

COMMUNITY QUILL



SPRING 2022

Community Quill

The Saint Elizabeth University Literary Journal

Mission and Vision

The Community Quill, the literary journal of Saint Elizabeth University, is a publication that celebrates the talents of the campus community through a collection of creative writing and art. As a community, we strive to provide a space where literary and visual artists can share their work as an expression of their human experience. We welcome students, faculty, staff, and alumni to share their work and collaborate to contribute to our literary community. We encourage diversity and variety in style and voice and will highlight the meaningful work of the community while maintaining our core values of integrity, social responsibility, leadership, and excellence in teaching and learning.



Editorial Board

Co-Editors:
Sydney Salomon
Remy Wynston

Assistant Editors:
Caroline Berardo
Sarai Santiago

Advisor:
Professor Lynne McEniry, MFA

From the Editors

Welcome to our second issue of the Community Quill. We have visual art, poems, and short stories from numerous talented members of Saint Elizabeth. The diversity of the work presented portrays a theme of individuality.

After you read and view all the work from our creative peers, be sure to read through to the end where you will find some reading recommendations from our new Vice President for Academic Affairs, Dr. Anne Bartlett, and from our new president, Dr. Gary B. Crosby. If you read their recommendations, be sure to send them an email letting them know what you thought.

We hope you enjoy our second issue.

- Sydney Salomon and Remy Wynston

The Four Stage of Divorce - As a Child

Our parents never
think the long term,
think about our fallout.
The witnessing, abandonment,
awkwardness and everlasting
scars we endure.

The Witnessing
I hear it constantly - the bickering back and forth,
how he doesn't help out,
how she's controlling and shrill,
maybe someday it'll - but I know it never will.

The Abandonment
I'm not upset you left her - but you did leave me,
not seeing you at the dining table,
not getting pickup up by you after school,
I know she wanted this too - but I wanted to keep you.

The Awkwardness
It's become strange - coming to see you,
you still talk about her,
you still fight her within me,
maybe you'll move on - but you won't take me along.

And the Everlasting Scars
I have trust issues - that much is clear,
so afraid my friends will leave,
so afraid of getting too attached,
and it's all on you - the one I call "dad."

Remy Wynston

Suffering in the Strings

Play the strings of woe for me
Play the strings of woe and tragedy
and let the notes drag me down under
Until the day that I surrender

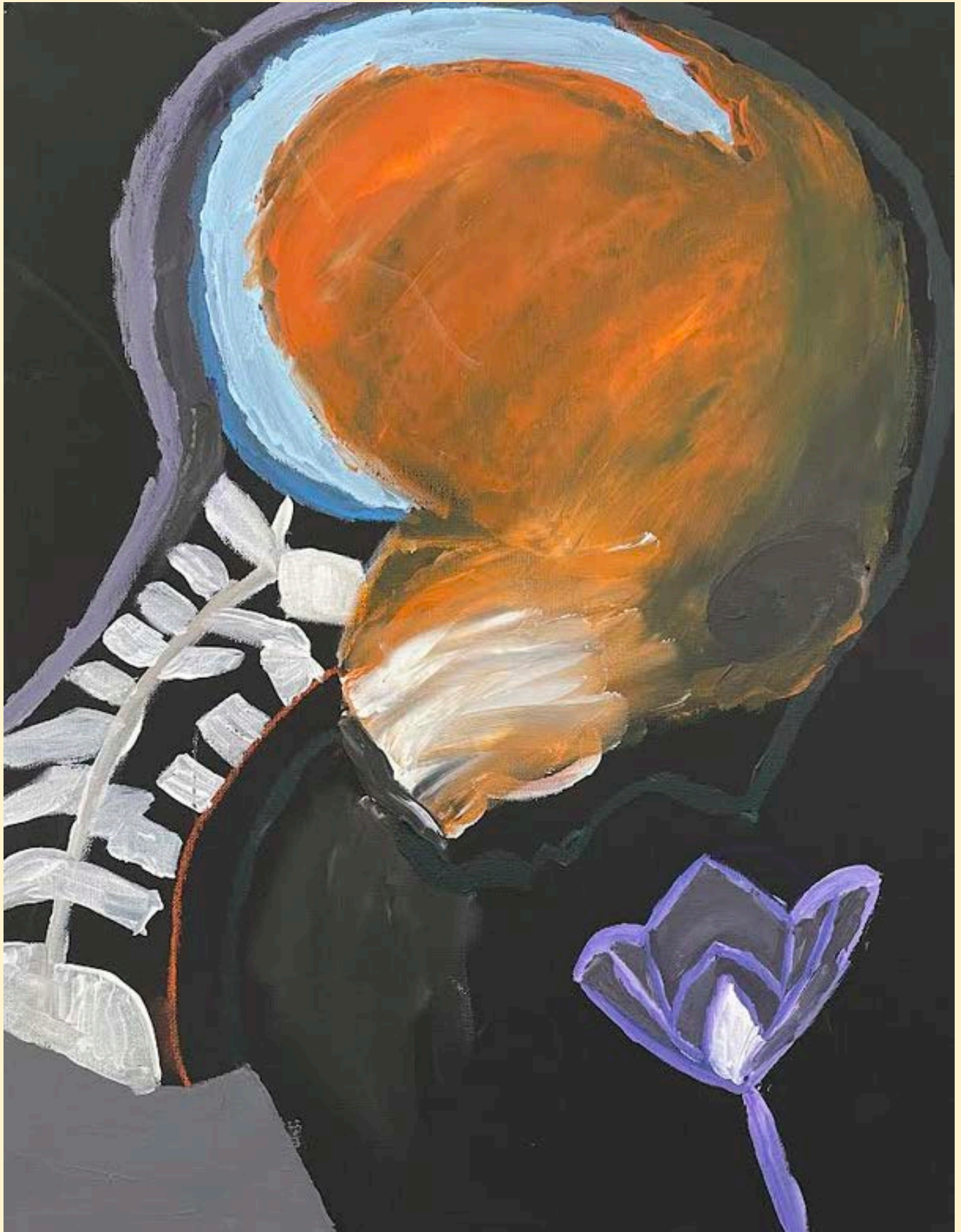
Play the strings of woe for me
Play the strings of woe and tragedy
and let the rhythm harmonize within me
Until the day that I surrender

Play the strings of Woe for me
Play the strings of woe and tragedy
and let the haunting melody linger
fiddling one last note of sorrow
Until the day that I surrender

to take with me
back to reality
where I must go



Alyssa Costa, *Love's a Flower*



Chloe Gregory, *Purple Rose*

Sydney Salomon

mathematical errors

i am counting stars in someone else's sky
when theirs do not glow as bright as mine
for i wish for a life different from now
where i am too blind to notice
all of my blessings that have not been counted

seeing gold

i was gold
but allowed myself
to be treated as silver

False Advertisement

I always sell myself short
When the greatest is presented
Because I am afraid
Of giving my all
To a crowd
Who will never want to know
More than my name

I fear the lack of intimacy
Within a community
Of faceless bodies
Will consume my youth
To have a gray themed future

Will I be a name
Instead of a number
Because I am not ready
To share my story
Or will I be marketed
Through a false reality
To give the crowd a standing ovation



Alyssa Costa, A Unif-eyed Observer

Emely Hernandez

A Caribbean Place

A place to love
Puerto Rico & all
On an island
A vacation above
Palm trees breezing through the sun above
Light blue clear water splashing from the pool
Around the pool
Sun melting the sunscreen off my skin
smell of Caribbean food
To eat and drink with friends
Music and drinks and to dance the night away

Emely Hernandez

Una Madre

Una Madre es alguien
Que debes apreciar
Una madre es alguien
Que amas con eternidad
Una madre es alguien
En quien confías
Una madre es alguien
Adonde vas cuando te sientes sola
Una madre es alguien
Confías en todo
Una madre es alguien
Quién levanta tu espíritu cuando te sientes mal
Una madre es alguien
Quien cree en ti cuando nadie lo hace
Una madre es alguien
Quien te hace sonreír



Chloe Gregory

The First Snowfall

As the snow falls on what was once spring green grass,
Covering in ice everything in its path.

Young little girl in the windowpane of her room,
Her eyes virgin to the sight of snow.

Fascinated, a gap-toothed smile reveals itself between her chubby cheeks.
Joyful squeals escape her lips.

Mother approaches her baby with coat in tow,
An excited child runs to her mother.

Now equipped with coat, gloves, hat, scarf and boots,
Child in her mother's arms.

They walk outside,
Enjoy this experience together.

Snowflakes on their tongues,
Snow on their clothes.

Smiles on their faces.

Ariel Brown

Welcome to your Next Step

To the new owners of this house,

First off, congratulations on the purchase of your new home. You could've chosen any house but you chose this one. This house meant a lot to my family and I. Memories have been etched in the interior and the exterior. Outside this house is where I made my first best friend. It is also where I got into my first fight...and got my ass whipped. Inside this house was the setting of sleepovers, fashion shows, and many family holidays. The breeding ground for good news and bad news. The good news was that we were getting a new couch (the fabric was starting to peel off of the old one). The bad news is, "You're getting a little sister!" Still don't remember asking for one but she's here now.

As your new home, it will be the place where much of your life happens. It will be where you celebrate accomplishments. It will be where you express frustration while facing trials and tribulations. Where you will cry over heartbreak and laugh with those closest to you. Most importantly, where you can be yourself with no judgments, at least that's how I felt.

I know you don't know me and I don't know you. However, I do have two requests. Take good care of this house. Give it the care and comfort that it will give you. Mistakes may happen. Things may break, flood or burn and that's ok. Just please keep her up and support her the way she will to you. Make your memories in this house as we did before you. Also, if you ever have to leave this home behind; I ask that you leave a letter to the next owners just as I have done for you.

Although this is now a previous step in my life that I wish I did not have to leave behind. I'm glad it could be the next step in the journey for you and yours. Once again, congratulations, enjoy, and good luck!

Signed,

The previous owners



Chloe Gregory, *The Beautiful Girl*

Picking Up Pieces

a statue of
the virgin Mary
greeted me once I entered
those doors

I never knew that I would end up
becoming so familiar with the
Hail Mary's
and the joyful liturgies

the smell of burning incense
becoming second nature
Watching your mother
cleanse the rooms of
evil spirits

What the hell is all this?
I remember the look on your face,
the laugh that escaped your lungs
upon hearing those words

This is my family

a family who so often
enjoys blaring Salsa
at 10 am on a Saturday
to make the tiles
squeaky clean

the scent of the freshly baked
sugar cookies
and your nieces and nephews
wearing smiles from
ear to ear

I am not used to this
and you would respond,

Just stay a while
This is what family is

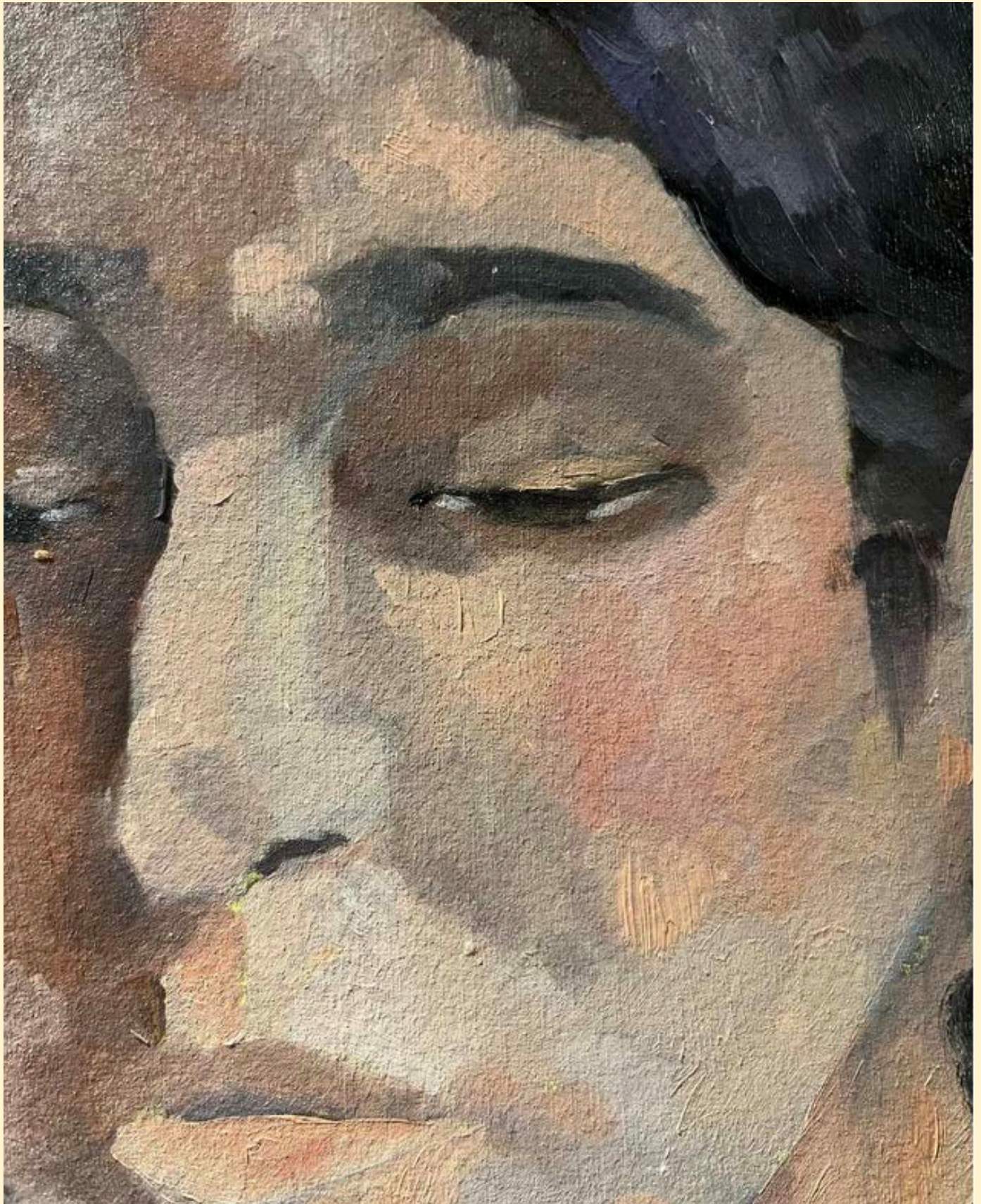
the many times that
my feet dared to move;
to take me elsewhere,
the many times that
that my heart dared to leave my chest,
convincing me that this could never be

Fear often strangling me whole,
leaving me paralyzed,
Terrified of what I never knew

but instead
I stayed awhile
and today,
my feet dare to dance
to Salsa at 10 am on Saturdays
today,
My heart fills with gratitude
today,
I call you my Fiance
today,
I call them
My family

Once Christmas

How I miss removing the plastic
Christmas tree from the box
Kept in the attic;
A dusty box of memories,
hanging chipped ornaments onto the tree
with the cousins,
How I miss hot chocolate warming on the stove,
A bag of Jet-Puffed marshmallows
Sitting on the table,
Prematurely opened
How I miss watching
A Christmas Story
Cycling on the television for hours on end
Shaking tightly wrapped presents to see if anything rattles
How I miss Titi Carmen hovering over the stove
Making pasteles by hand,
Refusing anyone else's help despite her arthritic bones
Everyone's smiling faces, enough
To fuel her cooking frenzy
Smashing boiled plantains until they no longer resembled
Their original shapes
oh, how I miss what was
once Christmas



Luz Mancebo, *Dominicana*

Naci para Amar

I was born to love
To love the small, medium, or large
To love the tall and the short
To love the laughs and snorts
To love the quiet and the loud
To love the bird sounds
To love the rain sound
To love everything around
Even my own town
I was born to love
To love you and me
To love the God I cannot see
But is always with me
I was born to love

You & the Most High

Remember you come first on this earth
So make sure you good
Make sure you happy
Do it for you and no one else
Always make sure you have faith and believe in yourself
Self-care is the best care
Remember to think think think
And trust when you think
Because that's why you think the way you think
And remember the most important thing of all
Seek and you will find
The most high will guide you to success
Let him touch your life and he will do the rest
Trust me it's for the best

Bolivar

The summer has come and it's now time to go to her house
This time the whole family is going as one as it should be
Four hours it takes in the sky-high to get there
Sometimes it feels like it never will
I arrive at last and all I can think about is Bolivar My hometown
Ouu the smell of the pupusas that my aunt makes
Are just calling my name after this long flight
I race to get to Bolivar, of course with caution
I park, open the front door to “Billito esta aqui”
Yes Yes I think to myself I have arrived
Of course, the delicious pizza and pupusas await
They call my name & you know I know I ate



Chloe Gregory, *Hope*

Tia Grant-Lasenberry

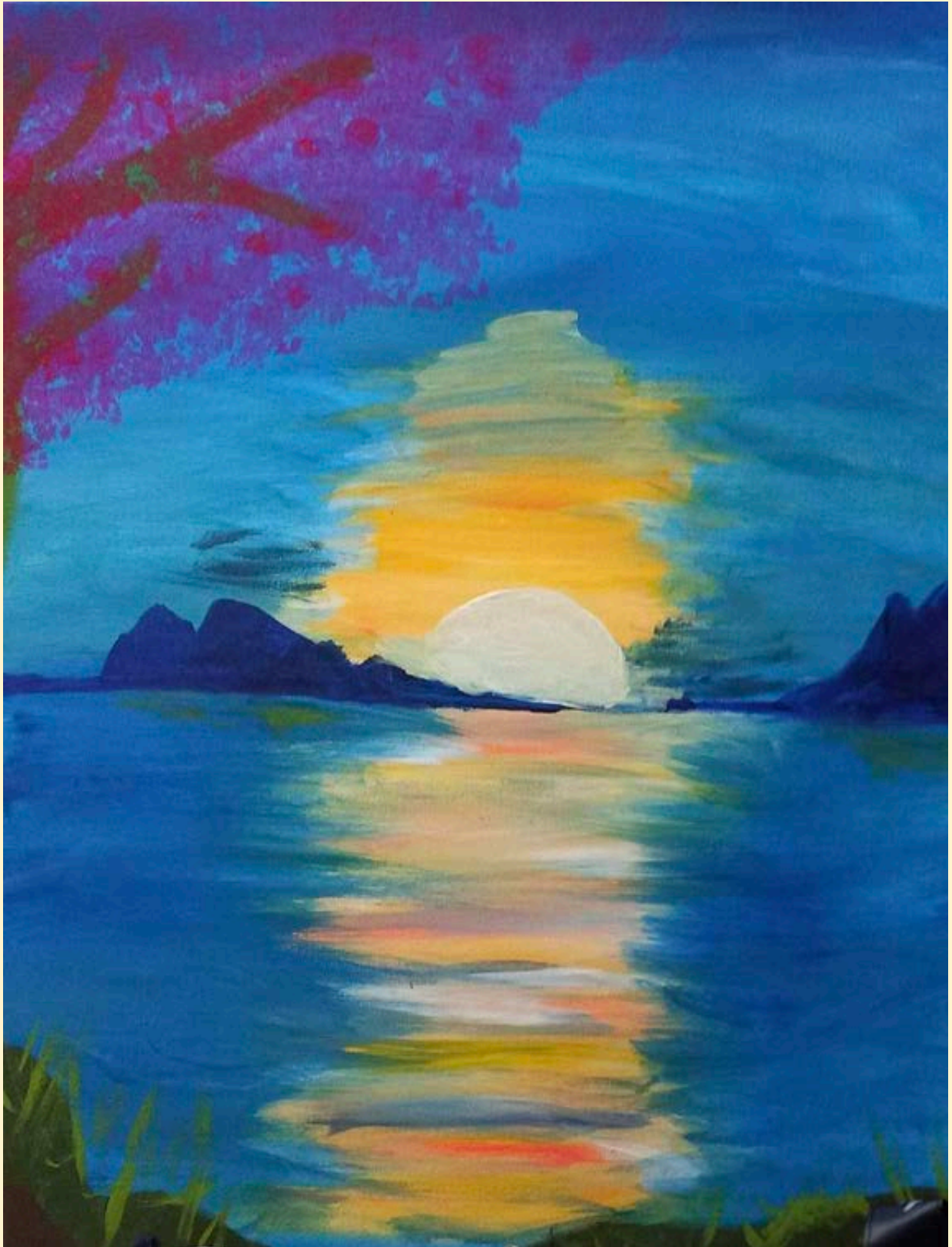
Contaminated Water Bottle

I am a bottle.
The water sits still with the cap gripping me
I have endured many things,
I have been
Infected
with
Poison
And mixed with awful substances.
As if I was being experimented on.
I have been drunken out of
As if I was poison
As if I was contaminated
Causing a person to hallucinate.
I yearn for the day when I can be purified
But instead...
The cap suddenly released its grip on me
I have been sucked dry with such force
, That the water in me burst like a volcano
My contents d i s p e r s e in my victim
Infecting every part of that body
The body contorts,
Then rests
I was left empty,
Never to be refilled again.

Tia Grant-Lasenberry

My Best Friend

At one point I was alone.
This was something I was used to.
My silence speaks for me.
But this girl had shown up,
With her bubbly and bright personality.
I wondered what drew her to me.
Me, who was like fallen leaves.
Me, A cat who wanders silently in the night. It was like a snake coiling my heart,
Preventing me from opening up,
Opening my heart.
But one day,
It felt like I was on stage.
Something that I wasn't used to.
Fear had engulfed me, and I couldn't perform my duty. I couldn't perform my final
performance task.
I sat and wept in silence,
Until I used my voice to call her name.
She appeared in front of me.
I smiled with my bloodshot eyes,
My heart has opened,
And I embraced her long,
With my love.
Her presence made my voice come to life. Her comfort makes me reach for the stars
As if she was lifting me up to them.
I eventually walk back on that stage,
In front of my teachers,
To finish the job. And I succeeded.



Anthony Waldmann, *What's For Lunch*

Live Your Life

Run your own race I say
Live this life with meaning as I try my best to guide the way for you
Don't forget I can not do it all
I am only your father after all
Slow and steady or sometimes fast and number one
Run your own race I say
Because someday you will be on your own way
If you need to turn around, do not fret
You will always see my reflection in your rearview mirror
I will remind you to keep moving forward
Don't distract to either side, and don't look back at me for too much time
Because if I see you glaring for too long, I will remind you to go on and run your own race, as I say

The Yellow House

You left me and the old yellow house twenty years ago
Yet to me, you remain the person you were in the yellow house
I think of you and the way you were
Loving, caring, and oh so gentle
And I miss that version of you
Somehow I still associate you with the person I once knew
Even though we both know you're no longer the human you were
Will I ever be able to let go of that person?
Probably never, and neither will the yellow house.



Chloe Gregory, *They Were Just Friends*

Lucas Aquinio

“My Embrace; Here is my Everlasting Picture, and...”

“With a picture in hand, history shall know its name, beyond the willing joints of hearts among the world. Here is my embrace

Here is (or what I think is) the only chapter: ”

The dashing embrace of the picture, the Polaroid, the temptation
As history will strike itself on a picture;

a frozen frame,

on a 12” inch lens

“I have captured the hummingbird resting on my hand...

I will be the role model for the children, of the hope of tomorrow,
Of the desperate lad and lass willing to represent the model of the century; the
ulterior political change that has sought differentiation and a place at the table

The dexterity of the legs, and the dashing definition of the muscles
This embrace which I have entrusted to the people, I will devote myself to my
kin, myself, and the inspiring man
They will entrust the mantle, and the camera closes upon itself
As the generations will come to a crescendo
To reveal:

the

superior model of

Tomorrow

Forevermore

“I have shown my embrace, and my true colors alight. Tis not a delusion, nor a
reciprocation of mutual values; Tis an application to every situation, every
change of heart, and every photograph;

I hope my message reaches to your hea-

End communication.”

Mysterious

I come cascading down these waterfalls, riding along its tender waves...I see you bouncing back to my empty heart. And inside this water, as I have met your face, the tears have wept at my eyes begging for you. You have done the honors of caressing my face and wiping down my face with such kind gestures. I wonder in my sleep, in my days, and in my traveling days across this fantasy we call living, "Are you real?" In my wake, I strip across all that is invaluable, and lay towards the Earth, and let her embrace my soul. "You are real...to me."

Terra-cotta

I am watered and primped from time to time and expected to grow.
Terra cotta at my sides, I cannot stretch out and be free.

I produce a flower. I hope it's good enough. Why did you take it from me?
My powerlessness swells inside.

I lean and reach to see the sun and to feel its warmth, but the terra cotta binds my effort.

This place I live seems to not have changed, yet I am supposed to develop. I notice I have grown in size.

My roots are firmly planted. But the terra cotta is restricting, allowing me to only grow so far.

I envy the trees I see outside that reach to the heavenly spirit. As individuals they stand tall and proud. Each one unique, standing side by side drinking from the same earth.

So free, no terra cotta masked as a loving embrace.

The sun seems extra bright today and the rays feel very warm. Bees and butterflies are tickling me.

I feel an unfamiliar breeze and then a strange relief.

The terra cotta has broken in two. Freedom...

I stretch and stretch. I realize I am alone. There is so much space.

Why do I feel so vulnerable?

I am looking for the confinement I am so used to.

I have fallen somewhere totally unknown.

As I am lying in this unfamiliar place, I sense something from above.

A warm hand picks me up and holds me with overwhelming love.

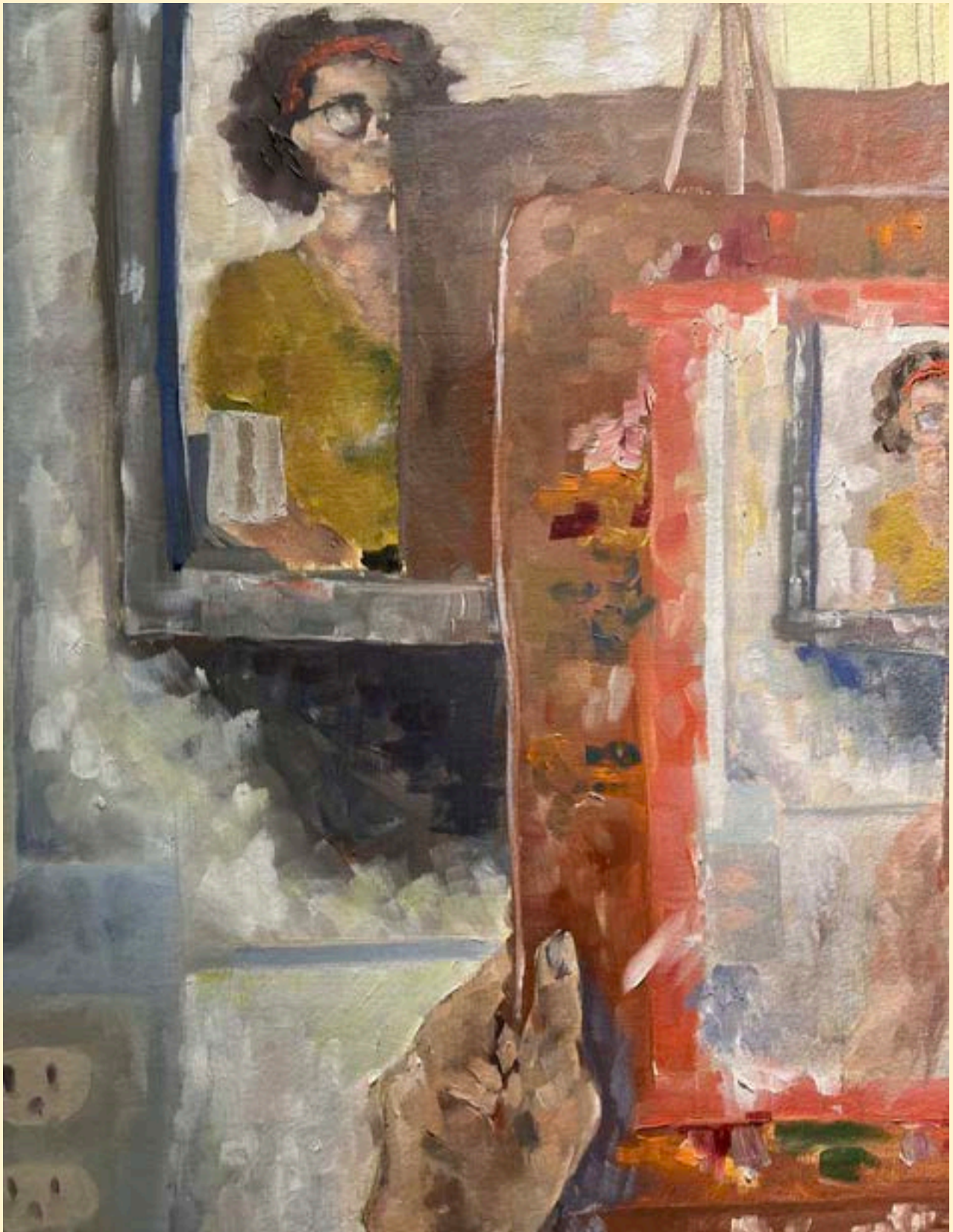
This hand places me softly down on the earth.

I realize I can trust this untread darkness and believe I am not alone.

I am finally where I ought to be.

I feel buds of new life bursting from by being.

I am going to grow bigger than I thought I could ever be.



Luz Mancebo. *Self Portrait*

Kez Interlude

Thinking of the future each day at a time
Losing the present and all that came with it
The joys of a teenage girl were nonexistent
Making mistakes and losing more of myself every time I try

The blank face i gave off was unintentional
did nothing but invite so much more nothingness
It wasn't my intention to chase off so many possible blessings
It wasn't my intention to rub people the wrong way: give off the wrong message

What went on in the world around me only made things worse
Making poor decisions because I wanted something that seemed to work
Time flying by and I had to choose
There I was again, not in the right state of mind

Temporary feelings influencing matters that'll last a lifetime
Now my whole life is being turned upside down
This was not my intention, I can't stop it at this point
This was not my intention
Whatever happens happens

Self's Sane Sanctuary

I hate going out
It's not that I hate it
but I love staying in more

More time for my thoughts
More time to relax
More time to escape reality
More time to just be more

If that makes sense

Being in my head creates more clarity
For me than a walk in the park
Being in my head is sort of my sanctuary
My thoughts are protected
My opinions are protected
I am protected

If that makes sense



Alyssa Costa, *Cosmic Fireflies*

My Flame

A
Fire
projecting
my very flame.
This flame being
my strength, an
an object that makes me feel
alive when inflamed. But when
you blow, I become a candle,
quickly deprived
of
oxygen no longer projecting its flame.
Deprived of its purpose, I am no longer the same.

Yet I now realize that it is oxygen that helps grow a flame,
yes, your words and action may puncture my flame,
but as you blow, the very oxygen you expose is the very element that infuses my
flame.

You see,
pain and negative emotions will always be disguised as rain,
a rain meant to diminish your flame.

Yet these experiences and emotions can be oxygen,
the very element intended to infuse your flame.



Kassey Martinsen

Forbidden Fruit

I smelled its scent strong
a sweat that seemed to come on
A taste that left my tongue in awe.
My tongue intrigued wanting it all
Though I could not decipher whether this thing was a dull fruit, not ripe and
ready for my jaw.
Was this the midnight blue sky I stared at?
A museum,
A book waiting for me to move forward.
Destined to dive into reading it all.
Was this real?
The confusion,
Maybe this was not the sky at all.
A sage green wall
designed to catch my eye and lead me to the destination where I am to fall.
Was this the snake on which the bible dwells?
A sin that cant be forgiven?
Though if pain and joy are one of the same,
a coin flip that constantly drives us insane,
Could this be the opportunity that leads me to fame?
Oh, how I wonder what lies on the other side of this picture frame.



Anthony Waldmann, *Where's the Time Gone*

Silent Now

I am drowning in the silence that consumes this room
The room filled with only vibrations
Of thoughts colliding into its vacant walls

The hunt for a way out begins
Escape is the only option now
But fear blocks all exits

For it is fear who offers a helping hand in
Only to imprison and deceive you by the mask it wears

Their ringing becomes harsh
Almost unbearable
SPEAK UP

Flowing through the cold river of veins
I am engrossed with its toxic presence
The parasite that latches onto my being
And devours not taking a moment to digest

But to you
Everything is silent

Artificial smiles form the disguise of reassurance
The veil I pray loses its transparency
To cover the truth

Is it my silence or honesty
That would wound him the most
Now becomes an insoluble question

He was doomed anywhere outside this room
Desperate for one last chance at life

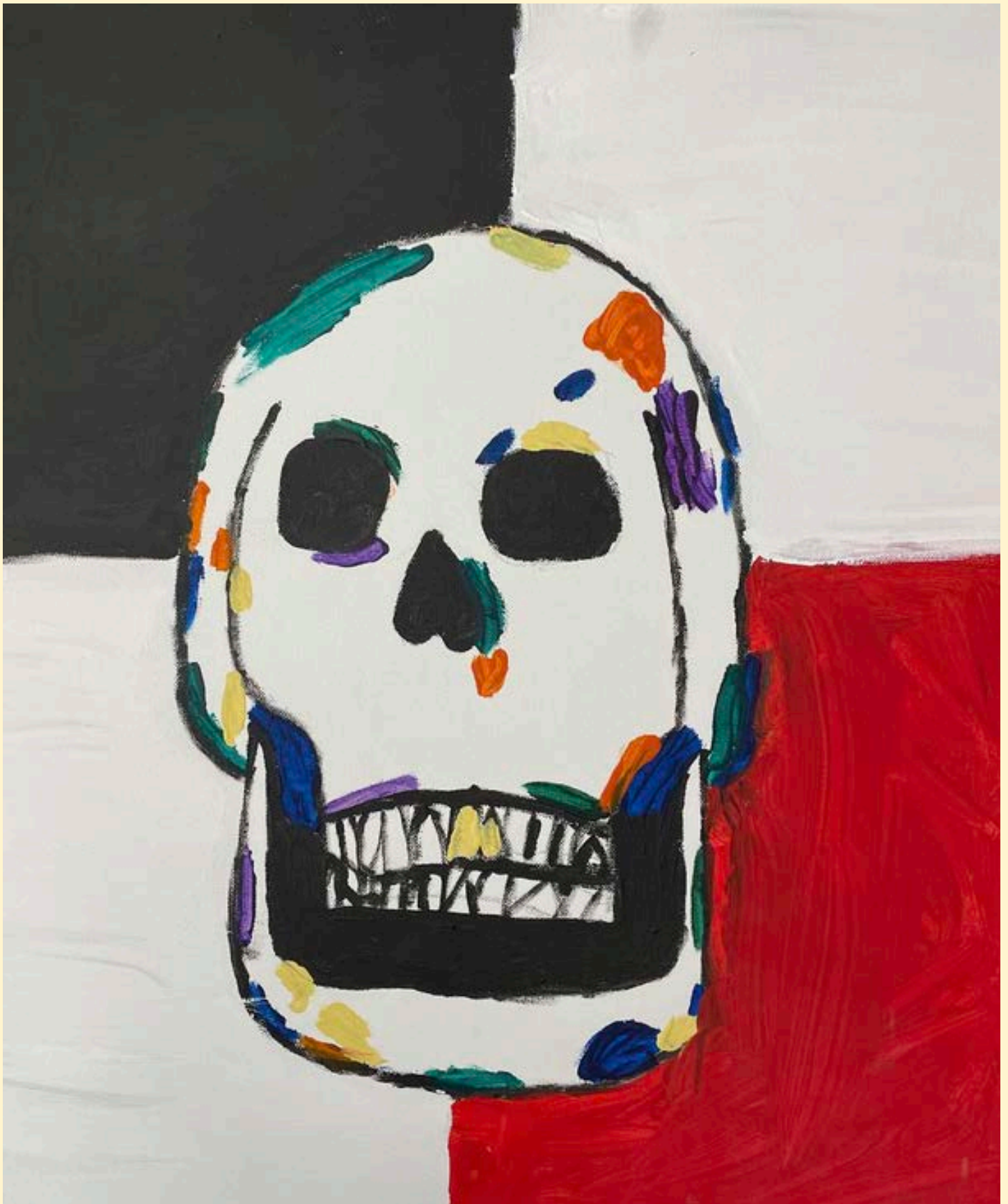
So I bit my tongue
And stayed completely and utterly silent



Kassey Martinsen

Butterflies at Night

The butterfly glides low this somber night
Searching for what they desire most
Unbeknown to their new reality
Their place in our world as an observer
Watching the living, taking in their every move
But so desperately wanting to join them again
To dance, to eat, to sing, to talk, to laugh, to cry, to live
But death does not bargain
So for now the butterflies presence is enough
To speak the unspoken words
I love you.



Chloe Gregory, *The Skull*

A Very Bad Joke

Here's a very bad joke;
How many corpses does it take,
For peace to begin to take?
There's yet to be a punchline thus far.

The corpse conundrum is still unsolved,
So until our fleshy Golgotha becomes finite,
We'll just have to kill the laugh track.
The good part is surely yet to come right?

When we make the biggest kaboom,
Maybe a revelation will come.
We'll see our future through the eyes of the dead!
Wouldn't that be a lark for our cosmic joke!

Here's a real side-splitter;
The side of people's homes getting split-open,
By other people's phallic-shaped rockets.
How we'll all laugh at that from our peaceful future.

So as I sit safely watching the news,
Bombs, rockets, and guns going off on the TV,
I think there must surely be a punchline yet to come;
Anything to end this terrible joke we all listen to.

Diagnosing Hatred

Is the hate within us innate?
Or did we learn somewhere along the way?
Killings, pillaging, dirty glances, a fistful of wrath,
These are all things we grew up knowing.

Is our hatred part of our construction,
Or was there simply a fault along the way?
Our family never was quite right in the head,
Old Grandpa Cain never could keep his envy down.

Perhaps we picked up hatred along the way,
Found somewhere within a dusty leather-bound book.
Those prophets always were a bit rapey,
Reading about God-killed infants never bettered us at all.

Maybe it's not in our bones but something else,
For maybe we were just hungry scared children,
Children who'd kill for a chance to fill their mouths,
Who never forgot that hunger and never learned to share.

Can hatred come about as a result of love?
Two sides of the same coin.
She always was a good-looking woman;
Shame how when she broke his heart he broke her neck.

Looking out upon the brink of our hate-filled days,
The realization comes about;
All of these are true and none of them are true,
For hate is legion and not a monolithic being.



Chloe Gregory

Take a Seat and Take a Shot

Just as the whiskey goes down,
I wonder about the alcoholic stupor of life,
How it goes down our gullets in a brisk shot,
And how there is always a burn at the end.

Just as we raise our glasses to our lips,
Preparing for that exhilarating burn,
That initial serene taste reminds us;
Damn damnation or paradise.

For there are no lows without highs,
No highs without lows,
And most importantly of all;
There is no burn without a rise and fall.

So as our floating hunk of dirt spirals one way or the other,
Take a seat,
Take a shot,
And enjoy the highs and lows of the burn on your throat.



Anthony Waldmann, *I Don't Mind*

Cathy Marrash

SOAR

I find it interesting how you admire me
As I drink sweet nectar
From the red glass feeder

You have hung
So proud of yourself
Each time I visit
As if a favor has been done

Hoping I will stay long enough during my flight
So, your camera can capture me flying free

I may decide to hover
Or
Simply just flee

I might entertain by soaring backward or upside down
I might choose to
Flap my wings
For you to hear my humming sound

The truth is I come time after time
Hoping to see
You have found
That your own sweet nectar abounds
And you don't need wings like me
To feel free



Luz Mancebo, *New Look*

Forced Kinship

This forced kinship
Began when I was born
You were repelled
Yet you held

Me

Helpless.
And time went on.

This forced kinship
Caused you to need me
Without my knowledge
I eased your fears

Aversion.
And time went on.

This forced kinship
Kept us in the same circles
Involuntarily sharing
Was never mutually enjoyable

Loathing.
And time went on.

This forced kinship
Grew too old for teens
Who grew apart
Who are we aside from our blood?
Mere strangers

Yearning.
But time does not stop.

This forced kinship
We are growing up
We go our separate ways
But I can't stop thinking about

You.

Loneliness.
As time goes on.

This forced kinship
Memories of the good old days
Is all that we have
Anymore.

Nostalgia.

Us, maybe?

I hope to see you soon.



Anthony Waldmann, *Portal?*

The Quarrel & The Tree

I gaze at the quarrel of sparrows above me
Emerging with my brethren
A mere sapling you can see forever
Amongst the breath of the grass,
The condensation a diamond
clearly seen amidst the dark pungent earth
The shade of your older siblings guises you and keeps you safe
From the burrowers
Green eyes with golden droplets fall from your face
And your arms thick and rough from birth
Cradle the new babes beneath you now
Wiser and taller your intricately woven limbs creep across the skyline
Forming a barricade and like a net draw in the singers and climbers and burrowers
that once haunted you
You hear the caws more clearly now that you are closer
Not just whispers indiscernible
But a plethora of tales of high castles
your branches now long enough
to finally reach up and touch the sparrows.

Samantha Merendino

Mornings With You

When I wake up next to you in the morning I feel butterflies in my stomach
I feel a smile forming on my face from ear to ear
There is nothing more I could ask for when I wake up next to you
You make me feel complete
You make me feel as if there is no worry in the world
I forget all my troubles
All I can focus on is your face and the way you smile back at me
I've never felt such bliss
I've never felt more loved
I look forward to waking up to you in the morning

Enough

In my mind I can smell her hair
Familiar as she lies beside me
The waft of cigarettes and perfume
Oddly comforting, a lullaby of aromas
In hindsight I wouldn't have it any other way
It was enough
Her oceanic eyes bring gentle waves of solace to my spirit.
Not my mother
But the one
Who silenced my tears into a softening smile
As she drew near
Not my mother but close enough

Stories of flamboyant flappers wearing fancy cloches
Ahead of her time but still present
was lucky enough to have known her
Words of the great depression
Hoarding butter and jelly
Tales of black line drawn stockings
And escapades at navy bases, dancing at night.

Who do I call mother?
It's not just about the birthing but who has got enough
In the thick of it all
To silence the tears and soften the blows
And bring on the smiles



Luz Mancebo, *American Dream*

You

Looking at you is like being at the beach while the sun is setting so calming and free

I've never seen such beauty

I've never felt such comfort

I'd give up anything for you

My favorite reality TV show that you hate

Drinking Malibu

Speeding on the highway

Looking at you is like being at the beach while the sun is setting so calming and free

Sleeping with my mouth open and my legs on top of yours

I'd give up anything

I know in my heart though that you would never ask for that though

When I'm with you I feel at ease

As if everything is going to be okay

Looking at you is like being at the beach while the sun is setting so calming and free

It feels like the world is frozen and we're stuck in time and I'd be okay with it

Speaking to you is like going to a museum that you've seen a million times

You always find something new if you analyze hard enough

It is never a dull day

I'd give up everything for you

But I know you'd never ask me to

Looking at you is like being at the beach while the sun is setting so calming and free

Sydney Salomon

unacceptable excuses

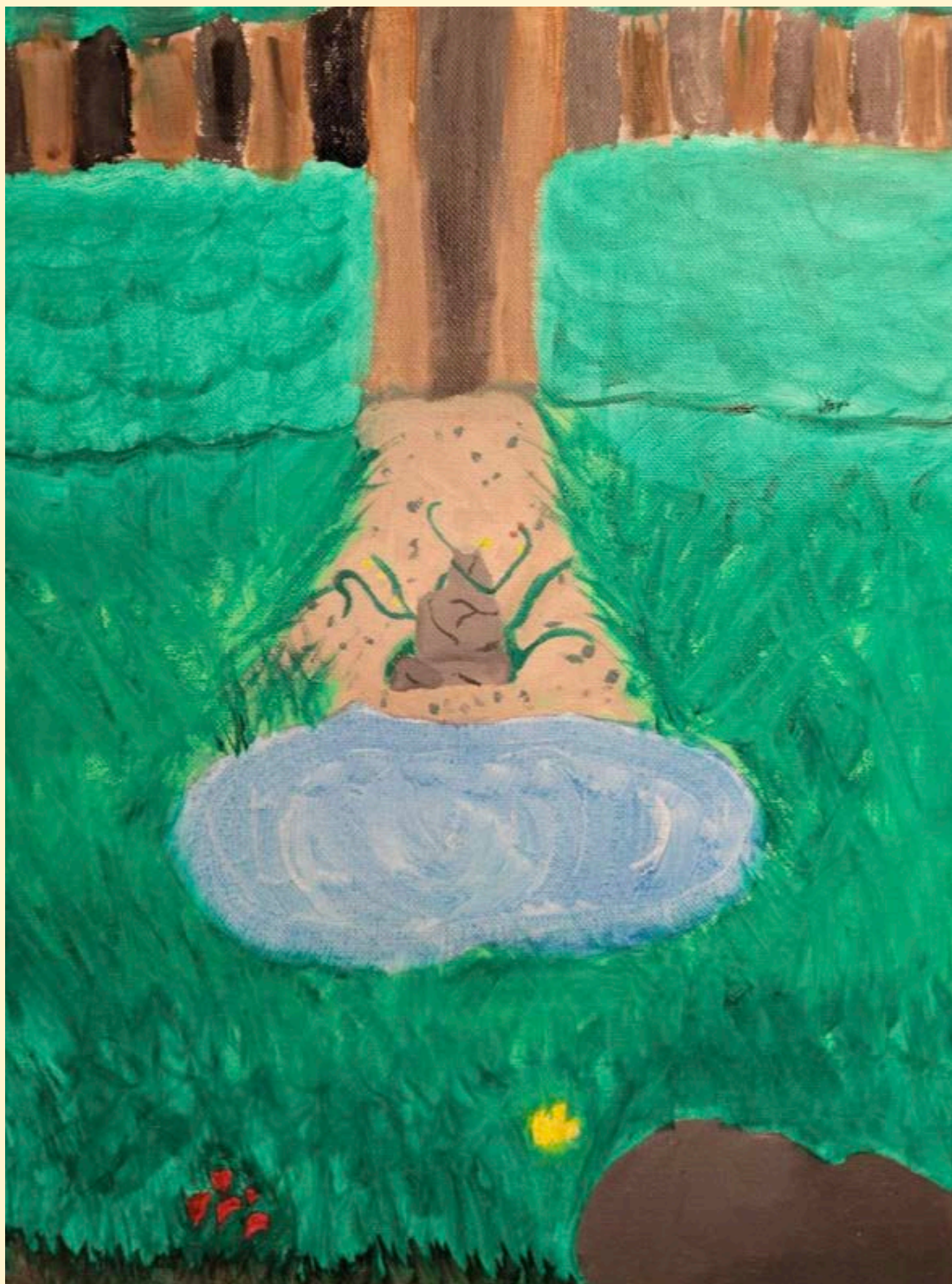
stop putting off that thing
you told me you were
going to do
before this & that
became more of a priority

perhaps you should return
to that thing you told me
that you were going to do
&
ignore your so important
this & that

because i guarantee you
this & that are not as successful
as that thing you told me
that you were going to do

yes that thing
that you spoke
so excitedly about

- lazy to succeed



Anthony Waldmann, *Broken Rest*

From Dr. Gary B. Crosby, President:

"A few years ago, I learned of *Flower in the Crannied Wall*, composed in 1863 by Alfred Lord Tennyson. The poem, in six lines, beautifully captures the complex yet beautiful trinity of God, human life, and nature. It is also a personal reminder to keep pushing during difficult times; a beautiful bloom is just below the surface."

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

From Dr. Anne Bartlett, Vice President for Academic Affairs:

"I am a voracious reader and usually have three or four books in progress at any given time—so rather than identify a favorite story or poem, I'd like to make a recommendation. If I could suggest one book to you as a summer read, it would be *Wild Seed*, by Octavia Butler. It's the story of two immortal African shape-shifters, whose passionate clashes drive them across the oceans and the centuries in an epic struggle for dominance. I read it last summer and could not put it down. It's the first of four novels in the *Patternist* series and is being made into a TV series by Nnedi Okorafor, produced by Viola Davis. Read it and let me know what you think!"

Viola Davis commented on *Wild Seed*: In an “epic, game-changing, moving and brilliant” story of love and hate, two immortals chase each other across continents and centuries, binding their fates together — and changing the destiny of the human race (Viola Davis).

From the Publisher:

Doro knows no higher authority than himself. An ancient spirit with boundless powers, he possesses humans, killing without remorse as he jumps from body to body to sustain his own life. With a lonely eternity ahead of him, Doro breeds supernaturally gifted humans into empires that obey his every desire. He fears no one — until he meets Anyanwu.

Anyanwu is an entity like Doro and yet different. She can heal with a bite and transform her own body, mending injuries and reversing aging. She uses her powers to cure her neighbors and birth entire tribes, surrounding herself with kindred who both fear and respect her. No one poses a true threat to Anyanwu — until she meets Doro.

The moment Doro meets Anyanwu, he covets her; and from the villages of 17th-century Nigeria to 19th-century United States, their courtship becomes a power struggle that echoes through generations, irrevocably changing what it means to be human.

<https://www.grandcentralpublishing.com/titles/octavia-e-butler/wild-seed/9781538751480/#buy>

