

the lanthorn

“looking both ways”



edited by
Rachel Zimmerman
and Genevieve Hartman

cover art and illustrations by
Genevieve Hartman
Rachel Zimmerman
Chenoa Berg

From the editors

“Tomorrow is a new day with no mistakes in it yet.”

- Anne of Green Gables

“You say goodbye, I say hello.”

- The Beatles

It’s easy to contemplate the past and future in December and January, at the intersection of years. It combines the bittersweetness of goodbye with the optimism of a fresh start, all that has happened and all that you hope for.

And in February and March, the snow falls and melts and falls again, and the year is not quite halfway, but the new beginning feels far away.

But the only time for remembering is not December.

It can be a good and helpful thing to pause and dwell on the past apart from a beginning or ending, breathe deeply, and look forward.

On this February or March day, whether the snow is falling or melting, take a moment to look both ways.

With love,
Rachel and Gena

“Compensation”

Shannon Moore

Every time the door goes
Swinging,

Flying,

Bursting,

Flinging,

Open,

I imagine that I hear your footsteps

Either slowly or quickly

Closing the distance

To where I sit

Destitute and forlorn.

My heart quickens-

It must be you!

The voice that speaks-

It sounds like yours!

My mood begins to elevate-

Then it stops.

It's not you.

You would have come to me by now.

The voice no longer sounds like yours.

The footsteps,

Foreign and strange.

So I content myself with a compensatory thought.

You'll be back soon.

I know it.

I'll just patiently wait a little longer.

A little longer.

A little longer.

Longer.

“preparing for winter”

Genevieve Hartman

*for my grandmothers,
the ones that i was born to and
the ones that have adopted me.*

i am sorry that sometimes i am waiting
for you to leave, for death and old age
to take your hands in one last marriage.
i am missing pieces of you now, little

memories that have fallen under the
unvacuumed rug, behind the couch.
we'll have to dig them out or they'll
be lost forever. sometimes we cannot return

to the past. but sometimes we do: after spring,
we lay aside our cleaning rags and sit silent
to reminisce. what memories we unearth when
we are still and holding together, bowed heads and

held hands. your gentle voice lulls me now. it is
soft and storied, filled with quiet years of joy. but some
winter day the memory of that dear voice will fall, too,
behind the couch, and we will mourn the loss.

“First Call in a Series of Many”

Joe Miner

A love that sunsets
new seasons of context
I'm sorry I can't be
the ring you desired.

A closed-ended question
like a rifle to my temple
Awkward conversations
at 9:58

Will sunsets have saved us
from meaningless conversations?
Will the Killers have provided
the soundtrack to our murders?

Will silence sever ties
3 years in the making?
Will our lives reset
Eastern Standard?

“You Forgot to Call”

Joe Miner

These eyes are frozen
over-
Numb
to your inaction
No longer shall I
Grieve

When your walkie loses
service



“My devious left hand”

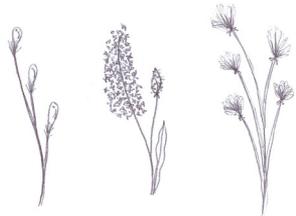
Julia Chamberlain

My left hand spills the
table salt
And then goes for the
water glass
Seeping onto the
softened ground.
The devious move in revenge
to the right hand that shook yours.

“Dissociate”

Deven Blowers

Take the new, make it old
Put it in the past—pass it on.
This family photo
—Artifact to my youth—
Hangs on my wall,
But I won't turn its way.
For of its contents,
a young boy,
With dry, cracked hands,
En route—growing up too fast.
So the frame, it cracks
The nail, it breaks.
Shattered glass, a broken shell.
Giants fall so loudly.
But I shed no tears nor break more glass,
It's in the back room,
I'm in front.



“Church”
Sam Yuly

The stocky boy with the jeans and the blue and black striped shirt
sits behind me during worship
Cross-legged on the chair
the only person in the church who protests
the down-time between songs, God bless him
He grabbed my sister’s hair last week
Pulled her all the way to the ground, with an chilling grin on his
misshapen face
My family just sat by and watched as the boy’s parents pried his
fingers apart
Apologizing repeatedly
Their eyes met with an “I told you so”
My parents were in too much shock to notice
“That boy is a bully” my sister said, “can we switch seats?”
“No” said my mother, “that would be rude”
My sister sighs and swings her hair again over the back of the seat
It’s only a matter of time.



“Spring in England”
Rachel Zimmerman

Why are songs of England so sad? They seem to stretch across the Atlantic Ocean in sheer achingness, as if in the effort of crossing they have grown old and changed on the journey. And on the shore, they waft, clouds of mist and longing, clinging to your clothes and hair long after you’ve listened and searched for brighter things.

You would think that even in Brighton, the sun never shines.

That England lies in an eternal late autumn, when the trees have shed their brightness and the rain has yet to turn to snow.

Who visited England in February, and wrote a song? Who walked the streets of London and hesitated to open the enormous black umbrella, because of the mist that does not fall but hangs like a curtain? Who felt the damp chill crawl up their coat like a shivering spider and nestle there? Who wandered between eras, creased and folded like careless corduroy?

They must have left before March. They must have crossed the Atlantic with mist clinging to their coat and hair, evaporating in the bold heat of sunrises of somewhere else. They shed the coat because it’s warm, and the mildness of the breeze is like a familiar friend. They marvel at elbows and knees.

England is somewhere else now. And what is more captivating than elsewhere? A place of heavy black umbrellas, drizzle, wintery windows, medieval shadows, and yesterday.



“The Willow of 103 Richmond Street”

Shannon Moore

In the spreading willow branches
I find myself swinging into the clouds,
Grabbing onto its long, tendrils and spiraling myself
Down,

Down,

Down,

Down.

Leaving those budding branches of life
Reaching into open air and crashing onto the ground
Sending uprooted dirt into the air
Like a less flashy, more dramatic, Fourth of July
Splintering, pushing and breaking all the objects
That came in between the re-established relationship
That I and the earth had rekindled.
Such was the death of the 43 year old Willow tree
That my father planted upon attaining this house.

“Untitled”

Theresa Patnala

beauty was revealed
in the absence of colour
when everything was stripped away
into transparency;
the cotton white snow
rested on my brokenness

washing my past clean.

i am free

“1939 Guangdong Province”

Shannon Moore

I wonder what she felt
When she was dragged out
Of the family house
Into the dense jungle behind it
The aching, hot sun above her

I wonder if she heard
The rumors before the
Rovers came rolling into the village
The odd accent
With which the translator spoke

I wonder if she could smell
The fear, confusion and hope
In the sweat rolling
Off her mother's body
Mixing into the wet soil

I wonder if she could see
What happened next
Her neighbor stepping out
Into that hot midday sun
Into merciless gunfire

I wonder if she could taste
The screams of her village
The blood and flames in the air
As it was annihilated
And the others could only
Cower and pray in horror
To Buddha or God
Hoping that that the jungle
Would provide itself a sanctuary
From their invaders

I wonder what she understood
I wonder what it did to her
I wonder how it affected her
Afterall,
My PoPo was only 6 years old

“genevieve”

Genevieve Hartman

for bob and anne, in memory of their genevieve.

a funeral candle and a few time-loved
pictures are the tangible pieces of your
daughter that you have left to hold onto.
her children are scattered far from you -
i can see you miss them, miss her.

i stayed in her room last night, laid in
her empty bed. i looked at her picture,
touched the wax memories of her, felt a
deepening ache for you, though we've
only met today.

i wonder if you ever sit on her bed,
light that candle and just remember -
her crinkle-eyed laughter, the way you
clutched her close when cancer entered
your family vocabulary, her smile at her
wedding, her husband's tear-streaked
face beside her grave.

four years don't heal the hurt of a lifetime
lost, but i'm glad i could know you for a
day - that i could hear you say, "it's good
to have a genevieve in the house again,"
though you can't bring yourself to call me
that pain-filled name.





“Untitled”

Jonathan Durbin

Two lovers
Fixed in a painting

Trapped in a frame
Beauty never to fade

Caught before a kiss
Each other, never to miss

The canvas may be cold
Their eyes remain warm, story untold

Into their lives I gaze like a portal
Beautiful, pure, love immortal

“The Moment”

Alama Paris

I ran
The black sand burned and enveloped my feet
I ran
The ocean waves hit me as the sun lowered
I ran
The shape swam next to me as a deep, instinc-
tual fear gripped me
I ran
Back to the pipa tree, as far away as I was able
to go
I walked
Slowly back, I didn't want to leave on these
terms, like the ocean was sentient being,
I wanted reconciliation
I stepped back in
Slowly, slowly, I let the foam hit my ankles and
the tide guide my path
I let go
The slow strokes of the water wrapped their
arms around me, I felt weightless, safe,
free

I was alone
The ocean held me and it was only myself and
God, nothing could hurt me,
everything was still

“Kindergarten”

Tyger Doell

I can remember once
Sitting back in my carpet square
As a teacher told her room
Full of seven year olds
That the key to success
Was treating others the way
You want to be treated.

Was she mistaken?

It seems she was.
For now, years later,
I look at the world
Which once awed me
With terrible horror.

Millionaires do not share their cookies,
Politicians do not ask politely
When they want a turn.
Celebrities do not keep
Their hands to themselves,
And family members do not give you
Five compliments for every insult.

If only we had all
Paid better attention
In kindergarten.

“high school graduation”

Alyssa Rogan

in our gowns and caps,
classmates laughed
and tassels danced.
as time lapsed,
i passed last glances
at my circumstances.

four years later
and the fight
was over,
the strife
was shouldered.

i was four years older
but four years colder.

“Memory”
Tyger Doell

The snow pulls at our feet
As we wade through this dark
And frozen graveyard.

These tombstones,
Like my memories of you,
Are buried under snow,
And no matter how long I dig,
I will never uncover you
Completely.

We trudge by,
Names peeking up
Trying to be remembered
Through the winter of our minds.
But they, the Smiths, the Marriots,
The ones we knew
Will not walk forward with us.
They will stay here,
Stone cold, stone still,
And stone dead,
While we are forced
To march on.



We finally reach you,
Nothing more now than a name
Etched in a rock.

We dig the snow away,
Prop up a decorated wreath,
And shed our tears for you.

But we cannot stay for long.

It is cold,
And until we are stone like you,
We must continue on.

So as we walk away,
I look back to see
The snow and wind
Cover you up once more.

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