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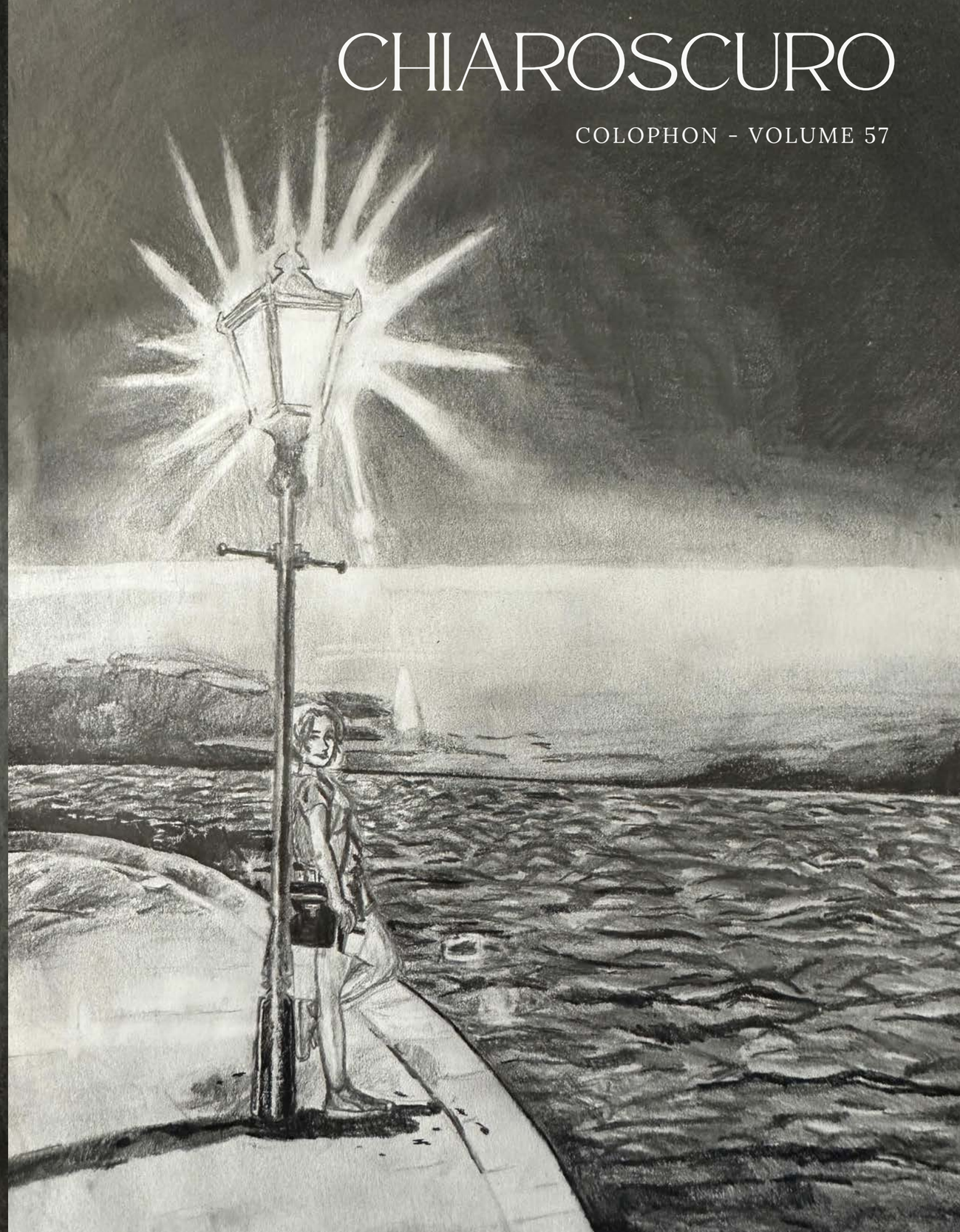
COLOPHON - VOLUME 57



At night, somewhere unknown, I hear humming
and again I am home, holding my mother's hand.

I am home and I realize this world was not made
for light, not for the pigmentation of paint, or else
we could look into the night and see ourselves –

bright lights, absorbing all color. I wonder
why we can't, why artists paint the illusion of light,
why people are shapes at their core:

shifting, scorching, souring, burning, besting, bettering,
and we move on, waiting for the next masterpiece.

It is night and again I am somewhere unknown,
holding a hand; humming, painting,
and waiting.

COLOPHON

A CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE

Kendall Wiggins, *Chiaroscuro*, Charcoal

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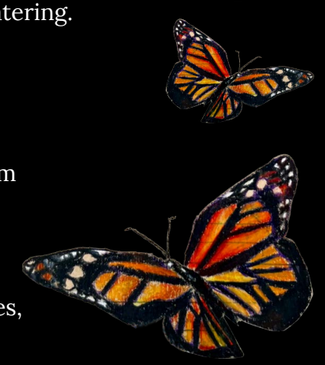
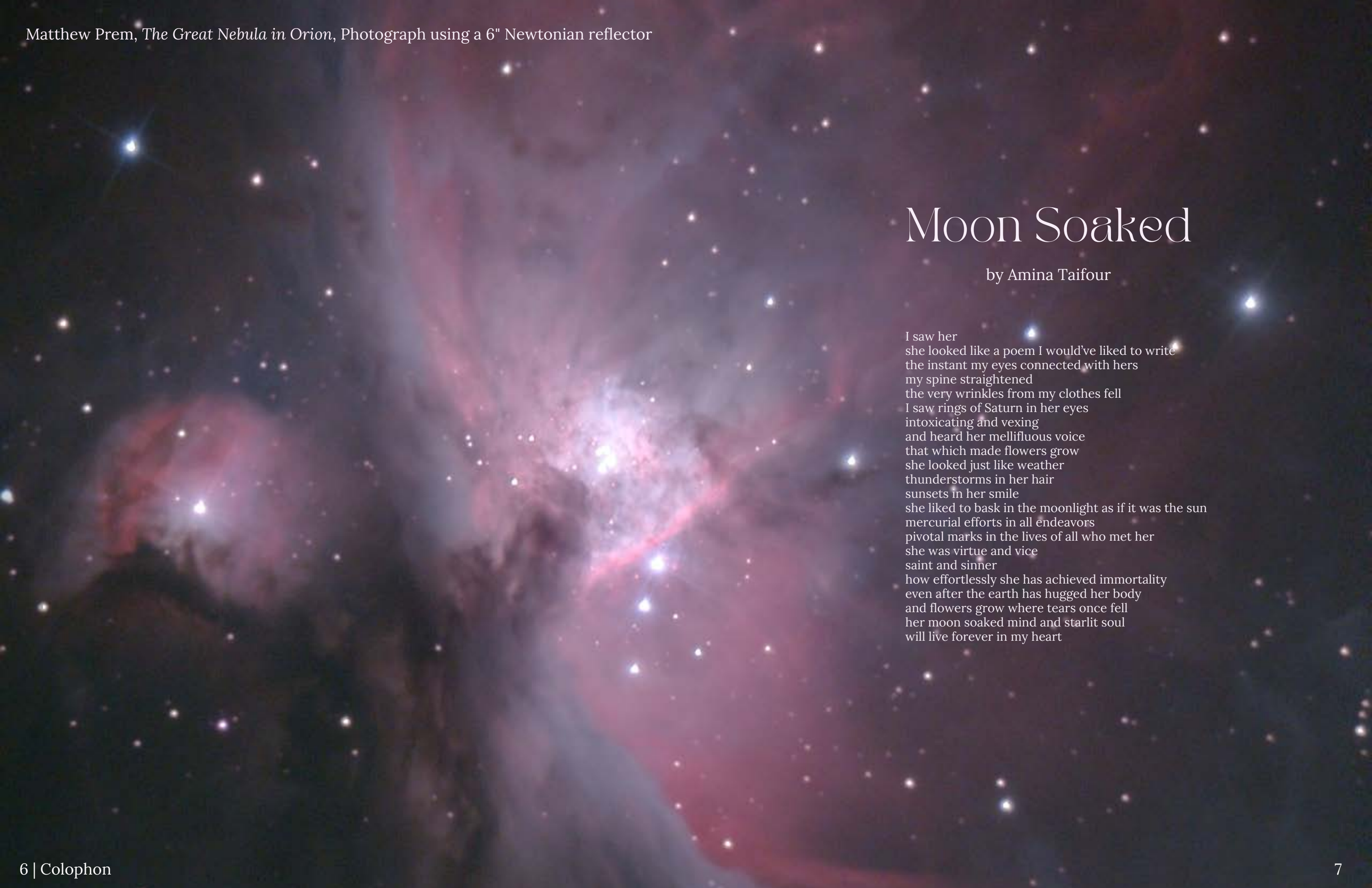
A Brief Inquiry into my Mother's Resolute Affection

by Isabel Reed

Me, you, and a concrete jungle.
Miles rolling under me,
Cracked sidewalks and knuckles
Blistering cold stinging your fingers
A guaranteed bite I'd feel in years.
Our invisible string,
Twisted and taken through milky blanketed kingdoms,
Undoubtably forcing the city to listen.
Those were our paths
With mittens and sweaters three times my size
That now sit in a box in the closet on the top floor,
A cardboard grave you love to mourn
Decomposing
To plant the seeds we've spent our whole lives watering.
Even when you didn't have enough rain for me
I found myself with the coveted café dates
You never got but always wanted,
Weightless yet constantly bared gestures
I'd used to drag behind me
Yet now squeeze so tight white flees from my palm
Just as you would from them
A monstrous phantom expulsed
By a perfect shoulder waiting to be cried on,
The taste of ginger when I have a runny nose,
Lingering morning smell of lemon ricotta pancakes,
Advice taken as a dessert not a medicine,
Shared slumber tied together with a duvet,
And a broken heart the time you asked
Am I a good mother?
Mama
I was born to be your daughter.



Miguel Chiapetta, *Migration*, Colored Pencil on Paper



Matthew Prem, *The Great Nebula in Orion*, Photograph using a 6" Newtonian reflector

Moon Soaked

by Amina Taifour

I saw her
she looked like a poem I would've liked to write
the instant my eyes connected with hers
my spine straightened
the very wrinkles from my clothes fell
I saw rings of Saturn in her eyes
intoxicating and vexing
and heard her mellifluous voice
that which made flowers grow
she looked just like weather
thunderstorms in her hair
sunsets in her smile
she liked to bask in the moonlight as if it was the sun
mercurial efforts in all endeavors
pivotal marks in the lives of all who met her
she was virtue and vice
saint and sinner
how effortlessly she has achieved immortality
even after the earth has hugged her body
and flowers grow where tears once fell
her moon soaked mind and starlit soul
will live forever in my heart

Saying Goodbye

by Norah Sorenson

Maxwell Gerber, *Clothesline*, Charcoal on Paper

I don't know if I blinked
or if the lights flickered but somehow, I think I missed it.
I feel foreign
in this house that I am supposed to call home,
but home was our blue door,
the bouncy trampoline,
the pictures on the wall,
the kitchen table,
the open windows flooding with natural light,
the memories permanently saved in our stained tan coach.
Now I look at these unpacked boxes,
cold floors,
and flickering lights.
This is not my home.
Bring me back to my blue door,
because I think I blinked too many times,
and I missed it.
Bring me back to my blue door,
let me unlock my childhood.

Angel Baby

by Oli Blanks

I visited your grave when I was nine,
Stared at your angel baby statue til I swore you moved.
Your tousled curls were turned olive by rain,
Fair skin marred by a pox of lichen.
Angel wings weighed down by mold,
How could you fly, I wondered
With feathers so heavy?
How could you see
With fungus obscuring your eyes?
How do you sit so serenely,
Arms folded atop your headstone
Knowing that I was born if only to replace you,
And you were born only to die?

Faye Taylor, *Glowing White Ash Tree of Loch Raven Reservoir*, Photograph

Camille Bull, *Greenwood Stonehouse*, Photograph

GREENWOOD STONEHOUSE

by Camille Bull

Walking through the halls, on the carpet,
on the walls

Small dark footprints
Have become barely faint
I trace the outlines
Your greenwood clogs would fit me now

A pause in breath
holds everything still:
the wizards in the bookcase
4 new jersey quarters all stacked
Eating with the orange cat

Now I hide in your greenwood house
with your greenwood frames
in your greenwood bed

But your eyes find me

Through the looking glass, a great oak tree
I miss you beneath it, you hum to me

MY HANDS

by Hannah Stoitchkov

My hands are always cold, it's a truth known only to me
They are frozen amidst ice, even during the drying summer heat
But my hands, they hold an even darker truth no one can see
They hold a message hidden under the clear ice sheet.
Of the anxiety that grips me tight,
The icy tentacles that wrap around
It chills my heart and fills my sight
Leaving me frozen, lost and bound

Yet I am reminded, I am not alone,
I have the strength to break free from this hold
I'll face my fears, I'll make my stand
And let my spirit bravely unfold
For my hands may always feel so cold
But they are a part of me, a story untold
A story of struggles and growth and grace
A story that I will embrace.

Weiya Carter, *The Labor of Women's Time*, Oil and Acrylic Paint on Canvas

Perry Sovich, *Bones and All*, Acrylic Paint on Canvas

CABINET

by Kate Herbert

Years later, here I am now,
under the sink in the house I was afraid of

Sitting next to the extra soap
in the dark, hiding like I used to

The ghosts come out to play
as I walk through the door

I see her smile, her arms widening,
waiting for my embrace

And I see the ghosts in her eyes, locked away.
She's trying to keep it that way

I missed her, but I missed the ghosts too
I feel them carry me up the steps

They're there when I sleep at night
stirring my dreams

Comfortable, they sit next to me
While I wake up, while I look out the window

The gray sky that I love
as I walk outside, the air clears

the temperature drops and it's crisp again
I can smell the frost

The ghosts don't follow, they can't reach me here
Every time I leave I forget how sticky they are

They cling to my mind, to my heart,
I suffocate

like a snake, they bring you in,
make you feel warm

then strangle you.
her love is killing me, she loves me too hard

On the blue chair in the kitchen,
the ghosts accompany us

Sitting on my shoulders they push me down
It's harder to enjoy her words.

During my drive back
I always feel the same guilt

That haunted house was my first grave
and I'm leaving my love there.

Monsters in the Dark

by Elisa Guida

His feet wandered aimlessly around the rickety townhouse. The floorboards creaked under his small sock-covered feet; every noise he heard caused his eyes to dart around frantically.

Each corner of the house seemed to be shrouded in inky shadows. His imagination stirred with images of things lurking deep in the dark: they mocked him. No matter how many lights he turned on, he felt like a breathing shadow.

The boy wasn't sure – he almost never was – whether it was more dangerous to sit still and wait for the monsters to come find him, or to walk around looking for them. Should he cower in fear of the hidden creatures that lie within his home? Or should he be brave? His mind wandered back and forth, a steady unease casting over him. He knew what he wanted to do, but in the end his desires were forfeited to fear.

So, he sat on his twin bed. Above his train patterned covers, his hands fidgeted, thumbs pressing tightly together, fingers twining and untwining. Never before had he wished to have eyes on the back of his head, until now. Every unwatched part of his bedroom was a possibility for attack – the lamp in the far corner of his room doing little to take over the darkness.

No later than a second after he heard the sharp, sudden groan of wood, he shot to his feet, quickly stumbling out of the room. He cascaded down towards the foyer, nearly tripping on the carpet that lay before the front door. Catching himself at the last moment, he grasped the front door handle and struggled to open it. After he finished fumbling with the lock, he lurched outside, his socks immediately becoming soggy from the rain-soaked grass in his front yard. Although even then he didn't hesitate for even a moment. Fueled by adrenaline and fear, the boy sprinted across his driveway towards the street. The closer he got to the asphalt of the street, the more his feet began to slide on the soaked pavement. Then right before he reached the curb, his feet came out from beneath him, his head harshly striking the ground.

As he lay crippled and blinded by tears, a sound caught his attention: a car pulling up to the ground where he lay and the busy sounds of feet hurrying towards him. Suddenly his mother appeared beside him. The boy felt his worries wash away; all was brighter and safer in her presence. Relief hit him hard, his sobs turning warm in her hand. Shortly after he was helped back into the house, his father joined them.

At his insistence, the boy's father checked the shadowed corners of the house. He peered under his son's small bed, scanned every closet they owned, opened and closed all the doors, and even checked beneath the creaky stairs just to appease the boy. When he returned to his son's room, he reassured him with soft words.

There's nothing there.

It's okay.

Don't be afraid...

Soon it was night. The time he had fearfully awaited had arrived: darkness was unavoidable. Once his parents had finished bidding him "goodnight", the blackness of the room seemed to close in on him. His eyes remained wide open as he searched for the monsters, but he could see nothing.

But that didn't stop him from feeling.

As the darkness enclosed around him, he suffocated. Drowning in darkness, his chest heaved as his lungs struggled for air.

Even as an adult he could remember this day.

Yet, now he didn't fear the darkness, he welcomed it like an old friend.

Casey Donovan, *Rock Bottom*, Photograph

Glass

by Lily Zhu

Beads of glass fall from the sky
like tears of marbled deities
ready to be freed from worship.

That's what her tears had felt to me:
cold to touch,
her warmth
reserved only for herself.

With a heart of glass
she smelts her pain into iron;
a sword she uses to fend herself
from unknown perils.

She shatters the memories
into insignificant pieces,
far too small for her
to recall any specifics.

With anger,
she no longer understands its source,
she brings her new heart
into the world;

Far too fragile
to face the dangers of the same world
she was hurt.

She treads in boots
on concrete as if on sand,
until she sinks again into a hole
made by unexpected vacationers.

Emily Slade, *Caoineadh*, Clay and Acrylic Paint

Estelle Gerber, *Scenes From a Garden*, Embroidery on Cloth

A Trot Through Imagination

by Miriam Dia

A fennec is wild, who knows what he thinks.
Across the endless dunes he trots,
His beige orange fur makes him but a faint, gliding dot.
Every day, tending to the needs of life in the extreme
A demanding, unforgiving routine, restricting his right to dream.

He stays in the tightness of the den by day,
Continual sun, continual heat, continual sand.
Scurries in the dark emptiness by night,
Continual darkness, dry, continual breeze, continual sand.
In continuity, the trouble lies not,
But continuity becomes confinement, confinement becomes lassitude.
And in lassitude peaceful wonder is naught.

To be constricted to one atmosphere as a creature of so many
With a load of languages, experiences, thoughts so heavy?
Torture.

In such cases, what is one to do but dream?
To place himself in a world his imagination only can make gleam.
Soon endless sand becomes endless sea and sky.
Waves crash, the breeze sprays. Seagulls cry.
They dance, swirl and relish their freedom as, powerfully, they fly.

They recognize where they've been and choose carefully where they stay:
A mangrove bed off the coast of Dakar, an island in the Chesapeake Bay,
A patch of sand in Abidjan, a rock bed in Bordeaux.
Each place with hidden wonders only intimate visitors know,
Insignificant awes only silence and observation dare bestow.

Hark! The seagull's cry has turned to a vulture's,
The vast sea has begun to change color.
The peaceful, deep blue turns to a parched orange beige,
As daily life locks our fennec in its compact cage.

Out of the den and into the sun, once again, he trots.
He trots slowly, out of lassitude, but his dreams and imagination?
Much faster than can ever be caught.

Une Trotte dans l'Imagination

French Translation by Miriam Dia

Un Fennec est sauvage, qui sais ce qu'il pense.
A travers les vastes dunes il trotte,
Sa fourre fait de lui un point beige-orange qui flotte.
La routine dans l'extrême commence chaque jour qu'il se lève,
Des besoins nécessaires qui le gardent de ces rêves.

Reste dans la tanière étroite de jour,
Soleil, chaleur, et sable infini.
Se presse dans l'obscurité de nuit,
Ténèbres, brise sèche, et froid infini.
Dans l'infini le problème n'est pas
Mais l'infini devient cachot, la lassitude suit.
En lassitude, l'esprit tombe dans un piteux état.

Être réduit à une seule atmosphère étant un être d'autant
Avec un poids de langues, expérience et pensées si resplendissant ?
Torture.

Dans des cas pareils, que faire sauf rêver ?
De s'immerger dans un monde son imagination seul peut dresser.
Soudain, les dunes disparaissent et la mer les remplacent.
Les vagues s'abattent, et créent une brise salée.
Les mouettes crient et dansent dans le ciel avec grâce,

Seules à décider comment vivre et où aller.
Mangrove sur la cote de Dakar, Baie du Chesapeake—le long de la cote
Lit de sable à Abidjan, un nid à Bordeaux est le parfait hôte.
Chaque endroit réservant des mystères aux plus intimes,
Des joies aussi insignifiantes que minimes.

Tenez ! Le cri de la mouette se transforme en vautour,
Des couleurs sèches, orange beige se prennent aux alentours.
Toute lueur de répit n'est qu'un cruel mirage,
Le rythme de la vie enferme notre fennec dans sa cage.

Hors de la tanière et sous le soleil, encore une fois, il trotte.
Il trotte lentement, de lassitude, mais son imagination flotte.
Flotte, déploie ses ailes, et détruit toutes ses menottes.

Estelle Gerber, *Scenes From a Garden*, Embroidery on Cloth

A Passing Light

by Ann Cullinane

The whale-oil runs dry in its cage of glass,
lighthouse flickering in time with the thunder.
Clouds circling like vultures, picking at the shore
with beaks of rain.

The keeper stood among the rocks,
the ocean a dog at his feet,
baring teeth the color of moonlight on the water.
Raindrops coil around his hand, coiled around a match
whose dim glow grew dimmer,
the flame and water sharing a deadly kiss,
ash spilling over the edges of their lips.

The keeper strikes one after the other,
letting them live to watch them die,
or for the pinprick of light to catch some sailor's distant,
lost eye,

or to light the cigarette tucked behind his ear.

Jesujuwon Balogun, *Erebus*, Photograph

Maegan Relano, *In the Halls*, Acrylic on Canvas

Haibun For "Where I'm From"

by Maya Walker

Barely a girl, I learn how to fold socks together, how to tighten my fist around a pen, how to use it to write. In class we write poems titled "Where I'm From" and I am reminded that I am barely twelve living in a college town, 3:00 AM drumlines beating to my pulse. Still, I grow older, wiser. I walk to school through campus. I walk home through town. I go to the library, the mall, the playground. I wander to the main road. I think it's the edge of the world.

...

Years drip away like candle wax and suitcase in hand, I'm leaving. My college essay detailed how my room felt as close as damp clothes to skin, how pen in hand I learned to write. It did not mention my eyebrows, torn away, or how people ask why I shaved them. Nothing less pretty than a healthy amount of sadness. I write about how happy I am to be accepted to college, not how I need college to be happy. A song plays on the car radio from my middle school years and for a split second, I miss them.

...

I don't know salt from sugar, ripeness from rot. I don't know right from wrong, don't know morality from mortality. I don't know where I'm from. All I know is how to fold socks together. All I know is that at the right moment, poems write themselves.

...

Tenderness,
rubbed raw,
becomes grief.

Shirisha Paudel, *Rage*, Graphite and Charcoal

A Conversation With Kali

by Salona Bhandari

As I stand before you, I first see your garland of skulls and your blood smeared tongue, yet I can't help but focus on your eyes instead. Like mine, they are almond-shaped and slanted. The curls in your mongoloid hair lay the same way mine do and like my mother, you wear your tika with pride. The Devi Mahatmya tells us your skin is "dark as ink" yet as we begin to converse, I notice it is not much darker than mine.

Although your anger is deserved as there is so much evil in the world we live in, how are you so unapologetic for your rage? I have always been told I'm too passionate, too angry for a woman. Recently at my job, as I was training an employee, he proceeded to tell me he wasn't going to listen to a "little Spanish girl." To him, I wasn't the lead server, cook, or most experienced employee, I was just a female. Moments like those make me grateful for my anger because if not
for my anger, I wouldn't have taken action. When he refused to apologize, he was promptly fired. As a woman, I know you've experienced similar things.

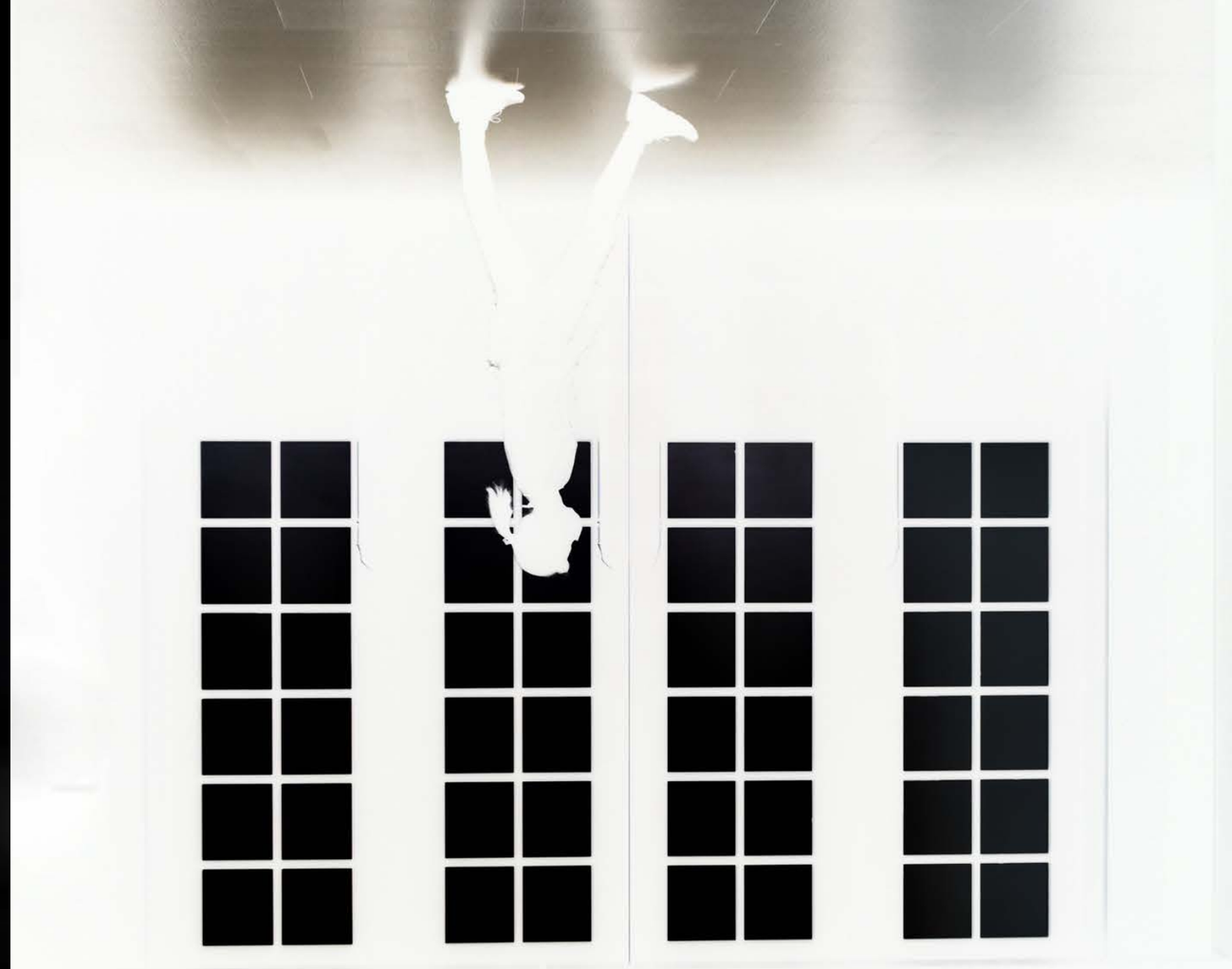
I'm curious how you define beauty as you have black skin in a culture that denounces melanin. The Vamana Purana teaches us that your skin is a symbol of your divine soul. However, when I was called Kali growing up, I didn't feel divine, I felt hideous. My religion tells me you are beautiful, but my grandmother tells me you are unsightly.

I promise to give back beauty to your name. We have the same eyes, same hair, and same anger.
If the world thinks you're hideous, what do they think of me?

I was 8, quietly walking down the main hallway of my new elementary school. A hallway; the last thing I thought could instill fear in me, now intimidated me to no end. I went into my classroom, the room cloaked with darkness. I took my seat. No sooner than I had slumped into the chair, the teacher started to speak. Class was starting. I watched the second hand hit 12 on the clock and the class formed a line to head down to lunch. The infamous walk down to the cafeteria – the worst place on earth. Full of noises I couldn't understand, people I couldn't talk to, and my once lively mouth now shut for hours on end. The first day walking out to the bus was ecstasy. But just like every other drug, the feeling expended itself. With every car ride home I knew what lay ahead: another day of sitting by myself, of strange noises everyone else seemed to understand, another day of being looked at like I didn't belong, and being yelled at for not comprehending the instructions everyone else managed to. Words slipped through my hands like water. I wanted a tsunami.

Vivian Sanchez Neyra, *The Experience of an Immigrant Child*

Jonathan Ku, *Chimei*, Photograph



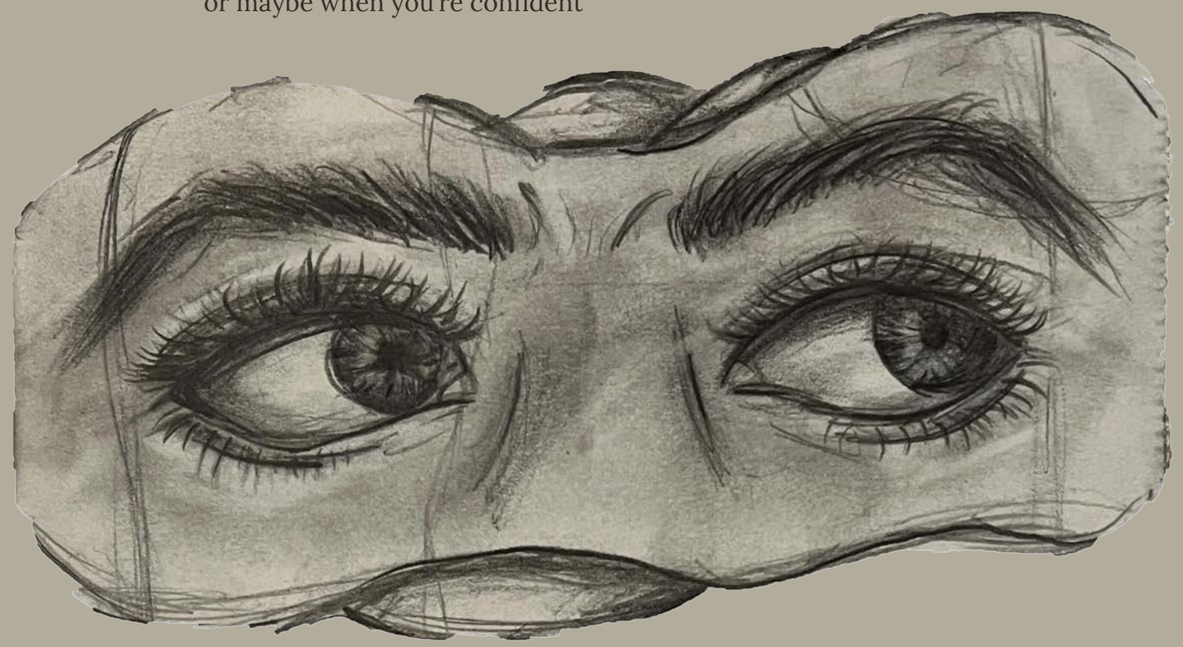
Tenía ocho años, caminando silenciosamente por el pasillo de mi nueva escuela primaria. Un pasillo; lo ultimo que pensaba que podia instalar temor en mi, ahora me intimidaba sin fin. Entré a mi clase, la aula envuelta en la oscuridad. Tome mi sitio. Tan pronto como me desplome en mi silla, la profesora comenzó a hablar. La clase empezaba, y vi como todos levantaban sus manos entusiasmados para responder las palabras irreconocibles que parecían ser preguntas. Mire ansiosamente el reloj, hasta que finalmente el segundero tocó las doce en punto. La clase formo una linea para ir al recreo; lo que antes amaba, ahora me daba temor. La famosa caminada a la cafeteria, el peor lugar en la tierra; lleno de ruidos que no podia entender, personas con cuales no podía hablar, y mi boca una vez animada, ahora fruncida durante horas y horas. El primer dia de caminar a la parada del autobus fue maravilloso, pero pronto el sentimiento se agoto. Con cada viaje en el autobus, sabia lo que venía por delante: otro día de sentarme por mi misma, otro día de ruidos extraños (los cuales todos los demás parecían entender) otro día de ser mirada como si no parteneciera, y otro día de ser gritada en el intento de hacerme comprender las instrucciones que todos lograban comprender. Las palabras se deslizaban por mis manos como agua, no las podía detener.

Vivian Sanchez Neyra, *La Experiencia de una Niña Inmigrante*

Mary

by Ellie Annis

Mary,
You've straightened your hair, cut it dry and harsh
I imagine it makes you feel better
It usually does that
Your skirt, I've noticed, falls far shorter than it did before.
Your sleeves don't pass the bone of your shoulder
Let alone reach for the valley of your elbow
Your hands, still never idly by your side,
now touch your bare arms
I know that touch
You either know it or you don't
You either wear it when you're scared to death
or maybe when you're confident



Georgie Harrison, *Mirrors*, Pencil

Mary,
I hope you remembered me
All of these years, I've loved you
Now you stand with your feet, not bare anymore
They are on the ground, as always
but you've replaced the cliffside and the bison
with concrete floors, painted stucco walls, and a suitcase.
You seem ready to leave,
Why won't you wait for me?
Your plaid poncho is missing
I hope you find it again, soon
Only if you wanted to.

Mary,
I guess this is my final letter to you
I know you're busy
Guess you're too busy to respond now
if you're fighting death or your third blight
I just hope you know
I'm thinking about you;
How are you faring?
These days, they're longer and less bright
there's less night
I hope you find your solitude,
maybe in France maybe in Senegal or Brazil or Peru
I hope you fill your suitcase
and finally,
I hope you remember me.

Soma Habbar, *Untitled*, Colored Pencil

A Runner's High

by Jillian McNulty

As soon as I spotted those shorts
I knew they were for me
They had a personality of their own
They exuded pure glee
I wore them, I adored them
Looking down at them I swooned
But what I didn't know
Is that whenever I ran in them
They ballooned
Inflated, aerated
Consuming all the air around
Swelling with oxygen
Until I was floating
just above the ground
I pedaled my legs but couldn't run
And as I hovered there
my mind spun
I knew I wouldn't touch the sun
But the frenzy in between my ears had already begun
And it was a race that could not be won

Plathologies and Pleasures

by Kate Buskirk

I stood alone in the stentorian suffocation,
but faceless in the crowded blue attic show,
You kissed me– cheeks pink with humidity,
I swore you called me the only air you know.
Knees skinned on your dorm room carpet,
I felt your eyes healing over, scabbing free.
You swore I loved you like I was fixing a faucet:
ripping my own hair, letting you drain all of me.
New band-aids hid in your bedside dresser,
I lingered around for a minute on the floor
hysteric with a palpable sense you wanted better
telling myself that the least I deserved was more.

Shy and shielded, you dragged my moping arm
through but another lethargic late-January.
You called it juvenile, said all I know is harm
and fizzle-out, bitter as an unripe chokecherry.
I felt sick, silly, and sinful, I felt I'd been tamed,
Plathological doll jammed in a leaking gas oven.
I left varnished by unconditionality, I was claimed,
meretricious, negotiating for you to let my love in.
The bus thundered its rhythm, a hammering drum,
No pale pink noise cancelling could calm the shears.
There was nothing your limp hand could've done
For my sweating palm, for the splice of my tears.

Tall child blithely hopscotching high school,
I tuned out extraneous noise, all of my plans.
Eyes swimming with the cruel and unusual
drolling voice, I clamped ears shut with no hands.
Serendipitous end of endings, sour summer songs
all shattered soon as you muttered my name.
A heart in your hand, dead flesh that just longed
for its long-torn stuttered twitch to feel the same.
You peeled back the shrink-wrapped perfect plastic;
so started a violent gush, a rush towards the head.
Suddenly, you snapped futures like cells of elastic
until all you saw of me was your own eyes, bleeding red.

Antagonized by all my insufficiencies, the night
you left had my wasted love poems stuck splicing.
I recall your disease that struck with triple my might,
and the New Year's Eve when we fought over pricing.
Now I find my own way home from a late night shift,
but your voice carries to each fresh dotted line.
My ribs too heavy for these perfidious lungs to lift,
your head's weight on this shoulder still feels like mine.
I swam in your voice which rose quick like a flood
and cradled them, holding the harsh truth tight as treasures
to let loose with lost soul bonds, pointing out stained blood
on your "tough love" and your "simple pleasures".

Ava Gorman, *Paper Woman*, Cardboard and Newspaper Sculpture

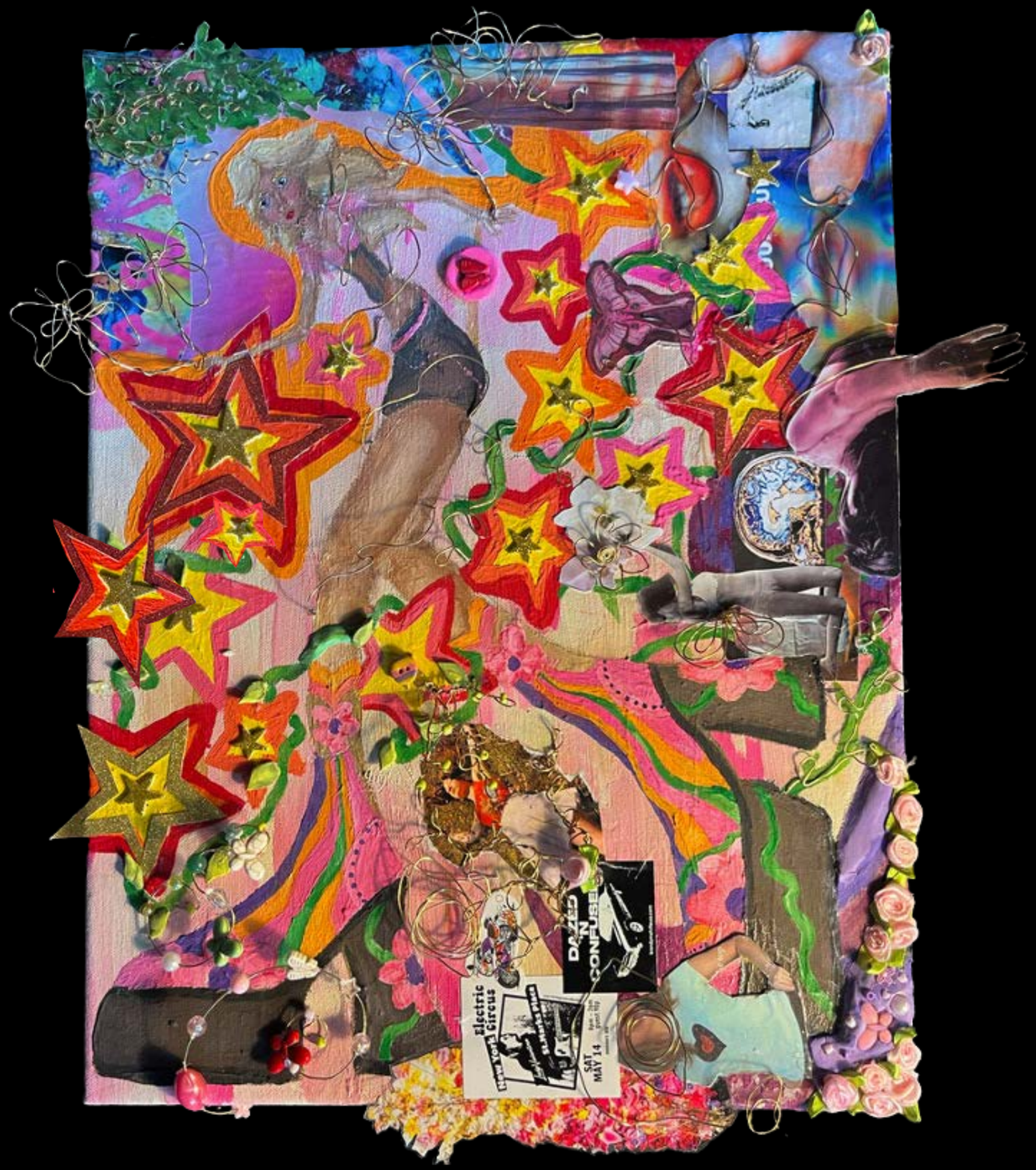
Joy

by Kai Corlis

Joy is a candy
Sticking
To the wrapper
To our teeth
And between our darkest moments

Joy is a candy that makes us sick
Each revoltingly sweet taste
We crave more and more
Only bringing us closer and closer to a stomach ache

Joy is a candy that we all need
Yet, when the rush of sugar is gone
Leaves us with nothing more than cavities



Helen Calwell, *Mixed Media Exploration Painting*, Mixed Media

My Rock

by Sophia Brown

Rocks can't grow, but mine did.

A minute pebble soon evolved into a thundering boulder.

One day, the rock was lifted.

At first a great relief, but when I looked down,

I saw nothing below my feet.

In the patches of land next to mine, there were grasses and blooming flowers,

Yet the pressure of the rock had made my patch of land desolate.

Just dirt.

But could it be soil?

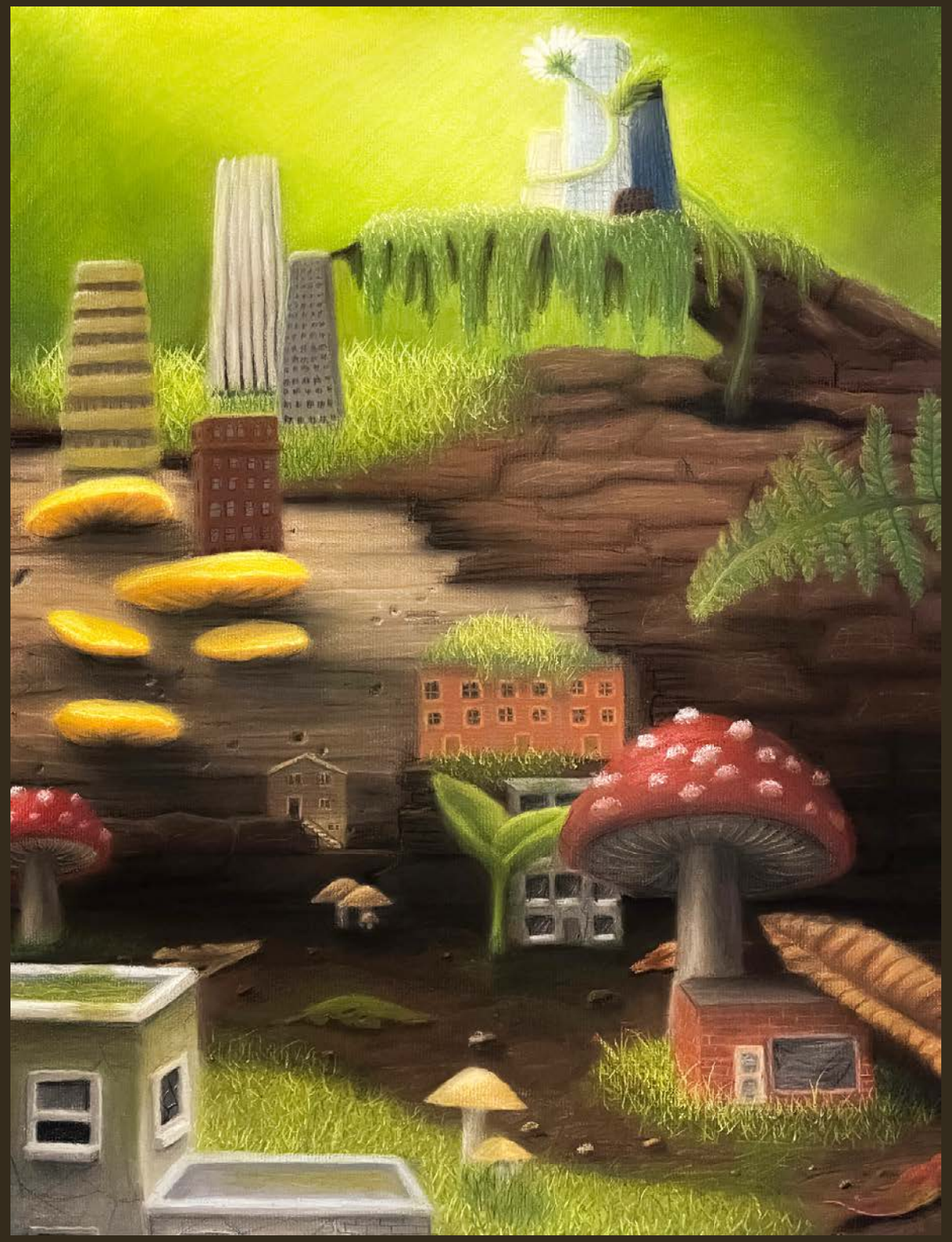
Maybe there are already some worms crawling around,

maybe a seed will float into my patch and blossom into a rose.

Still, this plot needs a gardener.

How else would I get the water I need?

I could always just wait for the next rain.



Raquel Roberge, *A City in Decay*, Pastel on Paper

Grant Weihs, *Coromandel Cove*, Photograph

SNOW GLOBES

by Tessa Snyder

My paper towel pulls dust off the glass globe

The spray of Windex doesn't remove the grey tint left on some

I've counted three whose water is half drained.

I grappled trying to understand how it's gone

There's a white-painted floating shelf holding them up

The paint peels to reveal the green beneath

The weight pulls them down slightly

They came from my grandmother and father

Every year like clockwork

But there was no fragile box to receive this year

My collection seems to be fading

I remember when it was all I could think about

When my dad returned with an enchanting snow globe of New York

How it gave me so much joy to add another to the shelf

Now the miniature Statue of Liberty pulls from the base

Floating in the water that's begun to escape

I hardly give it a second glance

Sonya Harding, *Descending*, Photograph

The 59th Minute

by Mansoor Johnson

A blank canvas taunts
The assignment sits untouched, due at the 59th minute

My thoughts race, a spinning whirlpool threatening to drown me
As the clock ticks closer, I let my fingers free
I watch with anticipation as the stream of ink darkens the page in front of me

Minutes pass and the current swells
My head spins faster as the minute grows closer
Yet the more I write, my pace slows
My head grows heavy, the wave of exhaustion washes over me

As the darkness of sleep recedes, so too does the stream of ink
Computers don't use ink

I look up at the screen before me and find that it is blank.

ABOUT OUR EDITORS

ESTELLE GERBER
This is Estelle's third year in Colophon and first as managing editor. Estelle is thankful to all of the Colophoneers she has worked with and is grateful for all of the friendships she has made. She has really enjoyed the creative space that is Colophon and hopes to find something similar to join in college. Estelle will be attending Yale in the fall and is planning to major in Political Science.

MAYA WALKER
This is Maya's second year in Colophon and as an editor. She edits for other magazines, but Colophon has a special place in her heart. She would like to thank all of the Colophon staff for their help with the issue and the contributors for their lovely contributions! She is very excited to be applying her writing and editing skills next year as a creative writing major at Chatham University.

JONATHAN KU
This is Jonathan's first year as a Colophon editor. He is grateful and privileged to be able to part of a wonderful programme dedicated to showcasing Towson High's literary and artistic talents. Jonathan is a professional street and portrait photographer, dedicated to capturing people "in the moment". Jonathan is proud to be a part of Colophon, and is delighted in working with his peers, coming up with new ideas and opportunities for all at Towson High.

MAX BLINKOFF
This is Max's second year in Colophon and first year as editor. By day, Max hits the books hard, but by night, Max is always on the prowl for Baltimore's best Beanie Baby collection. Max hopes to one day start his own literary arts magazine focusing on topics such as small arachnids and British slam poetry. But for now, Max will be attending University of Maryland where he plans to study aeronautical engineering.

SIENNA LINDAMOOD
This is Sienna's second year in Colophon and first as an editor. Colophon has given her wonderful experience in leadership and has been a great community, combining her love of art and literature. Sienna is happy to be a part of this wonderful team and is proud of this new edition. She looks forward to returning to Colophon for her senior year.

ISABEL REED
This is Isabel's first year in Colophon and her first year as an editor. She was so grateful she was given the opportunity to have leadership in her first year, and has loved learning from the others around her throughout the making of this edition. Being in Colophon has helped Isabel find a literary and artistically inclined community within Towson, and she looks forward to being able to apply experiences from this year to her senior year.

MIGUEL CHIAPETTA
This is Miguel's first year in Colophon, and he feels so grateful to have been this issue's art editor. He is so proud of the work and dedication all the editors, staffers, and, of course, the writers and artists put into this year's incredible volume. Although he is graduating, he cannot wait to see what future Colophon issues have in store!

LILY ZHU
This is Lily's second year in Colophon and first year as an editor. Even with the resizing after all the Seniors left, Colophon remained to its core a creative community she's proud to be part of! Lily is looking forward to summer nights, baking marathons, and creating cool spreads with Colophon again next year.

SPREAD DESIGNERS

JESUJUWON BALOGUN Pages 6-7

MAX BLINKOFF Pages 20-21

SOPHIA BROWN Pages 10-11, 16-17, 22-25, 30-31, 40-41, 46-47

MIGUEL CHIAPETTA Pages 18-19

ESTELLE GERBER Pages 4-5, 20-21, 22-25, 34-35, 42-43, 1-3, 47-54

MAXWELL GERBER Pages 44-45

GEORGIE HARRISON Pages 34-35

JONATHAN KU Pages 10-11, 26-27

SAMUEL LABUFF Pages 34-35

SIENNA LINDAMOOD Pages 38-39, 46-47

ISABEL REED Pages 12-13, 14-15, 46-47

TESSA SNYDER Pages 32-33

REED SPAULDING Pages 32-33

MAYA WALKER Pages 8-9, 28-29

LILY ZHU Pages 6-7, 36-37

FROM THE SENIORS

After many, many weeks spent reading, editing, and hanging out it is sadly time to say goodbye to the wonderful community that is Colophon. From our zoom meetings where we all selected fun backgrounds to our now-in-person meetings where we doodled on the white boards, Colophon has always been a lot of fun. During our time in Colophon, we have read and viewed thousands of pieces and learned more about our classmates at Towson High School. We were then lucky enough to work with our classmates to edit their pieces and help their visions come to light.

Chiaroscuro means a contrast between dark and light and this idea does not only apply to the pieces of Colophon but also Colophon itself. Whether it's time to publish, pick an order, or select pieces the process of publishing Colophon is not always easy. This has meant hours spent problem solving, discussing, and working to reach agreement. We have noticed, however, that no matter how complex the task at hand was we always had fun while working. This is because of the people of Colophon. Every staffer, editor, and advisor we have worked with have shown patience and kindness when working to produce a beautiful finished project.

We are so proud of the work we have done to produce this edition of Colophon. Thank you to Mr. S for staying late and working to problem solve with me. And another thank you to Jesujuwon, Maxwell, Georgie, Jonathan, Sam, Sienna, Izzy, and Lily for all of your work to make this edition great. We are happy to pass the torch to you all and know you will do great.

-Estelle, Miguel, Maya, Sophia, Max, Tessa, Reed

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 1,677 minds, and 97 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. The student body is diverse, harboring multilingual students, therefore as a tradition, Colophon has published at least one work of literature in a different language.

SUBMISSION POLICY

Colophon is currently accepting submissions for its 2022 edition on its website. To submit, fill out the information required in the form on the submission page of the Colophon website, and attach the file containing your piece. Acceptable submissions include, but are not limited to, painting, photography, drawing, poetry, prose, sculpture, and music. Contact Colophon at thscolophon@gmail.com. Colophon has two sites, one hosted through Google Sites and the other, Weebly. More information on Colophon and its history can be found at the Colophon website.

EDITORIAL POLICY

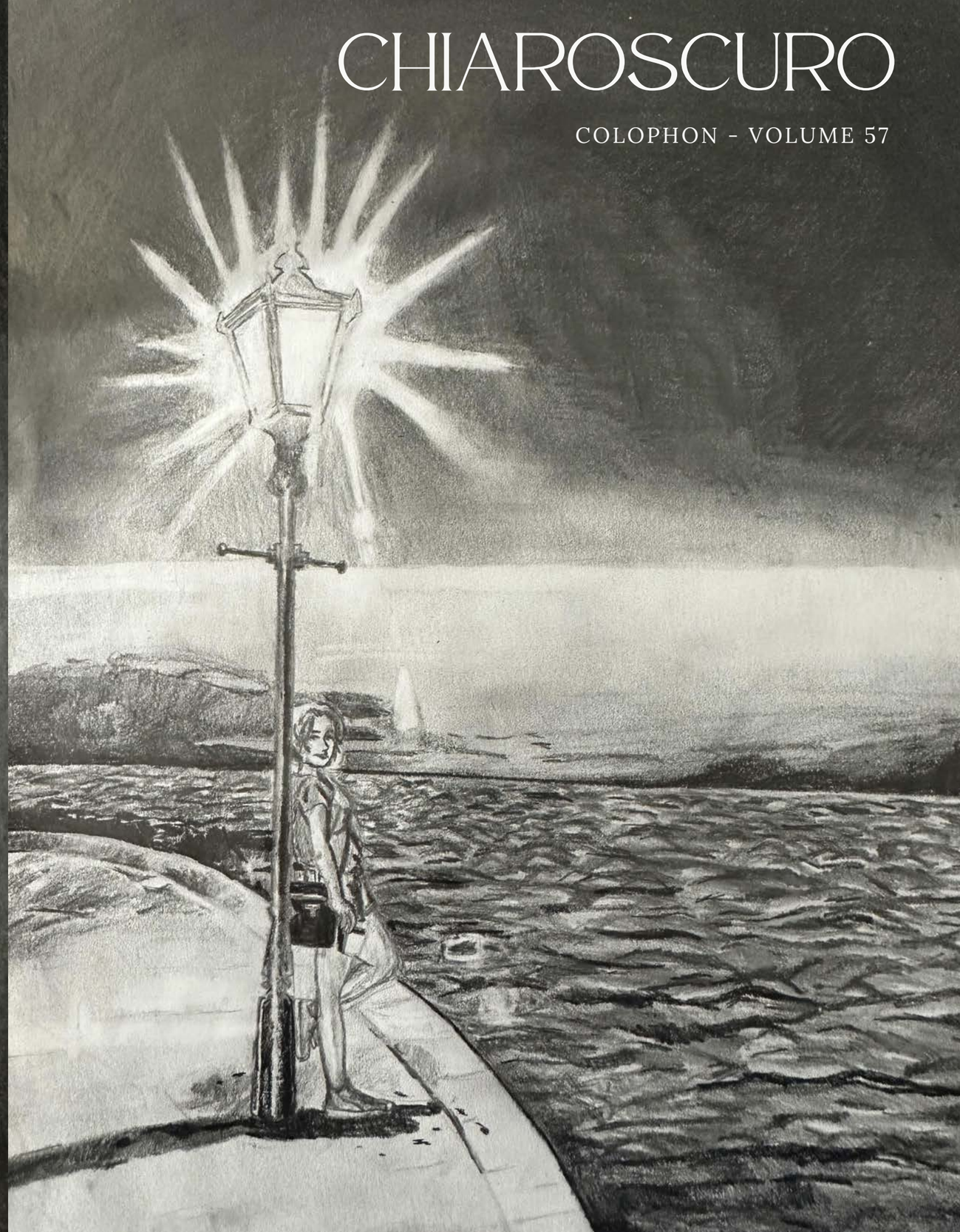
The extracurricular club begins by assembling returning staff and incoming members to a preliminary meeting. Here, the club clarifies the purpose and need behind Colophon, identifies the direction envisioned for the year, and outlines general meeting times after school. A standard is established and 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 2023 before electronically sending the book to be printed through Blurb. Finally, copies are distributed in person or via mail to those interested.

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 2023.

CHIAROSCURO

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