



FALL
2021

Nevermore

Franklin Pierce's Literary Journal

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Editor-In-Chief

Parker Bosse

Editorial Board

Alexis Briggs

Neveah Chansouk

Dylan Kluepfel

Annabella Lividoti

Jenna Parent

Jin Oakes

Editor's Letter

Hello everyone, my name is Parker Bosse, and I am the Editor-In-Chief for this semester's edition of Nevermore! I'm a senior here at Franklin Pierce, and I am honored to have the opportunity to help bring you this edition of the magazine. I am an English major on the creative writing track. My biggest dream is to have my work be widely read. I mostly write freestyle pieces of the thoughts that go on in my head. I would also like to be an editor for a newspaper or magazine. I would like to come back to college in the future to obtain a teaching degree so that I can teach English courses at a college or university.

I have always been a big reader and writer. I used to check out books all the time from the libraries in my schools, and I have been writing stories ever since I was little. My mother would bring home scrap paper from her job, and I would write stories on the back of them. I would tape them together, and I even opened up a little library in my home. I used to pretend to be a librarian, and I had so much fun with it!

It is my pleasure to bring you this semester's edition of the Nevermore magazine! I want to thank my Editorial Board, Alexis Briggs, Neveah Chansouk, Dylan Kluepfel, Annabella Lividoti, Jenna Parent, Jin Oakes, and Dr. Dangelantonio for guiding me through the process.

I hope you enjoy this edition of Nevermore.

Sincerely,

Parker Bosse
Editor-In-Chief of Nevermore

Nevermore is a student-run literary journal produced every semester. It showcases Franklin Pierce University students' poems, short stories, photography, and drawings. A new editor is selected every semester. The editor chooses their editorial board, sets deadline dates for submissions, creates the final journal, and brings it to press.

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Mary Messina

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Carley Roy



Roy 1

Autumn Brings Neveah Chansouk

Autumn Brings
Crude Dread

Everything

F
a
l
l
i
n
g

Gently

Here,

In Juxtaposition,

Keeping
Lonely

Minds
Numb

Ominously
Provoking
Qualm
Renunciation

Chansouk 2

Stirring
Temper

Unwanted
Vulnerability

we're

X'd....

Yearning,

ZEALOUSLY.

Green Thumb

By Anonymous

Finding hobbies that bring joy have really helped me when it comes to my anxiety and depression. My bedroom at home consists of at least fifteen houseplants. My desk at home completely ridden of pencils and papers. Instead painted with many types of bright green and dark green plants. In the corner of my desk sits a gold lamp made completely of metal. The lamp shade consists of glass panels that form a circle. When it's turned on the shadows of the plants dance on my ceiling. There is one problem; the string of hearts that dangle in my window get caught in the metal framework.

The string of hearts is a plant I bought at a local flower shop called, Poppy's Rail trail Flowers & Boutique in my small town of Enosburg, Vermont. It sits in a white plastic pot with a hanger at the top that resembles a coat hanger. The vines cascade down the side of the pot all the way to the floor. The name rings true as well. The petals closely resemble small hearts, green on the front and a magenta color on the back. A light green vine outlines the front, small purple flowers bloom throughout the vines signaling new growth, they fall off when the new growth starts. This plant helps me because there is always so much growth and progress in a short amount of time. Having plants to take care of gives you something to look forward to, when you wake up you see your plants. For me they feel like children, you must feed (water) them and take care of them, and they will grow because of it. Plants give me a stress-free environment, whenever I go into a place and they have houseplants I instantly feel at ease and it's all I can focus on.

My second hanging plant; the string of pearls. This plant is also in a similar hanging basket, a dark green plastic holds these pea-like succulents. The light green pea shaped plant has vines hanging over the basket. On each vine sits multiple green pearls in various sizes. The inside reminds me of a watermelon, grainy but also soft and juicy. If you squeeze the pea like ball they will burst in your fingers. What I like about the string of pearls is that none of the vines are the same length. This pertains to anxiety and depres-

sion as well, no one suffers the same way and to the same extent. But we are all still growing.

Plants have been a very therapeutic outlet for me, when I was struggling with my anxiety my sophomore year plants are what helped me get through. If I was having a hard day with classes and assignments, I would sit by my window with my plants. I would feel the leaves and calm myself down. Houseplants can make your space whether it is your bedroom or kitchen a lot more comforting and safer.

Grey Cross Spider

Tiara Olliviera



Paralleled

Neveah Chansouk

Happiness causes
future sufferance
formidable
unusual
uncomfortable
and distant
its purpose

being alone
in times of peace

unacknowledged

serves as our most
valuable protection
against

time
against
we see ourselves
the works of death
desolation

paralleled

To become
or to fall domestic
to this mind set
is destruction
we see ourselves
marked unfit to be
free
deaf to the voice
of justice
We rest
in the war
inside our heads
but we remain
in peace
because
deep
down
we know that
we
deserve to be
free

My Rocks

Parker Bosse

The selenite has seen better days. It's one transparent figure is now scratched up and white from being thrown in with other jagged and raw rocks. I use it for protection, though I think it is due for a good recharge.

The tiger's eye reminds me of my cat Talyn, an American tiger cat. She was my baby girl. We grew up together. She was sixteen when she passed, I was eighteen. I have not learned how to live without her.

The rose quartz has been with me since day one, I believe. I picked it out for its smooth pink skin. The color is very soft and easy on the eyes. That's why I like it so much.

The goldstone sparkles in the sun with its orange skin with yellow glitter sprinkled in. It's like a kid's glitter craft gone wild. I love it, especially in the sun. It glitters and glistens and gives me hope.

The lapis lazuli is square in shape and I forget what it's used for. Blue is my favorite color which is why the other rock is in there too. I don't remember the names of these rocks even though I probably should. I picked them out because I thought they were pretty.

The purple bag with white stars has been by my side for years. My family went to a metaphysical shop so that I could pick out stones to protect me. I was going through some rough times with friends who weren't really my friends. I picked out the bag because I liked the way it looked. It was much softer when I got it, but years of it being in my pocket and backpack have since dulled down the smooth exterior.

Untitled

Anonymous

Covid-19 has made me feel alone.

Covid-19 has come between me
and my most recent milestones.

Covid-19 destroyed graduations.

Covid-19 was my second
semester and summer vacation.

Covid-19 shoved me into my
house for months.

Covid-19 made searching for toilet
paper a hunt.

Covid-19 took over large masses.

Covid-19 made me more anxious.

Covid-19 became best friends
with my depression.

Covid-19 works as
immunosuppression.

Covid-19 has taken away people,
activities, and experiences from
my life.

Covid-19 has made me appreciate
more wildlife.

Covid-19 allowed me to spend
more time with family.

Covid-19 nearly took my
sanity.

Covid-19 made me spend
more time outside.

Covid-19 was not all
downsides.

Covid-19 made me try new
things.

Covid-19 never allows us to
know what it will bring.

Covid-19 made me appreciate
cars and small businesses.

Covid-19 has made me go new
distances.

Covid-19 has made me realize
it is nice to sit and watch the
stars.

Covid-19 has made me realize
I need to slow down and enjoy
what I have in front of me,
because what's left behind me
is only life scars.

Certified Fisher Boy

Hunter MacEwen

Certified Fishing Boy

How to Fish Structure

If you're fishing somewhere that doesn't have shallow vegetation or lily pads, then you'll want to look for fallen trees or large rocks.

These structures hold heat which can be desirable for bass. They also hold camouflage and a hiding place for the bass to rest or pounce.

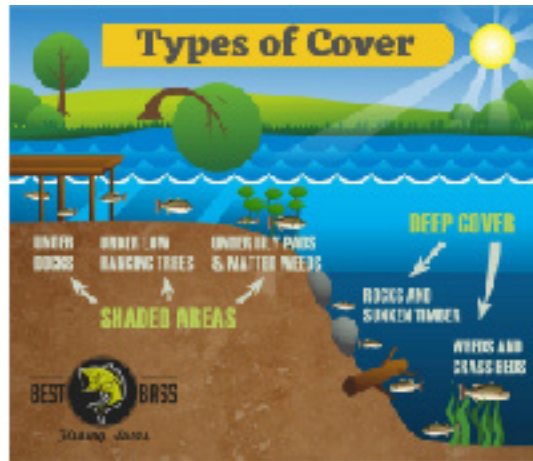
Don't be afraid to hit the branch or rock, the bass will hear that and react.

You're going to want to try and get your bait deep into the thickest

part of the rockpile or sunken tree. To do this, you'll want to use a flipping jig. A flipping jig is a hard bait with a weight the the eye of the hook, keeping it close to the bottom. This bait imitates crawfish or baitfish in distress, kicking up dirt.

This bait has many variations in its appearance. A flipping jig stays upright and prevents snags. Many people also attach trailers, or soft plastics that add to the jigs appearance with appendages or colors. Jigs also wear skirts, but not the kind you're thinking of. These skirts are a pinch of thin rubber strands that often have sparkles and a variety of colors.

It is important to match your bait color



with your trailer color and type. When imitating a sunfish, use blue, purple, and green, using a swimbait as a trailer. When imitating crawfish, use brown and orange with creature bait as a trailer. In this case, braids are not ideal. Instead, it is better to use a strong monofilament line which has a high elasticity, keeping the hook pinned in the fish.

The last major structure that are hotspots for bass and other fish are docks. There are many different types of docks, like the ones that float, if they're made of wood or metal, and if there's a boat docked there. Bass love to sit under these docks because they hold shade and accessibility to both the shallows and the deeper water.

My go to bait for fishing docks has to be a senko, which is a 6 inch rubber worm. More specifically, I use Garry Yamamoto senkos, black with blue flakes. This bait imitates just about everything you could find in the water depending on how you work it.



I have most success when I dead stick the bait, or let the bank hit bottom and slowly raise my rod tip every now and then. Although it's boring, this method gives the bass an easy meal without exerting too much energy, less required to chase a fish. If you lightly drop a senko at the end of a dock and let it sink, fish will typically hit it on the fall. More advanced techniques include skipping your bait under docks, or casting them onto the docks and lightly dragging them off. Just be mindful of people's property, not everybody understands what you are doing and may not want you casting by their dock or boat, but it's your choice at the end of the day.

The above photo is proof that what I'm telling you is the real deal, the fish weighed in at 2.04 lbs, and was caught on a black senko with blue flakes last thursday. Now that you have a better understanding of bass habits, go out there and catch some biggins!

Cheating Death

Neveah Chansouk

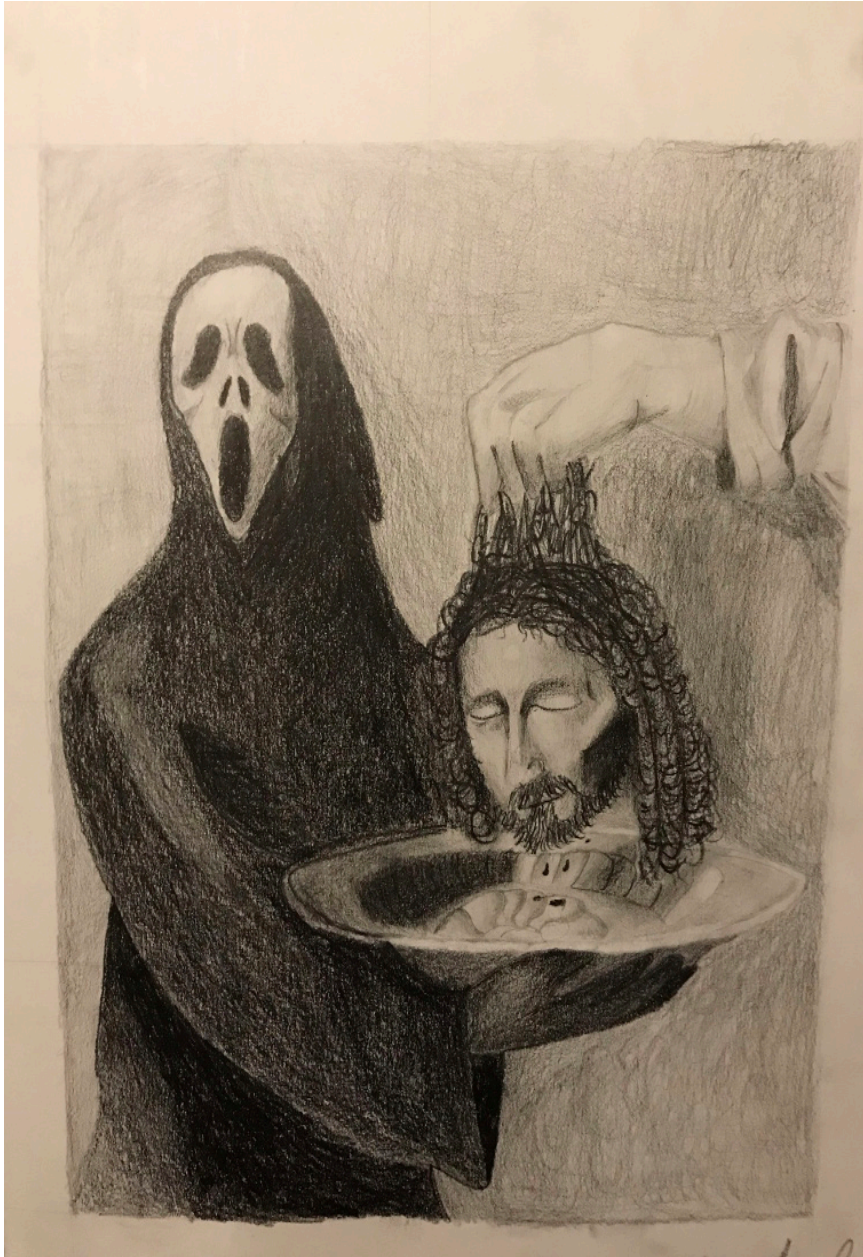
From birth
we are pushed
and there after
all we ever do,
all we are left with is,
pushing
pushing
pushing
the weight of the world
placed upon our frail shoulders
placed in our small hands
we didn't ask for it
but we run
and we
push
towards the top
racing
running
pushing
struggling
fighting
breaking
but all
for what
because,
we reach the top of the mountain
only to be pushed down to our death
we are taught to get up when we fall
we are taught to get up when we are pushed down
so we rise again
and we push harder
we run faster
we struggle more
just to reach the top again

Chansouk 13

only to be pushed down to our death
we are taught to get up when we fall
we are taught to get up when we are pushed down
so we rise again
and we push harder
we run faster
we struggle more
just to reach the top again
only to be pushed down to our death
one
more
time
We will dance with
the sun
the way the sun dances
with the moon
forever
trapped in this vicious cycle
with no end
for we
do not cheat death
but rather
death cheats us

Chansouk 14

Jacksen Senckowski



Untitled Anonymous

Isolation or ICU

A double edge sword comes slicing

You must make a decision

But with each comes a new truth

Isolate and challenge your mental health

Or experience and risk theirs

Only this time the experience can have greater consequences than weight on the mind

When lives are on the line the decision seems easy

When alone in your head things become a little more difficult

Mental health is spoken about

Not enough

it needs to be a front runner

With so many decisions and time alone

People need to be reminded to take care of themselves

Because preserving health

isn't just preserving physical health

Eternal Thoughts

Matthew Keyes-Johnson

Through trial and error, we learn through pain

Temporary bliss to hide the pain and drown the sorrows.

Yet tomorrow is a new day with unpicked fruits of prosperity, I can
see with clarity now.

Trial and error are how we learn to discern right (and) wrong, just
from unjust. Who belongs and does not.

Life is but just a game full of chance and opportunity.

I take this failure with strides of pride as I walk through the Valley
of Death to find myself and pick a fruit of fruition.

Tattoo Heart

Alexis Briggs

You are the tattoo I didn't see an artist for. You marked me and it wasn't intended but it happened. Every time I scrape my finger against your mark, I bleed. I bleed the memories in which we created together and I can't stop it.

I remember first sitting in the chair and I looked up to see you. Your warm soft eyes bore into me the first time they locked as if you were studying me. I watched as you scanned my entire being briefly before locking in on my chest. You hesitated for a moment as if to ask permission without words if this was okay. I blinked and you picked up the needle.

It started with a movie, laid up in your bed laughing at the film while eating popcorn and trying to zone out on the tension tickling between us. It wasn't until the end credits rolled around that you acted on the thought we both held internally. That was it. That's when you first touched me with your ink.

As soon as you touched the needle to my skin, I was hooked. The adrenaline and anxiousness I felt during the beginning was addictive. I couldn't get enough of you. Every moment, every conversation has been ingrained in my memory waiting for someone to ask so I had a reason to talk about you. You continued to apply pressure and add more ink to your mark. Taking only a few pauses to look at me, gazing into my eyes, before going back to your task.

Each month you added a stroke until you decided you were done.

The adrenaline stopped, the ink ceased, and the buzzing of the needle stopped. You were done. You looked up at me, wiped my tears because this was my first tattoo, then took that same tear-stained hand and wiped it across the mark. That was when you got up from the chair and walked out the door. Leaving me alone, with the one word you called me for seven months. The one word that you promised would never break us. The word you swore up and down was what I was to you.

Through my tears and sobs, I got up, walked towards the bathroom and looked in the mirror. It wasn't until I saw my reflection that I broke. The word "perfect" scrawled along my chest over my heart, is the word that shattered me. That is the seven letter word that will continue to crack me internally. In a sense, this permanent tattoo that I hope to fade, is perfect.

Icy World

Trinity Bridge

I put on layers, so I'm ready to go
The land is covered by a layer of snow
I stand stagnant in this icy world
No snowmen being built, no snowballs being hurled
No signs of life to be seen at all
Not a single soul to hear my call
An endless world of guilt and shame
Where innocence has forgotten my name
I do not cry. I haven't a tear.
Is it my pride or is it my fear?
Allowing the embrace of consoling sadness
My head gets caught up in the madness
Joining the landscape, I'm stuck in a pose
This heart of ice takes heavy blows
But like the ice, I've gained resilience
Maybe someday I'll see its brilliance

Little Sinking Ship

Trinity Bridge

Sitting with thoughts and time to reminisce
A new sort of emptiness came to the surface
Now even harder to put back together
Unpredictable waves and fits of fierce weather
With no emotions, I'd feel if I could
Pieces of me splinter off like wood
The floor beneath me roils and churns
Then all at once everything burns
Harder to stand, even harder to walk
I don't even remember how to talk
How did it come to this? How could this be?
That at every turn there is never a calm sea
Every gust of wind and wave makes us shift
Reminding me I'm alone in my little sinking ship

Untitled

Anonymous



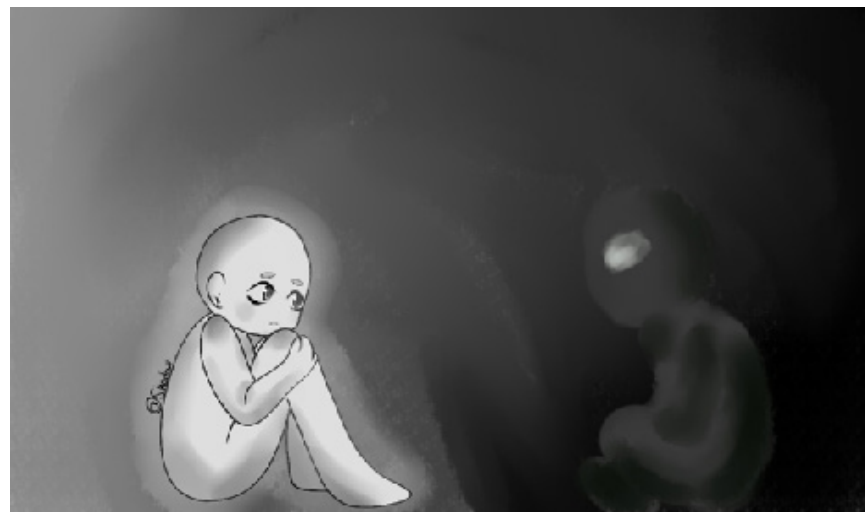
I'm Tired

Shadow

You didn't eat.
I know I have to.
I know I do.
But the voices of my parents
Go round and round with every meal.
"Can't wait for your next weight check."
"You're not eating right,"
"You never have."
I'm tired of not being able to eat the foods
I love so much.
Because nausea wraps itself around my throat
Trying to make me choke on anything I swallow.
I want to gain weight.
But I'm so tired.
You didn't show.
Because you wouldn't let me.
You anchored me to my bed without
Giving me a choice.
Those cursed chains that only I can feel,
See,
Hear
If I ever try to get up or leave my room.
Anxiety stared at me from the back of my head,
Reminding me of the assignments ticking away,
The discussions I loved continuing without me.
And yet, I remain in bed.
Wanting to learn but unable to move.
I'm so tired.
You lie. You hide.
I know.
Five years.
Most would've given up by now, huh?
But he means so much to me, even
If he's so far away.
They thought he was fake.
They still do.

They still do.
He wanted to meet Mom and Dad.
They said no. And took him away.
Twice.
We can only call while I'm here.
While I'm away.
We text when I'm back there.
I have to tell them eventually.
I want to be with him after all.
The thought of telling them, though
Makes me so tired.
Do they really care?
I believe they do.
At least on days where you're quiet.
When you wake from the pills
Doing their best to keep you asleep,
It gets harder to convince myself
That I do have people in my corner.
While you're awake,
You sap more and more from me
To make your words louder
And louder.
And louder.
And louder.
I try to ignore you.
But I'm so tired.
You can never decide.
No; you're always there with a contradiction.
Places to eat.
Which one is right?
Clothes to wear.
Would Mom yell at this choice?
She's not even here.

Would she?
I'm twenty years old.
Would she?
You're so persistent
It's annoying.
It's tiring.
You're still here.
I am.
Despite your words, I have
People I care for.
People that care for me.
I made a promise to him.
"We'll meet one day."
I made a promise to myself.
Get better.
I may be tired
But I made promises.
And they make the tiredness dissipate
Little by little.



Hireath

Alex Collins

Ic waer faemne geong, faexhar cwene,

Ond aenlic rinc on ane tid;

Fleah mid fuglum ond on flode swom

Deaf uder ythe, dead mid fiscum

Ond on foldan stop – haefde ferth cwicu

What else could it be but a woman answering the call of Hiraeth.

Her call from a home she has never known but yearns for still

Her home found between the lines drawn by the quill in that
12-point font.

Her home she wants with the flip of every page and the crack of
every spine.

One she seeks in every dream and in every line but will never reach.

Till the end of time, and books, and speech, she will be that girl still

She will be the girl in the corner with her nose in her book.

Mistook for a meek little lamb though she is not.

Her soul will not be bought by pretty words from wealthy kings.

She flies on untamed wings at the ball, a dagger hidden in the folds
of her dress.

Collins 25

No would guess she is the fearless warrior fighting monsters and
corrupt liars.

She will be the girl with fire and desire in her soul that lives a thou-
sand lives while you live one.

You live one stunted life with every scroll and double tap.

You miss the conversations and the love and magic that life brings.

You miss the freedom that rings out as the door to the library hits
the little bell.

You miss the swell of the trees laughter as they watch you walk right
past life.

You take a knife to every dream and every opportunity as you stare
and wait for a simple like.

She won't.

She hasn't sold her soul to the cells towers and the screens.

Her soul belongs to glen and the trees and sea and stars and the
dreams.

She has toppled the regime and screamed her name from the
mountaintop.

All while your life relies on you tapping stop, play, pause, fast-for-
ward, rewind.

Her life isn't timed by a thirty second video, her lives are found and
lived between every line.

Collins 26

Translation from Old English:

I was a young woman, a fair-haired lady, And at the same time a
peerless warrior;

I flew with the birds and swam in the sea,

Dove under the wave, and was dead among fishes,

And I walked on the ground, I had a living soul.

What else could it be but a woman answering the call of Hiraeth.

Her call from home she has never known but yearns for stil

Contributor Biographies

Carley Roy is a Senior who is double majoring in Criminal Justice and Psychology. She likes to spend her free time reading.

Neveah Cahnsouk is a Junior at Franklin Pierce. She is an English major on the Creative Writing track. She also has a music minor She is from Danbury, CT. A fun fact about her is that she can play the guitar.

Tiara Ollivierra is a Junior Health Science major with a Biology minor. She is trying to desensitize herself to creepy crawlies by taking pictures and identifying them. She uses the naturalist app (which is free), and you can find all of her identifications there.

Parker Bosse is Senior at Franklin Piece. They are an English major on Creative Writing track. They want to become a published and widely read author. In their free time, they like to read and stream video games.

Hunter MacEwen is a Sophomore here at Franklin Pierce University. He currently majoring in business management. His favorite food is sushi, specifically, shrimp tempura.

Jacksen Senckowski is a Senior majoring in Psychology with minors in Criminal Justice and Forensic Psychology. He believes that fruit is a superior snack compared to anything else.

Alexis Briggs is a Junior majoring in English and Communications. She is working towards a womens in leadership certificate. A fun fact about her is that she auditioned fdor Disney, but got rejected.

Trinity Bridge is a Sophomore here at Franklin Pierce. She is pursuing a major in Environmental Science with a minor in Business Administration. It wasn't until she was in 8th grade that she got into writing poetry. In her spare time she was always preoccupied with art. She was in chorus from 3rd grade all the way up until her Junior year of high school, and she took many art related courses. She took beginners piano, beginners' guitar, ceramics, and drawing. Her main goal was to make sure she got into college. Before she got into college, she tried to push herself to do more, so she attended dual enrollment through Mount Wachusett Community College and worked with them to try to help with the community garden the high school was building. In doing dual enrollment she had the opportunity to meet the Governor of Massachusetts Charlie Baker.

Shadow is a Junior at Franklin Pierce. They are majoring in English (Creative Writing) with a Fine Arts minor. Writing was never their strong suit growing up. They always found it easier to draw out their feelings rather than write them down, or even speak them. However, since coming to FPU, it's much easier to put their thoughts together and they have found themselves writing all the stories that they could never get out of their head. They have been writing for a little over four years, and they have been drawing since seventh grade. They hope to gain through not only this piece they have submitted, but also any other work they publish, is to show others that even if you think you're alone in your struggles, you're not. There's at least one person out there who can relate to you. It's okay to ask for help.

Alex Collins is a Junior who is going to double major in Criminal Justice and Political Science. She also is working on a minor in Forensic Psychology. They love to read and have read 40 books so far this year.

Submission Guidelines

Nevermore accepts up to three poems per person (one per page), up to 2,000 words of prose (fiction, non-fiction, essay). Photographs and drawings must be sent in as a .png file.

Please email all submissions to:
nevermore@franklinpierce.edu

Nevermore's publication is supported by Franklin Pierce University's Iota Omega Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, the International English Honor Society. From the call for submissions, the evaluation of original work for inclusion, to editing, designing, printing and distribution, the chapter sponsor and members serve a vital role in the journal's production and we are grateful for their unwavering support.



SIGMA TAU DELTA
INTERNATIONAL ENGLISH HONOR SOCIETY

Contributors

Carley Roy
Hunter MacEwen
Neveah Chansouk
Matthew Kenan-Johnson
Alexis Briggs
Alex Collins

Parker Bosse
Jackson Senckowski
Tiara Olliviera
Trinity Bridge
Shadow