



the lanthorn

“breathing out”

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from the editors:

"My work is loving the world."
- Mary Oliver, *Messenger*

Dear Readers,

Thank you for taking the time to pick up our final issue of *The Lanthorn* for this semester. In this edition, your fellow students have shared deep and vulnerable perspectives, both surrounding Take Back the Night topics and about life in general.

It's that point in the semester where everyone is tired and ready for the academics to end, but we'd encourage you to continue listening with love and grace to the voices surrounding you. Find more ways to reach out to people and to push against the oppressions that are a part of our world. And be sure to take care of yourselves.

Live with the hope of the coming spring.

Your editors,
Gena and Rachel

**Please note that some of the following poems contain explicit references to sexual abuse and depression.*

“Untitled”
Christopher Danner

I'll wake up again and breathe out.
It was cereal today and
yesterday it was just coffee.
They tell me I don't eat enough.

Dozed off on the couch I dream that
I'll wake up again and breathe out,
And I do, I missed the morning
Just like yesterday. I'm so tired.

A short walk in the sun is enough
To tire anyone out, right?
I'll wake up again and breathe out,
Wait, did I fall asleep again?

Does anyone know what I did
Today? I can't remember it.
Maybe tomorrow, well, maybe
I'll wake up again and breathe out

“Direct Examination”

Deven Blowers

You ask of this memory,
As I take the stand and say,
“I rest in shadowed rooms lying in my bed,
I feel a separate hand reach into me.

Taking me,
She crushes everything, leaving nothing
Trampling, tearing and stealing.
Pulling me towards depths to dig as she.”

What do I haul?
“I live to stray reflections
Afraid of seeing her
Or a hand akin—that her print remained.

What I lost back then
Is missing today
avoiding the image
Of that hand regaining

Its grip on my gut
Tinting my view
Shadowing the room
Taking me to ground.”

“She Takes Long Showers” **Shannon Moore**

She takes long showers,
Not because she needs to clean
Or that she takes her time,
But because it's the only time
That her cold skin ever warms up;
Her frozen heart pumps with life.
Only then does she feel
Like nothing ever happened to her.
She can even pretend
That when she steps out
She won't feel the shame
Cling to her skin again.
Then she would be fine—
She would never be fine,
Ever again.

“untitled” **Theresa Patnala**

soon his
presents became leashes,
and concerns brought control.
his oh so sweet voice
changed to gnarls,
touches gave bruises
and love became abuse.

“Untitled III” Bethany Kuiken

She's eighteen, and crowned with heartache when the red wine
kisses her upper lip for the first time at a college party in mid-September.

Depression gnaws at the whole of her,
sinking its teeth into her raw memories while the music blares.
It whispers, *remember when grandpa would* — she takes another sip.
Remember how dad — she takes another shot.

What ever happened to your — she pops another bottle.
She is hardened at the lip of the chasm between wanting and plenty.
How can she know that other side?

She stumbles forward to find the bathroom,
while Sunday School songs flood every inch of her conscience,
and wag their intolerant fingers in the face of her agony.

*“O be careful little feet where you go
O be careful little feet where you go
There's a Father up above...”*

She finds the downstairs bathroom and sets the bottle down on the firm tiles,
and places both hands on each edge of the curve of the sink
and stares long at her reflection.

Her dimples have surfaced
and the skin under her brown eyes has sunk
and the thick strands of her brown hair have wrestled each other
in a tangled mess.

“Untitled IV” Bethany Kuiken

She's eighteen, and standing in her standard pew
along with her parents while the saints
sing loud around her.

Her grandpa is in the back left of the sanctuary,
standing in his standard pew.

Here, grandpa always greets them warm
and dad always wears his best suit and mom never takes her smile off.
So, she always crams her mess of secrets and pain and heartache
in her coat pockets before walking in.

She remembers back to last month,
when the weight of depression thrust itself into her Sunday night
and a dark presence closed her down on her cotton sheets
and she felt any hope she had left drain itself.

She remembers back to last month,
to the sermon on sexual purity when the pastor
held up a used piece of gum and asked,

“Now, who would want this?”

She remembers how the church ladies nodded their heads
and said, “Amen.”

“An Unbloomed Flower”

Deven Blowers

I wake to the dawn of Spring—this moment of restoration
That yields mourning in my young bones.
At this post-adolescent age,
unbloomed, green memories rot to a Yorkshire moore drab.
The makings of a fresh blossom are lost
As the seed is tossed to grow in the ash of the burnpile.

The mark of the sun and the push of air kidnap
And take what moments I had
That should rise into floral expansion
But decay under molesting contact.

The buzz of spring and rhythmic associations,
And the Frost-loaded serenity and happenstance
Are absent to a mind reaching back to his youth with his left hand
And covering his vitals with his right.

When no thing moves as it should,
Even my mind—when the white snow melts
And the rodents wake to the world above their holes—
My heart withers under my skin
In fear of the giants growing before me.

“words for thought”

Genevieve Hartman

if we all kept saying
we were fine
would we change the
meaning of the word
or would we
change ourselves?

“untitled”

Theresa Patnala

with me comes my insanity
& the mess of my mistakes.
the ones I've loved
& the ones I broke with my love;
the wounds I choose to expose
& the ones I hide beneath my silver
dress

with me comes my brokenness
& I will only stay
if you are willing to make all of it
your home

“Maybe This Time”

Carolyn Duttweiler

Maybe this time
If I stay still just long enough
If I stay here just long enough
If the birds are singing just the right notes
And a powerful song is the one played over and over in my mind
Maybe this time
If the sunset shines through the clouds
In a beautiful burst of orange and red
If I'm not too tired and
I can think just clear enough
Maybe this time I'll be able
Be able to catch that feeling
For longer than a heartbeat
Hold it close to my chest
Breathing it in
Drinking it in
Gripping it so tightly that it'll never get away
Like it always gets away
Maybe this time that feeling
That feeling of being wholly present
Wholly alive
That sensation of power and wonder

At the beauty of His creation and
The mercy of His love
That moment of grasping at the stars
And joining with the infinite
That wonder of the overwhelming possibilities of a
Boundless galaxy
Won't slip away and leave me empty
Empty again
Reaching out blindly for that relationship
Between sun and stars
Earth and sky
God and I
I'm left grasping for a feeling
That slips through my fingers like sand
Slips from my mind like a dream
Until I sleep walk by day
Because to love is too hard
To feel too unbearable
I'll set my mind on cruise control
Because control is all I know
And wait
Wait for when the birds sing their tunes
And the colors of the sunset pour
Over the horizon and
I'll wait for that song to strike just the right chords
Deep down in my heart
And I'll wait
And I'll think
Maybe this time.

“The Raindrop”

Samuel Yuly

A boy falls from the sky
God mistook him for a raindrop
He did resemble one I suppose
What will happen when he hits the ground?
Who will be there to catch him?
The blow is too much for any young boy to take on his own
But his friends in the park below simply twiddle their thumbs
Waiting for their hearts to break.

“Into the Sea”

Jonathan Durbin

This ship made out of love
Thought to be unsinkable
Until he did the unthinkable
Now the wreckage floats above
Sinking into a sea of hurt
Evermore lost in the dark
On her velvet heart, a black mark
Stuck to her skin, a tattered shirt
She hits the ocean floor
Landing with a soft thud
Sinking into the mud she
Can see the surface no more

“Untitled”
Theresa Patnala

You left my heart
and my house with
shattered windows & glass shards
scattered on the floor.

Would you believe that
it hurts as I walk around
cleaning this mess?

These wounds may sting now
but let me tell you,
my house and my heart
will be opened again.
And this time it will be different.
I will walk around unashamed
and I will make this house,
a home for the broken.

our thanks:

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