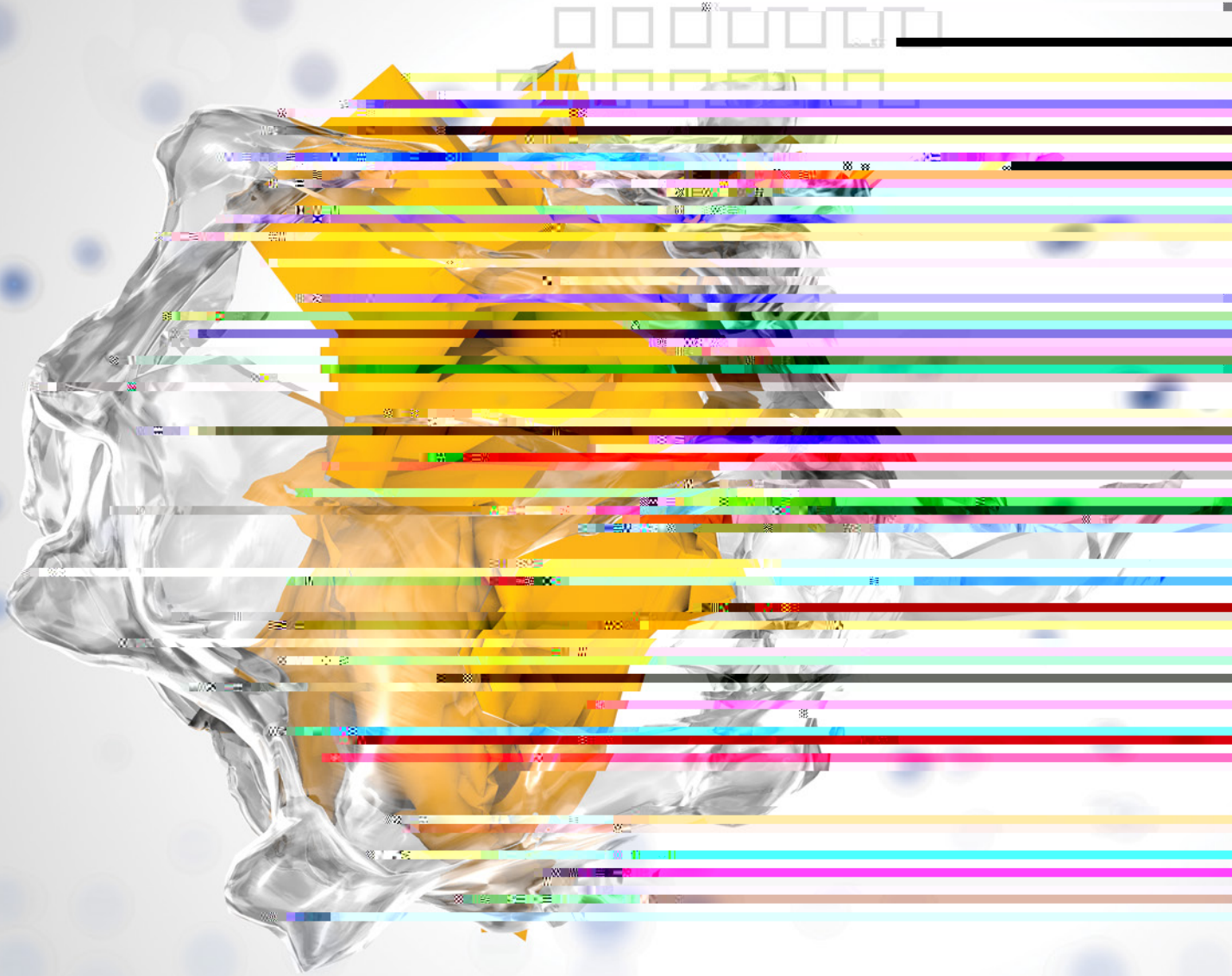


# WINDOWS FINE ARTS MAGAZINE

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 36, YEAR 2016



**LEWISTON**  
**UNIVERSITY**  
*A Catholic and Lasallian University*



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Brother James Gaffney, FSC, President of Lewis University  
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Therese Jones, Assistant Professor of English,  
Editor, Designer, and Coordinator of *Journal of the Lewis University*

Kristin Callahan, Assistant rese Jone0(n)-12e

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to the 36th issue of *F.A. Journal*! From the exciting 3-D front cover by Kristin Callahan, Assistant Professor of Art and Design at Lewis University, to the spectacular range of literary works, to the beautiful digital and visual art, your imagination is sure to be thrilled and your senses evoked as you absorb the award winning creative works of students, faculty, staff, and alumni on the pages ahead. Take your time and enjoy.

The online and print versions of this magazine were made possible by the support of Br. James Gaffney, President of Lewis University, and, most especially, the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, Dr. Bonnie Bondavalli. As editor, I am certain that all of the readers of this text are extremely grateful to President Gaffney and Dean Bondavalli for their continued support of *F.A. Journal*.

Gratitude is also due to all of this year's administrators, staff, cover designer, and judges mentioned on the Acknowledgment page, as well as contributors, past founders, and past editors of *F.A. Journal*. These present and past visionaries have opened our minds, our internal windows of light and darkness, to the wealth of artistic expression that lies within the members of the Lewis community.

The task of judging the talent found in the entries to the *F.A. Journal* Contest was a challenge. Winners of the contest were chosen from two groups, students or faculty/staff/alumni, in the genres of Art – digital or visual and Writing – essay (academic, creative non-fiction, fiction), poetry, and research report.

The winning entries that appear in this volume are of superior quality! The rules specify that an individual can win only once in a category. If a category skips one of the levels of prizes, this is due to the quality of the submissions received.

Prizes are awarded based on the following scale:

First Prize:	superior insight, imagination, technique, and knowledge of the genre
Second Prize:	outstanding insight, imagination, technique, and knowledge of the genre
Third Prize:	high quality insight, imagination, technique, and knowledge of the genre
Honorable Mention:	publishable quality insight, imagination, technique, and knowledge of the genre

Judging for the contest was a time-consuming, difficult task, but one well worth every effort. The contributors to this issue should be very proud of their accomplishment in their genre, and the entire Lewis University community is greatly enhanced by the talents of those graced in this publication.

Sincerely,

*Therese Jones*

Assistant Professor Therese Jones  
Editor, Designer, and Coordinator of *FA*

Dedication	Br. James Ganev, FSC, President of Lewis University	Inside Front Cover
Acknowledgments		1
Letter from the Editor		2

## WRITING CATEGORY

Student Academic Essay

Final Paper

“The Power of the Individual” 5751 Tm [(A)-10(T)-86(E)-68(G)-92(O)-100(R)]TJ /Span /Act

P_o_o_t:	“Lullabye and Stay Out”	Alexander Turner	25
H_o_o_t, M_t_o:	“Defy”	Kendall Dale	26
H_o_o_t, M_t_o:	“Playtime”	Stacey Johnson	26
A	A		
H_o_o_t, M_t_o:	“Riding Boot by Fireplace”	K	

**F...P...**  
“The Power of the Individual”  
by  
Rogelio Delatorre

Although *The Bourne Supremacy* takes on a theme about finding one's identity, it also introduces a deeper insight on how one's professional role can affect an individual and how one acts. In the movie, Jason Bourne is a CIA assassin who wakes up on a boat with no knowledge of his true identity. As he finds a clue leading him to a bank in Zurich, he finds passports and other forms of identification that he can use in order to find his true identity. While Bourne is focused on learning about who he really is, the CIA sends out other assassins to kill him. Soon enough, Bourne figures out that the CIA is trying to kill him and although he has no idea why, he does learn that he is part of the CIA. Bourne fights off assassins and searches for answers as he deals with the CIA. The film was released in 2002 and is based on the first book in the Bourne series by Robert Ludlum. *The Bourne Supremacy* warns of the danger of a professional role in corrupting the individual while arguing for the power of ethical choice.

Throughout the movie Bourne selectively uses violence in order to keep himself alive. It is in Bourne's nature and skill set to use violence to protect himself, but he intelligently uses his skills only when necessary. In the film, Bourne is sleeping on a park bench when two policemen approach him. After being threatened, Bourne stands up for himself and knocks out the two policemen. Bourne recognizes that if he is to be taken into custody by the police then he might endure tough consequences for not having any sort of identification. Furthermore, if the police try to figure out who he is then Bourne's life could be in danger, since the CIA is after him. Therefore, Bourne acts accordingly with violence in order to avoid a potential problem with the police and CIA and thus keeps himself alive and hidden from the CIA. After Bourne finds some forms of identification, he discovers the address for his apartment in Paris. While at the apartment, an assassin breaks into his home and tries to kill Bourne. In that instance, Bourne uses his innate combat skills to fight off the assassin and then pin him down in order to squeeze information out of him. Any person who encounters a situation like this would fight in order to protect himself; however, the special skill set that Bourne possesses shows that he has been trained to fight and to be prepared for these types of situations. Bourne's calm and collected manner lets him anticipate the situation before it occurs, and he even warns Marie before the assassin appears. As the assassin breaks in, Bourne does not fight like a mad man; he instead fights off the assassin with combat skills that seem to take years of training. When Bourne is threatened with violence, Bourne has a calm and collected manner and uses his cognitive skills in order to fight off potential threats.

As situations present themselves, Bourne's mental quickness keeps him ahead of his enemies. At no point does Bourne have to think about his next move; he quickly acts within a matter of seconds, which shows his mental quickness in a variety of situations. In the film, after Bourne leaves the bank, he quickly enters the U.S. Consulate in order to evade the police. Bourne's knowledge of international laws and quick thinking help him evade the police and find himself safe in the consulate. His knowledge and experience as a CIA agent let him find safety in the U.S.1(e p)-4(o)3e

actions, but he is instead looking out for Marie, so that she doesn't suffer because of his actions. Bourne gives Marie a way out of a difficult situation, and thus decides that he needs to take on the situation on his own. However, Marie declines to go to the police and instead decides to accompany Bourne. After Marie decides to join Bourne, another difficult situation arises. Then, Marie and Bourne flee to Marie's step-brother's home in rural France. The second assassin appears and wants to kill Bourne. Bourne becomes concerned with their welfare, and he helps Eamon along with his children and Marie flee the home in search for safety. As a result of the assassin appearing, Bourne doesn't want there to be any collateral damage. Bourne knows he is responsible for what is going on, and he doesn't want to put anybody else's life at risk. Bourne understands that anyone else's death would be a product of his actions, because he is the person the CIA wants to take out.

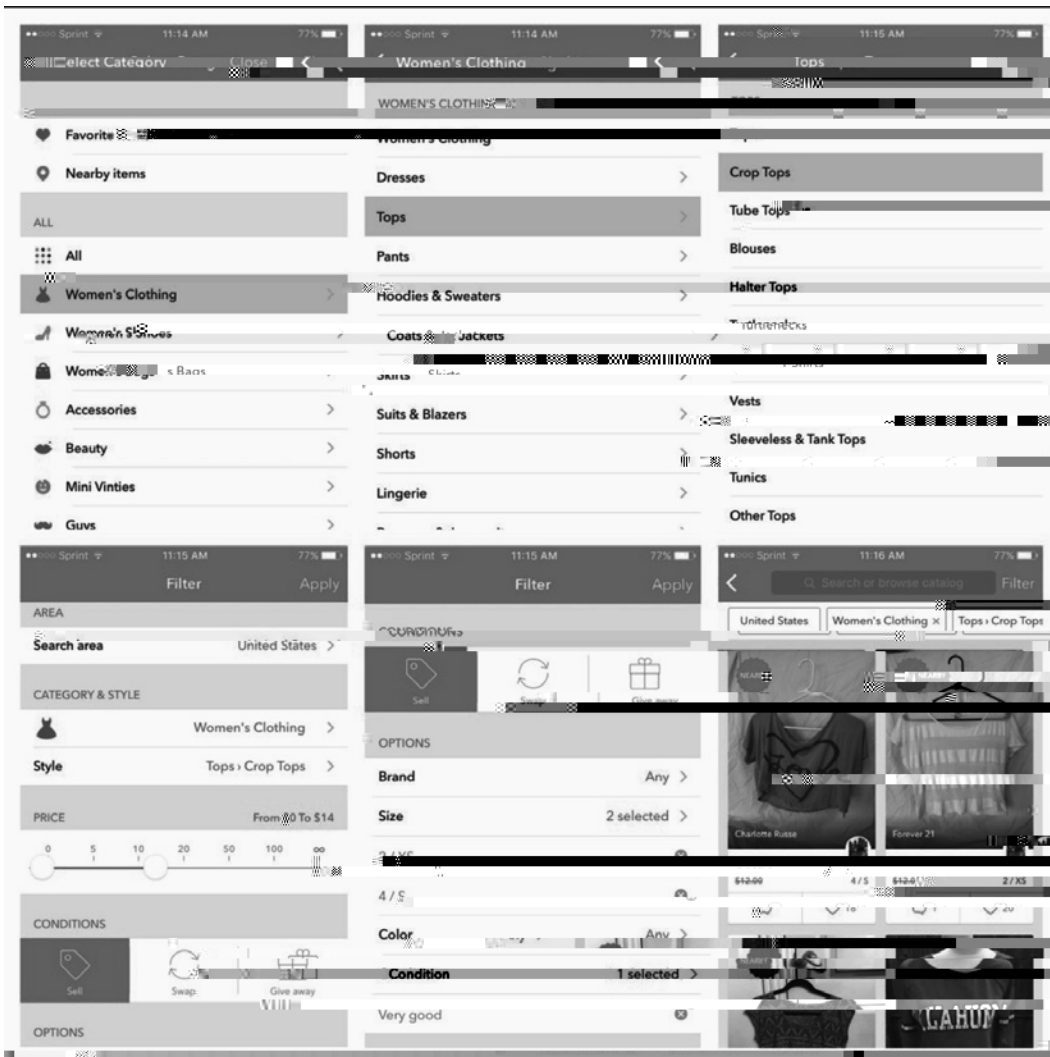
Throughout the movie, Bourne's main objective is to establish the truth of his identity. Since the moment that Bourne wakes up on the boat, he realizes he doesn't know who he is but continuously tries to remember who he is. In the film, Bourne finds his first clue in a bullet that was lodged in his back. Bourne finds himself confused to find a gun and many passports from different countries with different names. Bourne wants to understand who he is, so he can live a normal life. Without knowing his identity, he has nowhere to go and nowhere to start a new life. The loss of his identity makes him an outcast in society, because he has no idea who he is. As clues begin to unravel, Bourne digs in deeper into the clues and is determined to find the next clue after he establishes where he must go next. He goes from one clue to the next, and as he learns new things he begins to piece them together, and his memory begins to come back to him. After a series of clues lead him to a new destination, Bourne finds himself at his apartment complex. As Bourne walks through "his" apartment, he doesn't recognize his surroundings, but as he analyzes things he begins to piece things together. Bourne struggles to understand who he is, but Bourne continuously seeks to find answers. The more answers he finds, the closer he is to finding out who he really is. Although his first objective is to find out who he really is, he encounters dangerous situations that make him work hard to keep out of danger and stay alive.

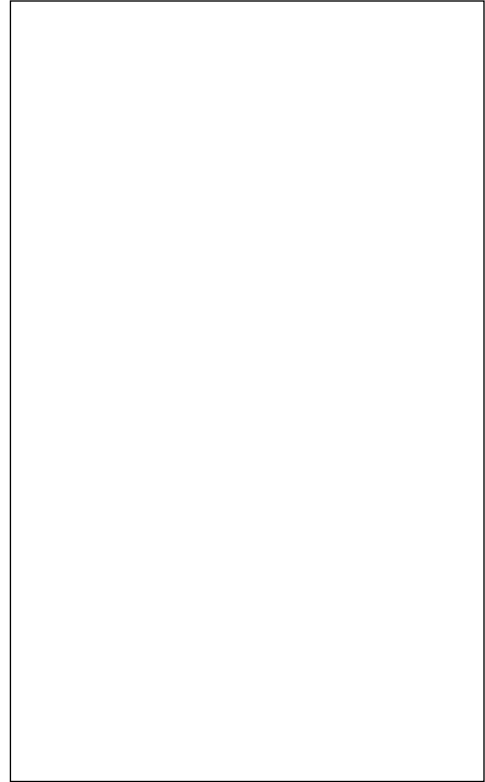
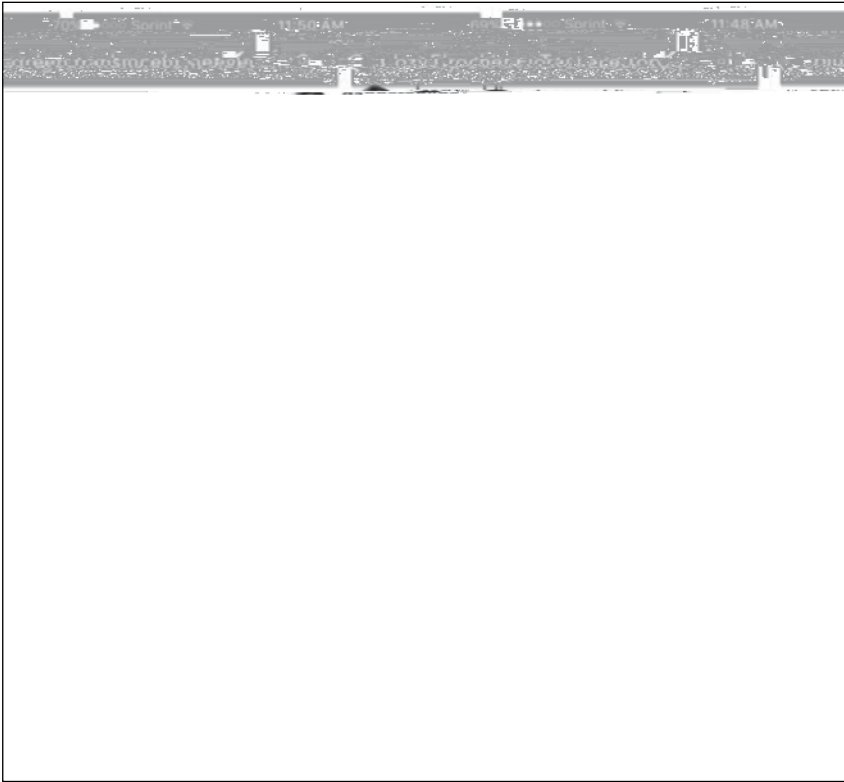
The assassination of any person is an immoral thing in society, but political assassinations are not necessarily immoral. The act of killing someone goes against the laws of society, but political assassinations are thought to be justified for the benefit of society. In the film, *Mr. & Mrs. Smith*, a corrupt African political leader was assassinated by the CIA in order to prevent him from revealing secrets about the CIA. The CIA has an important job as the intelligence agency for the U.S. Since Wombosi revealed he had CIA secrets, he became a target for the CIA. Instead of focusing on the politics of Africa, Wombosi focused his attention toward the CIA. In the CIA's case, in order to keep their integrity and not demean the organization, their best bet is to eliminate Wombosi. However, the killing of Wombosi could hurt Africa's politics and society, especially if some people felt he was a good leader. In the end, the CIA keeps Wombosi from revealing CIA secrets, and they get rid of a corrupt political leader. Furthermore, the CIA not only deals with external affairs, but it also deals with internal affairs as well. In the film, Ward orders the killing of Conklin, so he can shut down the Treadstone operation and tell the Senate Oversight Committee that the operation was just a game. In order to preserve the integrity of the CIA, Ward had to make a tough call and eliminate Conklin. However, Ward's decision does not affect the CIA as a whole, because they soon forget about Conklin and immediately shut down Treadstone. Ward has no sympathy after killing one of his own people, yet he feels he has done the CIA a favor by getting rid of a possible liability. Conklin is viewed as an expendable person within the organization and although Ward is the director of the CIA, he has no problem sacrificing his integrity in order to keep the CIA working properly.

While there is power in ethical choice, *Business Ethics* advises against the dangers of individual corruption because of the role in a professional setting. Unfortunately, throughout the world there are many examples of corrupt individuals and corrupt govern(o)138(h)11(o)1-4(a)-3 thtcahe wo1(e)-6(n)-3(t)-3(i)3(t)-23(y)]TJ /rrrd inadstb(e)]TJ Tes n, ke iewora sa pbecause of ty e as a wiert-2veni -19(a)4(t)-15(i)9(o)13(y)e-12(x)-16(a)-0(n). H(f t1(o)15(i)109(s)5( w)6(o)14w)6(o)









informative. Also, the text on the app's tabs are all the same font and color, which makes reading it very easy.

Vinted could be the answer to those who want to empty their closet of unworn clothes while also getting money for them in return. Despite Vinted's readability being flawed in certain areas, the app still has great things to offer.

The design throughout the app is appealing, which keeps users interested and keeps them using it. The app's design is also consistent, which helps users navigate through it with no trouble. To make Vinted a more effective app, the team behind it could review descriptions and make changes in the grammar errors. Vinted is an overall excellent app to use when trying to buy, sell, or even swap clothes.

#### Works Cited

Mitkute, Milda, and Justas Janauskas. n.d. Computer software. *Vinted*. Vers. 4.1.6. Vinted Limited, 21 Jan. 2016. Web. 23 Jan. 2016.

### P “Will We Abandon the Art of the Past?” by Kristen Brehmer

Standing in a dark basement, I found a pile of old black and white photographs of my grandparents from the 1940s. I am truly amazed at the beauty that was captured by a camera; the image holds emotion and displays that moment for anyone to view. An instant that passes with the progression of time can be captured by the shutter of a camera; the power that a camera has seems astonishing: time can be paused, completely halted in an instant for all of eternity. When I view images of the past, I always admire the simple black and white photographs that were handcrafted by an





**F...P...**  
“Picking Up the Pieces”  
A Profile Written  
by  
Elizabeth Yolich

“It was any game like usual; our Friday night men’s league, the ‘Silver Hawks,’ you know, cause we’re old,” Leo

speaks very passionately about his experience in Alcoholic Anonymous, like how you might speak fondly of an old friend. A lot of people have this notion of AA or NA (Narcotics Anonymous) that it is a religious program. At their goal is to put the fear of God into you, guilt you for your sins, and throw you back into the real world with a Bible sense of God, telling you to praise the Lord for granting you a sense of strength, yet use that very God against you if you relapse. Although AA, NA, and other non-profit programs alike typically have an underlying Catholic foundation and are often housed in churches, that religious assumption of how the Program works barely scratches the surface. Alcoholics Anonymous, Narcotics Anonymous, and other recovery programs do not focus on religion as a source for overcoming your struggle—whatever that may be. Rehabilitation programs are about reflecting and rebuilding—all of which are things that come from within your own self, not a second deity. Of course, recovering addicts have the option—and are encouraged—to choose a Higher Power, but that Higher Power can be whatever that individual wishes it to be, spiritual or not.

“A lot of drinkers I have met in the past were almost intimidated by the thought of Alcoholics Anonymous. They felt that maybe because they weren’t baptized or weren’t raised in a religious household that they can’t connect to the program, that the teachings wouldn’t be relevant to them,” Leo explains. Two young men walk by, hockey bags in hand, headed towards the locker rooms. One yells over, “Hey Coach!” Leo instinctively looks over and he waves hello, but his concentration is barely broken. “That’s a complete misconception,” Leo continues. “The Program is designed to help absolutely anyone. The 12 steps are all about willpower. They teach you that you have control over your body, and that the only way to heal is to first admit the wrong doings you have done. Of course, not only admit you have an addiction, but the Program helps you to look back on your mistakes with a sense of hope, so you can reflect and say, ‘Yeah, I did this person wrong, but I am going to fix it.’ That’s the same outlook they have on addiction, that everyone has the capacity to fix it. ‘God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.’ That’s the Program. That’s AA.”

Leo continues to speak of Alcoholics Anonymous and how he chose hockey as sort of his Higher Power. “It sounds dumb to pick a sport as your Higher Power. For me, though, it’s a little different. I needed something to distract myself with, something for me, just for myself. Depression comes hand-in-hand with addiction, and, at that time, I needed an outlet, both physically and emotionally. I needed something besides the booze to center my life around,” Leo clarifies. A few of the young men we saw earlier are now skating around on the ice. They don’t have all their equipment on, just street clothes and skates. “Hey, guys, put your helmets on!” Leo shouts across the arena. “Choosing hockey as my Higher Power was a great decision. Without it, and without AA, I wouldn’t be sitting here right now. That’s why when my accident happened and I couldn’t play hockey anymore, it hit me in so many more ways.”

“Monday morning after my accident, I passed out right in the middle of the living room as I was about to leave for work. It felt like a semi-truck had run over my head; it hurt so badly. My wife woke up and took me to the ER,” Leo recalls the first few moments of what becomes a 2-year-long journey of skin grafts, doctor visits, and ultimately six different operations—all the after effects of a subdural hematoma—or, in other words, a brain hemorrhage.

“When I finally made my way to the ER on Monday morning, they told me I had two inches of blood between my brain and my skull. They told me my brain was swelling up against my skull, and I wasn’t going to make it. They told me to say goodbye to my wife and my children.”

“As I was coming out of my surgery, the second time, I was almost in a dream like state. Everything was so loopy but felt so real. It was kind of like those moments when you’re half asleep and you’re dreaming. You know you’re dreaming,











STUDENT FICTION

STUDENT FICTION



at her belly, her eyes focused through wells of tears on the mint leaves now scattered before her in the doorway blanketing Nana's wooden spoon. Her mind began to race in a panic. What would she do? She felt orphaned. Had

cracked drywall. The ceiling was old and looked like lumpy cottage cheese — some odd finishing technique designers use. It's cheap, but God I hated it. Anyway, I remember staring up while the fan spun as fast as it could, gravity threatening to free it at any moment.

Sometimes I wish it would. Perhaps that's why this was my favorite spot to lie. I must have fallen asleep like that, because I woke up in a deep sweat to his Scotch breath invading my nostrils.

"Oh hello, dearest," I said as calmly as I could. Maybe I would get lucky and all he wanted was some rough sex. I could handle that. It wouldn't be too bad I told myself.

He began to pant—hard and fast — and I braced myself for what was coming. I had only kid myself. I knew this would possibly be one of the worst nights. I was strangely calm that night. He hit me quite a few times, and there are parts that I don't exactly remember. But it was so late that I don't think the children heard, so that was good. The worst part was when he got a kick of adrenaline. He lifted me so that my head was almost level with the spinning blade of the ceiling fan.

"Mike, put me down. You don't want this on your conscience," I managed to choke out. I must have gotten through to him because he slammed me down onto the bed and then dropped his pants.

\* \* \*

"Ma'am?" "MA'AM!?" The policeman in front of me came back into focus. "You look really pale, ma'am." "HEY! Could I get a coffee in here!?" the officer yelled out the door of his small office.

I was sitting on a leather chair in front of a mahogany desk that looked more like a pack mule, it was so laden with paperwork and folders. I kind of pitied it. Someone handed me a chipped, navy mug that said, "Detroit Police," and I gratefully sipped at its contents.

"Look, the school called. We know what is going on, Annie? Your little Rosy walked in with a black eye. We know she didn't fall down the stairs. Jimmy used that excuse a month ago when he broke his arm. We will make sure you three are safe and taken care of. I just need to hear the truth from you."

I sat there. His words were tempting. I could feel my lip quiver under the weight of the truth. But I wouldn't give in.

~~~~~

But I couldn't do it. I didn't know how. He would go to jail, and I would have to live with the guilt. I knew I could fix him. There had to be something I hadn't tried yet. There was still hope and I knew that if I just gave him a little more time, he could sober up and remember how it used to be for us.

"I promise you, officer, Jimmy and Rosy are kids. They are accident prone. I let them go out and play, and sometimes they get hurt. Mike is not a violent man. He has a good heart, and he loves his family. Just because we hit some rough times doesn't mean he's a monster. I don't know what the problem is."

The officer shook his bearded face. He had cocoa skin and kind eyes. I noticed a gold band on his wedding finger.

"Annie, I have kids, too. And I can tell you this: no matter how frustrated I get after a hard day of work, no matter what they do to disobey me, no matter what my wife says or does to annoy me, I have  outin.

“O cer, I appreciate your concern, but I have it handled,” I said.

“Annie, if he so much as scratches them or you in the next two weeks, your children will be put into a foster home. This is not a safe environment for them. You know my number. Call me any time before then if you would like to make this easier on yourself.”

I silently got up and walked out of the run-down police station. I was only about a block away when the hair on the back of my neck began to stand up.

Someone was following me.

I picked up my pace and decided to duck into an ally to take a shortcut home. It was then that I felt a hand that could only be Mike’s snatch my boney arm.

“What the hell are you doing, Annie?” he breathed down on my face.

“I...I had to run to get food stamps,” I stuttered.

“Bullshit. What the hell were you doing at the station?” He was getting scary.

“Wha...what are you talking about, dear?” Fear swelled in my small chest.

“YOU TURNING ME IN, BITCH?! AFTER ALL I HAVE DONE FOR YOU!?”

I began to tremble now.

And that’s when I saw the blade.

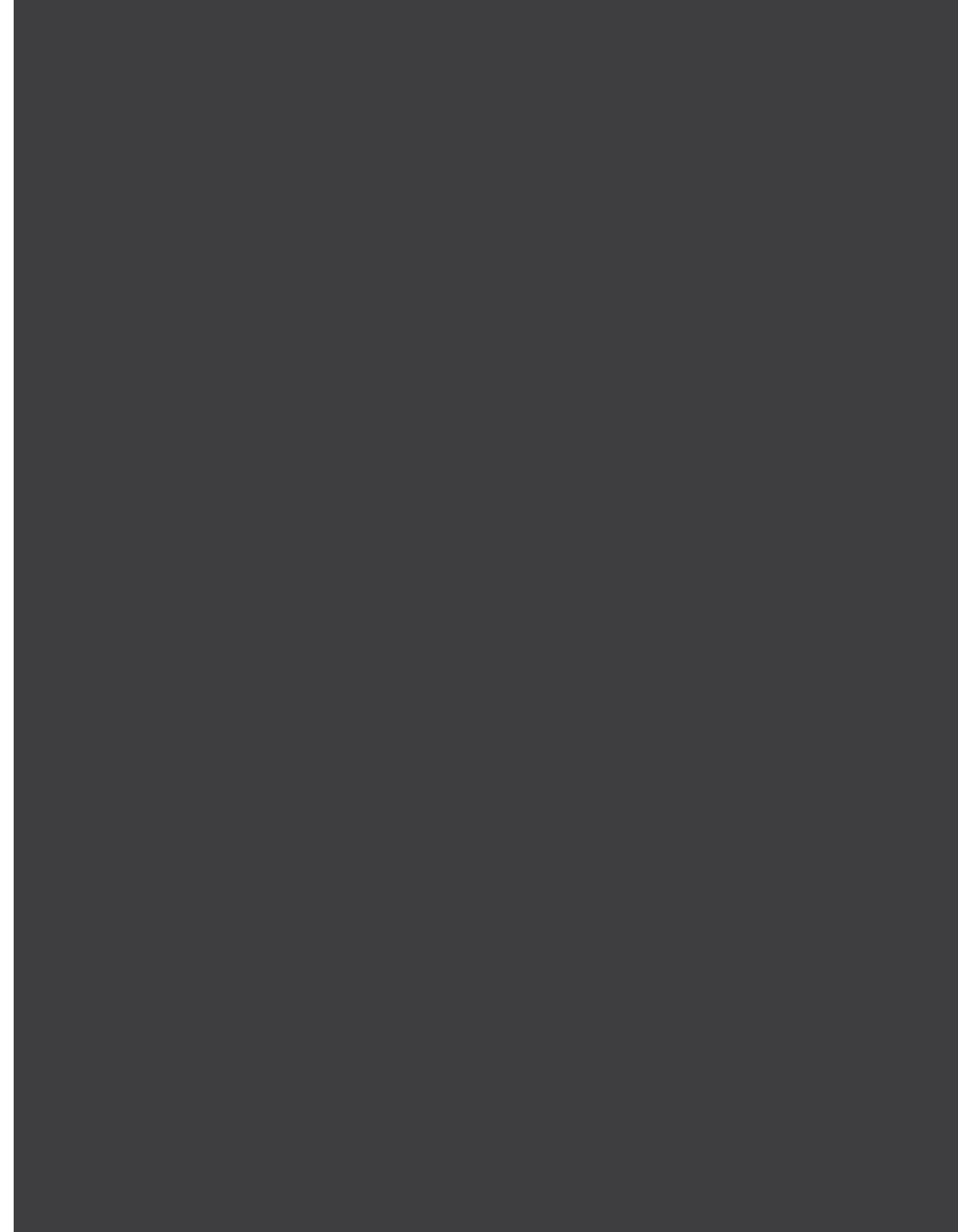
Before I could answer there was a flash of pain and all I could see was red. And I thought of the door, and the countryside, and the man I once loved and still did, and how my love had always poured out for him, as it did now, but he would never see it until this moment, and that I was sorry it had to be this way, but he had to know I loved him, and now he did.

“Oh Annie.” He sobbed. “I’m so sorry.”

I swear I could smell rotting lemons in a nearby dumpster.

It'll be a trek bringing your wood back. You've got one of those odd plots of land, a square on the side of the Rockies that no one else has had the willpower to wrestle with and make theirs. That's why you'll have all those buggy eyes staring at you from the road while you work; they're admiring the sweat on your brow and the power in your back. They all live in cookie cutter houses; the kind some developer snapped together like Legos in a matter of six months. Just wait until they see your house, and the gaudy spectacle you're gonna make out of their town. Keep that in mind when you look out at your land, and don't let the red clay and stone intimidate you. Men have been taming nature and bending it to their wills since the beginning, and you're smarter than they were; you have technology now.





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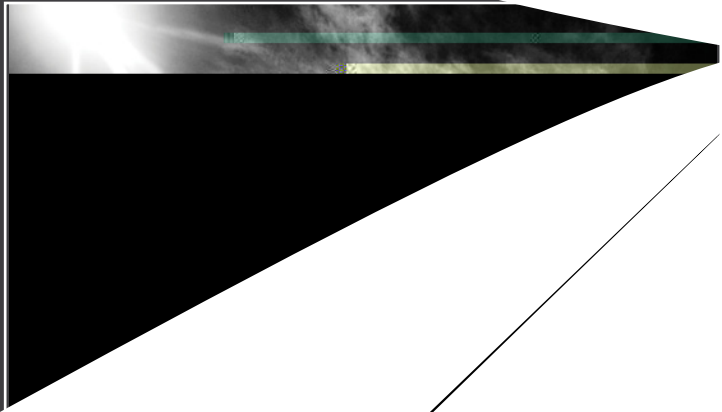
Second Place  
Student Visual Art:

Second Place  
Faculty, Staff, and Alumni Digital Art:  
Photography, "Where Eyes Settle on Beauty"  
by Dr. George Miller.

ART CATEGORY



AL ART CATEGORY



Third Place Student Visual  
Mixed Media, "Lullabye and Stay"  
by Alexander

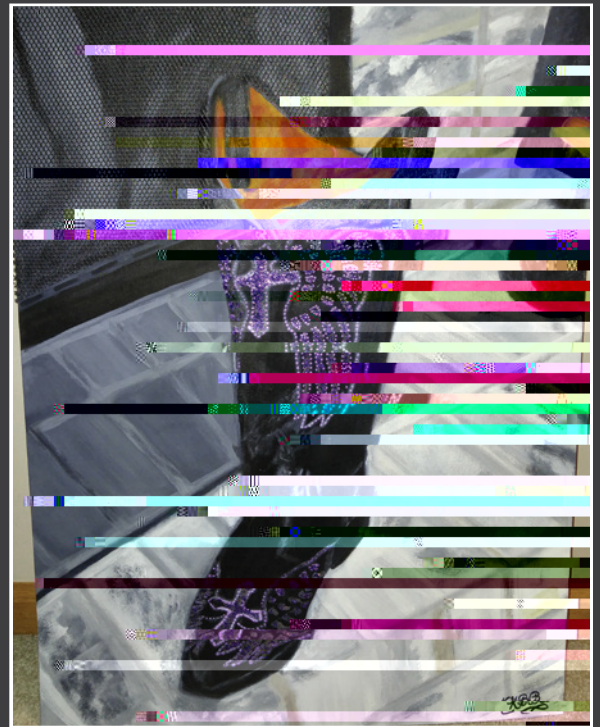
...ntion  
...igital Art:  
...aphy,  
...ntown Chicago"  
...y Dante Harrington.



## VISUAL ART CATEGORY



Honorable Mention  
Student Visual Art:  
Ink Print/Wood Type, "Defy"  
by Kendall Dale.



Honorable Mention  
Faculty, Staff, and Alumni Visual Art:  
Oil and Acrylic Painting, "Riding Boot by Fireplace"  
by Karen Gail Brant Burke.



Honorable Mention  
Student Visual Art:  
Acrylic Paint on Canvas, "Playtime"  
by Stacey Johnson.

sacri cing virgins to. Snow-pocalypse twenty sixteen; get your shovel ready. You'll nd yourself most nights catching



H\_o\_o\_ : M\_e\_l\_o  
"Pearly White"  
by  
Michael Cotter

Is there anything more magical than a wedding? A summer breeze surrounded the town of Boulder Hollow that wisped around the decorations and made the banner that said, "Congratulations Kathy & Melody," dance on its tether. Kathy and Melody, who went by Mel for short, exchanged their vows under an array of paper lanterns that spiraled in their blue and white majestic fashion. Almost everyone in our small town came together to show love and support of the sacrament Kathy and Mel were a part of.

The simple ceremony took place in the park, which was conveniently the heart of the town – complete with gazebo. Kathy and Mel were stunningly beautiful. Kathy wore a beautiful, crisp white button up shirt with a pale blue boutonniere, and Mel wore a gorgeous pure white summery dress that seemed to float her down the aisle upon her entrance. The ceremony itself was much shorter than I expected, especially considering the intense amount of work Kathy and I had been putting into it to make sure it went smoothly for Mel. Everything from music and decorations and flowers were up to Kathy and I to take care of, and I'd say we did an effective job, considering we made the entire park smell of fresh roses and honey.

In our planning, I suggested to Kathy that the reception should be more of a house crawl where her family and friends, all of whom lived within walking distance of one another and the park, could host segments of the reception.

This would not only save Kathy and Mel a lot of money, but it was something unique and untraditional, which is exactly what Kathy liked. I recruited Kathy's sister, Amy, and her husband, Will, to serve appetizers and drinks. Mel's best friend, Barbra, took on the dinner portion with assistance from her neighbors and her children, and around dusk, I would take on the closing portion of the evening with desert where the toasts and dancing would occur.

Before the ceremony, I had somehow managed to frame my six foot two body in a linen suit and matched it with a turquoise tie and smog grey oxford shirt. My hair was the color of fresh maple syrup and was doing that thing I particularly liked – meaning I was somehow effectively able to style it to look as close to the hair of a Disney prince but with the volume of RuPaul's.

At the ceremony, I met up with my friend Maddie, whom I had met through Kathy many years before while working for our local church. Maddie and I had grown very close through the years of working together building houses, going on retreats, and growing into the incredibly close friends we had become. Today, Maddie looked adorable in her warm, weather pink skirt and cream-colored top. After crying over Kathy and Mel's vows, Maddie and I had made a pact to stick together during the house crawl reception, that way neither of us would feel lost in the sea of gues(t)-16(s)(n)13(6d M(e -22(ug)-1)-22(l)-16(l)11(d)-18(i)-10(n)3(e c)4(c)-1(t)-34(y)-11(d f)1(e)-7(e)-4(lv5(u)-15(r)s v)9w0





F . . . P . . .  
 “The Blind Eye”  
 by  
 Sabrina Parr

Music ripped the church door open.  
 Electric words echoing songs.  
 The altar confesses little to the bedraggled  
 bride. Liquor blurs  
 the unclean sheets.

Criminal romance  
 beneath the theatre's  
 trees. Fingers pass beneath cloth,  
 piercing the body. Shadows cloud  
 the chamber, words  
 rasped old songs.

Drunk lady falls, pitches  
 the neglected body past the window.  
 Early morning coffee lights the burning  
 eyes. Ink word confessions ruin the heart.  
 Words reverberate songs in the closed church.

. . . P . . .  
 “Love Slam”  
 by  
 Sarah Elizabeth Ford

. . . . . slam,  
 body jamming body trap,

no tiptoe of teaking climax  
 cooing, “Hey, just relax, babe,”

no primrose scribbled muzzled prattle  
 ish kabibble, honeyed dribble,

no give and take take  
 of swears and scales and staples,

no pigment of possession  
 folding you into fatal phthalo blue.



Honorable Mention  
“Written in Bone” A Cento  
by  
Amanda Gieseler

Outside my clouded window—  
the chrysanthemums,  
this old melody  
that will not declare itself...

What beauty and bruise it plays,  
leave your shattered shadows by the door.  
You dream, half-life, half-lit,  
in dreams, I gave you eyes with a stop-less heart, cold, and dark.

I smile at the humming, as it thrums all around  
a palace of ribs, soothing the broken;  
dust-black feathers encased with skeletal legs  
dancing in such tender absences,

this city made me smile, even as others wept around me.  
Love to the very ended cloud filled eyes.  
Form a fist until your heart beats again  
you who always leans to one side...

Based on Poet's Works:

Hadara Bar-Navda: “Chrysanthemums,” “Lullaby,” “What Care the Dead for Day,” “Dust is the Only Secret,” “Palace,” “My  
Wife in all things,” and “Zombie”  
Spencer Reece: “Chrysanthemums”

H\_o\_n\_o\_r\_a\_b\_l\_e M\_e\_n\_t\_i\_o\_n  
“Snug Sundress”  
by  
Rachel Steele

the green sundress  
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H o o r M t o  
"Eulogy to Fallen Migrants"  
by  
Elizabeth Lopez

Eulogy to the hundreds of migrants who lose their lives each year in search of better ones.

Happiness, paradise, a family and health,  
You dreamed,  
You sought a future beyond the norm of bullet shells,  
For freedom in your own country you screamed,  
To go up north you wished, to bring your family well.

Desert: the heat, the thirst, so dry,  
    the beaming sun hits your backs,  
Hours turn to days,  
As your basic needs you carry in sacks,  
Gracias Don Enrique, the water was great,  
I'll try to make it last until the dawn breaks,

Night falls. Coyotes? A snake!  
Lights glare. Border Patrol,  
Just hide, don't stare!  
Hearts pound, wrists shake, you tried to gain control.

Minutemen, militias,  
You're dying and they don't care,  
My daughter, mi hijo, my wife,  
    they wonder. It isn't fair.

A broken family: your bodies they lay out of sight,  
Anti-immigrants pass you and stare,  
But your families, they hoped to hear from you every night.

Fast-forward: December 2015,  
Los Zetas, Los Narcos, you needed them but they're still there,  
Immigrants, no, they say "illegals,"  
Yeah... we're still not wanted here.  
    they've labeled you as aliens, yet you don't seem from outer space,  
    they claim that you're not legal, so you work at a faster pace.

As an American Citizen, to all of you I apologize,  
Yes, we are all human but not all think that's true,  
For refugees, Americans hesitate to call.  
Obama? He's a compassionate guy,  
But man this Donald Trump, he wants a "human-proof" wall,  
Eh, don't worry though, soon we'll get through it all.

As long as Pena Nieto rules, all hail the American Dream,  
As for Ayotzinapa, we're still in search of those missing 43,  
But until we meet again, next time in paradise,  
I promise. I promise I'll try to stop the cries.

Corruption. Oh corruption of those cops,  
But I swear, one day,  
One day, the loss of your great lives will lead to a stop.

F . . . P . . .  
"Teeth"  
by  
Michael Cotter

I spill rancid,  
Vile words  
Out of my mouth.

I tell half-truths,  
Half-lies,  
And entire myths.

Toxic speech  
Wisps through gaps  
Of insincere smiles

Polluting air,  
Rotting bone,  
Pushing teeth

Out into my palm,  
Forcing me to recognize  
The damage I have done.

. . . P . . .  
"Saturday Night and Sunday Morning"  
by  
Dr. Michael Cunningham

. . . . .

is joint is jumping, really jumping.  
ChickSatchmoFathaBillie  
DukeKingBessieDizzy.

the clarinet points toward the sawdust floor,  
the trombone glide gestures toward the booze on the shelf,  
the boozey trumpet challenges you, my friend, the interloper.

Sinewy high-yeller dancers in mauve slither,  
Manic eggplant-faced black musicians in emerald green gyrate,

e clothing palette's a bruise, an angry sky before the storm.  
e complexions as varied as the soils of the South.

e great migration delivered Lawrence's children  
To Harlem and Bronzeville and the Black Bottom.  
e broken, forlorn tribe, now unchained, found jive and jrl

His brain yells at his mouth to open,  
His hands to move, his ass to get out of a chair. But  
the message is slow to get there, like the food from  
An understaffed restaurant reaching the table.  
When I am at the circuit breaker turning off the  
Electricity in each room, I think of that disease  
Shutting down my brother, one body part at a



**F...P...**  
“Corn in Native American Literature and Mythology”  
by  
Ashley McCann

When I was 20-years-old, I haphazardly stumbled upon a book in my boyfriend's bedroom. The paperback, *American Folklore* by Neil Gaiman, was substantially seasoned, besieged with dog-eared pages, scribbles, and the binding was exhausted from being bent, twisted, and apparently occasionally chewed by my boyfriend's Labrador. I flicked forward a couple pages and sighted a quote inserted by Gaiman from Richard Dorson, an American folklorist. The inscription read, "One question that has always intrigued me is what happens to demonic beings when immigrants move from their homelands... When I asked why [the same demons] are not seen in America, my

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Secondly, in comparison, audiences can look to explorer and author John Smith for a similar acknowledgment. Since this account is written from the perspective of a European, not a Native American, we can assume that Dorson's assertion is at least tolerably true. Although John Smith did not run into the fields worshipping corn, he did specifically choose to identify and incorporate this element in his narrative,

corn for granted. The Tuscarora become very careless with the corn, and they live “without showing any respect for

and heroes, this allows for the hope of understanding and analyzing the true villains and heroes.

In creating the main characters in "Paradise Lost," Milton does not ignore the characteristics given from *Bible*, but he puts his own twist on them, allowing Satan to rise above them all. Adam remains an important role in *Bible*.

love everyone—even those who betray him. God in the Creation of Adam and Eve is described in the same way as depicted in, *Genesis 1:1-31*. He creates Adam in his image, which God takes his time with, and then makes Eve from one of the ribs of Adam. When God is done creating everything, *Genesis 1:31* describes God saying, “And God saw everything



(Pollock, 2014, p. 224).

Professionals in the Criminal Justice field are put in situations that require a lot of critical thinking and decision-making. Professionalism and ethics are two main elements that Criminal Justice professionals must always display

investigation is closed and that all the evidence that was needed for determining Michelle's death was gathered.

One particular person involved in the investigation that raised a lot of questions was Fredrick Hobin, the original Medical Examiner. Over the course of the two investigations, Fredrick Hobin changed the manner of Michelle's death three different times (suicide, homicide, suicide). How often is it that a Medical Examiner changes the manner of death three times let alone twice? Fredrick Hobin's uncertainty opened the door for yet another Medical Examiner to determine the manner of death for Michelle O'Connell. Predrag Bulic, the second Medical Examiner, tried explaining through the use of a diagram of Michelle's crime scene photos how she held the gun when she shot it. Predrag's diagram was proven to not match up or make any sense by professors from John Jay College of Criminal Justice.

Cases such as *A Deputy Sheriff's Alleged Murder* portray Criminal Justice professionals as unethical and unprofessional. Although Deputy Banks was never proven to be guilty of killing Michelle O'Connell, he also was never completely proven to be innocent in the correct form of investigation. The Florida Department of Law Enforcement (FDLE) reinvestigated the Deputy Banks case for a second time. The FDLE is the main agency that handles domestic cases involving a police officer in the state of Florida. The investigation was brief but did gain publicity from social media after all the facts of the first case were publicly released and open for citizens to read. If the FDLE were to have been in charge of initially investigating the death of Michelle O'Connell, it might have been possible that Deputy Banks could have been investigated differently and the O'Connell family would have been able to put in their side of the story as well. The loopholes surrounding the first investigation and the unfair treatment to the O'Connell family terminated any possible chance for Michelle's death to have been handled differently. As citizens of the United States view the case of Michelle O'Connell's death and how it was handled, it is clear that there are ethical and professional



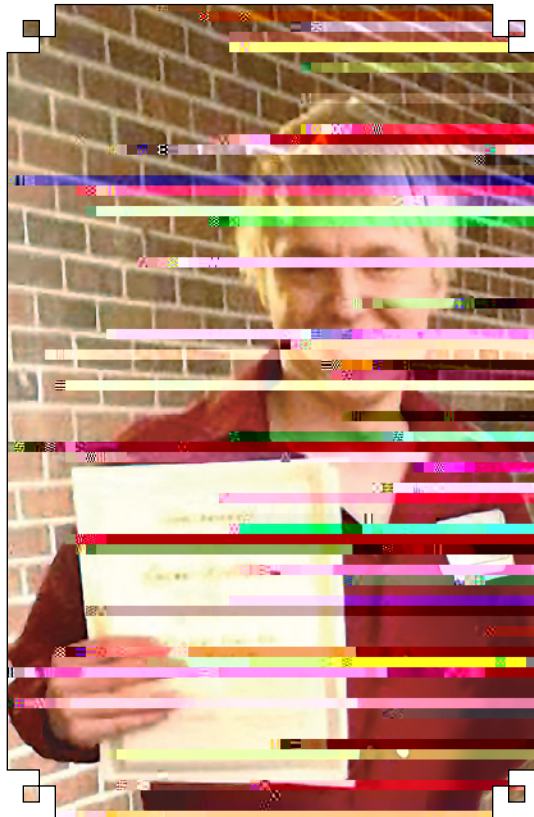


got something for you!” My Dad looked at the two with disbelief as I wondered to myself what the occasion was. Just recently, Lexi had taken a real estate job under my Dad, so naturally I figured it was some sort of thank you present. My Dad then lifted up something from the bag: a yellow candle with colorful decorations. This didn’t surprise me, given the fact that Lexi was always decorating things. If you even put a black and white paper in front of her, you could expect that she would put color on it; that was just her colorful personality. As my dad observed the heavy candle carefully, turning it over in his hands, he asked, “What?” while I quickly questioned, “What is it?” Lexi then grabbed the candle away from my Dad and placed it in front of me. I felt my whole body freeze up. The word “baby” covered the candle and stuck out like a single white cloud in a blue sky.

Peewee then said as he turned to my Dad, “You’re going to be a Grandpa!” My Dad’s eyes blossomed to red while tears began to fall down his face. I was still frozen in disbelief. The other people around us, unaware of what news we were just given, continued laughing and talking as they gobbled down their food. Hadn’t they felt the world stop? For the rest of the restaurant, they would be carrying on with the rest of their normal lives. As for us, everything would be different now. I looked at Peewee, gazing in his dark brown eyes, realizing what all of this meant. It seems like only yesterday that I looked at him as a bully, but now I was looking at him as a father to a new life. A new life that wasn’t even born, yet suddenly it changed everything. My stomach bubbled as the realization slowly sank in. It was then I started crying and reached over and began to squeeze Lexi, absentmindedly forgetting that she could possibly be fragile. My thoughts spoke loudly in my head, making it impossible to get anything out but sobs. I looked at Peewee, speaking to him only with my thoughts.

I M...  
L...B...

September 23, 1990-September 24, 2015



Lucas attended Lewis University from the fall of 2009 to the spring of 2013. He was an English major, and he minored in Philosophy and Film Studies. He graduated on May 9, 2013 with honors. His award winning fiction and poetry are featured in the 2010 and 2015 *Windows Magazine*, located online at [www.lewisu.edu/windowsmag](http://www.lewisu.edu/windowsmag). Also, he was an editor of *Windows Magazine*, a highly esteemed annual fine arts magazine edited by students, and some of his poetry was featured in this international journal.

