



schäumt.



**Intermediate Creative Writing**  
Winter 2022

*-Adia Palmer lit up the room as soon as she walked into it. She had a way about herself that made you feel warm inside about as soon as you met her. Each moment spent with her was one that cannot ever be forgotten. She showed us how to be vulnerable within our creative selves when producing pieces of creative work. This class chapbook is dedicated to the bright memory of Adia Palmer. May her words always inspire us to push the limits within our own writing.*

**Faculty Advisor:**  
Nicholas Rombes

**Design Editor:**  
Erin Letourneau

**Cover Image:**  
Aly Porcerelli

**Back Cover Image:**  
Sara Shelbi

## Table of Contents:

Moving	1
No Escape Plan	2
Riding the School Bus	3
Remembering Foster Care	5
A Slow Day	6
Don't Forget the Blueberries!	7
The Joy of Painting	8
I Did Not Nod	9
A Sense	11
Guardian Angel	12
My Fair Lady	13
Tarnished	14
Town of Perpetual Rain	15
Untitled	17
The Conference	18
Little Black Dress	20
The Introduction of Gold and Blue	22
This Little Light of Mine	24
I'm Sorry and I Hope You're Ok	25
An Incomplete Existence	27
Graduation	28
Author Biographies	30

# Moving

*Adia Palmer*

Moving Daggers scrape the floor she floats aimlessly  
An arsenal of artificial light beams on the complexion of her  
tights

Brown, pink, tan, light pink, suntan, white  
Black  
Black girls ballet in the light

Click clack shoe taps have the most rhythm  
A show of song  
Eyes watch  
Ears stalk following along

Bare pattern practice arches the soles  
Celebrating a modern style with cultural currents  
Movement ancestors known before they arrived  
And became lineage of lives

Said it wasn't real music  
The sound was a beat box  
Jump, skip, hop and bop

# No Escape Plan

*Camryn Chavis*

To the one  
She is in a box  
Damaged with holes for others to peak and poke through.  
The color of her skin means no escape and  
If she tries to leave, she may no longer live.

Those who keep her in the box promote change,  
But she is always left where change does not occur.  
She wonders if anyone can see her in this box.  
Are they ignoring her struggle?  
Do they even care to understand?

This broken box is all she knows,  
Where generations after her may remain.  
A megrim lies on her crown from the oppression that surrounds the box.  
Her flaws are signified and she lacks confidence.  
Thus, she remains silent.

Sitting in the box with her hands wiping the warm drops  
from her eyes  
And her back aching from its discomfort...  
As she waits for a miracle.  
Afraid to lift her hand and reach for help.  
She is supposed to be strong living in this box,  
But it only makes her weaker.  
The challenge is escaping the box and surviving at the same  
time,  
striving for comfort and relief.

# Riding the School Bus

*Sara Khalid*

the color yellow  
with a few black strips  
reminds me of  
that bus

going to and from school  
the wheels took me on a ride

my body shivers as I sit down on the seat  
near the window and feel the breeze  
on my already blushed face

the driver turns on the radio and  
the radio host welcomes  
their listeners with new music

looking out the window the  
leaves turn different colors

as I memorize  
the roads

a McDonald's passes by and  
the aroma of fries and patties frying  
makes my stomach growl

slowly everything blurs  
and the rumble of the engine  
lulls me to sleep  
as the seats rock me  
back and forth



like a mother would  
to their baby  
it feels like  
the journey could go on  
forever

yet it slows down  
letting the students know  
their destination is near

# Remembering Foster Care

*Erin Letourneau*

By Mommy's side. Wait,  
other Mommy's side? Unsure  
what to think. I was only two; not  
even two. Visitations felt sticky.  
The building, so blue. Chairs in rows,  
of fours and fours. Overused toys, nothing new.  
Everyone on edge; all about me. Me,  
or the child. All about the child. Understanding  
I don't understand. Can I leave?  
Where is Daddy? Wait, other Daddy.  
Leaving was worse, like a splitting seam  
connected only by the string  
that is the seam. Every week, like a  
repeat. Same place. Same time. Same  
distant cries. Other children,  
with their other mommies and daddies.  
They know. I would want by the window,  
to look outside. Let me out! Please,  
don't you understand? Move on.  
Move on with your life,  
they tell me again. They don't  
understand. I never will like,  
being shut in. Behind a window,  
or closed door, again. Twenty years gone;  
I was the child. Enough is enough. I still,  
go back. Looking around. Searching,  
for the way out.

# A Slow Day

*Angel Vasquez*

Everything is white, covered in snow  
Making the streets hard to drive  
Which in turn draws our customers away  
Making our day slow  
A day that seems to drag on forever

All I can do is think and wait  
As the day goes on with nothing to do  
I've done my school work  
So what to do now?  
I listen to the radio  
A Mexican band  
And wait

Cars and trucks pass by Blue, red, black, white Ford, Buick,  
GMC Going about their day Maybe theirs is going faster  
and they have things to do

I think about the days that seemed to go faster  
Maybe because I had fun in those times  
But it makes me wonder why time  
Can go so slow at some points  
And fast in others

There are days that drag on forever  
And the days that go by in the blink of an eye  
But overall I think you need both  
To get that down time, and the thrills

I enjoy my job as it results in these days  
But some of them leave me wondering  
What to do now  
As I wait for the day to end

# Don't forget the blueberries!

*Diego Peralta*

It's late afternoon. A hot summer day. The sky is blue. Blue as finely polished sapphire. The birds sing their songs. The cicadas orchestrate and harmonize. The wind blows. The leaves clap together like cymbals. Its golden hour. I take my dog for a walk. It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood. The neighbors wave hello. "What a cute dog!" Thanks. I continue to walk. Still walking. What a beautiful flow-...

DAMN

that was scary.

Hope no one saw that. I walk by the park. There's a family volleyball game. Kids are playing soccer. "Excuse me sir! could you pass us the ball please?!" Moms sit on the bench and gossip. A train roars by in the distance. I continue to walk. Still walking.

\*Bark! Bark! Bark! Grrr....\*

"Sorry about that, he usually doesn't act like this with other dogs." Well, that's nice to know. As long as he doesn't attack. I continue to walk. My dog sniffs a tree. She decides to pee. "Come on, lets keep going." I continue to walk. I see my uncle. I wave hello. We converse for a bit. Bye! Nice seeing you! I continue to walk. The ice cream stand is open! One 20 oz. flurry with chocolate covered pretzels. Don't forget the blueberries! That was delicious. Turn the corner. More dogs. They bark to. My dog sniffs them. Not interested. I continue to walk. Oh wow, I'm already home. What a beautiful somer afternoon.

# The Joy of Painting

*Zahra Kanji*

Begin with a half-baked idea of your subject,  
find out that the brushes you used last  
are caked with dried paint,  
find a canvas  
or make one,  
(because you didn't have enough to do)  
start your painting and realize  
you need a better plan,  
change the paint water,  
finish and realize  
it isn't what you envisioned,  
change the paint water,  
paint over half,  
repaint,  
rework,  
until half satisfied with the result,  
view in a few hours,  
and think to yourself,  
with a sigh,  
"It's decent"

# **I did not nod**

*Mahnaz Seddiqi*

The sun reflected on the big concrete yellow and blue walls of Walmart. There was an old man sitting on the bench at the bus stop, waiting for the number seven bus that went back into the city. I approached him with some hesitance, not knowing whether I should take a seat beside him.

Though it was a warm day, the slight breeze waving my hair back and forth made it difficult to focus my eyes on the old man as I walked closer to him. Hi, does this bus go back to Portland? Yes ma'am, past 10.

He seemed harmless, and so I sat next to him. Without invitation, nor any look or smile for him to feel that I wanted to listen to him, he began to speak in a thick Mainer accent, almost as if speaking to the wind. My sister usually drives me 'round. I'm too old to drive now. Rather be safe than sorry. He then went on to talk in great detail about his family, his dream vacation, and his experience playing football in high school. I'm not sure if it's my unwillingness for talking about myself, or my ability to listen to stories without judgement, but like most everyone else in my life, the old man spoke to me as he had known me all his life. As he did so, I inserted short comments while scanning around; waiting for the bus to arrive. My own mother had quite a hard time taking care of us kids when we were grown'in up. She asked the government for money and help but she got not'in. There were no food stamps or anything like that back then.

I was no longer at the bus stop. I was deep in his world, his siblings', and his mother's too. Even now, it's rather easy for me to get tucked away in my thoughts. You see, lots o' people get away with money and foods stamps. They be lying about their wages and shit to get money from the government. Especially those immigrants. He paused for a moment here and sat still, with his eyes fixed on mine, demanding an agreement. I did not nod, did not

shake my head. I disagreed, but didn't say a word. I sat still, eager but hesitant, waiting for more. Oh yes, ma'am. Them sons-a-bitches be lyin' 'bout their country so they can come here and take over our. 'N we do so much for them. Those damned people. Those damned middle Easterns. We sendin' damned people. Those damned middle Easterns. We sendin' out army to help em' out but all they do is take our jobs.

I wanted to tell him who I was, where I was from, and how I had paid for the groceries in my hand, and I wanted to say it all with rage. But there was a split second or less where I changed my mind. There was no angle in which I could place my thoughts and feelings for this man to have been able to understand me. It's not impossible, but you can't teach an old dog new tricks. Yes, Sir. Our army is dying for them. Those damned people. Them sons-a-bitches.

## **A Sense**

*Breanna Norum*

O' I can no longer see,  
See the beautiful scarlet sunset.  
O' I can no longer smell,  
Smell my mother's warm cookies baking.  
O' I can no longer touch,  
Touch my soft petal-like hair.  
O' I can no longer hear,  
Hear your smooth whiskey voice.  
O' this dark void,  
O' it takes everything that I hold dear.  
O' why can't I break free from its death-defying grip.  
O' I can no longer sense myself as I use to be. How was I  
before this?  
O' is this how it will always be? Senseless.



# Guardian Angel

*Bennett Brooks*

She bent down to pick up what she thought was a half-buried seashell; only half-buried seashells don't move. The Gulf of Mexico is home to some of the deadliest venom-producing crabs in the world, and Gertrude had just stumbled upon one. One sting can cause paralysis and even death in rare cases. The pain, which is scarcely documented, is said to be equal to that of the infamous bullet ant, but twice as long lasting.

"It's the little ones you have to watch out for"

An old man appeared seemingly out of thin air and gently guided her hand away from harm just as the crab's stinger became visible.

"What?" She asked, dazed and very confused as to why this beach-front grandfather had stopped in front of her.

He just smiled, and his eyes showed blue as the sea behind him. Without another word, he continued down the beach, undoubtedly searching for more lives to save...

Gertrude retreated towards her fiancé who was glaring menacingly into their empty drink.

"Did you just see that?"

"I only see what the sea and the seashells show me" they muttered jokingly without ever bothering to look up from their current task.

"That guy"

"What guy?"

"That old guy right over...."

She turned to point in her guardian angel's direction only to be astounded when she realized he had vanished.

# **my fair lady**

*Allie Molloy*

round and round  
my mind shakes  
I do not see you  
or is it that  
I cannot see you  
you hide in shame  
for you want to be seen next to me  
but you don't want to bear that thought

I ponder the memories  
the good and the bad  
the tear-filled arguments  
they caused me to go crazy  
I swear they butchered your heart too

my lips burn  
my tongue slices as it rubs against them  
the thought of you hurts  
and my heart feels like it may burst  
my eyes water  
are these tears?  
why do I long for you,  
when you do not cry for me?

where is your touch?  
it roams against my body  
the ends of my dress whip in the wind  
I can feel the ghost of you  
like your body were almost here  
you were right there...

I wait in the window  
I call for you from my soul,  
but you are just a memory to me now  
oh how sad  
to be the lost maiden of your heart

# Tarnished

*Diana Devine*

Touched and tarnished with a slight glance.  
Why this decision, why get in the car?  
The moment was brief, the guilt, not so much.  
A fragile and clear piece of glass,  
Only seen through if we were stained.  
A woman's body shall never break,  
But mine did.  
The night was cold, his skin was colder.  
The touch of his skin, the smell of his hair.  
I want to forget.  
Why can't I forget?  
I just want to forget!  
I was without words, but with restraint.  
He was my friend, but a friend wouldn't do this.  
You say you understand, but you weren't there.  
Alone.  
I was alone when he touched and tarnished,  
My delicate glass.  
I was alone.  
I am tarnished and alone.

# Town of Perpetual Rain

*Katherine Mutschler*

Put your favorite record on  
Chin against the pillow, pressing hard  
Wait for your heart to skip a beat  
Like the first time you heard it in the bar

But it beats the same ba-dum ba-dum  
And you pray for the coming of dawn

You stand alone on the corner of two streets  
Neither with a name  
Lampost digs into your back bone  
Rain slits through your veins

Exposed like an open wound  
Veiled in the shadow of the cloud blocked moon

Tony's barely holding on now  
Fin'ly lost his grip  
His lips are taut and hardened  
And his voice, a torpid trip

He says, I am no visionary!  
Not fool enough to dream

Sometimes he plays piano  
Sings songs that never rhyme  
His shoulders always stay relaxed  
His clutch on the bottle is tight

Insists he doesn't care anymore  
But you can tell he never stopped

You used to pray to poison ivy  
And wish on thunderstorms  
Dead birds on the side of the road-  
The omen you were looking for

How bad did you wanna be special?  
How much would you give?  
You used to tear your hair out in the mirror  
And wait for life to begin

Maybe That's it! You're fin'ly in hell  
Or you weren't alive at all  
Maybe you once had a mother  
Made all your dread seem small

It feels like so long ago  
Or perhaps it was all a dream  
You have no memory of how you got here  
Pour the coffee in the cream

The other night, you heard Tony was screaming  
Thought it never would end  
In the morning, he was dancing in the storm, he  
Was tired of playing pretend

You drive your car to the edge of a cliff  
You try to board the train  
You push the gas but you can't make it over  
Town of perpetual rain

But you were already wasting away  
Doomed to the town of perpetual rain

# Untitled

*Aly Porcerelli*

O this knife, in my frail, docile hand!  
So happy, so eager to cut open the land  
Of my wrist so fragile with blood so sweet  
To build up then destroy, such a wonderful feat.

O this razor, so sharp and wise!  
But its wisdom is whispers of an early demise;  
Try to ignore, you will be surprised  
By the aching that intrudes and consumes your insides.

But O my brain, so tender and cold,  
Losing it slowly while the world's getting old  
I try and I yearn to hold onto my hope  
That the bleeding will cease and I find ways to cope

And O, my veins, pulsating so quick!  
The beat of my heart, how it makes me so sick;  
Sick of the sun and sick of my skin  
Sick of the battles that I never win

Because O, my heart, feeling heavy in my chest,  
A dagger right through it will kill all the rest  
All my thoughts so loud, every cut on my arm  
But O, how I'm sorry, didn't mean any harm –

# The Conference

*Jeremy St. Martin*

...So as we can see within the coming fiscal year there is far more focus on adaptive expectations.

Um...ok...I'm so sorry. Before we can move on to the next slide, I have to address something that has been bothering me. This gentleman in the front row, directly in front of me. Why on earth are you eating pistachio nuts at an economic conference? For half an hour I have watched you hack and spit bits of shell and that papery film that lines the pistachios that get caught in my throat, inevitably. You have scattered shells all over the front row as if this is your front porch or some Texas Roadhouse, we're all trapped in. Why?

And it's not like you have a hotel minibar-sized pistachio packet. This is a jar. A jar. An unlabeled jar which you obviously brought with you. Do you collect them?

And furthermore, why is there nobody around you who is stopping you? Not a single person around you has made any effort to at least say "please eat a little more quietly, or don't toss pistachio carcasses all over the floor." This hall is filled, and not one person has the decency to say knock it off. And it's not like this is a riveting conversation—I'm not doing a Ted talk. I'm not even doing a TedX talk. No one wants to sit here and listen to this beige drivel pouring out of my mouth. There is not a single person who is cheering me on right now; I guarantee you everyone is thinking about which Cha Cha McGilligcuty's in a thousand-foot radius has Jalapeno Lard Bites and signature cocktails that are made from colors straight out of a Lovecraft novel. No one wants to be here. I don't want to be here. Someone could have ripped those out of your hands by now.

Give me one. Give me one. Give me one, goddammit. Do you know what I had for breakfast this morning? A half a dragon fruit and a Lexapro, you dick. My stylist told me that is the only way I will look like one of those basic women who laugh at their salads. GIVE ME ONE.

I didn't even want to major in economics. Do you know how many times I had to try to pass Statistics? I don't either. I was hungover when I took my final. I did two beer bongs and ate cabbage, knowing my last name started with a double A, so I could crop dust the entire walkway grabbing my diploma, and everyone either had to sit in it or walk through it. GIVE ME ONE.

You know what? Forget it. Eat 'em. I'm done. I'm going to pursue my real passion of professional origami folding. I don't care what my father says. Take these heels and this pencil skirt and this blazer and burn them. If you need me, I'll be eating a giant bucket of trans fat at Cha Chas. Peace out bitches.



# Little Black Dress

*Kara Wolfbauer*

I wore a black dress  
the day you first grazed my lips.  
The first time anyone had ever given me  
a taste of an intimate kiss.

As time trickled by  
that bliss turned to violence  
My identity slipped through the cracks  
Like sand in a lost hourglass

Blind I remained  
as you bruised and battered me  
with your words.  
As I screamed behind the door  
when you locked me in a room  
incapable of escape.

But those horrors would drift  
as your hand would  
tenderly intertwine with mine.

My imagination wrote us a life together.  
Side by side.

Your mask of adoration was  
worn among the masses.  
And damn it you fooled me.  
Every. Single. Time.

Yet blissfully unaware I remained  
as I dove headfirst into a bottomless pit  
while I held the shovel within my grips

I was only a child

craving to be loved  
at any expense or dismay  
But to you  
I was just another pit stop  
On your journey to becoming a man

The deductions to my innocence  
racked up like points,  
like a trophy to be won for sport.  
Sitting upon your shelf  
only to collect dust when one  
that emits a brighter shine  
trickles along.

But I catch a glimpse of a  
bright light lingering outside

I zip up my black dress  
and escape from your sight.

I am dressing for the funeral  
Of the little girl that used to be

Domestic Violence Hotline: 800-799-7233

# The Introduction of Gold and Blue

*Judie Zeni*

There was a reason I crashed this party  
But that reason was not  
To have Gold meet Blue

Walking in, I felt powerful  
Dressed in the finest silk,  
Like those you see in a fantasy novel ball  
With lords and ladies,  
An emerald green  
Synched and daring  
Making the blue pop

Draped in jewels  
Demanding attention  
Screaming sophistication  
I observed the room  
Waiting for the right moment

Drinks piled behind the bar  
Lords and ladies dressed to the nines  
With an air of self-importance  
Constantly scouting for the next deal  
A party of wealth and of polished folk

Not knowing a soul was exhilarating  
Not knowing whose party I crashed  
Was electrifying

Gliding across the room  
Leaving a trail of eyes lingering,  
I grabbed a drink  
Stealing a seat at the nearest table  
Getting in position  
For my next move

The doors flew open  
And all eyes turned to take you in,  
Your presence effortlessly filled with command  
Surrounded by lords and ladies,  
It hit me  
It was your party I crashed

Why did it have to be you?  
You were not meant to be here.  
This was supposed to be a quick in and out  
Not an ounce of resentment or shame  
And yet here you are,  
Forcing shame and guilt  
To consume my being

And you scanned the room  
Taking into account  
Who was there  
Gold met Blue  
The world collapsed  
And you and I  
Were amid the chaos

# **I'm Sorry and I Hope You Are Ok**

*Hannah Alexis*

At night  
Is when I think about you  
My mind is working  
But the controls are off

I just stare blankly  
At the moon

I don't miss you at all  
Make no mistake  
We've both moved on—  
You—at least I hope

Looking back  
We didn't work out  
And it's mostly my fault  
I'm sorry

I still have the letter  
You poured your feelings into  
I should have told you, right then  
I wasn't happy

But I'm selfish  
I strung you along

At night  
I think about you  
And I hope to God  
That you've moved on

# An Incomplete Existence

*Sara Shelbi*

To the one who was innocent and pure, but deeply shattered,

When you were born, not a picture was taken—nothing was to be captured, possibly indicating that your presence in this world is worthy, but never enough to be remembered. A solid few pounds with tiny lungs to maintain your breath and a heart filled with love, never to be returned. On the drive home, it was silent as the lack thereof was overpowering. Carried only on several occasions, rather kept in the crib or on the couch. Unable to feel, she who carried you from within was missing, lost in the midst of fears and doubts, spiritually resonating and radiating a collection of emotions to your immortal soul. The only existence allowing for momentum was God, He who created you instilled faith and hope, leaving your little mittens and pacifier still.

When you were five, it was picture day and you smiled. It was adorable, your short bob cut, and a uniform with a purple shirt under— so carefree, it was endlessly beautiful. The lens captured a little girl, only a few feet and below the average weight to be intricate. Beyond the image that is located in an elementary school year book dated 2007, is one eye opened wider than the other and a crooked smile, but nonetheless, a glimpse of glory. The moments that are so vividly remembered lacked the biological, essentially a figure who cares for and about, but what was will never be and she was never there; not tardy, but absent, not only for a day, but now two decades. Existing at the core, eyes that twitch, birthmarks imprinted, and weak bones.

Come to find yourself, you're lost, maybe in all the books you've read, movies you've watched, towns you've visited and stories you've heard—so start here, find yourself, beyond the shattered and hurt. Those pieces that lie within your lovely destinations, retrieve them and hold them close

to your soul, the one that needs repairs; not repairs like those that can be fixed with tools, but that which can be mended in its entirety, stitched, sewn, and sealed.

There it is, you've finally found yourself, a reflection that seems clear, causing tears to build up, held back actually and swallowed back down. The transparency lied in the mirror, that which acted as your worst enemy, throwing you down, and covering it all. You know what will heal, a wipe, to remove it all, the colors, hues, shades that are placed to add a bit more— possibly a vibrant personality or someone who's worth looking at twice and maybe even worth the shutter of the camera.

Come to think of it, you've only ever been a statement that carries baggage and contemplation. The one who escaped the doubts that lie within, or so you thought... what lies deep beneath the surface is shattered, stepped on, and forgotten. Nervous to take a step, worried that the one behind is judging, clouded by fears and insecurities. Never enough, you live through that statement, if I have to say so, you are the epitome of the two words. Not worthy, consider it an everlasting collection that doesn't need to be dusted, because these words are visited every so often, more so, every minute of your heavy existence.

Scratch that thought, because someday, not today, yesterday or tomorrow but one day, you will pick up all the pieces where they fell, possibly knock on doors and fight for what's remaining, but you'll feel complete. Despite the lack thereof, you'll feel so worthy.

And remember that with a plane ticket, a few steps towards the doorsteps, and conversations asking for what was originally yours and what will continue to be was a resistance to accept a new, better fate. Soon after, it simply was—a window opened to endless possibilities and growth, sealed shut to all that ever diminished you, yes you!

# **This little light of mine**

*Mehar Soni*

This little light of mine,  
Oh how I yearn to let it shine!

Hold it out for all to see,  
Shield it close; it's only for me.

Just like aged fine wine,  
I keep it bottled up; make it a shrine.

Maybe I'll tie it to the magnolia tree,  
Around the waist, like my mother's saree.

Paint myself with its smell; so saccharine  
My yellowed chest, covered in iodine.

The waves of love, my father's sea,  
Crash, crash, beep beep bee—



# Graduation

*Jian Carreon*

Soon will be the day,  
The day I complete another chapter of my life,

I look back on my years spent here,  
All I can feel is an overwhelming sense of joy,  
I was my happiest.

They say college is the best 4 years of your life,  
Something I never understood,  
I have already thought,  
I was living my best life.

I was wrong.

Spending the long study hour nights,  
Long study hour nights meaning,  
All-nighters.  
From the basement of the Shiple Dorm, to South Quad, to  
the Sigma Pi house.  
Nothing's changed, only grew a year older.

Complaining about classes in the streets,  
Friends and colleagues alike,  
There was always one class that had us feeling like we were  
failing,  
Little did we know, we were only growing.

Kicking it back in the library,  
Between classes,  
Dead-hour,  
Or even at the end of the day,  
It was always in the back-left corner or on the second floor  
of the library,  
A spot that felt like home.

Living in a fraternity house,  
Something always going on,  
One day its loud with joy,  
Energy and good vibes,  
On others,  
It's quiet and silent,  
With men who are trying to succeed.

All in all, spontaneity.

Realizing what they meant by that phrase,  
The constant appearance of it in today's media,  
The life every high schooler wants to live,  
The college experience.

As the clock is ticking,  
My time here is coming to a close,  
All I can do is feel sad.

The memories were beautiful.  
Something I will never forget.

All good things must come to an end,  
They say.

For that,  
I want to say,  
Thank you to the best 4 years of my life,  
College.

## **Author Biographies**

### **Erin Letourneau**

Erin Letourneau is concluding her sophomore year at Detroit Mercy as an English Literature major with a double minor in Political Science and Women and Gender Studies, along with a certificate in Legal Studies. She worked as the lead designer and editor of this chapbook and continues to write and design outside of her academics.

### **Angel Vasquez**

Angel Vasquez is currently a senior at Detroit Mercy and will be graduating with a major in Political Science and minors in Women and Gender Studies and English literature. Vasquez highlights *A Slow Day* to showcase how poetry can flow naturally in the events of a day and how poetry can be a way to express feelings or emotions.

### **Diego Peralta**

Diego is enrolled in the 5-year MBA program at Detroit Mercy with a double minor in creative writing and leadership. He is from Melvindale, MI and attended Melvindale High School – graduating in 2018. His parents are from Mexico and were never afforded the luxury of attending higher education institutions, but now Diego is here as a first-generation college student. Being a child to immigrant parents and family, it placed him into the position of an outsider because for most of his grade school years – he was one of a handful of American Mexican students in school. I never quite fit into just one group and this has been a major influencer on his writing.

### **Diana Devine**

Diana Devine is a senior at Detroit Mercy double majoring in English and Social Work. Majoring in English, she has really gotten to focus on her writing and she is very excited with how far she has come.

### **Katherine Mutschler**

Katherine is a freshman at the University of Detroit Mercy studying history with the ambitions of working in a museum someday. On campus, she is a member of the Sigma Sigma Sigma National Sorority and the Detroit Mercy Theater Company. She loves to write in her free time.

### **Aly Porcerelli**

Aly Porcerelli is a junior at Detroit Mercy and designed the cover-page collage. As someone who has struggled with depression and self-harm for years, Aly finds exploring these feelings in her writing to be both equal and necessary. Although it hurts to confront such raw and real topics, she finds it to be helpful towards the healing process.

### **Kara Wolfbauer**

Sometimes we are so blinded by love, that we do not recognize when our significant other is hurting us. Abusing us. Destroying us. Kara's poem encapsulates the journey of a girl trying to escape the cycle of abusive relationships. Kara expresses that a loved one should add to our lives; they should never take away. She advocates for the hope, strength, and power that individuals have to escape an abusive relationship cycle.

### **Hannah Alexis**

Hannah Alexis is a senior at the University of Detroit Mercy double majoring in English and in Psychology.



DETROIT MERCY  
**ENGLISH**  
READ. WRITE. THINK. DO.