

20
23



Point of View

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AWARDS

Ray Mills Award

Jacklyn Berta

"The White Cube"

Vivian Stewart Award

Jude Slowek

"Is It Obvious"

Point of View Award

Ryan Skinder

"Wishing for Rain"

Special Thanks

Sandra Barney
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Nancy Marquez

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Karen Patterson

Faculty Literary Advisor

Jessica Walsh

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Pawinee Dela Cruz

Literary Editor

Ryan Skinder

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Art Judges

Jacklyn Berta
Alexandra Cazares
Toffee M. Gluchowska
Emily Laffey
Olivia Maliszewski
Stephanie Marik
Becca Osborn
Debra Rachel Paneral
Andrea Rosas

Literary Judges

Ben Alvarez
Daniel Miller
Ranjani Murali

CREDITS



Untitled

Ania Ciborowski

When you're a little kid,
you think that eighteen is so far ahead
and when you go to college,
all your problems will be solved
because your parents can't tell you what to do.
But when you go to college,
and are drained after class
with a random strain of bronchitis
just wanting to take a hot shower
not in shower shoes, and
you have to lug your laundry across campus
you wish you were that little kid at home
looking far ahead.



Drawing With My Daughter

Stephanie Marik

Colored pencil

14" x 11" each



Untitled

Miadora Bilanicz

“Mice on Venus” by C418 is part of the Minecraft soundtrack, a videogame all about creating, exploring and surviving to your heart’s desire. As the lilting notes of a piano begin the song, nostalgia kicks in, reminding many, (including me), of dropping into a brand new world and having no idea what to do with it. That’s what this song encompasses, an empty world, a footprint not yet touched the ground beneath it, and you can do whatever you please with it. As ethereal atmospheric humming, violins and bouncy tunes compliment your curiosity to lay your mark upon this new world, it invokes the feeling of a comforting home. For many, home has many different definitions, but the ability to return to a constant feeling of it is rare; especially in terms of a non-tangible item. With “Mice on Venus” this feeling is an escape, (for those 4 minute 42 seconds that is), from anything. Homework, love, thoughts, grief; I’ve always had the option to return to what is familiar, and that is a power that few have. “Mice on Venus” reminds many of the wide-eyed fascination of discovering wanderlust for the first time, and that is the beauty of it; to nudge others to keep going, to see what’s out there, to enlighten them again and again what it means to feel alive. Minecraft is a great game, but the music, (“Mice on Venus” specifically), conveys that first step towards whatever the player desires, with that, the player learns their potential, their true wishes, and their desires to see themselves achieve. They learn to love themselves, because this music, no matter how simple, evokes the awareness of what they can do, and many are brought to light of what they have to offer to the world. “Mice on Venus” by C418 is part of the Minecraft soundtrack, a videogame all about creating, exploring and surviving to your heart’s desire; and the ecstasy the player draws out of the song, makes their perception on life just a tad brighter. And that makes all the difference.

Untitled

Olivia Maliszewski

11" x 14.5" x 7"

Metal, wood





Mom's House

Ririko Tsujimoto

9" x 20" x 8"

Wood, fabric

Sonnet

David Jodlos

Riding on their horses the golden knights,
Evil lurking through the trees, monsters there,
Darkness falling down on kingdom no lights,
Werewolf howling at moon everybody beware,

The king woke up and stumbled out of bed,
Bells ringing overhead soldiers ready,
The prince riding in with the werewolf's head,
Everybody drunk trying to keep glasses steady,

Pigs, chickens, and cows on the table dead,
Villagers across the land gather round to sing,
In come the knights the horses all shiny red,
However that dark day bell did not ring,

King goes to bed without his lovely wife.
Tomorrow wakes up waging war on life.

Women Belong

Claire Chipchak

13" x 18" x 1"

Painted ceramic





Gender Lines

Debra Rachel Paneral

18" x 42"

Vintage lace, solar plate prints



Reclaimed: The Clay Is Brought to Life, and in Turn, The Artist Is Brought Back to Life

Diane Zubko
14.5" x 10" x 10"
Ceramic

Entomophobia

Ryan Skinder

It's just another Friday night and I hear them again. I hear them buzzing along the walls. They fly about the fridge, they circle the toilet. As quiet as a whisper but in a house this silent they're as loud as shouting. They come from the cracks along the drywall. They slink out from under the stink of the unwashed leather couch cushions. They slurp up the spilt syrup from breakfast two weeks ago. It's just another Friday night and I hear them again. I turn on the tv to try and drown them out. But the same old static can only crackle so loud. It's the weather channel again warning of humid heat and light showers. But even with the trickling splats against the window I can't get their noise to go away. It's another Friday night and I hear them again. I wear earbuds, and the muted fuzz of sound helps. But then they start to crawl. I feel them everywhere. They're in my clothes. They're in my food, in my hair, in my skin. I feel them in my nose. Crawling. I feel them in the walls. I can't go another Friday night hearing them again. I rip open my walls, I tear wallpaper, I puncture the cracked popcorn ceiling. I scream and smash open appliances but all I hear is the buzzing in my ears. They aren't there, but they're there. I can't see them, but I do. Those hair covered legs and bulbous torsos. The crinkly flapping crystal wings and the eyes. I see those red hexagonal eyes. Staring and watching from a million different places. Their pincer mouths click, sending signals to one another as they amass. They cover every surface, the cabinets, the walls and the floor. They circle in the air like sick clouds before closing in on me. I swing wildly trying to get them away. The smell of the bathroom's stench crawls out of the toilet bowl with about a million others. I'm against a wall. They're near me. They're on me. They're on me. Biting, crawling and buzzing. My ears are full of their noise till they're all that I hear. As they walk over my eyes, my vision goes away. The sea of legs and wings touch over me and fill me with nothing. Until there is nothing. Just clicking and buzzing. And as I lie in a puddle of leftover soda and urine, I know. There won't be another Friday Night.

Vivian Stewart Award

Is It Obvious

Jude Slowek

You are blurry on the last train of the night.
Stopping your two friends from getting off at the wrong station.
Look around you say, can't you tell this is not home?

You're thinking about that one Siken quote,
something like: you will be alone always and then you will die.
And you're laughing it off, your gaze settling on the intertwined hands of your two friends.

You feel like you've been in the same position your entire life.
Curled, sickly, throat too cold and teeth too sharp.
Like a bad dog, I bite when I'm—

And you're falling in a little too deep,
imagining that you can spend time here and here and with this person and that one.
Forgetting what you are for just a second.

Maybe imagining two hollows can make a whole.
You are waiting for nothing.
Maybe you got off at the wrong station after all.

Abandonment Issues!

Barbara Adams

4' x 4' x 4'

Mixed media





All eyes on me All eyes on me

Katie Kuffel

19.5" x 25.5"

Color pastel

Restless

Emiley Laffey

—restless—

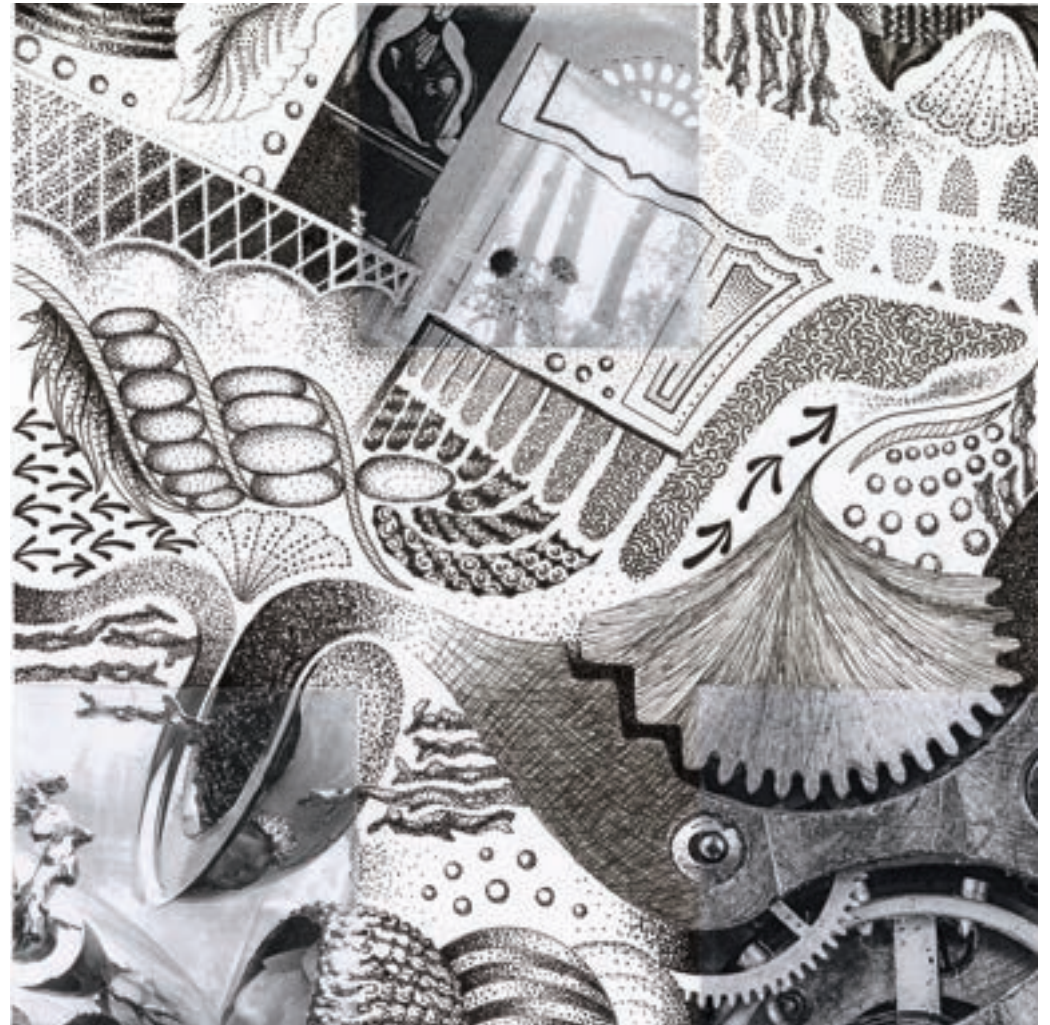
you're feeling a lot
your dreams told me

Memorias de mi Familia

Annelys T. Suarez

9" x 9"

Ink, picture on paper





Collected Memories

Alexandra Cazares

11" x 14"

Colored pencil

Sonnet

Ania Ciborowski

The Rockies or the white cold mountain top
I seek and find the beauty in it all
I ski, I hike, I never want to stop
The more you walk the more you see how tall

A look up from the bottom of the hike
We come before the sun is even high
It keeps me going even through dislike
To know that soon I'll be up in the sky

The pretty flowers blooming in the spring
Black diamond runs in the fresh powder snow
Summer, winter, and fall the birds will sing
I watch the sun and see how bright it glows

Moments go by and it's sunny and then
Lightning strikes and clouds rolling in again

Untitled

Debra Rachel Paneral

7" x 76" x 32"

Found object, wood, aluminum





Lineage

Stephanie Marik

27" x 9" x 3"

Ceramic, wire

Back to the Beginning

Jessica Sandacz

BACK TO THE BEGINNING

"Where am I?"

"Northwestern Memorial," Rhavi states softly.

"How did I end up at Northwestern?"

"The EMS run sheet documented that you threatened the ambulance driver even though it wasn't his jurisdiction."

My eyes focus on Rhavi sitting in a chair next to my hospital bed beyond the guard rail. "You're wearing your Medical Examiner laminate? Does that mean someone's dead?"

His eyes fill with tears. He looks down at his feet and then back over at me. "The baby is fine. We have a healthy, happy seven-pound girl."

He grabs my hand gently as I try to keep my wrist straight with my IV.

"Would you like some water? I checked, you're not NPO."

I nod. "What happened?" I ask.

"I called your cell over and over when you didn't come home for dinner," Rhavi remembers while pouring water from the pitcher. "Then I called the office phone. When there was still no answer, I drove there myself in to work and found you on the floor. Samantha checked the security camera, and it looks like you hit your head on the edge of a morgue drawer."

I reach up and touch the bandage on my forehead. "Am I 'Bride of Frankenstein' fabulous?" I ask.

"14 stitches and a fractured zygomatic process," Rhavi says as he hands me the styrofoam cup.

There are only a few ice chips floating next to the straw. "You know what would go great with this water?" I ask sucking a little up through the straw.

"Watermelon Wine?"

My face hurts as I smile. "No."

"A nine-dollar box of candy from the hospital gift shop?"

"I would have settled for stale chips from the vending machine, but since you're offering."

"Knock, knock," the nurse says out loud while lightly tapping her knuckles against the door. "You up for a visitor?"

We both stare at the plastic crib being rolled towards us. On the side of her crib is a label that reads, "Baby Shirzi" with pink ribbon bow.

"I'll give you three some privacy," the nurse says as she closes the hospital room door.

"She's so tiny. Her fingers are so small," I marvel.

"I don't know, her head is pretty large, like those candy people in the M&M commercials," Rhavi says.

I start to cry.

"Oh, come on, my joke wasn't that bad," Rhavi teases.

"It's not that," I manage to get out half smiling and half crying. "I was just thinking about all of the babies that we autopsied. How every time we would get a call and wager bets that the parents named their kid something stupid like Miracle. And now, sitting here, I take it all back. Miracle isn't a stupid name."

"Remember the time we had the baby named Elcarim and then realized halfway through the autopsy it was miracle spelled backwards?" Rhavi asks.

"What do you think we should name her? I kept putting off talking about it," I admit.

"I think she looks like a Violet."

"I think you're right."

THREE HOURS EARLIER

"911, what's your emergency?"
"Hi this is Dr. Shirazi, my wife needs an ambulance she's unconscious and hit her head."
"Is she breathing?"
"Yes."
"What address are you at?"
"2121 West Harrison Street."
"Is that the Cook County Medical Examiner building?"
"Yes."
"What part of the building are you located in?"
"We're in the morgue."
"How does EMS reach you?"
The entrance is off Canal Street. They can pull right into the transport bay."
"How long has your wife been down?"
"I don't know. I did a wellness check when I couldn't get a hold of her and I found her like this."
"Doctor, I want you to stay on the phone with me. EMS is on the way. Can you do that?"
"Yes."
"Is she bleeding?"
"Yes."
"Can you find something nearby to apply pressure? Like a towel?"
"We're in a morgue, everything has blood or fluids on it."
"Could you use your shirt to apply pressure to the head lac?"
"Yes."
"Doctor, are you still with me?"
"Yes. I'm unbuttoning my shirt. And scanning the room for AED paddles."
"Do you think you need AED paddles? Has she lost her pulse?"
"Doctor? Doctor?"
(Ambulance sirens in the distance)

SIX HOURS EARLIER

I reach for my scalpel as my cell phone vibrates against the metal tray. I peel back my surgical gloves and a text message flashes across the locked screen.
"What time will you be home?" Rhavi texts.
"I have one more autopsy. I should be home at the latest 1900," I text back.
"Did you order us dinner?"
"Yes," I text back.
"It was just delivered, but what exactly did you order?"
"I got you an Italian sub and I got myself a cheese sandwich."
"And?"
"And when I clicked the options for online ordering it gave me the choice to remove the bread and the cheese."
"And?"
"And that sandwich only consists of bread and cheese. I thought it was weird."
"And..."
"Andddd I ordered a third sandwich and removed the bread and cheese. But then it asked me if I wanted to add mayonnaise. And I said abso-friggin-lutely."
An eye roll emoji appears on my screen.
"I just thought it would make some high school kid's day to slap mayonnaise on wax paper."
"It says you added six cookies to the order?"
"Well, I couldn't have them think I was just gonna lick mayonnaise off wax paper."
"Did you consider just ordering a salad?"
"I did. But you know how some salads get all brown and wilted?"
"Yeah."
"Cookies don't do that."

A FEW MONTHS PRIOR

"Do u wanna get falafels for lunch?"

"Come in and close the door," I whisper.

"This sounds serious. You must really hate falafels," Rhavi says as he reaches for the doorknob.

I lean my elbow against my desk and strain to see out the door past him as it swings closed.

"Why weren't you at the meeting this morning?" I ask.

"I was testifying in court. The double homicide case from last week."

"Right. The son who Lizzie-Bordened his father with a hatchet. Why were you called to testify though? Did the court subpoena you?"

"No. Pathologist missed his train, so I filled in and presented the blood spatter analysis."

My eyes drift from Rhavi's face to his shirt.

"And that's what you wore to court?"

"It was last minute. I didn't have a tie."

"Wow."

"Wow, what?"

"It's just, usually when someone's shirt is that open, I'm coming at them with a set of AED paddles," I say jokingly.

Rhavi's fingers start to button his shirt collar.

"So what were you saying about the meeting?" Rhavi asks.

"Brynn went off on Samantha. Like went off."

"You're kidding," Rhavi remarks as he pulls out the chair in front of my desk.

"I wouldn't kid about this. Ever."

The metal of the chair squeaks as Rhavi sits.

"Samantha asked for suggestions because last week transport picked up the wrong body. Luckily, the Funeral Home Director from Ahlgrim's realized it and sent her back. But that would have been a multi-million-dollar lawsuit if the body would have been wrongly embalmed."

"Exactly."

"Bob said it was hard splitting his attention and he felt that was how this mistake happened. Like having to stop in the middle of an autopsy to release a body or answer the door when there is a delivery. Bob suggested they always have another person in the morgue to help. Samantha agreed with Bob. Said it sounded like a great idea. That's when I noticed Brynn shift in her seat."

"Oh god, was it just an angry rant or was it coherent?"

"Angry coherent. Brynn said that when Covid hit, we were all promised by

Samantha and management that we would be transitioning to work-from-home. That there would be one person in the office at a time to limit possible exposure. Brynn said that requiring another person to be in the morgue, each night, was going against the original plan. She then went on to say that she lives over 60 miles from work and that she refuses to drive into the city on the off-chance that a delivery comes to the door at two in the morning. She also sprinkled in some expletives."

"What's that smell?" Rhavi asks.

"A brick dislodging from Samantha's colon."

"No, is something burning?"

"Shit," I say and swing around in my chair. My finger presses the off button on the coffee maker.

"I don't think our doctor would approve of you drinking coffee in your second trimester. Especially with our scare last month. You should be taking it easy."

"I can't just stay at home in bed. I'll go crazy. And I don't drink the coffee. I just like the smell. It's one of the only smells that doesn't make me nauseous."

"You like the smell of burning black sludge?"

"It's not always burning black sludge. Sometimes it has a hint of pumpkin if I'm feeling fancy," I say as I unplug the coffee maker from the outlet.

"So how did Samantha react to Brynn?" Rhavi questions.

"Samantha went silent. We're talking like radio silence. Then she abruptly ended the meeting a half hour early."

"Are we taking bets on what happens first: Brynn gets fired or Bob's tires get slashed? Because my money is on the tires."

TWO YEARS AGO

"God! That man is incapable of making me feel anything except small and awful," I say sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Now that's not true," Rhavi says putting his arm around my shoulders. "He has made you feel incompetent too."

I glance over at Rhavi and smile.

"Silver lining though, we survived your parents," Rhavi says flopping backwards against the mattress.

"And?" I ask.

"And Sherry dodged a big ol' bullet."

I fall back on the bed next to Rhavi and stare up at the ceiling. The wood in the fireplace crackles against the silence. I hear Rhavi let out a sigh. "What is it?" I ask rolling on to my side.

Rhavi sits up and reaches off the bed. He returns with both hands behind his back. "You know what your dad is missing?" he asks.

"A positive male role model?"

"You really think a positive male role model would fit in my hand?"

"Depends on what part."

"Pick a hand."

"Alright, left," I say pointing.

Rhavi's arm moves from behind his back and he hands me a bottle.

My eyes light up. "What are we? Sixteen again?" I say as I take the bottle from him and unscrew the top.

I read the black label under my thumb. Johnny Walker.

"I figure we both need this more than he does."

"What would you have done if I would have said right?"

He pulls his right arm from behind his back and reveals an orange prescription bottle with a white safety top.

"Whose are those?"

Rhavi squints at the pill bottle and reads, "Alfredo Arreola."

"Sounds like a dish Ed Geine served."

"Just something I forgot to turn into the Evidence locker from the Doe in drawer four."

"Our John Doe has a name?" I ask excitedly.

"No, he could just be a dealer. Pills might not be his. He looks like a dealer, though."

"Everyone looks like a drug dealer in morgue lighting," I manage to get out between two swigs.

"Even the five-year-old whose mom framed her report cards?"

"...Could very well be the notorious crack dealer from Fifth Street."

"Wait until you see who I left you to autopsy in the old morgue freezer."

"No. Stop. You didn't."

"Sure did."

"You're giving me the autopsy of the dead pick pocket? This is the nicest thing anyone's ever given me."

There's a knock at the bedroom door.

"Are you two decent?" Dad's wife asks through the door.

"I'm not sure we're decent, but we're dressed," I respond shoving the capped bottle under my pillow.

The door creaks open and Dad's wife says, "Your father wanted me to remind you that Rhavi's room is down the hall and that's where your father expects him to sleep." Dad's wife closes the door and the sound of her footsteps trails off down the hall.

I pull the bottle back out from under the pillow. I unscrew the cap and take one last swig and pass the bottle to Rhavi. "Hey Rhavi?"

"Yeah?"

"What if we don't tell my dad we're getting married?"

"Won't the holiday card with Dr. and Dr. Shirazi give it away?"

"He might not even notice."

"And when you're pregnant?"

"He might just assume I'm fat. Or! Or...what if we just wait until the kid is old enough to talk and then they can tell him themselves."

"So, when our kid is five?"

"You think that's too soon?"

EARLIER THAT DAY

"It's a great profession to be in. I mean, everyone is either dying or dead. You'll never be out of work. Just think if a pandemic hits. Pandemics are great for anyone in the death business. And grave robbers. Our friend Sherry inherited her family's business.

Eighteen funeral homes and a crematory. She's loaded. Shit, I even considered marrying Sherry. She has honest-to-god servants. Magonnites," Dad says.

"Mennonites, dear," Dad's wife corrects. "And your spaghetti is getting cold."

We watch in silence as Dad rolls the wet noodles around his fork, then takes a bite, chewing with his mouth open.

"Did you know that slaves took the last names of their masters," Dad says. He takes a sip of wine washing down the noodles. That's why there are so many Jacksons and Washingtons. I guess if that's the trend, you'd think there'd be more people changing their last name to Jesus."

"Wouldn't it be Christ, dear?" Dad's wife laughs, sounding overly proud of her statement.

"Jesus. Christ. Jesus Christ!" Dad shouts and then laughs just a little too hard.

"Look Robbie," Dad says.

"It's Rhavi," I say.

"Look Rhav-vee I like you," Dad says wiping pasta sauce off his chin. "You're a hell of a lot more engaging and personable than the usual boyfriends."

"Dad, we're not doing this, okay."

"My god I'm giving the man a compliment. Let me give the man a compliment. I'd rather have you settle for this guy than settle for some of the other guys you've brought home to meet me."

My eyes fall to my lap. Rhavi grabs my hand.

"Sir, I'm a doctor and you're not giving me a compliment. You're throwing a dig at me to get a rise out of your daughter," Rhavi says, locking eyes with him from across the table.

Dad sets down his napkin. "Well, Rhavi, your English is really good, I'll give you that. I was able to understand every word you just said."

"I was born in Chicago, sir."

"Try the meatballs, dear, I added salt just like you like," Dad's wife suggests shifting in her chair.

Dad picks up his knife and begins cutting into the meatball.

THE BEGINNING

"If there is ever a zombie apocalypse, the answer is wine."

"Why? Do zombies not like wine?"

"No. You just care less if you die," I say and take a sip from my paper Starbucks cup. The countryside, dusted with snow, rushes by my window.

"Are you imagining that coffee is wine?"

I wave the rinsed-out Starbucks cup under his nose.

"Is that a Zinfandel?"

"No, watermelon."

A smile breaks across his face as our train car bumps along the tracks. "Where did you find a watermelon-flavored wine at this time of year?" he asks.

"The bottom shelf of Dobby's." I set the cup on my lap and rest my head against the cold plexiglass window.

"I want to marry you," Rhavi says.

I lift my eyes to the colors as the sun sets. A brief moment of beauty before black.

"Did you hear me?" Rhavi asks.

"Is it my bottom-shelf tendencies? You think you're in my league?"

"No."

"Then why?"

"So that we don't die alone in the zombie apocalypse?" he replies.

"You're saying us being together means me getting to the morgue before I start to smell?"

"Or before someone eats you."

The ground next to the tracks is a blur of glistening white smears and shadows.

"I don't know what you want me to say?" he confesses.

"How about that you love me? That you can't imagine life without me? That you find the way I bring home dying violets from the Walgreens check-out line endearing, even though I have no idea how to care for plants. But that I'd rather have them spend the time they have left in my house next to a window than on a shelf in fake fluorescent sunlight. That you want to make tiny people that look like us and have weird obsessions with artificial watermelon flavoring. Any of those things would have been better than what you just said."

"Is that what you want?" he asks.

"I want, more."

"You want more? You want me to say more?"

"No, I mean, I want more. I want more than this town. I want more than being a grocery store cashier. I want to talk to people who haven't known me since I was two. I want an apartment, not a picket fence and bake sales. I want to go to college. I want to write. I want to matter. I want to write about things that matter. I want to be the next Sylvia Plath."

"I'll have to find us an apartment without an oven. That might be tricky."

I smile and brush my mitten across my cheek. I hadn't realized I was crying.

Outside my window, the blackness falls over the town. Each house is decorated with bright strands of Christmas lights. Snowflakes scatter out in all directions as our train pulls into the station as if we are contained in a shaken snow globe. I look down and sitting on top of my coffee cup, next to my lipstick-stained lid, is a ring. It looks as if it has been pulled right off Daisy Buchanan's hand.

"Is there anything else you want?"

"Could we get a dog?"

"Let's try keeping a couple plants alive first."

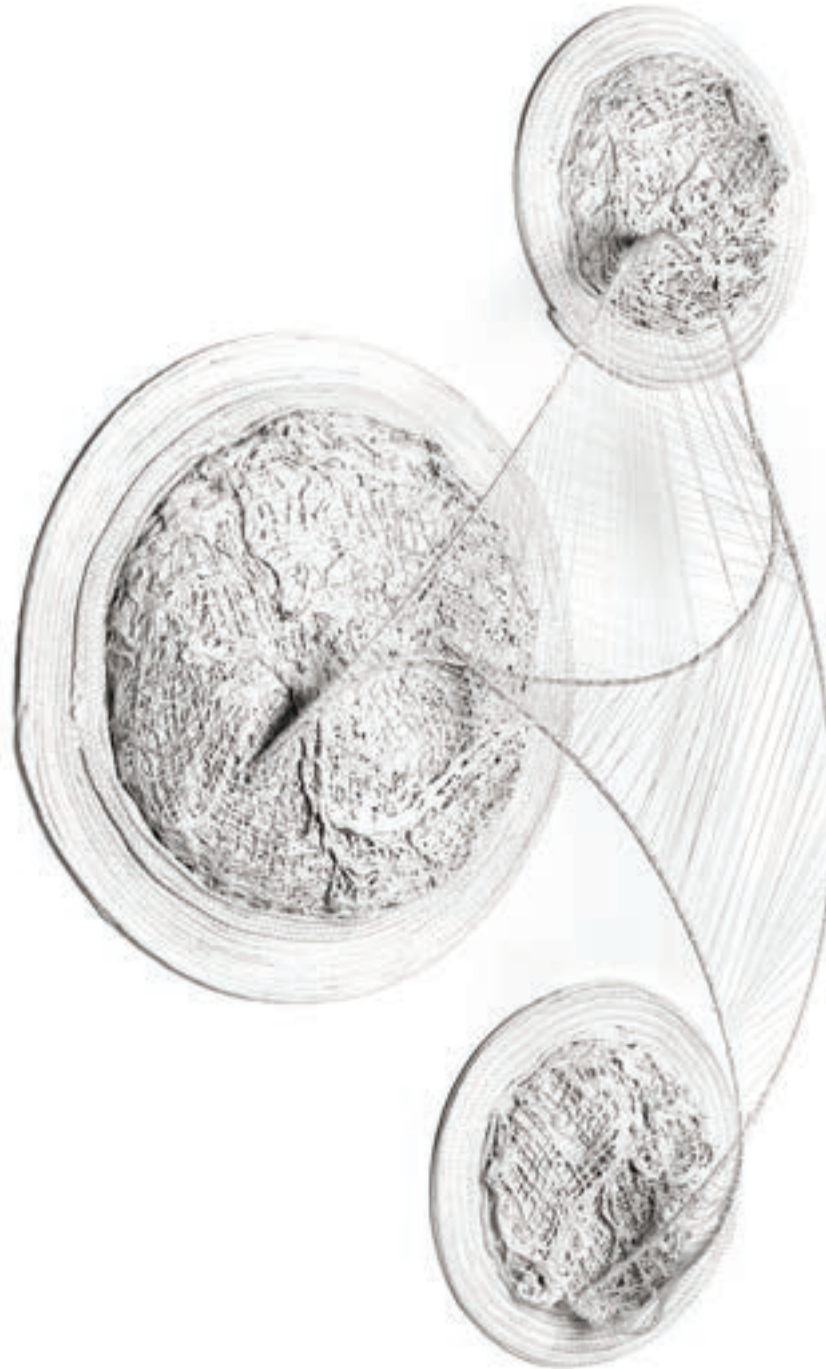


Window of Reflection

Tony McEvoy

16" x 24"

Digital photo



Nexus

Olivia Maliszewski

54" x 37" x 14"

Plaster, burlap, string, wire



Adoration (Self-Portrait)

Toffee M. Gluchowska

24" x 30"

Oil on canvas



Love Lives With Me

Rhys Tatton

Love is a curious creature!
Energetic and destructive yet
it can creep so softly,
tip-toe quiet behind you
waiting to pounce.
It dances around, zooming, gleeful;
tugging up the lips
of those who catch a glimpse.
Love sheds.
Everyone knows you have it, of course;
there's no lint roller for
hidden giggles and shy glances.
"You like them, don't you!"
those more sensitive to it grin -
or grimace,
adding a million extra folds to the skin of their face.
"It makes me sneeze."
Love is simple.
It's lazy summer afternoons
bathing in the honey sun glow together,
soaking up rays and
each other's feelings.
Shoulder to knee, lounging over each other;
the weight of another is
a comforting burden to bear.
Love
is soft, silky, sleek, sly, silly.
It's the flicking of a tail
with cream soda stripes
and bright
green eyes.



Fast Fashion

Debra Rachel Paneral

48" x 28" x 17"

Repurposed garments



Ode to Music

Daisy Guerrero

Beautiful breathtaking ballad
Powerful rhythm runs through my body
Making meaningless words valid
Whether or not we want to party
You calm me and amuse me every time
With dynamics each different from the last
The exhilarating feeling of life lives through my ears
Being without you feels like a crime
You make spending time with my friends a blast
You have been there for me all these years

Emotionally empowering, extravagant feeling
Harmonious headbanging healing sound
You are the reason I am still breathing
Seemingly make my world go round
Intoxicating tunes running through my mind
Mesmerizing melodies draw emotion in me
A riveting account of life
You are the one I always find
When all I wish is to be free
Your words cut deeper than a knife

The playfully poetic piercing sound
Leaving notes in my head
I hope to see you around
Especially when I go to bed
Crazy lyrics flooding my brain
Each carrying a different tune
I never wish to be deprived of you
That would shatter my mind and cause me pain
Under glistening stars and the moon
I hope there is always something in my queue

The Future Stares Back

Rachel Thomsen

If only there were two of me. A luxury only a small group of people would want, but could not have. The idea of having a second you, copying your every thought and action can feel appealing to the most broken individuals our world has to offer. Why put your trust in others who don't always agree or understand you, when you can just turn to yourself for the answer. Besides, think of the work you could accomplish with an extra pair of hands that understand the burdens you hold more than anyone. It's not the type of world I'd want to live in, but here I am, walking that road anyways. What I'm thinking about now, about relying on only yourself, is something I told myself years ago, and haven't forgotten since.

But as the years go on, I've always remained living life on autopilot, stuck sitting in the passenger's seat of a shiny new car, yet never getting the privilege of getting behind the wheel. I told myself I wasn't allowed to get behind the wheel until I died, and even if I were to die, would it even be right to continue the legacy? As I examine myself time and time again, as seasons and years fly by, I've begun to realize I am not who I was made to be. I am not that perfect copy I envisioned in my head. No, I am not that perfect copy she envisioned in her head. We were meant to be the same, but trying to cheat life by solely relying on your own intellect and company is a disaster waiting to happen, and we both knew better.

But, when this is all over, and she is long gone from this world, I wonder...do I continue the legacy like I envisioned, or fix our mistakes?

Self Care

Katie Kuffel

22" x 30"

Charcoal, paint





Binibini

Marielle Mariano

22" x 30"

Graphite, charcoal

Holding Her Flannel

Oli Hoeye

24" x 30"

Oil on canvas



Point of View Award

Wishing for Rain

Ryan Skinder

**In honor of Vicki Vesper.
Who always loved to read and taught me how.
Who always told such amazing stories.**

It Will Rain for Them

My family has a belief
That when a beloved family member dies
It will rain for them as they go to Heaven.

My family has a belief
That they still watch over us now
Through little animals or elements above.

My father's father, he is the wind.
He is the howling on a breezy day.
He is the one who pushes the rain clouds away
When you are afraid of getting wet.

He is also the twittering red cardinal.
The one that perches on our back fence
And follows my Grandmother as she goes out.

My mom's brother, my uncle,
He is a squirrel.
The one that scampers up trees when we are near.
The one that followed me as I walked to the bus.

I don't know what my great grandparents are
Nor what she will be.
But last night and this morning it rained.

It rained hard.

It rained so hard the roof shook back and the siding creaked.
The windows were blinded and the wind roared worse than
a cyclone.

Hail came down. It battered the home.
It crashed and it smashed and it shattered the house.
It shattered us.

Perhaps that was her, though I can't be certain.
I think maybe my Grandfather let my uncle have the skies
And he screamed and he yelled down from Heaven,
And the fury of flurries came down.

And I wanted it to destroy it all.
It wasn't fair.
For someone with so many to go so alone.
Where were they (where was I) when she was needing?

What good were our prayers if we never did anything for them?
Just like my Uncle, like those forceful gales,
I raged and I fell
Like raindrops and hail.

How I Wish

How I wish I could be with you again
How I wish I could hold your hand
How I wish I could taste your soup one more time
How I wish I could bring you one more plate on Thanksgiving Dinner
How I long to see the way your eyes looked at me
Like a mother's, perhaps not as quite, but with all the love of one
How I miss the sound of your voice
How I wish I could hear it once more
How I wish I could hear you call me "your peace" again
How I wish I could hug you, hold you in my arms and keep on holding you tight
so that you could never go

But I know now that will never happen
And the memories are all I have left
But I'll keep going for you
To make you happy just how you wish I can
So I can be your peace here on Earth,
While you find yours dancing with the angels in Heaven



Love One's Touch

Katie Kuffel

11" x 14"

Colored pencil

yeah man
i'll hold your glass bottle

Barbara Adams

24" x 30"

Oil paint





Ray Mills Award

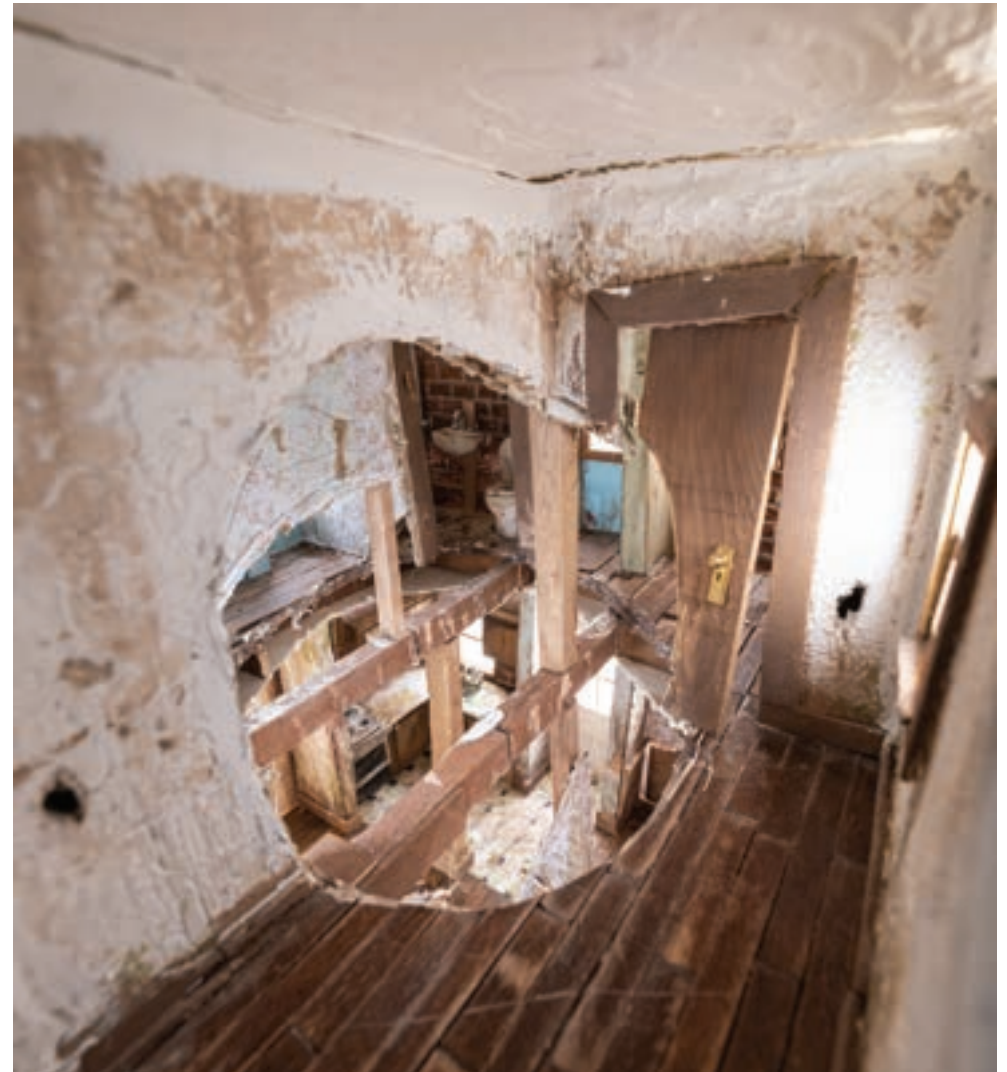
The White Cube

Jacklyn Berta

16" x 16" x 16"

Mixed media

Exterior and interior views



Aspen Dunes

Andrea Rosas

40" x 35" x 37"

Foamboard, wood picks, acrylic paint,
plastic spacers



life audit

Francesca Tornabene

I am the main character of my life story. I am rescinding the role, receipt at the ready.
The everyman trials are trying on my soul. Trying like an annual in the autumn.
Cut me from this cycle, take back your quest, your ship,
cut my string, oh women of three. Release me to the quiet,
The solemn. Let me float on the river or wander the fields.
Cut my string then tie it to another, so I may start again.

I did not soak in the Styx; I feel the pain when blows are struck.
Achilles tendon I have but it is the heel I lack. I am susceptible to attack,
Please stop sending me into battle, my armor is not attached.
If I had the heel, it would be my heart, it is my fatal flaw.

I reject the quest, return my father, the ailments of my mother.
Check back the following; anxiety, depression, obsessive compulsive,
SSRI reliance, empathy. Weight gain, friend loss, weight loss, friend loss.

No refunds, returns, or exchanges. All sales are final, like destination twenty-four.
Next time I'd like transparency, lightning struck sand,
Alice through the looking glass but please no vile vials.
I've downed enough, I know your tricks. Make this small, that gets big.

"Check the receipt," she snides to me, I've used the products wrong.
I've been mistaken. With the proper lens I see, not here to inhibit but to enhance—
My shaking hands are meant to hold, to nurture, protect, like Artemis and the night.
The racing mind is meant to find, depict, detect, Athena's wisdom lives in me.
It sharpened my memory, a pencil striking steal, wired for details.
Analytical at best, attentive at my worst,
It might take a class to attune this new software.
Not a malfunction, but an update.

I got my wish, I am the glass, I see the ghosts and the ghouls,
The gentle of the giants, I see the good not just the bad.
To balance the scales, you must balance yourself,
Accept the yin and the yang, do not reject the change.

Seeds of Grief

Becca Osborn

10" x 25"

Ceramic, soil





Point of View is an annual Harper College publication of student art and creative writing, selected by student jurors.

In its inaugural issue in 1970, the magazine editors described **Point of View** as “a collection of personal responses, verbal and visual, by Harper College students to the worlds in which they live.”

While the students and their worlds change, **Point of View** holds true to its mission today. For opportunities to submit your work, look for information around campus each fall.