

The Laurel

2018

A human experience magazine



The Laurel Community

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A Note From The Editors

Welcome to the spring 2018 edition of *The Laurel*. Thank you to Dr. Kelly for her invaluable advice and expertise. We are incredibly grateful to our staff for stylistic advice and all those who contributed exceptional literary and art pieces.

In order to keep this edition purely 'Bonaventure,' we chose a cover to feature student work. Our cover art, a depiction of Friedsam Memorial Library, is an original photograph by Ramya Sreeramoju. We hope that you enjoy this edition as much as we do!

~Ellen & Holly

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The Undertow

By: Natalie Forster

My love is a thousand whirlpools spinning,
A mistake in weather, a hurricane whipping,
A tsunami dragging you under the deep,
Unable to feel the sand under your feet.

The currents are dangerous and unforgiving,
Crashing and pushing and stealing,
Taking whatever is left for the sea,
Whatever is left is justly for me.

My love is rough as the stones on the floor,
Viciously prodding away from the shore,
Protruding and groping what is hard to find,
And taking away what I want to be mine.

Invading your every thought and point,
My love wanders on, craving your voice,
It takes what it wants and wants it in full,

Unworried or bothered by the under pull.
Your love is like the sunny, clear day,
On a beach, outside, just wanting to play,
Or at least it was, until my storm traveled near,

When you lost what you thought you held dear.
The whirlpools won't stop their spinning,
Instead of an end, maybe it's a beginning?

1 Nose 2 Mouth

By: Zachary Wilson

yphh1

hph2

yphh1

hph2

yphh1

hph2

yphh1

hph2

yphh1

hph2

yphh1

hph2

Grace and Harold

By: Emmy Kolbe

It would've already arrived if that horrific thunderstorm last week didn't knock out the power for three days. Of course, the letter would've already arrived if the temperature had not been 20 degrees hotter than the average June temperature. Georgia was experiencing extreme weather conditions this early summer, and Grace knew that was why Harold wasn't receiving her letters.

Grace composed letters every Sunday morning at approximately 7:15 a.m. She'd sit down at her kitchen table with a cup of steaming black coffee and a plate of poached eggs and turkey sausage and tell Harold about her week.

The same ideas frequently showed up in these letters: "The cat got out, but I found him eventually." "The AC is still broken." "I'm thinking about trying cream in my coffee." "The sermon this week may have been the best yet." "I miss you, Harold."

Grace struggled to write those each week because she knew the weather or some other mysterious force would keep them from getting delivered to her Harold.

If he'd just stayed with her at home. If only he didn't get on that ship. She had bad memories of the ship. He wrote her when he first arrived five years ago.

"I'm here, honey. It's much worse than I expected—than any of us expected. I won't be able to write you for some time, but know, my love, I'm always thinking of you. I'll see you again soon. Harold."

But she hadn't seen her husband again. She wrote and wrote to stay connected to him. It used to seem like such a simple task. She was growing tired, though.

Maybe there was something she could do. She grabbed her pea coat and resolved to go straight to the post office to solve this predicament. As she traveled down the road toward her destination, she noticed a sign that she usually overlooked, "Rose Hill Cemetery." She couldn't remember why, but the place seemed familiar. She walked through the gates and continued in the direction she felt comfortable with.

After about five minutes, she stopped at a tombstone that had an American flag placed next to it. She covered her mouth and felt tears form as she read the familiar name in front of her: "Harold Jones 1926-2001." Her world began spinning as she entered a panic she'd felt before. Everything stopped.

Grace opened her eyes to the fluorescent lights above her, hearing a faint beeping noise.

"Hello, Ms. Jones," a smiling male doctor said.

"Hi. Um. What's going on?"

"I think we met a few months ago, Ms. Jones. You passed out in the Rose Hill Cemetery. We, uh, we think you were visiting your husband."

Grace felt the tears returning. It hadn't been the weather. Of course not. Visions of Harold's funeral and Grace's time in the hospital months ago returned.

"I'm so..." Grace's thoughts trailed off.

The young doctor watched, his eyes connecting with hers.

"Sorry," she finished.

"Ms. Jones, you should never apologize. All is well. We just need to make sure that you're okay now. It seems like you're doing well, better than we've seen. Ms. Jones, we actually have something for you."

Grace stared at the man, wondering if they found a new medication for her. He handed her a folded piece of paper.

“This was recently sent to us from the U.S. Navy. Apparently a friend of Harold’s had it. They said it was written a day before the accident.”

As she opened the crumbled letter, she recognized the elegant handwriting immediately.

My lovely Grace,

At morning I venture onto the ship’s top deck and watch the sunrise. The vibrant colors remind me of our mornings together and of our life together. The sunrise takes about 15 minutes, and unfortunately that’s the only free time I have most days. That’s where I am right now. The air smells salty, and it’s cool. It will become hot later today, though. Grace, I need you to know I’m with you. I’m always with you. Things have been hard here, and my future on the ship is uncertain, but you must continue on with your life. Finish that book you’ve been working on. Go to lunch with your friends. Continue experiencing joy, and think of me as you do. I’ll do the same.

Forever, Harold.

Untitled

By: Anahiz Rivera

She sat silently,
Sleeping soundly,
Softly snoring.
While she dreamt, the chair
She sat in
Did the same.
The comfortable padded chair that she always went to when
She was feeling feeling
Down.
The chair that
Kept her sane -
Allowed her
Weak ankles to
Rest,
Her weary bones to
Decompress,
Her mind to
Reset.
It dreamt of
Seeing someone else give her
The support that only
The chair provided.
Someone to help
Ease her back pain.
Someone to
Cry to.
Someone to
Appreciate her.
The chair held her now, wishing
It had arms to
Wrap around her.
To tell her “you’re safe.”

To tell her “I love you.”

En Route

By: Ellen Kibbe

Crisp fatigue crawls into cramped bodies.
Warm breath and stagnant chatter
clutter the casket of my lifeless limbs
and overworked organs.

I'll be home at five.

I don't care if everyone is going. You better be home when I get there.

My feet hurt / like hell. I'm quitting tomorrow.

Congested zippers, misinterpreted flesh
and a jewel jammed in the left lobe. // Infected.

Uncombed, oily hair shoved to the right,
arms crossed, legs wedged together.
I am suctioned to strangers; I am not breathing to
stay alive but merely to fake it.

Guys with painted black nails and Rollos in their pockets.
Grinding brakes.

Outside, feet risking a step above the line.
A monotone: Station 43 southbound.

My hands sniff out my release of /indifferent cigarettes
idle in the bottom of my bag.

I am surrounded by worn-out lighters and
frontward stares. Stairs with painted yellow lines.

Humans walking into people.
Red hands: Pause. Green arrows: Continue.
I embody the facade of purpose.

Destinations like unused, plastic cutlery
assembling dust.
Detour to better tomorrows: Remote.

Where do lights go when the city answers

By: Victoria Wangler

Where do lights go when the city answers,
throws up her arms in desperation. Cries
out in indignation and yells - flightless.

She pants, electricity swarming sparks.

Where do stars go when I drive home at 3
a.m., the lost taste of you on my thoughts.

The sky thick with muddled uncertainty.

This road, a path. This hour, a scared sob.

Where does love go when you forget my smile,
the curve of my wrist. When you stay up 'til
dawn, the music of my laugh fading and
colorless. I am a specter, your ghost. Gone.

Carved against blackness, stitched into void,
we spin apart, collide, explode: Find me.

Oh Deer
By: Kaylyn Foody



In Living Color
By: Brianna Ragonese



Fleur d'oranger
By: Brianna Ragonese



Hand

By: Ramya Sreeramoju



Rainy Days

By: Ramya Sreeramoju



Untitled

By: Ariana Urena



Iron Man

By: Kaylyn Foody



Wandering

By: Ellen Kibbe



Untitled

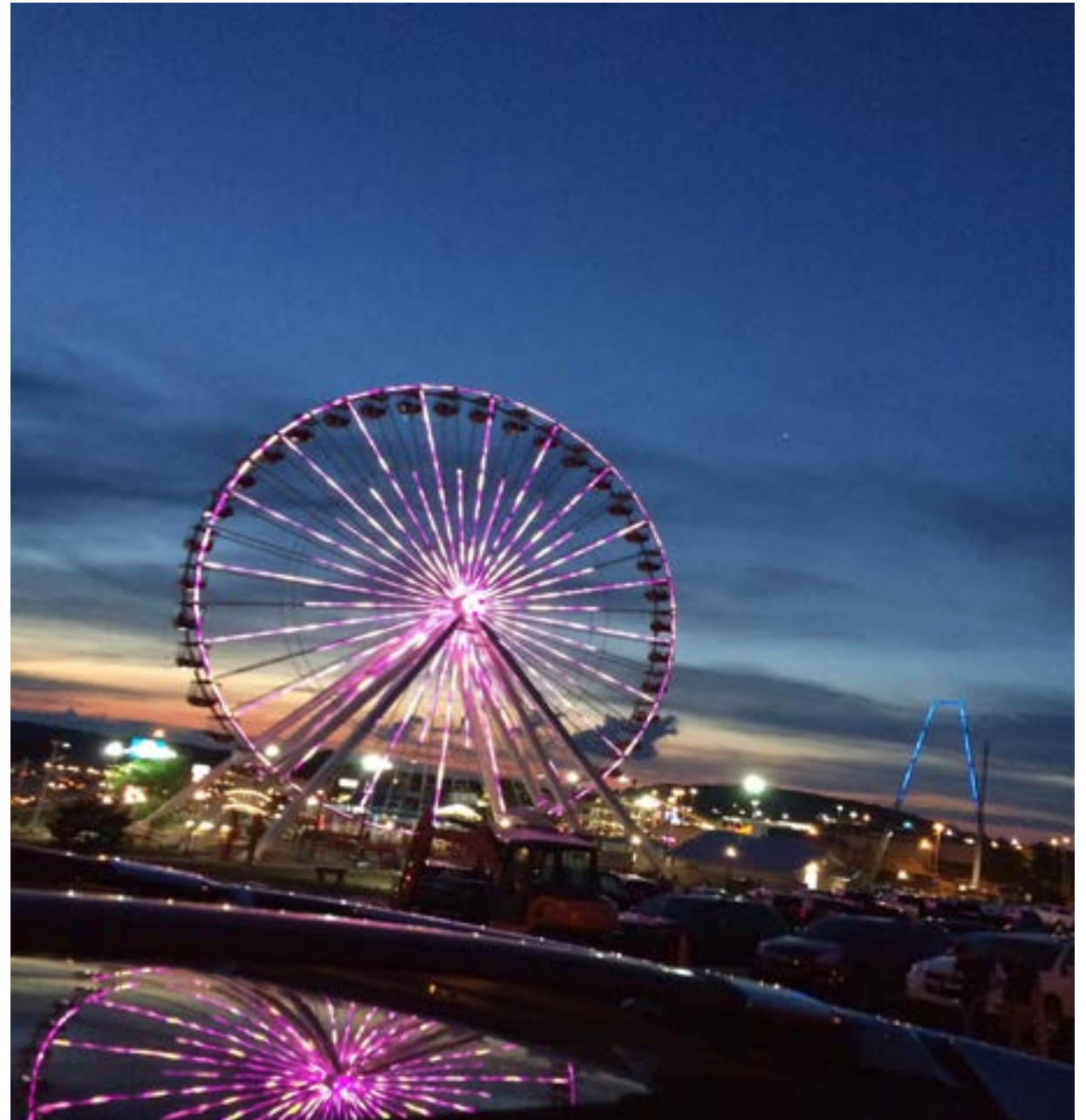
By: Cher Miller



A year in Faces
By: Liam McGurl



Ferris Wheel
By: Margaret Lukas



Headphones

By: Jason Klaiber

The bedroom door swung wide open, so forcefully that the dartboard hung on its inner side plunged to the hardwood floor below. Any more and the hinges would've burst into oblivion.

"How many times do I have to knock?" asked Mrs. Haywood with piercing eyes and arms raised to at once signal perplexity and annoyance.

"You're gonna be deaf by the time the leaves start falling—sooner."

Her words slipped by Marvin. He leisurely wiped the sleep from his eyes. Marvin's headphones remained affixed to his head as they always were during his slumber—and any other stretch of the day for that matter. The sound of Miles Davis' "Sketches of Spain," set on repeat, funneled into his eardrums. He much preferred the comfort of music to animal sounds or white noise.

"I need you to watch after your brother for the next couple hours. I'll be out clothes shopping."

Such ventures served as Mrs. Haywood's brief chances to escape single-motherhood duties and put the house's only other adult, albeit an 18-year-old, in charge. When such an opportunity beckoned his overworked mother, Marvin knew to withhold any complaints. She kissed him on the forehead and made her way out the front door.

Marvin stumbled down the stairs, yawning through every step. Still in need of a burst of energy, he took advantage of his mother's absence from the household. He muted the morning news, then broadcasting a special segment about a protest in the nation's capital, and popped in his favorite custom-made CD. As the excitable bursts of Jackie Wilson's "Higher and Higher" blared through the living room speakers, Marvin danced upon the furniture like an agile madman.

Marvin's brother Davy snuck into the room just as Marvin was performing a balancing act on an arm of the sectional couch. Davy, 10 years Marvin's junior, tugged at the cuffs of his sibling's sweatpants, nearly causing him to lose his footing.

"I'm hungry," Davy whimpered. Marvin hopped down and lowered the volume on the stereo to a hush. "I think we have some peanut butter and bread. Here, I'll fix you up a sandwich." He unmuted the television then turned to the weather channel. At the corner of the screen, beneath a report on impending hurricanes in the southeast, read the local forecast: 88 degrees and entirely clear skies.

"Better yet, I hear the Hanson family set up their new pool," said Marvin. "They're out of town too. You wanna go swimming?"

Davy nodded wildly. He sprinted to his bedroom dresser to unearth a pair of swim trunks. Marvin did the very same. The two hopped the neighbors' fence, scoped the back-yard like private eyes and ambled with careful assurance to the poolside.

After dipping his feet in the water a bit, Marvin retrieved his trusty tandem of iPod and headphones and began lounging in a nearby hammock to the soundtrack of the old Everly Brothers tune "All I Have to Do Is Dream." He tapped his fingers on the surface of his stomach, wishing the day would last an eternity.

At the same time, Davy dove into the pool's deepest end, an unpracticed swimmer's first attempt at straining his comfort zone. Marvin faced the opposite direction, his ears consumed with music while his eyes centered on a weathervane spun by the wind atop the neighbors' roof. He drifted into drowsiness and eventual shut-eye.

Druken Words

By: Ashley Delvento

Naked bodies stumble drunk out of bars.
A cascade of epileptic seizures,
impersonating sympathetic thoughts,
slipping out on the concrete as societal
vomit
in dark alleys where none dare travel.

Amid the shadows stand erratum beasts
that masses pretend they cannot hear,
mummified in lettered tape,
silk dresses of caution tape.

Written words with shackled dreams,
stumbling into the limelight.

Closer

By: Matthew Petit

Your gaze could flatten me,
swallow me whole. I would come
every night, an offering;
eat me alive.

The next morning, pick me
from between your teeth,
stand atop the pile,
my ravaged body. You, the keeper
of my bones.

Instead I keep distance closer.
I love you too closely
into ruin like a swarm of gnats
tumbling into the streetlights
burning above us.

Chained Wisdom

(Ekphrasis Poem of *Dovima with Elephants* by Richard Avelon)

By: Emily Palmer

Linked chains link majesty,
wrinkled tree trunk legs
to cement slabs sprinkled with hay.

The elephants' eyes stare straight,
pay no heed to the woman.
Her arms long, stretch, reach

out with slender hands.
She grasps one, its trunk curled
in recoil from her greedy touch.

The other, just out of reach.
Wisdom of beasts shackled
the way her torso is bound

by a silken sash: tight,
restricting. She posed
for elegance, a scene

of tacky adolescence presented
by free spirits now enslaved,
chained to a living tomb.

The Window

By: Jesse Blake

So small with milk-white skin untouched by sun, All
washed-out colors, fragile limbs ... a ghost. My
Love, you live through panes of glass, almost
Enough. You watch the other children run.
An out-of-tune orchestra—laughter, the gun
That dashes hopes against concrete, the host
Of sparkling grief. Brown eyes that hold the most—
They melt with pain and suff'ring, too much for one

So young. You do not ask to go outside
To smile with sun-kissed cheeks, to laugh, to live,
Although your heart protects that silent wish,
Which must remain buried, prevent landslide. You
ask for time, impossible to give.
Each night I say goodbye, expect anguish.

Untitled

By: Christina Giglio

Found in the heart of insanity,
Lost in a state of infamy,
Dead to all forms of sympathy,
Will anyone be able to find me?
Trapped in this box, I find
You're not even safe inside your own
Mind.
It took eras for me to discover
The treachery of "keeping it together."

39 Elizabeth St.

By: Maria Ragonese

It has been a full chapter of history
Since the last time I was standing
In its protection.
Once I left,
It was cut down in its prime.
But it's image is forever tattooed in my
Mind.

Underneath those thin branches
That reached for new horizons
A sweet perfume climbed into my
Nose. Making my memory tangible.

Shiny, purple petals landing
In puddles, like little sail boats.
I'd pick at the buds while waiting for
That yellow bus to pull into view.
Saving a few in my pocket.

I was unaware that someday
Life would be messy
Because in the shade,
Where the breeze kissed my face,
Life was simple.

I was seven, and just like the lilacs
I hadn't yet bloomed,
And all was perfect
Under that tree on Elizabeth street.

Smoldering Embers

By: Joseph Giglio

Fire,
once burning bright enough
to illuminate every corner of my world
sinks slowly.
I try to feed it
meager twigs and scraps of paper,
all that I could scrounge up these days.
Few tender embers remained.

You left for brighter lands,
worlds of roaring heat
unending light.
I stayed behind to stamp out the fire.
As boot raised to kiss ember,
the winds rose up to whisk you away,
my body lingered
just for a moment
to watch you disappear,
and a heat rose beneath me.

The winds that carried you away
ignited the last vestige of life
in the now undying flames.
I sit,
fanning flames
making smoke signals
hoping somewhere among the stars,
you'll see my fire once more.

Mother

By: Victoria Wangler

mother is a two syllable
word, an irreplaceable
person. summer blackberry
juice staining fingertips, the ghost
of Sundays long past.

gentle needle to sew
the patchwork sunlight to
grass, and soft hum to
fill my heart with happiness.

salt and pepper, mismatched
couple grace the table as
loving hands set the plates;
the kitchen counter a cliff
from my young height, and
you: the greatest person
my heart has loved.

I Dream of Love

By: Christina Giglio

I dream of love, joy, and hope.
I hope to one day feel the welcomed warmth of
another human being

Pressed against my cold skin.

I dream of being elevated.

Feeling as though everyone is lifted by me and that
perhaps

One will pick me up.

I dream of sadness morphing into joy.

Of one placing their strong fingers upon my face
and gently wiping away

My plentiful tears.

Of them not being the cause, but the resolution.

I dream of viewing my life as a pathway in the
forest on which no other has trod.

With the animals and lush greenery overabundant.

Of solitude and companionship floating on the
shared rock of that clear stream.

My love and joy currently rest on the shoulders of
a turntable, etched into a slab of vinyl.

This is where I find my peace, once I purchase a
turntable.

Red Skies

By: Maria Ragonese

Red skies at night
Sailor's delight.
Fish swimming
In calm veins,
Bubbles floating to
My brain.

Red skies in morning
Sailors take warning.
Anchor drops to
The pit of my
Stomach.
A storm
Brews.

Heart beating
Faster,
Like waves
Bombarding the
The sand.

Pulling me under,
Hard
To breathe.
You throw
A life saver
And reel me in
Like the catfish
I am.

Holding me at bay
I swim a
Little longer,
In your eyes
That match
The sea.

I choose to dock,
Where tides
Are low,
The current pulls.
& to your arms,
I float.
The sun sets,
And the sky
Is red.

Genesis

By: Zachary Wilson

Eagerly, the blades of grass
await the bath
of dew, that each night brings.

Not a plunge, but sudor
of cold steam
renew the life, that the Sun steals.

Killer in broad daylight.
Take its poison,
Make it food.

Intelligence, stupidity?
Neither and none.
Survive not because you want to,
even though you want to.

The worm in your bed
doesn't try to repel you.
But it does.
You shriek and you smash it.

The butterfly on your pillow
doesn't try to impress you.
But it does.
You point and you paint it.

The tree doesn't care
what you do with it.
Chop it down.
It was tired anyway.

A Walk Through Fantasy

By: Megan Lanphere

You know their stories
You know their weaknesses
You want to meet them
Be where they are

Walk through the strawberry fields
Cross the barrier that surrounds
That camp on Long Island
Where the demi-gods are found

When the wind shifts
And you look to that star on the right
And you're in the magical land
Where the boys are lost and you're forever young

In a galaxy far away
Facing weeping angels
And meeting new companions
With a mad man in a blue box

The books are a journey
The series are like a ride
They last your whole life
For as long as you believe

If you're a runner, a builder
Or maybe a gardner
When you get there you're a greenie
In that maze that leads to a scorch

Taking the aptitude test
Which part of your personality is in charge
In the town of Chicago
Trapped inside a wall

Try to avoid jail
By enforcing the law
Whether you're in Santa Barbara
Or even Scotland Yard

To fight the supernatural
With two brothers and an angel
You'll have daddy issues galore
But family don't end in blood, boy

But it's just your imagination
And you'll always be devastated
You can't jump into the pages
Or be part of the big screen

In a town
That acts like a beacon
The kids have glowing eyes
And sourwolfs live in the preserve

In a lab you want to escape
With wings coming from your back
Put a talking dog in the mix
And you'll be in for the ride of your life

You're left to wonder if it's true
When you don't receive a letter
At that magical age of eleven
Always

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