



the Lanthorn

“fruits of labor”

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from the editors

dear readers,

in the files where i keep all my poetry, there is a document titled, “unfinished lines.” every week or so i add a few lines and go back to revise what i wrote before. oftentimes i need to ruminate, let the words sit still - then i return and they take on new meanings, form new poems. i have grown into a different person by the time i leave and come back. this is one of the most beautiful parts of life. because the world is shifting around us and we are always-changing, always-growing people, we do not step into the same river twice. we do not read the same words twice.

the growing process requires a great deal from us. it demands discomfort and exhaustion and understanding and repairing. but that tension of growth is necessary for us to move forward - we learn to be content despite hardship, instead of learning to settle.

as a staff we decided on this theme of growth because we saw the beautiful results of growth happening in and around us. i hope you see those beautiful things too. i hope that if you are amidst the growing pains, you are learning how to be content. i hope the growing teaches but does not overwhelm you. i hope you never step into the same river twice.

blessings,
Genevieve

p.s.

here's the unfinished line that inspired this letter:

it is enough to know
that i have more today than i had yesterday,
that hopeful moments last longer than hateful ones.



“Masumbo (Water flowing over the rocks)”

Maggie Clune

I grounded my feet
In the African dirt,
The unknown earth
Keeping me from my past,
Allowing me in the present.

I was set loose
To run along the rocks,
I was free—

To find place
And let the wilderness take over,
To walk among my mistakes
And let the breeze call my name.

The sojourner within called out in response,
But I let the water take me.
See it, flowing over the rocks,
Giving wildness new meaning.

The current sweeps me off my feet—
I fight, afraid of the future that calls.
The waters wear me down,
Forming me into the African mud,
Sculpting strength, courage,
Creating new life within me.

I ride the current, into destiny,
Not afraid. Not destroyed.
Beautifully healed.
Joyfully free.

“Faded”
Abigail Reeth

Something inside my soul withered away,
When I left home impatient to be free,
I must be grown yet this feels like decay.

With spunky pride I sailed off, no delay,
Abandoning my roots, trailing debris,
Something inside my soul withered away.

Rejecting all the old realms of my play,
I fled the nurture of my family,
I must be grown yet this feels like decay.

Transplanted I discovered with dismay,
Not thinking there'd be pain in memory,
Something inside my soul withered away

And left a wasteland where my joy once lay,
The lonesome price for my autonomy,
I must be grown yet this feels like decay.

Faded inside I raise my heart to pray,
Can a new spirit blossom within me?
Something inside my soul withered away,
I must be grown yet this—feels like decay.

Trench
Tyger Doell

I've made it out of the trench
Which I've dug
With my own two hands.

My mind has been the shovel
And the executioner,
Pushing me down
Into the hole.

But one thing I didn't count on:
I climbed out.

Now I'm walking,
Stumbling a bit,
But walking all the same
Away from my trench
And away from the me
Who is buried there.

When I hunger or thirst
Or grow tired,
I will remember not
To go back to my trench,
To that God-forsaken hole;
For dissatisfaction
Proves I'm alive.



“Redemption”

Theresa Patnala

I'm still angry,
I'm still hurt.
But if you ever knock on my door,
I'll let you in &
Serve you some tea.

I'm still broken,
There are words left unspoken.
But if you are cold
I'll run to you with a coat.

I still have questions,
I'm waiting for your confessions.
But if you are ever sick,
I'll sit by your bed all night &
Read you psalms & poetry.

I still hurt
I still grieve
But if you ever remember me - your daughter,
My door is open &
My heart is getting there.



“Common Phrases”

Emily Allen

They say,

“Home is where the heart is.”

I guess maybe I struggle with this saying because I've moved a lot,
But really it's more that I care about different things and different people than I
did in my past

and yet it's the people in my past who have made me into who I am:

one big conglomeration

of memories, mostly

now manifest in personality quirks, big dreams

and a sentimentality that drives more of my decisions than I like
to admit

They say,

“You can't go home again.”

I know. I know things have changed, myself included.

But one of the main things I hate is how whoever is nearby is who I befriend and
who becomes important to me
and then this becomes home because I'm different and so my old home is different
but technically it's still home

Too many nights up late pondering these things, and my only conclusion is
an unanswered question:

They say, “Home is where the heart is,” but what if my heart is in a million
places?

Take a penny, leave a penny.
One foot in and one foot out.
Neither here nor there.

“Smoking Rain”

Tyger Doell

I’ve given up
On my childhood,
For it is filled
With smoking rain.

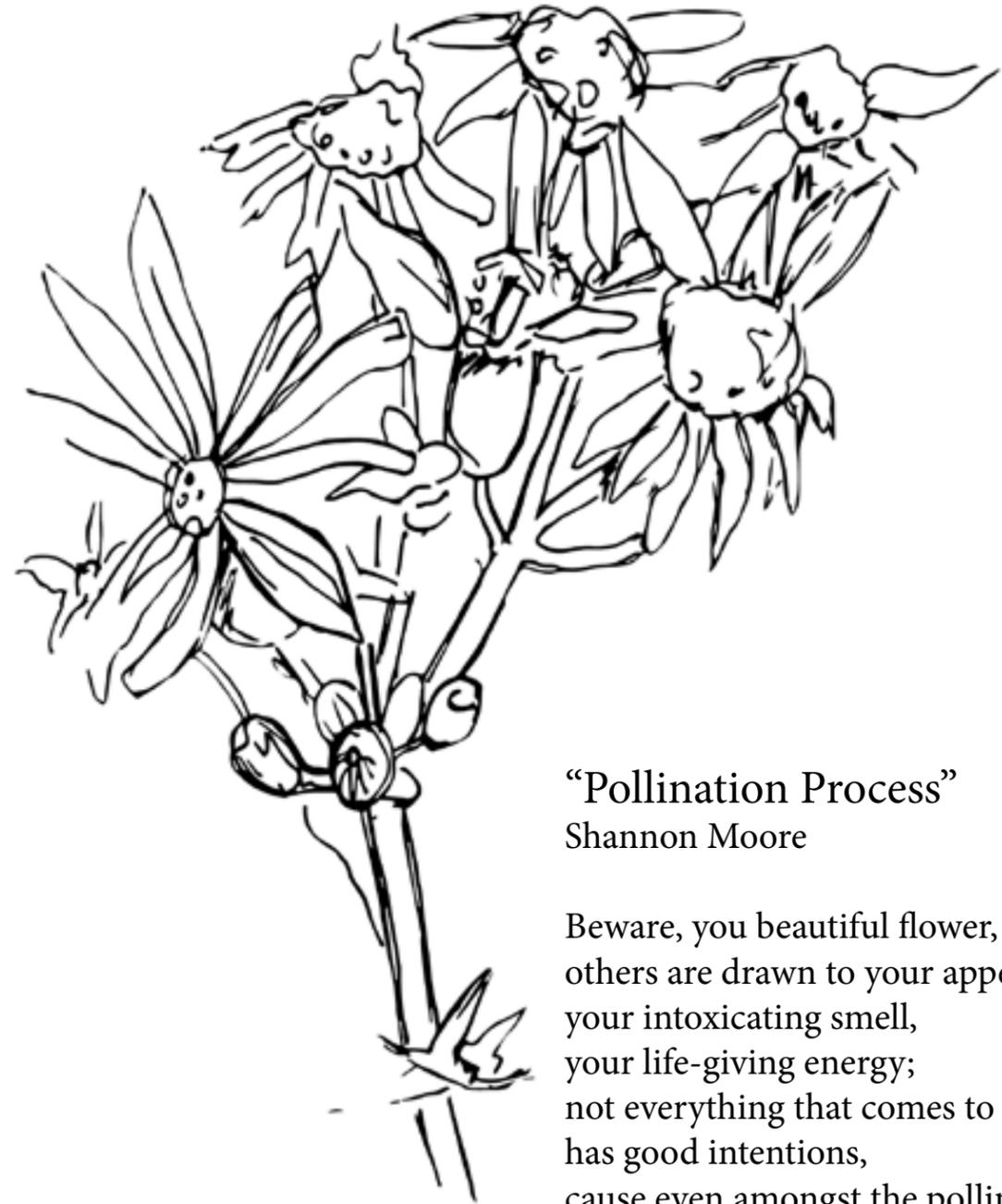
But then,
As I was watching
The spectacle
With a blaze
In my eyes,
A speck came down
And burned me.

I was not immune,
Like I had thought,
To the smoking rain
Which I had loved.

Rain that was meant
To nourish,
To grow,
But it now
Only served to
Destroy.

When I was young,
I would bask
In the rain showers
Of fire and brimstone
For I knew they
Would not touch me.

My relationship
With the rain
Has changed now;
It still nourishes me,
But I have learned
To be more careful,
And not to touch
What is burning.



“Pollination Process”

Shannon Moore

Beware, you beautiful flower,
others are drawn to your appearance,
your intoxicating smell,
your life-giving energy;
not everything that comes to you
has good intentions,
cause even amongst the pollinators,
the butterflies and the bees,
there will be thieves,
the flies and the wasps
that will steal your nectar
and eat your petals
all in the name of
“I’m doing this because I care about you.”

“Nick’s Wedding”

Grace Sommons

“If any of you have a reason why these two should not wed speak now or forever hold your peace,” the minister started the ceremony as everyone settled in. But there was something different this time: the pause was elongated to a dramatic degree.

This moment haunts me now when I think of my cousin’s wedding. What thoughts were spinning around the cheerily decorated sanctuary during that ominous pause?

He’s too young to get married, only twenty.

What does he see in her? She is quiet and not spectacularly beautiful.

Am I really ready to get married to this man? How well do I really know him? How well do I really know myself?

I wonder why the pastor is taking so long to move on? I’m ready to marry the heck out of this woman.

The atmosphere seemed heavy with tension, with suspicions left unvoiced, with secret desires of seeing some drama unfold. Wouldn’t it have been a great story to tell if someone did stand up and object? Or better yet, what if I was the one to object? I caught myself from going too far and pulled my mind back into the world of alert consciousness. I wondered if I was the only one who wanted something startlingly extraordinary to happen in that moment.

Finally, the pastor moved on with the rest of his script and Nick, ever the jokester, pretended to wipe his brow in relief. Little did he know that his wife would one day let go of the peace she vowed to hold.



“Thoughts”

Jonathan Durbin

I was born without any pockets
Now I cling to them tightly
Some day I’ll not need them.

The moment a tree dies
Is when another is planted
But a seed must mourn
Before it can seize the sky.

In the quiet of dew-soaked morning
Birds frantically call to each other
But it sounds like singing to me.

“Rest”

Christopher Cilento

The day was early. Tendrils of fog carpeted the forest, reminders of a cool evening and the promise of a warm day. I sat down to rest my spirit. The longer I sat the more I became one with the sounds around me. The rushing of the waterfall faded as the songs of birds filtered through the trees. I was still and the world was alive around me. A bullfrog croaked his mating song as a spider spun her web, the morning dew clinging to the silk. Softly, the trees whispered to me. A language unknown to human ears but full of knowledge and wisdom. I leaned my tired head against an ancient oak and it whispered its name to me. Its secret wisdom flowed through my soul and lulled me into a long sought after peace. My soul rested.

“Cesarean”
Deven Blowers

Accepting a Father, I was born
And when I spoke, "I will"
I pulled away from my mother.

I was not an easy egg.
Growing large and uneven, I made her vomit
She spilled her stomach in confession before her maker.

She loved egg-rolls and oranges,
And I inherit this communion, taking it for myself
Bound to mirror the steps of a creator.

On my name day,
She pained to let me leave,
But I was not born, that came later.

Asleep she missed my kidnapping,
But she watches me leave her empty nest.
Holding on, she lets go as I follow my father,

But I also follow her.

“Uncoordinated thoughts of a hungry student”
Shannon Moore

Bright wrappers of
red, purple, green,
replace meals that
have been left uneaten.



“Fluorescent Light”
Jared Hobson

I'm laying on the bedroom floor
my fever's spiked again.
Been thinking about these next few days,
feels like they'll never end.
Why does my reflection change
with every flicker of fluorescent light?
I see joy, power, anguish, rage,
And hope - a welcome sight.
Lose the clothes from my body,
I'll baptize myself at 3AM.
I'm ready to be born anew.
Let the next chapter now begin.



“On Growth”

KyAsia Blanchard

When your skin
Is the color of the earth
Growth comes naturally.
And in this time,
my skin accepts
my growth,
my journey,
my love
For this earth colored skin.



“Explore”

Nico Seddio

The mountains, they call for adventure
The mists whisper to be sought
The clouds, they sunder, lead forward in wonder
The stars, the wishes they've caught

“New Start”

Madelyn Bailey

She analyzed her future
Pondered her thoughts
Imagination overwhelmed her
She inhaled the rain
Exhaled remorse
Absorbed passion and desire
Removed anxiety and fear

Ready...

To fulfill her greatest potential

“Ready For Fall”

Jonathan Durbin

Soon the flowers give up growing
Time will start slowing
Our eyes reflecting, knowing
Soon I'll be going.

“Untitled”

Theresa Patnala

the prayers we leave in broken
dreams and unfinished poetry
do get answered.

keep an eye out for them

“seasonal changes”

Genevieve Hartman

i do not need you to agree with me.
i ask that you listen with grace, that you
remember summer in times of winter
and rain in times of crackling heat.

each season comes at last.
they linger as they are needed,
making the rivers flood and then dry up,
making leaves color, fall and grow again.
each season goes at last.

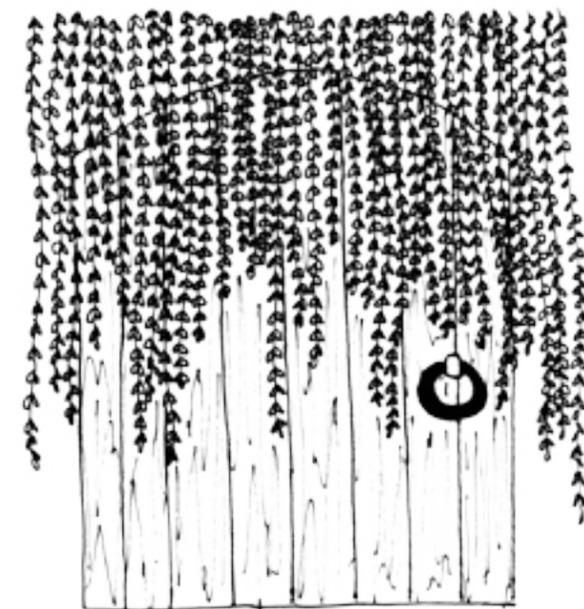
there are sweltering days we wish for snow
and cold nights when we long for sunlight.
we do not like the choices ahead but
learn to accept uncomfortable things.

the change will be good when it comes.
we suffer until we do not.

“Melancholy”

Shannon Moore

There is a strange, overwhelming feeling that overcomes me everytime I return home after spending the long winter months away at school, arriving at the same spot that I grew up in, as if I were a migratory bird nesting for the summer. There is nothing inherently wrong, nothing has changed— but that’s what’s wrong, isn’t it? The house has begun to haunt you, memories of yesterday haunt your thoughts of today and your mind begins to wander. Discarded bags look like family pets of the past at a glance. The smell of chlorine of your drying swimsuits bring back memories of when you and your brothers used to arrive home together from swimming at the local pool. The rumble of thunder makes you want to sit and dangle your legs out the back door into the pouring rain, watching as the thirsty earth drinks until it can no more, the sky crackling and lighting up with approval. Inside, your mother continues to diligently cook dinner and your father listens to his radio program, both oblivious to you becoming soaked by rain blowing sideways. Children laughing outside make you wonder where the children who had laughed inside went. Like the tides of the ocean, clutter has receded and grown. The house has changed— hasn’t it? Yet, somehow it is still the same, just like you. I haunt the house, I am its banshee, and even though times have changed, I can never quite let go.



“Untitled”

By Theresa Patnala

Maybe grace is
the quiet mist that
settles on the ground, before the sun rises.

Maybe grace is
the wind that
brings words and poems
to my weary heart.

Maybe grace is
the small smile
we give to a stranger
on the footpath.

Maybe grace is
the hug we share
with the grieving.

Maybe grace is the magic
we've been looking for
all along.



“Fork in the Road”

Garrett Martin

There is a fork in the road,
Two paths, two choices,
Which shall I take?
Left or right?
Oh, I do not know,
The left seems promising,
All my hopes, dreams, and desires will be satisfied,
But the right,
The path of happiness and contentment is alluring,
Do I choose ambition or adequacy?
Maybe I should stop to think,
But I must not be long,
For Destiny is calling, wondering what time I will be home.

Jared Hobson

“I’ve Been on the Road a Lot Lately,”
and there’s some things I’ve come to learn:
Hold tight to your loved ones and
let go of the ones who won’t hold onto you.
Sing and dance when everyone’s looking
and don’t stop when you’re all alone.
I’ve learned that there is freedom in vulnerability,
and hope around every corner.
So when we find ourselves in the midst of
trials and traffic, we know not to worry
because for as much pain
as we always seem to face,
sunrises still take our breath away
and remind us of God’s grace.

thank you

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