Editors’ Note

For a final time we, the Core Editors, jumped down the rabbit’s hole not knowing what would lie beyond. We were greeted with new material, new spunk, and new sex jokes. Together these things helped shape the 2012 edition of the Onion River Review.

A worthwhile metaphor to help illustrate what it is like to produce the Onion is the act of going on a road trip. When departing on an adventure, you simply have no idea what will happen or who you will meet. You may run into a talking rabbit, an alien who points you towards the moon, a beanstalk, or beautiful art. Although we ran into a couple of beanstalks and talking animals along the way, the latter is what prevailed: beautiful art, both literary and graphic.

The process for the Onion River Review begins during the fall semester when the Core Editor staff begins to ask for submissions. Soon the trusty inbox of the review begins to fill, and our fearless faculty advisor, Will Marquess, removes the names of the submitters before putting them in an electronic folder to which all the editors have access. We meet with the auxiliary editors and suggest that we all get jiggy with it—that is, start reading and reviewing each piece. This is when the true adventure begins. The Core and auxiliary editors go through and carefully review every poem, story, painting, and photograph. Comments and notes are taken as each editor spends time with every single submitted piece.

In two separate meetings in February the core and auxiliary editors meet to discuss the submissions. You can consider this a glorified pit stop. We spend countless hours discussing, deliberating and occasionally knife-fighting through each piece until every person’s viewpoint is heard. This year we had nearly three hundred submissions of writing, over two hundred submissions of art and photography, and twenty-five editors, so you can imagine how rowdy we all became. In fact, it’s lucky that Pontigny Hall is still standing. We couldn’t have taken the trip without our fantas-
On our adventure, one person always stands out among the rest. He is like the Wizard of Oz, the man who makes everything happen: Mr. Will Marquess. To Will we owe countless thanks. He truly is the hidden heart of the review. Will provides us with support, time, dedication, bagels, and bitchin’ huzzah. To you, dearest Will, we dedicate this year’s Onion River Review and thank you for all you have done for us (especially us four graduating seniors and Alex, of course).

We would also like to express our gratitude to the Student Association and the English Department for their support. Without them, we would never be able to get on the road. We are deeply thankful to Becky Colley from Printing Services, who transforms our adventure into a reality by establishing the format of the review.

And to you, dear submitters and readers, our final thanks. You are the ones who make this adventure worthwhile and provide all the beautiful stops along the way. You truly are what create the Onion. We hope you solved the riddle of the Anglo-Saxon poem that is our epigraph.

As four of us graduate, we are happy to leave the review in the hands of Alex and next year’s core editors. Our advice? Please do not stop laughing, enjoying, and living the Onion way of life.

And remember, there will always be blood.

~ Alex Dugas, Lauren Fish, Heather Lessard, Jenna McCarthy, and Erica Sabelawski

Core Editors 2012
Cover: Jenna McCarthy, A Migration, 36 x 72”, acrylic on canvas

Elizabeth Inness-Brown, The River / 13
Luis Lázaro Tijerina, The Bamboo Sword at Higashi-Matsushima / 15
Brian MacDona, AreaX / 16
Tim Fitzmaurice, Granddad’s Dog / 17
Samantha Merrill, Gaze / 18
Alex Dugas, Why I Can’t Sleep / 19
Jenna McCarthy, Dissonance / 20
Allen Hubbard, The Dream of Captain Nemo / 21
Ryan Bacharach, Oscar / 22
Frank Huseman, Western Sun / 23
Erica Sabelawski, Live Free, Tiny, Dark, Creepy Friends / 24
Lindsay Taylor, Natural Plastic / 25
Keriann Mussi, Lady Di / 26
Diana Marchessault, Soup / 27
Jenna McCarthy, Awilda / 29
Kate Neely, your hips are a pier / 30
Liz Reid, Disappearing Girl / 32
Amdework Assefa, Charcoal No. 5 / 33
Kristen Kiernan, Cosmos / 34
Megan Durocher, Among the Boughs / 36
Isabelle Carter, **So you walk that way, I'll walk this way** 80
Samantha Merrill, **Cracked** 81
Justin Whittinghill, **Sayings I Have Researched and Found to Be Lies** 82
Mary Miller, **Jezabelle & Marisol** 85
Megan Durocher, **Senescence** 86
Chris Magyar, **Ship’s Mast** 87
Antonia Messuri, **Ponds** 88
Frank Huseman, **Spring Reflection** 90
Liz Reid, **Kaik’s Sunflower** 91
Ann Giard-Chase, **Seawall** 92
Megan Durocher, **Moose Tracks** 61
Mickey O’Neill, **Fine Ass** 62
Megan Durocher, **Zebra at the Zoo** 67
Elisa García-Rey, **Spring Surge** 68
Samanta Merrill, **Perception** 70
Amy Wilson, **Field Observations—from a Martian** 71
A.M. Nicolai, **Dust and Shadow** 72
Ryan Bacharach, **Barry** 73
Jonny Rushfirth, **Come at me, Son, if you can find me** 74
Ann Giard-Chase, **Elegy for Ralph Wiggins** 76

**Contributors’ Notes** / 101
**Acknowledgments** / 111

Back Cover: Alex Dugas, **Frontiering**
Call me fabulous,
that rare thing.
a woman’s delight.

Ever ready in the kitchen,
harming none but those
who would harm me.

Standing tall in my own bed,
my stalk rigid on its hairy root.

That haughty girl,
the churl’s beautiful daughter,
deigns to take me in hand,
fribbles me to distraction,
stash me in her sanctum,
weeps at our union.

Not a dry eye in the house.

~ anonymous Anglo-Saxon poem, trans. Gerry Murphy
The river came roaring in the middle of the night. I nudged my wife.

“What’s that?” I asked. She opened her eyes, I could see the barest glint of them in the light from the hallway. “The river,” she said, and she was up and out of bed and had the baby and I was following her down the stairs. We barely had time to put on boots, even though they were right by the door with the big flashlight. I took the flashlight, she had the baby, and then we were outside and the roar, the roar was in our ears, but we knew what we had to do, where we had to go, and so we climbed the hill in the dark, in the rain, in the hammering rain we climbed the hill following the path we had always followed when we climbed the hill, on nice nights, to watch the sun set.

And my wife did not stumble. Even with the baby in his sling tight up against her body and her arms around him, she was as nimble-footed as a mouse fleeing a cat, while behind her I was slipping and clumsy and uncertain and wanting to be able to reach out and pick them both up and carry them on my shoulder like a bag of sand. But I couldn’t, I could barely carry myself. I kept the flashlight shining in front of us and my eyes on the white of her nightgown as she nimbly climbed the hill, and I followed.

And when we got to the top, we stopped and looked down and couldn’t see a thing. We should have been able to see the house, its white walls shining even in the rainy darkness, we had seen it that way many a time, but we couldn’t see it now.

She sat down on the boulder that we used as a bench up there, the big spruce over it sheltering us just a little from the rain. She was heaving, her chest was heaving, and now I could hear the baby crying. She said, “The house, Jim, where is it?” and I didn’t have anything to say in reply. I shined the flashlight down the hill as far as it would go, but it wouldn’t go far. I didn’t know if the house was there or it was gone, and so I didn’t reply. I sat down beside her and put my arm around her, around them.

Elizabeth Inness-Brown

The River

Onion River Review
The baby was still crying. My wife took out her breast but he did not want to nurse, but she left her breast there, white and shining, and her eyes—I couldn’t see her eyes, they were dark holes in the paleness of her face when she looked to me. And we sat there and the baby went to sleep and she leaned against me. I held them and listened to the roar, the roar and the cracking of timbers, and I did not sleep.

By morning the river had left, taking with it our house and everything we had, except each other.

The Bamboo Sword at Higashi-Matsushima

Luis Lázaro Tijerina

On this desolate hill, once a city garbage incinerator for the people at Higashi-Matsushima, They are burying their dead.

Some wear the formal dress in black mourning, While others wear only what they wore when the tsunami waves struck down their homes and their lives.

A father comes to stand in front of a back-hoe dug furrow, Where his wife is laid to rest, his son taken by the high waters forever into the sea.

A wife brings a can of coffee, a small ball of compressed rice for her husband’s after-life journey.

The final goodbyes reap their tears in the blowing wind . . .

It is the farewell at Ekurko Kimura’s grave, that the wind dies down and the sun comes out in its glory.

A bouquet of flowers; two fresh-cut branches from a plum tree laid on the coffin lid.

His favorite clothes, but most importantly, Ekurko’s bamboo sword used in Kendo will go with him.

His wife says before closing the lid, “I cannot meet you now, but I will definitely come to see you in the future.”

The bamboo sword quavers in the resurging wind.
Granddad's Dog
Tim Fitzmaurice

Part-time driver for John Ray
had him delivering ice in the sticks
where he chose a three-legged shit pile
from a litter of Labradors. He brought it home,
built it a wooden cart, and fed it bits
of hamburger from a tablespoon.

And God save anyone
who even looked cross at that dog.
Matt O’Connell got a fist in the face
for kicking it. Uncle Roy got the belt
and thrown out of the house
just for cursing it where Granddad could hear.
Grandma tried to poison it once.
She got the worst.

If all he’d done for all his life
was send out his ten year-old each Sabbath
for his firehouse pay, Camels, and Old Crow,
we’d have known what he was:
A drunk. A bent nail
who once broke his daughter’s jaw
with her own supper plate.

He could’ve been mean and hard
and that's all, but that dog
that the Devil himself spat out, pissed on,
and gave for the bitch to eat, got treated
like Jesus Christ come home again.

It was us
he hated.
It was his choice
to burn us all down.
Gaze
Samantha Merrill

Why I Can’t Sleep
Alex Dugas

With my tongue I’d trace a red meridian ascending up your spine. An equator bounding over mountains, amaranth lagoons beside, and both your floating ribs, your back in mid-recline or more.

I’d divide you vertically, a crease across a sailor’s map as oceans swelled like bloody lips in blunt-edged octagons. Then, quickly, you’d outdraw me, shoot me down—a pistil for a pistol.

And, with my final memory, I’d sketch you as you did so, while golden Eldorado resumed melting to the ground and reconvening at your navel. From hip to hip you are a beehive, and I’m lying here awake again, thinking about honey.
The Dream of Captain Nemo
Allen Hubbard

I should have been born as the nautilus
a strange soul to shine with harlequin eyes
from a chimera of mussel and octopus.
Cold sage mottled by a jester’s disguise,
I would delve the dark like a diving bell
rejoicing in the strangeness of my place
its praises bellowed from my cathedral shell.
Strife would shake full terror from my face:
a fistful of tentacles for a beard
the patriarch’s mark of earned dignity.
A personal kingdom from darkness reared,
grim Minos I would exert final equity
raising fists of shadow through the depth
sighing with lungs that have no need of breath.
Oscar
Ryan Bacharach
pen and ink on paper
18 x 24"

Western Sun
Frank Huseman
silver gelatin lith print
16 x 16"
Live Free, Tiny, Dark, Creepy Friends

Erica Sabelawski

We did not intend to kill all of the crickets; I should be clear about that. We only wanted to scare them out of the basement, force them into the yard where there were interminable blades of grass and they could hop freely, uninhibited by our human detritus. Really, we were being considerate. So when we put the second hose in we thought, the more the better. And that is why the third and the fourth hoses were found and unrolled. We turned the water on and said, live free, tiny, dark, creepy friends! This is your chance to find your way to a better place! We did not expect the spiders. For years the hoses had been lying abandoned, hollow stomachs filling with the eight-legged colonies. Their burgeoning families clogged the hoses and we could no longer flood the crickets. Now we were slightly apprehensive. We could imagine the spiders and crickets conferring in the dank silence of the cement underground, a riot soon to follow. That’s how we ended up with the hay. This, also, was relatively innocent. Let them be free, we said, let them stay far away from us. When we lit the hay and inhaled the smoke we admittedly became excited. That’s when we added the gasoline. We danced around the cement floor, knocking into rusting bicycles, glittering Christmas decorations, cans of tomato soup, our skis, the water heater. All around us amber droplets of gasoline splashed on the floor and crawled around our feet. We scattered the straw over the gasoline like children adding sprinkles to ice cream. Light it, we chanted, light it and we will smoke them out! The match struck against flint; we were enthralled and we were exhilarated. At first the fire snaked between the decorations and the sporting equipment, following our gasoline path. But then the old couch caught, and then the lawn chairs. When the ceiling started to blaze we grabbed the hoses, forgetting about the spiders, who came streaming out terrified by the smoke, covering our outstretched arms. That is when, understandably upset, we ran from the basement. We did not want the house to burn down; we are not pyromaniacs. We simply wanted to eradicate the crickets, and the spiders, of course.
Cannibalism is a funny thing, if you really think about it. I mean, who even thinks to eat human flesh? Also, is it technically “cannibalism” if it is your own flesh that you are eating? Most of the time, when one discusses cannibalism, it insinuates that one person is eating another person. But no one ever defines what eating your own flesh would be called. Surely, it is not an immoral act in the same grave way cannibalism is. So, what term could one coin if they, for instance, saw their girlfriend eating her own flesh?

You see, her skin has been dripping into her soup for the past hour. It started very slowly—so slowly that I almost did not notice it. But it has gained pace rapidly. What shocks me most, however, is how she has continued to eat the soup despite the fact that it is now mixed with her skin—her beautiful, pale, ivory, skin; that skin I have immortalized for the past two decades. Does she even notice that her face is melting? Is it making her soup taste different? Isn’t the broth noticeably much thicker?

“I was thinking we should get some new curtains for the apartment,” she says. “The ones we have right now are at least ten years old. What do you think?”

Now her hair is falling out, falling into the soup with her skin. It is almost as if it had never existed. Her hair—that hair that she has she has only cut three times in the past twelve years—is ceasing to exist. And it is ceasing to exist because it is being digested by her stomach.

“I was thinking we could get green curtains this time. I’m getting a bit tired of that pale blue.”

Now I can see her skull. Her skin has deteriorated to the point where I can see her skull. As she chomps on her skin-soup, I can see bits of it leaking from the sides of her jawbone and sliding over her esophagus. Soon the entirety of her face is nothing but bone, and her eyeballs are beginning to fall backwards—almost as if as if they had never seen a thing.
“I saw some lace-looking green curtains at the supermarket yesterday. I thought they would look nice.”

Her shoulders and clavicle are now exposed, too. I can see her vertebrae—those vertebrae that created the ridges in back that I loved so much. Her upper half is nothing but exposed bone. My dinner date has turned into a skeleton before my eyes, and there is nothing I can do about it.

“What do you think, Tom?”

Now she is falling apart. Her skull is falling off of her neck, splashing into her half-eaten soup so that her remaining bits of skin splatter onto my face. Her vertebrae tumble to the floor one by one, and her ribs fall towards her femurs. Her feet bones stay where they are, untouched and now unable to move. Only a puddle is left of her skin and innards. All she is now is a pile of bones; a pile of nothing. It is almost as if she never existed.
your hips are a pier
Kate Neely

your hips are a pier for mine, I rock against you,
pulling your mouth to my chest so that you bite me.
holding in your heavy teeth my nipple, lipstick red.

you are filling my heart with kerosene, with pulpwood and tarpaper.
your charcoal eyes the spark, igniting.

smoke-vanilla hair, enamel-peach spine curve of your back.
the weight of you a hammer, a spire, churning me. and I don’t mean to yell,
but you coax me. coax me with this sugary pain.

your ribs move beneath your skin like fish, or kelp,
smoothly dangerous as teeth rounded by tongue.

when you come your eyes are moon-zinc, rolled in copper clay.
wet chalk-pitch of you lying like hot honey on my stomach.

and this is all that I am: belly of tea, ghost bruised, fog’s mirror, quilt of oilcloth skin.
bloodless as snow.
coming. your name in my mouth, pink-froth colored,
flush lips, airless, mist noise red.
florid quills rolling through me at your hand, melted. molten.

kiss of wet porcelain
orange mandarin
curve of hip
water lip

unrolled and folded again. my body cream-creased paper for you.
for the fall that rips me, for the thrust and hew.

and when we come we are empty. shorn, peeled bark, skin of salt.
waxpaper breathing, aluminum foil mouth.
but I crave this of you still. I crave your vulnerability,
and the way you move then, so slow, as though through water.
your blood a cold dark syrup that I drink.

raw beating muscle walls of hearts. our pulsing, our moan.
I want to lift the film from you.

lift the film from this raw beating muscle with its locked chambers,
its rooms grey-pink, mottled and chapped.
I want to lift it off you like a braided rug from the floor and crawl under
neath,
crawl inside.

as unnoticed, as quietly unnecessary as the landscape of a dream.
Disappearing Girl
Liz Reid

silver gelatin lith print
11 x 11”

Charcoal No. 5
Amidework Assefa

charcoal and chalk
Cosmos
Kristen Kiernan

With each inhale you replace the oxygen in your lungs with stardust.

It migrates through your veins, creating a violet glow where the granules mix with your blood. Your skin feels too thin in this dark vacuum.

You touch the space between your shoulder blades with tentative fingertips to assure yourself that the atmosphere hasn’t broken your skin, revealing the spaces between your vertebrae to the solar system.

You expected to see god here, amidst the white dwarves and red giants, but you only identify Helen’s body within the seemingly infinite blackness.

She is as beautiful now as she was the last time you saw her, all those years ago. She still smelled of honeyed wine.

Each golden strand of hair floats above her head in limbo. Her pores glow, and you swear that you can count the atoms that comprise each speck of skin.

She drapes her freckled arms over your shoulders, but she’s even more weightless in this cosmic space.

Her feet do not have a place to rest, and her big toe flexes experimentally, unbound by gravity for the first time.

In her lilting voice, she calls to you from the place between this galaxy and the next. With a movement of her lips, she breaks the permeating silence that had sunk into your bones.

Her face is expressionless when she says

I am the most ancient being. My bones are the dinosaur fossils, my veins the tissue that connects Prometheus’ roots.

She buries her face into the crook of your neck.

I’m a channel for things that are long extinct. Everything I’ve ever loved has died.

You aren’t sure if her words lifted the silence from your body or fragmented it into microscopic pieces. You imagine what shards of silence must look like in your veins amidst the blood and stardust. You wonder if the debris scratches at the vessels that hold them captive, desperate to float freely in space.

I know.

The words fall off your tongue on instinct, before you know if they speak the truth.

I have to go soon.

She cranes her neck to the right in order to get a better look at your face. Her chin is trembling.

Why?

You cover her small hand with your own, but she slips out of your grasp.

Oh darling, I thought you said you understood.

Helen is moving out of your embrace, floating towards far-off stars. She raises her arms above her head, like a tree without roots, desperate to grow tall.

Just before her body moves out of your line of vision, it dissolves into stardust. You inhale deeply, desperate to fill your lungs with her remnants, or just some memory of her scent.
Among the Boughs
Megan Durocher

Problem Set
Allen Hubbard

1. Equilateral
Z is friends with X and Y
X and Y are friends with one another
as much as either of them
is friends with Z
X and Y are both in love with Z.

2. Isosceles
X and Y
are close to one another
and they have both met Z
who is beautiful.
Therefore, all three are connected.

3. Right
X and Z
do not want to be together
though X will not separate.
But Z has just met Y on a plane
and they are now closer
although X
believes this is not the case.

For each,
decide what should be done.
No Voice
Chris Magyar

digital photograph

What
Alex Dugas

Fat cats,
ding bats,
grasshopper flapjacks,
beetles for an evening snack,
bubble poppers, hunchbacks,
show me where the ants are at.

I see
belly fat,
laundermats,
bottle rockets, backpacks,
mile long digestive tracts,
tree choppers, heart attacks,
and there’s no going back,
from here.
She didn’t know how long she had been here. There wasn’t much use keeping track. Time slid away from her when she blinked. One moment she’d be sitting on her bed, her legs folded up as she stared at the blank white wall in front of her. She’d close her eyes and then she’d be at dinner, timidly picking at a piece of chicken while adults argued all around her. Sometimes she’d risk a glance up and see a man staring at her from the head of the table. His face wasn’t terribly old, but his hair was frosted white, like clear glass taken out of the freezer. His grey eyes weren’t terribly warm either.

She never knew his name. While she wandered about, she noticed that others would follow his instructions. She was never actually able to find an exit or even an entrance to the mansion. Every door led to yet another room. There were endless hallways filled with nothing but bedrooms and bathrooms and linen closets. She even found an Olympic-sized swimming pool on the fifth floor, completely surrounded by tall glass panes and a roof that showed the sunny sky above.

She had climbed to the sixth floor directly above it and located the servants’ quarters, not a single speck of sunlight to be found. The servants, men and women in pristine black and white uniforms, politely and firmly coughed and herded her back to the staircase. She decided not to push up to the seventh floor and eventually closed her eyes.

When she opened them she found herself in the library, sitting in front of one of the tables while her teacher looked expectantly at her from across the table.

“Where is the sun?” she asked.

Her teacher raised an eyebrow. “In the sky.”

“Where is the sky?”

“Above us.”

She looked up and studied the ceiling. It was dark wood with a smooth, glossy finish. She could see the carved squares and the way they perfectly matched the tables and bookcases.

“Okay,” she finally agreed.

“Let’s turn to where we were last time,” he said, sliding a thin book to her.

It wasn’t until later, when she was flipping through the pages back in her own room, that she remembered she had never had a lesson or a teacher before. Something in her froze at the revelation and she shoved the book underneath her mattress. It was much safer to stare at the white wall.

Breakfast wasn’t as stressful as dinner. Most of the adults were absent from the table and the chatter was much more subdued. A maid placed a plate of eggs and toast in front of her, scrambled yellow and wheat covered in red jam. She had wanted fried and cinnamon sugar, but she said nothing and ate it anyway.

The double doors on the other side of the room swept in and the frosted man and her teacher glided in. The frosted man was wearing his usual pearl-grey suit. He straightened it as everyone stood, not sitting back down until he did. Her teacher slid into the empty place on her right.

“Odd, isn’t it?” he whispered. There was no way the frosted man could have heard him over the swelling conversation and sudden pounding of rain on the window, but his grey eyes flicked over to them anyway.

“Where is the sun?” she asked.

Her teacher raised an eyebrow. “In the sky.”

“Where is the sky?”

“Above us.”

What’s odd? she wanted to ask, but she didn’t. She sipped her tea and refused to look her teacher in the eye. “Not really,” was all she offered instead.

Her teacher was not the only person she had spoken to, but he was the only one worth speaking with. There wasn’t anyone her own age in the entire mansion. There wasn’t anyone old either—all the other adults seemed to hover in their twenties and thirties, every one of them wrinkle free and perfectly beautiful except for the distant, dull look in
about the teacher’s suit instead. It was a dark blue, the kind of navy she only saw at night when the moon was beginning to come out through the clouds. His hands gestured this way and that, never quite staying still. Her eyes tried to follow them, but kept wandering off track instead. She noticed the way the books surrounding her seemed to all look the same and the way the curtains hung against the window. Yet, she couldn’t quite see a curtain rod.

“Any questions?” her teacher asked at the end of the lesson.

She thought a few minutes before she shook her head. “Not really.” He hadn’t said anything she wanted to know more about. Their sessions left her mind clear enough as it was.

Her favorite place in the mansion was the attic. Something exciting had thudded in her chest when she discovered the secret door that led her up to the very top of the mansion. At least, she thought it was the top, and she hadn’t found anything to make her believe otherwise. She brought a candle up with her and a bucket and a rag to wash the two windows at either end of the room. The attic was shaped like a tent, narrow sloping eaves at the top and a worn wooden floor along the bottom. Once the windows were clear, light flooded the room, and she could see all the odd shapes that had loomed menacingly in the flickering glow cast by the candle. There were tables and chairs and boxes covered by thick sheets and dust and cobwebs. She was excited to see the cobwebs, but disappointed to find no spiders.

In the center of the room stood one particular shape, a long, tall oval wrapped closely with cloth and tied tightly with string. She wondered what it could be, but she never could quite bring herself to unwrap it. Whenever she reached for the knots of the rope they refused to budge and something uneasy in her stomach would start to unfurl. There was something within, she thought, something she didn’t want to see.

“Lunch she usually had in the conservatory. She loved being surrounded by the tall glass walls and the perfectly lush, green plants. There was a door on the second story that opened onto a metal landing where she could see the entire indoor garden at once. There were tall trees in
one corner that she could climb and, at the bottom of the winding metal stair case and to the right, a small table perfect for lunch or tea. She found herself drawn there—sometimes just to listen to the leaves of all the plants rustling to a breeze she couldn’t feel and watch the odd gardener amble around with a watering can in one hand and a dirty shovel in the other. The maids always found her and had a tray of food waiting on the table, a little grey tray with gleaming white china filled with soup, tea, a roll, and some fruit. She ate here right before lessons so she could just sit back and stare and enjoy the empty hum in her head as her thoughts slowed and her constant headache cleared.

One day, she came down the staircase to discover the frosted man sitting at the table set for two.

“Good afternoon,” he said.

She stumbled into a curtsy.

The frosted man watched her approach the table and indicated for her to take the seat opposite him. “How are you enjoying my household?”

“It’s lovely. It has everything I could ever want,” she said. The words came out of her mouth dead and lifeless, like a meaningless mantra said a hundred times before. He smiled anyway.

“Good,” he said, picking up his tea cup. “Shall we begin?”

“Yes, thank you,” she said, but she didn’t mean it. The frosted man caused something inside to tense up whenever he looked at her, some deep-seated survival instinct. His calculating eyes, made all the sharper when compared to the dull haze that covered the rest of the household’s, were piercingly unnerving. He was pleasant—infallibly so. He sat across from her and smiled a smile so technically perfect that it settled wrong on his face. She was not able to shake off the feeling that she was prey. If she had bothered to fight the fuzz in her head, she would have admitted she was.

“You’re late,” her teacher said when she finally entered the library later that day. She was slightly out of breath. She had run from the observatory, outwardly to get to lessons on time but also because she needed to put as much distance between herself and the frosted man as possible. “Lunch ran late,” she said. “I had a guest.”

Her teacher’s eyebrow twitched upwards and he tilted his head as he studied her. “The master of the house?”

“Yes.”

“Did you talk about anything interesting?”

She cast her mind back towards their shared conversation but found that it was just beyond her reach, slipping sideways from her grasp like smoke curling up from a newly extinguished candle. “Not really.”

The frosted man was waiting every day at lunch time, now. She thought about going somewhere else, curling up underneath her bed or pressing against some dark corner of a closet, but she knew it wouldn’t work. The frosted man would find her so that he could talk to her. She dreaded their discussions, the ones she could never remember but knew she needed to.

“Would you like to remember what you’ve heard?” her teacher asked her one day. She didn’t remember telling him about her sliding memory.

“Is it worth it?” she asked cautiously. The mansion’s walls seemed to press icily inwards, and for a moment she thought she could see her breath crystalizing in front of her eyes.

Her teacher smiled at her. “You can remember and grow, or you can forget and never change.”

“Never change?” she repeated. Nothing ever changed, not here. But no one ever remembered, either.

“No, not change. Never change!” Her teacher’s voice was quiet and just as piercing as the frosted man’s. But instead of cold judgment and glittering intent, his eyes shone with warm forgiveness and soft purpose.
“Tuck it underneath your collar,” he advised. “Can you still smell it?”

She closed her eyes and concentrated on her breathing for a few moments. “Yes.”

“Tomorrow you will tell me what you remember,” her teacher said. “Maybe you’ll begin to understand.”

“Understand what?” she asked.

“Haven’t you ever wondered about this mansion?”

Wondering was like thinking, and she had done far too much thinking today. “Not really.”

At dinner, the frosted man noticed the rosemary. She was sitting across the table, too far away to be heard or smelled. And yet from the moment he sat down, his eyes focused on her neck, where the brown cord could just barely be seen. She noticed but didn’t look back, distracted by the other adults and the food. She began to ask for roast chicken, but then she realized she had always had that dinner. She replaced it with fish, and the frosted man’s glare intensified. It was almost a physical heat as it bore into her head. She couldn’t help her clenched fist as she waited for her main course, but resolutely stared straight ahead.

“He can’t hurt you,” her teacher said, sliding into the chair beside her. He had done that every meal, she thought to herself, every time the frosted man took notice of her.

“He’s the master of this house,” she replied. “We’re all in his domain.”

Her teacher chuckled. “Every kingdom has laws and even the king must follow them.”

“A king can change the laws of his kingdom.”

“Not the important ones,” her teacher said. He reached over and squeezed her shoulder. “Not the ones that matter most. He can’t hurt you, I promise.”

She twisted her skirt in her hands, feeling like she was leaping off the edge of a very high cliff. “What do I have to do to remember?”

Her teacher brought her down to the conservatory. She glanced at the small iron lunch table, relieved to see no trace of the frosted man.

“There is life here,” her teacher announced as they descended the twisted staircase. “Life brings change and experience.”

“It also brings death,” she said. She had heard the frosted man say so during a previous lunch held two afternoons or maybe two months before.

“You can’t live without death,” her teacher replied. “Death adds significance, it doesn’t take it away. It’s all about balance. Light and dark, night and day.” He paused before a section of flowers, held high above the floor in a dark metal box. He pointed towards two flowers. “Gladiolus and quince. Forbearance and temptation.”

“They don’t look that different,” she said, peering doubtfully at the small white flowers. One grew in a tall bunch, flowers stacking themselves upwards on a stem. The other clustered off the wooden twig of a bush. They were the same color, with only the shape of the petals and pistils to mark a change. The petals of the gladiolus flared out and the delicate white pistils curled upwards. The quince, however, bore a simpler flower that cupped inwards with plain black pistils. Peeking out from the branches were round yellow fruits that smelled far more tempting than she had ever come across before.

“They never do. It’s not enough to be obedient. You have to think, and to think you have to remember.” Her teacher turned to another box, this one filled with growing herbs. He plucked a stalk of rosemary and waved it under her nose. She breathed it in. The smell danced through her senses, rubbing its hands against her mind.

“The smell will help you remember,” he said. He pulled a small blue pouch from his pocket and nestled the rosemary sprig inside. He wrapped a long leather cord around the opening before he tied it around her neck.
“Then why don’t I feel safe?”

Her teacher stared at her for a long time. Rain began lashing at the windows once again. It did that often, she realized, whenever the frosted man was in a bad mood.

“Perhaps,” her teacher finally offered, as a maid finally placed a plate of fish in front of her, “it’s because you’re not. But if he’s not the threat, then what is?”

She stared at the window pane. Water beaded on the smooth surface of the glass and glided downwards. It battered violently against the panes, but the few bushes she could see just beyond were still. Not a single leaf bobbed. “Is there a threat?”

“A threat is danger. Are you in danger?”

The word yes rose to her mind immediately. But that was wrong; it had to be, because while life here at the mansion never changed, it certainly never seemed dangerous.

“Not really,” she murmured into her fish, hunching over her plate as she finally crumpled under the frosted man’s scrutiny and her teacher’s questioning.

At the end of the meal she closed her eyes so she could find herself back in her bedroom, boxed in between the safe white walls and the gray bedspread and the single burning lantern. When she climbed into bed, she kept the rosemary underneath her nightgown and fell asleep with the scent creeping through her nose and throat and eyes until it settled into her mind and unfolded like a warm, protective blanket.

After that night, she began to notice time. It still slid sideways, but now she could see all the cracks. Her mind focused on the skips instead of blissfully sliding past them. Morning blurred into lunch and then dripped into lessons. Dinner sometimes came a bit later, but late night was close on its heels. She began to realize her days were passing by in only a few hours. She wondered how she had never seen it before, when rosemary didn’t color her mind with every breath. It was so obvious, screaming out at her.

“Why didn’t I notice it?” she demanded of her teacher. This was the third time she had seen her teacher that day, she knew, but it was the first time her lunch with the frosted man had left her with enough courage to ask it.

“Notice what?” her teacher asked her. The table was bare before them. Her teacher had stopped pretending her lessons were academic, two real-days before.

She scowled, seeing from the pleased quirk of his lips her teacher knew exactly what she was talking about. “That everything is wrong. That time passes over us like we don’t exist, and that this mansion is impossible.”

“You didn’t want to see it, so you couldn’t. When you wanted to, you did. The human mind has a marvelous capacity to be tricked when it gives consent to be,” her teacher explained. He was leaning back in his chair, watching her fondly. She had never seen him be cross with anyone, not even the frosted man.

“You didn’t want to be tricked?” she asked. “Is that why you knew this all along?”

“I can’t be tricked. I see things only as they are.” Her teacher paused for a moment, and his eyes and smile seemed very tired. “Everyone has their own role.”

“What’s mine?” she asked. She wasn’t entirely sure she wanted to know, but the more things she remembered, the more the house screamed at her. The people were wrong, the house was wrong, and she needed to know why.

“You do what everyone does. You make a choice.”

“That’s it?” She couldn’t keep the incredulous tone out of her voice. Nothing here made sense, and the solution to it all couldn’t be that simple.

“It’s all anyone can do,” he replied.
She thought for a moment before her mind recalled the rain that had lashed against the windows the first night she wore the rosemary. "He can control the mansion."

"It’s largely his domain," her teacher agreed.

She narrowed her eyes at him. "You said he couldn’t change anything."

"I said he couldn’t change the laws," her teacher corrected gently. "And he can’t. There are rules in place, and even he can’t break them."

"What if he gets rid of a room while I’m in it?" she asked. It was a terrifying idea, here in a place where everything seemed possible.

"He doesn’t want to get rid of you, that’s the whole point to all of this," her teacher said. "He wants you here. Yet he’s bound by rules, and he can’t act without your permission. He can’t hurt you any more than you’ll let him."

She frowned. "He orders me about all the time."

"And you choose to obey him," her teacher replied before ending the lesson.

He didn’t attend dinner that night, and it gave her something to focus on besides the frosted man’s displeasure. She hadn’t realized it was possible to skip dinner—all things seemed so absolute here, and it had never occurred to her to try. When dinner ended, the adults broke up into groups, ready to socialize in card rooms and living rooms.

Instead of going to bed as she had every night before, she searched through all the rooms she came across, trying to find her teacher. She found him in a drawing room on the third floor, sipping wine and playing chess with the frosted man. Neither man had seen her peek in, so she hovered behind the door, curious as to what they were doing.

"I’d appreciate it if my study wasn’t moved again," her teacher said as he moved a white pawn forward. "It’s rather tedious to have to go and find it every few days."

"The walk will do you some good," the frosted man replied. He slid his own pawn forward, crossing from a white square into a black one. "I believe you’re putting on some weight."

Her teacher shrugged naturally. "And you’re earning yourself some wrinkles. You might think about frowning less."

The frosted man responded by frowning. "I don’t age."

"You mean you don’t change. And neither do I, so I can’t be gaining weight. That means you’re displeased for another reason, which can only mean one thing." Her teacher paused to allow a confident smile to bloom across his face. "You think I’m winning."

"You’re not winning anything," the frosted man snapped, and used his knight to take one of her teacher’s bishops.

"She’s beginning to remember and trying to look for answers," the teacher replied, calmly removing the offending black horse with a pawn of his own. "She’ll discover the truth soon."

"I doubt she’ll ever grasp the truth," the frosted man said flipantly. "And you won’t win, either. Look around you—we’re surrounded by my trophies here."

"That’s because all my trophies choose to leave," her teacher said.

The frosted man viciously flicked a white knight off the board with his castle. "I still have more than you."

"You play on their fears," her teacher replied with a shrug. "And you won’t win, either. Look around you—we’re surrounded by my trophies here."

"That’s because all my trophies choose to leave," her teacher said.

The frosted man viciously clicked a white knight off the board with his castle. "I still have more than you."

"You play on their fears," her teacher replied with a shrug. "I try to support their virtues. Which do you suppose is harder?"

The frosted man smirked. "Get better at tempting. It goes both ways, you know."

"That’s akin to trickery. I believe they should choose where they go, even if it’s where I don’t want them to. The teacher paused and looked up to the frosted man. "Besides, then I’d be a better tempter than you. We wouldn’t want you to lose your niche, now would we?"

The frosted man laughed, and its sincerity startled her. "Perhaps, but I’d be a superior teacher."
She backed away from the door, away from their game of chess and their easy conversation. Her teacher and the frosted man were clearly adversaries. But where she had first seen a power struggle between the two, the frosted man holding all the cards, now she saw a game of equals.

The next day, or what passed for the next day, she stared at the frosted man in the conservatory and the teacher in the library. They were so different, from the mask the frosted man had fostered to the gentle aura of compassion her teacher projected.

“Are you like me?” she asked her teacher.

“Like you?” he repeated, and for a moment he looked a bit startled. She had assumed the frosted man and the teacher had been aware she had listened at the door, but if she was only a pawn and they were aiming to take their kings, then perhaps she had gone unnoticed after all.

“Do you have to stay here like me?” she asked.

Her teacher relaxed a fraction before he answered. “I am here for as long as I will be. I have no control over that. You, however—you have a choice.”

“What choice?” she asked. He always spoke of choices, she realized, and she wondered if he had done it before he had given her the rosemary.

“There is no one choice. You never stop making choices, no matter what you may try to do. Think of what you would like to be, and try to make the best decisions for it.”

“That’s all?” she pressed. “That sounds too simple.”

“What else can you do?” her teacher asked before he ended the lesson.

She watched him leave the library and considered her own options. It would be time for dinner soon, and yet . . .

For the first time—and something in the air told her this was a first time, not merely the first time she could remember—she didn’t go where she was supposed to. She turned away from the hallway leading to the dining room and instead climbed up the stairs towards her bedroom. There were a few rules to life here, as far as she could puzzle out. She couldn’t avoid the frosted man or her teacher. But everything else: that was merely a schedule. A series of routines she was expected to repeat. She was under no obligation but her own to do what was expected of her. As she climbed the stairs, the thrill of doing something unexpected quickened her pulse and thudded throughout her body, electrifying her from her toes to her hands.

When she reached her bedroom, she pulled out the book her teacher had given her at their first lesson, the one she had been so afraid of. There was no title, and she curled up underneath the blanket with her head propped up on a pillow to read it.

It was a simple story, about a girl who lived with her family. She had a mother and father, and a younger brother she walked to school every morning. She did her homework and went to movies with friends and occasionally ate take-out dinners with her family. Nothing truly significant seemed to happen in the girl’s life.

Now, lying in her bed and closing the book, she felt a wave of longing wash over her. She was missing something, something she had forgotten, and now the gap in her head which the house had filled with a quiet, static buzzing was ripped open, and the thick roar of absence filled her ears. She clutched the book to her chest, rolled over in her bed, and cried silently until she fell asleep.

The frosted man’s frown had grown every lunch, and now he wasn’t even bothering to hide it. Feeling his disapproval, she shrank back into her chair, her tea cup the only shield she had between herself and his eyes. She had noticed they were sharp before, but now as she began to see the world for what it was, she wondered why she ever mistook him for human. Something lurked under his skin, tight and coiled and effortlessly smooth. It was made to frighten and charm, to set someone’s instincts on edge while drawing them in. He shone bright in the faded green of the conservatory. She didn’t come there for fun anymore. What had once
There was plenty of light to see by, and while someone else might have thought it came from sunlight streaming through the panes of glass, she knew it was her teacher shining brightly.

“I want to see it anyway,” she decided. She turned to her teacher. “Will you help me unwrap it?”

The knots and tight rope that had seemed so impossible to undo melted under her teacher’s fingers. Together they peeled off the tight layers of linen. Any dust kicked up was chased away by the rosemary at her throat.

“What is it?” she asked again, staring in shock at the smooth glass surface.

“It’s a mirror,” her teacher replied. “If you look into it, you can see yourself as you truly are.”

She stepped up to the glass and very carefully studied the girl before her. Dark curls were pinned to her head, and a few stray springs framed her face. Dark eyes and pale, honeyed skin stared back at her, and a face empty and far from being alive. But as she looked, the image shifted. Gone were the teacher and the dusty attic behind her, replaced by a cheery bedroom with a dark purple bedspread. Sleek, colorful posters lined the walls, alongside photographs and neon flowers. The floor was covered with black carpet and discarded clothes and flung stuffed animals. She was no longer wearing a stiff grey dress with a high neck but a soft blue tee shirt and faded old jeans.

“I look happy there,” she murmured, raising her hand to touch her fingertips to the glass.

“You look so mortal there,” the frosted man hissed. She turned her head to see her teacher eyeing the frosted man as he hauled himself up the ladder. “So fragile and delicate.”

“I think she looks strong,” her teacher replied easily. “She looks surrounded by fond memories.”

“But she’ll always have the horrible ones as well,” the frosted man continued. “Who knows what life brings? It’s messy and unpredictable.”

seemed like the only living place in the mansion was now dull and lifeless. She wondered how she had ever mistaken the unsatisfactory fabrication of life for the real thing.

“I’m thinking of redecorating my mansion,” the frosted man told her, slowly pushing red apple slices around his plate. “Would you like to help me? I know you’d create some wonderful rooms. You can put whatever you want in them. They’d be all for yourself.”

She thought briefly of things she had always wanted. She thought of huge stretches of blank canvas and an endless supply of colorful paint. She thought of closets of clothes from every era, anything she could ever dream of ready to try on. She thought of a garden of her own, one she could make grow so much greener than the one she was sitting in. She also thought of the book, of the family, of the hole inside her that nothing could ever really fill.

She smiled politely as she finished cleaning her plate. “No, thank you. I could never live up to the splendor you’ve already created.”

The frosted man seemed ready to hiss in displeasure, but her lunch was already over and she could feel her lesson pulling at her. She dipped into a curtsy and turned towards the stairs. She began to climb up.

When she reached the library on the second floor, she stared at her teacher for a long time. He looked back at her, content to wait.

“I think it’s time for a field trip,” she finally said. Her teacher followed her up the main staircase, to the top floor. She led him down the hallway and into the last closet on the left, where a small white door was hiding behind an army of mops and brooms. She opened it, and together they climbed up the last rickety ladder into the attic, where the tall oval shape loomed in the middle of the small room.

“What is that?” she asked him, circling it herself as she inspected it.

“What you’re most afraid to see,” her teacher replied from his place by the window.
“And wonderful and enlightening. Oh, I quite agree.” Her teacher winked at her before his face turned serious. “But you do have to choose.”

“Choose?” she repeated, hesitant. She felt so light up here, so far from the eerie hallways of the mansion, and so far from the blinding vibrancy of the room in the mirror.

“Which world do you want?” the frosted man asked. “The world you can never control, or the one that never changes? You don’t know what’s out there. It’s all safe in here.”

“Safe, yes,” the teacher replied. The men were responding to each other, but their eyes were on her. “But so far from alive.”

“You can have everything you ever wanted here,” the frosted man continued, but her eyes were already drawn back to the mirror. She thought of the story, of the life she didn’t have, of the life through the mirror.

“But I won’t have what I need,” she whispered. She glanced back once, just long enough to see the blazing fury in the frosted man’s eyes and the smile on her teacher’s, before she lifted her fingertips to the mirror’s surface, and pressed and pressed—pressed until she fell through.
Drums with Personalities
Lily Keyes

Our Herb Garden
Michael McKinney

In the humid air the smell of peppermint and chamomile
lingers over our working bodies
like the steam from a cup of strong, soothing tea.

We till soil,
plant sage and summer savory,
We nurse rosemary,
and uproot pesty purslane and ground ivy.

Evening approaches,
the sun begins to set
and a gentle cool surrounds us.
We gather our tools and retire to bed,
as the sky turns from turmeric to lavender.

sepia toned photograph
8 x 10"
And you laughed, cackled,
"Why are you so embarrassed, baby,
I didn’t even tell you yet what
I wanna do to you!"
I’d do some nasty shit
To a chick like you,
Believe me!”

My feet grew roots in the pavement
That seeped like water spilling slowly
Down into the fault lines,
Roots stretching, reaching, hitting the
Bottom of the abyss
With a ping like rain drops in an
Empty tin bucket.
My roots grazed the floor of the Earth’s belly,
And I wondered if I’d ever move from this spot,
If I’d ever move from this moment.

I heard your engine growl, a guttural groan
That mirrored the monster driving it.
You revved, one more wolf whistle,
Territorial beast marking your twelve-year-old conquest,
And then you were gone.
I saw your exhaust plume up,
Dragon’s breath down the street.
I looked down at myself, saw the
Indelible marks that your exhaust had
Tattooed on my body.

My body. My breasts. My FINE ASS.
But once you grow breasts,
You lose possession of them,
Like being given a deed and having
Your name clumsily scratched out and finding

Fine Ass
Mickey O’Neill

I was walking down the oak-lined, idyllic street,
Nothing to distinguish it from any other street
In any other quiet, picturesque town,
Where children retreat inward towards
The promise of warm suppers as the
Street lights begin to buzz and glow.
My back was bent by the burden of books,
And I watched as your car rolled up next to me.

I expected you’d ask for directions
(In that slick way that Mom
Had always warned that
Strangers like walking nightmares have)
So I looked at the sidewalk cracks at my feet,
Cracks like fault lines I was tight-roping over,
Tiptoes grazing the precipice of the abyss.

Your car slowed down next to me,
Smelling of oil and choking my lungs,
And you yelled,
"Hey, girl, let me get a piece of that
FINE ASS!"
I felt my face bloom, just like the
Cherry tomatoes I’d plucked with Daddy
From our small garden in what realtors
Lauded as “A safe, friendly neighborhood!”
Only the day before.
Daddy called me his little girl.
But to you, the lines between
Girl and woman
Were irrelevant distinctions.
“Property of Everyone” scrawled in instead.
Once you grow a fine ass,
You lose the right to own it
For yourself.
Once you grow into a woman,
You lose the right to assert
What others do and do not
Have the right to say and do
To you.

I learned when I was twelve years old
That all I was good for
Was some eye candy,
A sweetly sexual spectacle
Walking down the street,
Tart as a Lemon Drop
And as easy to acquire,
For some motherfucker in a
Beat up Camry to jeer at.

He didn’t care about the books in my backpack,
The contents stored
Inside of my pretty little head,
Or what my scared child’s eyes saw in the
Fault lines of the sidewalk.
I learned when I was twelve years old
That no fine ass
Is worth more than a
Fine fucking.
Terror Dactyls
William Marquess

Curious furious
Alice in Wonderland,
Once down the rabbit-hole,
Wandered from home.

Later, with moxy she
Phantasmagorically
Went through the Looking-Glass
Just for a mome.

Gyring, gimbling
Deep in the tulgey wood
There roved the Jabberwock,
Emblem of dread.

Whereon the beamish boy,
Unsnickersnackable,
Summoned the strength to sneak
Off with its head.

Zebra at the Zoo
Megan Durocher

digital photograph edited in Photoshop
The unyielding trees, once silenced by the heavy loads they bore during the occupation, are brought to life anew by the gentle urging of the emperor above, stretching their limbs broadly, armed with wide shields of green armor.

And above them all, their blazing leader oversees the battle, looming large and low in the cloudless sky, his omnipresent heat serving as a final death blow to the anemic enemy below.

The alabaster army runs, chased out of the open fields, up into the hills, pausing for a moment only when it has reached the precipitous peaks.

It steals one last, long look at its lost kingdom before disappearing from sight.

---

Spring Surge
Elisa Garcia-Rey

It has begun—the slow, inevitable retreat of the legion of white that for a time presided over all.

The ivory empire quietly loses its grip on the rebellious land, its stronghold weakened by the determined advance of the sun’s allies on the ground.

The sharp blades of the green grass’s legion cut their way through the opposition’s front lines, eager to overcome the oppressor that has smothered them for so many long, cold weeks.

The spirited creatures, from minuscule to massive, at last extricate themselves from the shackles of prolonged dormancy to reclaim the spaces they once roamed at will, using their numbers against the alabaster adversary.
Field Observations—from a Martian
Amy Wilson

Today discovered: an exceptional fabric—
Water-repelling, self-mending, and multi-toned—underlined
by a script of nerves, in a language I have yet to decipher.
There is no space in the day to notice
how splendidly the bones fit together, and night
is full of hollow mouths where spiders crawl in to sleep.

They speak of souls, love, and convictions,
as though these were creatures to be kept—
try to hold abstractions in orbit.

But there’s an intricacy to fingernails—
small crescents born from
beautifully discarded proteins.
Cells arranged in curving circuitry—these forms
were begotten, not made, by joyous accident.

There remains a strange wonder in lashes, like antennae,
stretching out to brush other faces as they pass.

Perception
Samantha Merrill
Dust and Shadow
A.M. Nicolai

Bring me my evening!
Pour it down my throat.
I want it running through me,
The moon inside my body.
Flesh and silver joining.
I will eat the black sky,
Gluttonous and guilty.
Nothing else between my lips.
Nothing left beneath my skin,
But skeleton and darkness.
Oh, I want to tear it!
Oh, I want to open my mouth,
So wide that I can hear my jaw cracking,
And clamp my ivory down onto the stars.
They will shine in my tongue,
Diamonds in pink velvet.
Can you stop me?
Can you hold me?
I am dust,
I am shadow with my night,
We are one in our falling umbra,
As the sun dies,
I rise.

Barry
Ryan Bacharach

pen and ink on paper
18 x 24"
Come at me, Son, if you can find me
Jonny Rushfirth

“Come at me, Son, if you can find me.
Hear me calling from where you will not need to go.
To find the voice is to find the speaker is to find the gap
between there and the ear, to find what was, in some way, always found.
Take flight to the distant coast, the mirror that reflects the thoughts of last night, shared with a youth misrepresented over 300 years of self-determined righteousness.
Leap high enough off a milk crate, squint to the horizon.
You will see me, flickering, bobbling on turbulent white waves.”

All that could be seen was a blip, the final splash as she finally submerges.
She is drowning, but unable to pull herself up, unable to find a clear path up around trade freighters and mad, scrambling feet manically pushing down in attempts to expose their balls to the masses.
We built her on faulty earth, the sands have moved, her foundation no longer able to hold, no longer concrete.
The voice is there, always there, teasing the hopes, taunting the ability, surrounding my brother.
Her sound is everywhere, but her lights are mimicked with no respect for the true colors of white love, blank fear, and deep red sorrow.
O the hyena cries all around me.
O starry spangled blur, defined by the judgments of a billion ignorant visionaries in a single file line.
O the over developed right hand that pulls a white glove onto the left after the nails have been bit and spat out on the dirt floor of her marble tomb.
Discard your numbers, brother, we need to be at two at one.
Run off to the left and appear on the right.

Hear the noises, listen to the silence, wear your rain boots.
The hangover of an ever-ending weekend spoils the fruits of her labor, their labor which will be returned to after a commercial break and an individual cup of coffee.
The water is murky and thick, beware of drowning.
But dive deep for Atlantis no longer bathes in the sun’s favor, she has fallen too deep to be identified from above.
Take a deep breath, though, we won’t surface without her.
Elegy for Ralph Wiggins
Our farmhand who took his own life
Ann Giard-Chase

1
The day you died,
the whole town knew.
It was only a matter of an hour,
maybe two, before Ruby Norton
called her circle of friends
and they in turn, called theirs.

It was her son Carl who found you
“deader’n a doornail.” Therefore,
it was her duty to call around
the small town and spill the awful news:
“Walt’s hired man is dead. Gone.
Hitched a vacuum cleaner hose
to his car exhaust.”
“Who?”
“You know, Ralph Wiggins,
Walt’s hired man is gone,” she said,
just like that. You died.
And Ruby spread the news.

2
You were the hired man
when I was a child
growing up on the family farm.

My mother cooked your evening meal
and while the meat and potato
simmered and stewed,
you’d rock my baby sisters
in the wooden rocker on the porch,
holding them in your thick arms,
making soft bird-noises. The babies
chirped and gurgled as the rocker
flowed back and forth
with such an easy motion,
as gentle as a metronome.
Your eyes would close.

You seemed like something afloat,
not tied to the land.
You seemed
to marry strength and grace
as the rocker rocked
and the floorboards creaked—
sounds like the strain of a mossy
hinge or the sway of the south barn
der door in the summer wind.

3
“He drinks,” they said.
We knew. We had our games,
my brothers, sisters, and I.

Climbing the rickety ladder
to the hay mow, we’d find the booze;
bottles tucked neatly away
behind the cobwebbed beams,
some amber liquids half-gone, some
need half-satisfied. We guessed
the warm vapors had lured
you in and wondering, we hid
deep beneath the bales

of hay and seared our throats raw
with quiet, timid sips
of whiskey, vodka, and gin.

4
There was that time you went away.
“He’ll be back,” they said.
“He’s dryin’ out.”

In my child’s mind,
I thought you’d come back dry
as an oat and crisp as summer hay.

You came home only to go away
again, even though there were chores
to be done, cows to milk, cattle to feed.

“On a binge,” the townsfolk said.
Still, my father kept you on.
“Ralph’s a worker. A good worker’s
hard to find.” There was that bond
between you; a farm too
can lure a man and draw him
down belly to belly
to lie forever in the snuggle
and blush of its embrace.

5
Ralph Wiggins,
Walt’s hired man,
it is the full-tide of autumn,

the October of your death.
Now is a farmer’s best time.
Steel plows cut furrows into land.

The cattle nestle and grow fat
in the barns. After the brown heat
of summer, the taste
of salt on parched lips
nearly forgotten. No more
grass to bale and pitch;

the hay’s all in. It swells
the mow. And, in the orchard,
the Macintosh turn
apple red and ripe enough
to squeeze through the cider press.
Winter looms. Before dawn,

my father and brother tread the path
between the house and barn.
You range other lands,

out of harness, free.
Delivered from your savage
thirst; gone from here,

Ralph Wiggins,
Walt’s hired man,
singer of cradle songs.
So you walk that way, I'll walk this way
Isabelle Carter

digital photograph

Cracked
Samantha Merrill

black and white photograph, bleached and selenium toned
11 x 14"
Sayings I have researched and found to be lies
Justin Whittinghill

1) A watched pot never boils.
I recently filled a pot with water, placed it on the stovetop, turned on the burner and watched it quite deliberately. After six minutes or so the water reached the critical temperature and began to boil, turning into a gas and whisking up through the range hood. If anyone ever proposes to you that observation affects boiling water, tell him it’s not a quantum event and that he should go fuck himself.
The saying would be more appropriately stated: A watched pot will boil after about six minutes, depending on elevation.

2) Even a broken clock is right twice a day.
To test this one, I realized that I would regretfully have to break one of my clocks. I took a run-of-the-mill analog clock off the wall in the kitchen, placed it on the table, and savagely beat it with a hammer forty or fifty times. After a 24-hour period of observation, the clock never once told the right time and moreover was mostly unrecognizable as a clock.
The saying would be more appropriately stated: A broken clock will probably lead to an argument between you and your wife about how you spend your afternoons.

3) It’s no use beating a dead horse.
I won’t go into it, but this one turned out to be true.

4) Too many cooks spoil the broth.
This saying seemed more obviously false than the others, but to keep things scientific I tested it nonetheless. I invited several Michelin-rated chefs (twelve in all) to my home and asked them each to contribute to a venison broth. Mario Batali started things off with a tasteful dash of cardamom. Jacques Pepin had the brilliant idea of mingling Batali’s camphoric bouquet with a hint of Kaffir lime, at which point Franck Deletrain could hardly keep the stopper in his cruets of juniper oil. The others likewise contributed to what in the end could only be described as a culinary masterwork. My only regret is drunkenly urinating in the magnificent stew, shouting, “I just don’t give a Wolfgang Fuck!” It was me who ultimately spoiled the broth, and I’m not even a cook.
The saying would be more appropriately stated: Put a recovering alcoholic around enough cooking sherry and vanilla extract, and your broth will eventually get spoiled. And by “spoiled” I mean “pissed in.”

5) An apple a day keeps the doctor away.
My great-grandfather was raised on an apple orchard in West Virginia. He loved the family business and made it a point to eat at least one apple each day to gauge the progress of that year’s crop. He kept this up throughout childhood and into his twenties, always swearing by apples as the key to his good health and upbeat nature. He was then killed in World War I.
The saying would be more appropriately stated: An apple a day will keep the doctor away until you’re in the sights of a godless Kraut.

6) All roads lead to Rome.
I followed the alley outside my apartment in one direction and found that it ended at a stream. In the other direction, the street led to the parking lot of a small gas station. Neither of these was Rome.
The saying would be more appropriately stated: All roads lead to Rome, a stream, or a gas station.

7) Feed a cold, starve a fever.
The “feed a cold” part works, but starving a fever eventually kills them.
The saying would be more appropriately stated: The “feed a cold” part works, but starving a fever eventually kills them.

8) A stitch in time saves nine.
To get to the bottom of this one, I chloroformed a drifter and stabbed him in the throat. I then realized I didn’t know how to administer stitches and he bled to death.
The saying would be more appropriately stated: Several stitches sewn by a medical professional in a timely fashion could save one.

9) Curiosity killed the cat.
To test the validity of this statement, I presented the hammer from the above-mentioned clock experiment to our seven-year-old calico. Despite my explaining the usefulness of the hammer and its obvious simplistic beauty, Bootsies was entirely apathetic and disinterested. Regardless of its failure to arouse her curiosity, the hammer still killed Bootsies efficiently.
The saying would be more appropriately stated: Assuming you believe the court report from my annulment proceedings, apparently it’s me that killed the cat.

10) The grass is always greener on the other side.
This was easily disproved by a simple glance out the window at the property line between my neighbor’s house and my own. Our lawns were mostly identical, save the brilliant green of my yard’s cat-, horse-, and drifter-shaped mounds.
The saying would be more appropriately stated: The grass could be greener on your side depending on the lengths you’re willing to go to.
Senescence
Megan Durocher

A somber tree
stands crooked
and withered, knotted in
the soil.
Her old, gnarled body has long since
seen lovers and friends
linger below her veil.
Her semblance, once
smooth and unsullied
has warped into a wrinkled
grimace.
And when she dies
she will remain frozen there,
should anyone
discover her body and seek
to slumber
inside the shadow she casts
on the earth.

Ship's Mast
Chris Magyar

digital photograph
I take it home, run up the stairs, sit on the edge of my bed, and even though it’s only four o’clock in the afternoon, hardly bed time, I gently open the jar. Now with the tips of my two fingers, I spread it on my forehead first, around my eyes, then throat, in the same slow circles my mother used. I feel the tot lying next to me in the long dark night, waiting for her mother in her Ponds to arrive. I feel her small arms reach out for the warm embrace of her mother’s silkened loveliness.

I want to be just like you.

And then I feel the cold against my cheek, and I am all at once acutely comforted.

Ponds
Antonia Messuri

I swim in the aisles, searching for some collagen, elasticin, retinol, proactive. You know, some overnight olay and masque, a sort of glycolic, triple-protector one fluid ounce that stops the sagging bagging and billowing knocked-down dragged-out face, to keep the face, my face, to keep face, somewhat in place, for at least a while longer. I look in the mirror and with some less than firm resolve and lather I try to convince myself that hey, I guess I could and can and will live with this aging face in place but I don’t want it to droop any further, faster, want my face to last her. Luster. So I’m back searching to slow down in the aisles for some parabens and seraphims—chemicals and angels are what I’m needing most to put a temporary halt, a make-shift hold-your-miracle-horses lady on those bags and sags and jags and wrinkles, and let’s instead resist the power of this gravity, my gravity, and let’s face it, a face-off: my grave.

People admonish: “You’re really still young.” People admonish: “Embrace your old age.” But I move past all the brightly colored bottles and jars, total-effect night-firming oils. My hand goes past the hydrating exfoliates and all that’s been clinically tested and shipped overnight. Instead I reach for the Ponds because that’s what she always wore when she tucked me in bed appearing all white faced and glossy. Oh, and did I mention those perky perfect puff-ball Polish cheeks of hers? Her kiss would linger on my little forehead long enough to receive her ever silkened loveliness, and a touch of her Ponds.

I’m searching for that same such touch in K-Mart years long after my mother has died.

So parabens and seraphims, propylene glycol and sweet cherubims—gels and angels are what it’s going to take to keep this face and heart from sagging. I urgently move from pillar to post, one seductive extraordinary face cream to the next. Yet I pull from the shelf way way deep in the back and bottom drawer her Ponds. Her cold cream. The same mix my mother used and her mother before that. One hundred and fifty years this magnitude, this celebrating women.

I take it home, run up the stairs, sit on the edge of my bed, and even though it’s only four o’clock in the afternoon, hardly bed time, I gently open the jar. Now with the tips of my two fingers, I spread it on my forehead first, around my eyes, then throat, in the same slow circles my mother used. I feel the tot lying next to me in the long dark night, waiting for her mother in her Ponds to arrive. I feel her small arms reach out for the warm embrace of her mother’s silkened loveliness.

I want to be just like you.

And then I feel the cold against my cheek, and I am all at once acutely comforted.
Spring Reflection
Frank Huseman

silver gelatin lith print
16 x 20"

Kaik’s Sunflower
Liz Reid

silver gelatin lith print
11 x 14"
Seawall
Plattsburgh, New York  
April, 2011
Ann Giard-Chase

By nightfall, I knew
the seawall was doomed.
All day long, the waves
pounded their icy fists
against the grey pylons
until they creaked and groaned
like old women. Broken
and bent over by morning,
it was only a matter of time
before the battered posts
vanished into the swells
and the south wind joined
in the fray, moving like a fan blade
across the deep waters.
It was early spring and the lake

was poured too full, brimming
over like a cup. Suddenly,
out of the silence, the flood music
began its deafening call; the cellars
started to fill and I thought,
water always wants its way
with the land, wants more than anything
to slide its blue arms up and over
the dark roots and branches
and take back,
in its vast loneliness, the thin stalks
of our bodies as we rush away
as we turn wildly back
to the land. Once all paths were water
and we swam at the edge
of the turning tide
until the slow hand of time
lifted us gently from the shallows
and set us free to wander
in a brilliance we could never imagine.
Conversations
Javan DeHaven

I will walk through the dog-eared-days,
the stretch of stretches;
voices falling from back rooms like a slow
drip from the faucet—
water meeting water.
I get older
watching the carpet fray or digging pennies
from between the boards
while people speak behind the door.

I will watch clouded mornings
rise like a cracked spoon
lifted from a drawer. The evenings
perching themselves like crows along a billboard.
I get tired
listening to flatware clink in the kitchen,
plucking string from my shirt sleeve,
while words from the street
crawl like ivy through my screen.

I will gather my coat and lighter but forget
my keys, see time pour down like shade
from the buildings,
find myself turning as the wind
turns the leaves. The backlit clouds
becoming confession stalls;
puddles expanding as the water falls.

I will walk through days of crowds of boys
in hats, with stains on my jeans
while sprinkling words and cadence
trickle to the gutter and flow downstream.

Japanese Girl with Kewpie Doll
Jordan Douglas

hand-applied silver gelatin on watercolor paper, toned in sepia
11 x 14"
we are not so far from grimm tales
Kate Neely

we are not so far from grimm tales,
from the quiet moans leaking up from the cellar.
from the seawater glass casket placed over our sleeping lovers,
red-hot iron slippers, rooms of gold thread,
rapunzel herbs, lichen hair, deadly-pointed ivory combs,
and the children with their clothing of coal.
we are not so far from their curses, their warnings.

we tell each other these fairy tales,
we whisper them as we stab each other with lust, as we come.

we lie on a wooden dust colored floor, my chest globed, beating, worn thin by the etching of your tongue, pressed like a grape, my heart-husk in your mouth, icewater.

tell me a fairy tale.
tell me your name and the color of your eyes.

I didn’t want you to find me.
I was already a ghost, I didn’t need you. I didn’t need your fables.

I lived alone with my fraying string limbs, filled with weed blood.
hair a tattered cowl, hot needle eyes.
my body tight and bristling as drying rope, animal logic.
I didn’t need you.

I filled teacups with bones,
cat tongue rough I licked the bodies of my lovers clean,
covered them with wounds and flowers,
swallowed their hearts and their poison,
pressed their hair like petals between book pages.
I kept a tally of names, of eye color. 
jars of teeth in the windowsill.

there was an ache when I saw you, slow, like a groan, green-white acid filling my lungs.

my blood was once powder soft, a cup of pollen, glowing, the white inside of orange rind. I lured strangers to my bed, to the floor, kissing them, swallowing them whole, stealing their names.

but you,
you drained my body like a bottle of wine and lifted the steaming cup of me to your lips, bit my thighs and stole my bones. 

left me pallid, vein-colored ricepaper skin.
nothing but a memory to collect, a trophy, my name like antlers mounted to your wall.

you wear my marrow across your face, on your lips. 
it was good that I had already drowned, that my body was a dead thing, that it was dead before the back of your hand slammed against my skull and made my eyes bloom outward, my head a dropped jar, an egg. 

it was good that we already knew the rules of this game, already knew the ache and blood that love demands.

your heart is harsh with corded brambles, a dried root. 
I buried it in my chest, wanted it to grow there, allowed the sieve of its branches to take over my cells.

I fed your heart with my own blood, as if it were a houseplant, as if you could be tamed.

but you were already the disease. the dark root of you ebbed through me, through my ribs and spine, tendrils prodding against my skin from beneath, daring me to pull them up as though a dandelion. 

and I did.

the cancer of you spread to my throat and I could breathe only your name. 
I reached down my windpipe and ripped you out, the green nerve juice of you dripping from my mouth, brackish oil staining my face.
I pulled you, your snapping branches whipping my face, cutting me, the gag of your name in my mouth, I tore through my flesh, 
found the black stone in my chest and held it in my hands. 
my ribs were splintering chicken bone, my knuckles breaking like cracked pepper against you as I tried to rip you out, but a parasite is clever, and it was my own heart that I held, walnut-cracked, in my palms.

tell me a fairy tale, 
tell me your name and the color of your eyes.

you laid me on a bed of bracken fronds, a bed of ferns to bleed on, and I did this for you, I let you believe that I still bled.
I showed you the iron water of me, showed you the wetness of my body, let you taste it.

muscle kiss, fist of hair, lush casts of our skin set to stone, crown of thorn, pillar of salt, flaming ribbon eye.

tell me a fairy tale, 
tell me your name and the color of your eyes.

ghosts see other ghosts, dear.
Contributors’ Notes

Amdework Assefa was an Art major at Saint Michael’s, graduating in 2009. He was born in Ethiopia and grew up in Boston. He likes the medium of charcoal and chalk because it allows him to work directly with his hands: there is no paint brush to interfere with the creative flow.

Ryan Bacharach is a senior Art major with an English minor. He began doodling at an early age and is still working on coloring inside the lines.

Meg Bolger is a Spanish and Environmental Studies major from Beverly, Massachusetts. She has been doing photography for two years and plans on studying abroad in Chile. She enjoys going on swings and eating lots of cookies.

Isabelle Carter is a first-year student from New Hampshire. She likes watching puddles gather rain, pouring some tea for two and speaking her point of view, but it’s not sane.
Shannon Conroy is currently a Chemistry major but is considering the addition of other subjects. Hailing from the West coast, she lives in Auburn, California. Among her interests (academic and otherwise) are Physics, Art, reading, skiing, and working out. When not doing those, she can frequently be found taking naps on and around campus.

Javan DeHaven graduated from Saint Michael's in 2010 and since has lived briefly in Maine, Cape Cod, Boston, Spain, and Chicago.

Jordan Douglas teaches photography at St. Michael’s and at Champlain College. For recent exhibitions, “Mysterious Histories” and “(Re)memberings,” Jordan has re-photographed collected antique photographs onto film, using a macro lens, and then printed those new negatives onto cotton watercolor paper that has been hand-coated with silver gelatin emulsion in the darkroom. In re-interpreting these anonymous portraits, it is Jordan’s hope that their forgotten people may, in some way, be reawakened.

Alex Dugas is still a boy from New Hampshire. He keeps hot tea on his tongue and pixies off his mind, though he’s only good at one.

Megan Durocher is a senior Psychology major and Art minor. She is honored to have her work appear again in the Onion. Her favorite animal is the moose, hence her “Moose Tracks” drawing. “Zebra at the Zoo” was taken in Canada, and “Among the Boughs” was taken in England. To see more of her photography, please visit http://www.facebook.com/pages/Megan-Durocher-Photography/108429502529175

Tim Fitzmaurice lives in Albany, New York, where he teaches English at The Albany Academies. In addition to ruining the lives and minds of students, he continues to cobble together words for poems and poems for a long-awaited manuscript.

Elisa Garcia-Rey has been a New Englander all her life. Growing up on the outskirts of Boston, she attended college at Boston University. After four years of dealing with astronomical rent hikes, omnipresent traffic jams, and various public transportation snafus, she decided it was time for a change of scenery. Beckoned by the call of Ben & Jerry’s, cows in open pastures, and outdoor activities aplenty, Elisa made Vermont her new home. Her free time is now spent frequenting the county fairs, biking around Lake Champlain, and testing out her new snowboard at all the local mountains.

Ann Giard-Chase received both her undergraduate and graduate degrees from SMC. She was born in Vermont and raised on a large dairy farm in Addison County. She still lives in Vermont, where she has raised four wonderful children, owned a few companies, and renovated several homes. She escapes into the world of poetry whenever time allows.

Allen Hubbard asks, “What is a poet? An unhappy man who conceals profound anguish in his heart, but whose lips are so fashioned that when sighs and cries pass over them they sound like beautiful music. His fate resembles that of the unhappy men who were slowly roasted by a gentle fire in the tyrant Phalaris’ bull—their shrieks could not reach his ear to terrify him, to him they sounded like sweet music. And people flock about the poet and say to him: do sing again.”
Frank Huseman is a Saint Michael’s College alumnus, highly intrigued by the color shift and increased contrast that lith printing (an alternative analog printing process) can create, altering and evoking the image’s mood.

Elizabeth Inness-Brown has taught writing at Saint Michael’s for 24 years. She admits that her story was inspired by the tragedy of Hurricane Irene in Vermont, but says it is also the story of people all around the world who suffer, silently, from the effects of global climate change—lives swept away by official denial of the disaster all around us.

Lily Keyes is a senior Media Studies, Journalism & Digital Arts and Sociology/Anthropology double major. Her most prized possession is her digital SLR camera, but she also shoots film photography, which she delved into in her art minor. This sepia-toned print of carved wooden drums with personalities was photographed at Shelburne Farms using a Pentax Asahi K1000.

Kristen Kiernan is a senior writing student at Interlochen Arts Academy in Michigan. She is from Asheville, North Carolina and will attend NYU this fall.

Brian MacDonald, Director of Web Site Development, loves taking pictures, especially in places of questionable safety.

Chris Magyar is a Media Studies major from Massachusetts who monkeys around too much.

Diana Marchessault is a girl from Vermont. She likes many things—and of these many things, soup is one. She sincerely hopes she didn’t ruin soup for you. Live long and prosper, soup-eaters.

William Marquess, Instructor of English, would like this for his obituary: “Having faked his death, Will Marquess is living comfortably in an exotic location.”

Jenna McCarthy is a bona fide lady who always enjoys a fine scotch and a good humdinger.

Michael McKinney is an English major from South Windsor, Connecticut.

Samantha Merrill is a Media Studies, Journalism & Digital Arts major, minoring in Studio Arts, from Jericho, Vermont.
Antonia Messuri serves as the Director of Academic Support Services and is an instructor in the English Department at Saint Michael’s College. “Ponds” is part of a larger work entitled This Holy Life.

Mary Miller, a sophomore English major, says thanks to the family and all the shadows.

Keriann Mussi is a Psychology major from New Jersey who loves experimenting with her visual world through photography, studying brains, and exploring unfamiliar places.

Kate Neely doesn’t like the upper case. She graduated in May and is now living in Seattle with a lovely girl named Kasey and a mostly ok cat named whale. She spends her time drinking far too many caffeinated liquids, acid-washing her clothing, stealing plastic, canning stuffed animals, writing scandalous letters, making pyramids, touching moss. She misses you.

A.M. Nicolai is a first-year from Springfield, MA. She enjoys telling people that being “Exploratory” means she works with maps and canoes. Alexandra spends too much time watching other people’s faces in class and making up their thoughts in her head. Sometimes, she likes to narrate what she sees in a Russian accent. It makes the world seem very suspicious. Alexandra does a very convincing impression of the trumpet, a talent that hardly ever comes in handy, but does confuse people on crowded streets from time to time.

Mickey O’Neill is a sophomore double-majoring in English and Psychology with a strong affinity for both narwhals and chickpeas.

Kerry Ramsden is a double major in Environmental Studies and Fine Arts from Charlotte, Vermont. The inspiration for this photograph comes from images taken by Herbert List, a German photographer from the early 1900s. It plays with a reflective surface, a mirror, and the transparency of a glass.

Liz Reid is a Sociology/Anthropology major who—if she’d known that she wasn’t terrible at it—would have liked to major in art. Liz enjoys traveling and meeting strange people. She looks forward to doing more of both, as well as continuing to make interesting mistakes in the darkroom.

Jonny Rushfirth is a Philosophy major from Studbury, Massachusetts, and not much more.

Erica Sabelawski is in her final year at Saint Michael’s and is proud to be graduating with an English major. While she has never burned down a house, she has dealt with a mass of crickets, and everyone has lived to tell the tale. She has a duffelbag filled with humor and plans to carry it into the “real world.”
Lindsay Taylor is a Psychology and Art double major born in Connecticut. The Lego character’s name is Leroy. He hopes to send his message about our consumer culture to all. He says ditch the phone and enjoy the great outdoors.

Luis Lázaro Tijerina’s prose work The Famous Nada was recently published by RA Press, in Burlington, Vermont. Mr. Tijerina is a military historian, soccer coach, and easel painter. He currently resides in Burlington.

Justin Whittinghill is a graduate student from Kentucky. He lies about being a vegetarian. He’s constantly looking at himself in reflective surfaces. He uses hair gel. All around, just a terrible guy.

Amy Wilson is a second year student at Saint Michael’s and a lifelong producer of beautifully discarded proteins. She keeps hers short and preferably polished. She dedicates this poem to her father, from whom she inherited, among other attributes, her eyelashes.

Catherine Woodard is an English major from Sheffield, Vermont. She likes to think that everyone has an impossible place.
The Onion River Review would like to thank:

Will Marquess for his awesomeness, adventurousness, and overwhelming support.

Becky Colley and George Goldsworthy of Printing Services.

The English Department for its incredible creative and fiscal support.

The Office of the Vice President of Academic Affairs.

Ellen Desmond, Amber Downing, Megan Durocher, Sarah Fraser, Nate Gabel, Russell Hammond, Bryan Hickey, Lauren Kopchik, Nick Lemon, Maggie Lund, Diana Marchessault, Mickey O’Neill, Jenelle Roberge, Allie Schellong, Christine Trombley, Jordan Wallace, Tucker Watson, and Amy Wilson for their brilliant auxistence.

The students, faculty, staff, alumni and members of the community who contributed to the Onion this year; it is because of you that the Review exists.
The open forum for Saint Michael's students to perform and showcase their art in an accepting safe environment