

# NEVERMORE

Spring 2018





## **Editor-In-Chief**

Shannon Haynes

## **Editorial Board**

Gabrielle Gleiman

James Bruno

Kyana Brizuela



# Editor's Letter

In my short time here with *Nevermore*, it had never once crossed my mind that I would become Editor-In-Chief. When I was asked to be the next editor, I eagerly accepted. Going into what this issue of *Nevermore* was going to be, I had no particular subject that I wanted to focus on. All I was focused on was getting *Nevermore* to be thoroughly well-known throughout the campus. Along with spreading the word extensively through postcards, bookmarks, and weekly posts online, I could not be more pleased with the amount of submissions that were sent in. I was very delighted with the amount of diversity, creativity, and hard work that everyone put in here, and could not ask for anything better.

This was such a wonderful experience that I would definitely do all over again if given the chance. Everything was put together exactly as I envisioned, and I am so astonished and pleased with the result. I am especially proud and amazed at the strenuous work that was put into this issue. If there's one thing that all of this has taught me, it's that I am more than capable of doing anything I can imagine.

I would like to thank my Editorial Board, Gabrielle Gleiman, James Bruno, and Kyana Brizuela for their help putting the volume together and making all of this process possible. I would also like to thank Dr. Dangelantonio for her guidance, trust, and support on this.

I hope you enjoy this edition of *Nevermore*.

Sincerely,  
Shannon Haynes  
*Nevermore* Editor-In-Chief

*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.

# Table of Contents

## Cover Art Sashealy Rivera

A Work In Progress	1
Photograph 1	2
Stand	3
Names	4
Orange Pill Bottles	5
Ice Lace Curtain	6
My “Howl”	7
Elemental Fury	9
Photograph 3	10
Triangles	11
Me Too	14
Cold Cardinal	16
Happiness	17
Down the Mountain	19
Photograph 5	20
Empire	21
Iphigenia	22
Photograph 6	23
All Too Late	24
To Lauren	25
Light Within	26
Photograph 7	27
Shoes	28
Recreation	30
Graduation Bells	31
Contributor’s Biographies	32



# **A Work In Progress**

**Gabrielle Gleiman**

It starts as a thought, an idea.  
Wandering through the mind.  
Through time, it is given form.  
Molded and given shape.  
Birthed by daydreams, inspiration, and passion.  
Held as an egg in the mind.  
It begins to hatch as pen meets paper.  
Born as a physical form,  
weak but with heart.  
It grows and develops,  
revising its personality over and over.  
Becoming stronger,  
every word it speaks has meaning.  
Telling its story,  
so that others may hear.

# Brittany Ouellet



# **Stand**

**James Bruno**

I would rather stand on my own  
than stand with someone who  
would rather stand alone than  
stand for someone else who  
couldn't stand up for themselves

# Names

## Kyana Brizuela

People do anything they can to avoid saying my name. It's been going on so long that it feels like I don't even have one anymore. Without a choice, I had to say goodbye to the name I was given at birth. The one my mother and father thought of together. Putting so much hope and love into naming me. A name that had meaning. Love and hope all woven in together. But that name, my true name, has become no more. It has faded away into an unreachable existence. Even my parents do not use my name often. Even they have become accustomed to calling me names that I do not want ownership of. Names that I do not want to claim as my own identity. And when I ask them to say my real name it's always the same.

"It's just too hard to say," they'll tell me, not even meeting my eyes.

"I mean, your nickname is cuter anyway," they'll say, shrugging their shoulders as if I am the one who is insane.

"Is it really that big a deal?" they'll scoff, eyes rolling in annoyance.

How easy it is to say such things when it's not you it's happening to. It must be great to never have to experience losing this part of yourself. This part of your life. I want to roll my eyes. Stomp my feet. Scream in their faces. Throw things. Punch walls. All of this and so much more.

In the end, I do nothing. I know I can't actually do those things. The minute, the second, I lose control, it is all over. So I bite my tongue. Force a smile on my face.

"Oh, don't worry about it. Do whatever's easier for you," I'll assure them.

And with that, I've lost myself.

# Orange Pill Bottles

Elizabeth Kleiner

She took so many each morning  
No bother to a child less than ten.

I wanted to be like her,  
Mirror her image as the water did  
In her cup.

I told her someday I too  
Would pop open the white top  
And shake the blue pills  
Out of the orange bottle.

She said she hoped I never had to.

But here I stand, a perfect image  
Of what she prayed would never happen,  
Repeating itself every morning and night  
Until the day I die.

# Ice Lace Curtain

Elsa Voelcker



# My “Howl”

Sarah Crispell

## I

I have seen the best of women broken and confused because of the troubles of men,

I have seen women with courage, with vigor, with ambition left without any of these.

I have seen women lying on the ground crying not being able to move because of the pain a man put them through.

People have been talking about these women as if they do not have the ears on their heads and the ability to listen.

People point fingers at these women, laugh, and whisper. They think that the women with their backs to them do not know what is happening behind them.

## II

The problem is not these men. The problem is society.

The problem is the people that do not see there is a problem in the first place.

They walk about in ignorance never admitting to what is occurring around them.

They point their fingers at the women for speaking up about what has happened to them, and snicker at the pain they admit to be in. They act as if it cannot happen to them too.

But a secret that they keep close to their hearts is that it has happened to them, or their neighbor, sister, cousin, friend.

They know someone who has been hurt by a man. They know the true issue is them. They die slowly inside knowing they are the problem. But they do not fix the problem, they do not fix themselves.

### III

Instead of trying to change society, instead of trying to change the men, instead of trying to change the way we deal with the issue. We blame the women. We blame the person who is broken, confused, dying, and on the ground.

We apologize to the men. We apologize to the public. But we never apologize to the woman on the ground bleeding.

We blame the women. We blame the clothes. The alcohol. The party. The fact that they were walking alone. That they trusted the person they were with.

They say that the first step to fixing something is to admit there is a problem. The women have admitted there is a problem. They have raised their voices. They have led marches. They have shouted to be heard. But we ignore these women.

They say that the first step is admitting there is a problem. But how can we do this when the problem is them?

# Elemental Fury

Gabrielle Gleiman

Hear the beckoning of the wind  
Rustling the green trees  
The leaves dancing with the wind's grace and the sky's breath  
Inhale the strength of the wind and make it your own

Feel the flame from your heart  
As passion from within burns and fuels your body  
You are the fury  
Fighting with courage

Listen to the voices that sing  
The very earth as it tries to speak  
The life that dwells within  
The peace of tranquility that it offers

See through the depths of the ocean  
Understand the shifts and changes of the tides  
The movement and energy that seem never ending  
The soothing of the healing waters

# Brittany Ouellet



# Triangles

## Mary Decker

Albany's eyes settled on her, across the street. She had an athletic build, dyed-red hair cut close to her head except for some fringe that flopped down over one eye. As she reached up to push her glasses further up her nose, she shifted, causing light to fracture off her necklace, a rainbow ensemble made from glinted triangles threaded through a simple silver chain. He smirked to himself, and, checking both ways, jog-walked across the street until he was next to her.

"Hey there beautiful," he leaned in a little too close. It puts him on the advantage, and unsettles the footing of the current target. "Wanna come back to mine?"

She leaned back, putting a few inches between them, a look of blatant disgust crossing her face. It sent a spiral of rage through Albany. Does she think she's too good for him? Please.

"Sorry, I'm a bit too gay for that," she says bluntly, stepping back and away, turning halfway away from him. Albany just snorted.

"That's 'cuz you never met me before, baby - "

"I am not. Your baby," Albany bristles at the interruption. When did he say she could talk? She gives Albany a piercing look, her eyes glinting angrily as they dart across his face, her upper lip pulled up into a snarl.

Tch. This is too much work. Albany barks something out at her, his typical line about bitches, and then turns his attention back to the crowd. He doesn't like them with spark, they're more likely to fight back. He had hoped that she was going to be one of those dykes that was afraid of male attention, but apparently, he was wrong.

He spent the rest of the day on the hunt. Unfortunately, a lot of the pretty women these days were turning into fucking feminist or lady fags, and for some reason think they are equal to him in will in strength. It's the only reason most of these women would act like this. At one point, after calling her a "pretty little bitch", one woman even started barking in his face. Bunch of crazy fucking feminist fags, the lot of them.

Finally, finally, he landed a good one. He was waiting outside of Eagle, and waited until a drunk little thing on her own tumbled out before snatching her up, offering to "get her a taxi home". She blubbered something in thanks, and leaned into him as he flagged someone down. When someone pulled up, he poured her inside, and then slipped in right after. It was to "make sure she got there safe".

Now, she seemed wary, though still friendly in the way that drunk girls are. She babbled her address to the cabbie in between talking about how amazing Albany was and the city and how she just got here herself and isn't the Eagle just so much fun? Everything here is so much fun and everyone here is just so nice.

Albany tuned her out for the ride, and after arriving at their destination, he over-tipped the cabbie and sent him on his way. The cabbie just pulled his hat so, and wished them a good night. Albany smirked.

He rushed through the beginning, it wasn't even his favorite part, especially with someone as sloshed as this bird was. In no time flat, he got them indoors, and had her hands tied up to her bed, which was sadly lacking a headboard, but it had posts, which worked just as well in this time. He left the legs free; he liked it when they kicked. He took his time about it, found some twisties and duct tape in the drawers in her kitchen. Good thing everyone in this generation thought duct tape was the end all be all of problem solvers.

When she was strapped up, she started realizing that something was wrong; she started pulling and twisting, grunting breathy sounds of her efforts which sent blood pooling down in Albany. He quickly straddled her, feeling her shaking body bucking up to throw him off. This was his second favorite part. The warmth of life between his legs, the struggle of a fight or flight response of his prey, the inadvertent grinding, grinding, grinding... Albany smirked. His favorite part was coming up,

Delicately, he trailed his finger tips from the top of her jeans up her stomach, lifted them to not touch her breasts, and then returned them to caress her collar bones, then the dip of her throat convulsing as she tried to breathe through her nose. He looked into her eyes then, as she rolled around and shone with tears. Licking his lips almost nervously, Albany took stock of how his own heart was starting to race, the heat in his veins. He leans down, and presses a chaste kiss against the tape where it covered her mouth, pulling away and she yanked her head off to one side. Albany starts grinning. Moving his fingers up her throat, he feels out her esophagus, then nestled it into the crux of his thumb and fore finger of each hand.

He starts leaning into his hands now, barely any pressure at all. The woman beneath him starts struggling more, screaming and bucking and crying and she was so full of life now. Albany's eyes started to gleam, sweat trickled down the back of his neck, grinding down into her attempts to fling him off her. But she was too drunk, and his weight was pushing her down enough that she couldn't get the proper leverage...

Pain shatters though Albany's head, and his hands twitch tightly around her throat. It came from the back, right near the top. Snarling, he turns, only to have his head smashed over to one side. He blinks in pain, but when his eyes open again he doesn't know where he is.

It's dark, and there's no bed, only the chair that, as he pulls, he realizes he is strapped to. His head can move freely, and so can his mouth. As he looks around, trying to figure out what was happening, where he was, he starts mouthing off, all the while his mind spinning, trying to reorient himself in this new environment.

Right above his head a bare bulb snaps on, and he squints and blinks, snarling and grouching, trying to hide the pounding of his heart as he realizes that his wrists and ankles are wrapped up so tightly that he can't feel his toes and

fingertips any more. His chair is yanked around, and he sees her next to a table. The bitch from before. Her eyes are still glinting, but she's used a hair pin to hold her red fringe away from her face.

She leans over so her face is near his, and unfortunately, she's not wearing the proper top so he can get a good look down.

"You must have a thing for women who want nothing to do with you. Does this stem back to some trauma with your mother?" she mockingly puts on the tone of the therapists that he hasn't seen in years, and he spits on her, laughing at how the phlegm drips down her cheek.

She stands up straight then, using the shoulder of her sleeve to wipe off her face, then turns to the table and picks something up. A pair of pliers. Albany starts to sweat, but he smirks, still taunting her. She just rolls her eyes, and then takes his hand into hers, and sets the pliers against his nail.

Albany is jerking now, trying to tip the chair, trying to turn it, trying anything, but still the pain comes. As the roots of his nail is yanked from him, so is a scream and yell of absolute anguish. He screams and screams, his throat turning raw, but she just plinks one onto the table, and then sets the tool against the next fingertip. Somehow, while listening to his own yelps and cries, tears streaming, his body writhing, he misses the soft feel of the skin pulled tight over cooling collar bones.

Time has no real meaning, only sensation exists. Just when Albany thinks that he has gone numb, the fake ginger twitches her wrist just so and reignites him. At one point he pisses himself, and can measure time only in how long it takes for his soiled pants to cool down and stiffen up with the strong scent of his waste.

He's sobbing in between his screams, and as he wears out, the pain keeps coming. His head is lolling, he gnashes and tears at his inner cheeks and tongue, until the inside of his mouth tastes like the air.

He's in and out now, only coming too when she breaks her methodical pulling to hold the pliers in her fist and stab into his chest, never going too deep, but pulling at the puncture, shaping it into lines. The new pain distracts him from his hands only long enough for her to take back his hand into hers, the blood both slick and tacking as the old dries out only to be covered by new streams she draws from him.

At one point, she pauses long enough to turn back to the table, less than a handful worth of nails strewn across it seemingly without care, to pick up a pair of scissors. Instead of going for him, picks up a nail, mangled and broken from her efforts of ringing and pulling it from deep within him, and starts clipping it into the shape of a triangle.

# Me Too

Kalyn DaSilva

1 in 4 women experience sexual assault  
statistics don't lie yet here we are, denied credibility  
"what were you wearing that night?"  
"how much did you have to drink?"  
"well he seems like a nice guy"  
"did you say no?"

we teach young women to walk in fear with a key wedge between  
our fingers or our finger glued to the trigger of pepper spray  
we're taught to pretend you're on your phone, pretend you're  
talking to your "boyfriend"-even if you don't one  
don't look him in the eyes, pretend you aren't paying attention, pre-  
tend your heart isn't beating out of your chest

*thump.thump.thump.*

tell yourself you aren't scared; they can smell your fear  
pretend you're walking with a purpose, not like a purpose to get  
away, no, a purpose like dinner's getting cold, or you're late for an  
important meeting

walk closer to the curb to avoid any bush or dumpster or any other  
place he could be hiding

think of it like walking on a line in the store as a little kid trying to  
avoid the lava like your life depended on it  
avoid him because your life depends on it

when will the time come that we teach them to not rape rather than  
for us to not get raped? when will they learn that the look in our  
eyes doesn't mean we want it, it means we can't believe we've be-  
come 1 in 4

when will they learn that the words couldn't escape our mouth be-  
cause the first touch stops and freezes us in our tracks

our mind races but our stares are blank

like floating off to another place will save us from the nightmare  
we're living

when will they learn that fighting back isn't an option, that we  
shouldn't have to fight back, that they should just not rape  
when will they learn, that when they are done with us, and we don't  
get up to leave, it isn't because we wanted it  
It's because they have stolen all the life out of us, along with any  
confidence or dignity we had left.  
I know this all too well because  
me too.

# Cold Cardinal

Elsa Voelcker



# Happiness

Kyana Brizuela

“Are you happy?” I ask my friend Manuel.

That’s when he’ll look at me. Stare at me for a few seconds that seem to turn into hours. His brown eyes to mine. Not breaking contact. Not even a blink.

“I’ve never been happier,” he’ll say, his voice cracking ever so slightly. His foot is tapping rapidly under the circular café table. He takes a quick sip of the raspberry iced tea he ordered before looking at me and giving me that smile. Not the mischievous grin he used to have. The one that made him seem boyish despite being well into his twenties. No, definitely not that one. That grin is long gone now. Along with his former self. The him that used to be happy. The him before he married her.

As I expected, Manuel married too quickly and before he was ready. He always dreamed of finding the perfect person to spend his life with. The kind of person he can dance with to the Mexican records he plays in the mornings that sound like laughter. A person he can cook meals for. Or cram themselves in a small kitchen and cook together. Their elbows knocking into each other and filling the space with their laughter.

But the woman he married does not like to do those things. She made him put away those records he got from his grandfather.

“I can’t dance to music I can’t even understand,” she’ll argue. “So what’s the point of keeping them?”

And with that he put his records that remind him of family in a box. Into some long-forgotten corner of their apartment to collect dust and sadness.

When he cooks her food she only nods. No smile or even a quick thank you. He says he enjoys the silence that he and his wife share. But Manuel is a man who loves to talk to people. Who loves to fill rooms with everyone’s voices. With laughter. With happiness.

“You sure you’re happy?” I ask him again.

“Happy as can be,” he’ll answer. He smiles at me again. Except this time, it’s wavering. It looks as if it’s on the verge of collapsing.

My eyes drop down to the long sleeves of his gray hoodie that he wears all the time now. Even now, when the sun is glaring down at us. Both of our brown skin sizzling. On his wrist, I see the beginnings of a pinkish mark. Before I can look at it more closely, he gets up, shoves both hands in his pockets.

“Well, it’s been fun,” he states flatly. He drops money on the table and starts walking away.

I urge my legs to get up from the seat. Try to force my voice to call out his name. But my feet are cemented to the ground. My throat is too closed off from the sobs I refuse to let out.

I only watch as he fades away into the distance. Back to his pretend happiness.

# Down the Mountain

Joseph Lehmann

My groups have left me behind,  
the mountain has been conquered,  
the sun's setting and the sky grows dark.  
my body aches and my skin is burnt.  
My feet are numb.  
I fear for busted teeth and bleeding hands.

Green and brown are all around the wooded path  
enclosing me-  
the wildlife look for dinner.  
Cuts and bruises slow me down  
    along with no water, but weight.  
The decline is almost finished-  
    the base is near.

Then I hear it-  
    though I can't see  
There is a rustling in the bushes  
Despite the pain and weight, I run  
The path becomes smoother  
all the rocks are behind me, yet  
the sounds continue

Once I found the dirt paths  
the sun is almost done setting  
    and the moon is up  
With little light, I look behind  
and see not a great beast  
Instead a little rabbit going home  
as I am now.

# Brittany Ouellet



# Empire

James Bruno

Alone, he rose.  
Soundless and still, as ruined and wrathful  
As a king without a crown,  
And yet it was his game to play  
To harden his heart and open his mouth  
For sound was not something to adopt,  
It was something to take, to pillage  
And plunder  
And just like you couldn't ask a fire  
To be hot,  
You couldn't ask the heart  
To be cold,  
Because honor lived not  
Without a throne  
And when one built an empire  
From nothing  
He was just asking for it to fall  
So that when darkness swallowed it whole  
There was always someone  
To lure it from the  
Shadows  
And stand up with it.  
With him, they rose.



# Brittany Ouellet



# All Too Late

Mary Decker

The last time I saw her  
was red  
a devastating, home-colored red  
a sky like soup  
burned black crumbs, pepper  
streaked across the redness

When I arrived  
everything was too late  
all too late  
bombs  
hurled bombs  
thrown down by  
humans hiding in the clouds  
the streets were ruptured veins  
blood dried on the road  
bodies struck there  
like driftwood after the flood  
everything was too late

She was clutching at  
a book  
She was dying  
to read through her story  
one last time

I watched her awhile.  
I followed her.

## **To Lauren**

**Troy Nikander**

Must I beg you for confirmation? Oh,  
one tiny molecule will do. How fast  
did time drag you down, only to be cast  
among ghosts buried beyond all I know?  
Your shining brown eyes--have they lost their glow?  
These feelings must be strange, having long passed  
on love so deeply etched into hearts once smashed  
by fractured hands. Go, now, forget this woe,  
cried out my heart, yet I must now decry  
how severing ill-fated lines between  
our souls has left us. I only ask why  
you drown in seas of rocking waves and screens  
when I throw myself inward, just to try  
a rescue. I can't swim at age eighteen.

# **Light Within**

**Gabrielle Gleiman**

To find the light,  
I must search inside myself.  
Past the darkness that envelops my heart.

To find the light,  
I must be stronger.  
To pull myself out with my own will.

To find the light,  
I must let go of the past.  
Pushing forward with my life.

To find the light,  
I must remain true.  
True to myself so that I never go back.

# Brittany Ouellet



# Shoes

Kyana Brizuela

Looking down from the bridge, the gray waters lap over themselves so calmly. It feels as if the little waves and ripples are softly stroking against each other. Trying to soothe each other. The rains stopped just a little while ago. Gray clouds roll lazily across the sky. There is only a little hole of light shining; the stream of smoky yellow pricks at the river's tiny waves, as if reminding it that the sun is still there. It will not stay dreary for much longer.

I press my hands against the rusty guard rail, dirtying them with that orangey-red tinge. Hoisting my body up, I sit on the edge of the railing, almost dangle over the edge. Water from the rain seeps through the dark green felt of my long coat, almost reaching to under my knees.

I swing my legs back and forth, a little higher each time, as if I were a child. I accidentally swing a bit too much, and a black converse flies off my right foot. The frayed once-white laces wave in panic, trying to grab onto something, anything that will save it. But there is nothing that can save it. Waves reluctantly grab it. Its end is barely signified by a pathetic plop before it is submerged.

The only remaining shoe begins to slip off my foot. It tries to clutch on as best it can, but it is losing. I stare at it as it comes looser. I don't want to lose it. Those shoes reminded me of the long summer days back with my mother. Caked with mud and grime from stomping around outside all day. Sitting out in the summer heat as our black skin got covered in sweat. Drinking homemade lemonade that burst with intense sweetness. What I miss most of all is how my mother smiled at me back in those days. Grin so wide it made the even the gloomiest skies radiate warmth. Even as the years went by, and time did her wrong, she grinned as wide and big as she could. When little by little she started to lose everything. Even when those summer days with just the two of us became a distant blur. She still grinned. But her grin lost all its warmth a long time ago.

The shoe falls lamely down into the river. I tried. I really

did try. Thought maybe I could just move my foot a bit and the shoe would slip back on. Not completely on, of course. Just enough so it wouldn't fall off my foot. But that wasn't enough.

I'm sorry, mom. I couldn't hold on. Just like you, I let myself fall.

At first, I want to fight the water that forces its way into my lungs. But then I greedily inhale; the water gleefully enters from my nostrils, my mouth. Making its way into my lungs. Forcing the air out.

As my vision goes black, I wonder how it was for my mom. If towards the end, while the life was draining out of her, leaving only an empty shell robbed of warmth, she also felt a harsh burn of loneliness in her chest.

# Recreation

Mary Decker

It is 1989 and I am 24 years old.

I have freedom now, freedom to be myself,  
freedom to love who I have always loved, freedom  
to die. I still go to the same places, places once filled with laughter  
and flirtatious smiles and bright colors and Marrison's perfect  
make-up

and perfect contoured eyebrows and deep voice teasing me  
for fumbling through a first introduction and Marrison leaning  
down

from her towering height with her killer heels to pick at the lapel  
of one of the officers that likes to rough us up making his face  
go tomato red and spittle fly from his lips as he stutters protesta-  
tions

and he spins on his heel and runs from Marrison's flowery perfume  
and throaty laugh

and just yesterday I visited Marrison at the hospital and she was so  
small.

Defeated.

Her long flowing hair was off revealing her  
close-cropped black hair and her face seemed painfully masculine  
without her second skin.

She was sweating horribly,

her eyes were swollen nearly shut,

but she still ruffled up my hair and smiled and teased me

with her full voice and I painted her nails bright orange and I went  
to visit her today

but the lady at the desk sneered over her green glasses' rims  
and told me that "he" had died.

# Graduation Bells

Troy Nikander

We first crossed paths  
the moment I took notice of his frown;  
it must have been frozen over by  
a rogue blizzard. His eyes  
matched the ocean's tint in mid-January.

He sat huddled over a book, a piercing gaze  
unintentionally scaring the words on the page.  
Looking at him, I noticed  
there was no scar on his wrist  
no light in those eyes

I've moved in time to his steps  
over four years, watched him closely,  
yet only observed  
the way his heart adapted to  
changing time.

Just before I began walking toward those ringing bells,  
I looked over my shoulder and saw  
hope temporarily nestled in  
the Venus-fly trap made from their fingers.  
His eyes shone vibrantly, like the roaring sea.

# Contributor's Biographies

**Sashealy Rivera** is a freshman majoring in Health Sciences and minoring in Psychology. She currently works on campus in the fine arts department as a painting and drawing assistant. In her free time, she loves to read, draw, and write poetry. She's been making pencil drawings for eight years now and plans on continuing her passion in later years as a hobby. She is also the treasurer of the Franklin Pierce Literary Society.

**Gabrielle Gleiman** is a senior Creative Writing major and Communications minor at Franklin Pierce University. Much of her inspiration comes from reading fantasy novels and playing endless hours of video games. She dreams of becoming a lead writer for a video game company where she'll be able to tell her stories in an industry she loves.

**Kyana Brizuella** is a Creative Writing major with a minor in Visual Arts. She hopes to write graphic novels and fiction in the future.

**James Bruno** is a Creative Writing major in his Junior year, set to graduate with the class of 2019 after only three years. Both a member of Sigma Tau Delta and the Chair of the Publications Committee for the Honors Advisory Council, James has been writing ever since he initially discovered the power of words in the first grade, and he's attending Franklin Pierce University in hopes of becoming a traditionally published author. Currently, James has self-published one novel and is set to publish a collection of poetry come May 2018.

**Sarah Crispell** is a senior at Franklin Pierce University where she is majoring in English. She can often be found with a book, Dunkin, and haunting Petro because where else is she going to find a quiet place to read? She is a member of Sigma Tau Delta.

**Kalyn DaSilva** is a senior psychology major and aspiring social worker and poet. She wants to use her poetry to help heal those who have been hurt and give them a sense of hope. She will be attending Simmons College in the fall of 2018 to start her Masters of Social Work degree.

**Mary Decker** is a senior English major, with a concentration in Creative Writing, and a minor in Music. They are a member of the Iota Omega chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, the international English honors society. Their work has been presented twice at the annual Sigma Tau Delta convention, in 2017 and 2018. They worked as an intern for the Northern New England Review, a literary magazine that specializes in works authored by New England natives, or works inspired by New England itself.

**Elizabeth Kleiner** is a twenty-year-old psychology major who throughout high school and college worked hard on writing. She was the Editor-in-Chief of her high school literary journal for two years and President of the Creative Writing Club. Along with writing, photography interests her. She has won several competitions for both writing and photography. She also likes napping whenever she can.

**Joseph Lehmann** is a Senior at Franklin Pierce University. He is an English Major with a concentration in Creative Writing and a Minor in History. He started writing professionally at eleven years old. He is currently editing submissions for the Northern New England Review.

**Caitlyn Mulcahy** is an English and Education major working toward a Women in Leadership certificate with a passion for Greek mythology (her orange tabby is named Apollo). She is a member of Sigma Tau Delta and is currently a Junior.

**Troy Nikander** is a senior at Franklin Pierce University finishing a degree in English Literature with a double minor in Psychology and History. His writing has previously appeared in *Nevermore* and *Northern New England Review*. He is the 2017-2018 President of the Iota Omega chapter of Sigma Tau Delta.

**Brittany Ouellet** is a 19-year-old first year student. She is majoring in Psychology and minoring in Visual Arts. Those who know her call her Bee, and her favorite color is yellow. She loves art of all kind and is especially fond of photography. She loves animals, nature, books, music and television. Bee is also on the Raven Thunder Dance Team and the Women's Rugby Team.

**Elsa Voelcker** has a twenty-six year career teaching photography at Franklin Pierce University in Rindge and St. Anselm College in Manchester, New Hampshire. Her interest in documentary and portrait photography has always been evident. She continues to practice traditional silver photography because of her love of the reflective quality of silver as well as its stability. However, the lure of color has her practicing, teaching and selling digital photography as well.

# Submission Guidelines

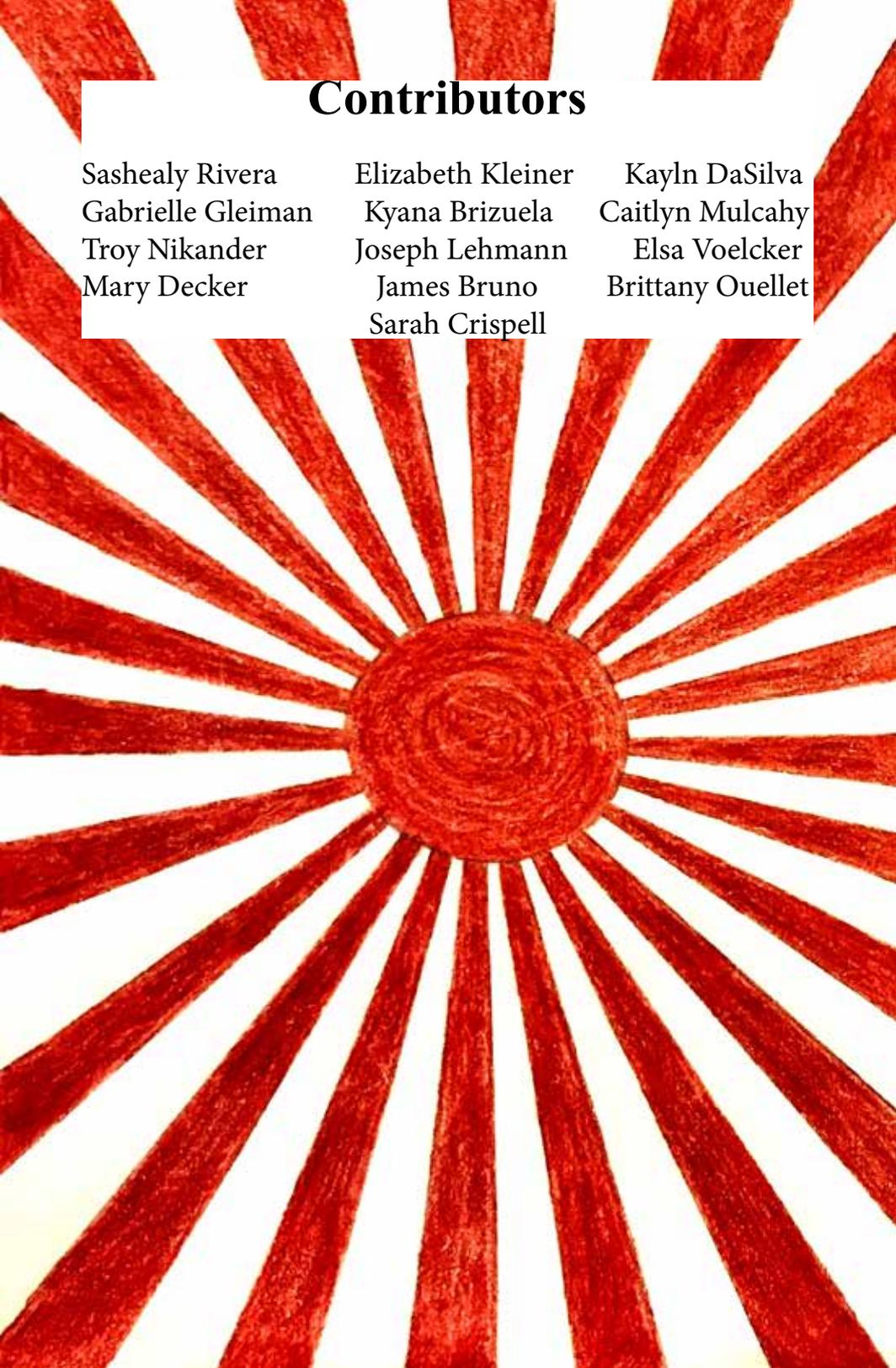
*Nevermore* accepts up to three poems per person (one per page), up to 2,000 words of prose (fiction, non-fiction, essay). Photographs and drawings must be sent in as a .png file.

Please email all submissions to:  
**[nevermore@franklinpierce.edu](mailto: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

Sashealy Rivera

Gabrielle Gleiman

Troy Nikander

Mary Decker

Elizabeth Kleiner

Kyana Brizuela

Joseph Lehmann

James Bruno

Sarah Crispell

Kayln DaSilva

Caitlyn Mulcahy

Elsa Voelcker

Brittany Ouellet