



MANUSCRIPT

it is a serious thing
just to be alive
on this fresh morning
in this broken world.

MANUSCRIPT
2020-2021 EDITION

Wilkes University
Manuscript Society

1947 FOREWORD

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

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Dear Readers,

At the risk of sounding like a high school/college graduation Hallmark card, I would just like to announce to the world (Wilkes-Barre, to narrow it down): we did it!

It is always a big challenge for me to write these little notes because I just want to get right to all of this incredible work. However, I will celebrate our accomplishment by giving a quick outline of what we did this year.

First, with a wish to make outreach as safe and effective as possible, we made a Welcome to Manuscript video to (virtually) spread around the Wilkes campus. This was so much fun to make and I believe I can speak for all of us when I say that watching ourselves on camera was one of the hardest things we have ever done. We made a similar video for Banned Books Week in which we expressed that Banned Books authors' voices never should have been silenced and neither should ours. We used this opportunity to encourage the Wilkes community to share their voices by voting in the extremely important, monumental 2020 election.

Also, for the first time, we produced two editions of *The Manuscript*. When I became Executive Editor, I wanted to use this literary magazine as a platform for Wilkes University's students to release, to be heard, to be read. That is why we decided to put out a digital edition of *Manuscript* in support of Black History Month and in allyship of Black Lives Matter. A polished compilation of poetry, art, short essay, and prose that showcased Black voices would be able to be spread around campus and beyond. The submissions we received were incredibly beautiful and we were grateful to have published them.

And finally, this Spring edition! The theme is "New Beginnings" because this past year and almost-a-half has reminded us how little control we may have over our surroundings, our health, our government, and our very lives. Many of us pray to start over, many may pray for it to end, and all of us are doing our best with all the wishes in-between, and so we give you this

edition. Art, poetry, prose, the like—I'd like to call these musings new beginnings to a new hope. I neglect to call this a “new normal” because we are forever adapting to whatever life throws at us and many of us have struggled with loss, accomplishment, grief, joy, and all that have changed us even before the pandemic. We have all adjusted to a new normal at some point. So, let's throw “normal” away. Let this edition bring in a fresh start to whatever our story may be, the ones that lie in the short stories, artwork, and poetic verse. Let's start anew.

Thank you to all that submitted and to all that made this issue possible.

Executive Editor
Sarah Weynand

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FIRST LOVE

- Sam Burgess, Jr.

When first love came, he stole my heart,
and took my breath away.
He swore to me we'd never part,
until our dying day.

It was a fairy tale romance,
My prince had come for me.
On big white horse with stately prance,
For all the world to see.

There was no mountain top too high,
No sea too deep for him.
To rescue me he'd climb the sky,
And many miles he'd swim.

But love was lost and feelings fade,
As fairy tales oft' do.
Through destiny our lives are made,
A foregone plan, that's true.

Though years have passed, since we did part,
I can't forget the day.
When first love came and stole my heart,
He took my breath away.

YOU'LL REMEMBER ME

- Caitlyn Bly

You'll smell me in the day
From all the flowers your nose will come across You'll see me
on the horizon
The bird with its wings stretched free You'll hear me in the dark
grass
The cricket chirp of a symphony
You'll miss me in the morning
When you sip your bitter coffee
Knowing that no more sugar is left to fill your cup

WHAT SHE LEFT

- Lydia Poer

The first time you saw a dead animal, you couldn't look away. You knew that as a small, impressionable young girl, you should be reeling away from it, fainting, screaming, but what you did was stare at its small, gored body, innards laid out on the cold concrete, waiting to be stepped on. Hand still grasped on the garage door, you dragged your gaze up to your cat, who was sitting proudly with her paws placed primly in front of her, waiting for you to accept her gift. The fur on her face was pristinely white. You carefully placed your foot on the other side of it, giving the dead mouse its space in death. You scooped up your cat, walked out of the garage, around the house, and went back inside through the backdoor.

You didn't tell your dad it was there because you felt like you were going to get in trouble. She was your cat, after all. You left it there, and when your brother almost stepped on it later and called for you to look at it, you reacted the way you were supposed to.

The day after your senior prom, you woke up from a nap after spending the night at your friend's house, the chlorine smell of her pool still trapped in your hair. You glanced down over the edge of the bed, seeing your cat's curled spine pressed against the wall, right underneath where you had been sleeping. You stared at her for a beat, a habit you adopted as she got older and older, waiting for her chest to rise just briefly before falling back down.

You moved quickly, flinging your legs over the bed, falling to your knees, shoving the side table away. She didn't budge. Her fur was smooth all but one spot, where one of the dogs had nudged her. You remember having to tell yourself to cry, to show what you were losing after fifteen years. You did not touch her, although now you wish you had, one last

time, but you're also afraid of how cold she would have been. You leapt from your floor and ran to your dad. He saw you sobbing, and you had to tell him that she was under the bed and she wouldn't move. You watched from the windows as he went inside and when he came back out, he was carrying a trash bag, cradled in his arms.

GRAVEDIGGER'S FAITH

- Sean Schmoyer

The giant walks forward on a sacred quest,
Bestowed by a god who cherishes the dead,
Putting the lives that were lost to rest.

A silent prayer to his ghostly crest,
His tribe gone like a severed thread,
The giant walks forward on a sacred quest.

Heroes welcome him to be their guest,
He joins them and takes a tyrant's head,
Putting the lives that were lost to rest.

With magic light, he cures on request,
Easing the worries of those filled with dread,
The giant walks forward on a sacred quest.

He learns that feelings should be expressed,
Though a loner he starts to trust others instead,
Putting the lives that were lost to rest.

The god shows signs that he is impressed,
Still, it is known that death is widespread,
The giant walks forward on a sacred quest,
Putting the lives that were lost to rest.

INTRUSIVE THOUGHTS

- Darren Martinez

english class
nestled in room 300-something
a sunny, warm room with a
fireplace, never used

thought of tossing
themselves through
the kaleidoscope
in the middle of stairs

delicate, little intrusive thought
ghost pains of tibia and fibula
tearing through the flesh of the knee

the crunch, baked into a splat
ensuing scream, from a passerby
or other

the thoughts begin to ask them questions.
Would you die? Maybe you'd make it
to the hospital. Do you think the class
would miss you? I would.
they're answering their own questions
heehee hoohoo

charming little sprites, aren't they?



AS IS LIFE

- Emily Cherkauskas

PHILIA

- jay guziewicz

i am not used to this.
i am not used to being listened to
to sharing things, instead of
holding everything,
the mother who watches as
her children board a rollercoaster
but never climbs on herself.
i sit in the back seat, silent,
holding my tongue from biting insults
while i get called a fucking bitch
by someone who once wanted to
call me theirs.

i am not used to this,
so i am sorry if i don't have
the right words to say,
or if i apologize too much,
or if i expect too much.
but i hope you know,
everytime i tell you i care,
i mean it.
heart is so full of a love i've never
been allowed to experienced
before now,
and how can i say anything
but thank you.

I TALKED TO ICARUS

- Genny Fredrick

I talked to Icarus on a beach one time. He was younger than I remembered.

Funny thing is he didn't remember his death much.

Told me the wax felt kind of nice dripping off his arms. The water and waves reflected well too.

It was a dream of course, but after I heard him say that I never was scared of death.

I was 15 then, and by the time I turned 17 I was still resistant to its fear mongering. Death was as normal as life. When you were sitting in your mom's uterus floating around in embryonic fluid you didn't think of what was coming next. You just sat there growing and changing and listening and feeling and when you popped out, you screamed a little then you were cool. I wasn't gonna spend my whole life worrying about death, I was gonna scream when I got there then I'd be okay.

I hated the classics. We spend years of our life reading what people have read for years. Thesis's were built on ideas, that were discussed in classrooms, that were written about in books, that were shared by firelight, and still we think that we can come up with a new way to address tragedy. That was the most human thing of all, expecting we can do better when better isn't even real.

LIGHT IN THE TIME OF CORONAVIRUS

- Chad Stanley

So supposing,
We hit the body
with light.

And I think you said,
That hadn't been checked
Because of the testing.

And then I said,
Supposing you brought the light
Inside the body.

And I think you said,
You're going to test that
Too.

NINAK

- Sheylah Silva

I asked where you had gone, and you said the stars
in my deep brown eyes.

I told you to take my hand, wading into the dark:
descending to the ocean floor.

I lay there alone in the sand, in the salt
staring up at the moon's strange face.

I conjure these notions of mine, naming them under the stars
wondering if I am looking into my very soul.

I have built a home inside my heart; and I will live
there, forever.

VULTURE

- William Farnelli

In my mind, the question sounds:
Why do you smile when I am around?
Do the songs that fall from the sky
Distract you from the pain in your side?
I'd kiss you if it wouldn't burn my lips,
The face that could destroy a thousand ships,
And still, I dream of the scars on your torso
As the cracks on your plinth slowly dance a calypso.
And if one day your chains are let loose,
Or rusted away by the ocean's abuse,
Would you fly with me to where bones lie to dry,
Halfway between the sand and the sky?
"Put honey and yeast in a keg for me,"
Far sweeter the nectar than the sting of the bee.

Carry on, carry on,
Carry on, carry on.

Are we limited by the tools we employ
To only accept organs we can enjoy?
If only we had a body to spare
That could endure this wear and tear.
In your black eyes, I find the Sublime,
Enough to make me fear at times
That I stole your liver and you stole my heart,
A curse from the beak that tears you apart.
Would having a heart really be a disgrace
For a harpy without a human face?
"Put Nobody at the helm again,"
I'd rather be no one than have the wrong name.

Carrion, carrion,
Carrion, carrion.

THE ULTIMATE INSULT

- William Billingsley

History tells us of an insult so powerful, it could kill a man where he stood. Throughout history, this insult went by many different names. But at some point during the last hundred years, knowledge of that accursed insult's deathly words suddenly vanished from the historical record. And today, only a few historians speak in hushed tones about the mythical 'Ultimate Insult' and the power it commanded throughout history. But very few take the claims seriously, and those who get too close to the truth are allegedly never heard from again.

So goes the legend, of which I would have very much liked absolutely no part of. But my grandpa Maximillian's dying wish was for me to finally get to the bottom of all this. Why did the Insult disappear? When was it used last? Would the Insult still be as potent as it was a century ago? These were all questions that he bade me investigate. And normally, I would not have bothered, if it weren't for the fact of how close our families were or this exceptionally enigmatic map that he secretly handed to me on his deathbed.

The map was arcane in every sense of the word. The area shown in the map was vague, to say the least. It was a top-down perspective of some village or other—utterly useless without knowing where the map originated from. Even with weeks of research through various mapping tools and satellite data, I was no closer to the answer. Frustrated, I then decided to explore what language or cypher existed on the map itself. It was nothing that I had ever seen in my time, but I was faced with a serious dilemma: should I divulge my quest to anyone else? Was my grandpa's fear about those who got too close to the Insult actually true? Would I be silenced too?

Better to be safe than silenced, I suppose. In order to ensure my own safety, I looked for a public place that I could remotely upload pictures of the text to various websites via flash

drive. However, it was important that this public place also not have very many cameras, as camera logs would certainly be checked if my upload aroused any undue attention. And once identified, that'd be it. Game over.

After some searching, I eventually found a newish internet café that had just been set up in a safe part of town. Better yet, they had public booths that would limit how traceable my upload might be. So after scanning the text portions of my map (there'd be no point in uploading the entire map, as it might encourage others to complete my quest for me), I went to the café and uploaded it onto various forums and websites, not really expecting anything. Still, I asked any interested parties to email me at a throwaway email address. Of course, I used a VPN to cover my tracks when I checked that email address too.

Weeks went by, and all I received was the usual: junk emails with the occasional edgelord chiming in about the images. On a cautious whim, I decided to return to the café where I had first conducted the upload. And as I parked across the street, I was suddenly hit with a massive bout of apprehension and terror. Not knowing what was going on, I decided to make a swift exit, driving out of the parking lot.

To my sudden horror, I saw three armored vans swarm out in front of the café, with roughly a dozen armed men wearing body armor and plainclothes rapidly jumping out the back. Armed with a ridiculous complement of accessories on their assault rifles, they methodologically stormed all of the entrances to the café. Gunfire could be heard, though I know not if they were killed or merely threatened.

But in not knowing whether I would be pursued for witnessing this brazen black op in broad daylight, I kept driving. I foolishly had the map tucked inside a hidden area in the car (the glove compartment), but I had to assume that I did not have long. The best-case scenario would be that they weren't onto me at all. But the worst-case? I had hours, tops.

And so, I stayed on the highway for hours, finally stopping at a gas station for much needed fuel and food. I didn't think I was followed, but being that the whole point of following someone is to remain undetected, I didn't want to make any assumptions that would put an early end to my quest. And then my phone chimed in with a new email notification:

“LEAVE NOW.”

Not needing any more of a warning than that, I immediately left the station. Much like with the café, vans and helicopters soon descended on the station, blocking all of the exits.

Shit. I really was being tracked. But how? Why? And who was behind that mysterious tip? A new email arrived:

“PULL OVER.”

Normally, complying with this would also be a poor decision, but again, if the choice was to be interrogated, silenced, or seeing where this third path led me, it was an easy choice. I found a spot a few miles down the highway and pulled over near a quiet stretch of forest. After a few agonizing minutes of listening to the cars roar by, I received a new email:

“ENTER THE WOODS. BRING THE MAP.”

As I recovered the map and walked over to the woods immediately adjacent to the highway, I heard a faint whirring sound from above, just seconds before what used to be my car exploded. Looking away from the wreckage of my baby, I resumed my sojourn into the woods.

Or rather, I would have, if I were not immediately clubbed as soon as I turned back around.

I woke up some time later on a strange horse-drawn cart in an unfamiliar snowy locale. My hands were bound, and there was another horse-drawn cart ahead of us on the dirt path.

“Hey, you,” a ragged man in front of me cryptically said. Like mine, his hands were similarly bound.

Oh no, I thought.

“You’re finally awake. You were trying to cross the border, right?” he said with a gravelly tone of voice that belied his somber awareness of his surroundings. Perhaps he knew.

I was speechless. I cast my gaze towards the sky, searching frantically among the rim for something, anything that would dispel this cruel illusion.

I was trapped.

A LOVELY MURDER

- Sean Schmoyer

His
Love
A dagger
A dagger
My heart it now bleeds
A wound
A wound
He has
Done
To me
Sharp
Oh how
Sharp
Blood
I see
Yes
My heart
Oh yes
I see
I see
My heart
My
Heart
Oh yes
My
Broken
It bleeds
I see
I now am
Heart bleed
My
Wound
A fool
My
Wound
He
Has
S lain
Me
A
Lover
A
Criminal
A
Murderer
You
See
Was
So
Deeply
In
Love
That
He Has
Killed
Yes
Me

WHAT CAN I DO

- Sam Burgess, Jr.

I'm just a child,
What can I do, about the world today?
I'm only eight, I can't relate,
Don't know the words to say.

To those who are in power,
Who lead us every day.
How can I make them listen,
How can I make them pray?

To our great God, that he end,
All wars and poverty.
All illness and pollution,
Of land, air and sea.

They all should stop and listen,
This world is in decline.
I'm only eight, and I pray to God,
That I live to see age nine.

THINKS

- Darren Martinez

im searching for an original thought.
if I dig far enough in my every orifice, perhaps I will find some-
thing
thoughts pass me by, enveloped in a haze of a thousand hybrid
cars
for a glimpse, occupied with the consecutive thought;
What shall I eat for dinner?

It's an essay question.
written on my arm, a thousand different answers.
cut like runic symbols, still fresh with thin blood
starve. order the same pizza you've had thrice this week. eat
the chocolate pretzels you stole from the convenience store for
breakfast, lunch, brunch, linner, and dinner.
the sweat gloves cannot grip the pen,
the mediator looms over my shoulder
Cheating, are we?
that wasn't such a difficult question. come, eat dinner with your
family

and there she goes.

next thought.
if you cannot eat, you must love.
it sneers at me from below the crank window
you're all filled with objects!
so filled!
and yet, you cannot think.
you're cold as ice
your flesh is burned inside out
the postman lost your address,
giving your mail to the sweet old lady

that lives next door.
why not try to love,

.

shake that one off, will you?

c'mon champ, don't let it get you down.
we've got to go deeper still

here the thoughts are more primal
they snarl, grinding up your artefacts
ahh, broken brakes. the sole bane of humanity.
come so far, built so much, thought a thousand thinks
you're broken.
undeniably.
thanks doctor. can he be fixed?
why, no
who would trade
a brain in the wretch
for a slug on the street
salted, squirming
slit his throat
while the anesthesia
grips his heart
he's probably happier in there

MOTHER NATURE

- Sarah Weynand

I treasure your birth
of tulips and oak,
of emerald leaves and sparkling waters;
your tender caress of the ocean,
your fingers circling about in its depths
like you would a sweetheart's hand,
sweeps bikini girls under waves,
and your rumbling moans bring us thunder,
nails gripping the silk beneath you
as your lover leaves
sparks with his lips
on your collarbone—
your choked whisper cracks like
lightning
and your afterglow cardinal cheeks
grant us sunrise.
But you are also composer of
spiders, snakes, scorpions,
who hold us down
and cover our mouths
as their venom
destroys our petals.
they wrap us with silk
and their smooth bodies hold us
and hold us
as if they
starved for us
and sting us with a shrug,
when their zip their jeans back up
and wipe the blood from their knuckles.
it's in their nature.
But if it's their nature

and you are their mother,
how could you let this happen?
How could you spoil us with such pleasures
and turn your cheek to those
who abuse us for them?

MY BODY WILL NEVER BE YOUR HOME

- Caitlyn Bly

I can feel your eyes examining me
Acting like my body is for sale
My chest tightens
The thought of disappearing invades my soul
Like an insect under a microscope, I am left exposed
Here I am completely clothed
But in your mind disrobed
Your seemingly innocent smile pierces my very being
Do not undress me with your eyes
Do not ravage me in your immoral mind
For my body is not yours to take
My body can not be bought nor sold
Do not look at me with those unholy eyes
My body shall never be your home



YANI

- Ana Perez

TEMPEST

- William Billingsley

A solitary gale through the moonlit forest,
between sleeping oaks,
slumbering deer,
and past waters of the lake.

Along the water's edge,
another arrives,
cast out of heaven,
and left for dead.

Stirred by the wind,
she stands up,
steadies herself,
and leaves the forest.

But weaving their grim tapestry,
the three Fates are not yet finished,
and ever-greater torments await her.

A fell wind through the night forest,
between twisting canopy,
owls on the wing,
and over torpid waters.

Along the water's edge,
she finds herself,
exiled once more—
alone again in the abyss.

Unyielding,
she stands up,
staggers out of the forest,
and the cycle repeats.

The wheel turns and turns,
and once again,
she washes ashore—
but she does not stand.

A familiar gust through the crimson forest,
under that oak firmament,
among the bodies on the shore—
but she does not move.

Once more, that gust sweeps through the forest,
under the canopy, through the underbrush, and along the lake—
and at last,
her eyes open.

By now, she surely knows,
that in leaving the forest,
her return is inevitable.

But to remain is to embrace oblivion,
to surrender to that dark tapestry.

So she must stand, no matter
what reckonings await her,
and leave the forest.

Once more, that fleeting tempest
cuts through the smoky forest,
under burning canopy,
over the captive lake,
and those who would not stir,
guiding her out of the inferno.

SOLITARY

- Lydia Poer

It'll hit me randomly that I'm really alone, not like when I'm by myself in my room (but also like that) but that I've never had a boyfriend or a girlfriend or a partner or whatever they want to be called – besides my theater teacher's son from freshman year of high school who I broke up with after three months, but he's married to a nice, lovely girl and besides, who counts those short, short relationships? – so sometimes I'll lay in bed at night and wonder what it would be like to stand in a kitchen with someone next to me helping me chop vegetables for a meal we bought the groceries for together and are making together and will eat together and what it would feel like to stand side by side, barefoot on cold tile, the windows open to let in the warm summer evening air, while they stir something in a pot while I push something around in a pan and then after we would put off doing the dishes so we could watch just a little bit more of the movie I've been wanting to see but haven't had the guts to face alone and

even now, I remember what it was like to hold his hand even if it was saturated with fourteen-year-old awkwardness and how he didn't laugh at me with our friends when I cried at X-men twice, but I wonder

what would it be to hold someone else's hand and get to be in a relationship now that I'm older and would like to say wiser and have better stories to tell because we probably won't run in the same circles and therefore I can meet even more new people through this stranger who's just a shadowy silhouette in my head that's just out of my reach even when I imagine them sitting in the passenger's seat as I drive home for the weekend or across from me when I'm eating lunch or walking next to me on my way to class

and trust me, I'm well acquainted with being alone because it's been my state of being my entire life, even during those three months, but even though I can't remember anyone looking

my way, doing a double-take, or seeking me out and it's hard to consider being together, I imagine what it would be like to put my number on that guy from my friend's class's car on a premeditated whim and what it would be like if he called and asked if I wanted to go somewhere, and I'm thinking this as I sit typing in my pajamas, the only other sound being the tinny music lifting out of my computer's speakers, and that it's like he only crosses my path when I don't have time to stop and change my course and then the dull ache will start because I don't really want to be alone right now.

ARIN MEANS EXALTED

- jay guziewicz

you are poisoned water,
the stream I've been drinking from
for months.

the stream that has my
insides rotting away,
and my teeth decaying,
and I know that I should
stop taking sips from you,
but you say you are clean
and you cool my parched throat,
and I am just a silly little girl
with a god complex
who craves the power
that you threaten to give me.

WARRIOR'S WAY

- Sean Schmoyer

Boats rock on the waves
Wounded men search every day
Seeking one last grave

MAMA PEARL

- Sam Burgess, Jr.

Deep in the woods of Tennessee,
once did a Midwife live.
With gifted hands she healed for free,
and endless love she'd give.

They called this woman Mama Pearl,
and not one Mom to be.
Would give birth to a boy or girl,
unless Mom Pearl could see,

Their life begin upon this earth,
with gentle tender touch.
She'd christen every precious birth,
each one she loved so much.

The year was nineteen sixty-four,
and one hot summer day.
A northern friend came to Mom's door,
here's what he had to say.

"My wife has run away on me,
she's with another man.
My child needs constant care cause he,
can't walk as others can.

He's four years old and he was born,
with a deformity.
Within six months my son will mourn,
my death because you see.

I've only six more months to live,
as cancer's come to claim.
My life, and I am here to give,
lil' Charles and it's my aim.

To have you love and care for him,
as you are known to do.
And when my final light is dim,
my conscience will be true."

"I'll take your child and give him love,
as God will be my guide.
He sends his guidance from above,
he's always by my side"

Mom rubbed Charles' fragile legs at night,
and then to him she'd say.
"Through God's power and His might,
you're gonna walk one day."

She had her sons pick up the boy,
and carry him to springs.
Where water therapy brought joy,
while pretty robins sing.

Melodic music sweet and pure,
rhapsodic harmony.
By now Lil Charles was very sure,
that his new family.

Loved him as though he were their own,
yet, Charles would have his doubt.
When Mom would smile as she was known,
to do at times and shout.

“You’re gonna walk one day lil man,
when? God will let us know.
You must believe and think you can,
and on your way, you’ll go.”

One day when Charles was nearly eight,
it was the first of May.
Mom said to him, “It’s getting late,
come child, this is the day.”
“Come on now Honey, walk to me,
that’s all you have to do.
The love of God will set you free,
it’s now all up to you.”

Said Charles to Mom, “Look at my legs,
you know I cannot walk.
Sometimes they feel like wooden pegs,
but every time you talk.

You give me confidence and I,
will give it all I’ve got.
So now I’ll stand and even try,
to walk, though like a tot.

If I should fall, I’ll try again,
you’ve always preached to me.
That if at first, I did not win,
another try would be.

The proper course that I should take,
because the Lord above.
Has shown that He will not forsake,
those seeking His true love.”

The little boy stood on his feet,
and looked Mom in the eye.
What took place next was hard to beat,
it made all present cry.

He struggled with each little step,
determined look on face.
Great Kings of Egypt would have wept,
had they been in the place.

It seemed as though the Angels sang,
the sky was clear and blue.
The bells in Heaven even rang,
a heart rendering view.

At last, he fell into Mom’s chest,
about four feet away.
They held each other and the rest,
mere words cannot convey.

It took Charles several months before,
he walked with normalcy.
His would become a tale of lore,
a sight for all to see.

Mom passed away in eighty-eight,
in peace she left this world.
Now souls beyond the Pearly Gate,
are healed by Mama Pearl.



WINDOW

- Emily Cherkauskas

MEDICINE FOR THE UNCERTAIN MIND

- Sheylah Silva

Hot like brush fire,
we run through the land
whose abundant voice calls us further
through the steps of many ancestors.

The wood engulfs us
in the close and quiet love
you find between shaded trees.

Aglow in the dim,
you then become the moon:
shining seemingly from within
finally turning back to gaze at me.

Selfishly, I would keep you
on earth with me –
if I could

plant your feet in the ground in hopes
you might take root and rise into the sky
gradually,
over time.

Until then,
look down at me lovingly,
here on the mossy ground.

For I am small and true and yours,
nourished by the dead things
you hold inside.

SUNSET CITY

- Caitlyn Bly

The daylight sparkles in the sky
Allowing my body to experience a high
The golden hour of life
Piercing my body like a knife
Satisfaction takes over my soul
But soon the sun will set and my chest will no longer feel whole
I only spend my days in Sunset City
Hopping between these walls of happiness and pity
There are chains wrapped around my feet
When dusk dissipates, I am overcome with defeat
My bones start to ache
While my heart breaks
Wishing for my sun
Waiting for the dawn to come
I only spend my days in Sunset City
Hopping between the walls of happiness and pity
The sun soon awakes
And the rope around my frame breaks
Blackness no longer lurks
instead, brightness sparks
The petals of the flower within me unfolds
Leaving me with colors bright and bold
I survived the night
And now better days are in sight
Although I only spend my days in Sunset City
Endlessly hopping between the walls of happiness and pity
I know the sun will always rise
And no matter how much darkness
I will continue to thrive

THE WAVES OF ANXIETY

- Breanna Ebisch

Take a deep breath, they say.

Inhale. Exhale. Count.

Everything will be okay, they say.

How do they know the constant battle
being fought in my mind?

Heart racing. Short breaths. Foggy thoughts.

Lost in the convincing but untrue statements.

Buried under too many emotions.

I am better than this,

why can't I be better?

Panic sets in.

Hands shaking. Tears falling. World crumbling.

When will it stop?

Please make it stop.

The hysterics come to an end

only to be replaced by

guilt, disgust, unhappiness.

Breathe. Breathe. Breathe.

The war is over for now.

Take a deep breath, they say.

Inhale. Exhale. Count.

Everything will be okay, they say.

Will I believe it this time?

PARASITES

- Darren Martinez

bitter, flea-bitten dog dies
defending a stale piece of bread
with 1, 2, 3 maggots inside

AUGUST 2020

- Chad Stanley

Was this your celebrated summertime?

Was this your celebrated summertime?

Was this our celebrated summertime?

--Husker Du

This was not our celebrated summer.

Not by or for the packs of feral children on bikes,
Shouting defiance at drivers,
Tearing bark off of trees,
Hoarding snacks.

Not for or by neighbors snorting trance at 3am,
Blasting coke so loud to wake up half the town
(it was a boat offshore, some said,
On Facebook).

Not for dads by rucking heavy YETIs, full 'n frosty,
To the beach.
Not by moms for leasing ponies so critters could canter,
In secret.

Down sunlit streets dark cars with darker windows
Move slowly, every day,
Cruising rentals or houses up for quick sale;
Their trunks: filled with cash.

An actor is spotted at a gas station (getting gas).
It escalates quickly.
Instagram goes wild and
High-end taco bars are mentioned.

No, this was not our celebrated summer, but
Of all of all our summers,
Was not equally uncelebrated.

Where it should have been uncelebrated equally,
It was celebrated unequally;
Uncelebrated unequally.

My summer was split like a clavicle
Snapped by the strap of a cooler.

Which marked, on my body, my privilege,
To set, like a fracture, in my bones.

Bones that, unlike others,
Heal and still live.

This was not a summer to celebrate.
This was not a summer to have celebrated.
This was a summer to have not celebrated.
This was a summer to uncelebrate,
And remember.

Summertime is always, always on your mind.
Summertime is always, always on your mind.
Summertime is always, always on our mind.

--Husker Du

A STORY MOST FOUL

- William Billingsley

Once upon a time, it all started when I was born. Fast forward to the day of my seventh birthday. I was going to be seven in a few scant hours. I was seven. Life was good. Or so I thought. No, this isn't dramatic foreshadowing of any sinister event. This isn't that kind of story. No, it was at my seventh birthday party that my parents opted to surprise me with something I could have never expected. You know, because I was seven. Because it was my birthday, I was allowed to stay home from school for the day, which was always okay with me. I was able to sleep in and ruin my circadian rhythm just a bit (but it's not like I knew what that was anyway when I was seven).

After that, I went up the hill behind our house and into the woods for several hours playing with whatever woodland critters I could find. As it turns out, those woodland critters were very fast. And did not want to play. My memory of exactly what animals I saw while I was playing in the woods escapes me, but I probably saw a deer. I definitely also saw a bunny. My parents never believed me, but I swore I saw a bear. For some reason, the details were always a little fuzzy. I never did see that bear again. I hope he's doing well.

Nonetheless, I eventually returned home around noon. And I was starving. I was ravenous. It had been quite literally, forever, since I had my last meal. So I cried out to my parents, who had stayed home for the day. You know, because it was my birthday. And I asked them what was for lunch. To my utter horror, they said nothing. No lunch? This was inconceivable. It could not be. It must have been some cruel joke. With my developing mind still calculating the ramifications of no lunch, I asked again. No response, but this time they looked at each other in unison. In retrospect, this part was a little weird. Oh well. So I asked a third time, my hunger gnawing at my very bones like a rat in a bucket in one of those old torture methods. And it was

On this third request that they told me that they were still making my birthday meal and that it was absolutely a secret. Well, telling any seven-year-old that they have some great meal surprise waiting for them is definitely not something you want to tell them if you have any expectation of secrecy. My parents should have definitely given me some generic-branded animal crackers and sent me on my way out of the house. But, they did not. But they did insist I go back into the outside world and play for a few more hours. Begrudgingly, I did.

On my way out, my parents assured me that this birthday meal would be 'to die for.' While again in retrospect, this might be a red flag and particularly ominous, a seven-year-old is not going to be able to ascertain any kind of malicious intent behind anyone's words. Unless like, they were comically evil. But even then, if your parents were villains, would you be keyed into that knowledge too? Or would you be utterly unawares? Anyway, like I said at the beginning, this isn't that kind of story. So I entered the breach once more, fearless (and starving). Seriously, if seven-year-old me knew how to hunt and had the means to do so, I would have spent hours trying to catch a rabbit. And if I had been so lucky to actually hunt one successfully in that alternate timeline, I would have absolutely been hit with the existential quagmire that is the value of life. I would have pondered that rabbit's sacrifice for hours in the corner of the woods.

Should I have killed it? What would I have done once I killed it? I didn't know how to skin a rabbit. I also didn't know how to cook a rabbit. Or even start a fire for that matter. And once I had finally gotten over the fact that I had slain this poor creature, I'm sure a wolf would have leapt in and stolen my dinner anyway, making the whole endeavor pointless. Seven-year-old me was not especially good at anticipating the future. And while I did not know how to hunt at seven, I did see a lot of berries and plants that might be edible. And when I say that I was starving at this point, I meant that. So I scaled the hill that sat behind my house and headed back into the tick-infested

woods once more. What else was I to do but wait for my birthday meal and subsequent presents? This time, however, I had brought along my backpack so that I could carry essential food supplies that I would scrounge up in these wild woods behind my house. It was a warm day in late spring, so there were a lot of different varieties of plant life out and about. But good luck trying to convince starving seven-year-old me that eating anything in these forlorn woods was a bad idea. After all, I was hungry. And if I didn't eat something soon, I would undoubtedly and inevitably become hangry. The final form of any child. In that state, a child is not only mostly stoppable, but they're also very loud. And if there's one thing people don't like, it's loud children.

Anyway, so there I was, collecting random assortments of plants from the woods. I started by collecting some berries of the blue variety. My parents had bought blueberries before, but these berries were of a brighter hue. After all, if apples can be red OR green, why can't blueberries be two different shades of blue? So I grabbed a few handfuls of these berries and added them to my pack. And though I was rather famished at this moment in time, it was not yet time to devour my picked bounty of berries. Nay, even a seven-year-old needs variety in their foraged cuisine. So I sallied forth, my eyes peering as far as they could see in the woods for items that I could eat. Well, as far as my eyes could see, with some old glasses anyway. After a few minutes of searching and light walking, I found my next delicacy: a red mushroom with a white stalk, spackled with white dots. Or was it a white mushroom spackled with red dots? Seven-year-old me cared not.

I like to think that I'm still a fun guy, but I can definitely empathize with my younger self for ignoring the duality of mushrooms in his hungerous state. If he had not been so hungry, my younger self would have undoubtedly pondered this matter further. If they were indeed red spots, would they taste differently from the white portions of the mushroom? Or if they were white spots, would they taste differently from the red portions of the mushroom? And what about the stalk? Would that have an

entirely different consistency? Nonetheless, I collected several of these redwhite mushrooms. They proved to be somewhat tricky to locate given the fact that mushrooms do not grow very tall and I could also not see very far as a wee lad.

With the mushrooms added to my inventory, I came to realize that my hunger had been escalated to a higher echelon of hunger: hunger pains! As one might expect of a child on any endeavor, I was not very efficient in my foraging. Indeed, several hours had actually passed while I was on my foraging quest. Surely my parents could have finished preparing my birthday meal in these last few hours? With myself fiending for some of the delicacies in my backpack, but encouraged, I went back home. Which, if you've been paying attention at all to my story, you should know wasn't very far from the woods. So I was there in like five minutes tops. Really, it was pretty quick.

Nonetheless, I entered through the doorway and found that someone had turned off all the lights at home. The door was unlocked, which was different. My parents would have definitely locked the door if they were going out. Maybe they finished my birthday meal and were out looking for me? But wait, no. That wouldn't make any sense if both of them had left. Maybe my dad went out to get some more cigarettes while my mom went towards the woods looking for me? Once again in hindsight, these are all huge red flags. These red flags should have been apparent to any normal-functioning adult. But seven-year-old me was not one of those adults.

So I just turned the lights on and scanned the living room. Nothing was really out of the ordinary. Then, I looked over at the kitchen and saw... My parents? Still standing there at the kitchen counter like they had been several hours ago? In typical parenting fashion, my parents simply smiled and waved at their dear boy. Now, I know what you're thinking: that my younger self was in for a bad time and should have bailed a long time ago out of this story. But what was I to do? They were my parents, and I was hungry, dammit. It was either whatever they

made for my birthday or my foraged foodstuffs. Besides, it was my birthday! What could possibly go amiss? And like I keep telling you, this isn't that kind of story.

Undaunted, I triumphantly walked into the kitchen area. I set my bag down on the table and told them about the berries and mushrooms I had found. Again, they warmly smiled at me as I recanted my second woodland expedition to them. Of course, my expedition's exposition was all for a singular goal: my birthday meal. I knew this. And my parents definitely knew this. Probably because my stomach growling at that point had become something fierce. It had actually gotten so loud that it caused me to double over in an effort to minimize the sound. Otherwise? I would have never been able to tell my story over that racket. But through some further perseverance and grit, I finished my story as if it were my magnum opus for life.

And so, I asked them if they had finished my birthday dinner yet. No response. So I asked again. After a pause, they looked at each other, again in unison. My hungry eyes darted between them as they held their silent stare for several seconds too long. Or, if I knew better, it would be too long. Determined (and hungry), I asked a third time. Their gazes immediately darted back towards me as I repeated my request. With a simple head nod to me and to each other, my mom headed for the living room and my dad approached the fridge. Excited, I hurriedly sat in my chair with great anticipation.

And then my mom shut off the lights. My dad's footsteps approached the fridge. Then, nothing. The anticipation was killing me. But as I began growing anxious, my dad opened the fridge, casting him in an ominous yellow light as he retrieved a plate. Given my short stature at the time, I was unfortunately unable to ascertain what shape my meal might be. Was it a cake like my friends at school had raved about every year? Or maybe a single oatmeal raisin cookie, like the one I got last year? I still remember that meal. I think it was the best cookie I had ever had.

But enough of those halcyon days, I wanted to eat my birthday dinner in the now, not devour my memory of last year's. As I waited in the darkness, my dad's footsteps began approaching the table in a measured fashion. As he did that, my mom began locking up our five locks on the door. It was some arcane contraption of deadbolts, chains, and even included a customized 2x4 propped up against the doorknob. What can I say? My parents like to have peace of mind. After all, you never know who's gonna kick down your front door.

Now you're probably thinking about the windows in my house or some such. But let me assure you that you needn't worry about if we had secured our windows in a similar manner. This is because my parents sealed up all the windows from the inside, so that it only appears like we have windows. This way, they claimed, would allow my parents to not be disturbed by the morning sun. After all, who was seven-year-old me to argue? Anyway, my trepidation was especially evident as my dad approached the table. He set the plate down and began fumbling around for something. I waited patiently, hopefully with a full complement of silverware on the table in front of me. As my dad found the object he was looking for, my mom returned from the front door and stood behind me, still seated. She quietly placed her hands over my eyes. I heard a scratching sound from my dad's direction.

Scritch.

Scritch.

Scritchach.

A small flame had roared to life and a small amount of smoke had filled my nostrils. At the same time, I heard the plate of destiny being placed right in front of me. Without a word, my mom lifted her hands and bade me to open the dish cover. In the dim candlelight, with both of my parents sitting quietly next to me, my dinner had finally arrived. It was a new dish covering, so there was no way to peer inside without removing it. I looked at my parents again, their gaze ever fixated on me. Or was it my

dinner? Did they want some too? I asked if they were going to partake in my meal. No no, they said, this one was for my birthday. As such, I should be the one to eat it. That sounded good enough to me. Thus, the moment was finally at hand. My dinner. Whatever mysterious cuisine or delicacy it was, it would assuredly be devoured by me in a heartbeat. Unless like, it was broccoli or something. But I'm sure my parents wouldn't do that to me. Would they? That would be a cruel joke, carried out by only the most nefarious of parents.

And after all of this waiting and adventure, surely my parents would reward me in a just manner? So I reached for the dish cover, hands trembling. Whether they were from genuine excitement or as a side effect of my hunger pains, I know not. But nonetheless, I began to lift up the dish cover with all of my measured might. After all, I wouldn't want to break something as treasured as this dish cover. But as I lifted, the candle was suddenly snuffed out. My dad suddenly stood up. Apparently he had not been expecting this development, because he knocked over the box of matches onto the ground. He began fumbling around for the box and the matches. I set the dish cover back down on the plate. I started to leave my chair to go help my dad, but my mom firmly set her hand on my shoulder. Getting the message, I patiently waited for my dad as he gathered as many matches as he could. So alone I sat, my stomach growling evermore.

And at the last, he stood up and began to light another match. Somewhat unbalanced by the night's sudden developments, my dad took a few more attempts to get a working match lit, even breaking a few in the process. But once again the dining table was lit by the candle and my birthday dinner could resume. But once again the dining table was lit by the candle and my birthday dinner could resume. And as I lifted the cover off once more and peered at the treasure that lay below, I could hear my parents breathing. I hadn't noticed them get up, or get so close to me that I could hear them breathe. Alright, I told them. This is weird. I'm going to go eat in my room. As I got up from

my chair to take the mysterious dish into my room (and to the much better lighting), my dad suddenly swatted the dish out of my hands. Being pelted at what must have been light speed, the plate never stood a chance. Neither did whatever delicacy lay beneath. It was gone. Reduced to atoms. And though I was devastated and on the verge of tears, all I could think about was...

That this was how you get ants.

SOULMATES

- Genny Fredrick

“But we’re soulmates”

“And?”

“Don’t you think that means we have to be together”

“Have to? We don’t have to do anything. I definitely don’t have to do anything. You think of soulmates as a two-person puzzle and you’re the only person I’ll fit with so I have to, I have to. That’s not what soulmates are. Soulmates are the colors blue and white. They look great in the sky together, make everyone who looks at them feel great too. But the cloth I used to stop the blood running out from under your skin last night was white too. That white rag was full of blood red and it sure made me feel more than the sky ever did. Don’t tell me what I have to do. You might think of me as your white but I sure as hell don’t want my soulmate to be blood red.”

WE WILL SERVE THE LORD

- Sam Burgess, Jr.

He suffered so greatly, so calmly, so long,
His purpose was noble, His spirit so strong.
The nails pierced His flesh, His tendon, His bone,
Though no one was with Him, He was not alone.

His blood flowed so freely, upon wooden cross,
Our lives now eternal, our souls are not lost.
When the spirit did leave Him, the curtain was rent,
We know why He died, and why He was sent.

He was placed in a tomb that was borrowed not new,
On the third day He rose, for me and for you.
God so loved this world, after all it had done,
That He gave up His child, He gave up His son.

We really are blessed, this whole human race,
We're saved by His mercy, His goodness, His grace.
I know not how others pursue their reward,
As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

I LEARNED MORE FROM SHONDA RHIMES THAN I
EVER WOULD FROM HENRY GREY

- jay guziewicz

weeds grow in unexpected places,
cracks in the sidewalk
or an old pair of shoes,
and my love for you grew
unexpected,
shooting out from the muscle
of my heart that i thought
was nothing but ash.
and i love the ground,
solid under my feet,
as much as you love the ocean,
seaweed wrapping around ankles
but i will walk underwater for you
as you would climb ashore for me.

MATINEE

- Lydia Poer

I'm going to the movies. This means driving myself, the summer sun tanning my legs through the windshield as I maneuver the streets, going down the long stretch of highway to get to the old theater because the new one is too crowded and I'm loyal.

I'm going to the movies. Nobody is with me this time. I want to see this on my own – I want to experience this movie to the fullest, without my uncontrollable need to put my hand on the arm of my friend, without the stress of making sure my leg doesn't press against my neighbor's, without having to restrain my feelings as I watch the looming, god-sized figures before me. I keep the ticket that the teenage usher gives me, the paper no longer perforated so the edges are rough and quick.

I'm going to the movies. I get a soda and some candy and take my seat. The best seat is either the second or third row from the top, as close to the middle as possible. This is so your head isn't craned back too far, and you can recline your seat, and you are faced only with the next two hours. Under my breath, I sing along with the jingle that tells me that Haynes has got the car (or truck!) that's right for me. The movie starts and I put my feet up on the empty seat in front of me. This early in the day, there's no one around except for the older couple closer to the bottom of the stairs. My jean jacket crawls up toward my ears, the denim rubbing against my jaw.

I tell myself multiple times to remember that moment, that one shot that seems so perfect and so beautiful, but it's forgotten almost as quickly as the next shot that seems so perfect and so beautiful. The movie seems like it's four hours long, time extending without the sun for reference, lost in the space of the movie, but when I look it up, it's only a few minutes over two hours.

When I leave the movies, I take my trash with me, the thin pink strip of plastic that I tore away to get to the candy riding home with me in my pocket. When I step outside, the sun wraps its arms around me, and I feel warmer and cozier than I ever have. I take off my jacket and move on.

LOVE ME IN ALL THE WAYS MY GRANDFATHER
HAS LOVED MY GRANDMOTHER

- Caitlyn Bly

When we meet
Sweep me off my feet
When your glance meets mine
Promise me a love so divine
When it's time to pick out my ring
Do not pick the most expensive bling
For no matter how small I'll always keep it close to my heart
From my finger it will never part
When it's late and I can't sleep
Hold my hand and start a conversation so deep
And when we find ourselves miles away
Write me letters to remind me that our love will stay
When it's time to raise our own
Make sure I am not left to do it alone
When I am disrespected
Make sure you object
Come to my defense
Speak words so intense
That the words of vulgarity will never be spoken to me again
And then
When I am old and gray
Grab my hand and take me away
Lead me to the dance floor
Sway with me so pure
Love me until my last breathe
Love me in all the ways I deserve to be loved



PARASIO EN EL CARIBE

- Ana Perez

BROWSING STEAM ON A FEBRUARY EVENING IN-
STEAD OF WRITING A PAPER DUE TOMORROW

- Darren Martinez

i found the online profile
of someone i'd since cut off
in the friends list
of a service we both used to frequent

a sudden door, hurtling down from on high
exploding the terrain.
dud warhead, tilling the ground
through sheer force of will.
the gunpowder's dried up,
packed its bags, went to heaven

the door brought about a channel
a connection that all at once
was bungled, constricted, strangulated, murdered
i could feed words
through the keyhole
twist the knob, type in morse code
mend broken relationships
with men shattered helm
to toe

I went to typing
and my brain's suggestive text
went as edgy as possible, instantaneously.
"I hope regret eats your bones." No, fuck that.
"I earnestly, actually hope you're happy."
Even if I did, it's not very believable.
words cycled in and out,
pedaling those pretty mountain bikes
that were too tall
to let the rider stand still

four hours later, sweat dripped from my brow.
if I hit the same keys
my perspiration did
I likely would've typed a more coherent message

I resolved myself,
took a deep breath,

and unfriended

may we meet again
in the next chat service

I SWEAR

- Caitlyn Bly

I swear some nights I hear god
He speaks to me from above
While the angels descend down
And tap on my windowsill
I swear some nights I can reach the stars
Float up and grasp them between my fingers
The madness explodes in me
Like bright colorful fireworks
I swear some nights I feel completely alive
As if I could never die

THE VISIT

- Sam Burgess, Jr.

If you don't believe in angels,
you've every conceivable right.
But I was cast from my own hells,
when one visited me last night.

With loving hands, she touched my head,
then life became so clear to me.
The beauty of her insight led,
to feelings of serenity.

We talked about the problems that,
exist across our troubled earth.
I asked her why, during our chat,
a person's life has little worth.

As fighting all across the world,
persists at such a rapid pace.
And since "Old Glory" was unfurled,
the loss of life from every race.

Has caused more "Moms" than I can count,
to mourn the bodies of their sons.
She spoke, I felt my comfort mount,
I was among the chosen ones.

She said, "There soon will come a day,
when pain and suffering will cease.
All creed and races work and play,
there will be everlasting peace".

“The world must look”, she said to me,
“at how young children have behaved.
And then it will be plain to see,
how man’s existence can be saved”.

There was a lovely radiance,
that glowed when this supreme one spoke.
I felt relaxed, no longer tense,
I pinched myself, yes, I was woke.

As she continued, I was sure,
that somehow this would change my life.
She delved into my very core,
erasing anger, fear, and strife.

Too soon her time came to depart,
I thanked her for a precious night.
She gave me blessings from her heart,
and disappeared towards the light.

SHAKE, SIT, SHAKE, SIP, SWALLOW, SIT, I PROMISE
I'M SANE IN THE END

- Sean Schmoyer

Whoops! I forgot my medicine, not where it is,
No I forgot to take it-this makes the second day in a row.
Surely it is fine, I'm sure I'll be safe.
What's the worst that happens,
My hands continue to shake?
M-y h-a-n-d-s continue to shake?
Nah that's nothing,
Maybe instead I should be concerned-
About the the way my leg never stops moving,
Medicine or not.
That's just me, impatient to a T.
Wait it seems I forgot about my anxiety.
I think that's why I take it,
I think that's why I shake?
No one can seem to tell me-perhaps it's my mistake.
I should know what's wrong with me,
What's shaking me to my core.
Perhaps it's my stutter taking a new form.
I-I-I, I think that might be it.
I'll take that pill when I get home,
I stop shaking my leg,
I hope my hands calm down, so-
- I can write-
- straight again.

My computer says I made an error, but I see no mistake.
Perhaps I should get my glasses checked?
Perhaps I simply shake my-ss-ss-elf to sleep.
That sounds much more peaceful-
-than putting drugs in me.

THOMAS AQUINAS TAUGHT ME WELL

- jay guziewicz

i keep my worry coiled tight
around my stomach,
a constant throb of pain
making sure i wake violently
every single night, vomit
creeping up the walls of my throat.

i keep my grief packed into my heart
so it always feels full, so i am
always empty, but never feel like it.
the cremated ashes of every
love letter i've ever written
seep out of my ventricles
and travel around my body,
a sickening train to remind me
of all the loss i have carried.

my lungs fill with my guilt,
aspirating the muddy shame
every time i breath in,
shallow enough so i don't drown,
deep enough to have me
coughing up red river clay,
staining my hands copper, bloody.

my body has become a shrine,
organs laid out on the altar
i have built out of my own mistakes,
tucked along vases of bitter yarrow
and pitchers of rubbing alcohol,
my own summa theologiae.



RISE

- Emily Cherkaukas

PUT THE PEN DOWN

- Sean Schmoyer

Proud of your self-growth
Fingers ache from weeks of work
A final poem

BIOGRAPHIES

ANA PEREZ is Digital Design and Media Art major and is graduating in 2021. She has been reading at least one book a month since 2017.

ASHLEY WALLACE is an Editor-at-Large for Manuscript and an English major. Last year, we learned that she had 61 digits of pi memorized.

BREANNA EBISCH is a junior with a Communication Studies major. Her favorite flowers are sunflowers!

CAITLYN BLY is a staff member who is an English (Writing concentration) sophomore and a Nursing freshman! She loves everything Disney.

DR. CHAD STANLEY is an Associate Professor of English and Writing Center Director at Wilkes, who also paints and writes some things.

DARREN MARTINEZ is a senior English major. In place of a fun fact, he politely requests that all play Shin Megami Tensei IV for the Nintendo 3DS.

EMILY CHERKAUSKAS is Manuscript's Social Media and Photo Editor and Co-Assistant Editor. She is a busy sophomore with majors in Communication Studies and English as well as Creative Writing and Women's and Gender Studies minors. Food and memes are her love language.

GENEVIEVE FREDERICK is a junior with a Double Major in English and Environmental Science. She really likes Bruce Springsteen, which she thinks is pretty unique for someone who isn't over 50 years old.

BIOGRAPHIES

HALEY KATONA, Manuscript's Copy/Art editor and Cover Editor, will be graduating in 2023 with degrees in Political Science and English. Her favorite classical piece is Chopin's Ballade No. 2, Op. 38.

JAY GUZIEWICZ, a rising senior and Psychology major, is our Layout Editor for both the Black Lives Matter Special Edition and the Spring 2021 edition of Manuscript. Jay occupies its time by working, playing Mortal Kombat, or re-watching the 2021 Mortal Kombat movie. It mains Mileena, if you were curious.

JORDYN WILLIAMS, a senior at Wilkes, acts as Editor-at-Large and majors in English and Theatre Arts. She loves growing plants.

LYDIA POER is a graduate in the Maslow Family Creative Writing Program. She loves to keep up with actors - if you name an actor, she can tell you what shows or movies they have been in!

MISCHELLE ANTHONY, co-advisor to the Manuscript Society, is also Associate Professor and Chair of the English Department at Wilkes University. She teaches and writes poems, and has served on the editorial boards of the Midland Review (now defunct, hopefully not her fault) and Cimarron Review.

RASHONDA MONTGOMERY is Manuscript's Co-Assistant Editor and a junior English Major. She absolutely loves fluffy animals.

SAM BURGESS, JR. graduated in 1994 with an MBA in Management. He refurbishes computers and donates them to those who cannot afford to purchase one.

BIOGRAPHIES

SARAH WEYNAND is Manuscript's Executive Editor and will be graduating in Spring 2021 with her B.A. in English. She is so excited to be packing up her books and feline pal, Theo, and moving to Connecticut to complete her Creative Writing MFA at Southern Connecticut State University!

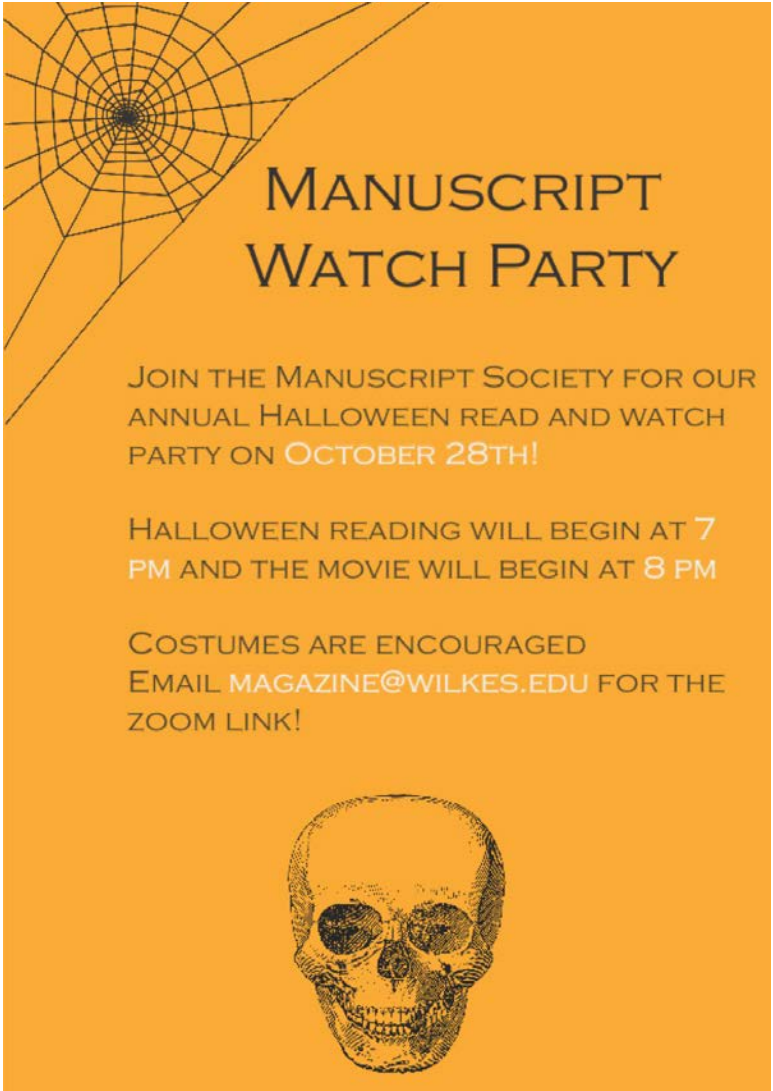
SEAN M. SCHMOYER is a junior and majors in Communication Studies. He was in a speech therapy program for seven years to address issues with speech articulation. After overcoming that he is now a communication studies major confident enough to speak in front of his peers, and on live recordings for T.V. and podcasts.

SHEYLAH SILVA is an Editorial Consultant for Manuscript and will be graduating in 2021 with their degree in English. They took their senior quote in high school from Howl's Moving Castle; now that they are graduating college, they can confirm it holds up. ("I see no point in living if I can't be beautiful.")

WILLIAM BILLINGSLEY is a Staff Member and will be graduating in 2021 with a degree in Political Science and History. Fun fact: William simply is.

WILL FARNELLI is a junior English major. Fun fact: Will actually can not be killed, and someday will turn into a small wetland.

ART CREDITS



Halloween 2020 Poster
Olivia Lombardi

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LIVES
MATTER**

**“BEAUTY WAS NOT SIMPLY SOMETHING
TO BEHOLD; IT WAS SOMETHING ONE
COULD DO.” - TONI MORRISON**

Black Lives Matter Edition Poster 1
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ART CREDITS

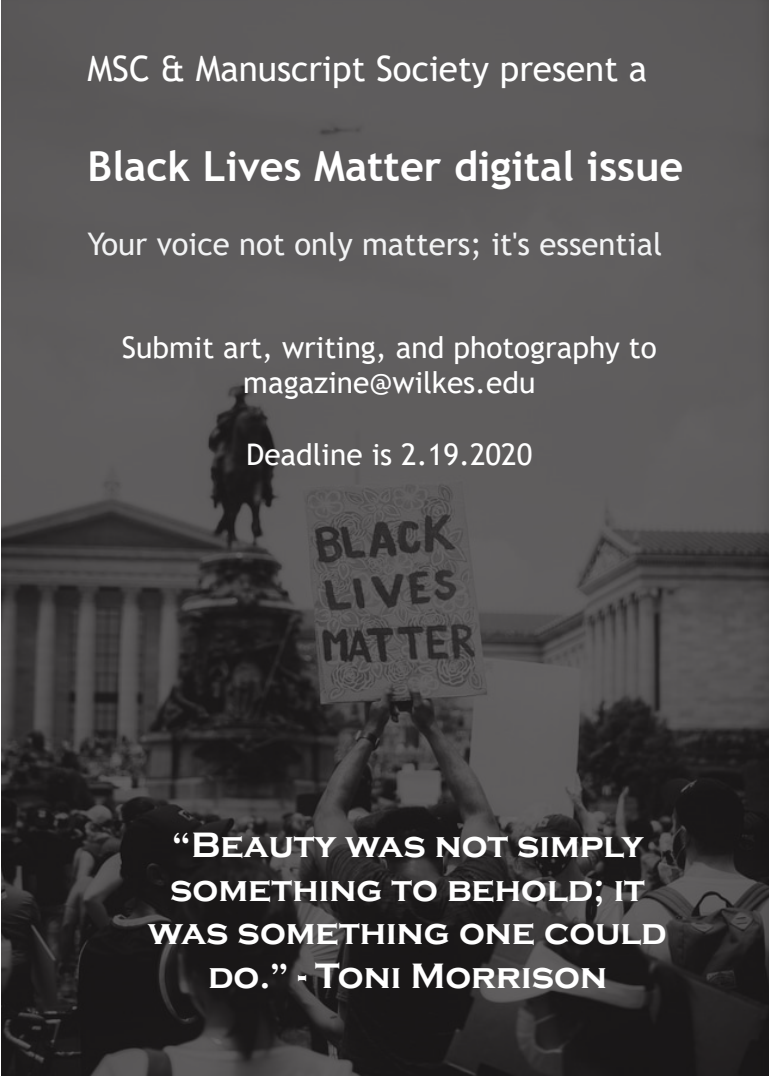
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Black Lives Matter Edition Poster 2

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The *Manuscript Society*
in partnership with
The Multicultural Student Coalition
presents...

***Black Lives
Matter***



*A Wilkes University
Spring 2021 Special
Edition*

Black Lives Matter Edition Cover
jay guziewicz

ART CREDITS

the greatest thing
you'll ever learn
is just to love
and be loved in return

Join Manuscript for our Valentine's
Day reading on
Thursday, February 11th
11AM-12PM

Email magazine@wilkes.edu for the
Zoom link!

Valentine's Day 2021 Poster
Sarah Weynand

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sometimes we can only find our true
direction when we let the wind of
change carry us

Deadline: April 2nd, 2021

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Spring 2021 Submission Poster
Sarah Weynand

MANUSCRIPT would like to extend a hand in thanks to:

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DR. CHAD STANLEY, Manuscript advisor, CEO of “You’re Doing Great,” Also Forever Supporting the Staff Members

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THE ENGLISH FACULTY & STAFF, SUPPORTERS AND ENCOURAGERS of All Who Dare to Submit and/or Join!

THE ART FACULTY & STAFF, Supporters of the Cause

THE KIRBY HALL GHOST, we miss you!

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