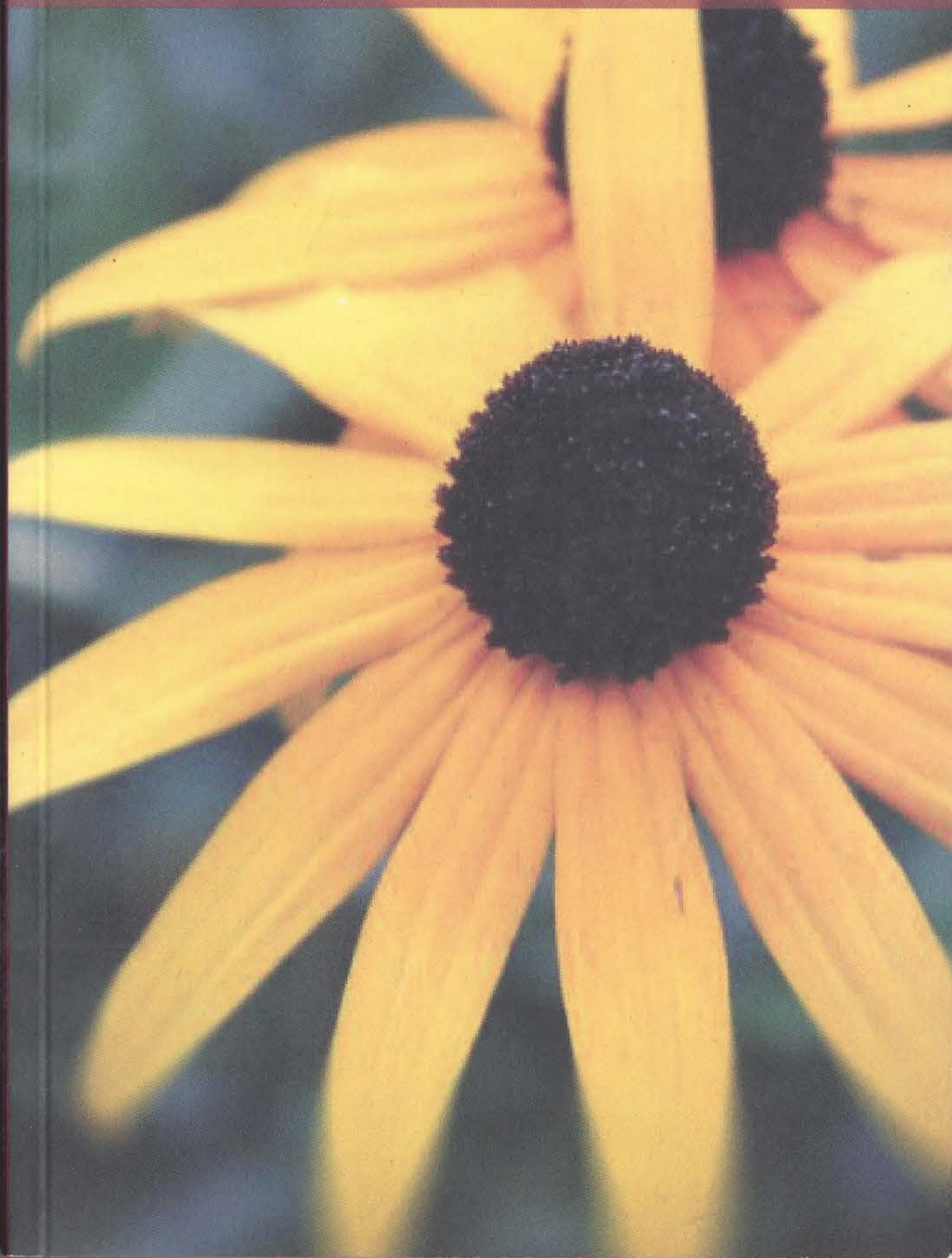


Hemetera

Life in Transition

2014



Editors' Note

This year's *Hemetera* covers a wide variety of topics. The submissions we received discuss the beauty of ideal locations, nature, science, love, loss, sleep, dreams as well as running, swimming, and dance. One of the most noticeable features of this year's journal is how well the topics flow into one another. As editors, we decided that the overall theme was "Life in Transition". College is a time of change. Our interests, friendships, desires, and unchallenged preconceived notions are tested. People come in and out of our lives, often leaving before we're ready.

The submissions we received and published match this sentiment perfectly. The theme is something that almost anyone can identify with. Life only gets busier with time. High school moves to college, which moves to a job, which can move to marriage and children. There were a small number of submissions that we weren't able to use this year, but we would like to extend our thanks and appreciation to everyone who submitted work.

We wanted the journal's submissions to flow well. We started with poetry and worked from the broader topics of places and nature to personal topics like sports, loss, love, family, loneliness, and decided to end the poetry section with the theme of sleep. From there, we moved to personal essays, which dealt with the topics of connecting to the world through art, heritage, and geography.

Enjoy!

Hemetera 2014

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In 1946 a “doughty seedling poked its vigorous head” into the Regis College Community with the emergence of the new literary magazine *Hemetera*, meaning “Our Own” in Greek. The magazine was founded as an opportunity to spotlight the creative talents of the student body. Published annually by the students of Regis College, the magazine welcomes submissions of poetry, prose, artwork, and photography.

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Poetry

The Perfect Place

Alex Manavas

There is a place.

A place that is safe.

It smells like peace,

it's always bright.

The sun is like pure

love against your face.

The night stars shine,

like millions of wishes come true.

The grass is soft,

it makes you feel free.

You can hear laughs,

putting you at ease.

There are no worries,

no insecurities.

It's only in one place.

It's only with you.

Dear Brooklyn

Samantha Henry

Dear Brooklyn,
You've always been my favorite borough
Your hard exterior of crime and gangs never bothered me
I saw the beauty in you: your soft side with calm nights and
nothing but music, good conversation and laughter
You gave birth to sons and daughters who bloomed like roses
through your concrete sidewalks
And you taught them to conquer not only your streets, but
their future
But sometimes life gets to your children before you can
I know you get weary sometimes when your sidewalks are
covered in blood like warrior paint
Your sons waking up early to hustle their way to riches
Instead of going to school and achieving an education
and your beautiful daughters forgetting to finish getting
dressed in the morning
Instead of remembering their self-worth that you taught them
Yet you've always remained strong,
Waiting for your children to come home like the prodigal son
Rightfully taking their places as Kings and Queens
of the greatest borough of New York
Brooklyn

Peace is a Dream in my Land

Shogofa Amini

I lost my pen in blood.
I lost my knowledge in ignorance.
I lost my way in a street filled with dead bodies.
Peace is a dream in my land.
Dust from bomb blasts cover me.
Body parts surround me.
I turn my face to the sky when it rains.
Peace is a dream in my land.
How long can we wait for peace?
How long can we live in fear of living?
How many family members can we lose?
Peace is a dream in my land.
Religion is supposed to save people's lives.
Religion is killing people.
Hands rise in prayer to save this land from evil.
Peace is a dream in my land.
People hate each other.
People kill each other.
Life is more worthless than anything.
Peace is a dream in my land.
My beautiful land looks like a graveyard.
The houses are in ruins.
Dust has taken over the green.
Peace is a dream in my land.
Will all this end?
Will we ever live without war?
There is ongoing war in my land.
Peace is a dream in my land.

Untitled

Kendall Kolb

The summer sun shines bright in the sky,
Waves crash on the sand and bring the seashells to the shore.
But it only lasts a few months, I don't know why.
If only it could stay just a few months more.
Sun-tanned skin and the salty air
Coolers and beach bags packed up each day.
Long days at the beach without a care,
The fun begins in the month of May.
Burgers and hotdogs on the grill,
And circling around bonfires when the sun sets
Every night spent with friends is a thrill,
Making memories that no one ever forgets.

Summer comes and summer goes
But the love for it,
we chose.

Winter's Crystals

Lydia Sanchez

In the brightness of the sun, it sparkles and glows.
With no more than a simple touch,
Reveals the delicacies of winter's white snow.
Its enchanting feeling gratifies our bodies.
With its star-like shape and fine texture,
They each have their own unique story.
As though God above has crafted multiple sweet sculptures
And released them down upon Earth in all its glory.
These ice crystals create a flurry,
And a wonderland of exultation.
The winter season shifts in a hurry,
Not generating enough time to take this remarkable piece in.
The clean fresh scent begins to melt away,
As the birth of daisies sprout out to play.

Perfect Timing

Anne Peacher

We do a dance to get there,
Schedule our errands to fit the time slot.
At the edge, we swap stories of the day,
While we tuck our loose hair in the tight cap,
And pull the steamy goggles down on top.
The sun warms our backs, a big breath and we are off,
A cold rush, swish, and our bubbles
Rise to the surface.
We are immersed in a silent, rhythmic world.
She glides in the next lane, as we breathe every three.
I see her hands arc out of the water, and I finish the circle
below.
She flips, while I touch and push off the wall.
Back and forth we move,
Like two metronomes.
We are synchronized without effort,
Warmed up to hear the work out.
Our coach keeps instructing.
We listen, or don't, but keep
Our pace, our breath, our thought.
Need to write a poem, call the dentist,
Replace the outside light,
And then I can only think to hit the wall and pull the water
And I can't remember what kept me up last night.
I left it in the pool.

Cross Country

Sidney Keilty

Entering the box marked 35, bright colored spikes dig into the
grass,
The man raises the flag, 30 seconds to go.
Gun shoots off as hundreds and hundreds of fast feet begin to
dash.
Fast onto the trail, into the woods, the runners refuse to slow.
Swiftly they dart, passing the beauty of nature, rivers and trees.
Mile one comes up short; the six minute split times are yelled
The competition gets fierce, runners race packed tightly together
in the breeze
Mile two is around the corner, dug deep into the ground, the
spikes are propelled
With only one mile left, a sense of strength comes from within
The girl is just ahead, racing powerfully in black, is the one to
beat
Point one left to go, striding straight to the end for the win
Thinking about form is all that's left; arms, legs, and feet

A hundred meters left, arms pumping, heart racing
The first year Regis College team comes in third
There is nothing more amazing.

A Story about the Sun and the Moon

Jessica Nguyen

He was the Sun
She was the Moon
Ever since the beginning of time
They sought each other
But alas,
They were never in the same sky, but both shone brightly
regardless
One lay in a bedsheet of silky sapphire speckled with stars
The other lay in a sea of cerulean covered with clouds
He brought forth beautiful bird songs
She hailed the howls of wolves
He brought flowers into bloom
She summoned a symphony under the sea
Both created such beauty around the world,
They saw each other's work and sought one another
He stayed out longer in summer to see her,
She stayed out longer in winter to see him
But they could only leave messages for one another,
In the way that they did their work
He brought the most beautiful flowers into bloom for her,
She summoned the most graceful sea creatures for him
But unfortunately, as the last sheet of stars kissed the sky
The sun's cerulean sea rolled in
Each longed for the other,
Despite their duties they must fulfill,
They promised to share the same sky,
At least once per year
Some say that they were never supposed to share the same sky
but,
When they do, The Sky Radiates Pure Magic
(E-C-L-I-P-S-E)

Darkness' Beauty

Gerard Buckley

Over the horizon, the orb of light sets and disappears,
Ebony begins its reign as an ivory eye rises to her place.
The land, enshrouded and enveloped in nature's nocturnal leers,

Becomes a haven to look upon darkness' beautiful face.
She glides over vales and temporal lands,
Enticing the weary to slumber under her shadowy veil.
Caressed in somberness, she stands
Staring at the horizon from her shaded trail.

Oh, alas, how I wish she could stay and entice
Me, this enchantress of the night!
But I yearn not to pay the price,
For she is untamable, this dark sprite.

The orb of light is returning and she must depart and melt away
once more,
But my beauty will return to me, this we swore.

Time Spent Looking Outward

Kelly Finn

How easily it blows in the breeze;
Its redness washes out in the light,
Speckling the entire room,
Illuminating shadows,
And creating them just the same
The lines streak a journey,
Maintaining themselves throughout the wrinkles.
Hanging from gold extended between two pillars.
Shielding natural forces,
But not as a guarantee,
Not impenetrable.
Constantly flowing into the room,
At thousands of varying angles
(some always outreaching others).
Sometimes, extracted, pulled back by the wind.
Other times, extended to the extreme,
Like God's outreaching hands
Unavoidable, impenetrable.

Untitled

Rachel Abarbanel

When you ask what's wrong.
You are the matter.
The black matter intertwining my cortex.
Spacing perfectly in sync with my thought.
Always being an essence – present but untraceable.
A molecular constellation of perfect circumstances.
Lining up my stars in a way that keeps me warm.
Because you're the center of gravity
Keep me steady
Piece me together
Be my undetected galaxy.

Fairies' Light

Jessica Nguyen

Sweet and gentle fairies dance by my slumbering head tonight
Their wings and gowns shine twice as bright
Bringing lilies and daisies in from the cold winter's air
In hopes that their beauty will make any young maiden fair
As the fairies come in, they twirl and quietly prance
To put all the little girls and everything in the room into a
peaceful trance

Beautiful Brokenness

Rutchelle Alexandre

I've come to the astonishing realization
of how fearfully wonderful broken things truly are
once something has become broken
often times it will never be fixed.
It is now shattered, tempered
cut deep through it's very fine skin.
It will never stand as tall as it once did
look the same, work the same, be the same.
But oh, how endearing it is to know
that broken things will eventually become whole.

A shattered window, dimmed lights
empty pupils gazing into empty faces.
Fear gripping any source of sanity left
scared things will eventually learn how to yell.
For now only a mere whisper comes out
through cracked lips that stop them.
They walk fast and always look back,
Anxiety grabbing, crawling up their skin.
But one day they will get the courage to roar
oh, one day a voice will come out
and they will finally be heard.

Fading into the background
meshing into the wallpaper.
A vast hole where their emotions once resided
no one ever notices them, they've adopted invisibility like a skill.

Loneliness invades their helpless little hearts

But little do they know their thoughts will make history.
For their lonely souls derive pure brilliance, raw art
from the ones who are alone.
People will be their fans one day, if only they knew
that one day they'll be fighting to get a moment's peace.

Baptized by pain in a world that
attempts to define your future by your circumstance.
We all know fear, loneliness, brokenness.
How it feels to drift into nothingness
drift into the burrows of our helpless thoughts.

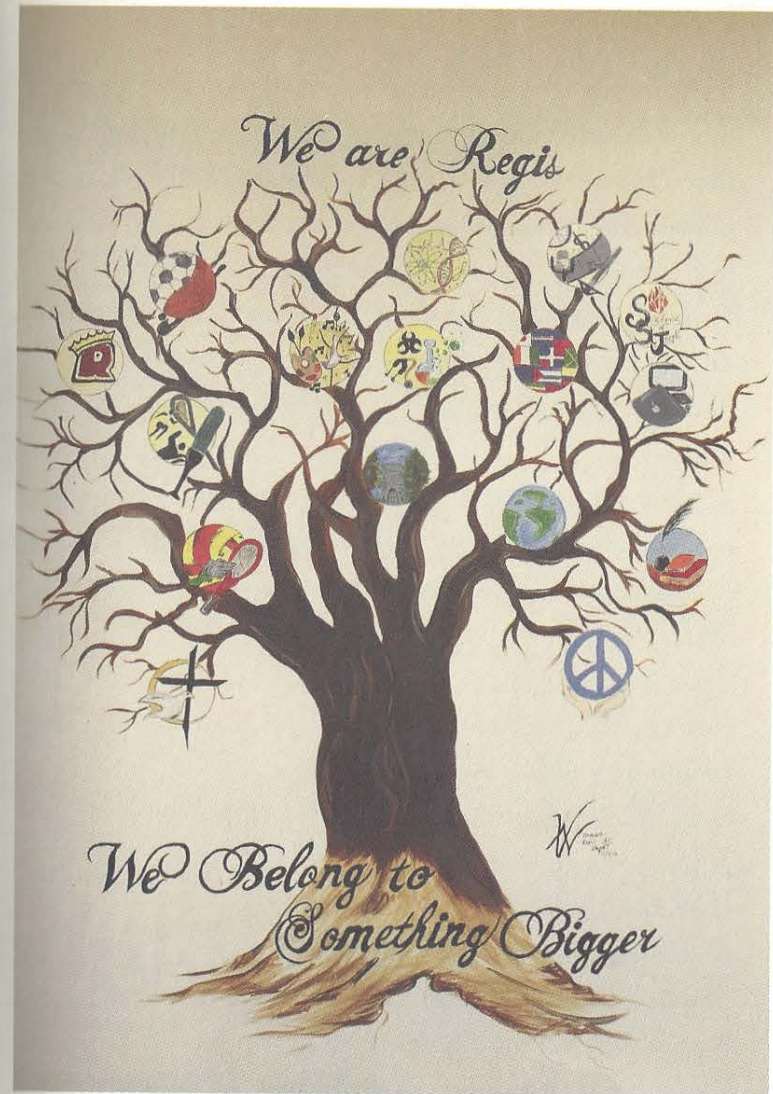
But broken things will be healed, made new
and transformed into powerful Olympians.
Scared things will find courage, the beat in their hearts
finally unleashing into a song of bravery.
Loners will become the earth's most valuable prizes
their thoughts will become treasures.
No matter what, lost things are just waiting to be
rediscovered, waiting to be saved.
They will roar, they will heal, they will stumble across hope
and they will be found.

A Valediction to Love Sustained

Kelly Finn

I know you have to go;
Life without you is going to be something entirely new for
sure—
and we have known each other so long...
Something special beyond words I cannot even explain.
Our love,
And my love for you,
That strong.
Makes me feel like an ocean.
Ever changing, vast, beautiful,
Boundless, effortless, constantly in motion,
Continuous, full of peace, and yet
Full of fright at the same time
Dangerous and yet protecting...
Standing on the shoreline, our love
Stretches out as far as the eye can see.
Shimmering under the skyline,
The ocean reflects different colors,
Different moods.
Sailors face tumultuous waves
just as they face tranquil skies.
The ocean and the sky blend as one —
a perpetual image.
There may be stormy skies,
powerful waves,
But they always turn into a pleasant tingling
of water at your feet.

The water retreats for a while.
But it comes back.
Having you in my life has been the best high tide possible.
You leaving will be low tide for a while.
And every time we meet,
the wave crashes the rock majestically;
the waters have awakened with love.
The first time I let myself go deep out in the ocean,
I was scared that I would get taken away by its vastness.
(and who can predict its vastness?)
I was right to fear this new thing,
this unexplainable force.
But I was more right to go in.
My ocean.
Going into the ocean
Feeling its waves, smelling its salts.
Nothing can replace that feeling.
You make me feel like an ocean.
Our love lets me tread deep water.



We are Regis. We Belong to Something Bigger

Vanessa Noesi

Without Regards of a Soul

Kelly Finn

Right in this very moment,
it is undeniably clear
that there is an end
to everything I hold dear.
Inextricable sea of complications,
Striking tirelessly at the shore;
Enter a hopeless labyrinth,
The pain I feel no more.
Time—
an endless whirlpool that only flows one way.
the unchangeable theory of the seconds wasted,
Times forgotten by something cruel.
War.
Every decision gone,
clothes that used to fit now loose,
friends now dead,
and I am dying now
grass on the ground no longer green;
it offers no warmth.
Memories of the past now unseen.
The hearts of loved ones escape my mind.
And as if by Supreme judgment I hear:
“No more shall wait for you in Heaven.
The clouds in the sky close for you alone.
Charon accepts no tainted coin.
To the death, you will live on forever.
Without regards of a soul.”

In Flight

Brittany Anne McLintock

On the ground, you feel so distant.
But as this plane rises and rises
I feel as though I get closer to you.
The plane, it breaches the barriers
Of the clouds between the earthly
Grounds and the skies above
I get closer to you
I can feel your closeness.
If only this plane could take me to you
I could reach out and take
Your rough hand in mine.
I would never want to let go
Or leave you in the heavens above.

For Nabokov

Jessica Nguyen

Poisoned with pining
Nabokov's beloved bled onto his manuscripts
His love for this woman
Became a part of him
Even though he married another woman
And had a son
All those years ago
He can still remember her
She still comes back to him
I can now understand
I can now shed a tear
I have been doing the same

A Silly Little Sonnet

Sam Kioussis

Though your mood can be far from cheery,
Around you I can't help but feel sunny and bright.
It's impossible to feel down and dreary
Speaking with you is such delight
No matter what happens we'll have fun
You lift up my spirits when I feel low.
Your jokes always have a terrible pun,
I appreciate the attempt, though.
You can be infuriating and know that well,
There are times when I don't know if you're joking.
Still, to you all secrets I would tell
Just stop with all the Facebook poking!
With you around I can't help but smile,
For you, I'd always run that extra mile.

Unfailing Love

Mishel Caisapanta

The moment we met, I did not expect to fall this way.
From one laugh to another you started to gain my heart.
Ignoring you was the worst part of my day,
And not being able to talk to you, I completely fell apart.
You wanted us to become one,
But I was in complete denial.
You clearly went for the long run.
Whereas my beliefs were on trial.
You surely believed we crossed paths for a reason,
We needed each other like the Rabbit needs his Trix.
Without you my life felt like a dry season.
You gained my love surely with your bag of tricks.
Now, I feel blessed that you came into my life,
That I can't wait for the day to become your wife.

Untitled

Jessica Simmon

His name was Rocky.
He was the best dog ever
So I got cocky,
I wish he could've stayed forever.
My love for him could not be surpassed.
Man's best friend it's true.
Even when I was an outcast,
He stayed with me through and through.
German Shepherd and wolf mix.
He would sit listening to my rants and cries.
All my sad feelings he could surely fix,
With just one look of his big brown eyes.
He was the highlight of my days,
Now his memory sets my sore heart ablaze.

A Mother's Love

Sinna Pho

On April 14, my son was born, it was love at first sight.
Seeing his precious face brought me happiness;
Every struggle has been worth the fight,
Both good and bad experiences brought greatness
He has made my life more meaningful,
There is nothing like a mother's love;
I am forever grateful.
Heaven has sent me a precious little boy from above.
His kindness and innocence brings me joy.
It does not take much to make him happy,
All he needs is a toy;
Even when he feels crappy
Mommy loves you more each day;
My love for you will never drift away

A Gift

Sarah Sedman

A gift,
From a child to whom I would give my life.
I watched her create it from thin air and rubber bands.
I watched her get frustrated.
I watched her focus.
Her knowledge shined through in something she cares about.
Her little fingers worked so hard,
For the chance that big sister might like it.
Black,
White,
Maroon.
It could have been any color.
She's made dozens of these after all.
But that doesn't matter,
Because she made it for me,
And I will always cherish it.

Fighter

Brittany Anne McLintock

You are ten years old and fighting for your life.
Battling a sickly disease you never wanted.
You put on a brave face, like a soldier for his family
When he is heading off to war.
But I feel your fears.
You are my hero, my sister.
I clean away the hair that lays on your pillow every
Morning so that you don't have to.
Even with all that is happening it is as if the words
Stage Four
mean nothing.
There was no waving that white flag.
It was clear through your hope, your love, and passion.
Hoping for the future that most expect to have without
Having to fight to keep it.
Your love for the world, your friends, and family.
Passion for the sport of gymnastics that not even an IV
In your arm could stop you from doing cartwheels
Down the halls of the hospital.
This is how you fought.
This is how you survived.

Windows to the Soul

Sarah Sedman

I can't keep the windows open.
They close by themselves.
I try to keep them busy,
But they are too weary
From the days before.
You would think,
That I could keep them open.
There's only two,
And they are fading
From overuse.
Yet still they try to close.
Even with my potions,
And props,
And instructions.
They still find no interest
In the life in front of them.

Happiness

(after Raymond Carver)*

Professor Lisella

Not awake yet
the folds of the covers
fall around your head.
Your face is large for your still-thin body.
You look like your father.
If I wake you I will hear
your voice quavering and comical.
You will wake happy, a new song for you
this year. Though up and down
you will deny it with the litany:
school school school
and yet, you sleep well
and rise well, too.
I lift the edge of the cover
let the morning air tangle with you.

*written in response to an exercise with my EN210 Poetry Workshop, Spring 2014 modeled on a Raymond Carver poem, "Happiness", to match a "large" title with a specific and small moment.

Nonfiction

Dreaming of Dancing

Sara Weaver

I step onto the studio floor and look into the bright lights. I feel intimidated by the openness of the room and the wall-to-wall mirrors surrounding me. Looking around the room, I watch all of the other girls socializing together. A wave of loneliness comes over me, and I wish for just one familiar face to appear. I tug at my clothes, a light pink leotard with matching tights, and try to seem relaxed. My hands start to sweat; I wipe them discreetly on my tights. The stretchy material slides smoothly back into place. My teacher tells everyone to take their positions at the barre. I grip it tightly, feeling the solid and smooth wood in my hand. I take a deep breath and follow my teacher's fluid movements.

Although this isn't my first ballet class, this is my first class that isn't for beginners. I am afraid that my teacher, Carrie, will pull me aside and tell me that I am not good enough, that I don't have what it takes. However, my fear is irrational since my previous dance teacher told me I was incredibly graceful. With every step, every move I make, I remind myself what it means to be here.

When I was a little girl, my mom took me to watch a ballet performance called *Madame Butterfly*. I was instantly hooked. I watched the entire show without fidgeting. As I approached elementary school, I had my heart set on being a ballerina when I grew up. Sometimes, I would have dreams of flying across the stage or performing for the president or another government official. I would imagine that I was famous and was receiving an award for best performance. But I knew that my big dreams would have to start small before I reached the top spot.

Dreaming of becoming famous was not my only motive for dancing; I was trying to find something that I would be exceptional at. Since I was still young, I hadn't discovered any hidden talents, and I was eager to try

something new. I was hoping to find something that I would be remembered for, something that made me unique. Ballet seemed like a pretty good choice to me. With my mom's support, I signed up for dance class in Bedford, my hometown, and started learning the basics. The classes met on Tuesdays and Thursdays and were a mix of ballet and tap. I was never good at tap because the tempo was much faster than ballet. I always preferred the slow, agile movements of ballet to the swift steps of tap. Also, being very uncoordinated, I was afraid of falling in front of everyone else or injuring myself.

"Arabesque, drop to fourth position, prepare, and pirouette," Carrie says as she demonstrates each move perfectly. I stare for a moment, perplexed, and try to memorize her movements. Can I do that with my body, too? Pirouette? Arabesque? *Sous sous*? My mind immediately starts to panic. Standing in the middle of the room with all the other girls, I feel vulnerable and open. Starting with the arabesque, I hesitantly extend my leg behind me and raise it a bit off the ground like Carrie had demonstrated. I raise my arms into fourth position, and try to focus on the wall in front of me to keep my balance. "Lift your leg higher and drop your hip, Sara," Carrie says as she positions my leg to the same level as my hip. I grit my teeth and struggle to keep my leg up. As soon as Carrie gives us the okay to rest, I drop my leg and return to a more comfortable position.

Before we can move onto pirouettes, Carrie teaches us how to "spot" when we do turns, by finding a focal point on the wall and whipping our heads back around to that spot. I turn several times, but my focal point fails me every time. The room starts spinning and I have to stop and steady myself. I look around to make sure I don't bump into anyone else while I take a break. Carrie moves down the line of turning girls, helping everyone with spotting. She stands in front of me and holds my head in place. As my body turns to the left, Carrie releases my head and I spin around completely before coming to a stop directly in front of my focal point. Her method seems to work well, but as soon as she is gone I nearly stumble

into another girl. I smile apologetically and slide back over to my space. After a couple more tries and one crash into the girl next to me, Carrie finally announces the end of class. I breathe a sigh of relief and try to steady my spinning head before exiting the dance studio.

Unfortunately, my dancing days ended when I reached high school, much to my disappointment, because I had to focus on my schoolwork and focus on something much larger looming in my future: College. Despite the fact that it takes a lot of time, practice, and patience, there are still moments when I remember what it was like to feel the slow rhythm in every move. Even now, eight years later, I sometimes take a moment to remember what it was like to spin under the spotlight.

Awakening

Tory E. Govan

As the scent of burning cedar and sage flows into my nostrils, an immediate wave of tranquility streams through my body. Although this is my first encounter with the Mashpee Wampanoag Reservation, I feel an instant connection to this land. From the crushed seashells hidden in the ground to the colossal long house inching out from the woods, the site quickly becomes a part of me.

Named Sun Serez by my Wampanoag grandmother and raised in the city, I would never have been fully exposed to the culture, language, and history of the Wampanoag tribe if I had not gone to visit and camp at the Mashpee Wampanoag Reservation and hear the tales of my ancestry. I gained so many treasured memories from my first trip to the lands. Ironically, as a young adolescent, my initial thoughts were, "We drove all the way here just to go camping? There had to be somewhere closer than this!" Little did I know that the true meaning of this close, but seemingly distant land would have such a powerful effect on me.

Walking on the reservation, seeing all that remains of my tribal lands, left a bittersweet taste in my mouth. Although it is sad to recognize how much was taken from us, it is extraordinary to glimpse at how my ancestors lived. Growing up, I listened to my grandmother's stories about my ancestors, how they used to make their own tribal dresses and use every part of the animals they killed, as a sign of respect. I couldn't relate; I could only imagine. I thought of the beauty of the traditional ceremonies, the sounds of the handmade jingles from the dancers' dresses. I imagined what my life would have been like if I were alive before the European conquests. When I walked on the lands, I felt magical. I imagined what a native coming-of-age ceremony and wedding would have been

like on these very same grounds. I pictured myself adorned in beads, feathers, hand-woven cloths, and thick bear skins. I could almost feel the eagle feathers in my hair, fish bones and beads around my neck and ankles. I felt the peace and spirit of all living creatures native to this land flowing through me.

Once the activities started, for the first time, I actually began to feel like I was a true Native American, not just a dreamer. From the traditional clam digging to making beaded jewelry and moccasins, an immense transformation was happening within me. One activity that I particularly enjoyed was laying by the roaring fire, feeling the heat waves rush upon my face, the warmth of pure relaxation as I slowly exhaled. The soft beat of the drums began, starting off slow and steady then increasing in volume and tempo just as the singer's pitch rose. I carefully listened to the forgotten language as it flowed out of his mouth so smoothly, appreciating him for introducing this traditional song to me but secretly envious at the same time. Envyng him because I did not know any songs of my tribe or even the language. Language, something so sacred and diverse in each ethnicity, something that Native American people were once forbidden to speak, something that I wish I spoke fluently more than anything.

Unfortunately, the reservation and the language is not as pristine as it was in earlier centuries, but our people have done so much to preserve what they could, and I could still feel a strong connection to the history in the singer's voice. I came to the reservation not realizing the powerful impact it would have on me. I walked away with a feeling of admiration and something more genuine than I ever imagined. It wasn't anything that could be picked from a tree or taken off a store shelf, but something that could only be found internally - a sense of belonging. By learning about and experiencing some of the ways my ancestors lived, I feel like I am finally part of something bigger than myself. I am Sun Serez, and I am a part of a tribe.

Blank Canvas

Hayley Domin

I pull open the silk curtain slowly. It is just 1:00am, and as I peer outside into the stillness of the night, I am comforted by the swaying trees and whistling wind. I glance at the moon one last time, climb back into bed, and begin to recite in my mind why I write.

I write to escape my problems, to create color in a world that often appears black and white, to face my fears, to write myself out of my darkest of nightmares and into my wildest of dreams. I write to translate. I write to remember the thoughts lost in the ocean of my mind. I write because the words do not judge. I write to tell the page my secrets, create a dialogue, honor beauty unseen.

Writing is the way I take long walks on the beach, the way I respond to the voices screaming inside my head. Writing is a form of expression, a choice. I choose to isolate myself and sit against the tall trees towering above me, run my hands through the cool bedding of grass, looking for small flowers. Writing is how I search for small flowers. Writing is how I create my own fairytales, my own movie script. Writing is endless. Writing can take the most quotidian object and transform it into the extraordinary. Writing reveals a world of fairies and elves, harmonious birds morphing into cunning witches on brooms, diminutive army ants preparing for battle. Writing turns narrow pavement into trails leading to the unknown.

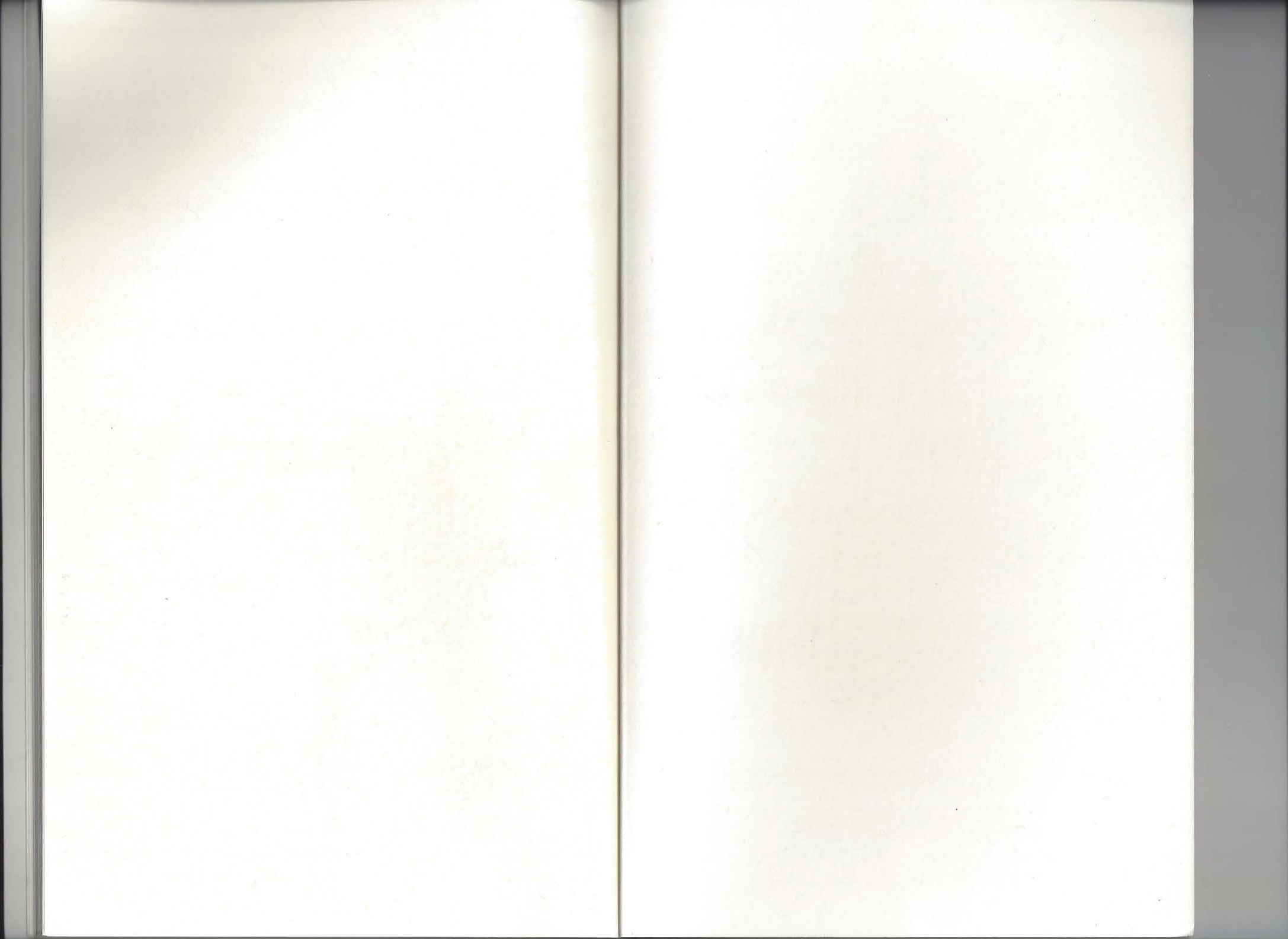
I write and write until my mind is filled with doubt. I question the nonsense scattered across the page, the meaninglessness of my words, and the madness of my thoughts. Then I realize I write to free myself. I write to

become the person I want to be, the person I can create. The bright images in my mind merge with the shadows, melt together and form one. At first, the shapes seem lifeless and alone. But then there is a glimmer of hope as my pen touches the sheet, and once again I am back to the beginning, back to the first page of my story.

Colophon

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