



Carroll

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Annals of the

1. 2018 *Laurel*. D.K. 11
1. 11

I. B. F. M. L.
O. Ramya Sreeramoju.

~Ellen & Holly

LAUREL STAFF
Liam McGurl, Art
Maria Ragonese & Tori Wangler, Poetry
Diana McElfresh & Molly Oas, Prose
Emmy Kolbe, Operations Manager

The Undertow

By: N4Tblie Forster

Grace and Harold

By: Emmy Kolbe

It would've already arrived if that horrific thunderstorm last week didn't knock out the power for three days. Of course, the letter would've already arrived if the temperature had not been 20 degrees hotter than the average June temperature. Georgia was experiencing extreme weather conditions this early summer, and Grace knew that was why Harold wasn't receiving her letters.

Grace composed letters every Sunday morning at approximately 7:15 a.m. She'd sit down at her kitchen table with a cup of steaming black coffee and a plate of poached eggs and turkey sausage and tell Harold about her week.

Grace stared at the man, wondering if they found a new medication for her. He handed her a folded piece of paper.

“This was recently sent to us from the U.S. Navy. Apparently a friend of Harold’s had it. They said it was written a day before the accident.”

As she opened the crumbled letter, she recognized the elegant handwriting immediately.

My lovely Grace,

At morning I venture onto the ship’s top deck and watch the sunrise. The vibrant colors remind me of our mornings together and of our life together. The sunrise takes about 15 minutes, and unfortunately that’s the only free

En Route

By: Ellen Kibbe

Crisp fatigue crawls into cramped bodies.
Warm breath and stagnant chatter
clutter the casket of my lifeless limbs
and overworked organs.

*I'll be home at fve.
I don't care if everyone is going. You better be home when I get there.
My feet hurt / like hell. I'm quitting tomorrow.*

Congested zippers, misinterpreted fesh
and a jewel jammed in the left lobe. // Infected.

Uncombed, oily hair shoved to the right,
arms crossed, legs wedged together.
I am suctioned to strangers; I am not breathing to
stay alive but merely to fake it.

Guys with painted black nails and Rollos in their pockets.
Grinding brakes.

Outside, feet risking a step above the line.
A monotone:

Oh Deer

By: Kaylyn Foody



In Living Color

By: Brianna



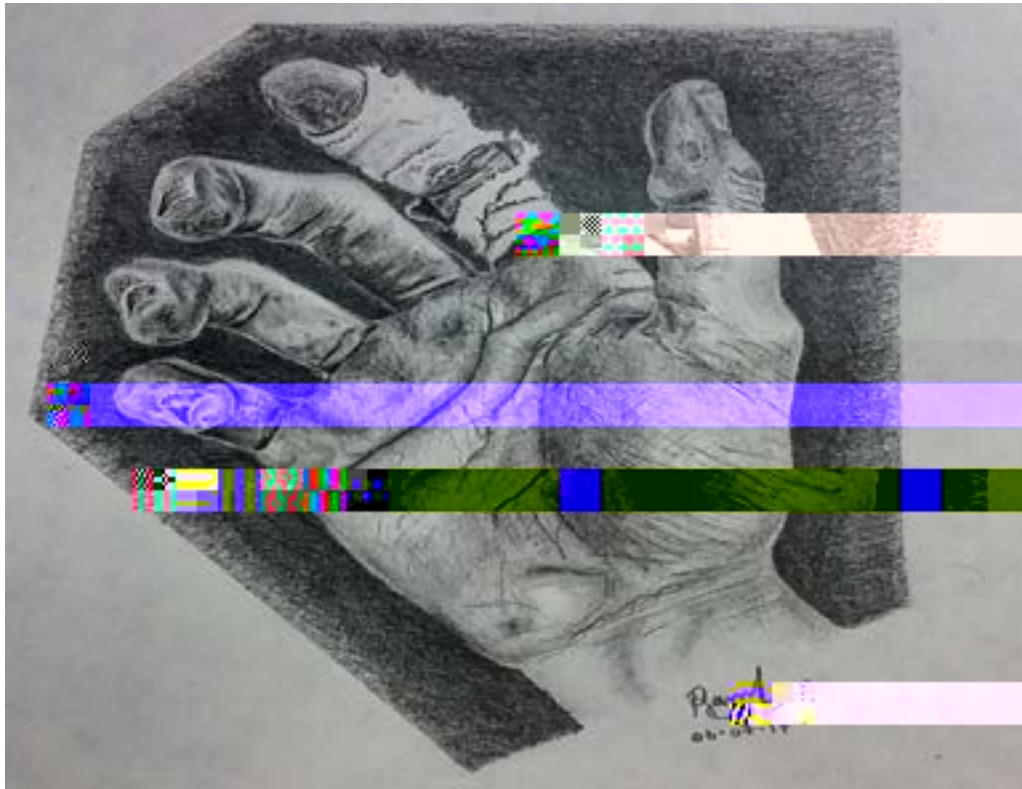
Fleur d'oranger

By: Brianna Ragonese



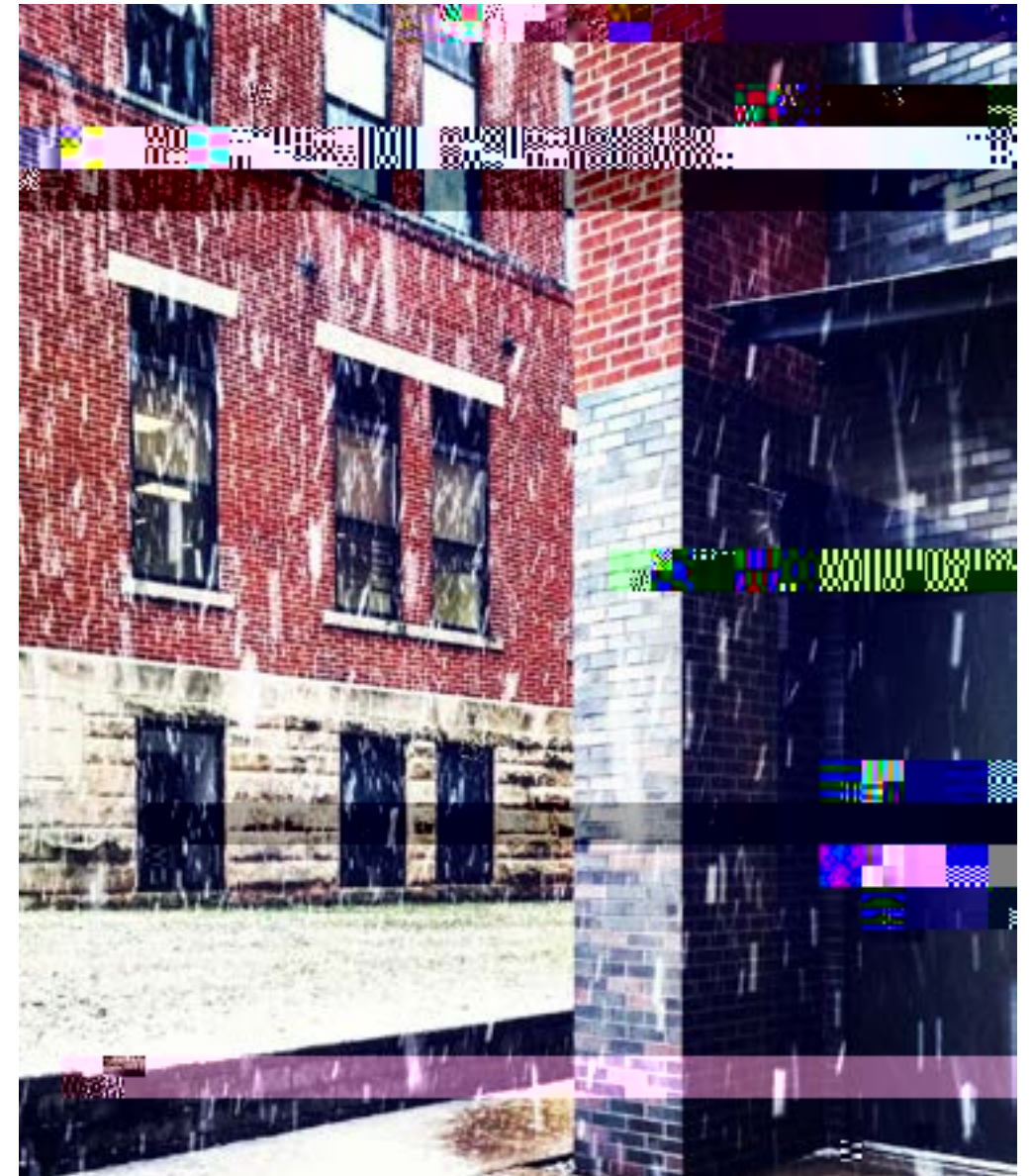
Hand

By: Ramya Sreeramoju



Rainy Days

By: Ramya Sreeramoju



Untitled
By: Ariana Urena



Iron Man
By: Kaylyn Foody



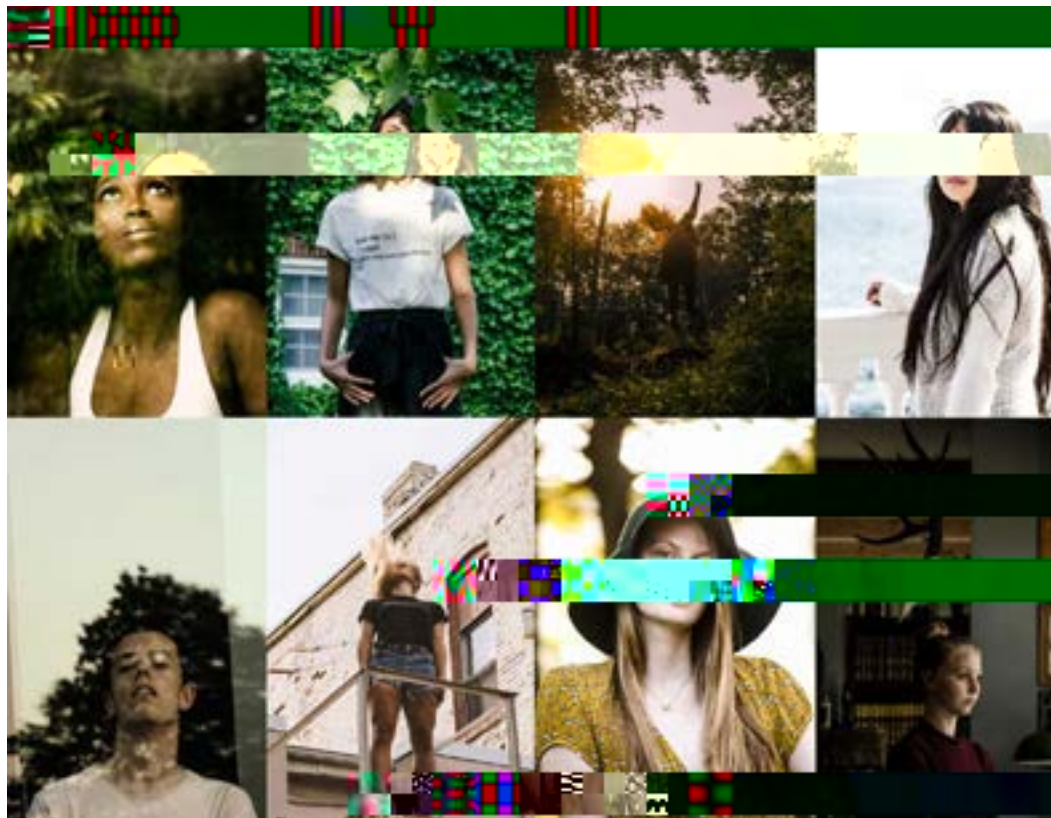
Wandering
By: Ellen Kibbe



Untitled
By: Cher Miller



A year in Faces



Headphones

By: Jason Klaiber

Druken Words

By: Ashley Delvento

Naked bodies stumble drunk out of bars.
A cascade of epileptic seizures,
impersonating sympathetic thoughts,
slipping out on the concrete as societal
vomit
in dark alleys where none dare travel.

Amid the shadows stand erratum beasts
that masses pretend they cannot hear,
mummified in lettered tape,
silk dresses of caution tape.

Written words with shackled dreams,
stumbling into the limelight.

Closer

By: Matthew Petit

Your gaze could fatten me,
swallow me whole. I would come
every night, an offering;
eat me alive.

The next morning, pick me
from between your teeth,
stand atop the pile,
my ravaged body. You, the keeper
of my bones.

Instead I keep distance closer.
I love you too closely
into ruin like a swarm of gnats
tumbling into the streetlights
burning above us.

Chained Wisdom

(Ekphrasis Poem of *Dovima with Elephants* by Richard Avelon)

By: Emily Palmer

Linked chains link majesty,
wrinkled tree trunk legs
to cement slabs sprinkled with hay.

The elephants' eyes stare straight,
pay no heed to the woman.
Her arms long, stretch, reach

out with slender hands.
She grasps one, its trunk curled
in recoil from her greedy touch.

The other, just out of reach.
Wisdom of beasts shackled
the way her torso is bound

by a silken sash: tight,
restricting. She posed
for elegance, a scene

of tacky adolescence presented
by free spirits now enslaved,
chained to a living tomb.

The Window

By: Jesse Blake

So small with milk-white skin untouched by sun, All
washed-out colors, fragile limbs ... a ghost. My
Love, you live through panes of glass, almost
Enough. You watch the other children run.
An out-of-tune orchestra—laughter, the gun
That dashes hopes against concrete, the host
Of sparkling grief. Brown eyes that hold the most—
They melt with pain and su  ring, too much for one

So young. You do not ask to go outside
To smile with sun-kissed cheeks, to laugh, to live,
Although your heart protects that silent wish,
Which must remain buried, prevent landslide. You
ask for time, impossible to give.
Each night I say goodbye, expect anguish.

Untitled

By: Christina Giglio

Found in the heart of insanity,
Lost in a state of infamy,
Dead to all forms of sympathy,
Will anyone be able to find me?
Trapped in this box, I find
You're not even safe inside your own
Mind.
It took eras for me to discover
The treachery of "keeping it together."

39 Elizabeth St.

By: Maria Ragonese

It has been a full chapter of history
Since the last time I was standing
In its protection.
Once I left,
It was cut down in its prime.
But its image is forever tattooed in my
Mind.

Underneath those thin branches
That reached for new horizons
A sweet perfume climbed into my
Nose. Making my memory tangible.

Shiny, purple petals landing
In puddles, like little sail boats.
I'd pick at the buds while waiting for
That yellow bus to pull into view.
Saving a few in my pocket.

I was unaware that someday
Life would be messy
Because in the shade,
Where the breeze kissed my face,
Life was simple.

I was seven, and just like the lilacs
I hadn't yet bloomed,
And all was perfect
Under that tree on Elizabeth street.

Smoldering Embers

By: Joseph Giglio

Fire,
once burning bright enough
to illuminate every corner of my world
sinks slowly.

I try to feed it
meager twigs and scraps of paper,
all that I could scrounge up these days.
Few tender embers remained.

You left for brighter lands,
worlds of roaring heat
unending light.

Red Skies
By: Maria Ragonese

Red skies at night
Sailor’s delight.
Fish swimming
In calm veins,
Bubbles floating to
My brain.

Fish swimming

A Walk Through Fantasy

By: Megan Lanphere

You know their stories
You know their weaknesses
You want to meet them
Be where they are

Walk through the strawberry fields
Cross the barrier that surrounds
That camp on Long Island
Where the demi-gods are found

When the wind shifts
And you look to that star on the right
And you're in the magical land
Where the boys are lost and you're forever young

In a galaxy far away
Facing weeping angels
And meeting new companions
With a mad man in a blue box

The books are a journey
The series are like a ride
They last your whole life
For as long as you believe

If you're a runner, a builder
Or maybe a gardner
When you get there you're a greenie
In that maze that leads to a scorch

Taking the aptitude test
Which part of your personality is in charge
In the town of Chicago
Trapped inside a wall

Try to avoid jail
By enforcing the law
Whether you're in Santa Barbara
Or even Scotland Yard

To fight the supernatural
With two brothers and an angel
You'll have daddy issues galore
But family don't end in blood, boy

But it's just your imagination
And you'll always be devastated
You can't jump into the pages
Or be part of the big screen

In a town
That acts like a beacon
The kids have glowing eyes
And sourwolfs live in the preserve

In a lab you want to escape
With wings coming from your back
Put a talking dog in the mix
And you'll be in for the ride of your life

You're left to wonder if it's true
When you don't receive a letter
At that magical age of eleven
Always

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