

ARTS & THE
ENVIRONMENT



THE
LANTHORN

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ARTS & THE ENVIRONMENT EDITION

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The Skipping Stone

by Michael Hardy

A smooth stone lay on the bank of a stream;
A rocky shore on which such pebbles teem;
The crunching step from a foot in lumber,
Wakes the stone from its thousand year slumber;
With the grasp of a hand and flick of wrist,
Three skips 'til now on the creek bed it sits;
To be kicked by currents and thrown to shore;
To rest there for one millennium more.

This is the Thaw

by Kimberly Logee

The warm air breaths life into the frozen
ground,
just as it breaths life into me,
and this must be how Adam felt,
to be dust breathed into by God.

Shenendoah

by Judith Marklin

Just a couple steps further,
under interwoven sky of green
dapples of light
mirroring bits of purity
in my soul.

Just down to the stream,
over buds of precious summer,
life smeared upon every
branch
leaf
stone.

Those stones are baptized in life.
In the coolness of it, refreshing,
clarity showing through
as the mud is washed away.

Just down to the tree on the bank
take a seat on the wise old skin
of this aged life,
bits of moss like mold on
the bleu cheese my father loves so much.

Feel as this tree supports,
bending to the curve of your body.
Rigid, stable to hold you above the water
but giving in all the right places.

Listen to the flow of life
over stones and pebbles
carving new paths where needed,
engulfing rocks where the old trails work,
little bumps in the water,
and then on it goes,
refreshing,
mind and soul.

Touch the sacredness
painted on every living thing,
hear the songs of this
stream,
those branches,
that wind –
listen to the melody,
notes plucked
like a spider-web harp,
chords molding with Creation
until the noise
is deafening,
engulfing you in life,
like water over stones
this song polishes
jagged heart places,
fills the God-shaped void inside.

And like water over stones,
it is cold, rushing,
makes your muscles gasp for breath,
makes your body start,
come alive.

This hollow –
molded to my breath,
to the curves of my body –
seems too perfect to leave.

But that's how blessings are,
my child,
too sweet and too short,
but it wouldn't be called a
blessing if it happened
all the time.

So breath deep,
fresh air of life,
remember that bark against your skin,
that babbling in your ear,
that singing in your soul,
and like water over stones,
move on.

But, like water over stones
the moment flows so quickly.
And like water over stones,
smear yourself in sacredness,
so the touch of that stone
lingers.

Abscence

by Michael Carpenter

There once was a tree standing there
Rain or shine, the tree didn't care
The sun made it glow
It loved wearing snow
But
Now snow and light fall through the air

The Good Earth

by Judith Marklin

i wonder

if the good earth feels the
weight of our footsteps

is it comforting –

like the smooth stone that
molds to the crook of my palm?

or is it a painful burden –

like that moment when the child
has grown and the once-small footsteps on your back
take the wind out of you?

i pray

that i may love like Creation
ever welcoming, ever radiant, ever good
ever whole.

Honest

by Elizabeth Modesto

Glistening, his eyes spoke.
Kindness had never been so clear
There was a sadness there though,
An aged fatigue that comes with the burden of wisdom
Might one somehow fall into the dark sky of his eyes,
They may not ever escape the harsh memories tattooed on his
lens,
Mother of pearl to the soul

The sky of his eyes turned down,
As if to immerse themselves in the salty ocean they could never
indeed touch
Here,
Maybe here, downcast as his eyes were
The stars, in their constellation, would dance
Unwilling to dim

Might her eyes then be the ocean,
Salty with the tears of her ancestors
Deep with contemplation
Might they resound his kindness
Yet thrive in the viscosity of life
In the stark contrast and yet undeniable similarity of sky and sea
As sky and sea, might his eyes and hers be forever enthralled with
the other
Her eyes turned up to the kindest of heights
And his turned down to the most honest of depths

Tulip

by Hope Mckeever

The gardener knows what to expect,
But I, the frail observer,
Perplexed by beauty,
Find the blooming a shock
And undeserved delight.

Braided Rivers

by Judith Marklin

I want my life to be a
braided river.
The smooth curves etched into my skin
as the experiences wear away
at the glacier-tossed pebbles.

I want to be able to spread
out my story like a map to the passerby
slowly tracing my finger along the
worn paths I've taken.

A network of shimmering veins
stretched to the open sky
so that the only clear view
is from above.

Silver threads weave into one
highlighting the influence at each turn
pouring into the one
so that the river could
not exist without these
roots.

Orange Earth

by Essie Fenstermacher

Living globe
So near-perfect
Nourish us.

Sectioned
Peeled of glory
We divide.

Unfairly shared
Amid argument
We trample
You.

Home

by Elizabeth Modesto

I will stand tall –
As long as my feet are on the ground
If indeed I cannot stand
I will crawl
Knees to the earth
Eyes on the dirt
And I'll recall home
My body will ache
Not of weariness
But from longing
To return



Thank you to all the Lanthorn Reader's who helped rate and compile these works! Your efforts are greatly appreciated, this publication would not be possible without you!

We encourage you to check out the Lanthorn's new website for additional works that were not printed due to size constraints.

www.thelanthorn.com