



Northern Lights

2014 arts journal

PASDO

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From the Editor...

I am thrilled to share with you this year's *Northern Lights* journal. This journal incorporates a wonderful cross-section of literature and art from a range of students, community members, and campus faculty members. We have introduced several new elements to the journal this year, including printing the journal in color for the first time. This is a choice that we feel highlights the artwork more fully. We have also made creative choices with fonts and layout. The end product nicely showcases the creative work of all contributors. I would like to thank the committee of Eric Carlson, Tara DaPra, Jennifer Flatt, Tricia Hurley, Allen Learst, Tasha Parthie and Zak Pasdo, for all of their hard work in putting this journal together. As editor, I value all of the creative energy that helped to make this publication.

Dr. Amy Reddinger

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TO VIEW NORTHERN LIGHTS ONLINE, VISIT:

<http://www.marinette.uwc.edu/student-life/fine-arts/northern-lights/index.html>

Cover art: HAIR by Zak Pasdo

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MADRID, 2009

by Gonzalo Orive Villa
for Jose Antonio Orive Juez

Time to be with my forebears.
A man must prize his own kind
and the waters of Buen Retiro
along with Plaza Mayor sites.
Glue your eyes on the city's
design, although no bricks used.
The Royal Palace has stayed
with the race since its beginning.
Otherwise, enjoy the famous drinks
and numerous meals made per day.
Padre's *Paella* and *Jamón*
on a fancy plate in a buffet.
Picture daily food not your way,
nor its texture, but it is still delightful.

No better home will do.
Could I have found my
place in Madrid back then?
Amo a mi familia con todo mi corazón.
My own start was supposed to
be here and not elsewhere.
Hasta luego, Madrid and
its long existed treasures.
I shall not forget you and
I will return with you united.
No other place will be your twin,
especially not over the enormous puddle.
My fun with you won't depart my head,
and my hands will take me back to you.

A GLIMPSE

by Calvin Grandaw

While they prepare food, they talk—commiserate, really—about having no money because Social Security doesn't pay enough or their claim is always being denied or the state won't give them food stamps. One guy says, "Wisconsin doesn't do shit for anybody." For complaints like this, he uses a high-pitched, whiny voice, laden with indignation. "Oh I hear ya", the other guy says. His voice is deeper and his words seem to fall out reluctantly and they trail off at the end of each sentence. They are big men, tall and overweight, and when they move around the kitchen, the creaks shoot across the floor to my room. I try to read, but I listen to these guys instead. I try to avoid them, but they are always there when I have to make myself something to eat. Tom, the whiny-voiced one, catches me all the time. And he wants to tell me how much he knows about this and that and he is always sorry about his incredible store of knowledge. "I'm sorry, but my dad worked for the railroad, so I know everything there is to know about trains... I was an auxiliary cop for years and, I'm sorry, but it's illegal to drive faster than the posted speed limit..." One day, he tells me a story about his grandpa's pet monkey who tried to save the family dog during a house fire. He tells it unconvincingly. Tom was a professional cook, a carpenter, a farmer, an auxiliary cop, a mechanic—to me, he's an irritating son-of-a-bitch.

The other guy, Mike, is just as talkative, though much less irritating. He tells me he used to live and work in California. For a short time, he says, he used to snort cocaine with the guys from the band Warrant. He even knew the blond girl from the Cherry Pie video who married the lead singer. He may be full of it, but he makes his stories interesting and believable. Still, I can only take so much. The exercise program he's on to decrease his weight is always a topic. He tells me he can't lose weight no matter what he does. I want to tell him he should stop eating eggs, fried potatoes, steak, and bacon seven times a day, especially at two in the morning. Mike swims every day at the Y, but if he swims like he walks, he's just getting wet.

And there are others who come and go. Sometimes their wives or girlfriends take them back. Some go to jail; others simply stop being around and nobody

knows what happened. This is where one goes when there is nowhere else to go or when one has finally stopped believing in upward mobility. This is the end of the line for Tom, Mike, and the guy upstairs who talks to nobody except himself as he prances and shuffles past my room, and whose black eyes shout disappointment when I am in the kitchen when he wants to make tea. This is where I've been living for four months. It's like a boarding house without the landlady who serves meals and engages the boarders in lively dinner conversation. This is a shithole with uneven floors, stained carpets, a persistent odor of body sweat, and a bathroom so small, so poorly designed, that you practically have to step over the toilet to get in the shower, the knobs of which have to be adjusted with a pair of rusty channel lock pliers.

Mistakes bring people here. Not one or two, but a crowd of them that grows so large the person is no longer visible—just the mistakes.

As I lie on my bed in the evening, I really try to read, but I am listening—not just to the words but to the way in which they are spoken. I am thinking about the pasts that have tempered the attitudes, molded the behaviors, and the futures that are almost pointless. I listen long after they have gone back to their rooms to watch *American Idol*, *Dancing with the Stars*, or *House*. This is where I am now, temporarily, and this is also where I'm headed if I give in, let the crowd overwhelm me, and become what I hate. So I listen to these guys, not so far away from me, because I am not so far away from them. They are my glimpse.



WASTED DREAMS

by Calvin Grandaw

Wasted dreams, spitting back reality into the grooves
of your dejected, shame-bleeding face.
Paranoid arrogance is confirmed by the endless stream
of one dialogue.

—

History becomes a comfortable escape. The unreliability
of a coerced memory is a relaxing suffocation,
the sweet repose from excessive breathing,
from the destiny dance you try to avoid;
upon return, waiting, is you,
just you

—

denuded
and unarmed.



ISLAND CAR

by Jim LaMalfa

JUNE LIGHTLY

by Jim LaMalfa

June lightly leaves the room
Having left its puddles for July

Families of geese
Shepherd their goslings
Across busy highways,
Safer than human pedestrians

Endlessly arrayed summer
Mesmerizes,
But it too must yield
To Mother Time.



KRAD THE ANGEL OF DARKNESS

by Nicole Cooper

FREEDOM

by Lea Hamilton

At age 15, I never would have thought that freedom could be achieved through the utterance of just a few words.

After spending the morning outside with our dogs, my brother, sister, and I headed indoors. Compared to the fresh clean breeze outside, the air in the house was stagnant and still. The stench of stale cigarette smoke competed with the aroma of dog and made me feel like I was slowly smothering. Sunlight valiantly attempted to penetrate the faded brown and white curtains hanging listlessly from their rods, little brown roosters monotonously marching across their hems. Glancing around the gloomy interior, I decided I would rather be outside in the sunshine and turned toward the back door. Then I froze as I heard car doors slam. My parents were home.

Accompanied by heavy footsteps, the imposing figure of my stepfather soon darkened the doorway. Slowly, warily, I backed away as he sauntered through the kitchen and headed through the living room towards the dining room. My mother silently trailed after him, seated herself on the dingy brown plaid couch and lit a Salem Ultra Light. I surreptitiously watched her as she put the cigarette to her lips and inhaled, leaving a pearly pink lipstick ring around the filter. As she sat there and exhaled the cloying smoke, it struck me how much she looked like a faded copy of the sparkling vibrant woman I remembered as a toddler. She had somehow become background noise, as dull, shabby, and threadbare as the couch she sat on.

My attention shifted to the dining room. I heard the jingle of coins being tossed carelessly into the change basket. This was followed by the thunk and rattle of wallet and keys being dropped on the battered top of the old mahogany buffet that used to belong to my grandmother. At the first sign of his arrival, my sister and brother had disappeared. I decided to do the same and silently crept across the dingy brown carpet toward the stairwell leading to my room. I stopped dead in my tracks when I heard him roar, "Uh, what the hell is this? There's dog shit on the floor in here!"

Experience had taught me that these outbursts required immediate action or there would be repercussions, so I scurried to the kitchen and quickly grabbed some paper toweling, then slunk into the dining room, head down, eyes on the floor. As I hurriedly cleaned up the dog poop, he launched into a tirade on how useless we kids were and how nothing we did was right. This was nothing new, so I tuned it out and focused on getting out of there as soon as possible, but then, "You're all so fucking lazy you couldn't even let the God-damn dogs out!"

A flash of anger coursed through me. We had been outside with the dogs all morning! Without thinking, I snapped back, "They had to have done it before you left this morning, we were outside all day!"

He lunged. In seconds he had me by the throat and shoved me up against the wall. "You don't talk back to me! You do what you're told!" he hollered in my face. My heart was jack-rabbiting in my chest, and I gripped the paper towel full of dog crap so tightly in my hand I squished the contents. Surprisingly, all I could smell was Brüt (how appropriate!) and the scent was almost as strangling as the meaty hand at my throat. I felt defeated. There was a painful lump in my throat. I fiercely tried not to cry, but a single tear escaped and slid slowly, silently down my cheek.

Unconsciously, I made a decision. I could have never put it into words at that moment, but I was done living like that. I had had enough. I snapped my head up and looked him straight in the eye and whispered, "Let. Go. Of. Me." I saw a flash of something in his eyes. Was it doubt? Uncertainty? Fear? He released my throat as I wrenched away from him.

I stomped into the kitchen, full of righteous wrath. I was furious. I whipped the paper toweling into the trash and marched back to the dining room to scrub the carpet, my eyes blazing. I refused to look at him as I stomped back to the kitchen to wash my hands. He was still standing in the dining room doorway, watching me warily as I made my way through the living room. He tried for bravado then, shouting at me, "If you don't like it here, don't let the door hit you in the ass on the way out!" I slowly turned around and looked at him, saying, "Fine. I'll leave."

I strode to the stairway, fully intending to head upstairs and pack my things.
Then I heard a faint noise. Turning, I saw my mother, who had silently witnessed the whole scene from her seat on the couch. I had completely forgotten her presence. She had slightly shifted her position and was staring intently at him. And she finally spoke up. "You leave."



THE UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

by John Thornberry

I want Laplace's paradigm,
that deterministic Disneyland where all is predictable,
thus knowable, thus enjoyable or preventable;
at the least,
I want to be able to huff
I Told Someone So
when they swerve through the center line,
never having bothered to pass a driving test.

I need to know
that kiss leads to stroke leads to making love;
I need to know
that these truly are the only forms I have to complete;
I need to know
when I cast lights on pebbles in a brook,
they happily accept the one place they exist.

Instead when I turn torches on a creek
I scatter quanta of photons like lucent koi

amidst the smooth water-dark stones
the light bubbles the stream
like phosphorescent champagne
the rocks dance like tickled children
I believe I see them
where they rest in the cool shadow
but the more light I shine
the more frantic they become at its touch
they quiver and bounce into seconds to come
jammed softly in the mud
eager to leave

I vibrate on a starting line
waiting for the bang
resonating
between a desire to guard my place
and a terribly sweet compulsion to run
without comprehending how
I do both
I pump my legs and kick up great clouds
but haven't even left the blocks
I never even heard the gun go off
but the trees hurtle past me and away

All this time,
I pictured myself straddling a fence,
when in reality
both my feet are planted in an event horizon
where gravity and light and status and speed run a caucus.
I wanted Laplace's paradise,
the place where the hand may hold truths.
Instead, I fight Heisenberg's war,
in a place where truth strains to be everywhere at once
and forces me
to decide how hard and fast it wants to be.



FLOWER
by Zak Pasdo

NACOGDOCHES

by John Thornberry

Upon the morning of her intended landing at Edwards Air Force Base in California, the U.S. space shuttle Columbia exploded over Nacogdoches, Texas.

In mild and arid tone,
We declared you departed,
and you hurled yourselves
to the jet,
to the astonishment
of very few.

We'd seen it, after all,
this pedestrian routine of the rapid,
sweet acceleration slamming you back into your couches.
We moved on within minutes—
within the incredibly short seconds before you shed gravity's yoke and mudbound care
in vectored concerti of digit and fire,
in scientific symphonies fueled by the incendiary and the seemingly impossible,
most of us trudged on and forgot

you were out there
you were gone

But then you returned,
reluctantly spiraling to Earth
wearing your brightest plasma white,
the burn of ascent extinguished,
gliding to rest again with us,
you seven niggling in the backs of our minds

(oh of course those floating folk
playing mumbledy-peg with weightless blobs of orange juice
the seven superfluous pushers of buttons)

The ones of us, though, we—
your staunch friends who have not forgotten
the why of winds wild and stinging when we meet them,
the how of maiden's eye shining like a rainy moon,
the whoosh and blood-throbbing roar and pounding heart of learning new space—
at last we saw you in the morning sky
and gasped:

oh my god
it's full of stars

SUBJECT AND VERB

by Derek Marquardt

He grows. He encounters. He wishes. Thinks. Dreams. He tries. He fails. He works. He repeats. He fails. He perspires. He cries. Yells. Screams. Shouts. He works. He tries. They notice. They vision. They think. Wonder. Appreciate. They watch. He runs. He dives. He catches. They admire. He sees. They meet. They talk. He listens. He questions. They answer. He agrees. He leaves. He practices. He perspires. They return. They engulf. Embrace. Admire. He notices. He approaches. They talk. He asks. They answer. He listens. They ask. He questions. They answer. He thinks. They wait. He replies. They cheer. They train. Work. Perspire. He plays. Tries. Listens. He swings. He runs. Slides. Smiles. They clap. They love. He runs. He slides. He breaks. They cry. He cries. He's done. They're done.

He enters. He sees. She sees. They reminisce. They drink. Laugh. Hang out. They tire. They sleep. He wakes. She wakes. They gaze. Kiss. Embrace. He tells. He leaves. She thinks. She goes. They meet. They date. They wed. She conceives. They parent.

It grows. It tries. It quits. He thinks. Dreams. Wishes. He teaches. It works. He shows. It perspires. It tires. It tries. It dives. It catches. It swings. It runs. It grows. It starts. It throws. It finishes. It embraces. It succeeds.

They notice. They ask. He answers. They talk. He listens. They leave. He plays. They see. They engulf. Embrace. Admire. They watch. Think. Reminisce. They talk. They offer. He remembers. His mother. His father.

Remembers

Admire

Dreams

MY FATHER'S FUNERAL

by Minji Lee

Today is my father's funeral. I can't believe he is dead, because he always stays with me and I never thought about his death.

My father was my best friend. When I was around eight, I said to my father that I'd like to go to the beach. I don't know why I said that, but the next day my father woke me up in the morning and we went to the sea; he skipped his work because of me. When I was a high school student I couldn't adapt to my school system. I felt my school only focused on study and competition. It was hard to make friends, because I thought they were my rivals. My father tried to talk with me about how to open my mind to make some friends. Also, he spent his time with me; we went to a restaurant and theater just the two of us, even if he had a lot of work for his business.

My father was the best teacher in my life. My father and I were good friends. However, we also argued a lot, because he wanted me to focus and be patient. But I was a child who gave up all the time. When we argued usually I won, because I would cry. My father was embarrassed when I cried, so I used that technique a lot. But he kept telling me why I needed to be a patient person, because he thought that "efforts never fail," and one day someone will know my efforts. He also told me that I had to have an education and study. He studied with me, because I was a girl who asked "why?" all the time. He tried hard to explain every question that I asked, even what was stupid and useless. He was a person who acted upon his words and he wanted to be a good father and role model to his child.

My father was my life mentor. I always want to live like my father, and still now I want to marry someone like my father so that my future child can have awesome parents like I did. Responsibility is the word that describes my father well. My father was born three years after the Korean War. His childhood was very poor and he had to work on his father's farm. His parents always said that he should be a man no matter what, because he was the only son in his family. Also, they always reminded him that he should take care of his family, because he will be the head of the Lee family. His parents had a strong view



FAYETTE

by Amy Reddinger

that family history is very important and only men can keep and make their family's history. I think this is one of the reasons that my father had a strong responsibility to his family, because he was raised with that.

My father also never gave up. He didn't have a comfortable childhood, because there was not enough money. But he wanted to go to a university, so he helped on his father's farm during the day and he studied by himself at night. Therefore, he graduated from a good university in South Korea, and he got a job that gave him enough money to take care of his family. However, in 1997, he lost his job because of the bankruptcy of Korea. At that time, my father had his family which included his wife, three daughters, one son and his parents to take care of. He tried hard to get a new job, but he couldn't get hired anywhere. However, he never gave up and he started his own business.

Some people may think that his life was normal for his generation, because almost all Korean people in his age have experienced the war and bankruptcy. But I am sure his life is special, because he spent his life only for his family. When I was young, my family traveled a lot, except my father. I went to England, Italy, France, Switzerland and more. He said he didn't want to ride in a plane, so I needed to go to travel with my mom and my siblings. I believed him. However, it wasn't true, because he loved travel and he loved to spend more time with his family. However, my father didn't travel with us because he thought he should work hard for money. He wanted us to have opportunities that he didn't have. So my father worked 10 hours a day and he worked on weekends also until he retired. So, he didn't travel with us and he didn't have his own vacation. However, he always asked me about my travel when I came back, but I just answered "It was fine" or complained about how tired I was. If I were my father, I would not let me travel again, because I was very rude and didn't know how thankful that was. But my father always smiled at me and told me to take a nap and we would talk later.

My father thought he was a manly man. But, he was not just a manly man to me, because he was a very thoughtful man. My father cooked and cleaned for me and my siblings when my mother wasn't home, and even my siblings and I knew how to cook and clean. Also, he didn't want my siblings and I to work until we graduate the universities, because he thought we were too young

to work. My father didn't give almost any birthday presents to my mother, because he thought that is awkward. But he always said that he worked hard for my mom to give her more money. Maybe he thought giving money to my mom was the best present. My father didn't know how to show his emotion and express his affections.

My father never said "I love you," because he thought that it was a very sentimental word and girly. So he always answered "okay" when my mom said I love you to my father. However, he usually said that he was proud of me or my siblings instead of saying I love you to his children. It was the best expression of his affection that he could offer. I was always proud of my father and I really love him, but I think I also didn't say to my father "I love you" or "I am very happy because you are my father." Unfortunately, now I realize how he loved his family and how he sacrificed himself for his family. I really want to say I love you Dad, but I can't, because today is my father's funeral.

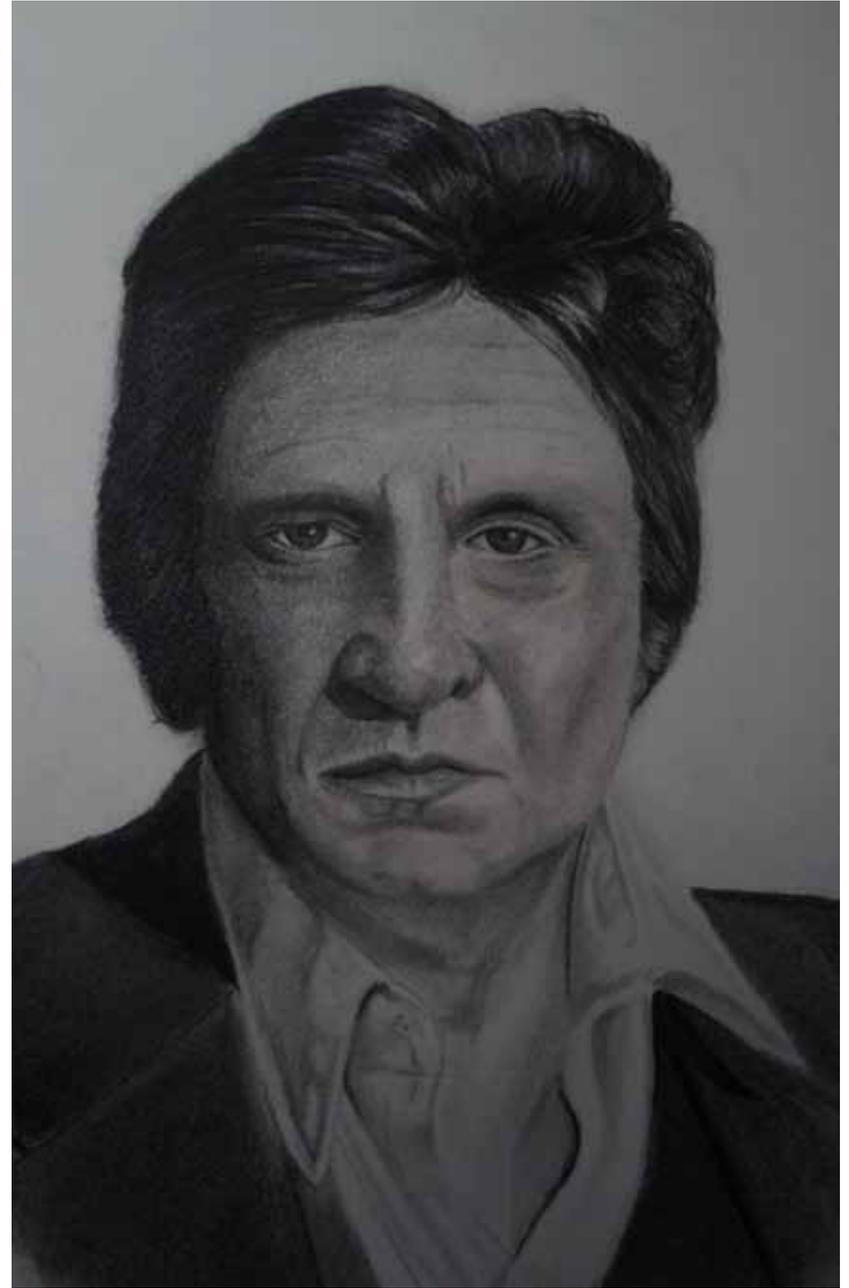


THE COOKIE CUTTER

by Vincent Beltrone

It was an uncustomary sort of friendship. No one made deliberate efforts to communicate; however, it was understood that we all enjoyed each other's company. Maybe we were just lonely. We were certainly too cynical for our own good, and we knew it. Being judgmental is more than likely a bad personality trait, but the communication we did have generally revolved around the scrutiny of our peers; how rude and audacious of us. Though I did play along, I wondered if I was the only one questioning the quality of our behavior. We'd laugh at people for their choice in having "fun". Alcohol consumption, loveless sex, and marijuana were things unfamiliar to us, and yet, for some reason, we thought ourselves better than those who partook in such activities.

Later, it became apparent that we'd all soon be parting ways. Surprisingly, little had changed in five years. Our morals, for the most part, seemed to have remained the same, and I was grateful to have surrounded myself with genuine friends. There were no proper goodbyes to be had. Everyone was off to experience a new life, and we knew we'd meet up again eventually. Over the course of a few months, people began to tell me things about my friends that I would have never expected to hear. I didn't believe the rumors until I experienced them for myself. Much to my dismay, everyone had become what they once despised, and here I remained the same person I had always been. They were my friends, and yet they were hypocrites. The cookie cutter had finally gotten to them. They now seamlessly blended in with the rest of society, and I was still too cynical for my own good.



MAN IN BLACK

by Travis Brimer

HAIR

by Kevin Smith

Anchored in heritage, my father struggled to hold on to the past. I, with adolescent enthusiasm, could not wait to ride the tides of change. As a child, my father was my hero, the strongest man in the world, and my best friend. I tried my best to become strong and to make my father proud of me. But I was becoming more and more aware of the changing social climate and the perilous nature of ignorant biases. By the time I was thirteen or so, I was beginning to see the world as a wonderful kaleidoscope of changing colors, and yet my father insisted that everything was black and white. I had to find a place to stand, a place that was not chained and bound by such unyielding hands.

My father worked very hard every day. He worked five to six days a week finishing concrete. Then on Sundays, short of coming in to watch the Detroit Lions football game, he worked from sun-up to sun-down on the house or the property. I loved watching my dad work. Sometimes he would even let me help. I was more than a little proud to be my father's right-hand man. Sometimes when my father worked late finishing cement, my mom would bring him something to eat, and if it wasn't too late I could go with and see my dad at work. But my favorite evenings were when my dad made it home in time for dinner. If he only worked an eight hour day he would get home about thirty minutes before dinner time. Exhausted, he would go straight into the living room, fix himself on the sofa, and in his words "take a five." I must have only been about three or four years old at the time, but I can still remember it like it was yesterday. With my father snuggled into position, I would cuddle up to his body and lay my head on his chest. Within moments I would become intoxicated by the sweet perfume of his sweat, drift into slumber, and share a dream with my father. I don't believe I had ever felt more protected, safe, and secure than in those moments.

By the time I was ten or eleven years old I was going to the shooting range with my dad. My dad and I both enjoyed it a great deal. He was on a team, and when the competition was over, the range was then open to all shooters. This was the moment I would wait for all night. I would finally get to shoot a full round, but the only gun my dad had for me to use was an old single-shot

twelve gauge. I was rather small, even for my age, and my dad even had to cut a couple inches off the end of the stock so I could comfortably reach the trigger. For me, that old single-barreled twelve gauge felt like a small cannon. I would prop it up to my shoulder, breathe in, and let a round off with a bang. My head would snap back and my entire body would recoil with a shocking jolt. Then four more shooters would take aim, and it was my turn again. After twenty-five rounds I was sore, but it was a proud kind of sore. All the guys would give my dad a hard time for making me use a twelve gauge. After all, the older boys were shooting sixteen and twenty gauge shot guns, weaker guns. I liked that old twelve gauge. It made me feel strong. And I knew my dad was proud of me for being tough.

It was 1972 and I was starting to see and feel the conflicts of change. I was beginning to notice things on TV, things like the Vietnam War and protests here in the states. And at home, I was hearing my father and his friends running down the hippies and anybody else that they didn't like. I could not understand what I was seeing on TV, but I knew I didn't like what I was hearing at home. Frankly, I was fascinated and somewhat bedazzled by the hippy movement. By the time I was thirteen I was wearing colorful two-tone saddle shoes with a two inch heal, polyester pin-striped bell-bottom pants, and a psychedelic shirt set off with a suede leather vest. All I needed now was long hair.

The battles between my father and me became intense. When my father ran out of reason, logic, or authority for his argument, he simply turned to me one day and said, "Fine, if you want long hair, you can do whatever the hell you want—for all I care you can grow it down to your ass, but then you're not coming to the trap range or any other god-damn place with me again."

At the age of thirteen I was forced to decide between living my own life at the cost of my father's pride, or living my father's legacy at the cost of my own free will.



OWL
by Nikolaus Wrench

WAVE GOODBYE

by Charlie Schroeder

She glanced up at the trees. Their light pink leaves swayed in the wind. She watched as one fell to the ground, slowly inching closer to the soft, green grass. Every now and then the pink blossom would rise in the air as a breeze caught it at just the right time, but inevitably it would meet its end in the grassy graveyard. The breeze that once pushed the blossom higher now forced it to the ground, smashing it against the sharp, green blades. She felt a lump beginning to form in her throat. Turning around, she caught sight of the tall orange chairs that sat in her dining room through the large glass door. The cushion on one of the chairs showed signs of wear, as if someone sat there every morning to slowly sip their coffee before getting ready for the day. The other, however, remained perfectly smooth, like the image in the magazine that caught her attention some odd years ago. Orange wasn't her preferred color, but the tiny hands of the boy who was sitting on her lap reached for the bright orange color of the chairs in the magazine and caused the boy to smile. His first smile. Tears welled up in her eyes at this memory. She pictured those tiny hands, now all grown, waving goodbye. No longer would those hands help her out in her garden. No longer would they push the bright orange chair back. No longer would they accompany her at the table while she drank her morning coffee. No, those hands were now like the pink blossom, resting in the grassy graveyard.

MYRTLE BEACH

by Rachel Fagan

We swam in the warm, salty waves of the Atlantic, water rushing over our bodies. Salt working its way into our open wounds, splashing onto our faces, leaving an unaccustomed taste in our mouths. Diving down deep to explore firsthand; Always wary of sharks we were, an uncharted place never set foot in before. The sun shimmers and beams off our skin like a kaleidoscope thrown into the wind. Tiny grains of sand washing under and over our feet, tickling us like crawfish in the river back home; even then we never wanted to leave.



NEGATIVE

by Briana Maas

LOST

by Jane Janes

The winter wind was raw, stabbing at the boy's face as he trudged toward home. The late afternoon was already darkening. Street lights broke the shadows of buildings at each corner.

The boy, Dominic, was tall for his age. His long arms dangled from his jacket. His oversized sneakers shuffled through the sodden snow. He was late. His parents would be waiting in the kitchen. It always started there.

As he entered the house, he heard their loud voices. Yes, it would be the same. His mother called out to him. He hesitated, then entered the kitchen. There was the last time, the sting of blows against his head, glass shattering on the floor leaving a puddle of shards and liquor.

The parents sat at the table obtained at "Rent to Own" (two months late in payments). Weak rays of the setting sun filtered through a cloudy window. All was quiet now save for the rattling complaints of the refrigerator in the corner of the room.

His father, a large man darker than Dominic, hunched over a glass. His eyes, yellowed and wary, glanced at his son. A single light bulb sent overhead shadows across the man's muscular shoulders.

"Get me some more of that Thunderbird," he ordered. Dominic stared at the floor.

"I said get the bottle," he bellowed.

The son silently walked to the cupboard, retrieved the bottle, then set it down with a bang on the table. The father suddenly reached out and grasped Dominic by the back of his neck.

"You lookin' for trouble?" He pulled his face down close to him. Dominic smelled his sour breath against his cheek, so close that he saw the slack mouth. A dribble of saliva formed at the corner.

The mother, a small thin woman, taut as a high wire, sat watching the two. She took a long drag on her cigarette and leaned forward. The smell of tobacco smoke lingered heavily about their heads.

"Leave the kid alone," she cried. "He didn't mean anything."

"Shut up," he growled. "He's gotta learn to do what I say."

"You said you'd have some money for me too, Mr. Big Shot. I don't see any."

He slammed his glass down, sloshing wine that gave off a vinegar smell.

"Christ! Do I have to listen to more of your mouth?"

"You just don't want to hear that you're no kinda man," she countered. "You can't hold a job and you're nuthin in bed—a loser."

The pair had reached the place where accusations were hurled with the intensity of grenades in the dingy light. Dirty dishes were piled in the sink with no sign of a meal being readied. Dominic felt a numbness creep up into his throat. Stone faced, he crept unnoticed out of the house and then headed down cold slushy streets for a buddy's place. He would stay there, curled on a couch, dreading the return.

The next morning all was quiet as he entered through the back door into the kitchen. He could hear his mother's loud breathing in the next room, sleeping in the usual place on the couch.

He washed bowls, poured cereal and ate silently until he heard stirrings. She appeared in the doorway clutching a frayed chenille robe about her shoulders. She glanced around the room. Her eyes were puffy and red. A bruise swelled on her cheek. She spoke with a cracked voice.

"You get something to eat?" She paused and rubbed her neck. "Don't you be late for school."

Dominic waited, watching her. She gave a sigh.

"I think I'll go lie down. I don't feel so good." She turned to leave, then stopped. "Your dad's gone."

Dominic's head jerked up.

"He just went," she said. "The bastard took all the money. We got nothing."

He stared at his mother, fear rising in his throat. Something large pressed against his insides. He felt an urge to scream or cry. Instead he carried his bowl to the sink, then turned to say goodbye. She had already gone into the other room. He could hear the creak of the couch as she lay down.

He ran from the house, cutting through empty lots. He could hear the morning traffic starting to hum. Light snow fell against his face. He felt dizzy and so light that he might lose his grip on the earth and be pulled up to float

in some lost place. He thought of his father. Anger swelled hard and insistent within his chest. It held his insides firmly in place, helping to steady his shaking legs. The only way to stay on the ground was to feel a rage strong enough to anchor him. It would hold him as he watched for his victim, a boy standing in line waiting for the bus. The two went down while he pounded with both fists. Drops of red colored the gray snow. The other children, like cattle, stupidly watched in silence.

The school bus pulled in and shuddered to a stop. Its yellow mouth yawned outwards. The driver jumped from the bus and pulled the boys apart.

“Get off him, you punk. Your teacher’s gonna hear about this.”

Dominic stood and pulled his hoody around his head. He swaggered onto the bus and down the aisle, then threw himself hard against the seat.

The bus started up. Sooty slush from the winter thaw splattered against his window. He pressed his head on the cold glass and watched as they passed ancient tenement houses interspersed with small stores advertising beer and pizza.

He breathed fast pulling in air to quiet the thumping in his chest. His fists felt the sting of the punches. It felt good! He would show them that he was in control now. They would remember that.



DISTRACTIONS OF SPRING

by Larissa Hogan

A window to the north is not necessarily inviting
Though temporarily, pardon the next line –
It can seem exciting.

Oblivious to the altitude and swaying spires
A squirrel is attending heart’s desires: she is building a nest.

High in the white pine, behind a thicket of surviving needles
She arranges her cache of dead brown oak leaves,
Harvesting them precariously from the thin distal branches of a young tree.

Whatever her little mouth can carry,
She takes with her to her nest.
She will do this several times before she—pardon the next line—
Stops to take a rest.

How much more interesting to watch
Muscle physiology in action
Than to engage in less significant motions,
Correcting lab reports?



FELICITY
by Jacob Enderby

Contributors

Vincent Beltrone is currently a freshman at UW-Marquette. He intends on transferring to UW-Milwaukee this coming Fall in order to pursue the study of Psychology. In his spare time he takes pleasure in reading and playing the acoustic guitar.

Travis Brimer is a sophomore at UW-Marquette with intentions of transferring for an engineering degree. He enjoys drawing and playing music in his free time.

Nicole Cooper is a freshman at UW-Marquette. She grew up in Menominee, Michigan, and she hopes to pursue a degree in fashion at The Illinois Art Institutes. She loves to do anything artistic but mainly loves to draw.

Calvin Grandaw is a freshman at UW-Marquette. He is from Crivitz, Wisconsin and currently lives in Marinette with his girlfriend and his three children.

Jacob Enderby grew up in Menominee, Michigan and has a passion for photography.

Rachel Fagan is from Stephenson, Michigan. She enjoys spending time with family and friends, and writing in her spare time.

Lea Hamilton lives in Northeast Wisconsin with her family. When she is not in nursing student mode, you can usually find her behind the lens of a camera, as she is also an aspiring amateur photographer. This is her first attempt at submitting an essay for publication.

Larissa Hogan teaches Human Physiology at UW-Marquette in the spring. Sometimes other aspects of life catch her interest.

Jane Janes is an auditing senior at UW-Marquette. She was a Special Education teacher for the Kalamazoo and Portage, Michigan school systems and now resides in Marinette, Wisconsin with her partner, Ernie Pleger. She loves to exercise, read and bird watch.

James LaMalfa, Professor Emeritus, taught for 44 years at UW-Marquette, retiring in December 2013. He has exhibited across the United States, and commissioned several pieces of public art in Northeastern Wisconsin and Menominee, Michigan. He is a member and secretary of the Menominee Area Arts Council and is co-founder of the *Northern Lights Arts Journal*. He has served as the gallery director at UW-Marquette since 1969.

Minji Lee is a sophomore at UW-Marquette. She is an international student from Ansan, South Korea. She hopes to major in Communication Studies at the University of Minnesota. “Give and take” is her life motto.

Derek Marquardt is a freshman at UW-Marquette. He grew up in Coleman, Wisconsin, and hopes to study Physical and Elementary Education at UW-Green Bay in a few years. He loves to hang out with family and friends and play sports in his spare time.

Zachery “Zak” Pasdo is graduating with his AAS degree from UW Marquette this spring. He grew up in Grover, Wisconsin, and he has been accepted to UWGB to double major in Studio Art and Design Art. He loves to paint with acrylics and experiment with gardening in his spare time.

Amy Reddinger is Associate Professor of English and Women’s Studies at UW-Marquette. Several years ago a friend gifted her a lovely camera; she spends her free time figuring out how to use it to capture the world around her.

Charlie Schroeder is a freshman at UW-Marquette. She grew up in Marinette, Wisconsin and plans to transfer to UW-Green Bay to study Rehabilitation Psychology in the fall. She enjoys reading and drawing in her spare time.

Kevin Smith is a freshman at NWTC – Marinette. He resides in Menominee, Michigan, and upon graduation he plans to create a community youth center for at-risk teens with a focus on the performing arts.

John Thornberry has acting, directing, design, stage management and writing credits in New York City (Broadway, Off-Broadway and Off-Off), as well as in regional and community theatres around the United States. “Nuclei: A Sintesi Series” has been published in the Louisville Thinker, and his plays “Temporarily” and “Casting” have been produced in New York, Colorado and Kentucky. He currently lives with his wife Rebecca in Marinette, Wisconsin, and is an adjunct Communication and Theatre Arts instructor at UW-Marquette.

Gonzalo Orive Villa is a UW-Marquette student in his second year of college. For many years, he has liked video gaming and thinks if he can like them, he can work with them. It obsesses him and he’ll do whatever it takes to get into the field of game design.

Nikolaus Wrench is a sophomore at UW-Marquette. He loves the arts and is planning on attending UW-Green Bay for Art Education. He uses much of his free time to draw and paint, along with playing music.