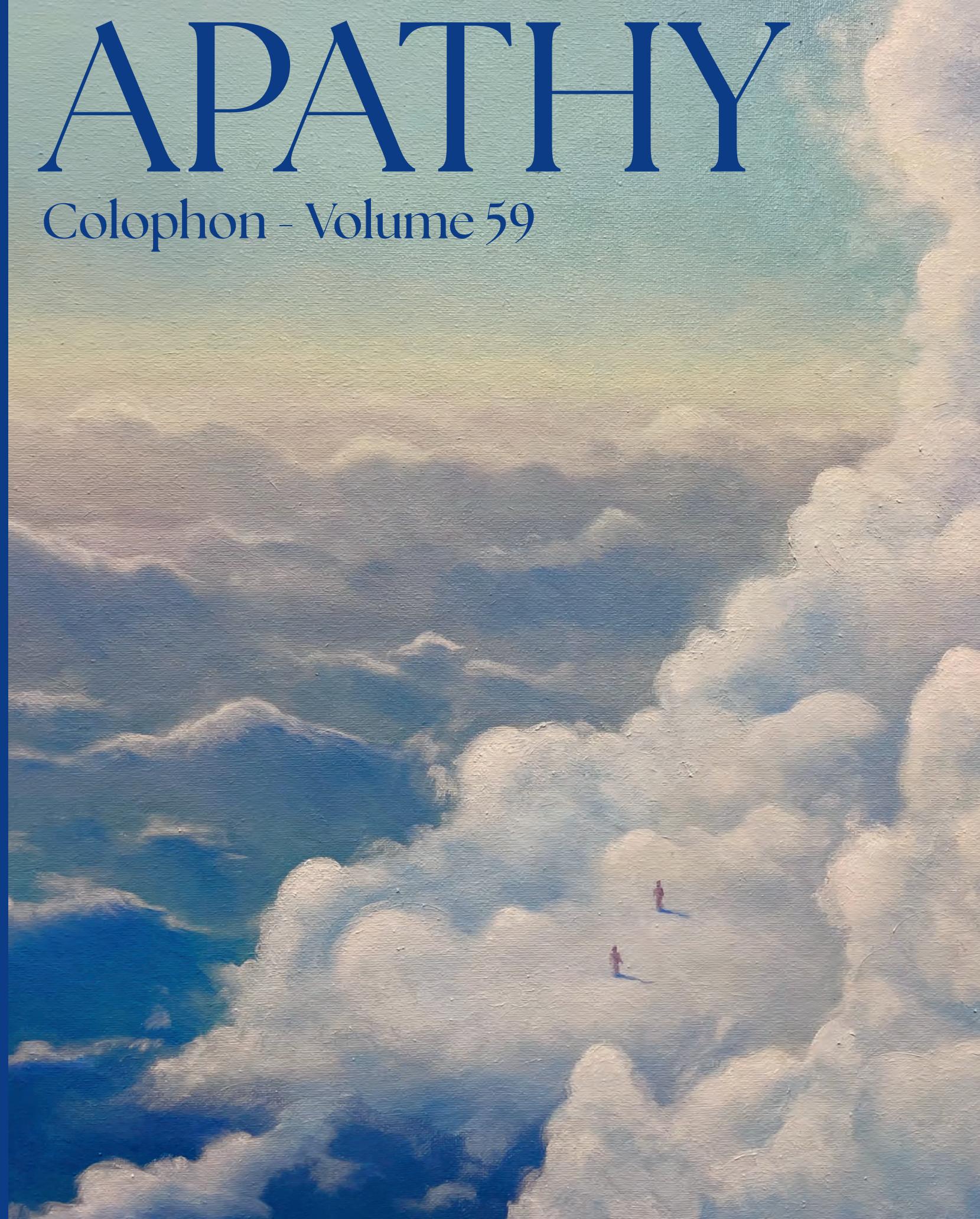


# APATHY

Colophon - Volume 59



# COLOPHON

A CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE



Yisol Chung, *Daydream*, Paint

Volume 59 ★ 2025

Towson High School  
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# DOOM & DESPAIR

Brooke Hamelin

Are You Ready For It?

Are you ready for it?  
It's coming for you,  
Getting closer now, bit by bit.

It's waiting for you to submit  
And you know it too,  
Are you ready for it?

You run and run until you must quit,  
From what though, you've no clue,  
Getting closer now, bit by bit.

Fear, your gut sinking into a pit,  
You have no choice of what to do,  
Are you ready for it?

Frozen, bowing down to its wit,  
You're not sure if you'll make it through,  
Getting closer now, bit by bit.

It approaches, bright eyes lit,  
You await your doom as it comes into view.  
Are you ready for it?  
Getting closer now, bit by bit.

Elaina Razon-Fernandez, *Death of a Rose*, Photography

Throughout the history of all that I've acquired  
There is something that is the latest  
To these other things there is no compromise  
And the similarities are all but a facade  
This thing, as the best, I should prioritize  
But to say I know this, you'd have to project

To figure out the greatness of it is my latest project  
To find the hidden value in this thing I have acquired  
The intricacies of this is what I prioritize  
As friendship is what I have acquired in the latest  
And despite the people who's friendship is a facade  
You cannot compare this, you cannot compromise

This friendship I have exchanged is more than a compromise  
We have both gained, and for each other we project  
Putting myself at disadvantage, I reject my facade  
This connection which I have now acquired  
Is but the first, not the latest  
And this bond is what I will prioritize

This bond we both prioritize  
I fear my friend has some evil compromise  
Just one of their victims, the latest  
And I fear being the one to project  
Onto my friend, who I so recently acquired  
But I expect others, like me, to keep a facade

This idea that there must be, in someone who's my friend, a facade  
Has poisoned my mind, created a cloud, covering what I should prioritize  
And yet I can't stop myself from nurturing this paranoia I've acquired  
This idea in my mind, brought from the fact that for friendship there is no compromise  
Making me feel unworthy, just a pawn, as on my friend I project  
A scheme, an ulterior motive, something that makes me just "The Latest"

But as I think this, I turn to myself, who started by thinking of them as the latest  
Just another pawn for me, the idea they must be bad encouraging my facade  
To accept something as simple as being friends would be my greatest project  
And yet I know this is what I should do, this is what I should prioritize  
Because despite what I might think, I must make with myself a compromise  
So I can accept, for what it is, this friendship I've acquired

And yet as I find myself thinking of this as a project  
I think of my friend, my achievement, the latest  
Here I sit, thinking of the friendship, not the friend I have acquired  
Simply seeing what they can bring me, putting up a facade  
Maybe, I should focus on what's important, and it's them I should prioritize  
All by myself, because of myself, I have come to a compromise

# COMPROMISE

Alexander Troeschel



Natsumi Vazquez Vives, *Self Affirmation*, Digital



**golden**  
**shovel**

Dominic Grace

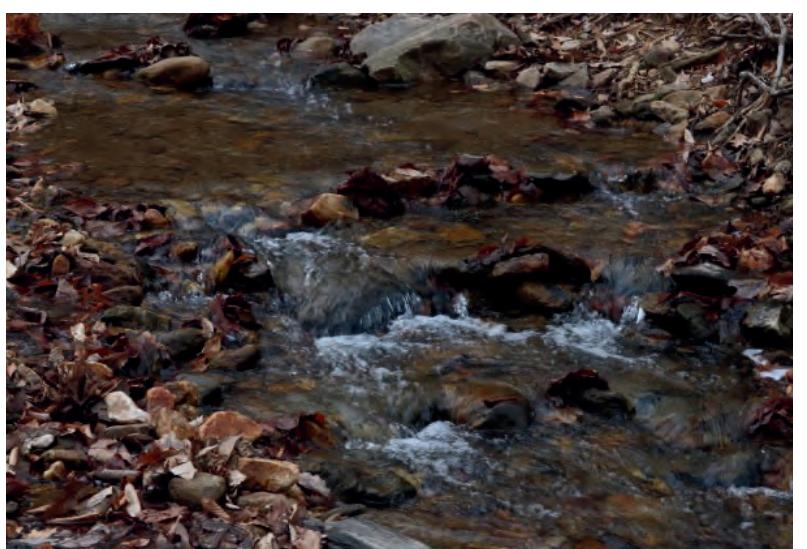
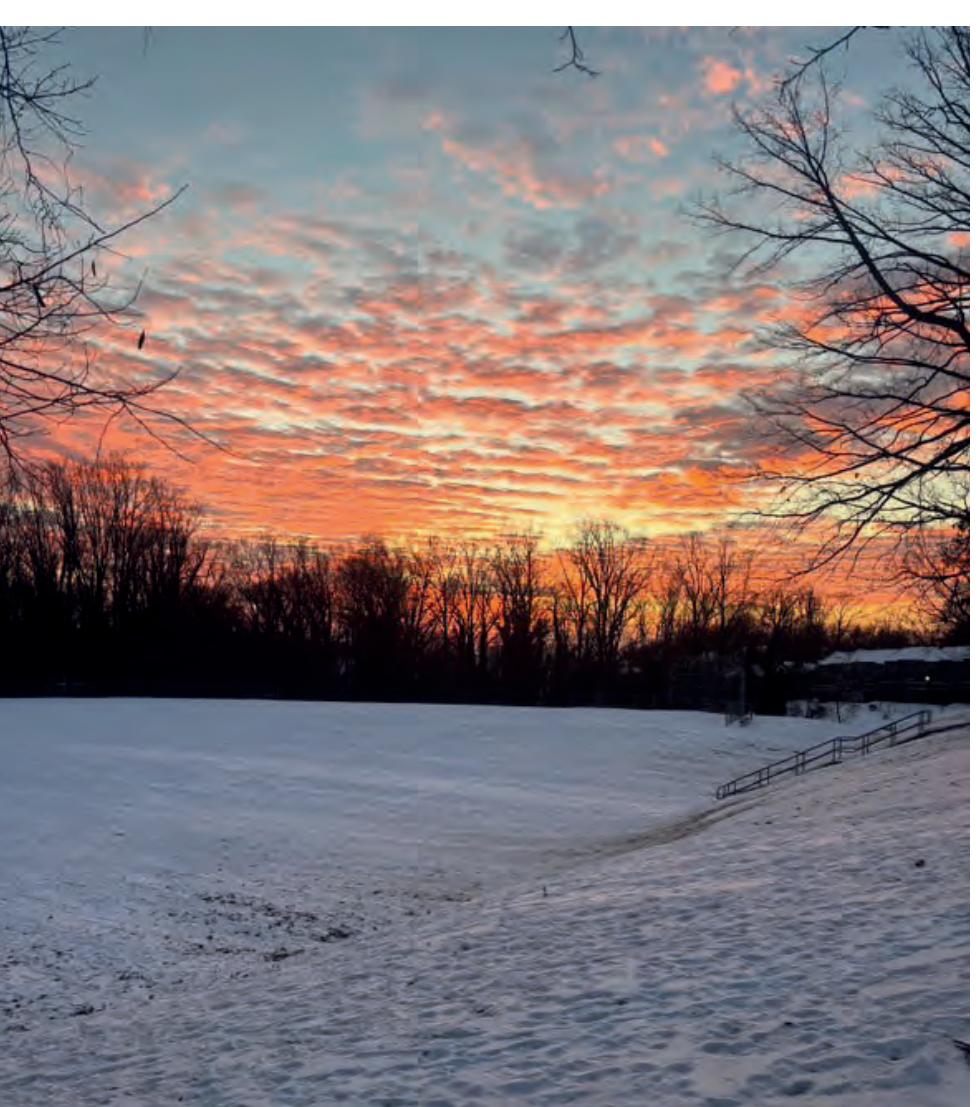
On quiet nights, I think of you,  
Of choices made and roads I may  
Have taken if fear did not shoot  
Down my dreams, leaving me  
To wonder how to heal with  
A heart so broken. Still, it's your  
Voice that lingers, wrapped in bitter words.

Original Line: "You may shoot me with your words."  
from Maya Angelou's poem, Still I Rise

# Cold Comfort

Allie Preston

The snow falls soft, a blanket pure and white,  
As icy winds sweep through the silent trees,  
The world is still beneath the starry light.  
The frozen streams reflect the moon so bright,  
And every breath hangs sharp upon the breeze,  
The snow falls soft, a blanket pure and white.  
The nights grow long, the days are cold and tight,  
While firelight flickers, warming hearts with ease,  
The world is still beneath the starry light.  
Each step is hushed, the earth in quiet plight,  
As frosted windows frost with winter's tease,  
The snow falls soft, a blanket pure and white,  
The world is still beneath the starry light.



Noelle Lintz, Personal Collection, Photography



# The Space Within



Violet Talman, Identity Head, Wood



IThe girl was born with a space inside of her.

Not one that could be seen or touched but felt—an emptiness curled deep in her ribs, a silent echo in her chest that had no name or understanding. It was not a sharp pain, but not dull; it was not exactly pain. It was more of a hunger, but not for food. A yearning, but not for anything describable. A longing for something just out of reach, something she had lost before she knew about it, before she even had it. As a child, she thought it was a place. Somewhere she was supposed to be, supposed to see, but wasn't.

She stood at the edge of roads, staring into the horizon, convinced that over there, just beyond her sight, was the thing that would make her whole. She would wake in the middle of the night and press her little hands against the windows in her room, staring out at the dark world, searching for a light, a signal, a sign, that was never there.

In school, she envied the children who seemed comfortable and content in their small worlds. Those who laughed as if nothing beyond the playground mattered. She would sit alone, feeling like she was waiting for something. But for what? She didn't know; no one could tell her.

As a teenager, she thought it was love. She sought in the connection of others, hoping they could fill the space she did not understand. She held onto friendships and relationships tightly, believing that if she surrounded herself with enough warmth, the emptiness would fade. But no matter how many times she heard the words I care about you or I'm here for you, the ache remained, untouched and unfilled.

The first time someone left her; she thought the hollow inside her would swallow her whole. But instead of breaking, she simply felt... the same. The space remained. It did not widen; it did not close. It was constant. And that terrified her more than the heartbreak itself.

In her twenties, she ran. From city to city, county to county, chasing something she could not name. She stood on mountaintops, let the wind flow around her, listened to the laughter of strangers in foreign tongues, and still, the hollow place inside her remained. She drank in new experiences like water, hoping it would soothe the thirst for an unknown substance, hoping that if she kept moving, she wouldn't sit still long enough to feel the gap inside her.





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Dorian Parker-Rollins, Memories, Photography

# Premonitions

Rachel Knaub

I told time not to fly too close to the sun,  
stay a little longer.  
I long for summer memories  
and angels in the snow.  
Apples in a wheelbarrow spill upon the street and our hearts  
spilled with them.  
I've never gathered mine back. It lays there watching the sky change  
from a pale blue I could cradle a child in, blankets holding us close,  
to crimson. Crimson never looked so much like blood.  
Wisping clouds grew dark, jagged points and edges. Light rips my stolen sky,  
I reach. Outstretched hands, fingers snapped as I scream for the time they stole away.  
Pain and hail bruises, cities flashing by.  
I blinked when I thought that time stood still, I never stood a chance.  
I wished for things to pass but they passed so fast it hurt. And now I'm here,  
I thought I ripped my sword from stone  
but my hands are blistered and the sword is so heavy it could be the future.  
I flew and I thought I could see the world  
and the sun was so bright, I was a moth, I flew.  
And I was so far from the world that had done me wrong, my maze  
was not so inescapable as it had seemed.  
I got so far, I swore I could see it all. My vision expanding like a blanket  
draping over the world, so large. I settled on mountains and villages, a child is born.  
I was up so high, I flew.  
God shook my hand, wished me good luck, I flew.  
But my wings caught fire and I was not still invincible in my greatness,  
sword in hand as I pulled it from stone, I flew. But now  
it weighs so much, my future in my hands.  
My blistered back burns and the future looks up at me, so bright it burns, so heavy  
I feel it slipping.  
If I put it down for just a moment, let myself slip with it, a little bit,  
would I ever be able  
to get back up?  
And I wonder  
if I hold the future, will the future hold me?  
Grand in triumph will I be one of the many cradled in its warmth?  
I just want to let go.  
And I find myself facing the world.  
Ghosts don't haunt me now, I wish they did. Their faces fade and it's just me.  
Here. Alone. All I ever wanted was to just go home.



Dorian Parker-Rollins, Memories, Photography

# Ethel's Sestina

Patricia Smith

Ethel Freeman's body sat for days in her wheelchair outside the New Orleans Convention Center. Her son Herbert, who had assured his mother that help was on the way, was forced to leave her there once she died.

Gon' be obedient in this here chair,  
gon' bide my time, fanning against this sun.  
I ask my boy, and all he says is Wait.  
He wipes my brow with steam, says I should sleep.

I trust his every word. Herbert my son.  
I believe him when he says help gon' come.  
Been so long since all these suffrin' folks come  
to this place. Now on the ground 'round my chair,  
they sweat in my shade, keep asking my son  
could that be a bus they see. It's the sun  
foolin' them, shining much too loud for sleep,  
making us hear engines, wheels. Not yet. Wait.  
Lawd, some folks prayin' for rain while they wait,  
forgetting what rain can do. When it come,  
it smashes living flat, wakes you from sleep,  
eats streets, washes you clean out of the chair  
you be sittin' in. Best to praise this sun,  
shinin' its dry shine. Lawd have mercy, son,  
is it coming? Such a strong man, my son.

Can't help but believe when he tells us, Wait.  
Wait some more. Wish some trees would block this sun.  
We wait. Ain't no white men or buses come,  
but look—see that there? Get me out this chair,  
help me stand on up. No time for sleepin',  
cause look what's rumbling this way. If you sleep  
you gon' miss it. Look there, I tell my son.  
He don't hear. I'm 'bout to get out this chair,  
but the ghost in my legs tells me to wait,  
wait for the salvation that's sho to come.  
I see my savior's face 'longside that sun.  
Nobody sees me running toward the sun.  
Lawd, they think I done gone and fell asleep.  
They don't hear Come.

Come.  
Come.  
Come.  
Come.  
Come.  
Come.  
Ain't but one power make me leave my son.  
I can't wait, Herbert. Lawd knows I can't wait.  
Don't cry, boy, I ain't in that chair no more.  
Wish you coulda come on this journey, son,  
seen that ol' sweet sun lift me out of sleep.  
Didn't have to wait. And see my golden chair?

Jane Shields, Tethered, Photography



# Youth

Deborah Ojeme

Playing into the evening street lights come on  
I struggle keeping my eyes open, I don't want to get old

Ice-cream sundays see me through my week  
Eats without a care in the world, not worried about getting old

School students walking home without their parents  
I envy them knowing I can't do the same, I want to get old

Lights off by 8pm but my older brother stays awake  
I want to stay awake too, but I can't, I want to get old

I sometimes wish to live alone  
I want to be finally free, I can't wait to get old



# COMFORT

Gabriella Ryan

The difficulty of people's lives varies significantly  
Some are tortured, some average, but we all have comfort

Some find it in drugs, others in a food, some in a person  
But regardless of where we find it, everyone has it, comfort

It lead us to wonder, what would occur in its absence  
Would we survive without a place to hide, without comfort

This phenomenon fascinates me and those alike  
It could be out of fright, that it stems, comfort

The psychological impact something can have on an individual, like no one else  
Where they feel a warm sense of belonging, comfort

Right from the get go when we are born, we search and search  
We want to be warm, protected, we want comfort

Something so seemingly simple has such a complex effect  
We all have instincts, some say for survival, some argue for comfort

So what is the true significance of protection, of safety, of the feeling of love  
Is the absence of unwavering love a corresponding absence of comfort

The unloved; do they cry, do they live, how do they carry on  
The answer is this: even the unloved, continue on their quest for love, for comfort

Everyone, no matter who it be, on some level wants to be loved  
This is why we look for comfort; unfaltering love is the ultimate source of comfort



Zero Robinson, *Self Portraits*, Acrylic Paint

# Reign in Hell

Rhys Stump-Coale

"Better to reign in hell, than to serve in heaven."  
Satan, Paradise Lost

The grass there always grows greener, regardless of the weather  
But where we are, it's dry, and the other side is probably much better  
If you stay behind, they will go without you  
Make a choice quickly, because they are about to  
Soon they will leave, and you will be all that remains  
And in an absent space, there is no one over which to reign

As you walk through the grass that grows dry and thin  
Ground packed and hard and lifeless within,  
You see that even the animals have left as well,  
This is now a personal place  
Is it a personal hell?  
There is no sound anymore, and there is only one man  
Nothing at all he can see, other than

The grass  
And the moon  
So close and so far, the only thing bright enough to walk to  
And follow endlessly, close enough to see the curve  
The light that it shines is enough light to serve  
To follow endlessly, the only light on his skin  
The only thing that can distract from the place he is in  
Everybody has left, there is just one more resident  
Who has made his own hell, or maybe  
His own heaven

Natalie Kral, See, Sculpture



# SACRIFICE

I seek for an answer I wonder  
 Lord, for what reason have you sent boy?  
 He taught he fought with the a holy spirit  
 He was bread and sent to be our lamb Son of god, we sang, come save us And as  
 he was told he did by sacrifice.  
 The boy was scared of crucifix by sacrifice  
 Why have you chosen one of life I wonder  
 For we don't deserve the forgiveness you gave us Shall our forgiveness really  
 need torture of a boy?  
 We don't deserve to be pleased of pain from lamb  
 Rushed of holy rushed of pleasure rushed by spirit  
 This ghost that'll help keep our souls alive this holy spirit  
 But why should a pure boy and not a dirty one have to be sacrificed?  
 Why not bleed a dirty snake, instead of the clean lamb?  
 We must send the best for lord but why give away the savior i wonder.  
 This boy taught good and rid of evil so why must we rid of boy?  
 We sang with him had choose to bleed for us, But in the end he was sent off by  
 us.  
 We are who killed our spirit  
 But the son forgave our souls, forgiveness of the boy We felt harsh winds and  
 terror of his sacrifice But in the end all we had was wonder  
 Did god punish us through guilt or save us with lamb  
 We have been the ones to kill our lamb But to lord we blame and god we call us  
 We form greed though wonder  
 So build towers to heaven or build worship to ourselves our "spirit"  
 So why sent the boy, the boy wholl sacrifice  
 For humans who wont respect the death and torture of this boy?  
 We laugh, taunted, and spit in the face of this boy But he and the lord still chose  
 to save us  
 With pity with sorrow the one true human died of disgraceful sacrifice  
 Lamb  
 Sacrifice  
 Boy  
 Sacrifice  
 Spirit  
 Sacrifice  
 Don't forgive don't forget don't accept us  
 Close the gates to heaven, we don't deserve to look at the bay



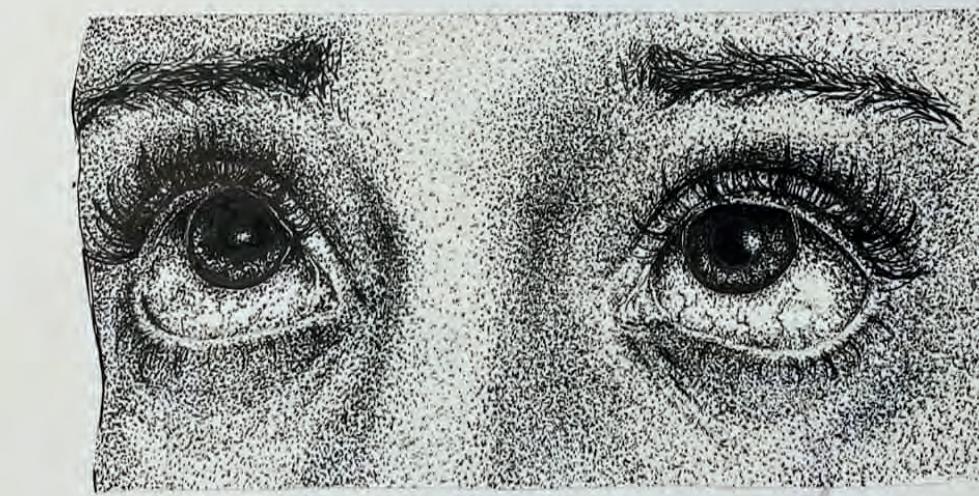
# Until Next Time

Isabella Chirinos Araujo

Every breath is a sign of life  
One that death cannot provide  
When a loved one's vessel fails  
You have nothing else to do but prevail  
To go through the emotional hail  
Trudge through the dark, unpredictable path

It is especially ruthless when you realize  
You should have spent more time with them  
You should have appreciated all that they did  
But now it's too late  
Death is irreversible  
It's unforgettable  
And it stings harder than one can manage  
But now you know for next time

Sadie Meyers, Tearfall, Ink



# PERSPECTIVE SHIFT

Rachel Kanub

I think I'm the type of person  
my dad would have bullied back in school.  
To fit with the crowd  
or go with the flow, I don't know.  
I think I'm someone  
who really shouldn't care.

But oh, I care.  
I'm only just a person,  
and I'm only just a someone.  
But I'm starting to slip in school  
and they don't know, but I know  
that I'm hiding from the silent crowd.

They're ebbing and flowing and bruising, this sharp as spikes crowd.  
I've always thought I'd always care  
and always know the ways I've gotta know,  
but I guess I'm now the person  
who doesn't want to live, or go to school.  
And I think I don't want to be someone.

And yet, I am someone.  
I am a dot in the crowd  
and a single fish in the vast school.  
But really, about me, does anyone care?  
About me as my person,  
I guess I really don't know.

Oh, do you know?  
Do you know of someone,  
of maybe just one person  
who stands out from the crowd?  
Do you think that maybe they care  
that I can't get out of my bed or that I'm failing in school?

I walk back from school  
and I look around at the trees and the sky and I know  
that maybe I should care  
just a little bit, to be someone  
who isn't alone in a vast hungry crowd.  
But I really don't know how to be her, this fantasy person.

The person who cares about school  
isn't who I see in the crowd of me, and I really don't know  
how to be someone who can care.



Addie McCalister, *Broken Perception*, Acrylic Paint

# The Road Not Taken

Alexandria Preston

Two roads  
I could not travel  
I stood  
And looked  
To where the  
others  
perhaps  
wanted  
the passing  
same,

that  
step  
First  
leads to  
doubt

I shall  
Somewhere  
diverge  
and  
travel  
by  
the difference.



# DANDELION WISHES

Ayla Venkatesa

When she was seven,  
she plucked a dandelion,  
twirling its vibrant stem between small fingers.  
Inhale, exhale—  
a thousand seeds floating away in the wind,  
carrying her wish with them.  
Her steps were filled with fresh hope,  
and the summer air was more alive than ever,  
and she noticed the way that the sun spilled  
golden light onto the grass and  
how the pollen swirled around her.

At fifteen, she walked past them,  
blooming dandelions forgotten in the cracks of a sidewalk.  
She was no longer enchanted by  
the colors of a summer afternoon,  
as if stopping to admire their beauty would be  
an inconvenience, as if  
believing in wishes was a foolish endeavor.

When she was thirty,  
dandelions were  
pulled from the earth with careless hands,  
left to wilt in a pile of discarded stems,  
to rid her yard of weeds.  
Her only inhale, exhale—  
was the relentless routine of motherhood,  
a duty too important to bank on dandelions for.

Years passed,  
until one day, on a quiet porch,  
she saw them again,  
a patch of bright white among the grass.  
She knelt and plucked one as she used to,  
closed her eyes, and blew.  
Inhale, exhale—  
she watched the seeds dance in the air  
through beaming eyes,  
and felt the hopefulness of her childhood return.

She wondered why she ever let it go.



Sadie Littleton, Oasis, Photography

# Self portrait at six.

Amalia Demetrios.

I do not know if the blankets  
comfort me  
or strangle me.  
How does one breathe?  
I remember,  
faintly,  
I once knew.  
But now the darkness drowns me,  
and I will die.  
I know it.  
Once I fall asleep, I won't breathe  
The forgetfulness will seep into my lungs,  
erasing the breath I was born with  
and I will die.  
I hope it will be peaceful.  
I have already said my last words,  
ones I hope will be on the stone above me.  
I love you  
But will my parents forget  
too?  
Maybe, as I lie in my coffin,  
I'll be dressed in my mother's wedding gown,  
because I'm still young and unmarried.  
The fabric will surely drown me,  
My tiny body swimming in the white silk.  
My cheeks will be rosy,  
makeup plastered on,  
but I'll be dead.  
Never coming back.  
The fear of death  
slides up your nose,  
down your throat.  
No amount of coughing will get it out.  
I've tried.  
But now,  
the poison seeds stuck inside my lungs,  
growing each night,  
and shriveling in the morning,  
fade to nothing,  
as the cold grasp of  
the feared sleep,  
envelopes me.  
And I wake up tired,  
But breathing.  
Only years later  
do I remember the tangled sheets.



Greer McIntosh, In Dreams, Acrylic Paint

# bird woman

Grace Heffner

bird woman  
you say that we've met in another life,  
that i'm wise  
but do the wise let you wash their face,  
tuck them into bed,  
and watch them fall asleep?

bird woman  
did your mother do the same for you?  
or will i bear the burden of knowing your wings grew in a broken cage?  
bird woman  
let me be your nest, let me be your chick, let me be the perch you rest from.  
bird woman  
let me mend your wings, let me be the breeze, let me meet you in another life.



Eva Kopenick, Immaculate Shirt, Fabric

# A P R I C I T Y

The trails we once knew like the back of our hands,  
I am forced to take a second glance.

The trees seem older, their branches bent,  
Like faded letters from words we once meant  
The air smells of rain that never fell,  
A quiet ache I can't quite quell.  
Each step stirs echoes of your voice,  
A murmur in the wind, a fleeting choice.

The earth beneath still holds your trace,  
Yet time slips by without a face.

The river's song calls out, low and  
wild,

Tugging at memories, sweet  
and mild.

And I, like a leaf, drift on its  
tide,

The moonlight paints shadows  
I can't hide.

The grass, soft beneath my bare feet,  
Is a secret, one we're meant to keep,

The air, rich with the scent of pine,  
A moment that's slipped from my hands,  
no longer mine.

In every rustle, in every sigh,  
He speaks in the language of the sky—

And I listen, as I always do,  
To the quiet of a world that knows me too.

A gentle touch, the warmth of skin,  
Like the sun when it dips, letting  
twilight in.



## MISSION STATEMENT

For decades, Colophon has had a singular focus that has driven it to publication: giving people a voice to exchange emotion and express personal insight into our common human experience. It has been over fifty years since its foundation, and as the community that shapes it have evolved, Colophon too has grown, passing through temporal portals to adapt to its new environment. The creative arts magazine's annual efforts have culminated in a haven of creation, to protect, feed, and display to the world the minds of students.

Colophon lives through its student body, a collection of nearly 1,700 minds, and a hundred dedicated faculty members, without which there would be nothing to publish at all. The organization accepts submissions from all grades 9-12 for consideration, but to ensure that the school is well represented, only one work is published for any one artist or writer.

## EDITORIAL POLICY

The extracurricular club begins by assembling returning staff and incoming members to a preliminary meeting. Here, the club clarifies the purpose and need behind Colophon, identifies the direction envisioned for the year, and outlines general meeting times after school. A standard is established and clarified to all Colophon staff for the evaluation of creative works. The club members promote submissions to be judged anonymously, encouraging all students to volunteer any work they have through the Colophon website.

Literary submissions are divided into anonymous sets. Each piece is evaluated individually by all Colophon staffers, and given a grade for their technique, expression of emotion, and unique insight. Similarly, art submissions are also divided into anonymous sets, which are evaluated by the entire staff through democratic voting. Criteria for artwork centers around the quality, originality of thought, and innovative use of the medium. As the year progresses, editors narrow down the list of accepted works. A meeting is called to discuss common themes, drawing from the submissions in hopes of attaining a central vision for the magazine. As the club moves into the design phase, editors consult with writers to suggest edits for syntax or literary development in their writing pieces. Art pieces are photographed or scanned to ensure high quality images. As final edits are made, the layout and the pairing of art and writing pieces are organized through a general meeting.

The Colophon staff creates and designs spreads on Canva and Adobe Photoshop CC before electronically sending the book to be printed through Blurb. Finally, copies are distributed in person or via mail to those interested.

## SUBMISSION POLICY

Colophon will begin to accept submissions for its 2025-2026 edition in the fall. Acceptable submissions include, but are not limited to, painting, photography, drawing, poetry, prose, sculpture, and music. Contact Colophon at [thscolophon@gmail.com](mailto:thscolophon@gmail.com). More information on Colophon and its history can be found at the Colophon website.

## COLOPHON

All body text is printed in 11 point Lora, with 14 point Lora bylines. Titles are unique to each piece chosen by their spread designers. All layout, typesetting, and artistic design is executed using Canva and Adobe Photoshop CC.



