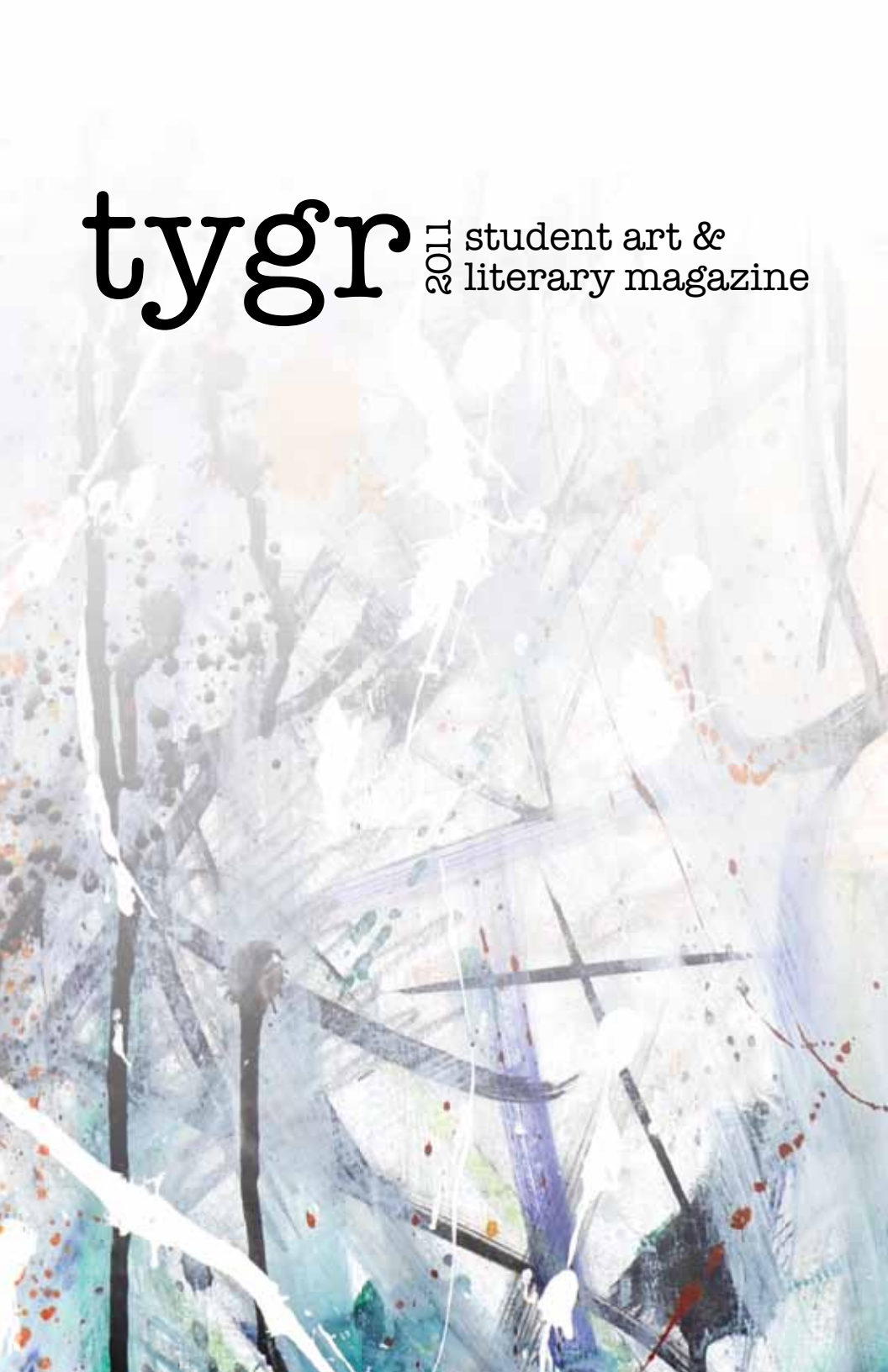


tygr ¹¹⁰¹ student art &
2011 literary magazine



tygr

2011 student art &
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The Department of English & Modern Languages
and The Department of Art & Digital Media

Cover art by Maya Scott

The Tyger

William Blake

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Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare sieze the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

-1794

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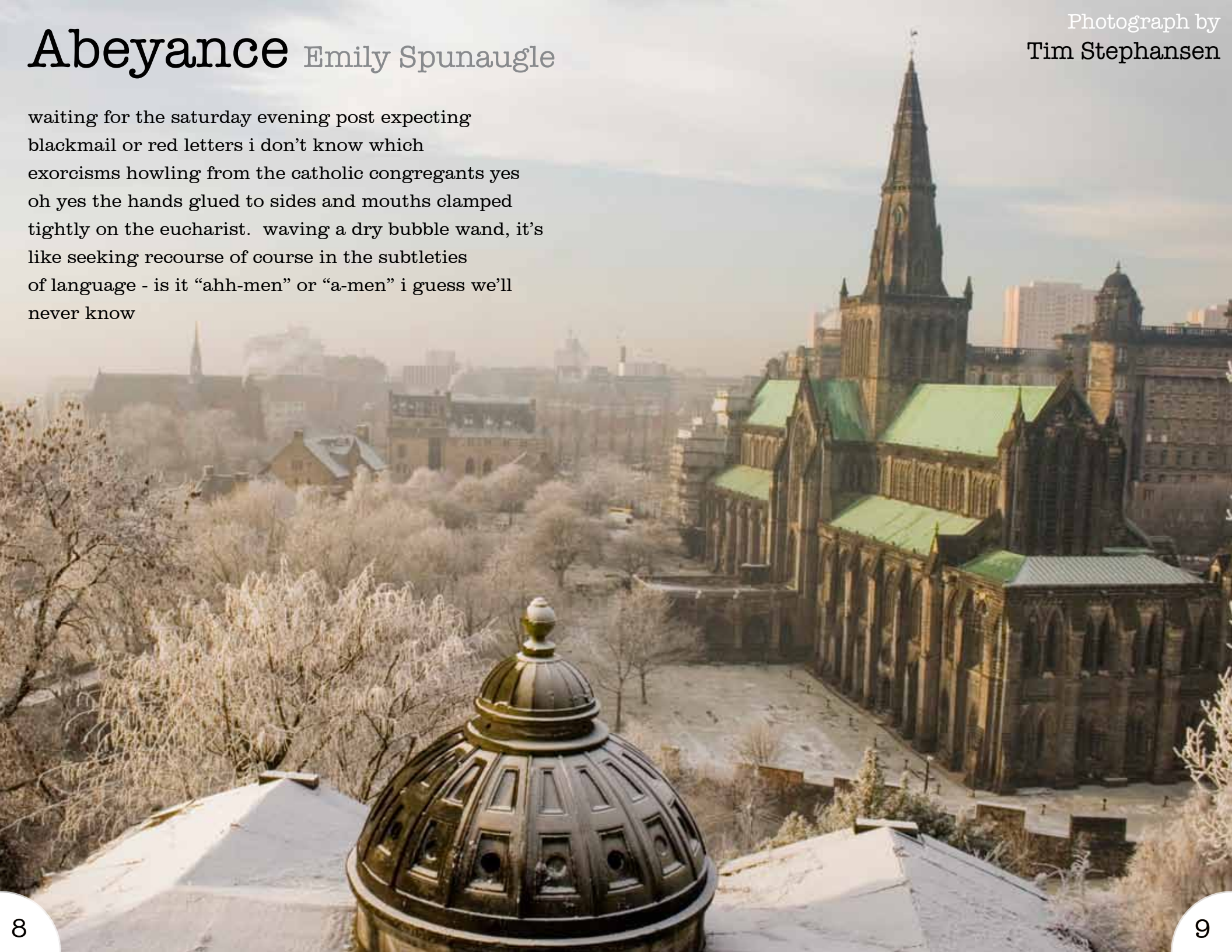
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Abeyance

Emily Spunaugle

Photograph by
Tim Stephansen

waiting for the saturday evening post expecting
blackmail or red letters i don't know which
exorcisms howling from the catholic congregants yes
oh yes the hands glued to sides and mouths clamped
tightly on the eucharist. waving a dry bubble wand, it's
like seeking recourse of course in the subtleties
of language - is it "ahh-men" or "a-men" i guess we'll
never know





Milky Way Skin

Erica Jenkins

Freckles explode like popcorn on my cheeks
Angel kiss, sunshine lick, polka dotted trick
You cause them to clump together in constellations
Filling the void the empty sky has given us
This place is bare, this place is thin
Just you, just me
And my milky way skin

Photograph by Nick Garcia

Artwork by Alina Ellis



Uninspired

Morgan McCririe

Sunlight bursts forth from behind a cloud
As if throwing off her burial shroud.

Dew on the grass glistens in the light
Saying, "Here I am; I survived the night."

The splendor of the morning demands to be admired,
Yet, these little miracles leave us uninspired.

We despise the sunlight for waking us from our sleep,
And curse the dew on the grass for wetting our feet.

Art of Leaving

Nikki Lamb

Reaching, gnarled branches
clasp onto leaves
red as the scarlet letter.
They snap as they leave the branch
but make no noise
when they hit the ground –
a nearly inaudible gasp of pain.
The forest floor is now littered with ache.

Planks on the footbridge
clap and tap underfoot.
The sound of steps
echoes below –
a hollow sound disturbs the quiet.
The wood, once rough, is now smooth –
worn from years of wind and rain.

Where does it go?
Where does it lead?
This bridge of fire tempts: follow me
into the mystery and freedom
of what you do not know.
Span an arch of time
from point A, where you Are
to the point you want to Be.

Artwork by
Erica Kimmel



Ashes to Ashes

Natalie Bursztynsky

Freely fall, freely fly
Cross my heart and hope to die
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take
Stumbling, bumbling, running 'round
Before I lie beneath the ground
Silent sleep and silent wake
Now, instead, this world I shake
In muted silence, make a sound
Then ashes, ashes, I fall down

Halona

Sarah Jensen

Mesas rise above the surface
Mesmerizing swirls demonstrate
Masterful skill – we are the central anthill

Earth surrounds us
Full of mysteries
We labor to understand

Earth surrounds us
Only our vessels remain
Dust to dust

Photograph by
McKenzie Fritch

Sometimes the Rain is Enough

Alex Green

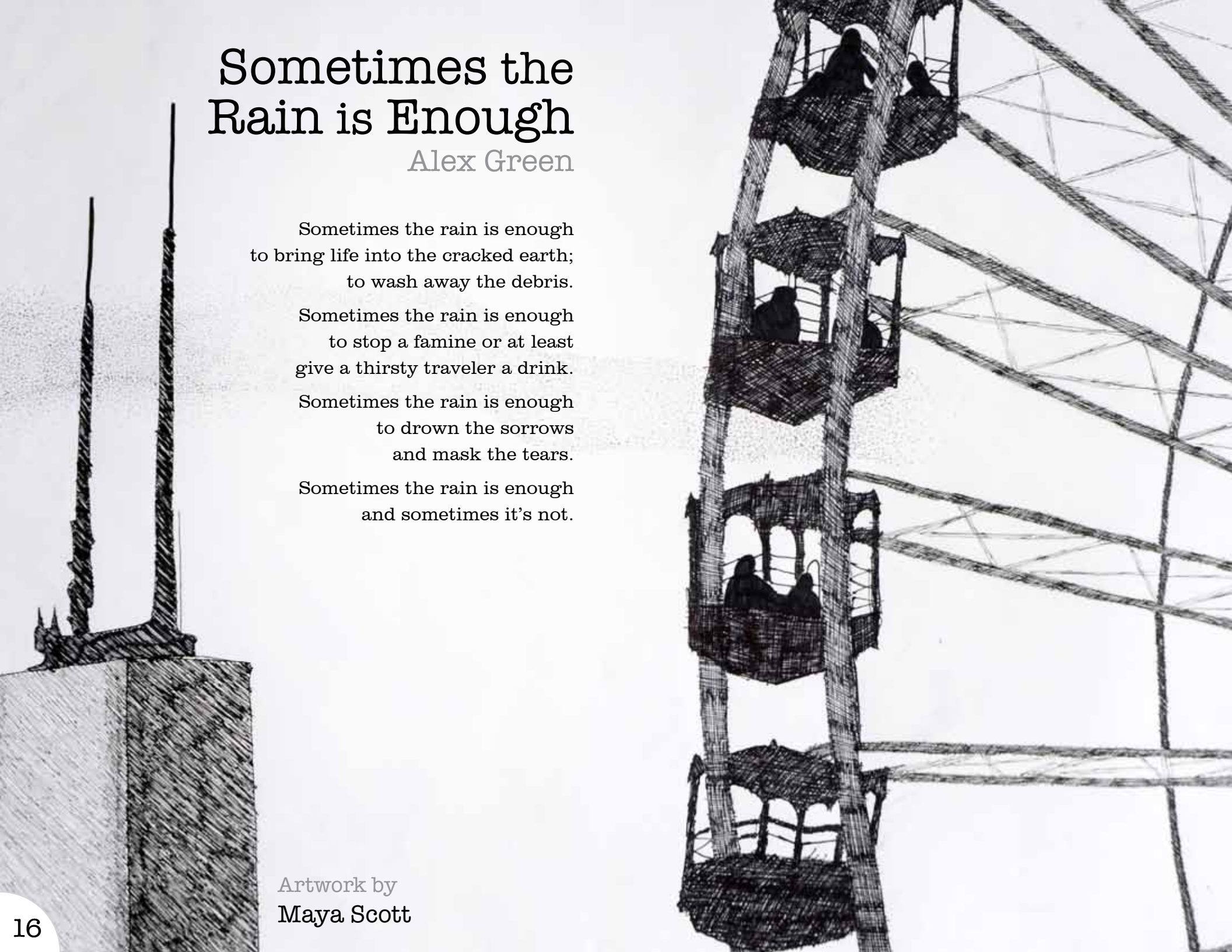
Sometimes the rain is enough
to bring life into the cracked earth;
to wash away the debris.

Sometimes the rain is enough
to stop a famine or at least
give a thirsty traveler a drink.

Sometimes the rain is enough
to drown the sorrows
and mask the tears.

Sometimes the rain is enough
and sometimes it's not.

Artwork by
Maya Scott



Four to One

Tim Stephansen

Pancake batter chortles
on the griddle in its
best impression of its neighbor, bacon.

She makes the last for
me and her. The kids
three and four race outside, done.

Planet Venus and her
many star-friends vibrate
overhead as I drive

up the gravel road, passing
three wooden crosses:
one big, two small.

Today, cereal.

Artwork by
Maya Scott





Words of Silence

Emily Arnold

Speak the words
And feel the gap inside
Where those letters
Used to be
Jumbled and unformed
They swirled beneath skin
Reaching for a chance
To become whole

My fingers jerk
Across the keys
Searching
For the perfect combination
To stretch this distance
of silence and trepidation
To fold our hands together
And heal us

Tear this veil
Of perfected pretensions
With quiet lips
Breathing sounds of hope
Into the inclined ear
Across miles of asphalt
Cynicism
And hesitation

Our words twine
And freeze
Upon our hope-parched tongues
We grasp desperately
At invisible threads of control

To realign
These traitorous
And exposed wounds

But thoughts reveal
What we believed unseen
And we blurt
Our misshapen hearts
Into creation
Without censoring
The real formation
Of the letters of our lives

Photograph by Kaitlin Carlson



Veil

Jeannette Kirchner

A religious symbol.

A shield.

A choice – fought over.

A protection.

A status.

A mock of gender.

An opaque symbol.

A child's protection from the “bad.”

A person's inner reflection of goodness.

Identity determined through fabric and textile.

Artwork by
Samantha Allen



Wind Fairies

Ashli Marrier

Cotton, at dusk, rests so peacefully until the wild summer wind blows
When the moon shines down and makes them dance
Where the wind fairies will fly to, no one really knows
Little children chasing wind fairies around the cottonweed
At dusk there's a sparkle in their eye as they giggle
One wish is all they get, one fairy to catch with greed
When the wind fairies are finally at rest the children go to sleep
Their dreams will be filled with blues and whites
Through children's dreams the wind fairies creep
Until again the wild summer winds sweep

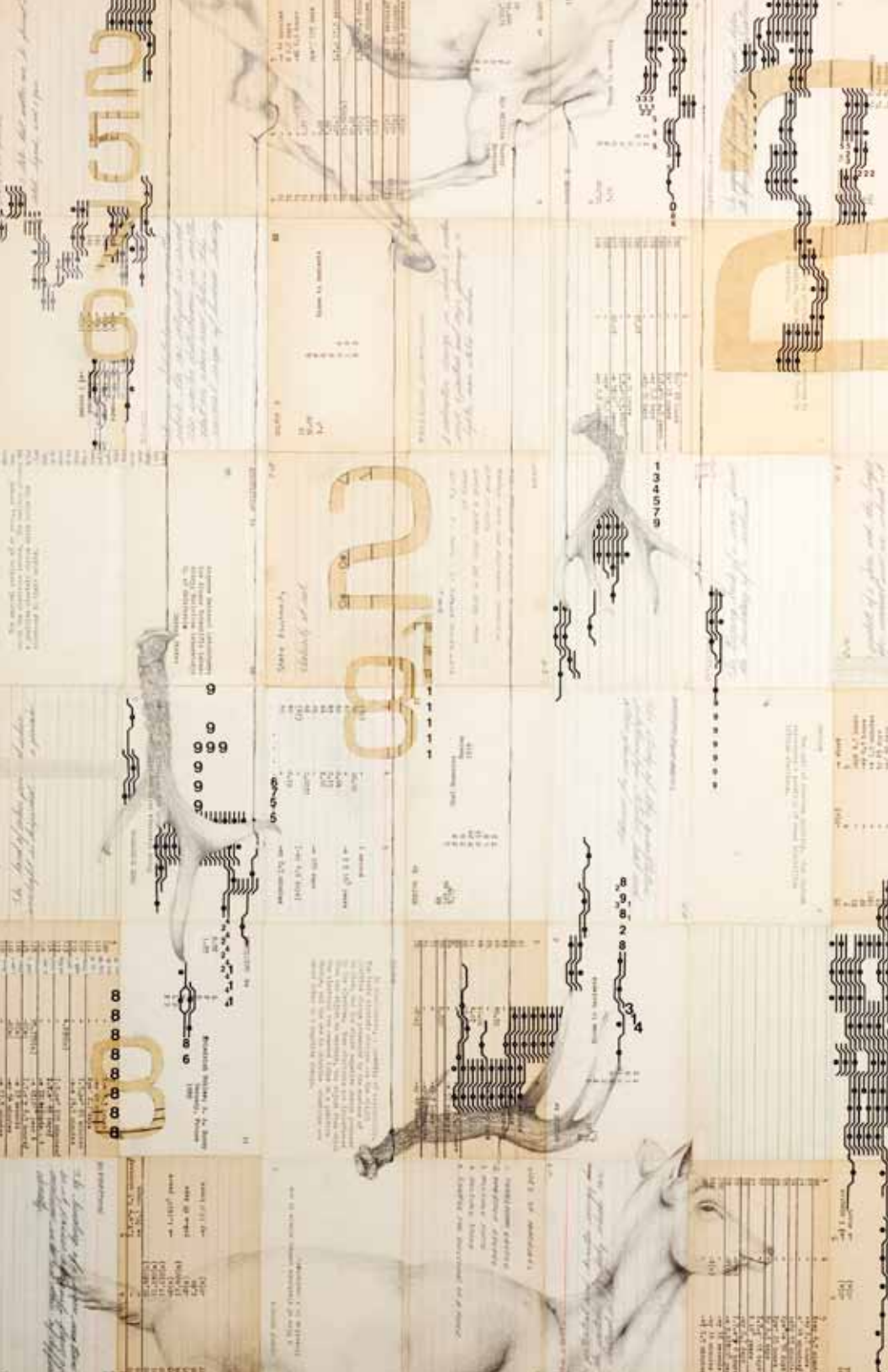


Burned Out

Lauren Finney

When I was a kid
living in the O.C.
I would take my skateboard
after school
and fly in the drained-out, stained
swimming pools of the fortunate
who didn't live with my family

Photographs by
Matthew Reynolds



Cotton

Jillian Karrick

She can't be more than ten,
for the purity in her skin is unmatched.
Her long chestnut hair untouched by society's cruel pen,
dried by earth's winds.

The lake has no beginning.
no end.
The white water reflects the morning sun
grazing her face.
One hand clutches the white cotton dress
from the ripples behind her thighs.
The other skins over the first layer.

A toast made.
Floating in a bath tub, delicately concealed in bubbles.
Diaper clad, her first wobbling steps
Clichés flashed across the screen
Until this.

Her father gasps
with the 200 other attendees.
His glassy eyes weep at the innocent
image of his little girl, in a cotton white dress
Then.

His eyes scan to his little girl
Who is still ten
But wears a different
white
dress.

Artwork by
Hayley Forrestal

Overheard

Ian Matthews

on the grimy tile wall
above the urinal
in the gas station bathroom are
the words
'for a good time call alicia'
and a phone number
which i assume belongs to alicia

so i dial this number
cause i could use a good time
but
a man's voice answers
and i hang up



Artwork by
Chris Bottari

Artwork by
Emily Roseline

Lovesick

Kate Mansfield

I can't open my mouth to speak
for fear I will wretch up every
thought of you.

My own heart will be a mess
on the floor
for every friend and enemy to witness.

I close my eyes to delay
the sickness, but flashes
of repressed daydreams
meet dwindling delusions
of sameness.

Deep breath after
deep, deep breath
bring words so close
to the surface
that I pause
before an exhale betrays me.

You rest a palm
on my white cheek
and grasp my clammy hand.

I avoid your gaze
as you lift my chin.

Too late.
You're going to know.
I love you.

Artwork by
Alyssa Cramer





That Gal of Mine

Emily Spunaugle

She's a
platinum bombshell blonde
fully loaded with plastic and metal –
a regular LZ for deadly
tubular vehicles delivering
crimped tresses, blood-red lips, and
darkened eyes she's a stiff
drink of charged water
that gal of mine.
a real drop-dead heart
stopper she'll give ya the time
(within an inch) of your life.
She's five foot eleven inches
over out and
under.

Artwork by
Carolyn Goettsch

Ode to a Cliché

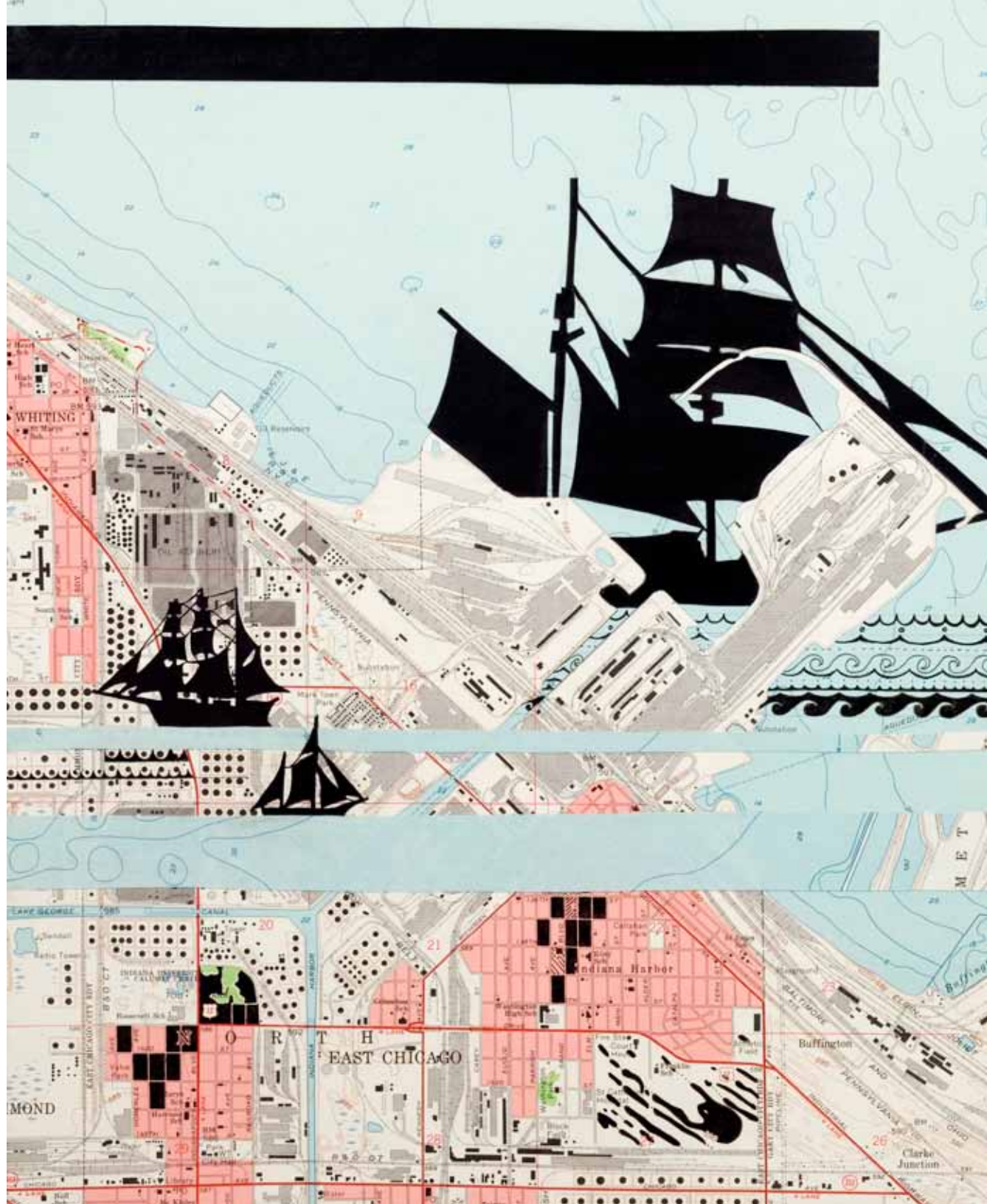
Lauren Finney

Two hundred years of overuse
and this poor, battered,
worn-out simile
has run a hundred marathons
fought a thousand battles
been used a million different times
on a million different lines

Why must people constantly
reach for the same metaphors,
abuse the ancient phrases,
until they mean no more than shadows?

Let me swaddle you soft
Set you by the fire
Rest —
And I will let you sleep.

Artwork by
Hayley Forrestal

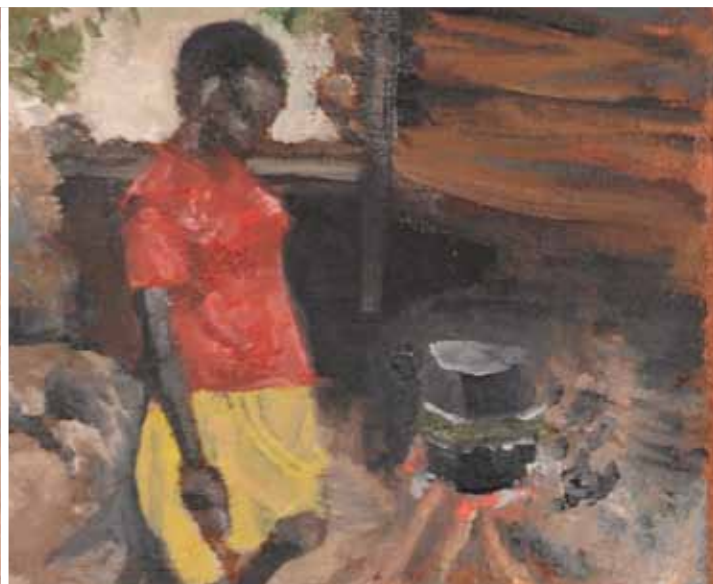




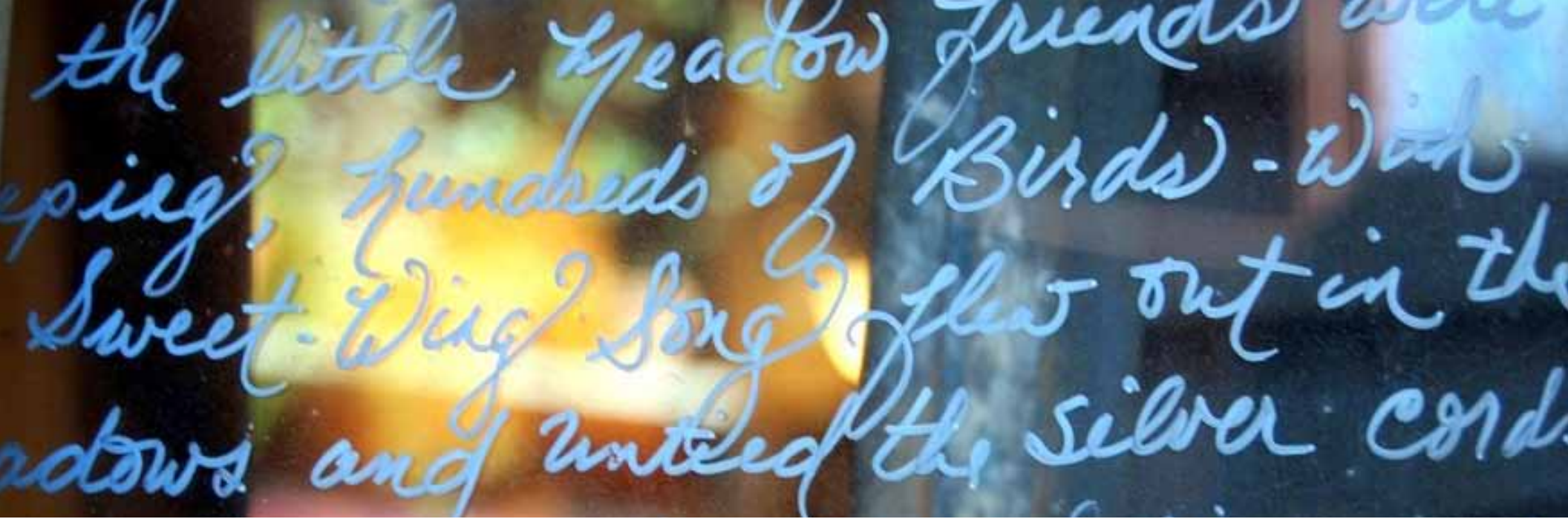
Abeyance iii

Emily Spunaugle

today
it makes two weeks
that she sent her dear john
to dear henry signed in
tea and cream and
blood flowing from
china cups and paper cuts –
Unthinkable –
to live beyond polishing both
tilegrouttile and
image, smoothing
fittedsheettopsheetthecomforter
and caretaker of children contemplating
door-window-door
suspended
between here and the not-here, between
cornflakes and fruitloops and life and
living somewhere beyond this
postmark purgatory.



Artwork by
Erica Kimmel



Ripples Tabitha Eckert

Your Nikes scuffed, scudded, scraped,
still somehow,
missed the sidewalk cracks.
Like the morning traffic,
braking at the red light,
missing white lines barely,
but still stopping just beyond.
And I couldn't even fathom
how you flowed the way you did,
without stop or static
swinging jean-cased leg -
about across after against along around -
jean-cased swinging other,
ceaselessly, and still
scuff, scud, scrape.
Like ripples in the river,
twisting twirling round each other,
flickering, flowing, fluttering,
swift and smooth and sputtering.

And though our paths converged,
inside me I drew back:
all détente, all hesitant,
humble swami prostrate -
at before behind below beside beyond -
altar of encounter.
Namaste between our eyes, flicker in the water.
Like the morning traffic,
like ripples in the river,
you swished by on time's crosswalk
and submerged within my past.

And still you emerge, submerge -
rising sun on crosswalk,
lamplight in my kitchen;
flow through my alertness,
jolt my deep unknown -
Gangster-on-the-crosswalk,
Ripple-in-the-river-of-me.

Photograph by
Erin Blucker



The World Breathes

Bethany Abbott


The air is still
The world, it seems,
has taken a collective breath,
a nervous inhale
The silence screams to be filled
I am drawn to obey

Fear fills me as I reach out
to place my fingers on the keys
They are smooth
I know this touch, this feeling,
I remind myself

I inhale with the world
I begin to play,
something beautiful,
something I know all too well,
But it seems something new

The air is filled
and the world breathes

Artwork by
Josh Stone



Whirlwind

Tabitha Eckert

Cresting wave of rushing sand, wind out of a breathless land,
Whipping, twining, flaming bright with the coral-blue twilight,
Unexpected, unprojected – unprotected I meet you.

My footing gone in flying spray, turned to dust and swept away,
Or lodged in clothing, lashes, hair and rasping skin the wind lays bare –
Touch of ages, voice that rages your rampage is deep voodoo.

Breathe your myths of ne'er-will-be, undefined divinity:
All the yearnings of my soul for more-than-full and more-than whole.
Limit-breaking, sureness-shaking, trance-like waking – promise me.

Shimmer, flicker, fiery light; hide the sun, obscure my sight.
Snatching jealous loneliness consumes the air, leaves me breathless.
Empty hands, fiery demands – these I withstand, false entity.

Just one instant, and you're gone, faceless, traceless, and moved on.
I'm here ragged, raw, but *live*. Each time, whirlwind, I survive.
O Goguan, O Harmatan, Soul Saharan – try again.

Photograph by
Tim Stephansen

Dusk

Ian Matthews

so it's me and jack
on the edge of the night
framed against
alarming, stunning brilliance –
this in-between time
when the day is dying and
the night is reborn:

orange smeared into
red smeared into
starry, infinite black –
an oil-painted post-sunset
second, frozen just long enough
to be on purpose,
posed for nobody to photograph,
dancing to a symphony of silence –
the lush, heady sound of

nothing.

and for a second, i think –
this must be what eternity is

and then the sun dives
all the way over the horizon
and the world goes dark
and me and jack go back inside.

Photograph by
Jake Rattin



Burying Jack Ian Matthews

their shovels sing in the soggy dirt,
cutting last spring's grass as
a congregation of three crows
and a grey sky on the verge of tears
looks on from the power lines
across the road.

Father and son carry the 120-pound
bundle (he'd been on a diet)
wrapped in a blue tarp
all the way across the yard.

That dog's going to give me a heart attack –
says the father.

They flatten the ground over the bundle,
then toss the shovels in the garage.

The crows fly away, remarking –
what a lovely service.

The sky concurs.



First Flight

Sara Marrs

Grasping the matted hair of a doll
with one hand
and ruffling her dress
with the other.
She stood.
Looking down
she shifted
back and forth
from the fifth to sixth stair.
On the fifth
she crouched setting the doll on the carpet
as if in a chair.
Her eyes, then, fixed ahead
looking into the horizon.
She jumped.
Suspended.
Poised in the air
hands above her head
with fingers spread wide.
She landed on her feet,
her arms smacked down to her sides.
Marching back up the stairs again,
she contemplated her next jump.

Published previously in *The Write Place*

Photograph by
Alyssa Saathoff

Write in Light

Kate Mansfield

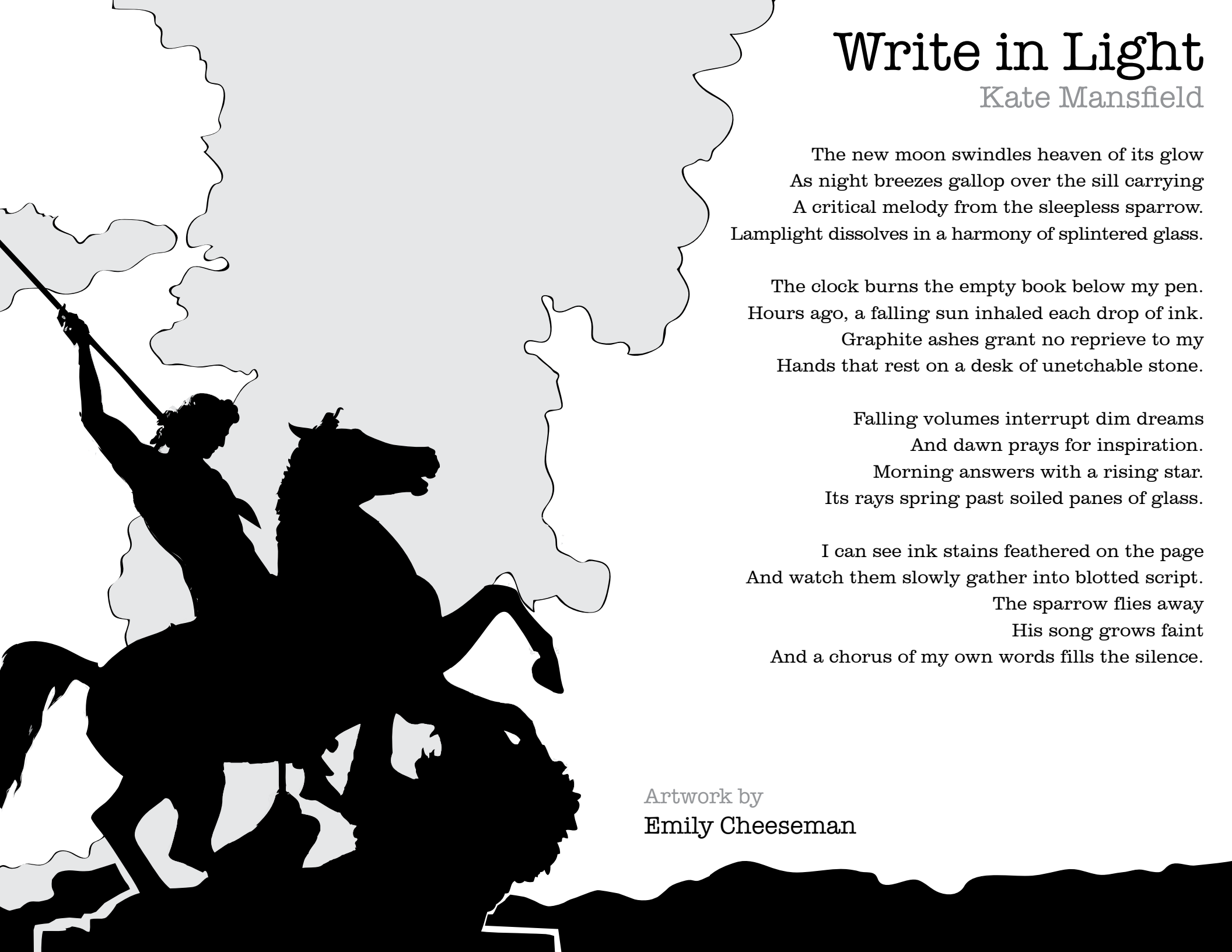
The new moon swindles heaven of its glow
As night breezes gallop over the sill carrying
A critical melody from the sleepless sparrow.
Lamplight dissolves in a harmony of splintered glass.

The clock burns the empty book below my pen.
Hours ago, a falling sun inhaled each drop of ink.
Graphite ashes grant no reprieve to my
Hands that rest on a desk of unetchable stone.

Falling volumes interrupt dim dreams
And dawn prays for inspiration.
Morning answers with a rising star.
Its rays spring past soiled panes of glass.

I can see ink stains feathered on the page
And watch them slowly gather into blotted script.
The sparrow flies away
His song grows faint
And a chorus of my own words fills the silence.

Artwork by
Emily Cheeseman



A Letter from the Editors

Our goal for the 2011 *Tygr* was to showcase the quality and creativity of the work by students at Olivet Nazarene University. We worked to compile a publication that both students and faculty can proudly claim as a product of their community.

This magazine could not have been completed without the dedication and enthusiasm of Olivet students and faculty; we would like to offer excessive thanks to Professor Forrestal and Dr. Greiner for providing sound advice, guidance, and encouragement. We also thank our staff and, of course, we thank all our readers for taking the time to peruse the pages of this publication. Our hope is that *Tygr* will always serve as a reflection of the talents and capabilities of the community of Olivet as a whole.

Kate Mansfield & Emily Cheeseman
Editors of the 2011 Tygr

