

THE PHOENIX

Volume 63 // 2019 • 2020

THE PHOENIX

// Literary and Visual Arts Journal

Eastern Mennonite University

2019·2020

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Thank Goodness for these Wonderful Folks:

Kevin, our professor, advisor, and zoom host
All those who bravely submitted their creative work
EMU Print Shop
Student Government Association

From the Editors

Halfway through this semester, our plans for the publication of The Phoenix were derailed when everyone was sent home from campus because of the novel coronavirus pandemic (COVID19). We ignored The Phoenix in favor of crisis-control, and when the dust settled, we realized we still had amazing work from the EMU community to share. So, chances are you might be reading this digitally instead of in print.

Despite — or rather, because of — the craziness and upheaval of the past six weeks, we still need art. In this crisis, people have turned to art for the consolation and beauty that help ground us in trying times. There is something very human about our desire for knowledge and beauty even amid chaos. As C.S. Lewis wrote, “[Human beings] propound mathematical theorems in beleaguered cities, conduct metaphysical arguments in condemned cells, make jokes on scaffold, discuss the last new poem while advancing to the walls of Quebec, and comb their hair at Thermopylae. This is not panache; it is our nature” (from “Learning in War-Time”). While creating a literary and visual arts journal in the middle of a novel pandemic has had its challenges, it has also felt natural.

We are so proud to share with you some of the amazing creative work of EMU’s students and faculty/staff; we hope that this semester’s publication can still stand as witness to another passing year of creation at EMU. Thank you for reading, and we hope you enjoy Volume 63,

Anali North Martin, Megan Good, and Anna Cahill

Contents

Cover **Foggy Road** // Joseph Harder

6 **Trees** // Collin Longenecker

7 **El juicio de un inmigrante** // Emilio R. Fajardo

8 **The trial of an immigrant** // Elizabeth Miller and Emilio R. Fajardo

9 **Chichicastenango, Guatemala** // Asha Beck

10 **Always Introduce Yourself** // Allison Shelly

11 **Reflection** // Leah Wenger

12 **English Breakfast** // Elena Liyou Bernardi

13 **Breakfast in Fes, Morocco** // Justin Poole

14 **Stars** // Collin Longenecker

15 **Warm** // Tamara Shoemaker

16 **How to Keep from Losing Your Fucking Mind** // Elizabeth Nisly

17 **Fishy Fishies** // Asha Beck

Only Human // Anna Jemi-Alade

18 **Chamomile** // Hannah Leaman

19 **Tree of Life** // Ellie Spaulding Hershberger

20 **An idea of what Toyon Berries look like** // Nidhi Vinod

21 **How Figs and Fig-wasps are in Symbiosis.** // Nidhi Vinod

22 **Anxiety** // Mykenzie Davis

Wistful // Tamara Shoemaker

23 **Fix Environmental Decay to Lessen Human Decay** // Molly Piwonka

- 24 **Your definition** // Merry Yirga
- 25 **Creation** // Ellie Spaulding Hershberger
- 26 **Treefrog in the Spotlight** // Isaac Alderfer
- 28 **“May Include...”** // James Dunmore
- 29 **Childhood Innocence** // Molly Piwonka
- 30 **Sunrise at Switzer** // Isaac Alderfer
- 31 **Ghosts** // Caroline Lehman
- 32 **.Woman.** // Asha Beck
- 33 **Pieces** // Anna Cahill
- 34 **Two Birds, One Bullet** // Elena Liyou Bernardi
- 35 **Free Sight** // Anna Jemi-Alade
- 36 **Downtown** // Eric Ignacio Ocoranza
- 38 **Sun and Stone** // Anali North Martin
- 39 **The Violet** // Kaitlyn Bridgeforth
- 40 **Fidel** // Raviv Monahan
- 42 **The pain remains still** // Merry Yirga
- 43 **Wanderland** // Mandy Puffenbarger
- 44 **Smile from a Stranger** // Mykenzie Davis
- 45 **Laden** // Tamara Shoemaker
- 46 **Biographies**
- 48 **Guitar** // Joseph Harder



Trees //
Collin Longenecker

El juicio de un inmigrante

Emilio R. Fajardo

Tú. ¡Sí, tú!

Te invito a que seas mi juez

Te invito a que me injuries por mi mirada perdida y mi oscura tez

Te invito a que me maldigas sin saber de mí ni mi desnudez

Si mi presencia te inquieta y mi sonrisa no cupe en tu estrechez

Ven, camina conmigo, voltea el espejo

está al revés

Vengo de la mazmorra que ayudaste a construir en otrora

Vengo de rodillas hincado, arrastrando un pasado que no perdona

Vengo cabizbaja, ahíta, hastiada del vil que la felicidad encona

Vengo porque de quedarme, el falso iluminado la libertad despoja

Si aun mi color te ciega y mi voz vibrante tu oído enoja

Te convido a que te persignes, una última mirada

es hora.

Te invito a que con mis pies descalzos camines sin demora

A que hables mi español colono huérfano de corona

A que a mi lado nades a sotavento y ola

A que te cobijes en el desierto y escuches al coyote que llora

Y ahora

Ahora que sientes mi hambre, mi sed y sabes que mi fe implora

Ahora que mi lagrima es tuya y vez que allá el futuro aflora

Que sabes que tu dios es el mío

que a ti te escucha

pero a mí me ignora

¡Lo confieso, soy culpable!

Culpable de soñar un mañana distinto a esta realidad que ahoga

(see English translation on the following page)

The trial of an immigrant

Translated by Elizabeth Miller and Emilio R. Fajardo

You. Yes, you!

Come, be my judge.

Come, say my actions are senseless, judge the darkness of my skin.

Come, curse me from the distance without seeing the me within

If the colors of my foreign rainbow get dulled by your shaded lens

Come, walk with me, flip the mirror

Let's look at our reflections

I come from deep in the dungeon of the palace you helped build

I come kneeling in submission, dragging my past that can't be healed

I come weary, overpowered, by an evil that makes ill

I come, though your façade of paradise like a slave makes me feel

If still you scorn my vibrant voice, my colors make you blind

Then cross your heart, take a final glimpse, I'll show you the way—

It's time.

I urge you now to hasten, your feet stripped bare as mine

To speak my orphaned language, distant from the crown

To fight a swelling sea of angry winds and crushing tides

To find shelter in the desert, hear the coyote's primordial cry

And now—

Now that you feel my hunger, my thirst, and cling to threadbare faith

Now that you share my tears and gaze at the future that awaits

Now that you see that your god is my god

And to you he listens

And to me does not

I confess it, I am guilty!

Guilty of escaping my present crumbled by rot



Chichicastenango, Guatemala // Asha Beck



Always Introduce Yourself // *Allison Shelly*



Reflection

Leah Wenger

Holding a mirror
a family flees
a murderous dictator
occupation; politics
searching for home
Holding a mirror
Rachel weeping for her children
cognitive dissonance
mob mentality
And the people did what was right
in their own mind
Mother,
Behold your Son
And you are here
for such a time as this

English Breakfast

Elena Liyou Bernardi

The orange tree in the yard produced sweet, juicy fruit. Before, Alice and John would have breakfast at their white iron cast garden table, barefooted and savouring their home-made marmalade on toast; feeling the morning breeze, smelling the aroma from the blossoms which once brought them good fortune.

The tree grew fast and more beautiful each day, more so than any other time in the twenty years they've had it. Colourful birds perched on the branches, bees came to pick its pollen and its gems were exquisitely flavoursome. They had no explanation for its sudden flourishing, though it may have been caused by the changing weather, their gardening routine, or the body decaying in the soil.

Alice could no longer enjoy the flora's beauty, it weeded its way into her mind and gnawed at her sanity, the way her wretched mother-in law once did. Growing and invading the garden with its sweetness and spectacular presence which always had visitors in awe.

Today, she could not ignore the aftertaste of its fruit. The sun turned cold on her back, the birds chirped too loudly and she could swear the breeze brought a whiff of rot through the leaves. Citrus. Cold. Death.

She dropped her mouth open and let the partly-chewed orange toast fall onto her plate. Reclining and feet propped up on a chair, her husband lowered his newspaper and stared at her from over his glasses.

"It tastes awful John! I think it's gone bad." Alice said, picking a rind stuck to her molars and spitting into the grass.

"Oh?" John replied, "It tastes fine to me!" turning his attention back to his paper.

"How can you not taste it John? It's overpowering! And the smell? How can you just sit there and pretend like everything is fine?" She shouted, throwing her napkin on the table.

"I have a feeling this isn't just about the marmalade darling." He replied, folding his paper and pushing his glasses up from the tip of his nose.

"Forget the bloody marmalade! It's everything John, can you not feel it? It's like she's still here, in the food, in the tea, in the bloody house!"

"Well you know what they say, there's no rest for the wicked, sweetheart." He chuckled. "Just forget about it, enjoy your toast. Blimey."

Furious, Alice threw the orange jar at her husband, who ducked just in time.

"Are you mad, woman?" He yelled. Incredulous, looking at the shards of glass falling off the brick wall, dripping preserves right next to the faint red stain they had tried to wash off weeks earlier.

Alice stood and gripped her long hair, looking more dishevelled than ever.

"I can't do this anymore John, we need to move, we need to go someplace else, go north, past Newcastle, we could even go to Glasgow!" She wiped away the tears and snot streaming down her face.

"I can't, I can't stay here John... the house is tainted, the garden reeks, my conscience is bleeding, my head hurts John, my brain hurts, I-" Hand on her chest, she broke down sobbing.

"We've gone through this a million times Alice, we can't leave here, we can't leave her." John said. He stood and paced back and forth. For a moment, his wife's deep sobs and the birds' chirping eerily complimented each other.

"If we leave the house, someone will find her. If we sell it they'll find her, if we rent it they'll find her, if we pack up and leave, they'll still find her. Goddammit Alice, why don't you understand? She's dead, gone, but only if we stay."



Stars // Collin Longenecker



Warm

Tamara Shoemaker

should you happen
upon a star,
pluck it from its nest
and let its glow.
fill up your night
so all your shades
fade away,
and the only thing there is
is a star
and you
and light.

How to Keep from Losing your Fucking Mind: a woman's perspective (which really should just be called a 'perspective' but somehow female is never the default)

Elizabeth Nisly

Table of contents

Chapter One: Watching the News, Do's and Don'ts
page three

Chapter Two: Are you really sure you want that fourth piece of chocolate cake? And other stupid questions
people will ask you
page ten

Chapter Three: It's Okay to Have Short Head Hair and Long Leg Hair (the world won't come grinding to
a halt, I promise)
page twenty-five

Chapter Four: Secret Naps- Tactics, Tools, and Strategies for Success
page thirty-seven

Chapter Five: Patriarchy, the Smashing Thereof
page forty-four

Chapter Six: Go Vote, Dummy
page sixty-seven



Fishy Fishies // *Asha Beck*



Only Human // *Anna Jemi-Alade*

Chamomile

Hannah Leaman

I lie in the crook of her arm, my bare skin pressed against her side - she is so warm. My face rests on her shoulder, my lips against her collarbone. I trace her soft stomach with the tips of my fingers and she giggles softly, eyes closed. I slide my hand to her bare waist, pulling her closer. She wiggles her hips and kisses my forehead, her black curly hair tickling my nose. The sun from the open windows helps wake me and I stretch, reaching my arms upward and extending my toes. A light breeze travels between the windows on the opposite sides of the room, cooling the sleepy warmth of my body. I take a deep breath, sipping in the smell of citrus trees, jasmine, and freshly cut grass. The low hum of a lawn mower in the distance paired with the birds singing their morning tunes fills the room. Propping myself up amidst the sea of white pillows and blankets, I lean over the woman beside me, "Autumn," I whisper, kissing her on the cheek, "What can I make you for breakfast?"

The morning sun and soft breeze have a more difficult time waking Autumn up. She hides under the white comforter, shielding herself from the outside, and attempts to fall right back asleep. I help her fight it, kissing her soft skin and rubbing her arms. Autumn groans and laughs in the same breath. "If you bring me a cup of tea, maybe I will be awake enough to decide what I want to eat."

I lean over, cupping her head in my hands and press my lips to hers. I lose my balance, falling on top of her and into the mass of blankets. "Oh God Alex, you are so heavy." She grunts, "And my breath smells awful! Kiss me later!" She smirks, heaving me off of her body and I roll off the bed, stand up, and strike a pose in one swift motion.

"Ta da!" I say, bowing. My chest warms with the sound of her laughing and I curtsy this time.

"God, at least put some clothes on!" she says, tossing a blanket at me. "Have some decency!" Her eyes sparkle, lingering on my bare body. I wrap the blanket around my shoulders, grateful for the warmth as the breeze envelopes me. I continue dancing, but the loud ringing of my phone imposes itself on our peaceful morning, clashing unpleasantly with Autumn's laughter. She rolls closer to my nightstand, tossing me the phone. I pause, watch it fly through the air and catch it seconds before it would have hit the ground. I bow once more, winking at Autumn. She shakes her head, smiling, and I answer it.

"Alex," I hear on the other end. My mother's voice.

"Hey mom." I reply, sitting on the edge of the bed. Autumn curls up behind me, settling back into sleep. "How are you? It's like 8 am; you are calling early!"

"I'm doing fine." She takes a breath after finishing her sentence, but doesn't continue. Her sing-songy attitude, typically unpleasant in these early hours, is absent. I should be relieved, but her words feel like stale bread, and the sentences she hesitates to say crumble into silence.

"Is everything okay?" I say, rubbing my eyebrow with the back of my hand.

"I found an old journal of yours. We were cleaning out your old room after your brother moved out and it was wedged behind the bed."

I feel sick. "So what?"

"Well, I read a few pages" I could throw up. Autumn shifts gently in her sleep. I stand, bothered by her sudden movements, and walk to the open window. "Alex, it said you were gay."

Silence forces its way down my throat and into the pit of my stomach.

“Mom, it was years ago.” I look at Autumn, her black curls sprawl across the white pillows and her cheeks flush with sleep. “I didn’t know what I was talking about.” I choke out my words, pulling the blanket around my body tighter, and I squeeze my eyes shut.

“Oh, thank God.” My mother sighs heavily; she heard what she was hoping for. “I told your father so. But he didn’t believe me.” She chuckles and I force myself to laugh with her. “You wouldn’t believe how angry he was.”

She goes on, but I don’t hear a word. My head spins, full of nausea. Did I drink any water this morning? It feels like I swallowed sand, drying my insides and sitting heavily in my stomach.

“Alex? Alexandra?”

“Sorry, I was distracted.” I pause. “I thought I saw someone in my front yard.”

“Like I was saying, we would have been devastated if our little girl was gay, but you know that. Thank God you know better, unlike our neighbors. I never let your sister go outside if those faggots are in the front yard.” I could hear her lips curl and face distort in disgust, “Don’t they know there are children in this neighborhood? Anyway, sweetie, I’d better go, your father wants me to make strawberry jam.”

I attempt to respond, but my mother cuts me off, “I’ll talk to you later honey!” and she hangs up before I can say goodbye. I set my phone down on the nightstand harder than I intend. It stirs Autumn, and I lean over her, my breath quivering, but I kiss her gently on the forehead.

“What kind of tea would you like?”



Tree of Life // Ellie Spaulding Hershberger



An Idea of What Toyon Berries Look Like // Nidhi Vinod



How Figs and Fig-wasps are in Symbiosis // Nidhi Vinod



Anxiety // Mykenzie Davis

Wistful

Tamara Shoemaker

reality for dreams,
time cards for freedom.
tired, veined eyes drooping
over plans and plans and plans.
it has usurped me,
this eater of vision.
so the road goes,
or so they tell me.
but sometimes...
i wish for the beginning.



Fix Environmental Decay to Lessen Human Decay // *Molly Piwonka*

Your definition*

Merry Yirga

You say I'm beautiful, yet somehow I'm not your definition of beauty
I'm the girl you'd hate to be.
You're constantly checking for stretch marks, you've been wearing that waist trainer for too long
Being fat is not an option for you, being fat is wrong.
But I'm beautiful, right?
Somehow I'm beautiful to you but my body isn't.
My body is your worst nightmare, It's everything you hate
You always talk about dieting, but then ask me if I ate
No, I didn't eat
I didn't wanna get any bigger
You say "No Merry, you're beautiful. You're not big you're just thicker."
I didn't say I was ugly, I just said I was big
But I guess to you and everybody else, that's the same thing.
I'm trying to love myself in a world that hates me
I'm trying to love myself in a world that blatantly tells me I am a mistake.
I am never the default,
I am never the barbie doll,
I am never the main character in a TV show,
I'm barely on TV at all.
Except when they have to focus on weight,
And how the fat girl got skinny and then she became pretty.
Or when the Fat Dark Skin girl ge- Oh wait, they don't have movies about girls like that
They don't want us to be black AND fat.
It's 2020 but somehow girls like me are still the odd ones out,
But Lizzo's here and she makes music for us so now we have nothing to complain about, right?
Girls like me just wanna be understood
Treat us like everyone else, love us like you should.
Call us beautiful, not out of pity
But because I am beautiful, because I am the definition of beauty.
I am strong and my insecurities won't beat me
I'll push them far into the ground, in the dirt where they should be.
Because I am just as beautiful as Angelina Jolie,
And I am just as hot as Megan Fox,
Stop comparing me to other women
Stop putting me in a box.
Black is beautiful as well and so is the word "fat",
Stop treating it like it's taboo, because it is me I am that.
Fat is not an insult, It's not a bad word
Add it to your definition of beauty
Add ME to your definition of beauty.
I don't have to change to be beautiful,

I don't have to change to be equal
YOU change your close-minded beliefs
YOU unlearn what you were taught.
I was taught the same thing
I had to unlearn it as well
It was harder for me yet I still did it, so you have no excuse
Break that freaking spell.

*In the style of spoken word/slam poetry



Creation // Ellie Spaulding Hershberger





Treefrog in the Spotlight // *Isaac Alderfer*

“May Include...”

James Dunmore

Mom told me not to worry about nutritional information or ingredients too much. Especially when we were hungry. “Food is food,” she would say. “You can’t be too picky. Just be thankful we have some at all.”

California and much of the West had turned to ash. The Midwest was mostly dust. Most food came from indoor farming, but the majority of these crops were reserved for the elite.

The real famine began five years ago, when I was eleven. Since then, we had been scraping by on government stipends from the National Food Bank. We were skinny, yet alive.

At fifteen, I learned to forfeit taste for satiation. “Food is food,” I said with each bite.

Mom’s cooking was little more than five seconds in the microwave and a careful portioning on four plates. The most for Dad, least for her and an even divide between my brother, Aaron, and I.

She went to the pickup alone. It was too dangerous, she said, for my brother and I to go.

A few weeks ago, the famine buckled her knees and dropped her down the stairs. The malnutrition had been too much.

Dad worked most of the day, so Aaron and I had to go get the food. The Food Distribution building was located next to the prison. It served as simple labor for the prisoners left. The line went quickly. ID flash, acquire rations, next in line.

“What are we eating these days,” Aaron asked in between coughs triggered from the clouds of smoke plummeting out of the prison’s incinerators which burned night and day. I opened the box, rummaged through the contents and read the fine print aloud.

Mother knows best. She died shortly after. A few prison laborers came to get her. We exchanged no words but we both knew what came next. I’m not sure when I saw her last. Either amid the incinerator’s, or rather oven’s, plumes of smoke, or maybe weeks later, portioned out on three white plates.



Childhood Innocence // *Molly Piwonka*



Sunrise at Switzer // *Isaac Alderfer*



Ghosts

Caroline Lehman

I am surrounded by ghosts
I didn't see before

crowding the underworld
beneath the ceiba trees
the soles of their feet touch mine,
an odd reflection of what is
and what has been lost

Their weight pushes the ground
against gravity
defiantly
towards the sun and moon
that watched them suffer.

Thousands of untold stories
and unfound bodies
are louder than
deafening denial
if we listen.



.Woman. // Asha Beck

Pieces

Anna Cahill

You took away so many pieces of me
I thought that I was finding myself,
While really, I was just becoming lost in you.

You made me someone that I am not,
And I fell in love with you for that.

I told you that I was afraid
Of love because
It always ends in pain.

You lied in order to
Persuade me.

You stole who I used to be,
And now I don't know who I am.

In so many ways,
You made me feel
Bad about myself.

I was never quite
Good enough.

I gave you everything.

I was ready to give you my whole
Being.

I loved you in a way
In which you never
Loved me.

Now,
I second-guess myself
Because who am I
Without you?

I want to be the greatest
Version of myself
That I can be,
But who am I?

I was so willing to get lost in you.

How can I
Come out now?

I would have given you
All of me.

You took
So many pieces.

I would have given you
All of me.

I would have given
You
All of me.

Two Birds, One Bullet

Elena Liyou Bernardi

Like a handful of cherries thrown onto pavement, droplets of blood stained the edge of the water-fountain basin. When Suzanna's necklace broke, the pearls scattered on the ground mirroring the starry night. Nobody was there to keep her hair from getting caught in her sticky gloss, or to fix her wet satin dress, or to close her eyelids from the blinding moonlight.

Half a mile away, on the thirty-second floor of the Belmond Hotel, a man dismounted his sniper rifle and put it back into its case. He took a few moments to breathe in the cool air and closed his eyes, playing back the silent scene in his head where he could imagine the sound of the bullet entering his target's back as she collapsed. He could almost hear the small tear in her dress, her last surprised intake of breath and the familiar sound of paper money shuffling. This one was an expensive target, and the last one of his career. A smile of relief, he was going out with a bang.

The news in the morning was just burgeoning. 'Murder in the night,' 'Local woman found dead in villa,' 'Crime scene discovered by maid.' All the television screens in the old café displayed different channels covering the same story, headline after confused headline announcing the breaking news but not yet knowing why it stood out from the string of previous deaths. Arturo brought his macchiato up to his lips, his favorite coverage: 'Who is Suzanna Crespi?'

"Could you turn the volume on signore?" he said to the barista behind the coffee bar, pointing at the muted screen across from where he sat.

'Heiress of SA MilanoCorp slain,' the screen now showed. Finally.

"Che peccato," the barista shook his head as he wiped the countertops, "You seen her? Beautiful woman!"

Arturo shrugged, half-sincere acknowledgement in his eyes. "Eh, si" he sighed and finished his drink.

Suzanna *was* beautiful, her mother's cool polish features and father's fiery Mediterranean personality gave her an uncanny magnetism, severe enough to be taken seriously yet warm enough to make her an incredible negotiator.

He set the white coffee cup down on its saucer and stared at the dregs which remained at the bottom. Coagulated particles and brown stained interior, the only evidence of it ever containing coffee. Arturo looked at his watch, the small hand under and the long hand pointing towards the tiny gleaming crown.

As if on cue, a plump older woman walked through the door. Large dark glasses and a print silk scarf tied under her chin, her identifying brooch on her chest. She walked over to Arturo, arms open and a wide smile on her face. He stood to greet her.

"Ciao zia!" he embraced the stranger. She greeted him back and set a large gift bag on the stool next to him, a bouquet of red roses and a large box inside.

"How was your flight to Vienna?" She asked gleefully. *Was the mission successful?*

"Great! No turbulence, I had an aisle seat and just one luggage" he replied. *Accomplished, one bullet, clean exit.*

"Oh, I'm glad!" She clasped her hands, convincing familiarity in her gestures. She pointed to the bag, "I brought flowers and chocolates for your dear mother, is she well?" *Find payment enclosed for services rendered, do you accept?*

“Much better. She would be delighted, thank you.” Arturo answered, hand over his heart. *Payment accepted.*

“Wonderful!” the woman raised her eyebrows. “Won’t you visit your uncle and I this weekend?” *Do you wish to extend the contract?*

“Unfortunately zia, I have plans this weekend.” *No.* Arturo replied.

The old woman nodded with a smile. Arturo looked at the lines on her round face and wondered if she had been doing this for as long as he has. Maybe his lines will be that deep someday. Her smile faltered.

“Bene. I must go and pick up my dry-cleaning. Ciao amore, have a beautiful day!” The lady hugged Arturo once more, barely reaching around his once-slim and fit frame. *Understood, I will confirm and transmit the message.*

Arturo hugged her back and waved as she walked out of the nearly empty café. He watched her disappear from view into the northern morning fog. He set a hefty tip on the table, the unnoticing barista stood, arms crossed and eyes fixed on the television screen. “Peccato...” he mumbled to himself.

Indeed. Arturo carried the gift bag with one hand— red petals falling to the ground, reminding him of cherries— and glanced at his wrist: 7:03.

He had less than seventeen hours to flee.

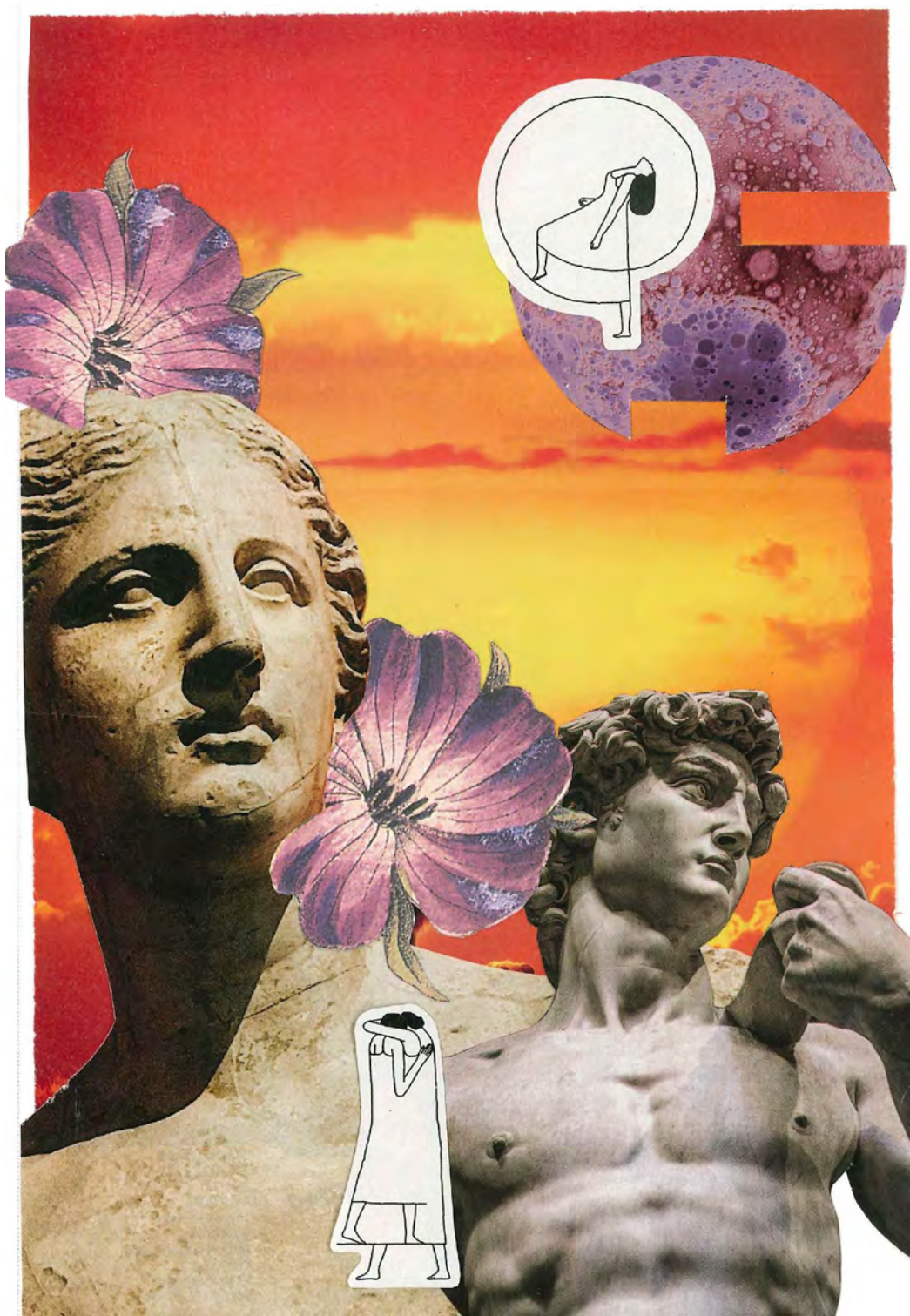


Free Sight // Anna Jemi-Alade



Downtown // *Eric Ignacio Ocoranza*





Sun and Stone // *Anali North Martin*

The Violet

Kaitlyn Bridgeforth

The black, the blue, the reddening too
But most of all the violet
You take the time to feed me lies
I only fear the violence
While all the world is crashing down
I think that I should try it
Stand up, shout, or just walk out
Know fear does not mean silence

And all the times I close my eyes
I think that I could like it
To step outside the battered doors
But I remember violet
The purple petals in your palms
And I was so delighted
But all our flowers wilt to black
I fear a death by violence

The black, the blue, the reddening too
I can't bear to fight it
My biggest fear is loving you
When I think about the violet





The pain remains still*

Merry Yirga

All the philosophers and historians,
All the popes and the priests,
Compared us to wild animals
Called us lions, apes and beasts.
They captured us, killed us,
Made us slaves against our will,
“It was hundreds of years ago” you say,
But the pain remains still.
It could’ve easily been me,
Had I been born at that time
Slavery was legal,
Being black was the crime.
It pains me when I think about it,
It pains me when I don’t,
It pains me when I see the slave owners today,
Their faces carved in stone.
You tell me that I’m home,
And not to feel alone,
Yet I feel like just another mistake,
Waiting to be disowned.
You see, there’s all this equality they talk of... It’s not really being shown,
What I see is Inequality, Police Brutality, another casualty, another name, another gravestone.
The day black people are treated as humans feels like lightyears away
But my family members being tortured on that ship feels like it was just yesterday.
My heart cries as I wish nothing more than to undo history,
My heart cries as I ask God to change the reality.
Why them, God? Why us? Why?
I wish I had answers,
Anything, please, just to get me by.
It all hurts, all of it. The past, the now
Seeing racism flourishing to this day,
As we constantly try to tear it down.
God, this world needs a whole lot of fixing
I do try to focus on the good but the dark side is pretty convincing.
So can you really blame me?
Can you blame me for speaking so much about my pain?
You hear me say “slavery never ended” and you call me insane
But how would you know?
Privilege lives in your blood.
The way Pain and Resilience lives in mine,
The way Power and Might lives in mine,

The way Intelligence and Greatness lives in mine,
The way Royalty and Nobility lives in mine,
The way my African brothers and sisters live in mine!
So yes, we feel the pain
It comes with a whole lot of glory and triumph,
But just as much pain.

*In the style of spoken word/slam poetry



Wanderland // Mandy Puffenbarger



Smile from a Stranger // *Mykenzie Davis*



Laden

Tamara Shoemaker

this kitchen table is where our
words fall short
of spoken,
our gazes slide sideways.
our muddled fingers intertwine
in strangleholds seeking a life-raft,
but on these turgid waters,
salvation
is as far as the invisible horizon.

Biographies

Allison Shelly is a Political Science major who received the citizenship award in kindergarten, student of the day in third grade, and sixth grade band student of the year at the ripe age of eleven. Now she spends most of her time reminiscing on the good old days. (page 10)

Anali Martin is a senior English and Writing Studies major with a passion for doing arts and crafts in order to procrastinate on her thesis. At 22, she has decided that her life's purpose is to eat heavily-frosted cake and laugh too loudly. (page 38)

Anna Cahill has more to say than she ever lets on. (page 33)

Anna Jemi-Alade is finishing her M.S. in Biomedicine degree and is an aspiring dentist from the land of tea and crumpets, or as her friends call it, the land of bad teeth. (pages 17, 35)

Asha Beck is majoring in Digital Media and Communications. You'll probably know she's around by all the random sound-effects she makes to narrate life. (pages 9, 17, 32)

Caroline Lehman is a Biology major who presents many of the characteristics of an old woman. She is currently knitting a sweater and eating butterscotch candies while listening to Frank Sinatra through her hearing aids. (page 31)

Collin Longenecker is a thriving Mechanical Engineering Major. It is a little known fact that Collin can successfully complete a lap on the track with his eyes closed while running backwards. (pages 6, 14)

Elena Liyou Bernardi, a peacebuilding and development major, is a curious wanderer; she currently resides between the Hills of Uncertainty and the Mountain of Unknown Adventures. She has a dog, Resie-cup. (pages 12, 34)

Elizabeth Miller is a Spanish major, cross country runner, and adventure enthusiast. Inspired by frugality, she enjoys thrift shopping, dumpster diving, and baking her own bread. (page 8)

Elizabeth Nisly rarely swears, but when she does, she makes it count. She likes writing poetry and speaking Spanish (and sometimes writing in Spanish, if she's feeling frisky). Elizabeth fully endorses the Phunky Emu as EMU's new mascot. (page 16)

Ellie Spaulding-Hershberger is a mouthful to say, but that's what she gets for marrying a Mennonite. Aside from having an annoyingly long last name, Ellie is a Masters in Counseling Student. She is hopeful in doing her part to save the world, but plans to do it through chocolate, art, AND therapy. In her free time she enjoys living room dance parties with her husband and 4 year old daughter. (pages 19, 25)

Emilio R. Fajardo enjoys his daughter's laugh. He puts too much thought into unsolvable problems, and the lab is his happy place. He is double majoring in Spanish and Biology. (pages 7, 8)

Eric Ignacio Ocaranza goes by Iggy and is a photography major. He is always around campus, and you can find him either working in the photo lab or kicking it back with friends. (page 36)

Hannah Leaman is a math and education major, slowly exploring a world without numbers. (page 18)

Isaac Alderfer does a lot of stuff with a camera, hiking shoes, a bike, running shoes, and waders, and often most at the same time. (pages 26, 30)

James Dunmore. Liberal Arts Major. Notable Achievements:

Once found two yolks in one egg

Has completed a Sunday crossword puzzle

Participation award winner at elementary school science fair. (page 28)

Joseph Harder is an Interdisciplinary Studies major with a focus in Music Composition. He passes the time by envisioning himself as a crow, collecting shiny things and eating grubs. (cover, page 48)

Justin Poole is Associate Professor of Theater and the Theater Program Director for EMU. He and his wife Amanda lead semester-long performance and visual art-themed study abroad programs to Europe and Morocco. Traveling is the greatest source of inspiration for Justin's own performance and visual art. Largely self-trained, Justin hones his drawing and painting skills while observing and sketching the works of the masters at some of his favorite Europe art museums. (page 13)

Kaitlyn Bridgeforth is a graduate student in the Biomedicine program. She's a part-time poet, part-time philosopher, having a full-time existential crisis. (page 39)

Leah Wenger is a fourth-year music performance and psychology double major who, despite being a badass, do-it-all woman, is too lazy to write her own bio. She may be co-president of SGA, but she is best known for being the former roommate of Megan Good and Anali North Martin. (page 11)

Mandy Puffenbarger will stop at nothing to capture the perfect photo. Her visual communication professors have taught her well. But she is still awkward when taking photos in public. (page 43)

Merry Yirga is a first year psychology major and a sociology, peace-building, and gender studies minor. Despite her busy schedule, Merry always seems to make time for her extraordinary obsession with Ariana Grande. (pages 24, 42)

The girl who is always living in her daydreams and imagining up new ideas is also known as **Molly Piwonka**. She is an Art Education Major with an Environmental Sustainability minor who's very passionate about teaching others about the benefits of releasing emotions through creating. Molly also uses art as a way of empowerment through meaningful messages, and hopes to encourage others to use it as their voice too. (pages 23, 29)

Mykenzie Davis is a Digital Media and Communication major who you can befriend by offering popcorn to her at anytime. (pages 22, 44)

Nidhi Vinod is an environmental science major with an avid interest in plant science. Her curiosity and wonder for plants developed as a six-year-old, and ever since, her interest has grown and spread across her different work-spheres. Nidhi thinks studying plants is basically studying the beauty of this world, and expresses this thought through her botanical illustrations, dance, plant research and music, all in the hope to encapsulate the floral beauty of the world. (pages 20, 21)

Raviv Monahan is a senior Art and Bible, Religion and Theology major. His art most typically deals with leftist philosophy and politics, specifically Marxism and Leninism. (page 40)

Tamara Shoemaker is a proud participant in the graduate TESL program at Eastern Mennonite University, and if someone could please clarify once and for all what that acronym actually stands for, she would greatly appreciate it. Also, she enjoys writing in an eclectic variety of genres ranging from fantasy to humor, but never fantastic humor. (pages 15, 22, 45)



Guitar // Joseph Harder

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