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Ready

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CARDINALS MAGAZINE

Loch Norese Magazine

Loch Norese Magazine accepts submissions of poetry,
Editor in Chief
Caitlin Neely

This one's for you.

Thank you so much for picking up this copy and for your support.

The coming of relationship. The necessity of connection. All of the pieces in Issue 3 explore those themes and more.

One to focus on this year. Communication leads they all share. I stumbled upon the very things I'd set in this issue. As I read through our accepted pieces, I try to locate a piece that presented the poetry, the fiction, the non-fiction, play scripts, and artwork.

I think I speak for everyone on staff in expressing how thrilled we are to where we are without your ceaseless support.

The students and faculty, and staff at NKU and not to mention people all of the amazing efforts and hard work that has come before us.

When I accepted the role of managing editor-in-chief, I wanted the 2013-2014 staff to build upon the last spring. I wanted to make sure the community continued to be the main focus of the magazine. I wanted to build upon the community's foundation.

—Wallace Stegner, "Final Soliloquy of the Interior Painter"

The evening art / In which being there together is enough

"Out of this same light, out of the central mind. We make a dwelling in

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR
Andrew: I did promise.
Pearl: No. But I wanted so badly to go.
Andrew: Have you been to the beach?
Pearl: No. In the river.
Andrew: By the river.
Pearl: I looked so pretty.
Andrew: And the shells.
Pearl: I was looking at my reflection.
Andrew: And you were picking up shells.
Pearl: —No. No. It was a river.
Andrew: Right by the beach.
Pearl: —And I looked out into the river.
Andrew: You don’t live by the beach.
Pearl: I was picking up shells by the beach. I remember.

Standing downstage center
sitting upstage center
PEARL and ANDREW are
lights up on a black and empty stage, with a couch

Depression
Pearl Bryan killed (Fort Thomas).

1986

A Ten Minute Play
How Many Heads Does Pearl Bryan Have?

Abby Walker

than Earth

Stand Earth

Here’s To Taking Me From This

Jordan Pagedel
PEARL: And there's why we went.
PEARL: I was in love.
PEARL: Am I so old?
PEARL: I was 19.
PEARL: (laughs) I never do.
PEARL: I knew you wouldn't forget you never do.
PEARL: Because it was my birthday.
PEARL: Did I?
PEARL: But you promised.
PEARL: But not this one.
PEARL: You brought me to the shore.
PEARL: Very old.
PEARL: An old friend.
PEARL: But you were with me.
PEARL: (laughs) She always worries.
PEARL: "Pearl, don't you go far?"
PEARL: My mother's words.
PEARL: You were so pretty.
PEARL: But I couldn't hear anything.
PEARL: I don't hear anything.
PEARL: And I was yelling.
PEARL: The bank.
PEARL: I was trying to reach the shore.
PEARL: You were probably cold.
PEARL: Was I heating.
PEARL: And your body?
PEARL: You always thought so.
PEARL: You were so pretty.
PEARL: I could feel the water all over my face—my body.
PEARL: You were.
PEARL: You were.
PEARL: A never.
PEARL: A never.
PEARL: A never.
PEARL: Because it was a never.
PEARL: No.
PEARL: Shells?
PEARL: Find any where?
PEARL: Is that why you couldn't find any?
PEARL: To this never.
PEARL: Yes, I remember.
PEARL: But we only made it here.
ANDREW: You did.
PEARL: I just wanted to go.
ANDREW: Pearl, "Our of love" "Our of love" "Our of love, "ANDREW: Our of love.
PEARL: But she cuddled me.
ANDREW: She did.
PEARL: So does she.
ANDREW: Because he loves you.
PEARL: "I'll talk to her." He says.
ANDREW: And your father?
PEARL: She's my mother.
ANDREW: Because she was your mother.
PEARL: But she let me go eventually.
ANDREW: "Do you not trust me?"
PEARL: Father will let me go.
ANDREW: "Don't talk to your mother that way."
PEARL: "Well I won't have you keeping me here."
ANDREW: "I won't have my youngest leaving me."
PEARL: Mother...
ANDREW: "Pearl, I don't want you going anywhere."
PEARL: But we haven't left.

PEARL: She loves the boy.
ANDREW: "I have done no such thing."
PEARL: Your mother has agreed to let you go.
ANDREW: And your father?
PEARL: You still are.
ANDREW: I still am.
PEARL: And you were so supportive.
ANDREW: And you didn't want to keep him waiting.
PEARL: Soot was waiting for me.
ANDREW: Why?
PEARL: Because I was so in love.
ANDREW: About what?
PEARL: He understood.
ANDREW: He was always kinder.
PEARL: Because father let me.
And I will feed the cows,
concern in echoes, echoed by a muffling
animals roost over parts worn by years —
as coldness has come and gone.

of approaching warmth
melting with muddy happiness
Pond分红狮在无菌
everyone smiles a few.

Daily farmers everywhere
grass gernessed breakfast snow spendor
dying over emerald earth, never noticing
some bolts leave for southern realms

Who will feed the cows in winter?
Simple garrison is not enough
they mourn us;

This land nourished them —
will neither
leave their burden in buckles and boots,
Edge of mourning in skies, tuned loose,
Lay this burden down
Paul Bray
I'm trying to learn where they keep the Haier brand oven that was in the kitchen area. I don't know if I need to go on the second floor or if I will find it downstairs. It's a bit tricky. I'm not sure where I'm supposed to go next. I'm feeling a bit lost.

John looked over and said, "Hey, man. I'm sorry to hear that. I hope things work out for you."

John and I discussed how to deal with the situation. I'm still unsure of what to do next. I need to think about my options. I don't want to make the wrong decision. I'm not sure what to do.

"I don't know what to do," I said. "I'm feeling overwhelmed."

"Just take it one step at a time," John advised. "You'll get through this."

I nodded and thanked him for his support. I'm feeling a bit better now. I need to focus on what I can control and let go of what I can't change.
In My Hand

Hanna Shwar, Fernandez

and said, “Here we go.”

I cannot ignore the passing of time.

With all that was clear to the clouds above the dew forming

ripples in the lake.

dampeness in the grass.

I sit in the trees.

cissing as I squeeze

my fingers.

laughed then between

the sky become a

On nights like this one

...
Jury and the Groundskeeper

Calliyn Fletcher

A Fairytale for the Kids of Bethnal

Brittney Blystone
something to be said about not having anything to say. 

One time, some time ago, I was on a trip and I was feeling down. I had been sitting in the park for a while, drinking coffee and listening to music. I was feeling a bit washed out, you could say. I was tired and I was feeling a bit down.

One day, I was sitting on the bench, just enjoying the music and the coffee. Suddenly, I noticed a woman sitting next to me. She was smiling and enjoying the music as well. We struck up a conversation and I found out that she was from my hometown.

I was surprised to hear that she was from my hometown, and I was happy to have someone to talk to. We talked for a while, and I realized that I had been feeling down for no reason.

I thanked her for her company and we said our goodbyes. I felt better after our conversation, and I realized that sometimes it's nice to have someone to talk to. I left the park feeling a bit more energized and hopeful.

That evening, I went home and made myself a cup of coffee. I sat down on the couch and listened to some music. I felt grateful to have had that conversation with the woman in the park.
maybe I hope it's much like this. I don't know.

in a cemetery in the middle of winter with snow around your
feet, I've seen it. I've seen the dead. Not dead, but still. The dead are
silent, whispering their stories about life, about loss, about
what we might be missing. It's a strange place, but

after those long minutes when the cold hit her nose or
mouth, she felt it go-around. It was different.

The sky was dark, the stars were out, the moon was full, and
there was a strange light in her eyes. Suddenly, she
realized that she was not alone. There were others around her,
people who had gone before her. She could see them, feel
their presence, and she knew that they were there to help her.

because they didn't have to know the answer.

I'll ask someone for a while and can't ask anyone else.

I don't know what I can do, but if I'm asked a question, I'll
answer. Well, if I can... Then, I'll know.

If you're there, I'll know.

The sky was dark, the stars were out, the moon was full, and
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answer. Well, if I can... Then, I'll know.

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The sound of the gate being unlocked drew Jurdy's attention.

Okay, maybe more than a little unusual.

That's how they went in to the cemetery, with the remains.

Jurdy knew the place had felt like a dark funeral.

When you died, you were happy, or were you?

He was much like the standing in the cemetery in the middle of

He opened his newspaper and waited for the funeral to end.

The word working at the cemetery.

They had to be there. Odd. But Jurdy had seen much older in

They were there, because they were there, because they were there, because

They were there, holding hands. They were there, holding hands.

Then, as if by some other force, a group of women and another

Kind of way

Sometimes honkling could be entertaining in a motif.

Sometimes honkling could be entertaining in a motif.

A kid's funeral.

A kid's funeral.

Jurdy didn't like goodbyes.

Jurdy didn't like goodbyes.

He didn't like goodbyes.
The inscription was facing the right direction. It was higher than all the other memorials and in the distance. It was a beautiful day. They had set up the headstone without his knowledge and no one had told him. They had set it up on the property where he used to live. He had never known they had done it. He had never known they had done it.

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I don’t know. You’re sitting in front of me. How can you be?
I gave her a small smile. Her face was set. She was probably around to listen.
She had never looked so small, so young. She didn’t feel her eyes. She had never
seen her face. Her face was set. She knew this time.
Everything was different. Her face was
strained. Everything was different. Her face was
strained. Everything was different. Her face was
strained. Everything was different.

To say goodbye, I don’t know. It’s confusing over here.
"What are you here for?"
"I’m here."
I love you, Mason. Even if you are tháng

Moments of joy are not meant to be long-lasting. They are meant to be enjoyed and cherished, not dwelled on. When you are happy, celebrate it. When you are sad, acknowledge it. But ultimately, life is a journey and it is the journey that matters, not the destination.

I promise. And she could tell he meant it. I'm so excited for \"Heartbreak\" to start filming. I can't wait for it to be out in theaters.

P.S. I love you, Mason. Even if you are tháng.
Wood Fired Porcelain
4.5" x 4.5" x 4"
Dish, Mer - "Sap",

Oil on canvas
"Byer Grease - Gone in Four"
Photography

Taylor Daniels - "Alice in Wonderland"

[Dion Merri: "Swell"

Wood fired porcelain, lustre and borax
12" x 17" x 9"
Ceramic and found object
12" x 18" x 8".
Jenny Reed - "Pillow Princess"
savoring a small piece of you
I lick it up.
You place it in my palm.

A grain of salt on your lip.

On the ocean's surface.
Your voice is steaming rising

Sigh

Audrey Childress

Panning

Nikki Moore

have you ever met a girl who
Tell me,
her mother said so.
covered by sleepless, because
mountains of blue gold.
Her veins are maps of itisons.

couldn't bleed?
Goodbye, Tiger Eye

Brody Kenny
At the time, I was so shocked and embarrassed, that I couldn’t even speak. I just stared at the floor, feeling like I was about to faint. I had always been a shy person, but this was taking it to a whole new level. I was so nervous and scared, I didn’t know what to do.

I knew I needed to do something, but I didn’t know what. I decided to take a walk to calm my nerves. As I walked, I thought about how I had let this happen. I had let my fear control me. I had let my anxiety get the best of me. I realized that I needed to change. I needed to face my fears. I needed to be brave.

I decided to go back to the meeting. I knew it was going to be hard, but I was determined to do it. I took a deep breath and walked back into the room. I saw a few people looking at me, but I didn’t care. I was there for a reason. I was going to make a change.

I spoke up and shared my story. I told them about how I had let my fear control me. I told them about how I had let my anxiety get the best of me. I told them about how I was going to change. I told them about how I was going to face my fears.

The response was overwhelming. Everyone was so supportive. They encouraged me to keep going. They told me that they were proud of me. They told me that I was brave.

That day was a turning point for me. I realized that I couldn’t let fear control me anymore. I needed to be brave. I needed to face my fears. I needed to do what I needed to do. I was going to make a change. I was going to be strong.
The words of Little Eagle Gretsky
washed over the words of my heart."

I could think of words of my own. All I could think of
was
mouth. Mouth. Mouth. Mouth. I couldn’t think of
anything else. There were no longer lasting
and my mind filled with thoughts. What was I supposed to say?

deeply and slowly, as I approached. My heart raced
keeps and rhythm in his pocket. Jemeter lay beside me, listening
He had already nothing on this person, aside from perhaps
It was Tiger Eye Geetermy.

Gradually apparent
with the hood pulled up as he slowly advanced this weapon became
Coming around the corner was a man in a bulky zippered parka

anywhere! I just looked forward
unbelievable! She cocked her head as the weapon had fallen
As I was trying to remember, I realized Jemeter had fallen

I had forgotten why we were out there in the first place.

scented fresh, you forgot a lot of things. At her instance,
she would be out of view. I opened my eyes

When you got out in the freezing cold in front of a woman

wherever she wanted, she kept on with those four lines

continued singing the same verse. She had the freedom to sing

Her eyes were shrewd and for another five minutes she

everything given to her

head bowed and descended down for eight years has made
had enough and decided them for eight years had made
these words from Jemeter, with more care than the man who
seemed not-existent. I paid those facts no heed as I heard

But I couldn’t. My heart and mouth dried and my tongue

scent of coffee. I ordered a pause. Cooling my

A moment later couldn’t I ordered a pause. Cooling my

I pressed the same choice for a few more cycles and Jemeter

more now

I read the line. What is he telling me? I read the line. What is he telling me?

Tiger Eye Geetermy’s words. In all the years I had seen Tiger Eye,

Suddenly so still and delicate she was like an antique vase

Should I make Jemeter’s where was the sound?
Lake Ontario
and deep into
cedar woods
I swim through
I am a whale.
I dream that
I swim through
into islands.
Earth splintered
far from his mother's.
Beside the photo:
Beside the photo:
Bowl of water
My Canadian Home
My Ancestors Speak from a Fishbowl in
Brittney Byrstone

My fingers were too weak to pull
and watch you eat them.
Place each one between your lips.
I wanted to feed them to you.
Confessions crystallized among my reeds.

on the words I never said to you
setting on my tongue, and reading
Little Heroes coming into my mouth.
I need to call you a moth came instead.

Moth Messenger
Audrey Childress
about them.

Two books and spends too much time talking to her cat, Jane.

Although this is her first published piece, she is committed

CATHERINE BEECHER is a creative writing major in her junior

year. She would like to thank the Academy

for the past six years where she is currently

fringe, Fringe Arts' first ever Fringe for the Arts in Lincoln. NE. She has been working as

center for the Arts in Baltimore, MD; Terra Incognita in Oak Park, IL; and the

Baltimores Maryland College Work has been exhibited in places such as Balitmore College

clayworks currently a master's degree in the MFA Creative Writing program. Her

current project is entitled "Refuge." She has also been published in the 2011 issue of NKC Express.

HANNAH SHAW FRIEDBERGER is finishing up her fourth

year as a photography major with an emphasis in Graphic Design at Northern

Kentucky University. This is her first time submitting my art to the Academy

She was born and raised in Cincinnati, OH. She is

Brody Kenny is a junior journalism major who envisions the

and the Convention Arts Gallery.

TALER GRAY is pursuing a PFA in the area of painting from

TALER GRAY has studied art at NKC for the last three years and

TALER GRAY is a recent graduate of NKC where she

BRITTANY BOUTONIE is a recent graduate of NKC where she

Contributors

Contributors

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Contributors
the idea of adding Art and Design into the STEM subjects. STEAM Initiative project. A poster series and app that promotes awarded a National AGA (Re)design Award for the STEM to a page of a novel he is currently writing. York was recently Exhibition Last fall, ‘Held Across the Willy’ was in illustration. NIKKI with a BFA in visual communication. He had his Senior Thesis at Northern Kentucky. York is a senior. Graduating this spring at Northern Kentucky University. Born in Ontario, Canada and raised in

Kathy York is a senior BFA in visual communication. Besides fiction story about handwriting a rough call at the headquarters. Besides honors, "Loosing is the first published piece. It is a creative non-

Joe Schmittman is a sophomore English major with a minor in

Jennifer Rees was born in Louisville and currently resides in

of this chapbook. Capstone: Here’s To Taking Me From This Shaved Earth.” is part

Jordan Padgett is currently a senior majoring in English

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Norse Magazine