

equinox

Literary and Arts Magazine

equinox

Campus Honors Program
University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign
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Equinox is the literary and arts magazine exclusive to the Campus Honors Program of the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. It was created, organized, and published by Chancellor's Scholars.

The mission of *Equinox* is to share the artistic and creative talents of CHP members. Its name, borrowed from astronomy, reflects this mission: the vernal and autumnal equinoxes are days of the year when day and night are seen equally. The duality of day and night reflects the balance between academic and artistic achievement among Chancellor's Scholars.

We could not have published this issue of Equinox without the students and staff of the Campus Honors Program. Thank you CHP student artists, for submitting your wonderful creative works. Thank you, CHP student editors, for helping us bring the magazine to life. Thank you, Anne and Kim, for pushing us to reach the final steps of publishing this issue of the magazine.

Thank you, everyone, for your help and encouragement throughout this process. Your dedication, time, and contributions were invaluable.

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letter from the editors

Dear readers,

We are excited to present you with this year's summer solstice—or rather, this year's *Equinox*, which happened to come around a little later than planned. Belated but no less beloved, the sixth issue of the Campus Honors Program literary and arts magazine finds inspiration in the creativity of our fellow students. We worked to put our own twist on the *Equinox* formula while focusing on its essence: the poetry, art, photography, and prose that makes it special. Thanks to these contributions, as well as the hard-working student volunteers (past and present) and especially the staff at the HoHo, we were able to produce another magazine.

We began the year with a passion to reflect a unique group of contributors and their art. With that journey came many ideas for how the magazine should look or feel, some of which went straight to the trash can. Others guided us from conception to publication, and we hope that they lend to a work that highlights and accurately presents the creativity of our peers. No matter how *Equinox* grows and changes, we hope that future generations will continue to find joy in it.

To issue 7 and beyond—all the best!

~ Miriam Horsley and Lauren Solberg, *Editors-in-Chief*

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prose

Miriam Horsley

Scrambled

The street was full of people. It was as if all of Japan had tried to fit into one intersection—population density two people per square inch, thin lines of movement networking their way from one sidewalk to another, average speed one-point-four feet per week with an elbow in the face free of charge. Everyone's breath came out in frosted puffs despite how close they were to one another, and many turned to alcohol for a little extra warmth, which did little to help the people trying to get somewhere. While fighting my way through a crowd half-drunk on beer and excitement was the last thing I wanted to do in the middle of the night, Jesse and I snaked our way to the epicenter—after all, the south side of the Shibuya Scramble was where we could best see the TV screens. It also didn't hurt that the girls in front of us were short.

The mayor's face was plastered above the famous Shibuya Starbucks when we settled, and it didn't matter if we understood his Japanese because his voice was drowned out by surround-sound chatter and a group of American idiots behind us yelling "U-S-A! U-S-A!" as if they weren't in the heart of a foreign country. A snatch of German from the left, Korean moving in front of us, an apology as a conga line of tourists created a domino-effect of squeezing and stumbling as they wound their way along. We sucked in our breath as if we could make

more room that way, planting our feet and dodging to avoid accidental photobombs as the TVs scrolled through a series of motivational messages about the future. All I wanted to see was a clock. It finally appeared at 15 seconds to midnight; half of the crowd whipped out phones and video cameras as it slowly ticked down to 14 13 12, 11, 10, 9, 8...7...6...5...4....3.....2.....1.....

Apparently the first thing I was going to do in the New Year was die. There were two minutes where the whole of Shibuya yelled in all its languages, cameras flashing like synapses in a hive mind, and then a dam burst and the whole mass was flooding, pushing, stampeding towards the outskirts, bottlenecked between department stores and safety barricades. Jesse and I desperately tried to hold on to each other but had to choose between being within arm's distance and being knocked over; she kept her eyes glued to the yellow-red of my jacket as were swept towards Hachiko. My arm hurt I couldn't breathe someone stepped on my foot did he fall I'm sorry I just body-checked you, the guy behind shoved me. When I could finally move I wrenched myself to a building and flattened against the wall, kicking away a beer can as Jesse squeezed towards me. We looked at each other, gasps of air rattling as **2 0 1 7** pulsed in Coca-Cola colors above the Starbucks, and made a silent vow:

We did it once. We were never doing it again.

Haenah Kim

We had One Wish for all of Eternity

The first time I saw him bleed was when everything clicked into place.

We were perhaps sixteen when in our physical education class I saw him hit the ground with enough force to create a bruise the size of my palm. It was the first time that any of us saw him actually smile large and run with the rest of us, but he simply stood up with a smile that didn't seem quite there and said it was fine. The other boys kept prodding the spot on his knee asking if he had asked the Seers to gift him with some kind of super human ability to heal, not noticing the wincing his eyes kept making. He simply shook his head though and said he had asked for something else at the time a year ago. He came to school the next day in long pants.

Maybe it was later that year that I saw him come out of the bathroom with a face that stated everything was normal but with eyes that screamed fear and worry. He kept strategically placing things on the knee that I knew he fell on, and I remember noticing the unnatural paleness his skin had in places that he fell on. I figured maybe he had asked the Seers for his wounds to be hidden, like an illusion but those kind of wishes can't be fulfilled the same. So I slipped him a bottle of foundation

so he can hide the paleness.

We had a tentative friendship like that. Partnering up when we could when there was a possibility of him being injured, him gaining a confused ally and me a friend that didn't mind my uniqueness. But then one day a papercut went in too deep and white blood started bubbling on his finger. It clicked why his bruises were always pale and why a bottle of white-out was almost always on his desk when he rarely made mistakes when writing. I just handed him a band-aid and hoped my eyes were enough to tell him that I won't tell.

After all the wishes that kids make at the age of fifteen aren't usually well thought out.

Palak Patel

Your Hand in Mine

In the moments when it wasn't okay, watching the sun shine rays of liquid gold and the skies move lazily the way you did after sleepless nights, woke me up from my haze just as much as the taste of coffee on your lips used to.

Your fingers played with mine like the strings of a breaking guitar, yet you still managed to make such a beautiful song from something that could barely hold itself together.

Was this love?

Your Converse shoes dangling off the edge of the bridge reminded me that leading a life of careless mistakes was okay. The way you'd only walk along the curb and never on the tire-streaked streets made the world seem pure again. Every step you took helped you find your balance between fragility and stability while it helped me find my strength again.

I thought you were beautiful when you didn't think you were, and I thought you were beautiful when you were easily the brightest light in the room. The drops of cold rain on our faces slid down and melted away our worries the way the butter melted on your terribly made, greatly appreciated Sunday-morning pancakes.

When you were cut, you bled beautiful words and symphonies that nobody deserved to hear, but you let me lean my ear against the heavy oak door anyways. I heard the steady rattle of the train and watched the currents

of the river follow your very steps while the birds flew in
sketched hearts above your head.

When I was cut, I bled raw love.

Being near you had the same effect as sticking my
finger in a plastic-covered socket: incredibly stupid yet the
repercussions were known. You were the greatest threat to
my well-being, and I wouldn't have had it any other way.

Palak Patel

If

If I close my eyes, I can see a streetlight. Shadows dance away from the rays of illumination, but there is a figure sitting motionless in the spotlight, waiting for something that they know will never come.

If I close my eyes, I can see a piano. The bench creaks under the weight of dreamers, but the keys remain untouched the way that some dreams gather dust because they are just untouchable.

If I close my eyes, I see cloudy skies. The sounds of rain tapping away on a windowpane is the background sound for a life full of contemplation and unfinished thoughts lingering on the edge of a beautiful revelation, but never quite making it there.

Did you know, in an average lifetime, human skin completely replaces itself 900 times? I can only hope that the skin you've touched on my neck will never change. I want to have the shape of your lips etched onto me, acting as a permanent reminder of what true bliss truly is. I want someone to look closely at the grooves of your skin and find my fingerprints making a trail straight to your heart.

If I close my eyes, I see you. A beacon of something more, the green light that Gatsby ached for. I see company for the lonely figure under the streetlight, company in the form of a wrinkled smile and shining eyes. I hear secrets whispered in the notes of the piano, as

your fingers guide mine to finally grasp what I've always had at the edge of my fingertips.

The echoes of falling rain sound suspiciously like the thuds of your heart beating against soft skin. I find that I can tap my fingers to the beat of both sounds. That was the beautiful revelation I had been searching for my whole life.

MaryRose O'Donnell

One to Grief

Denial

It was twelve to three. The sun rested in the sky, thin rays peeking through thick clouds and loud words. A breeze moved through town, carrying the smells of the bakery and gasoline to everyone. Everyone knew. In the center of the small town, a small brick building with pristine windows and a beautifully written green sign sat—a bakery. It was an average bakery, a little more beautiful than the rest, but average nonetheless. There was a baker, an oven, some bread, and tables on which to eat it. There was laughter, eating, and in the corner of the room, there was nothing.

The small bell above the front door rang a clear chime through the room. An old man walked in, creases around his eyes and a belly hungry for bakery sweets. He approached the counter where the baker was. She was a tall woman with brown hair plaited down her back and brown eyes hidden behind brown frames and a body hidden beneath a green dress. Non-threatening, beautiful, pristine.

“Good mornin’, Nora,” the old man greeted, eyes sweeping over the pastries of the morning. “I see...the chocolate croissants are gone,” he commented, a hand placed against the glass of the display case where the chocolate croissants used to sit. “I’m very sorry Nora. I know they were her favorite.”

The tone of the bakery shifted slightly but it was felt in the way Nora's body seized up. A stiff look, eyes narrowed, and jaw locked.

"We're out of croissants because they sell fast, Mr. Evans."

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Nora, it's just that everyone in town—"

"Everyone in town should stick to eating my pastries and stop making up silly stories. She'll be back next week. She just needed to go home to think for a bit... Clear her head, that's all."

Mr. Evans lowered his head, but said nothing.

He ordered a cheese croissant.

Anger

It was twelve to seven. The small brick bakery, situated in the center of town where people could come in from the rain and enjoy the pleasant company of Nora Romero and a small delicacy, was closed. For five years, every day at six in the morning the small sign, handwritten by a beautiful woman, was flipped around for everyone to see—*Open*.

The sign burned in the oven.

The lights were on in the bakery and the doors unlocked. Anyone from the town could wander in.

But the bakery was broken.

Wooden chairs with white decal painted up the

sides by a beautiful woman were thrown around the room. Table tops painted with blue patterns by a beautiful woman were flipped. Paintings on the wall, painted by a beautiful woman, were ripped from their frames and ripped up, pieces scattered to the wind.

The chocolate croissant sign burned in the oven.

Sobs and screams melded together in a cacophony of heartbreak from behind the counter. Nora, her hair falling free from the braid and her green dress covered in flour and wood shavings, stood at the display case and ripped each pastry from its home. They hit the ground and broke apart on the once immaculate floor. She ripped open the drawer where a beautiful woman kept her paintbrushes and love notes. Nora ripped them apart, snapping the paintbrushes along her leg and threw them to their death with the chairs and tables.

This bakery was full of her. Every chair, every table, every dish, every plate, corner, space, thought, and word was her, her, *her*.

Nora ran from behind the counter and to the front of the bakery, the small bell above the door sending its calm chime against the hurricane. The wooden sign hung above the door.

Nora's

Nora cried and pulled the sign from its hinges. She could feel her in the brushstrokes, the pastel green and pink, her favorite colors. This place was hers.

It might have had Nora's name on it, but the

beautiful woman moved in a long time ago, and even after her feet left the premise, she was always there.

Always in Nora's heart.

Bargaining

It was twelve to twelve. The small apartment above the bakery, situated in the center of town with big windows for peering eyes of curious townsfolk to look in on lives lived without them, was black. The moon seeped in through the window and illuminated a girl on her bed.

Nora's bedroom was green.

Her phone lay on the bed, blue arrows pointing out lined up after each other. Her name covered the screen.

Evie (no answer)

Evie (no answer)

Evie (no answer)

Evie (no answer)

Evie (no answer)

Evie (no answer)

Nora pushed her phone off the bed and let out a sob. Her body shook with it, each cell in her body crumbling with the sound. She whispered to no one in particular, each word shaky and laced with Evie.

"I'll be better..."

"If you give me another chance..."

“If you let her call me back, I’ll make this right...”

“I won’t leave her waiting anymore...”

She knew what it felt like to wait now.

Depression

It was twelve to eleven. The sun shone above the bakery situated in the center of town, but the windows were black, and the door locked. There was no one home and the large windows above that opened the apartment to the questioning world were vacant.

Nora curled up in some small house miles away. Chamomile tea sat next to her bed and a bowl of pasta waited at the desk. The bed was too small for her too-big body; deep purple reached her toes, exposing her feet with green nail polish scrubbed from them, toes raw and bloody. Her brown frames sat next to her bed, for her brown eyes were filled with salt, and her cheek pressed into the pillow to block the sound of the world.

A soft knock pressed against the door. Nora didn’t move, didn’t flinch. Her body stayed still—an echo of her heart. A kind woman with the same hair and nose as Nora walked in. Her hair was plaited down the side. She moved to Nora’s bed and sat down near her knees, placing a wrinkled hand on her leg.

“Nora...” she began, but there was no response, no acknowledgement of her arrival. Her daughter simply lay there, eyes staring straight ahead at the green stuffed

animal on her dresser. Her mother followed Nora's gaze and shook her head, standing up to grab the green stuffed animal and shoved it in the back of Nora's closet, far from sight.

"If you feel better tonight," her mother paused, and Nora knew why. Because she knew Nora wouldn't feel better tonight. She hadn't last night. Or the night before. Or the week before. "I'm making chicken, your father and I would love to have you join us."

Acceptance

It was twelve to six. The bakery, situated in the center of town, was clean. Waiting to be picked up from the back were thrown tables and chairs. Croissants were off the menu. A brand-new blue and white sign replaced the green one. Thick layers of blue paint covered once green walls. Handmade paintings were donated, and new white photographs of the world hung in their place.

It was eleven to six. Nora stood at the counter using her new red rag to clean the display case. Carrot cake sat in the place of croissants.

It was ten to six. Her brown hair cut off at her shoulders. It barely grazed her collarbone. Her dress was yellow.

It was nine to six.

Eight to six.

Seven to six.

Six, five, four, three, two, one.

It was six, and the sign was flipped to open.

Nora's was open.

art



Untitled, *Olivia Coleman*



Face Value, *Olivia Coleman*



Self Portrait (In gradients), *Sofia Garfias-Yi*



self portrait, sleeping, *Natalie Bready*



A koincidental encounter pt 1, *Sofia Garfias-Yi*



A coincidental encounter pt 2, *Sofia Garfias-Yi*



man on the moon pt 1, *Sofia Garfias-Yi*



man on the moon pt 2, *Sofia Garfias-Yi*

poetry

Haenah Kim

seeping

it s like a wall and at the bottom
you can see the top and guess that you can climb it
but as you scale you can t see the top
and it feels like all of the world is doing nothing
but pull you down closer and closer
even though you can hear the people at the top calling for
you to finish
the tiredness that comes from some partially healed cut
in some dark forsaken place
that seeps into the bones and the eyes and the soul
and though grip by grip progress is made
and word by word you respond to the calls from above
it s still so far away and so draining and so much going on
all around you
and all you want to do is stop and breathe and sleep and
just give into the intense bout of just tiredness that aches
from what feels
like every part of your being
while everything is within reach to be reached
the sole focus is just to sleep and to rest and to just forget
everything
and fade into the nothingness that exists deep within the
imagination
and to not return until the aching has finally stopped
and the eyes can finally stay open
without fighting the gravity that is both reality and real
and unknown

it s like a wall and at the bottom
you can see the top and at the top
you can see the clear path from the bottom
but in the middle of everything all you can see is the next
step
but no further and the ground so far away and a path
never ending
but while the words of love and affection from above
and the anger and frustration from below get processed
there is only tiredness
seeping from what feels like every corner of my bones

Anne Johnson

Untitled

Here a flock of birds
Perched on a cherry tree
In mid-December
Together look like leaves
Making a mammoth plant
Long dead now look alive
And then, far faster
Than fruit fell in August
Elee, fly, leave, bird-leaves
And startle a squirrel

Miriam Horsley

Untitled

A sandbox playdate
Kids mark pictures with red dots
“These Are My Favorites”
Bowling like drinking bird toys
Our clumsy business thank-you

Anne Johnson

Untitled

To the kids who pick their clothes
To fit the click, although
They won't admit their own
Conformity to social constructs

May you be welcomed

To the coffee cup lid
That's calmly capped in
With lofty half-grin
But leaves unsuspecting drinkers unprotected

May you be forgiven

To the tree with one limb that
Favors freedom to primness
With no allegiance to slimness
But drew too close to suspended power

May you know justice

And may all gray-shaded spaces soon see light
And may all hard-heart-hiding faces shape to smiles

Anne Johnson

Untitled

With the red-orange autumn leaves
Still plastered to the pavement
From the light mid-morning rain
Some papier-mâché statement

A common-tone collection
Matching that of those above
The leaves still clinging hold of
What they know, a tree that's strong

Some are trodden on, and
Some whisper of distance down
I ask you which is proper
Are some right and are some wrong?

To be free or comfortable
To be beautiful and strong?

Anne Johnson

Untitled

Oh, lonely leaf, lifted higher
Than your brethren drifting slowly to the earth
As all are bound to do . . . but you
Lifted higher - are you lighter, brighter, righter?
Did you boast to the autumnal breeze?
And now, what do you see,
Riding on the back of that untamable giant?
The slouching shoulders holding heads
With eyes that once gazed up in admiration
At your red-orange hue, you and your brethren
Your brethren drifting slowly to the earth
Do you see past a new horizon
To some myriad of stars, echoing the pattern
Of your brethren drifting slowly to the earth
Do you see past a new horizon
To some myriad of stars, echoing the pattern
Of your brethren drifting slowly to the earth?
Decorating the darkness, decorating the dirt
But beware that untamable giant
For it is fickle, racing through the eons
And you, too, will drift slowly to the earth

Miriam Horsley

Mono no Aware

I saw a fat cat curled on a bench today.
At that moment I nearly burst into tears, I
nearly made a fool of myself on the train as
That Foreigner Who Cried on the Local Bound for Ōsaka.
It was the Fat White Cat with one dark ear, but
he wasn't where Yuki told me he would be, but
even fat cats have to wake up sometimes and see the
world.

After all
Life isn't much if you only dream.
I wanted to go back and sit beside the cat
and just be
by the river
under the trees
in the afternoon sun
dreaming like I used to.

Life isn't much if you never dream.
So I'll tell That Cat my troubles, and
maybe he can fetch the Baron, and
maybe then I could learn what it is to trust myself, and
grow up a little.
Oh, but I've grown already; I don't know myself
I spread my hands towards the stars
came so close to grabbing them
only to find my head in space
and feet on strange ground.

I never wanted to grow moss, but
 I'm rolling too far, and
 I'm going too fast, and
if only my legs could carry me to the brakes I would
 stop this train
 and go back
 but
 it's too late.

I'm almost to my house
thousands of miles from Home,
because the first time I met That Fat Cat
I learned something
and then I learned

 another thing—
 I learned to ask more, and
 to look more, and
 to find more than meets the eye, and
 to follow my questions, and they led me
here.

Look how far I have come—I've
passed the Second Star and can no longer go to
Neverland;
halfway across the world and never so close to myself—
Congratulations! Your baby girl has grown up into
 a crybaby.

But am I a crybaby if there are things to cry about?
Crying about a cat on a bench is silly, but
it's okay to cry about change, and
it's okay to cry about growing pains, and
it's okay to cry for the loss of things more important than
car keys

or a lacrosse racket.

I plant my feet in the ground and
find myself deeper underwater
further from the steadiness of earth
than I have ever been, and
I want to cry out
instead of crying in

-side these four walls.

I want to see the place I once knew so well,
its fictional houses and fantasy skies—
its imaginary feelings that
are no less real than
the heartache sitting in my chest
A place where Cats sit on café chairs and
not on benches and
they hold your hand as you grow up and
they teach you How To Be Brave.

I haven't seen that place in what feels like a very long
time.

One day

a day when the cherry blossoms have come and
a day when I don't have to take the train and
I can feel the wind on my face and
I can find a quiet place by the river

I'll go back

I won't find the fat white cat—
He's returned to his chair, quite
content with his little trip, quite
ready to go back to dreaming

So

I'll make my own place on the bench and
curl into myself,
eyes open just enough to
look beyond the afternoon sun to
catch a glimpse of the day I came here.

Inspired in part by *The Cat Returns*

Miriam Horsley

Untitled

A simple hello
The welcoming arms of home
From a foreign place
Suddenly—I feel the warmth
Of the rising sun

Miriam Horsley

しょうがない
it can't be helped

You need to think about yourself.

Not that you care to,
it kind of sucks to think about yourself these days
but usually that's just the time to do it, don't you
think?

Square up with your demons,
Ready, aim, fire—
you know, you've been so quiet since then.

You didn't know at first,
only when you came back
but you're so quiet.
What made you so quiet?
The stress?
The loneliness?
The language barrier?
The inability to understand and express the
frustration you felt?

Whoa, rein it in there.

What did it feel like?
Hell,

sometimes.

It felt like being drained, like being cursed, like
being crushed; like everything you did was clouded
with your inability to escape, like everything you
had was hollowed out of you by an ice cream scoop
so that all that was left of you was a shell.

A shell.

You didn't know at first,
only when you remembered how brightly you used to
smile.
You were so passionate.

But passion can only stand so long in the face of pressure,
and
you never thought you could lose something so
important to yourself.

Is it even possible?
Apparently it is.

I think you lost something.
But didn't you get something in return?

I'm afraid—
that what I left behind is greater than what I
learned.

Ain't that the kicker.

Was it worth it?

If it wasn't—*shit*, what if it wasn't?

No. If it wasn't, how can I learn from it?

If it was, what have I gained from it?

But I don't want to look back, because I'm scared I lost
myself back there.

And I don't want to look forward, because I can't see
anything ahead of me.

I'm stuck with whatever is left of myself
how much,
or
how little

Maybe it's better not to think about it.

Anonymous

Untitled

On Tuesday morning's walk to class,
a passerby threw an apple
of the "red delicious" variety.
It hit my head.

I felt nothing.
It was then, I knew,
something has to change

Haenah Kim

Splashes

It's like the splashes of vibrant orange on the ground
Like spilled joy and spilled smiles ripped from the tree
too early and too bright
But I continue raking to drag the little pieces of bright
orange into a little container
Sealed tight and sent away for the splashes of orange to
help some other and
Some other place that isn't as barren and desolate as my
little yard
Raking and raking and raking until there's nothing left
but half dead grass
And the sad swaying of a barren tree
Its soul mourning something unknown and something
probably broken

Maryrose O'Donnell

Counting the Years

Three facts expand in
salt filled air, whispering
lessons and understanding
when the safety of home
disappears and the clear
shores of comfort fade.

A funny thing
that the clock never stops.
Life ticks on, the lap of waves
propelling your body forward
forever. Time, a constant
thread.

Waves close around bodies
filling every crevice with
the sea and fatigue.
time, moves freely, but
the weight of flesh and bone
remains.

Scratches in the wood detail
a story forgotten and years
left behind. Hands run over,
counting each line. But to
mark a line creates a home
in the bowels of a ship.

Life happens on the deck,
sun and water flashing
all around. Marks are built
where the captures lie,
hollow and starved of
their years.

Anne Johnson

Untitled

In some livid and loquacious lack of foresight
A cup past the comforting calm of a caffeinated buzz
I allowed myself to become accustomed to too much of a
good thing
And now I'm nursing a worsening caffeine headache
For the break in my coffee maker
Headache and heartache, from both now to partake
For freely I take the fault and the fall here
To make amends means making sense of all the menu
I've been ignoring
All the hitting snooze and snoring

Miriam Horsley

Untitled

Ghosts crowded in trains
Like waves dying on the shore
Pass through each other

photography



Zombie Bomb, *Miriam Horsley*

(*Flowering Feijoa* | *Shibuya, Japan*)



Samurai, *Miriam Horsley*

(*Kogane-gumo* | *Matsushima, Japan*)



Fleurdemort, *Miriam Horsley*

(*Japanese Andromeda* | *Miyajima, Japan*)



Untitled, *Anonymous*

(from the train in Tuscany, Italy)



Chipmunk, *Sofia Garfias-Yi*

(Taken at Mount Rainier National Park in the state of Washington)



Shells, *Gabrielle Torej*



Opera House, *Gabrielle Torej*



Protagonist, *Miriam Horsley*

(*% Arabica* | *Arashiyama, Japan*)



Anther, *Miriam Horsley*

(*White Magnolia* | *Kobe, Japan*)



Background, *Miriam Horsley*

(*Mount Fuji | Shizuoka, Japan*)



Jewel of the Reef, *Gabrielle Toreja*



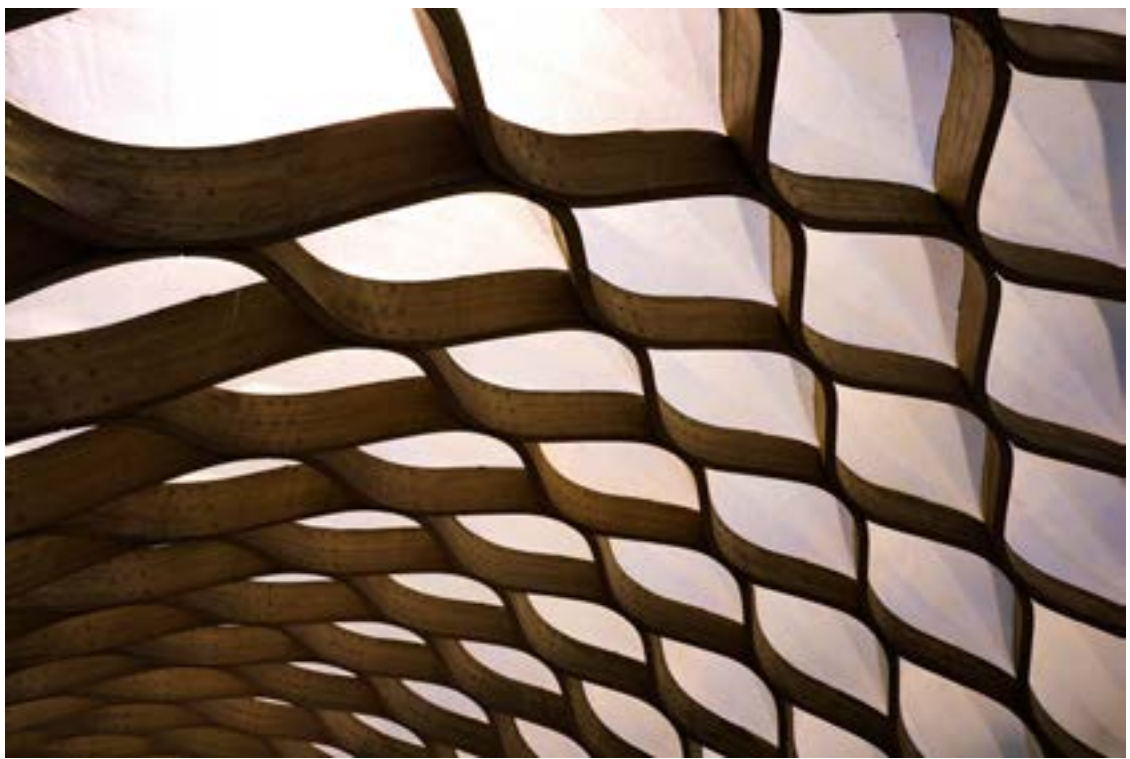
90 foot pool, *Sofia Garfias-Yi*

*(Taken at Lynn Canyon Park in the District of North Vancouver,
British Columbia)*



Clark Station, *Sofia Garfias-Yi*

(Taken in Downtown Chicago)



Patterns, *Sofia Garfias-Yi*

(Taken at the Lincoln Park Nature Boardwalk in Chicago)



The Motion of Music, *Sofia Garfias-Yi*

(Taken at a summer music performance outside of Bunny's Tavern)



UpsideDown, *Sofia Garfias-Yi*

(A new take on Millenium Park's Crown Fountain)



Catalunya 01, *Lauren Solberg*

(Walden 7 - Ricardo Bofill's apartment complex - Sant Just Desvern, Catalonia, Spain)



Catalunya 02, *Lauren Solberg*

(Montserrat Mountain – Catalonia, Spain)



Catalunya 03, *Lauren Solberg*

(We are all migrants - Sant Joan Despi, Barcelona, Catalonia, Spain)



Catalunya 04, *Lauren Solberg*

(*Calçots - Tàrragona, Catalonia, Spain*)



Catalunya 05, *Lauren Solberg*

(Monasterio de Poblet - Tarragona, Catalonia, Spain)



Catalunya 06, *Lauren Solberg*

(Aiguamolls de l'Empordà, Catalonia, Spain)



Untitled, *Alex Bryk*



Untitled, *Alex Bryk*

contributing artists

Anonymous

Natalie Bready

Alex Bryk

Olivia Coleman

Sofia Garfias-Yi

Miriam Horsley

Anne Johnson

Haenah Kim

MaryRose O'Donnell

Palak Patel

Lauren Solberg

Gabrielle Toreja

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