

ART AND POETRY

From Adventist Universities



Portrait of Enoch, oil on canvas, by Bijoy Attey (Canadian University College, alum, art/behavioural science). A portrait of the artist's brother.

Catch You | By *Lisa Cunningham*

I couldn't have been much older than five when I stood in the hay loft, anxiously gazing down through the chute to where my father stood.

Peering over, I inched forward until my toes gripped the edge. Dust from the tasseled hay was now beginning to settle on

the sweat that spotted my forehead. He stood on the truck-bed, arms stretched toward me. Reluctantly, my small feet left the floor boards and

there. As quickly as I had leapt I was in his grasp. It was clear that the gap which had separated us was hardly a gap at all.

Lisa Cunningham graduated from Andrews University with a bachelor of arts degree in English in December 2012.



Eh Po, oil painting, by Leila Celestin (Andrews University senior, fine arts [painting emphasis] and French studies majors). This painting is part of a series of fifty portraits highlighting Karen refugees from Celestin's hometown of Albany, New York. The Karens have been victims of ethnic cleansing by the Burmese government for the past sixty-five years, gone almost unnoticed. Celestin wishes not to victimize them, but to highlight them as a strong, resilient, and beautiful people. For more information, visit leilannette.tumblr.com.

Land of Plenty | *By Delbee Dalton*

She pushes the double stroller past the gas station where I fill up my SUV. The cold wind bites my hands. A sturdy child of about eight walks with her. I wonder where she is going, whether it would be safe to offer her a ride and if the stroller would fit in the back of my truck. I leave and park at the grocery store next door. I review my list: organic lettuce, cage free eggs, Amish cheese. I'm glad that I wrote everything down; I have so much that I need to remember. I enter the store and see that she is also there. Our eyes meet next to the apples and I smile, glancing at her two babies, one holding a bottle. She gives me a wary glance. We both wander the fruit and vegetables, me filling up my cart quickly, her, pushing the stroller, hesitating to pick up anything. I add potatoes, bread and cereal. Down aisle five I see her again, this time pushing a grocery cart; the older child pushing the stroller. She has four items. I dread having to pass by her, and as I do, she stares.

I wish I could hide my overflowing cart.

Delbee Dalton is the administrative assistant for the department of English at Andrews University, and is working on an undergraduate degree in English.



Waking II, opaque acrylic, by Mayah Robinson (Pacific Union College sophomore, graphic design/fine art major).

Anorexia | By *Melissa Myers*

Bone mouth:
fill me

hunger
skims hips
marrow aches
curves wisp
count
down
vertebrae

flesh
quivers
spine
osteo-prone
collarbone

line
breaks
shift shape
kneecaps

nothing
matters
only numbers
scale down
pounds
drop
now
elbows

broken bone
cry

Melissa Myers is a senior English major at Canadian University College. This summer she plans to travel to Edinburgh to take courses in modernism and in creative writing.



Troubled, digital composite, by Nina Marie Rambo (Andrews University senior, photography major).

Kiss Softly As Moths | By Melissa Myers

Time drums spaces I did not know existed
imagined bodies dance
wings glide—*whoosh*—flutter, spasm, settle, my left collarbone
grows and expands towards an immortal atmosphere

“Moths belong in the dark,” you murmur
as the automaton rhythm pulses
and beats *hub dub. dub hub. hub dub.*
rust-dark lepidoptera and amber-winged skimmers flit beneath
a sky that will be ash-grey by morning,
while now, naked stars expose your transitory words:

*Love is a hot air grasp on an iron handle,
a burn in a staircase of sweet honey comb,
the burrowing between flesh and divine*

Silently, unchanging the consecrated corona nears;
wings cling the back of my throat
and flicker around honey light
reflects our glide—*whoosh*—flutter, spasm, settle
into your nimbus, drawn to the glow of a translucent shell,
stubborn and beautiful frailty
spoiled by a golden ball of fire

“Didn’t you know?” you pity
“the sky in all its zones is mortal”
hub dub. dub hub. hub dub.
moths flutter
unaware, breath whispers between
our lips
softly, we kiss.

Melissa Myers is a senior English major at Canadian University College. This summer she plans to travel to Edinburgh to take courses in modernism and in creative writing.

Note: The line “the sky in all its zones is mortal” is from Michael Ondaatje’s
In the Skin of a Lion.

Fog | By *Natalie Romero*

The fog was deep with unshed tears,
A cloud upon my very fears.
It drew me in and broke my heart
A smoky, whitened work of art.

The water in the canal wept
As vines around my soul crept,
The dewdrops on the trees were hung,
Crystalline notes still left unsung.

Red flowers on the graves were left
By mourners sad and so bereft.
Like drops of blood upon the ground
Poinsettias 'round the yard around.

His tombstone's there, just 'round the bend.
As prayers to heaven my heart sends,
My knees sink down into the bog
And we're surrounded by the fog.

Natalie Romero is a second-year student in the English literature master of arts program at La Sierra University.



Air Feeders, etching, by Rebecca Hiebert (Walla Walla University 2013 graduate, history major and art minor).

In This Moment

By Ruthie Heavrin Orozco

In this moment
when my lungs
are extended and there's
still no air, when my heart
is wrenched
from its valves and slips
down each rib
like a bar of soap
on a wash board,
in this moment as
I lie in darkness
gripping my beloved's hand consoling
each chirp of the midnight cricket,
I recognize bliss in a mirror.
It reflects not pride, but self
admiration like a child
who recognizes art in crime
or prey that accepts death
to feed another.
In this moment, I've taken notice
that I'm alive.
Nay, I'm thriving
as the cattle in a slaughter house,
the elephant in the poacher's scope,
the prisoner in the electric chair.
Pain is inevitable, but in this moment
I'm alive. For this, praises to God
rest on my lips and my soul stills.

Ruthie Heavrin Orozco graduated from La Sierra University as an English writing and literature major in June 2013. She and her husband Gabriel just welcomed their first baby, Gabriel Elisha, into the world in May 2013.



Broken Moons, acrylic on canvas, by Angelina Logan (Canadian University College, junior, behavioral science major). A personal and highly symbolic exploration of the artist's psychological curriculum vitae.



Deconstruction of a Dream, acrylic, by Richard Hawkins (Pacific Union College senior, fine art major).



High Fashion of Paper Dresses from Recycled Newspapers, recycled newspapers, by Adaiah Thompson (La Sierra University 2013 graduate, fine art major with a concentration in fabrics). A statement about reuse, recycle and care for the earth. Photograph by Michael Easley.

Circle of Breath | By Emily Star Wilkens

Let a breath leave your body for once.
 Let it go without promise of repayment.
 Do not expect it to return.
 If you can, give up all of your reserves.
 And when your lungs are as empty as rocks,
 when you've trusted your body to go
 through the valley of the shadow of exhaling,
 you will be able to take everything in.
 The circle of breath will come back around.

Emily Wilkens is currently working on her master of fine arts degree in creative nonfiction at Antioch University in Los Angeles, California, and is part of the poetry group that meets in Loma Linda, California. She is the author of *African Rice Heart*.

Genesis | By Ramona L. Hyman

dear God
 in the beginning
 was the middle: a passage
 hues: brown of faces-stomachs-arms-legs
 known unknown
 commodity (betrayed.)
 by countrymen wooed and wooing
 (alien) words made them
 be bound by chains holding them together
 flesh—they are my memory, my mantra

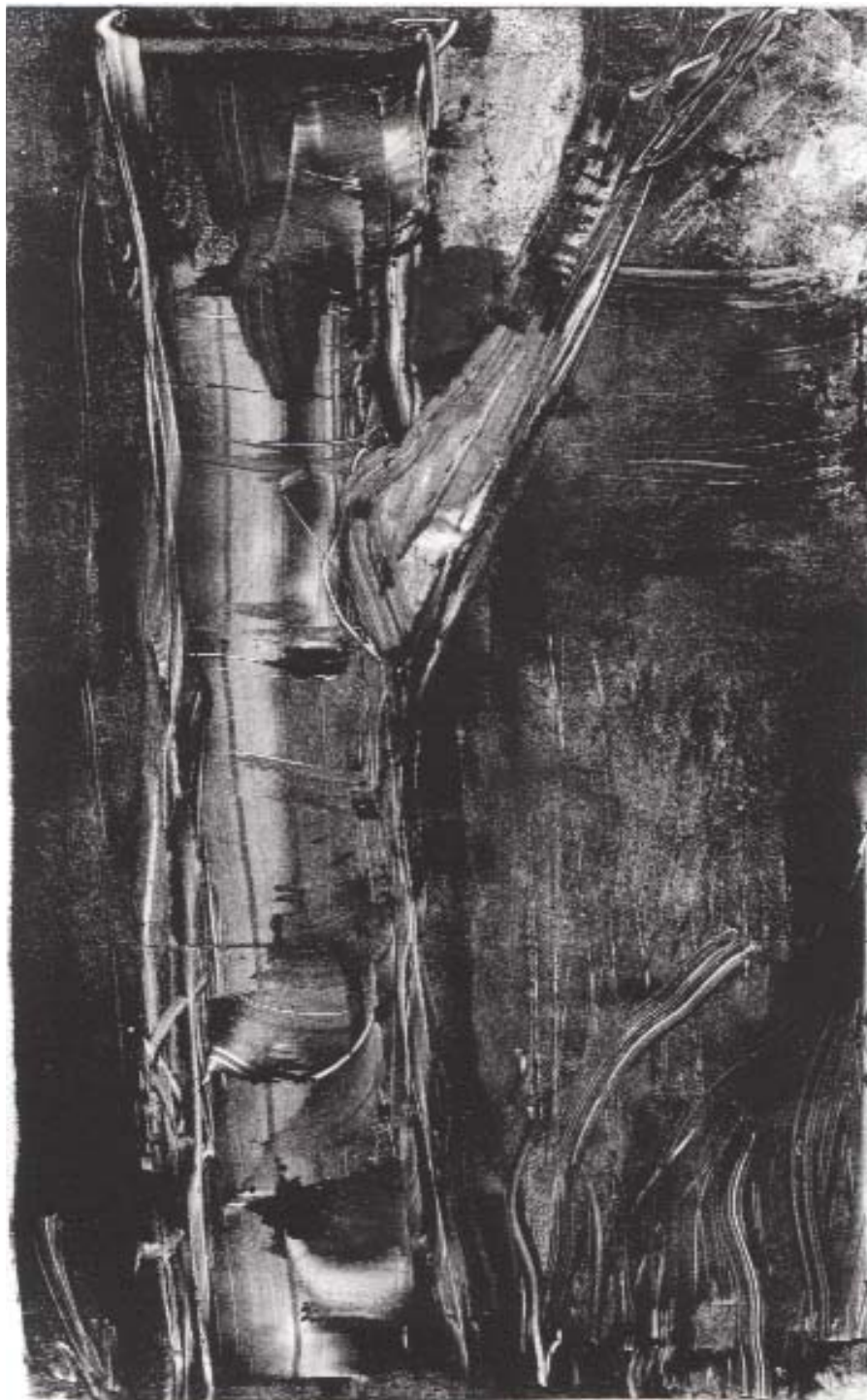
dear God everything does work together for the good

Dr. Ramona L. Hyman is a writer, speaker, and professor at Loma Linda University, and part of the poetry group that meets in Loma Linda, California. She is the author of the collection of poetry *In the Sanctuary of A South*. More information is available on her websites, ramonahyman.com and <http://www.wespeakers.com/speaker.cfm?id=6512>.

Librarian's Melancholy | *By J. E. Payne*

I step into another world filled with wordy silence
Rows of men
An occasional woman
Stand at attention over there
Echoes of a distant past
Hidden cities and
Ghost towns
Giving sly winks and trinkets
To dusty beggars with trowels and brushes
Leftover scraps of writing
Discarded in the chaos
Reverberations of empiric clashes
Nameless conquerors and named peons
Wait listlessly side-by-side
Dead hopes
Slumbering dreams
Pleading to be understood
This humble vault invaded by
Demanding interrogators
Asking the wrong questions
Milking the answers into summaries
Never seeing
Never wanting
Their forgotten realities

J. E. Payne graduated from Southern Adventist University in May 2013 with a major in biblical studies, and minors in biblical languages and English.



Night Forest, print, by Allison Berger (Walla Walla University 2013 graduate, art major).



Potential, spray paint and linoleum block print on wood,
by Ben Jepson (Walla Walla University 2012 graduate,
graphic design major with an art minor)

Nostalgia | *By J. E. Payne*

I often miss the things I've never seen
The windswept cliffs with caves along its face
Where sapphire waters 'neath the sunlight gleam
Or roaring waves and gray skies in its place
The rolling moorland dotted all in thistle
Or rocky land with heather bushes grown
The hopping hare or cheeky birdie's whistle
And herbs and ferns no farmer's seed has sown
I miss the sloping roof with sod on top
And curling smoke which from the chimney plumes
And window-views horizons never stop
And firesides in cozy cottage rooms
And though I've never been there nor have seen
These things live on inside my memory's dreams

J. E. Payne graduated from Southern Adventist University in
May 2013 with a major in biblical studies, and minors in biblical
languages and English.

Desert Credo | *By David Gustavsen*

I believe in bones
and the rocks buried
in red earth

I believe in cactus spines
and the spiders who spin
their webs between them

I have faith in the slick lizards
licking the air

and I believe in grass like marble
pines like pillars supporting
the periwinkle sky

I've sung hymns with a red wind
and the rough scent of sage
we sang like oxygen to the echoes
in the canyons

I've prayed for the thin
streams in their stone jackets

watched coyote's eye grow large
between the stars

I believe in goat heads and locusts
in the balding yucca and tarantula hair

I rest in the knowledge of that line of ants
carrying a millipede husk on their backs
like a god

And I believe in the naked branches
freckled with crows and
the pinprick song of sparrows

David Gustavsen graduated from Walla Walla
University in 2011 with an English major.



Steampunk, watercolor, by Katie Pershing (La Sierra University 2013 graduate, fine arts major with painting and textiles emphases). Pershing is currently enrolled in a post baccalaureate program at Laguna College of Art and Design.

Blue | By *Emily Muthersbaugh*

After coaxing vagrant birds
into a single glass jar,
the story begins.
I turn a leaf over
in the center of a wood
with countless leaves surrounding.
Beneath this ripened covering
a hive of thought abounds.
I grasp one from the many
with no device,
a reckless task to undergo.
After all, corners do not announce
their worth for probing.
But the more I search,
the more I crush,
the less and less I find.
In the looming
of tale upon tale
through painted lenses,
what is beneath the leaves
I cannot know.
But call me a scholar of blue.

Emily Muthersbaugh is a senior majoring in environmental studies and minoring in sociology at Walla Walla University. Among other positions, she is editor-in-chief of *The Collegian* and the legislative liaison for Independent Colleges of Washington.



Blackbirds, opaque media painting color pencil gouache, by Kayla Eldenburg (Pacific Union College freshman, graphic design major).



Untitled, digital composite, by Lindsey Weigley (Andrews University senior, photography major).