

# The Messenger

---

Volume 2008  
Issue 2 *The Messenger*, Fall 2008


Article 31

---

Fall 2008

## The Messenger, Fall 2008

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Fine Arts Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

(2008) "The Messenger, Fall 2008," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2008 : Iss. 2 , Article 31.  
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2008/iss2/31>

This Complete Issue is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact [scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu](mailto:scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu).

M

20  
200

T

200 FT  
61 M

1

20  
100

H E

100 FT  
30.5 M

2

20  
70

M E S S

70 FT  
21.0 M

3

20  
50

E N G E R

50 FT  
15.2 M

4



20  
40

40 FT  
12.2 M

5

THE MESSENGER

30 FT  
7.62 M

6

20  
30

fall 2008

20 FT  
6.10 M

7

20  
20



15 FT  
4.57 M

8

20  
16

13 FT  
3.95 M

9

20  
13

10 FT  
0.05

10

20  
10

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Slippery Times	i
<u>20</u> 100	Storm's a Comin by Ivori Zvorsky	1
	Delphinium by Emily Smith	2
	Time Capsule Home by Grace Leonard	3
<u>20</u> 70	Bystander Apathy by Kennedy Garber	4
	Headline News by Victor J. Wasserman	5
		6
<u>20</u> 50		7
	abandoned truck by Katie Fishman	8
<u>20</u> 40	sex, drugs and rock & roll by Ivori Zvorsky	8
	thirst for truth by Anna Dounce	9
<u>20</u> 30	World War Three by Anna Dounce	9
<u>20</u> 20	words of Jesus by Anna Dounce	9
<u>20</u> 16	Intuition by Jonathan Wilson	10
<u>20</u> 13	Gone to Carolina in my mind (and body)... by Anna Dounce	11
<u>20</u> 10		

---

**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

Siglo de Oro by Erin Morgan	12	
3. by Catherine Matthews	12	<u>100 FT</u> 30.5 M
Untitled by Liz McAvoy	13	
Untitled by Liz McAvoy	13	<u>70 FT</u> 21.0 M
Barrio de Santa Cruz by Erin Morgan	14	
Cabras de Carmona by Erin Morgan	15	
Tu Fu to Li Po by Schuyler Swartout	16	<u>50 FT</u> 15.2 M
An Apology by Lucy Hester	17	
dead city burning by Ivori Zvorsky	18	<u>40 FT</u> 12.2 M
Alpine Grandeur (Interlaken, Switzerland) by Andrew Pasiuk	18	<u>30 FT</u> 7.62 M
creation vs. destruction by Irena Stanisic	19	<u>20 FT</u> 6.10 M
Bookends by Dawn Hackett	21	<u>15 FT</u> 4.57 M
Carnival by Katie Fishman	22	<u>13 FT</u> 3.95 M
Hunting Arrowheads by Lucy Hester	23	<u>10 FT</u> 0.05

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Autobiography by Katie Der	24
<u>20</u> 100	Stormy Battle by Grace Leonard	25
	Punto di Vista by Jacquelyn DeWolfe	26
<u>20</u> 70	Untitled by Katie Fishman	27
	Wholeness by Lucy Hester	28
<u>20</u> 50	Grateful Sleep by Ivori Zvorsky	29
	Translation by Emily Smith	30
<u>20</u> 40		
<u>20</u> 30		
<u>20</u> 20		
<u>20</u> 16		
<u>20</u> 13		
<u>20</u> 10		

---

The Messenger is the University of Richmond's  
Literary & Arts Magazine

<http://www.student.richmond.edu/~messenger>  
[messenger@richmond.edu](mailto:messenger@richmond.edu)

Printed by Colonial Printing of Richmond, Virginia  
Fall 2008

**SLIPPERY TIMES | FROM THE MARCH 1876 EDITION OF MONTHLY  
MUSINGS (VOL. 1, NO. 3) BY MARCUS**

It was a cold, rainy, sleety day. My wife had been quarreling with me all the morning for being so lazy. She had just said these words: "I like to see one move quickly and promptly," when she stepped out of the back door. As the door closed, I heard a slight scream and a succession of reverberating sounds. After a little, my wife came in looking somewhat flustered. I ventured to suggest that there was such a thing as being too "quick and prompt" and that it was rather an unceremonious way to go down the steps. Falling down ten steps had not improved her temper, and she made it so warm for me that I soon had to leave. Walking down the street, I came up behind two men whom I judged from their talk to be lawyers, and who were picking their way carefully along. They talked of deeds, decrees, writs, and a great many other things. All at once, suddenly, forthwith, and a good deal faster, one of them came down. His legs assumed the position of a circus-rider's when he rides six horses at once. As I walked past him he was moving for a new trial. I then overtook a pea-nut and apple-man; he was thinking of the probability of the stock in his hand going up during the bad weather. But, O! "This world is but a fleeting show for man's delusion given." His feet went up and his apples went down, and his basket, as well as his calculations, was upset. Two College Boys were walking along in front of me. One of them was talking of his hopes and plans for the future. Said he, with an energy that would have done credit to the heroes of history: "I intend to make my way through this world." Down he came in the shape of a capital Y. I told him that if he intended to do it that way he would have to come down harder than that, and I also advised him to select some other point for the place of his departure, for if he went through there, he would come out either in China or the ocean. He suggested the propriety of my proceeding to a place where there was no sleet. I had serious objection to such a sudden change of climate, and so declined his proposition.

But the sadest part of my story is yet to come. I had not gone far when I saw a lady, a pretty young lady, tripping along gaily and cheerfully. And now language fails me. Let it suffice for me to say that she came down silently but quickly. I ran to her assistance, and told her that in this cold, deceiving, slippery world she would better get somebody to lean on. I did not stop to hear her reply; but if I had had no previous engagements, I should have offered my services, if she wished to take my advice.

The accidents set me to moralizing. Ice is a great leveler, equal to Old Father Time himself. Water seeks its level, but frozen water seeks to bring everything else to that level. High and low, rich and poor, prince and beggar, the belle and the street-sweep are all brought, on a sleety day, to the same level. What a forcible lesson should this teach us! How easy it is to ----. I did not finish my thought, for the presence of the seven stars and several other constellations in the heavens, occasioned by the sudden contact of my head with the paving-stones, interrupted me. I got up and went into the middle of the street for fear of another accident.

**E**



THE MESSENGER WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1876. IT WAS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED AS MONTHLY MUSINGS, A LITERARY JOURNAL PRODUCED BY RICHMOND COLLEGE THAT ALSO FEATURED ADVERTISEMENTS AND NEWS OF INTEREST TO THE CAMPUS. THREE VOLUMES LATER, IN 1878, MONTHLY MUSINGS WAS RENAMED THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER, A TITLE THAT IT RETAINED UNTIL THE 1930S. AT THAT TIME, THE RICHMOND AND WESTHAMPTON COLLEGES' RESPECTIVE EDITORIAL STAFFS INTEGRATED, AND THE MAGAZINE BECAME SIMPLY THE MESSENGER.



## STORM'S A COMIN

IVORI ZVORSKY

DELPHINIUM  
E  
M  
I  
L  
Y  
S  
M  
I  
T  
H

In the doorway you—I wonder  
How much voltage filled  
Your bones, compacted nuclear  
Fallout pressed so careful to a needy tongue and

Borrowed gila monster eyes, unwilling  
Pitted olives on a plate and mine—

Pale quarters float impossibly  
In cream,

Impaired,  
your pairs of exhales inhales  
Wander round a sluggish ribcage dancehall where by now  
Sad lymphocyte janitors putter pink-grey  
Floors; console  
The salmon walls.

Already the night has gone down.

What  
I must look  
Like to you, boy King boy Sultan this  
Stop on the silk road, this ruby gold dust plum  
Child tundra goddess all in white her  
Acid sapphire petals bloom and spill until  
Plunged merry fingers into paint cans  
Pot pans pigment like percussion on the  
walls like bells that topple in  
Your carnival brain your  
Friday skin I see,

I see.

It must be marvelous

Behind the pockmarked  
Grayscale  
Of that face.

So go now  
Into solid pillows cotton  
Flatness dump the tie dye choose  
Expanses plain enough to hold  
Your saturated existence,  
Dark radiation fortress,

And save the patterned  
Sheets for nighttimes  
when  
you'll trip  
alone.

I'm sure the neighbors wonder  
About this house  
That is simply that now—  
A house, not a home.  
A car pulling in  
Is foreign to this driveway  
So long absent of mailmen and friendly visitors.  
But we pull in to check on the place  
As one would an invalid or ill friend.  
This structure, so long deprived of the human element  
Is more like a memory that can't really be lived in anymore.  
Opening the front door  
Is like flinging open a photo album  
Decades old, faded and well used.  
Reeks of the will to hang onto the past  
And losing the battle.  
Dank basement, old sweater, mothball closet smells  
Mingle, cling to everything.  
Years have peeled away  
Since this couch was bought,  
These pictures were taken,  
Those dresses were worn.  
In this quiet vault  
With doors locked and curtains shut,  
Like it or not  
Passing hours have aged this space  
Mildew and tumbling bricks  
And dust and faded shades  
Are akin to  
Age spots and wrinkles  
And balding and rickety joints.  
There is a determined loyalty  
In the delicate perfume bottles  
And the four-poster bed  
Like a dog that only has eyes for one master.  
In a new home they would blend  
Adjust to the morning light  
And the hum of activity—  
But these collected fragments of a life  
Have never been allowed to move on.  
We lock the front door,  
Close the book.  
We drive away  
But leave this time machine  
Frozen here, gently stifled, stored away  
For when we want  
To step into this passed generation again.  
But time loosens all grips,  
The pristine in-the-moment nature of things  
Falls through our fingers  
As we scramble to recall before  
The edges blur and lose detail.  
We desperately cling  
To what is left,  
Though a constant forward motion  
Fades more than memories.

T  
I  
M  
E  
G  
C  
R  
A  
P  
S  
E  
L  
L  
E  
H  
O  
N  
O  
R  
E  
A  
R  
D  
D

Time erases the moment  
Clock is the instrument  
And he is a watcher

Half-heartedly peering  
Out the window

Will he go?  
Will he go?

No.

No more smiles  
Left for this child

Eyes are brown  
Dark, dark brown

Why the frown?  
Such a beautiful smile

Wasted and down  
Eyes flinch under a bothering sun

Heart racing  
Mind spacing

Back into bed

The time was now  
The time was now

Dried up tears  
Gift wrapped in fear

Nothing but a number  
11 it was

Just above the eyebrow

Get out of bed  
Leave this town

He doesn't know how  
He doesn't know how

**BYSTANDER APATHY**

**KENNEDY GARBER**

## HEADLINE NEWS

VICTOR J. WASSERMAN

**T**he door beeps. They used to cling, or clang, once upon a time, but now they beep, and they give old ladies heart attacks.

We are sitting in the corner booth: room to seat five, sufficient leg room for two, and Jeanine is a kicker. The restaurant isn't crowded, but we're still waiting on an order we placed twenty minutes ago. I guess there is a reason it isn't called fast food, in any case mid-century-themed diners are no longer my forte. If we had gone to the Mediterranean place, like I'd said, we'd be stuffing our faces by now and complaining to each other how we really shouldn't be eating so many carbohydrates -- they simply aren't in our diet. But no, we're here, waiting on an eighteen-year-old in roller-skates, waiting to stuff our faces, waiting to complain about how French fries aren't in our diets either, because there simply isn't room in my closet for the clothes I could wear when I was in my teens and the clothes I can wear now. One of them has to go, and I'll be damned if I'm going to be seen throwing away tube tops and tank tops and short-shorts and pink skorts in a gray sweatsuit.

I kick Jeanine. "From now on, I'm going to do it back to you every time you kick me!" She scoots away; I'm irritable when I'm hungry. The roller waitress does a one-eighty as she moves to greet the people that just came in; she thinks she's so cute just because she can make her skirt fly out like a figure skater, I'm going to trip her when she passes by again without our food. The new people are interesting. I was making snide comments about "the Heavy-Weight Champion of the World" as I had come to call him. He had come in with "Bride of the Champ" and "Champ Jr.," masters of their division all, but the head of the family had enough body for the rest of this chronologically displaced delicatessen, and so the full weight of my hunger-driven fury fell upon his overburdened brow. He had already stuffed his face with a pleasant cornucopia of deep-fried, extra-rare, well-done, heavily-salted, heavily-battered, deep-dish heart attacks and I could see from his nonchalant gestures that he was gearing up for more. Then he pointed to a picture on the menu as the waitress goes by, a chocolate éclair. I double-checked my menu -- why on earth would a fifty's restaurant serve a French desert? Did it matter? No, not really. The Champion was about to buy himself a trip home in a hearse. I could imagine the headlines, MAN EATS HIMSELF STUPID, CONFIDES TO WIFE ON DEATH BED: "IT WAS THE THIRD COURSE THAT DID IT." It is so fun to dream. In any case, these new people were more interesting.

Tall, Caucasian, snappy dresser: he was cute, but he was insecure. I could see from his face that he was having second thoughts about something. He kept talking to the waitress as she was leading them to be seated, gesturing towards his companion, an elderly woman, the whole way. I suspect that he wanted to be in a quiet space, but I couldn't hear; the jukebox was loud. She put them right in the center; that twit, I'm going to break her face. She leaves them with two menus and glides past our table as I withdraw my foot; I chicken out.

Unlike the guy, the woman seems quite excited to be out. The noise of jukebox, the chatter of people, a blast from the past for her, she must have been sixty. Being in this place, it must be like being sixteen again. I'm close enough to hear her wonderment, "What a hip joint, this is so much better than Monty's on fourth." Note to self: avoid Monty's on fourth. If this is better, I don't want to see worse. "Don't you think, Roger?"

The younger guy is half-listening, he's looking around behind him, distracted or distraught, I've never figured out the difference. "Ya, mom, much better. Did you have a nice

day?" So he's her son, could of figured that, but there are some people out there. She takes a while in answering, she's slow to get to the point, and, in all honesty, I can't really hear what she's saying; some argument is getting started in the kitchen and it's drifting into the dining room. "Mom, what's the—," I lose his voice in the deeper voice of a disgruntled cook. Damn it, no wonder my food isn't here yet. I want to eat my belt loops, I don't have a belt, figured I wouldn't need one since I would be getting bloated on fried food tonight. The irony does not fill my belly.

"Nine fifty-seven," she says. That's the time? Really? I check my cell, more like seven thirty— Grr! I want food! The chef and the cook are going all-out now. New headline: SPATULA WARS! Do they even do exclamation marks in newspapers? Jeanine would know this, but she's gone over there to complain about how long the food is taking. I know what the papers would call her: COLLATERAL DAMAGE.

The guy has seemed to have calm down, the one with the old lady, not the apron, but I prefer to focus on more pleasant things. He's stopped fidgeting, Roger has; that's his name, isn't it? He's holding his mother's hand and describing the restaurant to her, she must be losing her eyesight. She seems to like the music box in the corner a lot. It's bright and flashes every once in a while, and in her haze it must seem like an amusement park. He seems very sweet. They begin to look over their menus and she suddenly becomes agitated. What's with this family? "Mom, it's ok. I can pay."

"This is ridiculous, Roger, twelve ninety-five? It's too much! For a hamburger? Lets go to Monty's. Come on." She goes to move, but he stops her. A calming touch of some kind. Sweet guy, but too much baggage. Probably lives with his mom, too. That kind of calming skill doesn't come from just visiting. Oh well.

Damn it! She noticed me staring. Look away, look away! Where's Jeanine? She was supposed to be my cover. She's shouting at the chef right along with the cook. We're going to get thrown out at this rate. I am not going home with just a Diet Pepsi in my stomach. I can hear her whispering to her son as I sip at my loudly sputtering straw, sucking up those last few drops of cola-flavored melted ice. "There's a girl staring at us, Roger. I think she likes you. How do you like that? Who does she think she is? Eyeing my Roger up and down like that."

I don't have to look: I can feel his embarrassment, poor guy. He'll never get a girl at this rate. Overprotective-mother syndrome. They wouldn't make a headline for that, not really big news. Not like an overweight man having a coronary or a brawl at a cliché diner, no, not news worthy at all. I leave them to their dinner when it comes, and quit my eavesdropping all together for the night. They finish rather quickly, have another scoff about paying (I wasn't eavesdropping, she made quite a commotion. Deaf people noticed), he flashes a credit card at the register (the card says Michael Dayton. Roommate? Dad? Either way, someone lied about paying) and they scoot to the door. He flashes a quick look in my direction and our eyes meet for a second. Poor guy, if he had come in alone I would have given him my number. Such is life. Which I won't be living much longer if I don't get my blasted food! Stupid diet. I can't even remember what we ordered.

Did we order?

It's a warm night and Mom doesn't need a coat, but I want her to wear it. She's been getting weaker lately. We get home around nine and I hurry to her side to help her out. She doesn't know her own strength tonight, and she keeps trying to do things faster than she's done them in years. Oh, to be young again. Perhaps it isn't all that bad then, if you can at least feel young in your mind. There is a patrol car parked in front of the apartments. When we get to ours, I find the driver. He's a big fellow, shorter than me, but not by enough to make him feel small. I'm eye-level with that trademark hat that police wear, three points and a badge staring me straight in the nose; I'm glad he's on my side.

"May I ask your business here, sir?" he calls to us as we approach. I explain that we are in front of my home. He asks for my ID and then hands it back. "Mr. Dayton, one of your neighbors reported your door as being open. The call was placed at about seven thirty this evening. Now I've checked out your residence and there doesn't appear to have been any forced invasion, but you may want to check for anything that might be missing." I pause for a moment; Mom was the last one out tonight. She probably forgot to shut it. I explain this to the officer. He peers over my shoulder at Mom. He tries to flash a light over her but I stop him.

"She's sensitive." He looks at me for a moment, squints at her hiding in the shadows, and then turns his attention back to me. I ask Mom to wait outside for a minute while we look around. I can see she feels unappreciated, being forced to wait outside while the men go in. She forgets herself like that, and just feels indignant more and more often. It's becoming more difficult everyday.

I don't see anything missing, so I thank the cop and he departs. I bring Mom in and sit her down on the couch. I check the messages and while they're rolling I go to make her some tea. "Will you see if Doctor Limos called?" I ask her as the tea comes to a boil. The whistle blows, I pour some for myself, and drop a few cubes of ice in hers. I set them on the coffee table before her on the couch as she sits lost in thought. "Did Doctor Limos call, Mom?"

"What, Roger?" I give a big sigh, and squat down between her and the table. I put my hands on her knees to give support to her and balance to myself. I look her in the eye. "I'm Michael, Mom. Mike. Remember? Its not nineteen fifty-seven. Dad is not here. Call me Mike, Mom. Please."

She brushes the hair over my ear behind it. She tries to speak a few times and nothing comes out. Finally, "Rog— Michael. My little Michael. That's my son's name, you know? He's such a sweet boy." I drop my head.

"Ya, Mom, I know. How old is he?"

"Sixteen. He's taking a girl out tonight."

"Is he? Good for him, Mom. Did Doctor Limos call?"

"Who?"

"No one, Mom. Drink up, before it gets cold."

Ξ



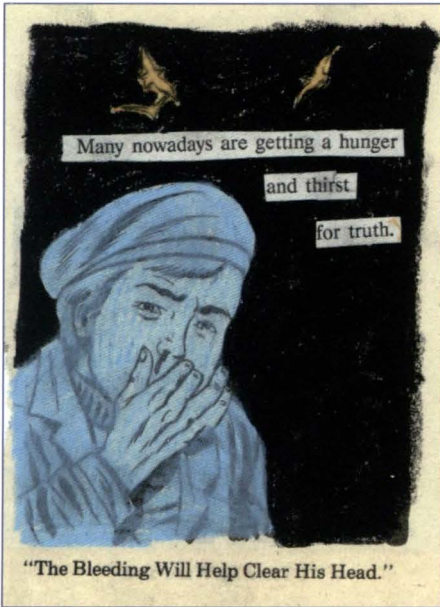


abandoned truck  
KATIE FISHMAN

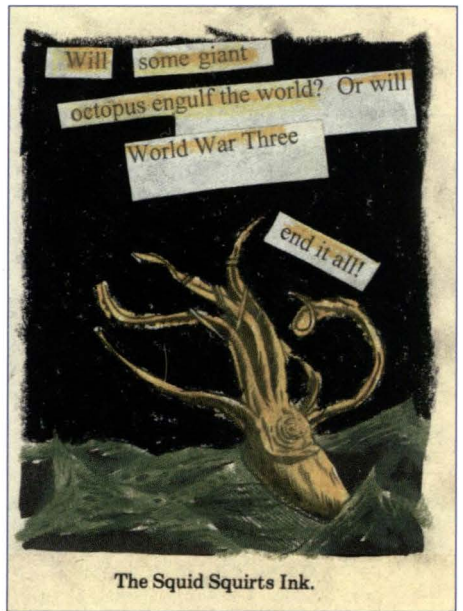


sex, drugs and rock & roll  
IVORI ZVORSKY





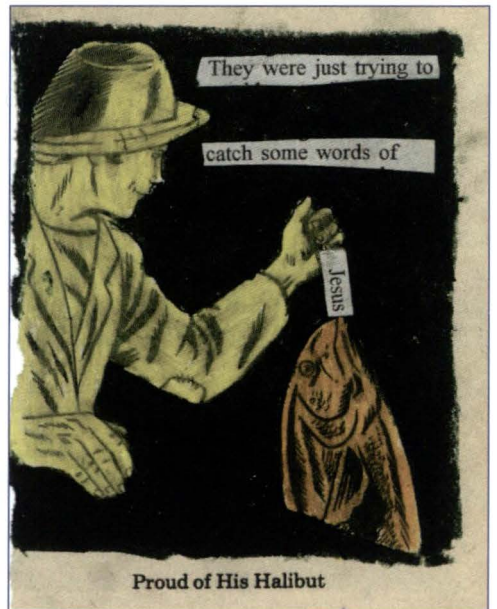
THIRST FOR TRUTH



WORLD WAR THREE

A  
S

A  
N  
N  
A  
  
D  
O  
U  
N  
C  
E

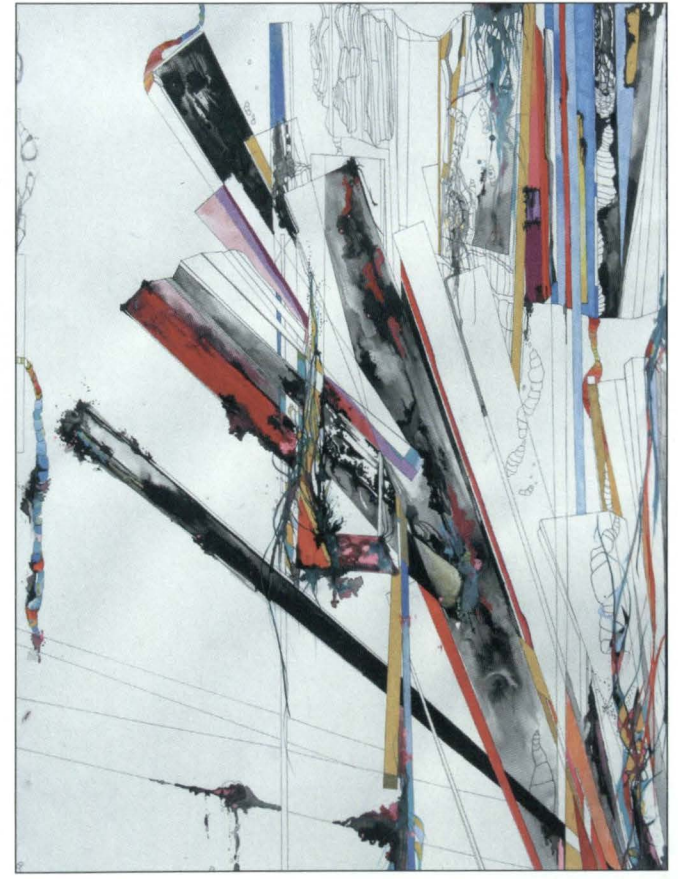
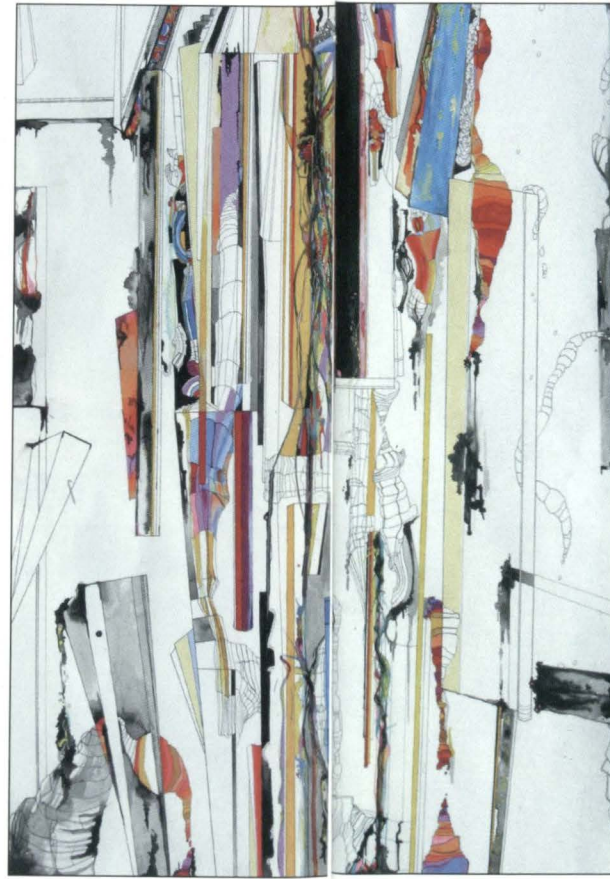


WORDS OF JESUS

## INTUITION

JONATHAN WILSON

The true scholar intuitively cocks his head  
to pause and assert admiration of perplexity.  
The essence of word obliges him to meditate and  
speak intimately with his soul.  
He liberates language and  
uncoils the manuscript.  
The power of sound leaps off the page and  
entangles his mind in unfamiliar land.  
He memorizes to recite,  
crafting his own verse.  
Articulation blends into performance  
with pure proficiency.  
Through each recital, messages  
sprout like a bud in the core of spring.  
Soon he slips into a trance as  
utter calmness triggers the oneness of glorification.  
A refreshed mind drifts into manifestation  
stimulating a vibration of the universe.

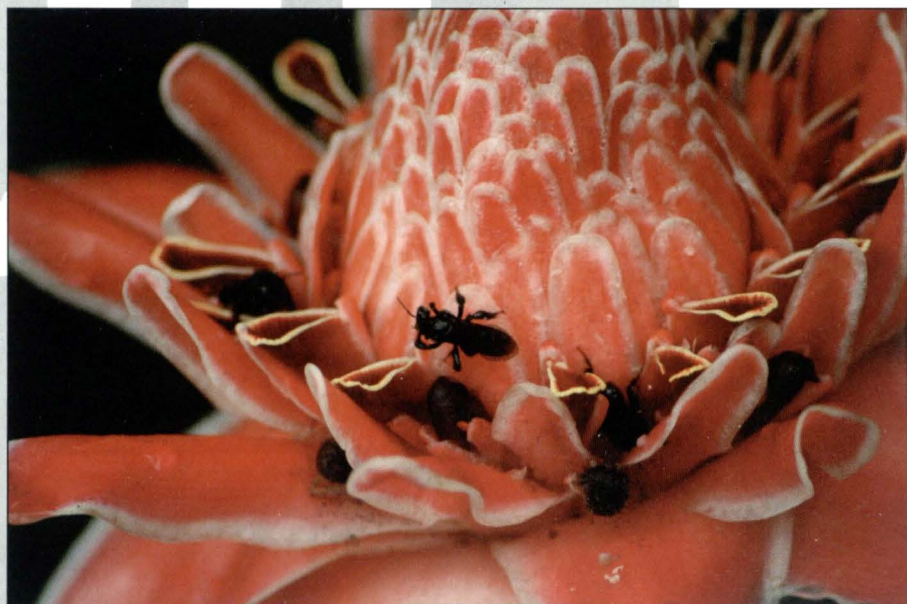


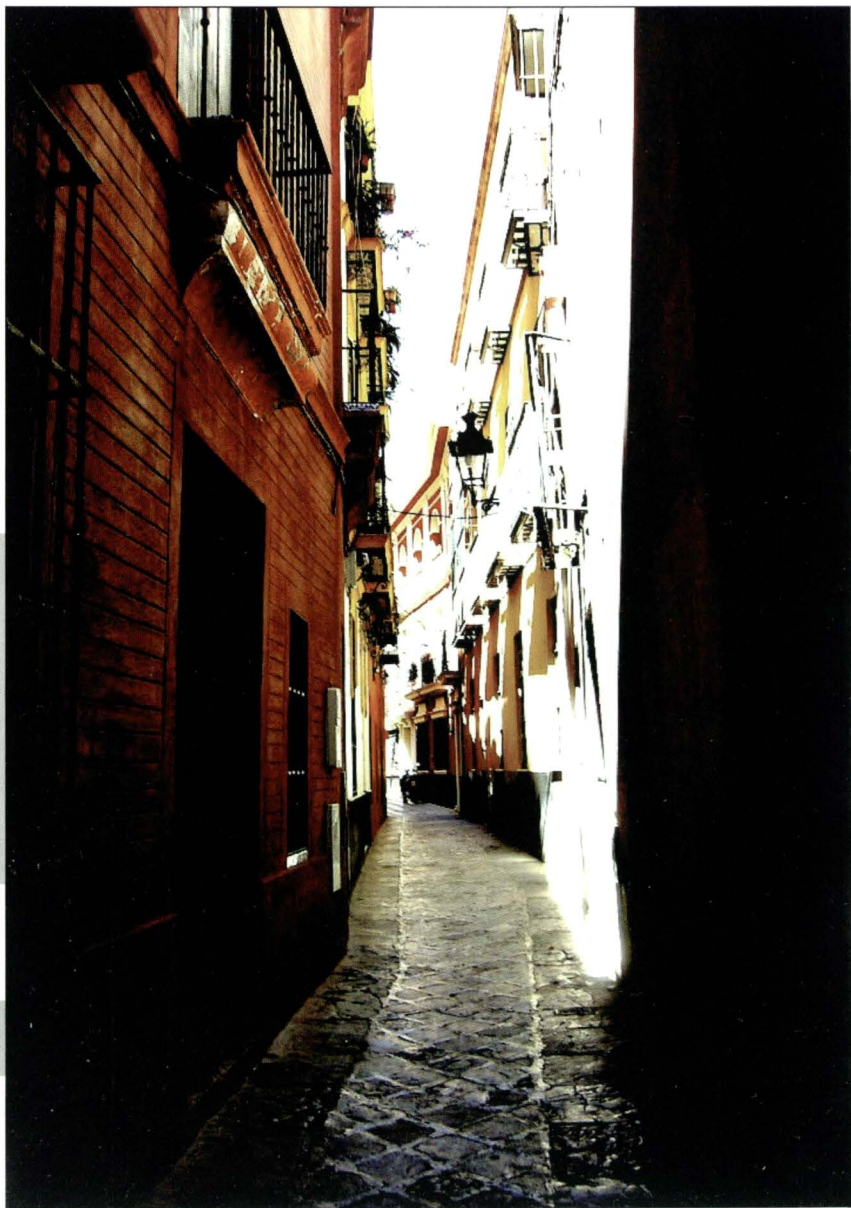
**CREATION VS. DESTRUCTION**

IRENA STANISIC



LIZ MCAVOY





Barrio de Santa Cruz

ERIN MORGAN



Cabras de Carmona

ERIN MORGAN

ca

## TU FU TO LI PO

SCHUYLER SWARTOUT

I am sick of your poems. I am sick of your moon and your shadow and your quiet nights on the river. I have tired of your privileged melancholy and drunken song. No wine comforts me. Three nights ago I began to wander again, not to seek the earth's mysteries, but in flight. Rebels had gathered in the square again. As I climbed the mountains to the north, I saw my thatched hut burning. My home, where the autumn winds had gently bumped juniper branches into my walls only days ago. My best calligraphy brushes, my one silk robe. My ease with life. I have had to cross the mountains like a grumpy ox.

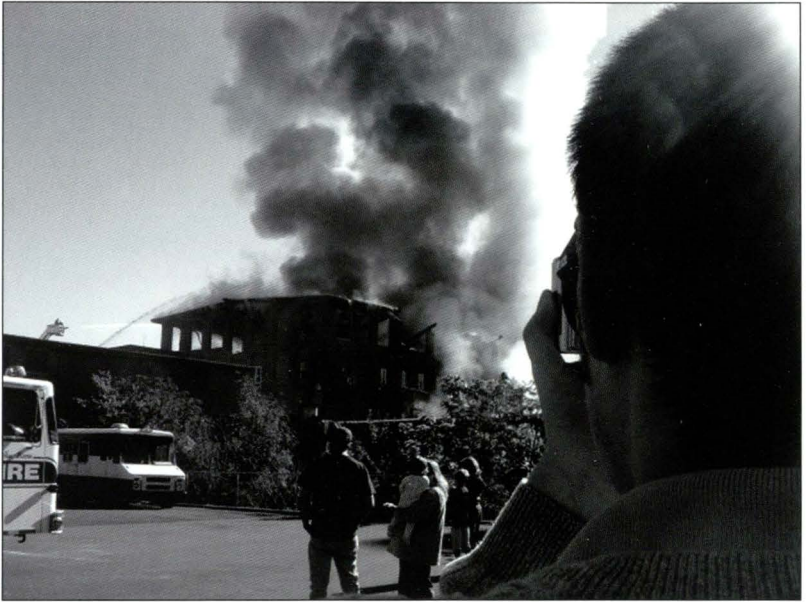
Two days walked past me on the trails. Near one peak, I found a hardened traveler who warned me that the village ahead had been deserted due to famine. I have seen such villages before: the homes of rats and cockroaches. I imagine you have seen these villages too, mentioned them in your poetry, those peaceful places where you sip your wine. I asked you once how you spent your time, and you replied, "I nestle against a tree trunk and listen to autumn winds in the pines all night and day." And now I too sit against an old, grizzled pine, a vagrant with damp clothes, no money and no home to return to. The wind just sounds frozen. I look at mountain stones around me, their empty, solid weight. Their fluid, gray color.

A week before I left, a messenger told me you had died, had been swept into the river while jumping to embrace the moon. Friend, the moon is not a traveling companion, but a cold stone. I look up at it tonight and laugh, knowing you think it misses you now that you are gone.



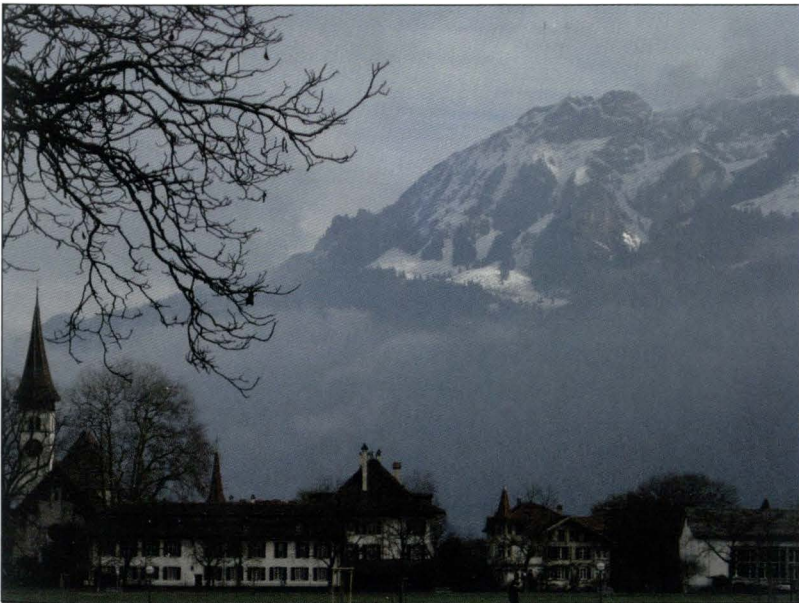
AN APOLOGY  
L  
U  
C  
Y  
H  
E  
S  
T  
E  
R

the nighttime thunder is asking  
when you last called home  
to tally the damages while  
the phone is ringing and no  
one answers in the basement  
of limber muscles that can stretch  
into one long sinewy thread  
of consciousness to boomerang  
into the oblivion and hug planets  
like shoes that fit too tightly  
above the music you can even  
hear your toes screaming and dancing  
dancing to dance is to burn  
a wick turned upside down so  
a flame can eat itself in a tender  
warm apology to the wax pleading,  
never worry about how fast to melt  
only about how long to stay  
in bed on mornings when you want  
to disappear from worlds beyond  
your dreams. You never did like  
to run, only to watch thoughts  
on the air as they mingled  
with Tuesdays and road signs  
and rain.



dead city burning

IVORI ZVORSKY



ALPINE GRANDEUR (Interlaken, Switzerland)

ANDREW PASIUK

Gone to Carolina in my mind (and body)...

There is only one place to sit.  
It is a plaid chair

There is only one place to sit.  
T

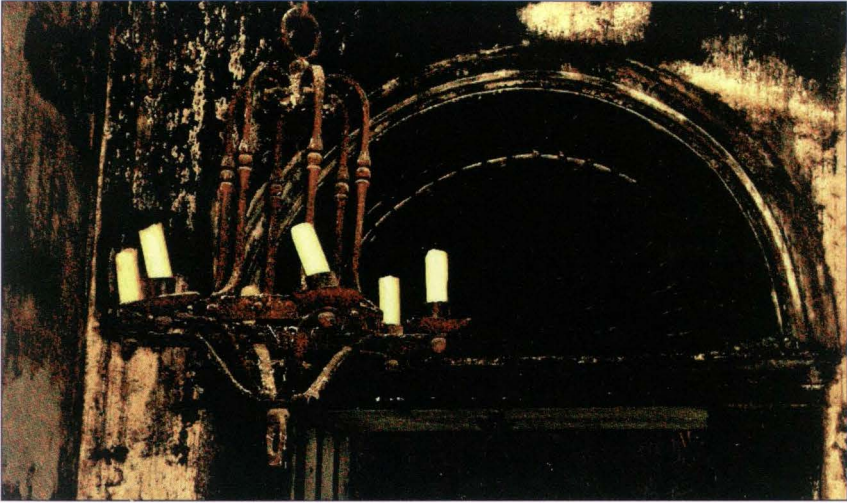
Tj

There is only one place to sit.  
It is a plaid striped chair.

we take turns.  
The other seats have been comprimized in a tragic dog incident.  
The place may also be haunted. The TV turns itself off when  
no one is in the room.  
To entertain ourselves ██████████

We watch our ██████████ one and only station all day and learn some spanish.  
But things may improve.  
Soon there will be someone to ██████████ entertain us.  
And people seem to want to visit.  
And maybe we ██████████ will buy a pot to boil the pasta.

A  
N  
N  
A  
  
D  
O  
U  
N  
C  
E



Siglo de Oro

ERIN MORGAN

---

3.

CATHERINE MATTHEWS

She curled up in the covers  
Threw her bag upon the desk  
Wakes up cocooned in a blanket  
Dried tears left salt on her cheeks  
A shower and her pill  
She plays a sad song  
Resonating like ocean waves in her  
mind

Drowsing into a memory backseat with brother rotten stinker old white Dodge used Lincoln Continental (or was it a Cadillac?) Anticipation unbearable – steamy Florida when orange groves choked roadsides forever from Jacksonville to Pompano. Ocean of parking spaces at an amusement park– write it down, Mom – hold this for me, Mom – do you have the lunch, that cold fried chicken? My mouth waters and collapses inward. Dark brown strap curved into her fist, oiled leather that magical purse where all things good are guarded.

Suddenly brackish and then awake my name coming from another room.

“I’ve dropped the damn thing oh how I *hate* this always dropping and can’t bend.” Breathe, breathe. Rhino skinned hand like old worn hide over white mountained knuckles steady herself holding the footboard. I bend for her, blood swarms my hearing gone I pick up the cane and offer the brown curved end placed carefully perfectly in front of her, steady her stroke side and wait while she shakes and stammers.

“I’m sorry I’m sorry.”

Bookends

DAWN HACKETT

## CARNIVAL

KATIE FISHMAN



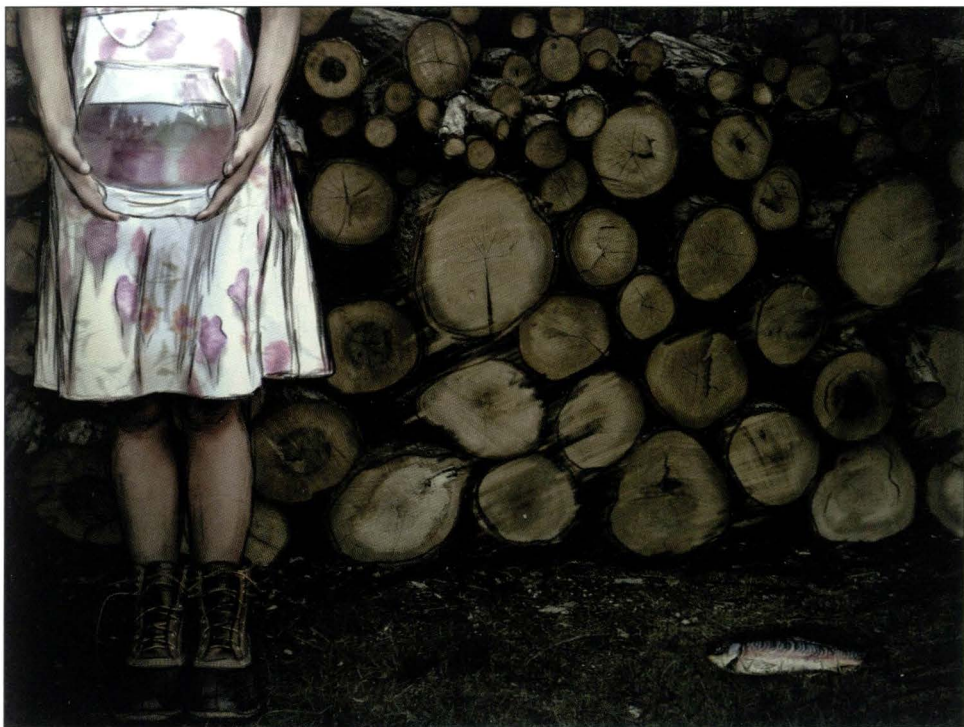
HUNTING ARROWHEADS  
Y  
C  
C  
T  
H  
E  
S  
T  
E  
R  
R

to see us from the road  
we might be begotten of the sun  
glinting wildly like flames out of the  
dirt

hunched over rows of churned mud  
now dried to dirt and breakable  
like cookies or tightly packed  
snowballs

the compressing imprint a foot makes  
as it decides whether to step  
on cornrows or between them

all part of vanished worlds  
the legends about ghosts  
and children after harvest



## AUTOBIOGRAPHY

KATIE DER



The bullets come slow and sloppy at first.  
So slow, in fact,  
they should have been called something else.  
I concentrate on my deep rasping breaths  
and sound of ammunition  
moving steadily through the trees.  
Drawing a hand to the pain in my side  
I give up, cowering as  
the bullets bruise my headgear.  
They come harder and faster every second.  
The blank looming trees  
wave at me blindly  
accepting the bullets  
with arms outstretched.  
I try to disregard  
the chaos around me,  
forcing myself  
into the rhythm  
essential to Physical Training.  
Toe, heel, toe, heel,  
Breathe, stepstep, breath, stepstep;  
Feet pounding  
the stiff pavement path.  
The end is in sight.  
I take a blow to the nose;  
liquid like warm blood  
runs down my face.  
I hasten to the shelter,  
weary and bedraggled.  
I report to the general that  
the mission was worse than expected.  
We discuss alternate forms of armor,  
as she peels off my raincoat  
and hands me a Kleenex.  
Mom  
doesn't know how hard it would be  
to run with an umbrella.

## STORMY BATTLE

GRACE LEONARD



Punto di Vista  
JACQUELYN DEWOLFE



UNTITLED

KATIE FISHMAN

W  
H  
O  
L  
E  
N  
E  
S  
S  
L  
U  
C  
Y  
H  
E  
S  
T  
E  
R

A brilliant commencement,  
demand even everything else.  
Fly, first friend. Go hopefully.

Fraternity grows heftier,  
invisible ink-jotted kites.  
Let me never openly part paths,  
lead me nearer  
our permanent questions:  
rare sanity, this universe.

Rather someone tell us  
to utter vows:  
witness exceptional, youthful zeal.  
With words, without excessive yearning.





GRATEFUL SLEEP

IVORI ZVORSKY

**TRANSLATION**

**EMILY SMITH**

I dreamed last night I had no fingers, and my hands moved over you like clam shells lost in space.


Sniffing bivalves roaming where no one was looking for them, and their tears watered the cool gravel of the moon.

I dreamed I had no fingers, and I caused the invention of the boxing glove: behind the viewing glass, the thinkers gaped at one another.

(My wrists, at once, gave light from bulbs of genius—)

And each arm ended in eureka:  
In so many claps to the forehead,

Like elephant teeth clattering from a museum case in the dark.



## STAFF LIST

20  
100

Jennifer Patchen, **EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**

Alice Chaosurawong, **ASSISTANT EDITOR (DESIGN)**

Brianna May, **ASSISTANT EDITOR**

Jane Crifasi, **PUBLICITY ASSISTANT**

20  
70

Katie Fishman, **EDITOR, ART & PHOTOGRAPHY**

Liz McAvoy, **EDITOR, DIGITAL ARTS**

Schuyler Swartout, **EDITOR, POETRY**

Phillip Opsasnick, **EDITOR, PROSE FICTION**

Caitlyn Paley, **EDITOR, PROSE NON-FICTION**

20  
50

### COMMITTEE MEMBERS:

#### ART & PHOTOGRAPHY / DIGITAL ARTS

John Alulis, Ashley Andem, Ali Eaves, Jessie Pascarelli,

Brittini Parris, Matthew Rifka

20  
40

#### POETRY

Ashley Andem, Grace Leonard

20  
30

#### PROSE FICTION

John Alulis, Matthew Rifka, Victor Wasserman

20  
20

#### PROSE NON-FICTION

Erin Clark, Derek Miller

20  
16

20  
13

20  
10

---

200 FT  
61 M

---

100 FT  
30.5 M

70 FT  
21.0 M

50 FT  
15.2 M

40 FT  
12.2 M

30 FT  
7.62 M

20 FT  
6.10 M

15 FT  
4.57 M

13 FT  
3.95 M

10 FT  
0.05

---



THE MESSENGER ACCEPTS SUBMISSIONS ON A ROLLING BASIS IN THE GENRES OF ART & PHOTOGRAPHY, DIGITAL ARTS, POETRY, PROSE FICTION AND PROSE NON-FICTION. EVERYONE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND COMMUNITY IS WELCOME TO SUBMIT THEIR WORK – STUDENTS, STAFF, FACULTY AND ALUMNI – AND TO SUBMIT AS MANY PIECES AS THEY WISH.

100 FT  
30.5 M

ALL SUBMISSIONS SHOULD BE EMAILED AS ATTACHMENTS TO MESSENGER@RICHMOND.EDU. YOUR WORK WILL THEN BE SELECTED ANONYMOUSLY BY COMMITTEE.

70 FT  
21.0 M

THE NEXT MESSENGER WILL BE PUBLISHED SPRING 2009.

50 FT  
15.2 M

---

LASTLY, WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND'S DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, NAMELY OUR ADVISORS DR. BRIAN HENRY AND DR. DAVID STEVENS. WE ARE ALSO PROUD TO BE AFFILIATED WITH SIGMA TAU DELTA, THE ENGLISH HONOR SOCIETY.

40 FT  
12.2 M

30 FT  
7.62 M

20 FT  
6.10 M

15 FT  
4.57 M

13 FT  
3.95 M

10 FT  
0.05

---