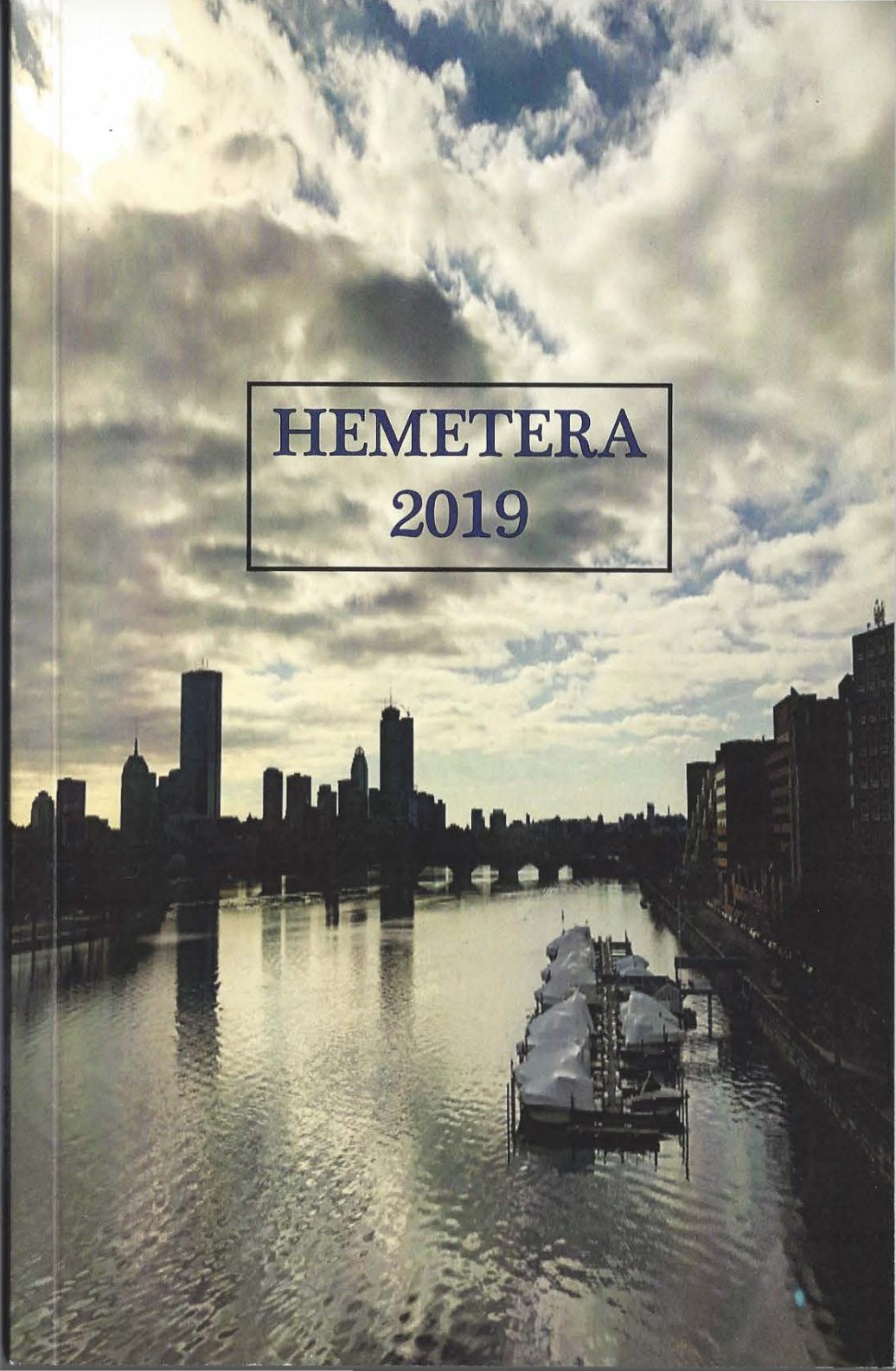


HEMETERA
2019



Editor's Note

Hemetera 2019

Welcome to the 2019 edition of *Hemetera*, the Regis literary magazine. *Hemetera*, from ancient Greek, means "our own." This is a collection of pieces from Regis students, both traditional and from the Life Long Learners at Regis College (LLARC) program.

This year's edition of *Hemetera* is brimming with stories of tenacity, vulnerability, and self-expression. We are thrilled to share with you this excellent collection of poetry, prose, drama, and photography courtesy of the Regis community. Bookended by tragedy, the pieces weave hopeful optimism with sad reality to represent the human experience.

Sincerely,
the Editors of *Hemetera*

McKenzi Hammond, Molly Perkins, Theonie Ulysse, Alyssa Rossillo, and Adrianna Kinney

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Table of Contents

McKenzi Hammond - Mass Incarceration - 7
Emmett Perkins - Thou Art More Lovely and More Temperate - 9
Theonie Ulysse - Interview With Author - 11
Elena Sidropoulos - The Butterfly Girl - 15
Molly Perkins - My Neighbor's House - 17
Katasha Jarvis - She lived on the Sun - 20
Juliana Parise - To The Moon and Back - 22
Anthony Bianco - What I See - 28
Adrianna Kinney - Lavender Mask - 30
McKenzi Hammond - Life is Our Quest - 33
Kayla Alves - Through Chaos - 35
Elena Sidropoulos - Waves - 39
Adrianna Kinney - KUMA - 39
Al Persson - The Bag - 41
McKenzi Hammond - My Sweet Angel - 44
Julia Burke - Living Life in Reverse - 47
Katasha Jarvis - Ignored Warning Signs - 51
Emmett Perkins - Angry, But For Good Reason - 52
Virginia Slep - Freshman Phys. Ed. And Other Occasions of Sin - 53
Elena Sidropoulos - August 9th, 2018 - 56
Katasha Jarvis - Flaws & All - 57
Alex DeStefano - Untitled - 58
Katasha Jarvis - #1 - 66

Photographs

Alyssa Rossillo - 10, 16, 34

Stephanie Bitsoli - cover, 21, 29

Jillian Mosko - 40, 46, 65

Mass Incarceration

Drama

McKenzi Hammond

Mass incarceration is the social justice issue of our time. The incarceration rate has quadrupled in the past 40 years: 65 million people with criminal records, 4 million under probation, 1.7 million children with an incarcerated parent. Mass incarceration is about more than people in prison; it is about the structures, laws and strategies that drive a racialized justice system, intersecting with class and gender. A direct connection exists between violence and abuse done to women and girls and the risk that they will be directly impacted by incarceration. In the U.S, 86% of women in prison were sexually or physically abused prior to incarceration. In the aftermath of abuse, trauma can lead to substance abuse and addiction, which can easily become a pathway to more violence, crime or incarceration. This 2019 Regis' V-Day's spotlight will advocate for these women and our goal is to support programs to help them process their experiences and heal.

I was one of those young girls who experienced trauma and abuse at a young age. I was moved from a loving home to a home where verbal, physical, and emotional abuse occurred daily. My new home was a place frequently filled with drugs and alcohol. After living on the streets for several months, sleeping on whatever couch I could get a hit off of, I met a 22 year old girl who took me in, but unbeknownst to me she forced me to have sex with her. I was not attracted to girls at the time but with no job or money this was my way of paying for food and rent. Throughout the year that I stayed with her,

"I jumped out of the frying pan into the fire."

She also sold me to men who sexually abused me in exchange for money and drugs. Funny how life works. I became the very thing I was running from.

I turned to drugs to numb the pain.

Ultimately, I got tired of the sexual abuse and returned to the lesser of two evils, rationalizing, I would rather be beaten and screamed at than used as a sex toy; but upon returning my mother surprised me and called the police, she didn't want me anymore.

I was hauled off to prison.

My first few years in prison I tried to make sense of my life up until that point by asking these questions:

- How did I go from the abused to the abuser?
- Why couldn't my mother love me?
- Why didn't the court systems protect me from drugs and alcohol?
- Why couldn't the doctors see that I was a broken child, whose wounds ran deeper than the sentence I received?

Prison is no place to fight your demons, prison is not a reform system, prison is a ring of hell in Dantes' Inferno and there is no escaping for most women.

Thou Art More Lovely and More Temperate

Poetry

Emmett Perkins

The clean cool break after a heat wave.

The asphalt air does not rise in waves from the cooking warmth;
Cyclists, free to live speedily on their chrome contraptions
Spin their pedals under heel to go fast and faster.

Dogs trot the road
Without gingerly-placed paws any longer,
Able to walk easy, with dog-smiles
Stretching black lips.

It's wintertime now.

The cold is biting as I pick this poem up
From the past summer.
I dust it off and remember my thought that

"I have never been more grateful
For the blue of the sky
Nor the green of the leaves,"

And smile a bit,
Because it was six degrees when I rose from my bed this morning,

And I think it to be one of our many human conditions
To want for summer when it is winter
And vice-versa.



Alyssa Rossillo

Theonie Ulysse

If you're a fan of the award-winning novel, *Make Your Home Among Strangers*, then you're probably familiar with its author, Jennine Capó Crucet. She is a Latina novelist and short story writer. Crucet is author to two books, *Make Your Home Among Strangers* and *How to Leave Hialeah*. Both won awards, marking the prestigious talent of this author to change and influence lives. Regis College had the official pleasure of meeting with the passionate Crucet on October 11, 2018. In an exclusive interview, the staff of *Hemetera* engaged with Jennine and got to know the author a bit better. Crucet revealed herself to be a strongly opinionated, woke, direct woman, with a touch of dry humor, which made her all the more lovable. While we couldn't print everything she shared with us (we were sworn to confidentiality!), many great questions from the group and from Crucet's lecture to the Regis College audience amplified the true character of Jennine Capó Crucet.

So, please tell me about yourself, perhaps some fun facts? Basically, who is Jennine other than an author?

In her response, we discover that she's currently a teacher at the University of Nebraska. Ms. Crucet is also a social worker. In her college career, she studied gender/feminist studies. Interestingly, Jennine has herded cattle and shoveled poop, saying, "Nebraska has more cattle than people."

What made you become a writer?

Ever since she was young, she would always be writing things down. It was just something she felt. As Jennine grew older, she wanted a book that would explain how to handle college as a minority, but typically there weren't many available. In a sense, Jennine took heed of Gandhi's philosophy, "Be the change you want to see in the world." In this case, it was if you want to read a book that doesn't exist — write it. And so...she wrote it.

When you develop characters do you already know who they are before you begin writing or do you let them develop as you go?

It's interesting how she goes about the characters. Lizet was a character of her own, yet the author reacted to her like a reader. She disagreed with Lizet's actions, got sad, and happy with her. She wasn't very biased on what Lizet should be like. Jennine wrote Lizet as a new person. Which is also a reason why Lizet does not represent who she is, like most people assumes (according to Cruet).

(Of course we asked if the legacy will continue) Are you working on another book?

Jennine replied secretively, "Yes, non-fiction, called *In Stranger Country*."

What do you love most about the writing process?

The writing process wasn't pretty. For this book, Jennine wrote in her sweater, quoting, "I was sweating and disgusting." She wrote this without thinking that many were going to read it. To her, the surprise about others embracing your story and giving you responses

and encouragement that you didn't expect is all the best result.

Fun fact:

She also wrote *Make Your Home Among Strangers* on the toilet of her boss' office, when she excused herself — feeling emotional. (Don't worry, the lid of the toilet was down, she assures.)

Something memorable your fans asked you?

"How did you manage your book while being a marine biologist?"

The problem with this question is that people keep thinking Lizet is her. Jennine told us, "An old, white woman said this." The book is a novel, therefore fake, or "full of lies" as she illustrated it.

When you write, are your goals to write a certain number of words per week, etc, or is it whenever you are inspired?

She mainly did a couple hours each night. This shows us that if you want a book done at a certain time frame, the inspiration has got to come a little faster.

Would you want your book to turn into a movie?

We'll just say that there may be a show or movie. Who knows? *Cough* Stay in tune?

Now to close, this wasn't an interview question, but, it was important. It goes out to all high school, college students, and honestly, all those who want a do over.

Advice for choosing a major?

Jennine explained that you should be doing a subject where you feel so interested and immersed in it. As she said, "One where you can lose yourself. Pick the thing where you have an affair with that homework assignment because you do it longer than anything else." For example, Jennine used to be in a Biology class in college, yet she realized that she wasn't as passionate as the others who would sit attentively and write huge notes. Simply put, she wanted that passion, too. That's why she changed her path. It goes to show that passion can be found, if you choose to find it, and explore it.

Thank you Jennine Capó Cruet for your time and words of wisdom.

Butterfly Girl

Poetry

Elena Sidropoulos

Did you have to rip off her wings?
Small, frail, delicate, such an innocent thing.
A face like the moon, partly hidden away.
Her eyes soft and warm.
Did you have to rip off her wings?
Beautiful yet unattainable,
She flutters away.
Now she weeps, blistered and bloodied.
Pure and snow white innocent now soaked in crimson red.

Molly Perkins

I knocked on the door again. Nobody answered, but I knew the house wasn't empty. They must have been expecting me to give up and go away. I had other plans.

I climbed the rickety old lattice outside the back wall — a creaky old thing with chipping paint that I hoped to God wouldn't get caught under my fingernails. You haven't known pain until you've gotten dried paint under your nails. It seems like the longer it's been there the more it hurts, and believe me, this thing wasn't built yesterday. As I climbed up, the lattice gave like so much balsa wood. It bent, but to my (extremely relieved) surprise, it didn't snap. So far so good. Nobody even came looking. Did this happen to them often? Who even breaks into other peoples' houses, anyway? Not me. Well, not usually.

The roof was low and flat with a window in the attic. The tin shutters made for keeping out squirrels had not done their job, and the rusted slats of them had been gnawed away. I was in luck; which is saying something, considering that I was breaking the law. I stepped through the window, folding myself to fit, and was immediately met with a sense of wrongness. I couldn't really explain it, it was just... dread. An off-kilter feeling. While I expected to be met with stifled summer heat, the attic was cold, cold, cold. And we can all agree that no one on Earth has AC in their attic. That's just a waste of money. And, what with their lights turned off as they were now in the falling dusk, my new neighbors seemed pretty economical.



Alyssa Rossillo

The attic was drop-dead empty, too. Like a tomb or a crypt that hadn't seen the light of day for ages. It even smelled like nothing. I'm serious. If you concentrate enough, even water has a scent, but this ramshackle old attic had nothing. It made my head hurt.

Lack of scent and chill aside, it seemed like a pretty typical attic, but I'd be damned if I broke into someone's house for no reason. I poked around, emboldened, freezing when I heard footsteps, starting again when I had inevitably imagined them. After a few minutes of feeling like an utter creep (complete with a mental script of what I would say to the police when the neighbors got curious about the creaking in their empty attic), the floorboards gave way.

I thought it was all over for me. I'm serious, hope to die (well not really especially in that moment but you get what I mean). It happened so fast all I saw was cheap insulation, darkness, light, dusty twilight once I hit the floor. And I fell hard, like slipping and falling on ice and the house was frigid, freaking freezing cold and that's when I heard it.

You're not going to believe me. You're really not. But this isn't any kind of confession if it isn't unbelievable, right? And it won't help my defense if I lie to you guys. So that's why I'm writing all this down. It's the truth, strike me dead if I'm wrong.

In any case, I don't believe in ghosts. I mean, I didn't. But I swear to you there was someone in that room with me. That empty room in that barren house with its sterile scent and its cold rotting walls.

And God, I know none of you cops have agreed to see me, ignored the hell out of me, shut the door in my face and looked right through me. But there was something leaning over my shoulder last week when I broke into my neighbors' house, and whoever they were, they whispered into my ear:

"Welcome home."

And it sounded like salvation.

She lived on the Sun

Poetry

Katasha Jarvis

I: God she had that laugh that made you wonder whether you woke up because you had to or because you wanted to.

II: She had a smile that made you want to overlook everything bad that ever happened in your life.

III: She paraded around with battle scarred arms, never trying to hide them because they showcased the war she fought with herself.

IV: And of course I was a sure fool to try and think I could love her, that I could tame her wild heart.



Stephanie Bitsoli

Juliana Parise

All my life, my grandmother and I were very close. She had always been someone that I could look up to. She was very reliable and always had people's backs. She was kind-hearted, and always had a smile on her face. Everyone called her "Nannie." She was high school sweethearts with my grandfather, who we call "Grampy." Grampy is a few years older than my Nannie was, but that didn't waive his unconditional love for her. Grampy and Nannie went to their Junior and Senior proms together and got married right after high school. Their love for each other was endless. They always knew to seize the moment and live life to the fullest. So after their honeymoon, they went on multiple cruises and traveled the world as much as they could. There wasn't a time where they didn't capture the moments with pictures.

My life when I was younger was always eventful, because my best friend was alive and healthy. When I was younger, Nannie was healthier so we took advantage of each day that we could spend with her. My family would go down to Indian Head Resort in New Hampshire during winter break each year to spend time together. My sister and I would swim in the indoor pool, and my Nannie would always watch from the table. She was always smiling. I loved her smile. My Grampy would always take pictures; there didn't come a day where he didn't have his camera on him. It was his little way of always being able to remember the memories. The first week of July my family would go back to the Resort to watch the Fourth of July fireworks from our room. We

always had the best view. It overlooked the water and the fireworks would always glisten over the moonlit water. When our family wasn't in New Hampshire, my sister and I would be at Nannie and Grampy's house. My mom is a Registered Visiting Nurse, so she is always driving to her patients' houses to care for them. This meant that my sister and I were unable to go with her. She didn't feel safe keeping her children in the car alone for a while, so she would drop us off at Nannie and Grampy's house in the morning and keep us there until she was done in the afternoon. When she dropped us off, Nannie would have toast with cream cheese and strawberry jam waiting for us on the kitchen table, with the Price is Right game show playing on the TV screen. We always loved watching this together. We would always guess which contestant would win all of the money. I will always remember those mornings.

My grandmother was diagnosed with breast cancer in 2001. Each day leading up to her last brought more and more pain into her body. I knew that she was slowly deteriorating inside and out. Her appearance was devastating. You could notice how her facial coloration became more pale and her body was becoming more frail each day. She would first struggle to get up the stairs, then over time she wouldn't be able to go up them anymore. Grampy had to build an escalated chair that brought her up the steps. Eventually, she wasn't able to walk to the chair anymore. Everytime she would walk, she wouldn't get very far because she would easily lose her breath and feel light-headed. Nannie also had multiple

experiences with falling. Her legs would give out and she would fall to the floor, causing her to be sent to the emergency room.

She would come home with a red wristband that indicated that she falls often, and a wrist cast on her other arm. From a child's perspective, this was very hard to watch. My younger sister and I struggled to accept the fact that she wouldn't have much time, until things got worse than how they already were. My grandmother's cancer really took a toll on my mother as well. She was even closer with her mom than my sister and I were with ours. My mom would always call my grandmother on the phone each night while she was in the bathtub to ask for advice on raising us, and to tell her about her day at work or at the house. Now, my mom feels like she's lost a part of her and that kills me to see. I notice that she isn't herself anymore. She tries to hide it but she doesn't do a very good job. My sister and I always try our best to always be there for her while she grieves each day.

Nannie slowly got to a point where she got very discouraged and became depressed. She started to not want to go to our family's annual Christmas party anymore because she felt she had no purpose since she became immobile. Every year my entire family would meet up at a Chinese restaurant in Malden, MA and we would reserve an entire private room for the night.

The adults would play Yankee Swap and the kids would eventually have their turn. My uncle would dress up as Santa Claus and he'd call each child up individually to talk to them, and to give them their presents. Without my Nannie there, everyone wasn't the same. We all had a piece of us missing inside our hearts. When my family would go over her house to visit her and my grandfather, she always tried to make the effort to walk and say hi to us.

In my grandparent's house, they have about 12 steps going up to their upper part of the house, and at the bottom of the stairs she would have to walk down a hallway to the kitchen where she would spend most of her time. Each way is a far walk up and down the stairs. She didn't get very far. She would mumble under her breath that she wanted to die so she could finally be done with all of the pain and misery, but we always ended up hearing her. We wouldn't show her that we were in pain because we knew that it would only make her feel worse about herself. We cried on the car rides home. This sadly became a routine. It got to the point one time where my mom had to pull over on the side of the road because her eyes were too blurry and it impacted her ability to drive.

She died on February 29th, 2016, a leap year day. Of course Nannie would die on a day where we can only celebrate her passing every four years. Everyone in the

family was impacted, even my grandparents' neighbors. They all loved my Nannie because she always treated them equally, as if they were a part of our own family. Her unwavering love and caring never went unnoticed. My Grampy was definitely hit the hardest with this news. He had lost his soulmate of many many years. He loved her endlessly. His love for her was never blemished. Our hearts went out to him. My Nannie's dying wish was to not die in a hospital bed with all of the machines connected to her and to not hear the machine noises, but to die peacefully surrounded by her family. She got that wish. She died in her bed on a Monday morning mid-winter, surrounded by my mom, Grampy, my uncle and my aunts. My mom didn't want me or my sister to see her die this way because she knew how we would react to it. In a way, I'm glad I wasn't there for that day. My mom told me that my uncle threw himself over Nannie's body and held her for a while, sobbing. My whole family was just holding each other, accepting the fact that our Nannie is gone.

My Nannie had to move up North, but it's just temporary. Her burdens were getting too heavy to stay any longer. I couldn't go with her this time, I have my own destiny. When I looked at her I saw her beauty. Now she's gone and we all had to lose her. But heaven's not too far away; I know someday I'll visit. I didn't think that it would go this way; I just wanted one more minute with her. I didn't want her to go, but I knew that she had to. I saw how the cancer had grown, and it was time for her to go home. I can still hear her voice, sounds just

like it did. I can still feel her hand when it touches my skin. Her energy always gave me life; now I have to watch it leave my eyes. Death rattled her cage, she could hear the voices fading. Each breath was getting harder for her, and I knew she could hear the tears coming from my mom. And my sister and I, we were thinking back to when we were younger, when we had a healthy grandmother. At this point we weren't really sure about life, or how any of this could be right. When she left us she knew that we would be okay, because she knew that we could talk to her anytime. We always told each other. "I love you, to the moon and back."

What I See

Poetry

Anthony Bianco

*I wrote the below poem for my new wife and gave it to her
on our wedding day 10/14/18*

If you could see you through my eyes,
You'd see a smile that mystifies,
Like the glow from the sun that never
dies.

If you could touch you with my hand,
You'd touch the softest skin in all the
land,
And feel what I feel and understand.

If you could hold you with my embrace,
As you stared at the beauty of your
sweet, gentle face,
You'd feel the kind of feeling that no
other can replace.

If you could love you with all my heart,
You'd see the passion from the start,
And feel the emptiness when we're
apart.

If you looked into a mirror, you'd see
what I see.
You'd see how very special one person
can be,
And you'd see what I see and you'd
wish you were me.



Stephanie Bitsoli

Adrianna Kinney

The cigarette crumbles in her hand as the rain pours down harder over her head. She sucks on the end once more, hoping for that last hit of nicotine and an excuse to remain outside. The paper ceases to hold and the tobacco runs down her hand, dropping to the ground with a wet sound. Her nose wrinkles as she kicks the bit of tobacco, a little because she hates the way it looks on the pristine, white cement of her mother's front steps and more so because she wishes she could kick something else, something a bit more solid with blue eyes and constant questions about her love life. She pulls her soaked sweater closer to her body, for no reason than reflex, and steps slowly back to the door, swinging the screen door open and pushing in the front door. Immediately upon entering, a rush of warmth and chocolate chip cookies invades her senses, as it always does.

Before, she loved it, even craved it when she was away. Now, she wants to go, run as far away from this place as she could and never come back. That teenage rebellion swells in her chest, though she is well into her twenties. The rebellion of moving across the country and renting a studio apartment, living the dream of total freedom, creativity, and artistry. She had made those plans long ago, written in a notebook long forgotten. Unfortunately, her job paid too well and she enjoyed her apartment, especially the person she lived with.

"Helene?" a voice called from the kitchen. "Helene, is that you?"

"Yeah, Mom!" she called back, trying to keep the minor tremble out of her voice. She shivered a bit, goosebumps breaking out all over her body, yet she refused to shrug out of her dripping clothing. Funnily, she didn't quite know why she refused. Some principle that she couldn't exactly grasp, though it remained there on the tip of her tongue.

"Where have you been? Everyone has been waiting —" Her mother stopped as she rounded the corner from the kitchen, eyes scrutinizing the water pooling around her dirty high top sneakers. "What has happened to you?!"

"Nothing, Mom."

"You are soaked to the bone! And — why do you smell like cigarettes?! Have you become a smoker?!"

"No, Mom. Someone outside was smoking."

"That is despicable. No regard for anyone but themselves in this country."

"Sure, Mom."

"Go put on something decent, please! And fix your make-up. Gabrielle brought her son and I think he is a very handsome young man."

Deliberately ignoring that last sentence, Helene threw herself up the stairs and remembered that she only needed to stay the night. Only one night and she would be home. She would get through this terrible dinner with Gabrielle and her awful son, then she would sleep and leave for home first thing in the morning. One more sleep. She didn't think she could spend more than one evening with her mother or else she might throw herself off the roof.

Life is Our Quest

Poetry

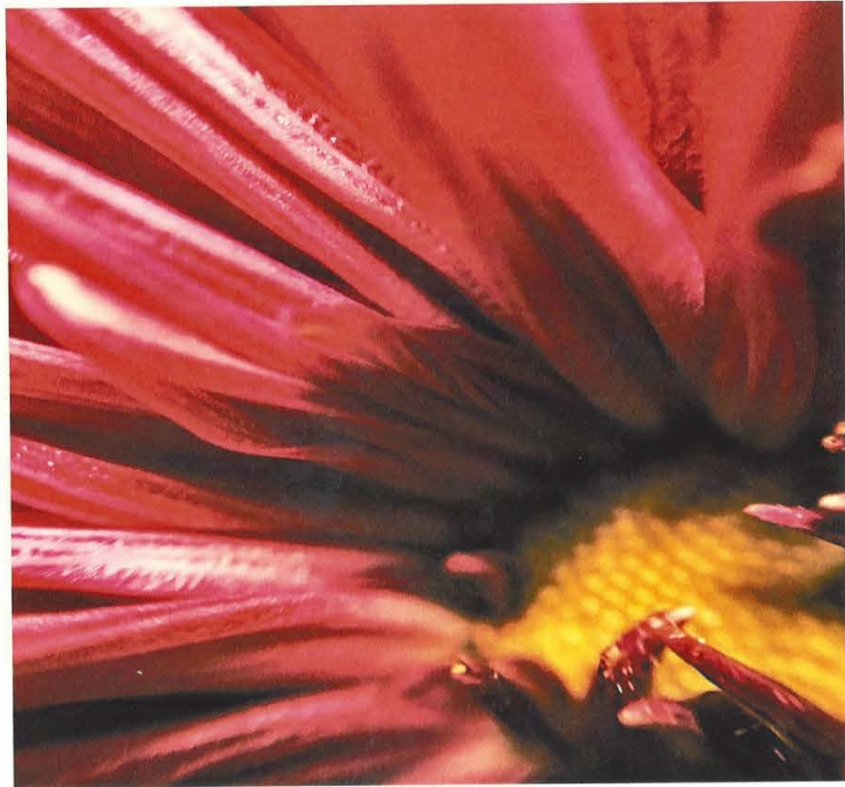
McKenzi Hammond

A paintbrush, a crayon; you chose your utensil.
Life is like a picture, black & white, sketched out in pencil.
It can be erased and re-drawn when things go wrong.
"This too shall pass" no matter how long.
Life is kind of like Pokémon, don't you wish to just catch them all?

But not every strong fighter can get up after the fall.
God takes from us what life cannot replace.
Just like the smile that shined on the Angel's face.
The moments of time that we cherish most,
Just disappear into the air, as we prepare for our
goodbye toast.

Cheers to the memories and warm days on the beach
Thank you for all of the lessons you would teach.
Not through words, but subtle actions,
Like that smile from ear to ear, even when life handed
distractions.

You taught us that life is quite precious,
But we all aren't meant to handle its daily stresses.
One chance is all we get, so make sure to live it your best.
To the fullest we have a destiny.
Life is our quest.



Alyssa Rossillo

Through Chaos

Prose

Kayla Alves

It was the end of August and the first day of school was creeping around the corner. In all honesty, I couldn't be more annoyed to begin the "college experience" that everyone around me was raving about. I sat on my bed and smoothed the wrinkles of its soft, blue comforter with the palms of my hands. I took a few minutes to reflect on all the months leading up to now. They'd been a mess. To top it all off, most of my friends were going to colleges far away while I planned to stay at home. I was especially troubled because my best friend was leaving to go to The University of New Hampshire.

Most of my days were spent questioning the entire course of my future. I was originally supposed to attend Mount Ida College to major in dental hygiene. I'd fallen in love with their campus from the moment I'd arrived at their college tour. I instantly knew it was the school for me. Their dental clinic was especially beautiful; white, polished tiled floors, dental equipment brand new, environment clean and inviting. All the other schools that I'd toured hadn't captivated me the way Mount Ida had. I confidently told everyone about my infatuation with dentistry and Mount Ida; each time I sounded more exhilarated than the last.

Unfortunately, I received a huge slap in the face because their entire campus shut down two weeks before the nationwide college decision deadline. Just my luck! During these two weeks, along with every other Mount Ida student, I was stuck without any answers and nowhere to

turn. For me, the situation was the epitome of disappointment but luckily Regis College swooped in to save the day by purchasing their dental hygiene program.

Going through that period of emotional distress took its toll on my mindset. I lost most of my joy towards starting school. I was more concerned about my best friend's decision to attend an out of state college and this month, she was leaving.

She's always reminded me of the beach. Her eyes as blue as the ocean, hair golden as the sand but as soft as gentle waves. She is the calm against my storm. Her name is Alyssa. From preschool to now, anyone and everyone knew that we were inseparable. She's always lived right down the street from me; her on Larch Street, I on Ash. Rain or shine I'd walk over, sometimes just to say hi. I wouldn't even knock. I'd just stroll right in as if her house was my own. In second grade, we declared each other "sisters" and we very well meant it.

I was so happy for her. She was going to study neuroscience at her dream university, but its distance was unsettling. For the first time ever, we'd be 91 miles apart.

Our last get together was in the parking lot of Skinner's ice cream parlor. All of my closest friends squished into Alyssa's silver Traverse so we could reminisce our years of friendship while enjoying our frozen treats. The private atmosphere around us smelled tropical from the

Hawaiian air freshener that clipped onto the vents of the car. Everything was paradise until it was time to leave; her departure finally becoming a reality.

She drove me home. During our first few minutes in the car, we were loud as ever. We sang old songs from Disney movies and tv shows; our favorites being from Moana and High School Musical. That soon changed. Once we were getting close to our destination, there was only music on the radio to fill the void of silence between us. I kept my eyes fixed on the road. They were desperately begging to be distracted or they'd fill to the brim with salty mist.

Before I knew it, she pulled into my driveway. I could feel my lungs expand and deflate as I took a deep breath. This was it. We both slowly got out of her car and walked to meet each other. I swung my arms around her and broke into a cry... no, a wail. Why did she have to go? Maybe it's not too late to change my major and transfer to UNH. I tried to think of any possible scenario that would keep us together. My brain ceased to relax, and it felt like knives were being stabbed into my chest. I raised my eyebrow and mewled through tears, "You better not replace me with a new best friend while you're gone. If you do, there will be consequences..." Although I was joking, being forgotten was one of my greatest fears. She scoffed playfully, "I'd never be able to do that." Hearing her words of reassurance eased my overactive nerves as they usually do.

Her embrace felt like home, but we both knew it was time to depart. As we said our final goodbye, I reminded her, "You're going to do great things. Make me proud okay?" My emotions swirled around like a kaleidoscope; both joyous and somber that she was leaving. I waved as she drove home for the last time. It was now 11:00 at night on September 3rd. My first day at Regis was to start in less than nine hours. Once again, I sat on my bed and started to think. I missed Alyssa more than ever, but I knew we'd reunite. I replayed our conversation in my driveway. I was ready to be like her. Yes, the months had been mysterious and chaotic, but I was ready to face the unknown. I was ready to start a new chapter of my journey. I whispered in my head that I would be fine. Soon enough, I tucked myself into my covers and plugged my headphones into my ears. I decided to play sounds of the ocean and drifted off to sleep. I am calm.

Waves

Elena Sidropoulos

Like the waves kissing the shoreline,
We meet again.
The fork in the road temporarily separates us and yet we
reach the same
Destination.
Two different paths converged into one.

KUMA

Adrianna Kinney

Poetry

tides
ever changing
typhoons to the sweet
licking of waves upon your feet
unpredictably

poseidon
resides within
your heart and he does
nothing but stare to the waves
unflinching

nothing
hides better
than a single rotten feeling
among the sea of everything wonderful
nothing



Jillian Mosko

The Bag

Prose

Al Persson

Some stories are so good they need to be told even if they are only partially true. The absolute truth has little place in this venue.

A couple was traveling by plane, with their 13 year old son, to Poland. It was a long flight and everyone was very tired. The boy had been busy during the entire flight playing one particular difficult video game on his iPad. He was very excited as he had reached the highest level he has ever reached. None of his friends had ever reached this level before. He could not wait to get on the ground and email his friends about his accomplishment.

Just then the captain came over the public address system and stated they would soon be landing and all electronic devices needed to be shut off.

The boy obliged and placed his iPad in his backpack.

The ride down was very bumpy and much longer than usual. They finally landed but had to wait for what seemed like forever to get to the gate as the weather prevented other planes from taking off.

At last they were off the plane and headed to baggage claim.

The bags were claimed and they were standing in line to get a taxi when it was realized the boy had left his backpack containing his iPad on the plane. Yes, the very

same iPad that contained the game he had set a personal record on.

The one, that he proved it possible to reach such a high level. It was a level higher than any of his friends had ever reached and he could not wait to see if he could go even higher. Was it really possible?

They asked a random airport employee what to do about finding his bag. At first, the language barrier hindered the problem. Soon, other employees and interested passengers joined the problem. An agreement was reached that they needed to go to the lost luggage office. Where was that? No one seemed to know.

They went over to the rental car counter and explained their problem. Fortunately, one of the clerks spoke English and was anxious to help. He was bored with renting cars and any diversion was welcome.

Off they went to the lost luggage office with their luggage for two weeks in tow.

They arrived only to find a long line and only one clerk. The car rental clerk told them he knew the clerk and she had the reputation among the other airport employees as being a rude and unpleasant lady. They did not know why but some were sure it was because for some reason she hated her job. Others felt her husband had a drinking problem, even though they did not know if she was

married.

In any event, her dislike for everything was evident to them as soon as they arrived at the end of the line.

They had been in line for 45 minutes when it was their turn. The car rental clerk explained the problem. The boy saw his bag sitting on the floor behind the counter. They finally had a break and they would soon be headed off to their hotel.

As I mentioned, the lost luggage clerk was an unpleasant lady. She immediately proved her reputation was not a myth. She demanded a letter from the airlines before she would release the bag.

Much discussion followed in two languages, sometimes both at the same time.

“No letter, no bag.”

Finally, the car rental clerk jumped over the counter and grabbed the bag and handed it to the boy.

The father said, “We cannot do this.”

The car rental clerk pointed to his face and said to the father, “Look me straight in the eye.”

“Run.”

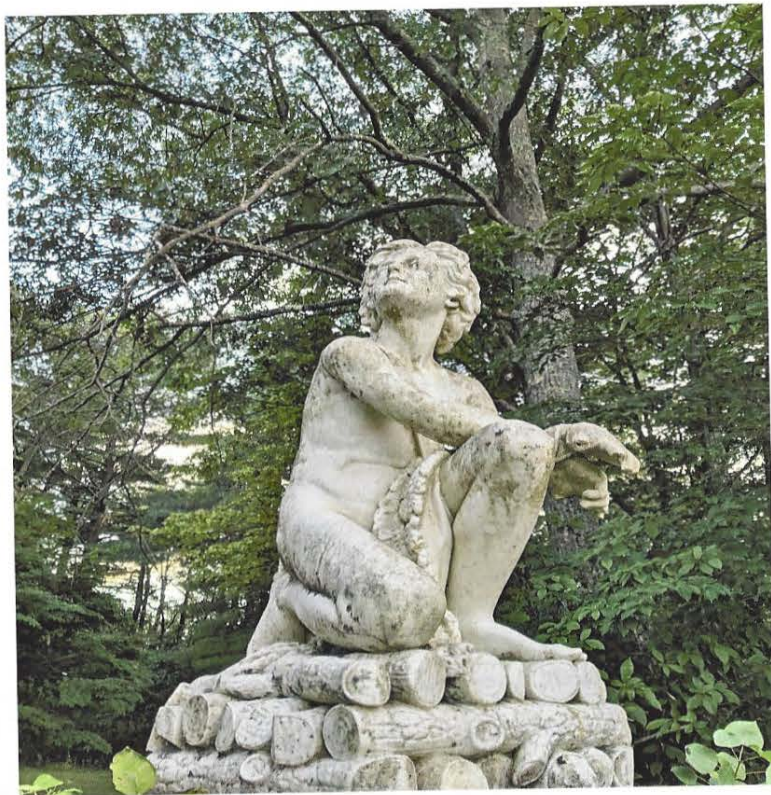
My Sweet Angel

Poetry

McKenzi Hammond

My last birthday, the rose petals began to fall.
My Sweet Angel remains engraved in my brain.
Oh My Sweet Lord. Thinking of his last words
"Its always a great day to be a Hammond" Then his last
breath.
It was natural like mescaline in a cactus.
When the cell reaches its threshold, then the firing of the
neuron.
It's all or nothing. Like his heart. This time, it was all.
His mind reached Earths' potential and the fire in his
soul engulfed his heart.
The Irish would say I lost my umbrella against bad
weather, my light.
Is he smoking a cigar with Papa?
Maybe way up high?
He could be shooting hockey pucks with Uncle Tony
through clouds in the sky.
Drinking a Heineken with David, farewell to diabetes in
paradise.
He is caring for my friends that should not be, but are
there with him.
And all of the animals that have crossed the rainbow
bridge are running on Long Beach as free as can be
My sweet angel
Is napping in God's' gracious garden.
Maybe on a beautiful island, along with people who
share no burden.
Peace, Happiness & Love.
I never will understand why our time shared was so
short. But I promised to never let my heart become cold

even though I never saw you grow old.
Times were tough, but you always followed through. I
want to be just like you.
I know you wanted to be there to walk me down the
aisle, but will you hold my hand up the stairway to
heaven?
The words we shared are my energy, the beating of my
heart.
On Valentines Day you told me if a guy loved me half
as much as you, I would be blessed. Like you loved my
mama, your best friend.
You gave her two Angels, that you will live on and travel
forever in.
Your blood is my blood. It is my courage, strength and
reason to be on Earth.
I really want to see you.
But it won't take long, my sweet angel.



Jillian Mosko

Living Life in Reverse

Julia Burke

The news of the birth of a child tends to provoke emotions of happiness, excitement, and joy, assuming the newborn is healthy. However, it is a different story when a newborn is delivered by emergency c-section in the NICU, immediately treated with cardiac massages, placed on a warmer, and is intubated within seconds with a non responsive heart rate. The ballpark is completely different when the first grueling week of life truly turns out being the first week of death. At this stage, recovery is unthinkable. The turning point for recovery occurred when a world-renowned neonatologist banged on a table, and cried out: "Please God, she needs to respond; don't let her die." This glimpse of hope and prayer were essential to progression.

However, progression meant a lengthy recovery from death's doorstep to severe illness; the order of which is backwards compared to the norm: life, illness, and death. Alone the order of death, illness, and life is incomprehensible unless one's life is written backwards.

At the age of eighteen, I had an epiphany. During one of the nights of Hillsong Conference 2018: There Is More, one of the pastors alluded to the idea that God already knows what is going to happen in your life. The pastor emphasized the idea that He (God) wrote your book from the final chapter to the first. The idea truly resonated and served as a parallel to my own life. On August 18, 2018, I found myself sitting at the granite island in the open style kitchen, reading a seven-page letter from my

first doctor, friend, and protector depicting the events that had taken place on August 18, 2000. As I read the letter from Dr. Heber C. Nielsen, memories which I had not thought about in years flew through my mind. Reminiscing on life back in the third grade, sitting in the front seat of my mom's 2007 black Lexus ES 350 crying hysterically saying I needed help balancing my new diagnosis: Attention Deficit Disorder. This event being one that I commonly look at as a setback was actually a major success. Returning to the structured sentences of my life story on the pages sitting on the island, I read about having bilateral intraventricular hemorrhages, which resulted in near paralysis of the right side of my body, and almost led to the diagnosis of Cerebral Palsy. As I reflect back on these traumatic events, once more, I realize there was a reason I overcame the symptoms of paralysis and Cerebral Palsy.

As I continued reading about the numerous traumatic events, I came across a sentence which read: "she had developed a pneumothorax," which after previous progression was an enormous setback. Reflecting on the incidents which followed years later, possibly as a result of the pneumothoraces, I remembered my week-long hospital stay in the second grade. At seven years old, I was brought to the emergency room presenting symptoms of pneumonia. During the chest x-ray, which confirmed pneumonia, I was reminded of the multiple scars across my chest, which replaced the previous chest tubes and central lines. Each scar served as a reminder

that this hospital stay was nothing compared to my prior stays. After being discharged, I was sent home with medications for recovery and signs of Asthma. Once more, the outcomes from August 2000 impacted my health, and could have ended my life. Fortunately, for a reason, which I hope to believe was from the source of a divinity, my life continued on. Returning my focus to Heber's letter, I realized that the paragraphs which pointed out discussions with my dad really hit home. At eighteen, I think about my dad just as much, if not more than I did as a child. My father's passing in a motorcycle accident on December 6, 2001 was a catastrophic event in my life. The early tragedy has made his scent which remains on large flannel shirts, remains of sawdust in his union pull-over's chest pocket, and his transfused blood coursing through my veins mean so much more.

The premature death of my father encompasses the reverse timing in most people's lives. Growing up without my father physically present in my life forced me to mature quickly and rely heavily on my faith. At a young age I began to understand empathy and compassion on a different level than other children my age. I understood that the unthinkable happens, and others will never comprehend how much an event or date can affect one person. Remembering the scattered memories I have, mainly from stories I will never remember first hand, brings up emotions of sadness, but also happiness at the same time. I have learned that I have the privilege of calling Dennis Michael Burke my father. Knowing that life is

written backwards, I am able to comprehend the strengths the loss of my father has given me. I, much like him, am someone who does not give up, fights for everything I have, and lives by the principle: what do you care, as long as you get what is rightfully yours. I have gained much of my experience from suffering losses at a young age, but I have also found my path in life.

I discovered a major part of my life just this past year. As I read the final remarks within Heber's letter, I realized that he emphasized and gave much credit to his faith and power of prayer. The idea of God writing my book of life backwards has become true. I experienced death the moment I was born, severe illnesses, and finally life. My life today would not be complete without the struggles, heartbreak, and reverse life. Coming from a flat-lined heart to a healthy beating heart has truly made me appreciate the little endeavors my life has taken me on thus far. Without this order, I would never dive into my faith the way I have in the past year. I believe that everything happens for a reason, sometimes in the worst timing; however, when a tragedy happens, it is a calling that has already been decided by the divine. I believe that the strength of my faith today is proven by the beginning of my book, while I was being prayed over as a lost cause for over thirty minutes to respond to treatment. Thus far, my life has been written in reverse.

Ignored Warning Signs

Katasha Jarvis

Poetry

"I love the boys
that eat hearts for breakfast
the ones that knock you on your ass and smile
afterwards.
I am attracted to boys that
don't know what the
word no means,
the ones who speed up at stop signs,
the ones who destroy everything
in their path.
I fall madly in love with boys whose knuckles
always seem to be
bloody and their hearts empty."

Angry, But For Good Reason

Poetry

Emmett Perkins

I'm an English major who doesn't have enough money
To have paper to write my poems down,
not enough, god knows,
To buy a pencil to write with.

I have been writing poems in my head, then,
Using the scraps I half-recall in the time between
The close of my eyes and the weight of my head on the
pillow.

I can read aloud with conviction
Words I've never seen before.
But I'll be damned if every time I reach out for a pencil
and paper
That my hand doesn't shake.

Is it worth the lead I expend,
The trees used to make
A single pristine-white sheet?

Maybe it's worth the paper cut
And the consequent bandage I smooth on.

Maybe it's worth the pain and the slice and the red of
blood against
A single pristine-white sheet.

And maybe,
Just maybe,
That would be reward enough
To call myself
A starving artist.

Freshman Phys. Ed. And
Other Occasions of Sin

Prose

Virginia Slep

My letter of acceptance to Regis arrived in April, 1960, followed by a letter requesting my measurements for my Regis gym suit, described as a "maroon tennis dress with matching bloomers." Mom took my measurements, and kept saying, "Well, you're going to be running around in this, honey. Let's allow a little extra so you'll have room to move." We were also notified that we would need a trench coat for outdoor gym classes. That certainly sounded curious!

During our first week at Regis, we had our gym class in the old gym on the lowest level of College Hall. Miss Nolan and Miss Hughes took attendance and presented us with packages containing our new gym outfits; then we were sent into the locker rooms to put them on ("Hustle, ladies!!").

I'll never forget opening that package. The dress was a deep maroon with a little round collar. It buttoned all the way down the front and had little puff sleeves and a sash to tie in front. It was just awful - but the worst was yet to come. The "matching bloomers" were big, baggy maroon underpants that came halfway to our knees and were to be worn under the dress. As we got dressed, we realized that everybody's mother had allowed "a little extra so you can move, honey," but so had the manufacturer. Our dresses were huge. I felt as though, if somebody were to hold the dress by the shoulders, I could slide down inside and never be seen again.

Miss Nolan informed us that until Thanksgiving, we would be playing field hockey on the field where the Cardinal Spellman Stamp Museum is now. Twice a week we were to go to the locker room, get dressed, and hurry across the campus to the field, ready to play ("Hustle, ladies!"). The only hitch: we had to wear our beige trench coats over our dresses until we got to the field. Nobody seemed to know why, but we obeyed.

Then one day while we were in Theology 101, Sister Reginald asked how things were going and whether we had any problems getting used to college life. One girl asked why we had to wear trench coats to the field hockey field. Sister Reginald patiently and quietly explained that if we wore just our gym dresses, it could be an "occasion of sin" for any man driving by on Wellesley Street. I remember thinking that any man who would think improper thoughts at the sight of a girl in those gym outfits ought to have his head examined. In addition, we didn't walk along the street, we cut across the campus behind Morrison House and walked down that road. But it didn't matter - trench coats were required.

In November, it started to get cold. Never mind, ladies, said Miss Nolan, you're still going to play. You can wear winter coats and gloves if you want to, and you can even wear a hat. Could we wear pants? Absolutely not!! Could we wear pants under our gym dresses? NO! (Pants were another occasion of sin. Pants in those days were not allowed even in the dorm.) If we got cold, we could just

run a little faster and we'd be fine ("Hustle, ladies!!").

So we played field hockey until Thanksgiving, in spite of snow flurries, running laps in our gym dresses and winter coats until our legs were blue with the cold. Finally Thanksgiving came and we moved inside to play basketball. What a relief!

Last week, I received a phone call from a very pleasant Regis student, asking me to support the Regis Fund. She started by asking about my years at Regis. Had I participated in any sports? I couldn't imagine what she would think if I told her about the maroon tennis dresses, and the bloomers, about the trench coats, about playing in the snow without pants on, about being an occasion of sin to anybody driving by.

No, I said. I was in the Drama Club where it was warm.

August 9th, 2018

Poetry

Elena Sidropoulos

Knowing that this life is temporary puts me both at ease and having a sense of sadness. Humans desperately try to make things permanent in an attempt to control their surrounding environment like pictures or relationships.

Earth is a testing ground and also a stop for our souls but it is not the final destination.

When you look too far in, you only see pieces, random events that make up your life. But take a step back and you see life's masterpiece for its entirety.

A design which makes sense.

Nothing is a coincidence.

Flaws & All

Poetry

Katasha Jarvis

Your sheets smell like vanilla.

Your clothes always reeked of the cigars your dad smoked. You inherited your mother's glassy eyes.

You flinch every time someone mentions your brother and I know you blame yourself for that night.

When we first met your left eye was swollen shut and your heart didn't beat. When we first met you said commitment just wasn't your thing because who has the time to be tied down to one person. But I remember that night you cried in my lap and begged me to not go home. I remember falling asleep tangled in those vanilla scented sheets and I couldn't help but memorize the way your heart beat.

Alex DeStefano

CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS -
DAYTIME**

David is laying down on the bed in his room listening to music (song is Never Kill a Mouse; Let it Kill Itself by Hail the Sun) staring at his ceiling. He has a tired and empty expression on his face. He hasn't showered. His hair and beard is unkempt. We are given the impression that David has no interest in getting up or moving with the day. He just wants to lay in bed and contemplate. His thoughts are then interrupted by the sound of his cell phone going off. His best friend Aaron is calling him. He is hesitant to answer, but knows if he doesn't, Aaron will be worried. He answers the phone. (music cuts)

DAVID
Hello?

AARON
(on the other line)

Hey buddy. How ya doing? I know last night was rough.

DAVID
Just another eight hour shift. Rude customers, hard-ass boss, you know how it is. I'm alright.

AARON
I know. It's just that you seemed especially upset. You've been working a lot lately and you've been very unresponsive to texts. I mean when you're not drunk.

DAVID

I'm just going through one of my moods. Just one of those weeks. You know me. I'll be better tomorrow. I have the rest of the week off.

AARON

You sure? 'Cus "one those weeks" has been turning into "one of those couple of months."

David doesn't respond.

AARON
You there?

DAVID
(abruptly)
I'm fine! . . . I just spaced out for a sec. Fuck, man. I don't know.

AARON
Is it about Ashley?

David remains silent.

AARON
Didn't you say you were starting to see someone else? Julie, I think her name was.

DAVID
That fell through. We just . . . stopped talking. I think she liked some other guy anyways. Wasn't that interested anyways.

AARON

I'm sorry, dude. Is that what's been bothering you?

DAVID

(with hesitation)

It's a . . . It's a combination of different things. Ashley, Julie, work, family. It can be all too much sometimes.

AARON

I get ya, dude. Hey, why don't we meet up at the usual spot later. I'm not working either.

David's eyes light up and beam towards the bottom drawer of his cabinet in his room. The "usual spot" is the forest by Aaron's house. David is thinking about what he was contemplating earlier.

DAVID

Uhh, Yeah. Fuck it. Let's do it. Just give me an hour and I will head out.

AARON

Awesome. I'll see ya then. Text me when you get here.

DAVID

Yeah. Sure. See ya then.

David hangs up the phone. He opens the bottom drawer.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST RESERVATION, WESTERN MASS. - AFTER-NOON, MISTY WEATHER

(Background song is Diazepam by Turnover)

David is walking with Aaron on a path in the woods. The music drowns out their conversation. Aaron seems engaged in the conversation and seems to be talking about a happier time when they were younger. David gives a half smile, but seems very distant. Camera fades to Aaron and David sitting by a river. Aaron is still talking to David, but David is not paying attention. He is staring into the river with an empty expression. Aaron taps David on the shoulder to get his attention. David shakes his head, smiles, and shrugs it off as if he was listening the whole time. Camera fades to David and Aaron finding a lone bench in the middle of the woods. Aaron sits down as David just stares at it. Aaron looks confused.

(Music cuts)

AARON

Dave?

DAVID

(shaking his head, coming to his senses)

Huh? Oh. Sorry. Spaced out again. Didn't sleep much the other night.

David sits down on the bench.

AARON

I'm still really sorry about what happened with Ashley. I didn't think she'd do that to you.

DAVID

It's alright. My fault anyways. She knew she could do better. . . . So she did.

AARON

You know that's not true. She's just a shitty person. You can do way better.

David grabs a flask from his bag. He takes a sip. Aaron gives him an annoyed, but also saddened look.

DAVID

You sure about that?

AARON

That's not gonna help. Ya know, you're starting to have a problem with that.

DAVID

It helps me cope, asshole. What the fuck would you like me do? Take up smoking? 'Cus that sure as hell didn't work out for Jeff.

Aaron gives David an somber look, then looks away from David. David looks remorseful.

DAVID

I'm sorry, man. I didn't mean that.

AARON

No, its ok.

Both of them sit there in silence. Aaron's phone goes off. He looks at the notification.

AARON

I gotta head back. You coming with?

David's eyes widen. He starts to shake a little bit.

DAVID

(not looking at Aaron)

Nah. I'm uh . . . just gonna chill here for a bit then head back home.

AARON

You sure, Dave?

DAVID

Yeah I'll be fine. I'll catch ya later, dude.

AARON

(unsure)

Alright. See ya later.

Aaron walks away. The farther away he gets, the more nervous David becomes and the more he shakes. He starts to take multiple swigs from his flask, then turns to his bag. He reaches into and pulls out a pistol. He takes another swig from the flask, but it's empty. He throws it. He points the gun to his head and pulls it away a few times. He starts breathing heavily and sweats. He starts to weep. He puts the gun up to his head slowly.

DAVID
(yelling)
FUCK IT!

Camera cuts immediately as the gun fires.



Jillian Mosko

#1

Poetry

Katasha Jarvis

"I kept drinking because it was the only time I felt alive.

I kept drinking because I needed to stop thinking of jumping off the edge.

I wanted to drown myself in something other than the melancholy feeling that surrounded me.

I kept drinking to forget about the scars that covered my body, sometimes I think there's more scar than skin.

I kept drinking to forget all the places his hands had been even though I said no.

I kept drinking because sometimes I didn't want to feel alive, I wanted numbness. I wanted to feel numb and blurry all over."



*And I think it to be one of our many
human conditions
To want for summer when it is winter*

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