAYLOR BALASAVAGE is a graduating senior at Wilkes University.

KAYLA ELLER is a freshman at Wilkes University.



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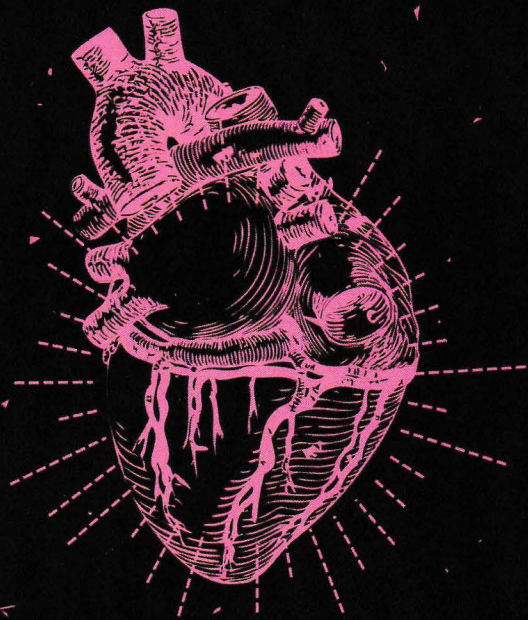


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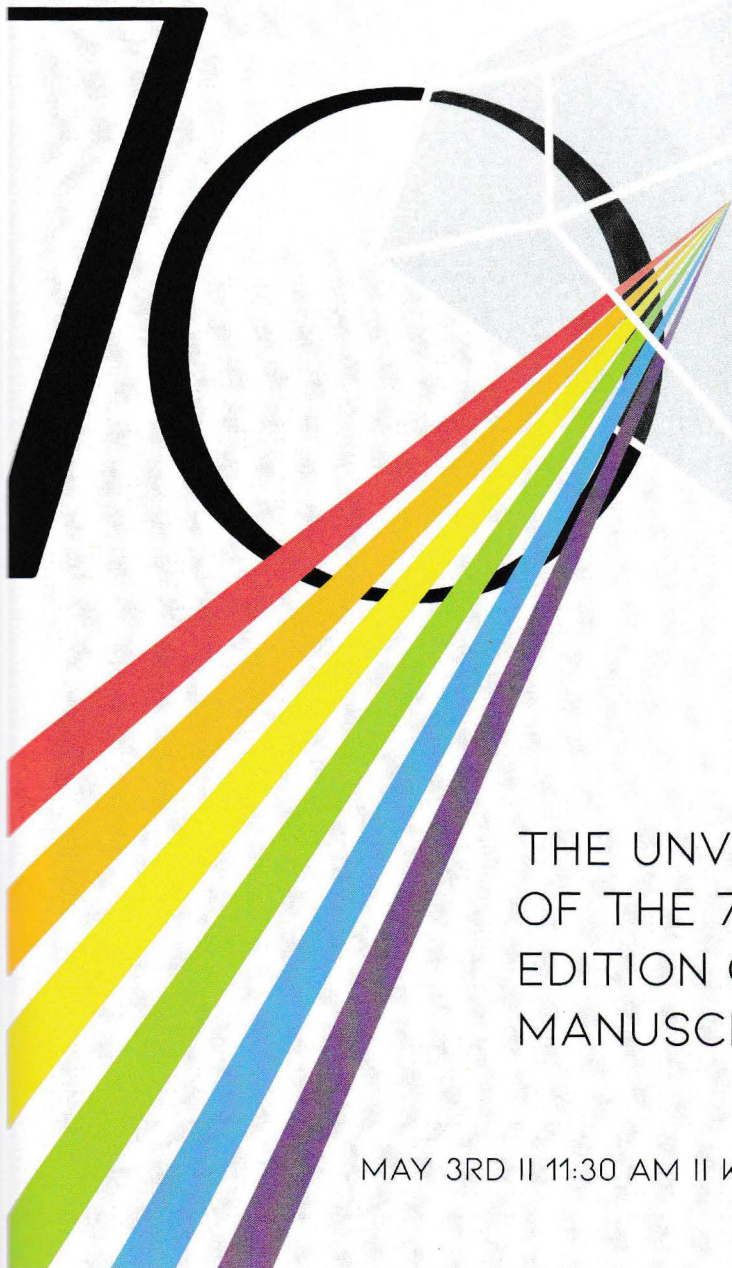


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thank you for 70 years!



