



the **Pivot**
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Out of the Dark, Marissa Rossi

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CREATIVE WRITING CLUB WINNERS:

Included in this issue are the winners of Creative Writing Club’s poetry and prose contests. These winners were determined by CWC judges, not *the Pivot* staff.

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HUMAN EXCELLENCE

London Artis

Delicate, soulful, strands of DNA
Forever changing, forever puzzling
Made with different geometry,
Where lines that squiggle separate sutures in a deformed bubble gum bubble
Crayola is manufactured on the interior's warehouse and plastered on the exterior covering
Self-identity becomes a mystery
Self-awareness becomes second nature
How we are symbolizes the reflection of beauty,
Delicate, soulful, puzzling,
Known to be masterful painters that with the stroke of a brush, a canvass is filled with dreams
And that landscape becomes reality.



Thumbs Up, Scott Pence

LOST

Sarah Bobonik

It's gone!
House nor home
Could withstand the words
licking up like water
Lips move without speaking
A trance *It* is in
It couldn't escape
It couldn't hold out hope
For there was none left
The blue fire bubbling up
Squashing the attempt for freedom
It would never realize
Cruelty of them who hate
Mourn *It's* loss
Sticks people throw
can't hurt him
The words that were said
bury him deep

MANIFESTO

Jamison Deweerd

In the world of my imagination
That's where my writing lives
Comfortably nestled by the fireplace
Sipping on coffee from a tourist mug
Humming along to the music that plays in the background
In a farmhouse on a fruitful plot of land
That cultivates new ideas
Where a river of defiance flows
And the wind of individuality gently blows

My writing, it depends on the dawn of creativity
Exploration through the realms of consciousness
It travels from the first word to the last
With no clearly marked path to follow
It goes about as it pleases
Wandering amongst my thoughts
Embarking on adventures
Until at last, it finds a place to call home
Where it can settle down and be complete

CRAZINESS

Robert Erxleben

Like a killer trumpet or a sweet fish pie in the eye of the beholder.
Or should I say crumpled buns and tea for me but only in the garden of terrors do I cut my teeth.
And when I cut my teeth they appear like fangs that were molded in the forge of eternity.
Long have we wrought in the darkness of day and the light of night only to figure out the meaning of it all. But in the end do we see that bright light that we crave? I say nay! We claw, we whip and strip and scrape to try and perceive the ultimate fate but in the end it's too late. There is nothing left but barking like a mad dog barking into the dark nothingness of eternity. Can you not tell that I am Morgoth? I am here to scalp the ragged headed fat-cats that steal from you and me. They beat us, mistreat us, starve and steal but little did you know of this corporate dear. Not a human, but a number like the cattle we eat. We are lions in cows' clothing; one day we will be the winner.

BLACK STAINS

Mishannda Hissam

Today, I'm going to pretend he's here
even though I know he's not.
He's home; sleeping, snoring, snoozing,
relaxing and resting for the big night ahead.

He could be making chili or watching the game.
He could be wearing his maroon work sweater
all covered in black stains from the car.
He could be sitting there in his chair waiting for
me to come home.

When someone asks me how I'm doing,
I won't assume they are asking about it.
I will tell them I'm doing well
and it will no longer be a lie.

I'll call home today and tell him about school.
I'll tell him about my feelings, friends, and foes.
I'll tell him how much I miss him
and can't wait to see him when I get home.

But today I sit in class and write;
write a poem about playing pretend.
Because when I pretend, imagine, or dream,
he's here, instead of up in heaven...

TICKS AND HANDS

Mishannda Hissam

A red night full of sin
A darker rose consumed in flame
A pool of ice reflects the sky
Purity false surrounds the shame
Core element revealing truth
Submerged in solid rebirth
A passive demon in the season
Spiked and truant. What's it's worth?
Discovered temptation at the blackest hour
Regret and despair within the time
Choice reckoned through ticks and hands
Conclusion, closure dominated sublime



The Guardian, Aimee Lasher

ACCOUNT OF THE SPECTRAL LOSS OF THE ANGELS' WINGS

Skyler Harrington

The dozing spectacle of the passage
From which the bleak raddled statues interplay,
The cobwebs provide the framework facets,
From eyes, mouth, and ears of Behemoth's face.
The sea-foam curtails virgin iceberg floats,
Outside sacrificial obligations,
Mankind prepares meat for unwritten notes;
Blood and dew remain as ingredients.
To placate the loss of a lenient lent,
From which a bronze idol wing coin was spent,
SORRY was grafted soberly on Them,
A dissident refraction to intend,
Names and numb plugs; one
Purgative of scarlet flames; Son
But They still bound over us; High North Stars;
Smiles intoxicating and purpose reigns.

Binaries in talk or look,
Limit the amount of feeling proposed.
Weaning in the den of humanity,
Is a crisp bath of unorganized chaos,
Clothe yourself with the knowledge to climb the fable of the world.

As the pane of the mind flips forgivingly,
They watch as Sanity and finality seeps through the transgressors,
Never the more Happier and Merciful.
And in fact, They are the Happiest and the most Concerned partners

SNAP CRACKLE POP

Austin Johnson

Snap crackle pop
Pop pop
Shutter shutter shutter
Flash

THUD

The wind goes out of the lungs and the air goes out of the room
A room half way around the world stands and cheers
The crowd rises to its feet

Five, six, seven

The champion must rise

Eight, nine

The lights have been shut off but they've never glowed brighter

Ten. It's all over.

The challenger becomes the champion and for a day a man becomes the king of the world.



Knockout: Donkey Kong Fan Art, Brandon Johnson

SHOWTIME

Brandon Johnson

Inspired by the painting Stag at Sharkey's by George Bellows

Wrestling's millennium match:
Rubin the Rookie
And Bosco the Ballista

A manly standoff
Spotlight drapes them

The bell rings twice
Their clash breaks mountains
Tremors ruffle the crowd

The audience bellows
Cheers upon jeers
Wars between who is best
Bets set between men
Stats are exchanged
Fan against fan
Shouts of celebration
Grumbles of payback

Bosco a brutish ape
Rubin the swift mantis
Massive surging fists
Against the slim weaving frame
Every blow blasting a rib
Every dodge imperative for life
The crowd's electric cry
My bliss raged high

Then a sight locked the eyes
Critical punches connect
Rubin's face shattered
Bosco's jaw crunched
My body witnessed spirit
Blood streams from their face

A decision is made
Time to sign in to the ring!

IF ONLY

Andreas Kolaczko

Michael Camden rested his eyes on the beach,
Finally able to live where he wished;
He sat calmly as he ate his peach,
No one to bother him as he sat and fished.

Michael always dreamed to watch the sun set,
However, his work used to interfere;
Now, he can sit with no need to fret,
As he sits alone and drinks his beer.

Michael always wished for his skin to shine golden,
He was tired of living in the cold and rain;
He never wished to see his yard frozen,
How the ocean looked better than the open plains.

Michael always said he would vacation and never return,
Yes, he would leave his old life behind and start anew;
He would live his new life with barely a concern,
And without looking back, bid his drag life adieu.

Michael sat underneath the sky-filled dome,
The waves grew in sound and the sand felt of a pillow;
He awoke to find himself in bed at home,
He sat in silence as the cold rain tapped at his window.

THE CITY

Justin Lunney

My mind is broken
My map destroyed
The city ablaze
Its purpose void

The shaking of the ground
The crumbles of the world
The quaking of this life
Seeing the ground as it's curled

I can't tell if my face
Is wet from tears
Or if it's the flood
That rises and nears

There's no other town
There's no other place
To escape my tornado
Bearing down upon my face

The world erupting
Just like my head
My personal volcano
Filling me with dread

All these disasters.
All this pain.
Is there really a point?
Is there anything to gain?

GONE

Jasmine Morris

She finished her mission
A drunkenly sober mistake
Left without parental control
Like a kindergarten class without a teacher
Drink! Drink! Drink!
The frosted bottle kept calling to her
So young
Seventeen times around the sun
Dig life! She said
A shovel digging her grave
Fifteen shots were her goal
Fifty minutes and she succeeded
Not realizing her life will soon be depleted
Parents now adult orphans
A branch cut from their family tree
Drink! Drink! Drink!
Gone



Book Logo, Edgar Gonzalez

A NEW HOME

Ana Plumlee

Late Lenten conclave election
After a single day of hearing people say
Fumo nero! Non habemus Papam. No new Pope.
On the evening of March thirteenth in Vatican City
A blanket of excitement, candlelight and light from cell phones and tablets
Anticipation so intense it can be felt; tasted
People waiting for the moon to light up the rainy night.
Thousands of voices roaring like a waterfall in St. Peter's Square
Priests, seminarians, consecrated religious,
a rainbow of habits and clerical collars
Lay people join in with the waiting for the announcement
Although quite cold on that Italian night, the Square grew warm.
Then--White smoke! *Fumo bianco!*
Habemus Papam! We have a Pope!
Cardinal Jorge Mario Bergoglio is led
from the Sistine Chapel, where the ballots are cast and burned by the cardinals
to the Room of Tears, where he is fitted with a cassock and his shoes.
"May God forgive you for what you have done!" he says,
Lenten litany of: *momento mori miserum mundi.*
He walks onto the *loggia* in a procession that's out of character for him,
and the people in the Square go wild
at the sight of the man willingly wearing winter white.
Dignified, different, daring deaconry defining him.
Wearing the iron cross he wore as a cardinal,
he waves at the crowd, with a shy kindliness.
Instead of speaking to them in Latin, which they do not know,
he uses Italian, a language that is home to them.
Then leads them in the Lord's Prayer.
Light linguistic lilt-- Latin, Lithuanian, Ladino
Shouts of *Viva il Papa!!* fill the air.
This man, the new Pope, was from far away
The opposite side of the world.
But he was the moon that lit up their rainy night sky.

... AM HERE

David Richards

*Written Summer of 2006 while incarcerated at Madison
Correctional Institution, London, Ohio*

... do not want to be here!
... want to do God's will, but
... do not know what His will is, and
... am here

... want to be married, but
... have no wife, and
... want to be a Father, but
... cannot see my children

... want to go home, but
... have nowhere to live, and
... want to go to work, but
... have no job

... want to go to Church - yes!
... have a Church, but
... cannot go, because
... am here

... want to be forgiven, yet
... have not forgiven, and
... want to be healed, yet
... have not offered healing

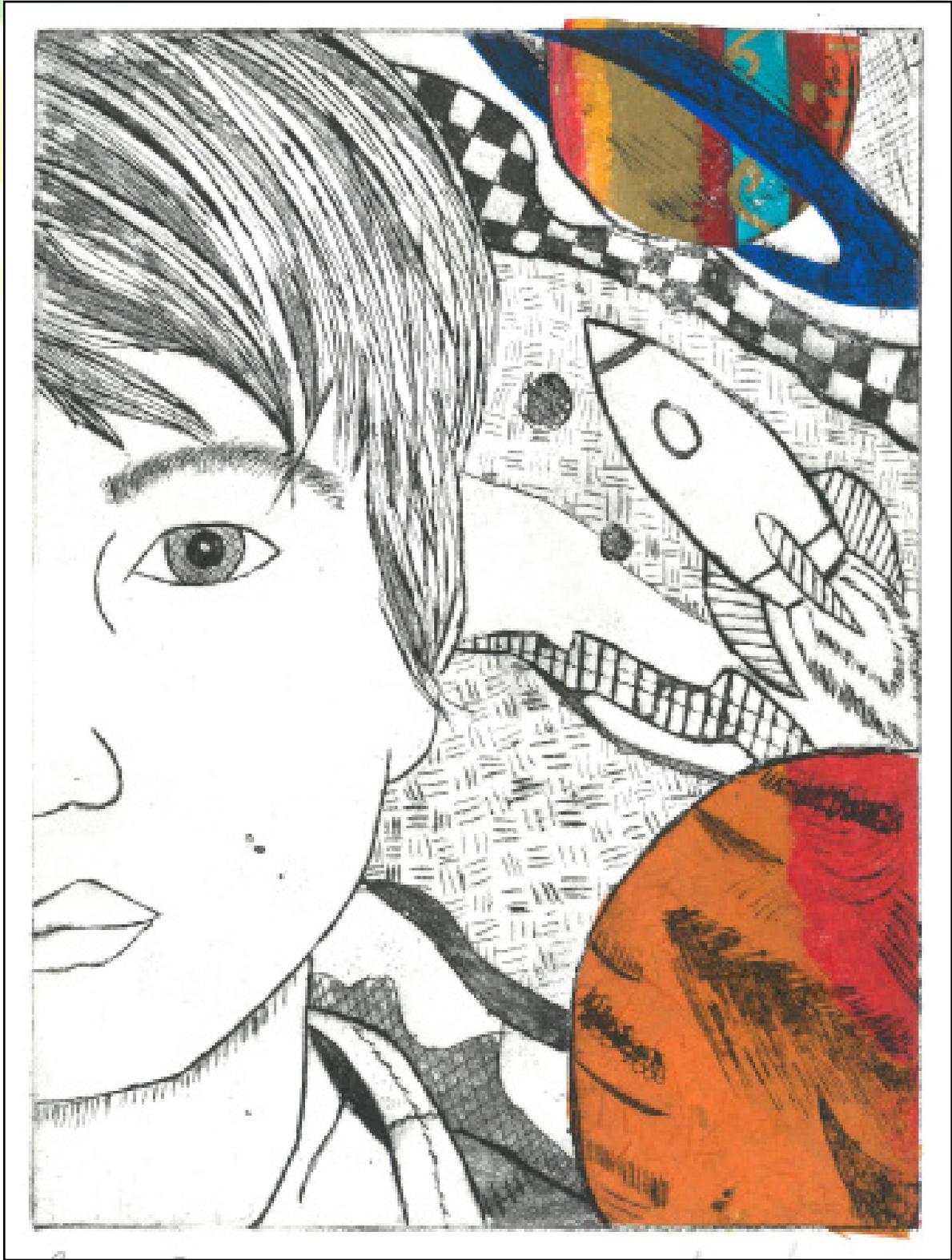
... want to love, and
... have loved a lot, and
... have more to give, but
... am here

... want to be wanted, but
... have wanted too much, and
... deserve to be remembered, but
... am forgotten

O God, there is too much "... " in me
Please forgive me, heal me
Love me, want me,
Remember me, do not forget me

Here ... am, Lord

"I AM here"



Carry On, Aimee Lasher

ONE STEP FORWARD, ONE STEP BACK

Saphira Summers

Touch as soft as chinchilla fur
Lips as sweet as strawberries
Whispered words of love
Falsities in the mind
Tears shed freely from red eyes
The smell of fresh rain
Shut out the world
True love is a fairy tale
Too good to be true
Life with the one you love...
Thought you loved.
Deception at its finest
Spat out. Kicked to the curb
Not worthy of love
Not worthy of anyone
Lips as cold as death
Touch as hard as concrete

THE DOORS ARE ALL SHUT

Alex Walker

The doors are all shut,
The lights are all down.
I walk to the unit, but
The nurse has a frown.

Where am I going?
I ask pleasantly.
The nurse says, "You're going
To see one bed only."

When I walk in the room
The bed's covered up,
With a lump in the center
I only just met her.

HER

Ian Bartz

Third place in Creative Writing Club's Poetry Contest

I didn't need her to be in bed with me
To know she was holding me close every night
The first night I had to try to go to sleep without her loving embrace
I could only feel my mind race
Thinking of all the ways I had torn us apart
In truth I was too in love with my misery
My depression
My repression of feelings
My dealings with the devil
Perhaps if I would've been level headed
We could've headed in the right direction
If I would've shown more affection

Correction

If I would've shown the right kind
Maybe if I would've been in my RIGHT mind
She wouldn't have LEFT me
The theft of my heart was too much to bare
I can't even care about anyone anymore
When getting up is too big of a chore
How could I love someone new
Much less myself

So I reach to the shelf
Full of liquor
When I remember how we used to bicker

That would be daily

And my life just feels incomplete without an addiction
Without a whole hearted devotion to something
And since it can no longer be to you
It's to the destruction of me.
The key is
To no longer care
To no longer err on the side of caution
To be so depressed that you think you're invincible
Not because you think you can't die
But because it doesn't matter if you do
When you wake up in the morning
With only one shoe
Not even knowing where you were last night

When you almost fight the person closest to you
When you're offered two unknown pills
And you wash them down with a shot of vodka
And all you can think about is the word latke
Because when you were in the deepest depth of your eating disorder
She was able to get you to eat one

Not by cunning
Not by force
Just because love for her coursed through your veins
And it pains you
Because those were once the veins you tried to empty
But SHE filled them back up
And now you just fill up your cup
And try and wash away the memories
With these college remedies
Of alcohol and sorrow
Because you'll wake up drunk tomorrow
Walk to class in a crooked line
Like you're walking through a mine field
Because that's what's in your brain
One misstep and you might explode
Break down into tears in the middle of a lecture
Based on a conjecture that you're better off dead
Walk out in front of everyone
With your feet feeling like lead
Dread running through you
You wonder if you will
You wonder if after taking pill after pill
The anti-depressants will make you feel better dead
As you lay in bed
Painting your wrists red
For the first time in nine months
You wonder
Is this what having a baby with depression is like
Birthing all your sorrows out of your wrist
With a clenched fist
Trying not to cry
Because the walls are paper thin
And if someone walked in
On your broken skin
You'd be sent back to the psych ward
But you're already headed towards the end
When it's not even around the bend anymore
When you're staring the end straight in the face
And your only saving grace
Is to open your arms
And embrace it



Deadpool, Scott Pence

SURROUNDED

Sarah Bobonik

Second place in Creative Writing Club's Poetry Contest

Surrounded by hundreds of piercing eyes,
Not one of them holds sympathy.
Only malice and judgement,
Of sins that were not committed.
Of lies that were spun with such elegance and grace;
 They appear the truth.
Do not be deceived!
They will only drag you down to hell with their
 Cold pale fingers.
A hand...
Winkled and deformed beyond recognition.
They look at you with such disdain.
Question yourself.
Question their judgement.
Flaws.
Depression sets in.
What did I do wrong?
What am I at fault for?
For being who I am.
For acting upon my basic human nature
Overwhelming depression
Put on the mask,
Don't let them see the cracks
Don't let them see just how far you've
 Withered away.
Don't let them see the
 Corpse you have become.
Concealed beneath the make-up and fake smiles
They'll never know...
 Just how far you've fallen...

DON'T LET THE SUNSHINE BLIND YOU

Addison Roux

First place in Creative Writing Club's Poetry Contest

I'm no swan song,
I'm no good.
I'm a black bird
in the woods.
I'm no lover,
my heart's dead.
I'm the monster
under your bed.
I'm no hero,
I can't fly.
I blow smoke
into the sky.
I'm a sinner,
I'm no saint.
My actions hurt
and my words taint.
I'm no good-guy,
I'm not swell.
My lungs aren't clear
and my mind's not well.
I'm no poet,
I've no fame.
I have nothing
in my name.
I'm no scholar,
Just a man.
I have dreams
but I've no plans.
I'm no angel,
I'm a beast.
It's your heart
on which I feast.
I'm no fighter,
I'm no king.
I've not conquered
one damn thing.
I'm no human,
I don't feel.
I'm convinced
this life's not real.
I'm no giver,
I just take.
I'm the nightmare
when you wake.



Self Portrait, Marissa Rossi

PERIOD

Marissa Ortosky

An excerpt from a novel-in-progress

I live my life in Capital Letters, peppered with exclamation points. I'm all **boldface** and *italics*, and when I start talking I go for pages. I skirt around ellipses. I'd much rather leave than let the silence thicken in the air like a fog. I avoid ellipses, but I run from periods. They're the most sinister stroke of the pen, marking an unarguable conclusion, an ending that's irrefutably, terrifyingly final. The thing's over. Period.

I don't like endings.

I thrive on semicolons, living in their impermanence. With them, it's noncommittal closure; the thing can keep going, if you want it to; you can always continue; you can drag it out. It can keep going, and going, and going. You can keep someone alive on semicolons.

I keep quotation marks in my pocket. I have a little blue notebook that fits into the curve of my palm, with a little blue pen just as long as my thumb. Every so often I scribble down the sentences people say—but only the good ones. Lots of people do an awful lot of talking about an awful lot of nothing. They throw out words like they'll never run out of them. But I know better. That's why when someone says something in Capital Letters, or *italics* or **bold** or double underline, I pull out my little blue book and write it down.

Never the periods, though. I never mark down the periods. Instead, I leave the quotation marks hugging their final word. The quote is over but the sentence is not. Like I said, I don't like endings.

My friends call me quirky. Other people just call me weird. Or *eccentrically endearing*. (I've written that one down.) My pseudonym changes by the day, hour, minute; it all depends on who's around. Sometimes I'm Miss Quirky. Other times I'm Miss Obnoxious. Miss Head-in-the-Clouds, Miss Teacher's Pet, Miss Airhead.

You can call me Miss Oblivious. Liv, for short. I like it best because of the irony. Liv. Live. Living, to the fullest. Don't get it? It's okay. You will, soon.

I'm telling you this because I need to tell someone, and it won't fit in my little blue book. I'm telling you this because this is the one story that has an ending that I can't run from. I have to find some way to keep going after this big, black period and I don't know if I can.

I live my life in Capital Letters because not-so-long-ago I didn't know how. I was white ink on white paper. I was eight-point font—big enough to be seen but small enough to where people stopped caring when they realized they would have to squint.

She was blue ink and exclamation points. She was all *italics* and word art. She wrote in the margins and sketched between the lines. She taught me how to write in **boldface**, in all the hues of the rainbow and all the fonts in the book. Because of her, I picked up my pen, and grew into the author of my own life.

But then it happened, and all our pages burned and her pen snapped in half. The ink toppled and spilled over until it pooled at her feet and sucked her inside. And then the silence thickened in her throat and thickened and thickened into sludge—and then it was over and my best friend was gone.

Period.

There's more to the story. It was her ending, but not mine. Her period was just one of my semicolons; I have to move on from it eventually, and it might as well be now.

Let me tell you what happened from the beginning, the very beginning, even though I've already spoiled the end. Grab a snack. Get cozy. When you're ready, turn the page. It's not a short story, and it's not pretty, but it's real. It's about time someone knew what really happened to Amy, and it's about time I continued my sentence.

Ready? Then turn the page.



Water Dragon, Sam Kapustik

FAT

Eileen Mills

To be fat is to be less than human. It is to have people spew hatred and venom at you, then expect you to eat it and digest it. They expect you to let it consume you like you consume everything else. They think they're God, that they'll be the ones that will save you but they'll fail and you'll be that fatty who sits on the couch all day eating those food stamp Bon Bons while watching Jerry Springer.

Because that's all you ever do, right? They don't care that you could be depressed, suffering from an eating disorder or other health issues. Never mind that you shower, sometimes twice a day. You're still dirty, they bellow between laughs. Disgusting. A Lowlife. Your greatest pain is their greatest pleasure.

To be fat means being well-fed and to have a disdain for working out or doing anything physical, but they don't see you, clothes clinging to your skin, giving it your all. Fat in its most positive form is still isolating. It still divides; it separates. Relegated to just sidekick and never the hero of the story. When you're fat you're the ugly and funny character but hardly ever the lead character, only appearing or speaking if it is to further the main character. Fat.

Fat is never being good enough, therefore always picked last in gym class, always passed over for a job, always the friend and never the girlfriend. Fat is synonymous with manly; you could never be beautiful—not like other girls. They're the slim ones that make you go with them shopping even though you can't fit into any of the clothes. The size small that asks you "does this make me look fat?" Rolling my eyes, trying to contain the tears. Fat.

Fat is more than physical. It may also be used to describe your soul because if you're fat, you're automatically a bad person. Your heart is never in the right place. You scare them; you're a monster. It's as if you and their nightmares are one in the same. It is leaving you up for constant judgement as if you being fat will in any way affect the lives of those who make it their business. They don't like you and they show it, oh they make sure you know it and it stays with you. This hurt shrinks you until you feel small, smaller than that morsel of food you can't help but put in your mouth.

LETTER TO MY SON

Carolyn Jacobs

Third place in Creative Writing Club's Prose Contest

Date: 9/11/01

Dear Landon,

Today has been one strange day, for everything has changed before my very eyes. It did start out like any normal morning, with me working around the house and taking care of your older siblings before they went to school. Your older sister Karen actually knocked her snow globe in your nursery this morning, which was given by your father. It was from his childhood, only to be passed down to Karen since she was born first. The poor girl has been mourning all morning since she feels so guilty. Your sister Maria decided to paint all over the fridge, and trust me, she painted the ENTIRE thing. Trying to scrub the paint off of it was not how I planned to spend the day. Yet, all of this has been a part of the normal routine of the morning, and it was all before 8:30.

I do want you to know I am writing this letter at 11:30 PM since I haven't been able to sleep. I don't know how I even have the energy to write this, but I felt like it is important. I don't know how old you will be when you read this letter, but one day you will understand the significance of the date.

Today is the day your father passed away. It has been hard on the whole family. I am saddened that you will never get to meet him; he was looking so forward to meeting his first son. He was on a business trip at the Twin Towers on the top floor. That morning, two planes crashed into the building, and since your father was on the top floor, he could not escape fast enough. I do not want to go into all the details about the event in this letter, I just want you to know you are loved by your father and me. All three of you children are the most important people in my life, and I want you to know I will never leave your side, until you're old enough to be on your own of course. If I ever get overprotective over any of you children, please just hang in there for me.

You will be born a month from today, and for your sake, I am depressed at the thought that you were so close at having a complete family. But, even though your father is not here physically, he is still going to be with you. When you read this, you may be surprised since you never knew this side of me before. I want all three of you to have a happy childhood since it's what you deserve. So no matter what tragedy happens, I will keep everything in the house normal.

Love, your mother

PS: I hope you know how to read cursive.

PARK BENCH

Kaylee Via

Second place in Creative Writing Club's Prose Contest

There is a guy sitting on a park bench reading a newspaper...

He is alone. He sits in the same spot, on the same bench in Central Park every day. He sits down with his newspaper and reads it cover to cover, folds it back up, places it on his lap and sits with his eyes closed. He looks like he is contemplating the world.

There is a woman walking her dog in the park...

She is alone. She takes the same route every day, always past my bench. She always pauses and watches me; I don't think she knows that I know she watches. Sometimes I close my eyes and think about meeting her.

He has his newspaper again...

Sometimes I think about meeting him.

She walked her dog again...

She got closer today; maybe I'll say "hi" next time.

He was there again...

I almost walked into him, but I smiled. Next time I'll say "hi."

She had her dog...

She almost walked into me. She has a beautiful smile.

He was there...

His name is David.

Her name is Claire.

He asked me to dinner.

She said yes.

We have been together for ten years now and today I told him that I am pregnant... He is more excited than I thought he would be.

Today she told me she is pregnant...
I was so happy that I cried.

It has been four months since I found out I am pregnant...
I feel like something is off. We go to the doctors soon.

It has been four months since she told me she is pregnant. She says she doesn't always feel right,
but I think that's normal. We go to the doctors soon.

Today the doctor told me if I have this baby I might die...
I want this baby.

Her baby might kill her...

I have become very weak these past months...

She is in labor...

...

Her name is Madison.
Her middle name is Claire.



When the Ice Breaks, Kaylee Via



Flowers for Ron, Marissa Rossi

SAFE AND WILD

Addison Roux

First place in Creative Writing Club's Prose Contest

“At this point in time, death would be less painful.”

She clutched her ceramic coffee cup between her cold, shaking hands. She was in a dream-like daze, soaking in the warmth of her terribly made caramel macchiato as if her life depended on it. Her eyes, transfixed on a lone speckle in the carpet, suddenly darted up to the window. It was much too bright outside given her gloomy, depressed state of being. Here was the sun, shining in all of its glory, as if to mock her mood. Aching and tired, she slowly unfolded out of the chair in which her body was glued. She shut the blinds.

An obnoxious array of red roses and tiny daisies swallowed her (probably fake) oak desk. Her embarrassment was practically palpable while carrying the awkward arrangement, overflowing with cloudy water, back from the mailbox. At the neck of the vase was a small, cheap teddy bear hanging by its fuzzy neck from a transparent red ribbon; the noose that hanged their relationship.

The spectacle of an apology was accompanied by a brown paper bag containing chocolates. How cliché.

Here she was, basking in her own self-pity, wallowing at the could-have-been's and should-have-been's, when suddenly her phone went off. The all-too-familiar five-note melody sent a chill down her back.

“I hope you like the flowers.”

She put her phone down just as quickly as she had picked it up.

They had their own little mantra back when things were good.

“I'll keep you safe, and you keep me wild.”

He was the wild one, which she had found to be quite refreshing. He coaxed her into one more drink than she knew she should have, on nights she knew she should not have been drinking, with people whose company she did not particularly enjoy. He matched, and often surpassed, her smart-ass remarks. He took charge, voiced his often unpopular opinions and basked in the blinding sun of his cosmic-sized ego; and she loved it.

She, by default, was always the safe one. She discouraged his irresponsible and impulsive thoughts. She soothed his inner beast and managed his aggression. She was kind and emotional and naïve: the classic foil.

At the end of the day, however, the mighty boot crushes the delicate flower. The hungry dog breaks his rusty chain. The wick destroys its beloved candle.

She popped a chocolate into her mouth.



I Tried, Edgar Gonzalez

THANK YOU FOR READING THIS YEAR'S
ISSUE OF THE PIVOT!

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