

POICTESME

AN ANTHOLOGY OF LITERATURE AND ART AT VCU | SPRING 2016



FEATURES

Mom
One Rainy Day

PROSE

Fiction by Luke Alexander

POETRY

Editor's Choice Winner
Kayliegh Conner





POICTESME

(pwa-tem)

- 1.** A fictitious French province created by James Branch Cabell that serves as a setting of several of his fantasy novels.
- 2.** Virginia Commonwealth University's anthology of literature and art

MASTHEAD

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Lyndon German

ASSISTANT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Taylor Purcell

CREATIVE DIRECTORS

Megan Goldfarb
Stephanie Trujillo

SECRETARY

Lauren Chartuk

GRAPHIC DESIGNERS

Uri Hamman
Jennie Pajerowski

COVER ART

One Rainy Day
By Junoh Yu

INSIDE COVERS

Stephanie Trujillo

SENIOR EDITORS

Ilana Bean
Elly Call
Faith Vasko
Elise Ketch
Elizabeth Dunford
Ishan Bose
Amber Kerrigan
Julie Wang

EDITORIAL STAFF

Brandon Hendrick
Nicole-Anne Keyton
Simoney Hanna
Jana Choi
Melissa Gitchel

STUDENT MEDIA DIRECTOR

Greg Weatherford

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Mark Jeffries

BUSINESS MANAGER

Jacob McFadden

FACULTY ADVISOR

Susann Cokal

Special thanks to the Student Media Commission Board,
the VCU Student Media Center, Dale Smith, Hannah Morgan
and the Friday night staff of Ipanema.

© 2016 Poictesme Literary Journal
VCU Student Media Center
P.O. Box 842010
Richmond, Va 23284-2010

Everything in this book was created with the blood, sweat and tears of the
VCU students and faculty, and funded by student fees.

We accept submissions all year round from VCU students only.

All styles are welcome. Send us your submissions, thoughts, questions,
concerns, or just say hello at pwatem@gmail.com

Hang out with us at poictesme.com

EDITOR'S NOTE

I can't express how lucky I am to be a part of Poictesme. There's not a publication more creative or filled with more passion, witty, and at times reclusive people. Before I begin I'd like to thank the Student Media Center for facilitating the publications involved on campus. Thank you Mark Jeffries for his talents and discussion on the weight of paper which I enjoyed. Thank you Jacob McFadden for his precision and clarity. Gregory Weatherford you are a continuous inspiration, beacon of success, and some other faltering words put together, you will be missed.

My passion for creative writing started here when the staff was a group of maybe seven people. It was easier then to just slide into an uncommitted role where I could read and attended meetings without making much of an impact. Meeting by meeting I started to react to some of the opinions of other members. I started editing pieces and interviewing authors. I walked down Broad Street handing out flyers. I was out of mind. I never thought I'd be in the position I'm in now, but I always wanted it. It's hard to explain how inadequate I feel compared to the editors who've come before me. Amy Sailer is a visionary and her talent for literature continues to grow. Hanna Morgan brought us out of the dark and made us more recognizable to our audiences. Carla Dominguez brought us even further and made us a fully established brand, but what could I do?

Truly all I have is ideas. I can put the words in order and frame the picture but I can't bring the image to form. The staff and contributors did this. I thank you for your hard work. I am thankful for your time and patience. In my eyes I see a disheveled man passing his way through life holding a leaking uncapped pen in his shirt pocket. I am continually stammering trying to recite the lines of an ad for "The World's Greatest Mower" and though I can write scenes and place words in an order people find intriguing, I still envy and celebrate the talent I don't own, which is collected here in this book.

BEST,

LYNDON GERMAN

LITERATURE

- | | | | |
|----|-------------------------------------|----|--|
| 2 | LINEN
Rachel Johnstone | 40 | LAKE CHESDIN EKUZ
Elizabeth Farschon |
| 4 | HIGH ART
Christopher McDaniel | 41 | A CABIN IN KING AND
QUEEN COUNTY
Taylor Purcell |
| 6 | CHECKED-OUT
Christopher McDaniel | 42 | HUMPS
Luke Alexander |
| 7 | COMPANY TIME
Lance Lambert | 54 | CARVED INTO A TREE,
ON A SNOWY MOUNTAIN
Ishan Bose |
| 9 | LIVING LIVELY
Paislee Jahed | 55 | THE TIDE OF
PONY PASTURE
Trey Hall |
| 10 | SISTER
Paislee Jahed | 56 | NO WORRIES
Neha Jadhav |
| 14 | MELATI
Amanda Pressman | 57 | THE FORECAST
Kayleigh Conner |
| 15 | SOUTH CHERRY
Ilana Bean | 58 | PORTRAIT OF OPA IN 2009
Kayleigh Conner |
| 24 | LIZARDMAN
Luke Alexander | 70 | EDITOR BIOS |
| 37 | CLOTHING DRIVE
Conor Lobb | 72 | CONTRIBUTOR BIOS |
| 39 | ONE RAINY DAY
Junoh Yu | | |

ART

- | | | | |
|----|--|----|---|
| 3 | STILL LIFE WITH DRAPES
Anthony Sudol | 23 | HIGH NOON
Kassiane Patselas |
| 5 | ILLUSTRATION
Stephanie Trujillo | 30 | ILLUSTRATION
Brandon Hendrick |
| 7 | ILLUSTRATION
Jana Choi | 38 | ONE RAINY DAY (COVER)
Junoh Yu |
| 8 | ILLUSTRATION
Elly Call | 43 | ILLUSTRATION
Megan Goldfarb |
| 11 | ILLUSTRATION
Elise Ketch | 45 | ILLUSTRATION
Megan Forgione |
| 12 | THREE DOGS
Brennen Perry | 45 | ALONE AT HOME
MORE OFTEN
Anthony Sudol |
| 13 | DOGS IN LIVING ROOM
Brennen Perry | 46 | FAMILY CLINIC
Julie Wang |
| 13 | FIND COMFORT
IN LOW LIGHT
Brennen Perry | 47 | SILENT NIGHT
Julie Wang |
| 15 | ILLUSTRATION
Julie Wang | 48 | SICILY
Stephanie Trujillo |
| 16 | JOLY
Brad Eisenhauer | 49 | FRANKFURT MUSEUM
FUER MODERNE KUNS
Stephanie Trujillo |
| 17 | DAGUERREOTYPE
Anna Pleskow | 51 | ICECREAM
Troy Scully |
| 18 | WINDOW
Jason Ly | 52 | ERGONOMIC
Elise Ketch |
| 19 | GRASS-GRAPE SHAKE
Jason Ly | 50 | VACATION
Troy Scully |
| 20 | FOUR REALMS
Madilynn Forgione | 53 | MASS
Elise Ketch |
| 21 | CORNER SHALLOW
SPACE NO. 2
Dakota Becker | 59 | ILLUSTRATION
Melissa Gitchel |
| 22 | BURNING HOUSE
Kassiane Patselas | 60 | MOM (FEATURE)
Anna Pleskow |

“Something
profound,
probably”

JAMES BRANCH CABELL?

RACHEL JOHNSTONE

Linen

We moved quietly, bound in time.
We were there, sustained in silence,
Warm nostalgia bathed the earth.

We were everything.
Becoming and unbecoming,
Undone by our own humanness.

Fell sunlight on dappled shadows,
Like angel kisses on her freckled face.
I pulled on your collar before the wedding,

Winds coming down,
Coming down from the Nordic east.

We will always have the capacity for the unconditional.

Oh to youth when duties were shirked
and hair could be cut to the skull,
by small hands under dining room tables.

To the everlasting epiphany of age,
as we tread waters unseen for the years
which have died to bring us to this this delicate place.

Floating between conscious desire
And a dream state—
Kaleidoscope adolescents,
to death do us part.



STILL LIFE WITH DRAPES ANTHONY SUDOL

CHRISTOPHER MCDANIEL

High Art

I saw something today.
A picture or rather
a portrait—a large ad.
Brown, women's boots
modeled up two ankles,
crossed with intent.
The scar from her falling
hair straightener,
cut calluses from her shoes,
her favorite color nail polish,
two-stripe high-heel tan lines,
a thin anklet, old, and unseen,
and track marks way against the grain.

My handprints are fresh
around her ankles, redressing
her tights first, tying her laces
with my teeth, crossing
her boots before the door.
How do I look, she speaks
peeking down at me.



ILLUSTRATION BY STEPHAN DICTER SMILS

CHRISTOPHER MCDANIEL
FOR LAYNE STALEY

Checked-Out

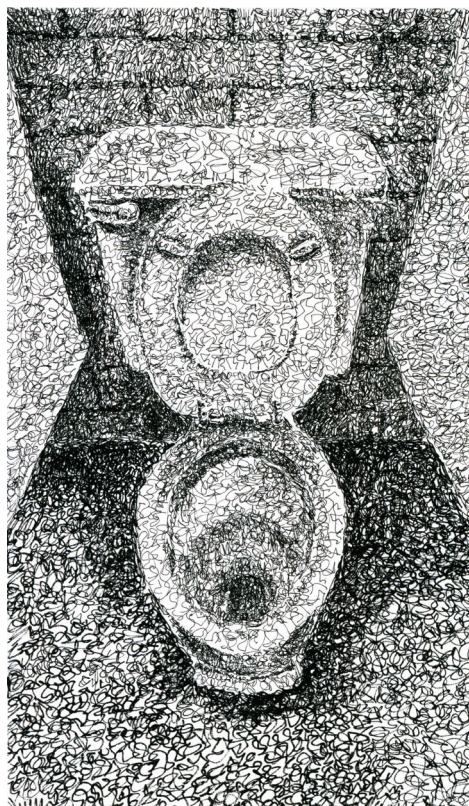
The flies found me first
still looking found.
In the dark corner, static's
on the TV and one seat left
next to me, the speaker
screeching don't miss
the best part! I've seen it
before a million times, I
still crack up; the junkie
brave to ride off with
everything, rotting
at home for a spell—
until the cops come
looking for reasons why
and a buzzard-filled sky.

OPPOSITE
ILLUSTRATION BY JANA CHOI

Company Time

I THOUGHT ABOUT IT, MOVING ON. Only there was something I couldn't quit. I always found it calming, the stench of the bathroom, the constant running of the toilet water, the writing on the wall. I read the script like a benediction, *9/11 was an inside job, Free Hand Job, Quit*. I thought about it. After five long hours of stagnation my piss smelled like stale cigarettes and coffee. "*All Employees Must Wash Hands*". Washing never removed the metallic odor of gas but my hands performed the ritual, a quick splash to the face, a quiet baptism. The mirror returned my gaze with a fractured smile, the shattered remains of a day left unfinished, a day spent waiting. That reflection was a comfort I knew so well, the way it showed the murky decaying lamp light caressing my skin, the four planes of peeling white wallpaper covered in writing. I was told to cover these open letters with some leftover paint, but I didn't. The notes became my padded walls where I could thrash and drool with existential fervor. I would cover, they would write. With no time to find my friends and no time to make new ones, I hoped to finally shake the delicate hands that wrote this script. My restroom recreation was fifteen minutes on company time, yet this closing act was more than just time-theft, more than waiting for the end of the work week. It was the last dance with drunken clamor. The number would always return. I'd hold back my urge to release my insides, dial the number on the wall and wait. They would come and I'd be here. Each day they answered, the click of the receiver followed by a quiet voice—promising. But, that day they didn't answer. I called again. Busy. They said they'd come and I was always here. No answer. All of the etchings and the scent of the markers stormed the battalions of my brain. The words left for me to decipher were running and screaming, sounding off like cerebral timpani reverberating off the walls of my skull. I lifted the toilet seat dry heaving, hiccupping, and howling at the lukewarm water that filled the void. My own voice echoed back at me from the porcelain amplifier. Then, I saw myself. My skin was now china-white, peeling from the strings of muscle and bone. My eyes glowed like the fluorescent bulbs. I slammed the toilet seat shut and turned to the door. It wouldn't budge. I heard the doorbells toll. They were finally here. I began to weep ecstasy. A heavy knock heaved at the door.

"Shane, it's Dick. I need you at the front. I need you to close. By the way, Jerry called out. I need you to come in at 8am."





PAISLEE JAHED

Living Lively

My father is a tower burning and blood-clotted knees,
Brought back home to rest his anxiety quietly.

The deadliest day in New York City and my father is alive.
A forgotten phone; his car, turning. Home, My mother crying, quietly.

His blood needs daily thinning. The Coumadin keeps him alive. His genes
In me remind me not to sigh. Reliably. Quietly.

A cocktail glass cocked back every night at nine.
Alcohol pumping him back to life. Irony spoke quietly.

He is strength, six foot four of length, and miracle bones.
Branches where worry feels like home: viably and quietly.

Wrap me around your paisley work-shirt patterned with three stripes,
I'm the reason you're always beating death so violently, quietly.

OPPOSITE
ILLUSTRATION BY ELLY CALL

PAISLEE JAHED

Sister

Now, ask me about our childhoods;
Any question will do.
I'll tell you a story
About listening through vents.

Any question will do. How
did our mother hear of your pregnancy?
We listened through vents.
She wept without breathing.

How did she hear of your pregnancy?
By carrier pigeon (our uncle spoke quietly)
On a Sunday evening, she wept without breathing.
Hospital blood from her fourteen year old self.

A carrier pigeon on a Sunday morning
aborted a child without mourning.
Memories of her fourteen year old self, creeping.
We listened through vents without speaking.

My mother aborted a child without mourning;
I'll tell you a story about how
We listened through vents without speaking.
Now, ask me about our childhood.



ILLUSTRATION BY ELISE KETCH

Editor's Choice for Best Art BRENNEN PERRY



THREE DOGS BRENNEN PERRY

OPPOSITE TOP
DOGS IN LIVING ROOM BRENNEN PERRY

OPPOSITE BOTTOM
FIND COMFORT IN LOW LIGHT BRENNEN PERRY



Melati

I'm no northern girl. My roots in this land are new, foreign, I am something imported from an island half a world away.

Packed courage in my carryon when I came stateside, but let me be clear: open water never scared me until I got pulled out into a riptide,

and even though the oceans of Indonesia were drunk with danger no ocean ever tried to kill me until I came to this land.

Be careful, growing a jasmine plant in this area; these flowers are fragrant, but delicate, some only ever blooming at night, things to be woven into the hair of brides.

How lovely, I always thought, but bridal shops in the states don't carry jasmines the way they do back home.

I promised myself that I'd grown my own. Did you know that they're sensitive to overwatering? How easily these flowers can drown in unfamiliar waters?

Or how temperature sensitive they are? My first winter in America, we had over two feet of snow, this isn't as magical as I thought it'd be,

and, it's colder, much colder. Atlantic waves bury me, pulled me out into open water, isn't it funny that they dragged me eastward?

The country club kid telling me to go back home, I wonder if the South China Sea heard them, wonder if the Sea Queen heard of my leaving, wanted me back, missed her little girl, Sayang.

Back home, they say you should never wear green by the sea, lest she mistake you for an offering, but I left superstition behind with my grandmother.

So there I was green bathing suit and all. My savior was an islander too, Southeast Asian too, and after he pried me out of her liquid arms,

he told me, in perfect English that the same thing happened to him.

ILANA BEAN

South Cherry

The house is best with nothing in it:
exposed pipes, lacy woodwork,

teacups of wine on an empty floor.
In the overgrowth of the garden, a crawling vine

loops itself through the wiry chairs,
braiding morning glories.

Sometimes I skid out
from beneath the buckling ceiling,

then hold still, squinting
to catch the cracks in growth.

Our landlord stands on a chair,
whacking plaster with a broom;

this house held up his whole commune
in the seventies, so he shrugs,

teaches us how to swing dance
around the living room,

and invites us over to see his collection
of ceramic Tigger figurines. Barefoot,

I feel the breathy rise and fall
of the floorboards beneath my steps,

like a damp path, acknowledging
my weight as an earthly thing,

but it was the leg of a bed, and not my own,
which splintered a hole open to whatever scurries

in the darkness beneath us.
My mother says I won't make it out alive,

but I was wearing a coat
the day the back door window
shattered against my shoulder.



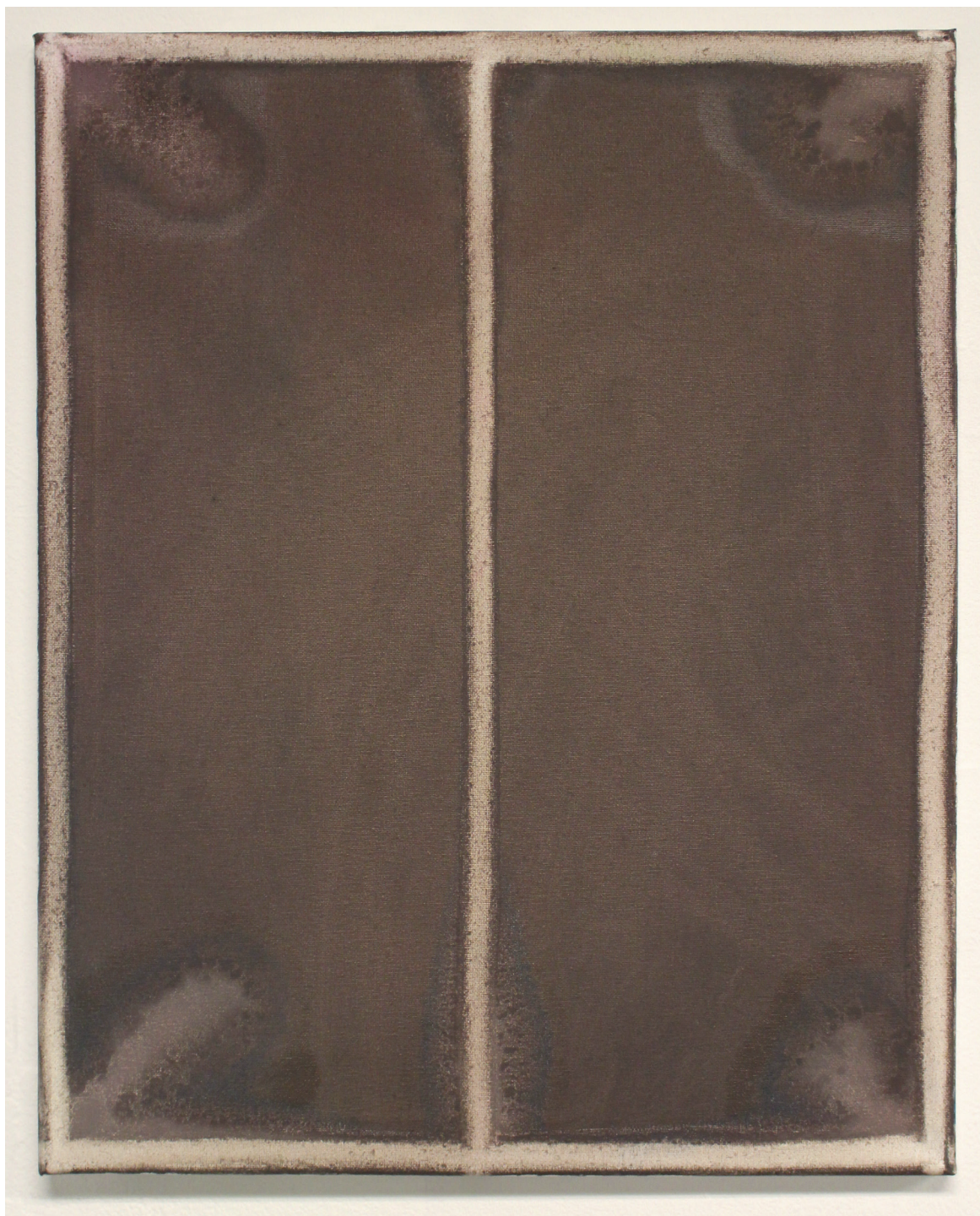
ILLUSTRATION BY JULIE WANG



JOLY BRAD EISENHauer



DAGUERREOTYPE ANNA PLESKOW

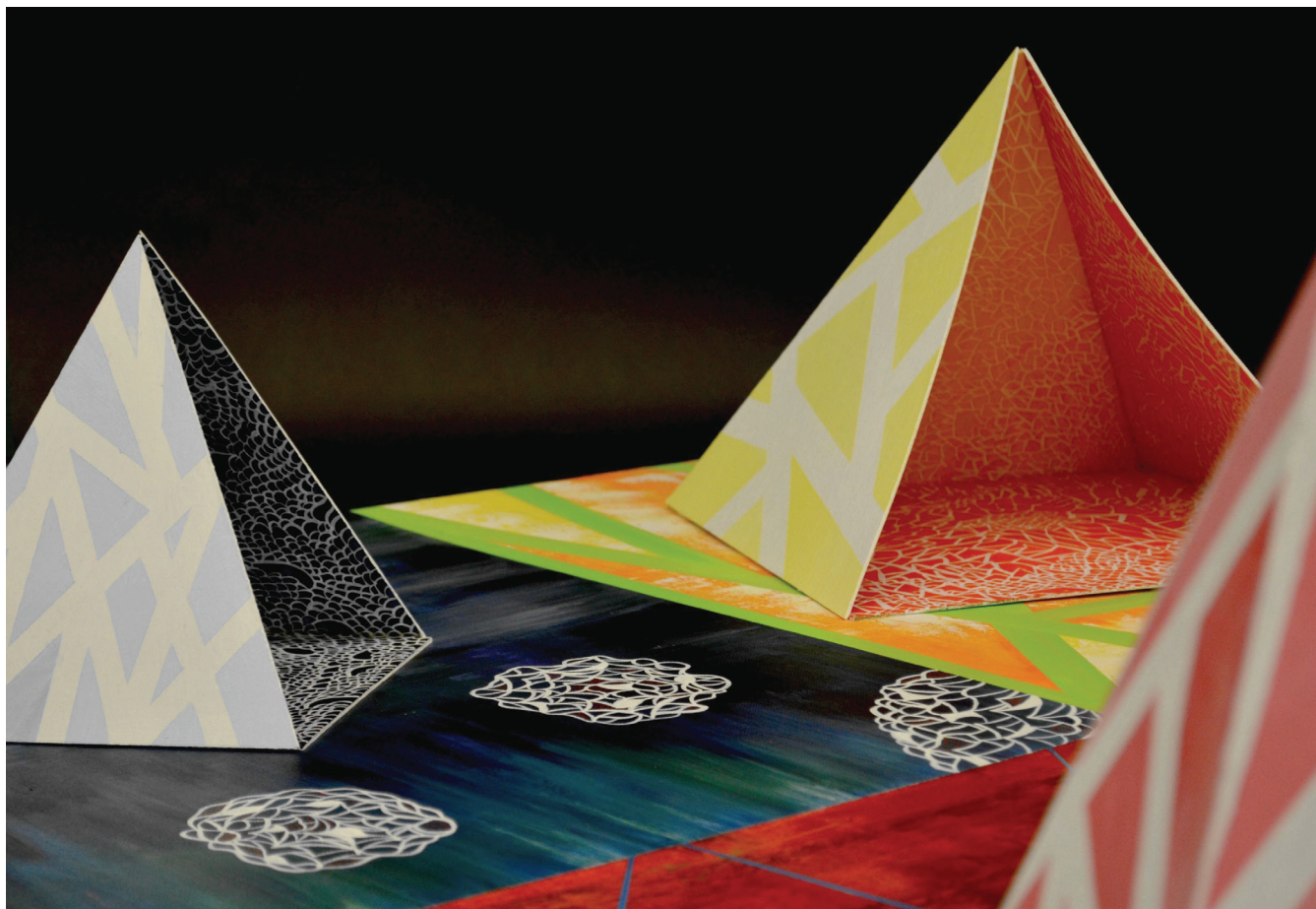


WINDOW JASON LY



GRASS-GRAPE SHAKE JASON LY





FOUR REALMS MADILYNN FORGIONE

OPPOSITE

CORNER SHALLOW SPACE NO.2 DAKOTA BECKER





BURNING HOUSE KASSIANE PATSELAS



HIGH NOON KASSIANE PATSELAS

LUCAS ALEXANDER

Lizardman

STARRING

Miles Anderson

Robert Scinco

Yurt Wallace

Trina Frogg

Paul

Police Officer

Business People

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

Lizards

INT. SCINCO'S OFFICE - DAY

MILES ANDERSON (25) is sitting in a chair, facing the desk of ROBERT SCINCO (27), who is sitting behind the desk and wearing sunglasses. They both appear human. A nameplate for S, a computer, and a cage with three mice inside are on top of the desk.

MILES (V.O.)

There are lots of ways you can spot lizards.

SCINCO

So, Mr. Anderson, what makes you think you're qualified for this position?

MILES examines SCINCO's chapped lips nervously.

MILES (V.O.)

Chapped lips. Dry skin.

MILES

(wiping his sweaty brow)

Well, I really enjoy working with people, and feel tha-

SCINCO

Great. Have you ever operated a...telephone?

MILES (V.O.)

There's this odd tick to their speech. Like something's a little off.

MILES

...Yes? I've got a smartphone.

SCINCO

Excellent. Any preexisting skin conditions in you or next of kin?

MILES

No, not that I know of.

MILES (V.O.)

Always wearing those awful sunglasses.

SCINCO

Perfect. You start tomorrow. 9 a.m. Any questions?

MILES

...Wow. Actually, is there a water fountain nearby?

SCINCO

Take a left down the hall. Right by the bathroom.

MILES

Thanks.

MILES wipes a sweaty hand on his pants and reaches out to shake SCINCO's. SCINCO, typing at his computer, completely ignores the gesture and begins cracking his neck. MILES sighs and leaves.

MILES (V.O.)

Also, they're total assholes. But people working here have started disappearing. Someone has to find out why.

INT. FRONT DESK - DAY

MILES enters the building with wet hair, carrying a large water bottle and a satchel. YURT WALLACE (25) is behind his desk, typing on a computer with his mouth slightly open. He is wearing sunglasses.

MILES

Ehrm...hello?

YURT turns his head back and forth, and then directs his gaze at MILES. He never stops typing.

YURT

Hello.

MILES

...I'm the new guy, Miles Anderson. I'm here to get started.

YURT licks his chapped lips and continues typing.

YURT

Oh.

A beat passes.

MILES

I guess I'll go in now.

MILES walks past YURT (who follows MILES with a turn of the head) and out of the room into a hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

MILES walks up to a window of SCINCO's office. He presses against it and looks inside, scanning the room. He notices the cage on the desk, seeing only two mice this time.

MILES turns around to face SCINCO.

SCINCO

Looking for something, Anderson?

MILES

O-hh, there you are, sir. I'm not exactly sure where my desk is...

SCINCO

You're three minutes, twelve seconds late. Maybe if you were punctual you'd already know.

MILES

Well-

SCINCO

Follow me.

INT. MILES' OFFICE - DAY

MILES is sitting at his desk. A clock hangs on the wall. SCINCO sets a cardboard box on the desk and begins pulling out an old telephone, a large phone book, and a desk lamp.

SCINCO

Here you are. Tools of the trade. State of the art.

MILES

Thanks.

SCINCO

(gesturing to the phone book)

Just go through that. Call every number. Stick to the script, which can be found-

SCINCO, licking his lips, pulls out a large telemarketing manual.

SCINCO (CONT'D)

-in here. You'll be spending a lot of time looking at this book. Get used to it.

MILES

Will do, sir.

SCINCO

Great. Lunch is at twelve. Don't forget.

SCINCO leaves the room.

MILES unbuttons his shirt slightly and looks up at the overhead lights, which are extremely bright. He begins rooting through the desk, skimming through files and papers. He pulls out what looks like snakeskin in the shape of a human hand.

MILES (V.O.)

Knew it!

MILES photographs the skin with his phone and continues digging through the desk.

SCINCO opens the door and peers in. MILES shuts the desk, opens the phonebook, and dials a number.

SCINCO

I see you're hard at work, Mr. Anderson.

MILES

Yes sir.

CUSTOMER (V.O.)

Hello?

MILES

H-hello, I'm a representative from Heloderma Marketing, and I'd like to talk to you about some snake oil that-

CUSTOMER (V.O.)

GO FUCK YOURSELF!

SCINCO

Glad you're adjusting well.

SCINCO leaves and slams the door. MILES drops everything and continues rifling through the desk. He finds a battered folder and examines it. An I.D. falls out of the folder.

MILES

What?

The I.D. says "NEWT SALAMAN." A picture of a man of similar age to MILES' is seen on its surface.

Suddenly, a thud can be heard from MILES' window. MILES walks over to the window and sees

TRINA FROGG (35) with her face and hands pressed against it.

MILES opens the window with difficulty.

MILES (CONT'D)

Well. The relentless Trina Frogg rears her head once again! If you think you're getting my story this time, you'd better face the fact that-

TRINA

Keep it down! I just don't want you to get hurt. None of us want you to.

MILES

That's bull, Frogg! And you can tell it to my editor as well! I'm going to figure out what these lizards did to Newt-

TRINA

Look, Miles, it's really hot in there, and I don't know what we'd do if you dried out-

As TRINA speaks, MILES' eyes dart as he sees YURT picking up mail from a PO box near the office. YURT's head immediately turns to face MILES', in a dead lock. MILES slams the windows shut.

TRINA (CONT'D)

Just know you can always croak for us!

MILES shuts the window's blinds. He walks over to the desk and begins to drink from his water bottle, eyeing the room's overhead lights.

MILES (V.O.)

It is pretty hot in here.

MILES finishes drinking and croaks softly, like a light burp. He then stuffs the I.D. into his satchel and closes all the desk drawers, just as SCINCO enters the room.

SCINCO

Mr. Anderson. I hired you to work. Either do that work, or get out of here.

MILES

Y-yes sir, sorry, it's just hot in here, I was getting worn out is all-

SCINCO checks the thermostat, which is set at 95 degrees Fahrenheit, and then begins to leave the room, but turns back around to address MILES.

SCINCO

Temperature's fine. Be careful, Miles. It'd be a shame for this to end so quickly.

SCINCO slams the door shut. MILES sits back at his desk, and looks again at Newt Salaman's I.D.



ILLUSTRATION BY BRANDON HENDRICK

MILES (V.O.)
Interesting...

MILES tucks the I.D. into his satchel and glances at the clock. It is now 11:00.

MILES gets up from the desk and walks to the door of his office. He opens it and steps outside.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

MILES steps out of his room and is immediately standing face to face with YURT.

MILES
Uhm. Hello.

YURT
Nice day outside.

MILES tries to walk around YURT to no avail.

MILES
Ehrrm, do you mind, I need to use the restroom...

YURT
Oh. Of course.

YURT steps aside, and MILES begins to leave.

YURT (CONT'D)
Lunch is at twelve. Don't forget. We're excited to have you.

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

The restroom is moderately large, with multiple stalls. MILES is covering his face in water and gasping in relief, facing a large mirror. He then takes his smartphone and dials a number. TRINA answers.

TRINA (V.O.)
Miles? What is it? Are you out of there yet?

MILES
No, no, I'm still investigating.
Listen, do you remember that story about Newt Salaman?

TRINA (V.O.)
His disappearance? Miles, I thought we all agreed that if the police were done with it, we would be too-

MILES

Look, Trina, these lizards did something to him! I don't know what, but I've got to find out! I found his I.D. in the room they gave me!

The restroom door begins to turn, and MILES gasps. YURT enters the restroom, and MILES is nowhere to be seen. He is sticking to the ceiling, trying not to move. YURT looks into the mirror and begins stretching the skin around his head and snarling. His teeth are now sharp and menacing. MILES stealthily snaps a photograph, still hanging from the ceiling.

YURT then walks into a stall and locks the door. Ripping can be heard as shed skin falls to the floor. MILES hops down to the floor, and exits the room.

YURT

WHO?!

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

MILES hops back into his room and slams the door. He picks up his phone and dials 911. A parrot-like human, PAUL, answers the phone.

PAUL

Squaaaaa-hello, what's the problem?

MILES

I think my coworkers are planning to kill me! I don't feel safe here!

PAUL

Veery interesting, sir. Where are you currently employed?

MILES

Heloderma Marketing. It's primarily a snake oil distributor, but I think-

PAUL

Squaaaaa-Nevermind, sir, I've got to go. Too many people on the line.

MILES

But-

The line cuts off as PAUL hangs up.

MILES slams the phone down. He gets up, grabs his satchel, and hurries out of his room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

MILES hops through the hallway. He stops at SCINCO's office, looking in through the window. He sees that there are no more mice in the cage on his desk, and resumes hopping. MILES reaches

a door marked "RECORDS." He tries to open it, but it is locked.

He pulls a lockpick out of his satchel and attempts to open the door with it, but it breaks. MILES sighs and bends down, sliding his tongue into the keyhole.

MILES (V.O.)
Ugh, I hate doing this...

The door clicks open. MILES gets up, walks in, and slams the door.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - DAY

The room is dark, and filled with file cabinets. MILES glances around, and finds a cabinet marked "S." MILES opens it and skims through, finding a folder marked "Salaman."

MILES extracts the folder and opens it, revealing one sheet of paper. MILES examines the paper. It reads "EMPLOYEE #834: NEWT SALAMAN. STATUS: Terminated. VERDICT: Delicious."

MILES drops the file to the ground in horror.

MILES (V.O.)
Fucking lizards!

MILES recovers the file, stashes it in his satchel, and slips out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

MILES hurries towards the end of the hallway. Before he reaches it, he is stopped by SCINCO. He glances at a clock. It is 11:55.

SCINCO
Going somewhere, Mr. Anderson? You wouldn't want to miss out on lunch, would you?

MILES
I-uhh-I

SCINCO
We'll show you to the lunch room.

SCINCO leads MILES down the opposite end of the hallway, followed by five other BUSINESSPEOPLE/LIZARDS (who are all wearing sunglasses).

MILES (V.O.)
Every animal has some sort of defense mechanism for fending off predators.

INT. LUNCHROOM - DAY

MILES is lead into a dimly lit room. It is completely empty. SCINCO and the other business lizards follow, and begin circling around MILES.

MILES (V.O.)

When frogs feel threatened, they often secrete a liquid that can burn and sometimes kill their attackers, if an attempt at consumption is made.

MILES

Uhm...so...where's lunch?

SCINCO walks up to MILES' face, leans over, and slightly lowers his shades, revealing his large, reptilian eyes. MILES immediately gargles up poison and spits it right into SCINCO's eyes. SCINCO collapses in agony as MILES hops past the crowd and exits the room.

SCINCO

MOTHERFUCKER! Get him, you idiots! We're having frog legs today!

THE BUSINESS LIZARDS begin growling, have visible fangs, and contort their bodies in odd directions as they exit the room in chase.

INT. HALLWAY- DAY

MILES skip-hops through the hallway, pulling out his phone in the process. He tries calling TRINA.

MILES

Come on, come on, come onnnnnn...

TRINA (V.O.)

Hello, you've reached Trina Frog, please-

MILES shuts off his phone.

MILES

Damn it!

SCINCO and the other BUSINESS LIZARDS are gaining on MILES, becoming more and more reptilian at every moment.

SCINCO

It's over, kid!

INT. FRONT DESK - DAY

MILES enters the room and grabs the front door, but it's locked. MILES stands, back to the door, and watches as the LIZARDS pile into the room.

SCINCO

It's lunchtime, everyone.

MILES begins making an odd guttural growl, and then lets out a loud croak that echoes through the building.

MILES (V.O.)

I hope this works.

SCINCO is taken aback, but then refocuses himself and begins walking forward to MILES.

SCINCO

Let's try this again, froggie.

Suddenly, a large murmur of croaks is heard off in the distance. The LIZARDS gasp as a large number of frog-like humans press themselves against every glass surface of the building's exterior. The force of their arrival cracks the glass of the windows near the front door.

SCINCO (CONT'D)

What the...

The glass shatters, and the lizards begin retreating through the building in terror.

EXT. BUSINESS BUILDING - DAY

MILES and TRINA are standing outside the building, talking to a POLICE OFFICER (50, rotund and pink skinned, with a small pig tail, and holding a clipboard).

POLICE OFFICER

So, uh, you work here, right? Mind telling me what happened yesterday?

MILES

No idea. It was supposed to be my first day on the job. The door was locked when I stopped by, so I went home.

POLICE OFFICER

(flipping through clipboard)

Yes...hmmmm...alright, alright...Eh, you-

(pointing to TRINA)

You were seen here yesterday a little while after the glass shattered. See anything?

TRINA

No, nothing. Sorry, officer.

POLICE OFFICER

Huh. Funny how these things happen round here.

MILES

Sure is.

POLICE OFFICER

Well, guess I'll be off. You ever hear word of where that Scinco guy is, give us a call.

TRINA

Of course.

The OFFICER walks off, heading towards a police car.

TRINA (CONT'D)

Miles, we can't do this for you again.

MILES

I know. I know. I shouldn't have tried to go undercover.
And now I can't even release anything.

TRINA

That's why we work from a distance.

MILES sighs and begins to leave.

TRINA (CONT'D)

Hey, where're you going?

MILES

Lilly Street. I have a pretty nice pad there.

TRINA

Look, Miles, you don't need to feel bad about it. Everyone makes mistakes.
And hey, you got rid of the lizards!

MILES turns back and smiles.

MILES

Yea, I guess I did.

THE END

CONOR LOBB

Clothing Drive

He sat still for a week
Staring lifelessly at birds
They shit on his ball cap
Spotchy white
On red
Sky blue

On Sunday, sirens drove all the birds away.



One Rainy Day

All of my work contains these thoughts, “How can I help people who have difficulties and how can I bridge the gap between those people and the outside world?” One rainy day, was the most successful piece to deliver these thoughts. In this piece, I tried to describe the moment which made my life become completely different than before. I spent a really hard time in elementary school, I thought all kinds of bad things, even if I was just nine-years-old. When I stood on the edge of a precipice to commit suicide, it started to rain and so I started to talk with rain because I felt that rain was saying something to me. That was the moment that changed my entire life.

FOR ME, RAIN IS THE PRESERVER OF LIFE.

JUNOH YU

ELIZABETH FARSCHON

Lake Chesdin

I almost ran straight into a mailbox
last night, the grey, textured steering wheel
slipping from my hands. The name on the box,
Denton, made me think of how one summer
you took me to your family cabin in the mountains,
trees bright green in the summer haze, and I forgot
to pack socks. I remember the stench of my feet
filling the dark bedroom, its hunting paintings
and natural wood bedframe, where you first undressed
me, and I remember you saying you couldn't smell
it, the same way you couldn't hear me when I said
I wanted to go home.

TAYLOR PURCELL

A Cabin in King and Queen County

Paul Simon hums into a cascade
Through these greying wooden walls, and feet
Dance across splinters while the sun fades.

The hill just outside the door falls deep
Towards murky swamps. I will soon see
Crawfish digging their homes, and the beat

Of the paddle against swells will free
A rustle of the wind to grow to rhythms
On my cheek. But for now I'm smelling tea

Through my lips and I watch the schism
Of the sun on the horizon. Light
Rains on the sky, leaving puddles smitten

With the moon. My hammock, on midnight
Blackwater, swings. My hair dangles,
Twisting into a shaggy dog. Tightly

Shut are the doors of a car, fangled
With weeds and mold, that stares, without time,
Through me. It looks past a tangling

Rocky road towards the Mattaponi.

Humps

THE MAYOR PRESSED HIS EYES FURTHER, gazing hopefully into a large expanse of sand complemented by the setting sun and the evisceration of an azure sky.

“Sir, it’s already late into the evening. Can’t we just pack all this up? I’m sure they’ll get back tomorrow,” muttered a short, stumpy man with a rather large nose.

“Silence, pion! It’s evening when I say it’s evening! I’ve got to see him! I’ve got to make sure he’s okay! I knew sending him on the maiden voyage of the—” the mayor was interrupted upon his noticing of a bright shimmering of metal emerging from the horizon. As the metal object quickly grew, it reflected enough remaining sunlight to cover the mayor’s field of vision, sending him careening backwards and stumbling into his companion, who in turn toppled right off the small observation deck and into a large pool.

“Oh! Dreadfully sorry about that! At least the frogs will have a snack!”

The pion shuddered as he paddled around nervously and gasped for air. He knew all too well that this pool was the aptly named ‘Pool of the Giant Carnivorous Amphibians’. Two large frog-like amphibians of this variety rose from the pool and tore the man in half, each creature consuming a part of him afterwards with a quick flick of the tongue.

“Bring in the next one!” the Mayor bellowed. An elderly and similarly large nosed pion walked out on the deck.

“Do you know who that man was, Mayor?”

“Why, of course! He was a pion! As are you, you know! Now help me powder my mustache before the machine arrives!”

The pion pulled out a large cup of powder and a full sized pillow and smooshed it around the mayor’s thick lip curtain. “He was my son. Raising him was one of the most rewarding and challenging pursuits in my whole life. And you killed him.”

“Well, technically that was the frogs’ doing. Nothing to worry about, there are millions of you guys anyways. How do I look?”

“As good as you possibly could.”

“I’ll take it! Now let’s get down there and see the machine on its arrival back home!”

“Fine.”

The mayor and his new number one pion stood at the gold-coated gate to the city under banners and balloons. The machine grew closer with every step. Its chrome coating reflected the sun at the perfect angle to accidentally burn down a small, ill-kempt village on the outskirts of the city. This had happened on the machine’s departure as well to a similar village. The mayor described it as weeding out the weak ones.

The machine itself was some sort of odd wonder. A gigantic automaton the size of five average-sized houses (otherwise described as a third of the size of the mayor’s house) with four lanky legs and two chrome humps, filled to the brim with fuel and large enough to house one world sporting event each (or, two humps, each the size of one of the mayor’s swimming pools). It was designed to fit the image of a camel, instead of a more conventional

caravan design, by the best engineers found in the city. The mayor made this decision on the grounds that camels were nature's answer to the desert, so naturally a desert travelling machine should do its absolute best to emulate such a beast. In private, the engineers came to the unanimous conclusion that the mayor's head was filled to the brim with bull testicles, so much so that he might have grown his expansive mustache to catch any, as they had a tendency to fall out of his head from time to time (how else could they explain the mayor so often burying an index finger deep within one of his nasal cavities?).

The automaton camel came to a stop a few yards away from the mayor. It lowered its gargantuan head and begun to make a gargling noise. A bundle of flesh shot out at an unmeasured speed, covered in saliva and landing uncomfortably head first in the sand.

"Oh, it's absolutely wonderful to see you again—oh."

"What?" the bundle asked, digging out of the earth to reveal themselves as none other than Brianne, the captain of the camel. "Do you want flowers or something?"

"I thought you were someone else. Get out of the way so the machine can spit!"

"Look, Mayor, if you're looking for your son, you need to know something."

"Shhh, someone's coming! I've got to get the welcome wagon ready!" the Mayor gestured to a large platinum wagon. He nudged his personal pion, who begrudgingly hopped on top of the wagon and honked its horn rapidly.

The camel spit out another mass of meat, this time that of the assistant captain, Eugene.

"It's so wonderful to see you again, I just can't wait to—oh."

"Riding the ship. One of the humps. Riding the ship. One of the humps."

"Eh? What's he going on about?"

"That's all he's been saying since he went to the camel's toe."

"Well, what happened there?"

"I don't know, Mayor. But listen. About your son."

"Yes, yes, get this idiot out of the way so I can see my boy again already! He's the only one left, so I can't go wrong. Pion, engage the confetti sacks!" The pion pulled out large burlap sacks and started waving them around with vigor.

"Mayor! Listen! He's gone!"

"W-what?"

Confetti engulfed the mayor. When he was revealed again, it peppered his hair and mustache lightly. The pion chuckled.

"He disappeared. None of us ever left the ship, we just looked around the desert, just

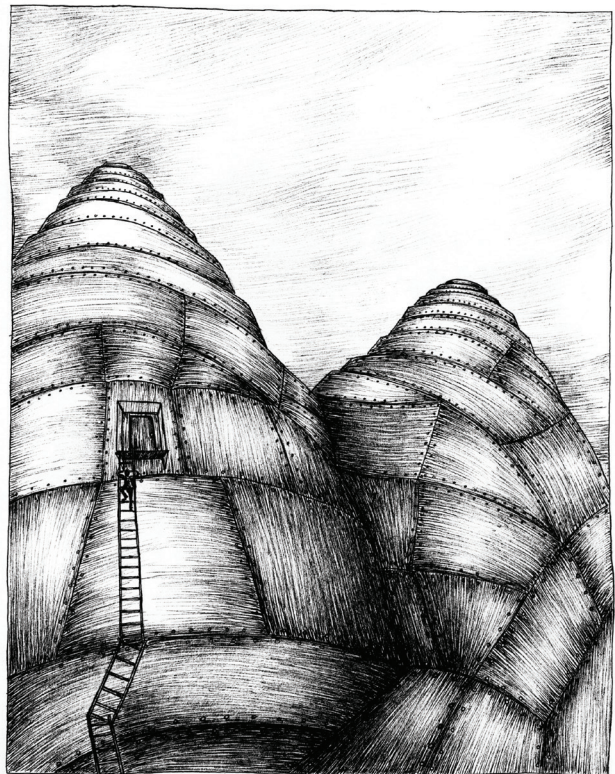


ILLUSTRATION BY MEGAN GOLDFARB

like you wanted. We found an appropriate space for that personal spa palace you wanted to build. But on our return home, the ship started to get low on fuel. At some point, though I don't know how, it got refilled. From what I was told by him, your son was going to the front hump to check the fuel reserves when that happened. We never saw him again after that."

"You're lying to me. You! Eugene! What really happened to my boy? Where is he? Practical jokes are not funny! I outlawed those years ago!"

"Riding the ship. One of the humps."

"What is wrong with this pion's head?! I can't get a straight answer out of him!"

"Eugene has been saying that over and over again since he checked the fuel logs for each hump in the left camel toe. I'd tell you what they told him, but it's in an old technical language that isn't taught any more. It was the whole reason I had Eugene brought onboard...but now what he knows is basically useless."

"Would one of my senior engineers be able to decode it?"

"You tell me. You hired them. They designed it."

The mayor pulled up a small walkie talkie, "I need the best engineer in this damned city! ...Perfect. You need to go into my camel toe immediately. It's for my son!"

It was a cold evening. The Pool of Giant Carnivorous Amphibians glistened in the moonlight. A body dived into the water with a small splash. The beasts appeared again, only to gag.

"Not another human. They've been giving me indigestion."

"Yea, I'm not eating any more of this garbage! What I could really use is a big fat house cat—wait! Hey man! We know you!"

"Yes...I'm sure you do" replied the human.

"Man, I'm not eating you."

"Me either!—Mayor, what are you doing here? Didn't your son come back today?"

The mayor shook his head. "He's never coming back...the machine was out of fuel... he went in the hump to check on it...the engineers told me they did their absolute best to completely emulate a camel's functions in the machine...that included converting any organic matter in the humps to fuel. . .so he never came back. Riding the ship. One of the humps."

NEXT PAGE LEFT
FAMILY CLINIC JULIE WANG

NEXT PAGE RIGHT
SILENT NIGHT JULIE WANG

ALONE AT HOME MORE OFTEN THAN I'D LIKE ANTHONY SUDOL

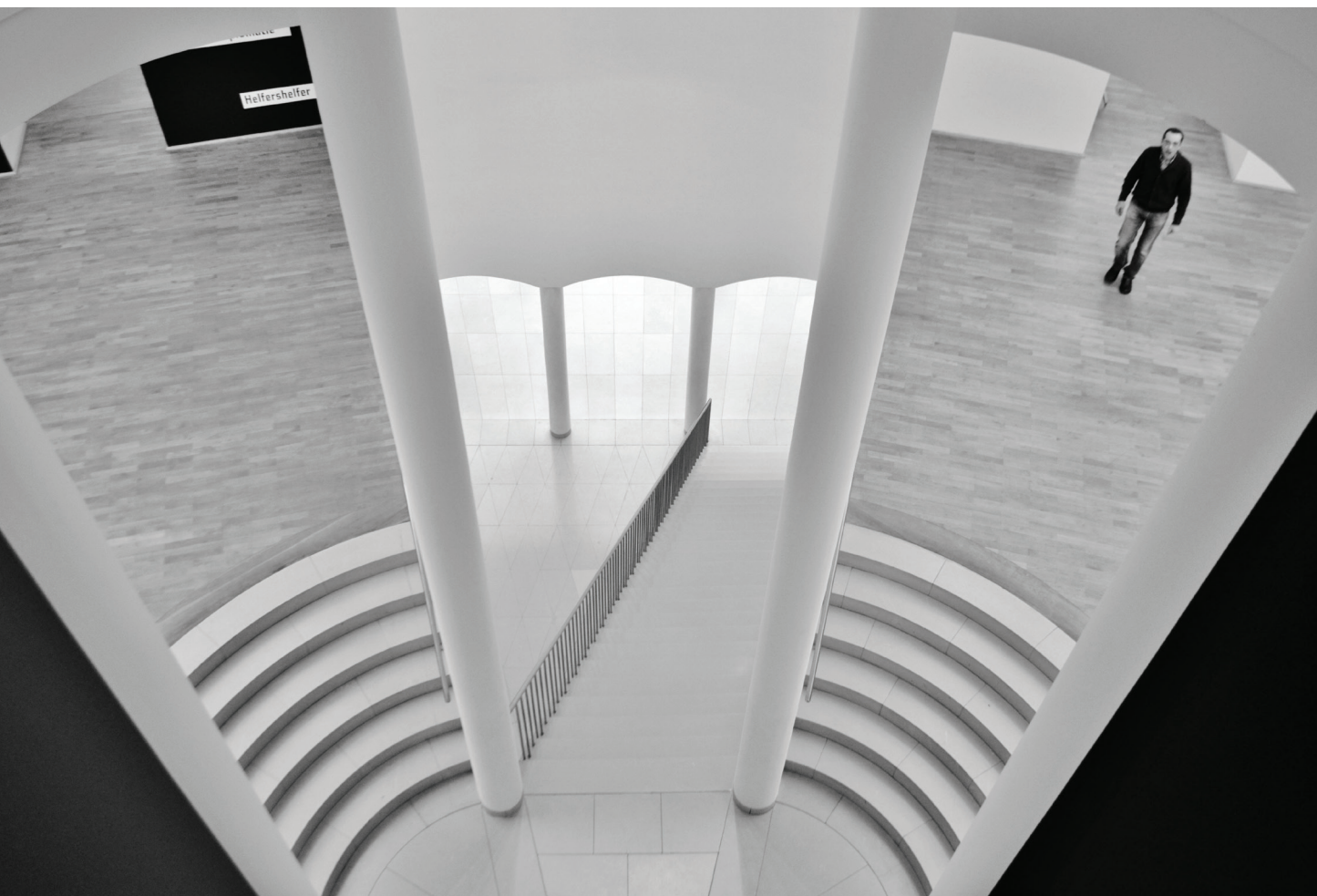








SICILY STEPHANIE TRUJILLO



FRANKFURT MUSEUM FUER MODERNE KUNST STEPHANIE TRUJILLO

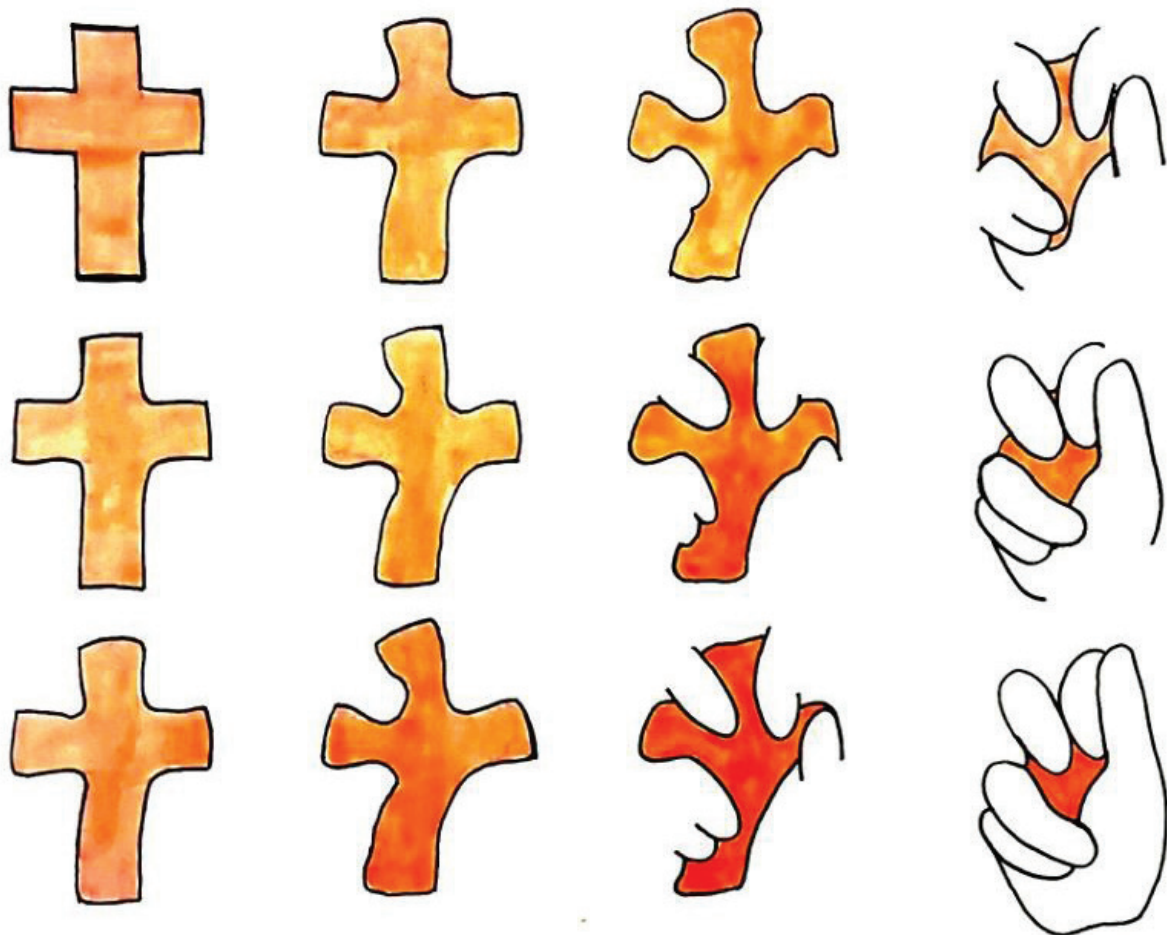


VACATION TROY SCULLY

OPPOSITE
ICECREAM TROY SCULLY



ERGONOMIC ELISE KETCH





MASS ELISE KETCH

ISHAN BOSE

Carved into a Tree, on a Snowy Mountain

they say light is good for healing,
that is why hospitals are often made with glass

it makes sense once one considers how
the heart and brain are never once exposed to the sun

how my bleached bones will one day shine—
free to strain in the glorified light

TREY HALL

The Tide of Pony Pasture

Her fingers paint muddy
specters as
the ghost of de Kooning's woman
watches from an owl's nesting.
A blue winged teal's trill
lullabies dreams
towards waters edge
while I walk alone
remembering the
Gibbous wax
of her touch.
Malachite moss of moonstone
riptides held our toes upon
the granite shelf.
We would become the river of
Midnight's obsidian skyline,
shimmering upon lapis
algae.
My mahogany neck
sings satin,
caressing the moon's tiger eye stare,
golden
I remember
Her breath is waning,
flowing with the river's pulse, bubbling
hue of Mary Heilmann's brushstrokes
touch silver lining
Ovangkol bodies of luster.
Our bodies naked painting
the canvas.

No Worries

He drowned his mother's voice
In his five ounces of a Grenadine martini,
Fizz spilling over the thick shell of his cell phone
As she shrieked at him to just go sell himself.

He had asked if she would be among
His future customers then,
And nudged the cocktail glass aside
To make way for his high-heeled legs,
Struggling onto a flashing stage
Before she could give him an answer.

Face smacked
With powder, he rolled the click
Of a stranger's lighter, smoke fogging all but
Sharp-tongued eyeliner
Teeth-like mascara
And blue shadow blended into
Earl Gray goose feathers. And with
One arm curled up a metal dance pole,
He rocked his hips to the tuneless rhythm.

She had said she would give him money
She didn't even have. "Go live in the red-light districts.
You know what those are now, don't you?"
The contents of his own purse wept
With crumpled bills, bills and numbers. Dusty red sequins
Popped off the hems of Mother's stolen skirt
As he straddled laps he had once missed, and he kissed.
And kissed.

The Forecast

The floating heads on the news said
they could be F4's, maybe F5's— dancing,

one through the funnel mouth of the other,
straight towards River Bend Middle.

The students crowd, stomping like frightened
horses into the locker rooms, stale with the smell—

sweat-dampened shorts, bag of puff Cheetos left
in the back shower to be abstracted

by mold. Some boys begin to sing
this little light of mine & others clap

or shrink from the noise: hovering uncertainty—
whether their possible & imminent doom deserves

this celebration or, instead, an imploring sort
of silence. One girl's fear turns her stony,

catatonic— the teachers' questions entering
her eyes, & sinking. Another begins a wail—

animal & primordial, is taken to the back
showers to be murmured at & petted into

a whimper, then only the wet noise of waiting breath.
Now, I cannot recall where the tornados hit

that afternoon, but I know they swerved,
gracing the banks of the Algonkian with a crooked-

toothed smile of sunlight.
Parents were called to collect their children,

herded through hallways to the exit doors, buzzing
already with forget, fear fading as quickly as their footsteps,

but I walked slowly home in the raw-scrubbed dark,
whispering I'm gonna let it shine, I'm gonna let it

shine to passing cars, their windshields blank,
drivers' faces turned away.

KAYLEIGH CONNER

Portrait of Opa in 2009

He thinks of peaches in the twilit hospital room:

The way the soft flesh would break
under the rough pads on his fingers
nectar tracing paths through the grime
of his hands.

Georgia—
His back not bowed but broad, neck draped
with the braided valedictorian sash, not bent with the weight
of 85 years,

or the sterile bed too short for his legs, now rotting
tree trunks, hollowed & mossy.
His mind tends to wander . . .

Sometimes his visitors
sit with stiff arms & smiles
paler than the early sun that rises in the tiny window
each day, a dirty tennis ball, but he doesn't recall them.
Sometimes, cats in the room—
The soft padding of pink feet pillowing in his ears . . .

Mitchell killed mama's cat, he threw the stone and broke its skull,
tried to hide it in the rose bush but I saw the blood.

He has paper, a blunt pencil to write notes to visitors
but his hands shake with the strain,
he scratches out the word Name & turns
one swollen finger towards his own face, that catches
on the tube being fed down his throat. The doctors
are called to put him to sleep & the moss
on his legs spreads.

Before the dark:
outside the window, the moon has risen full and ripe,
he thinks again of peaches. He asks his visitors' still bodies

can we pay our bill and leave now.

OPPOSITE

ILLUSTRATION BY MELISSA GITCHEL

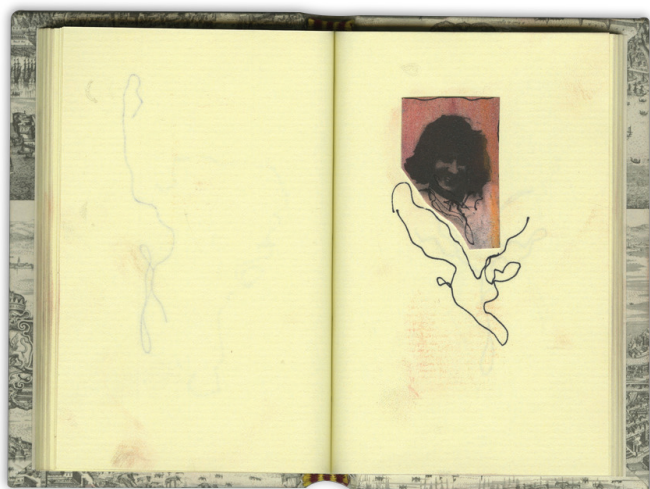
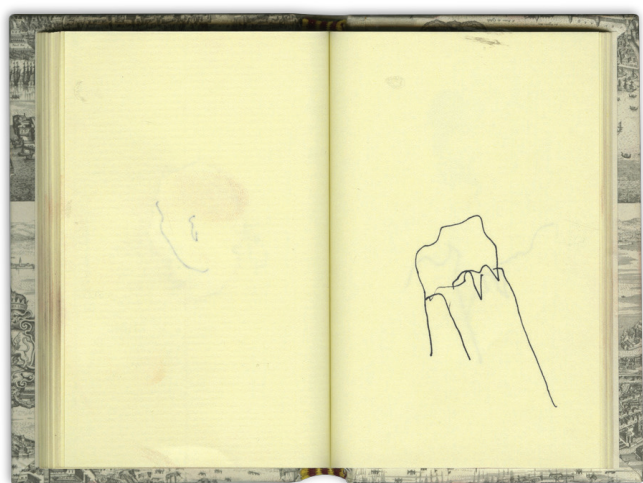
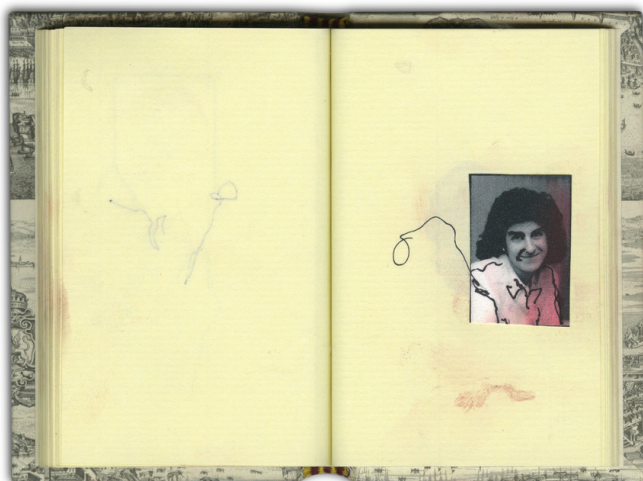


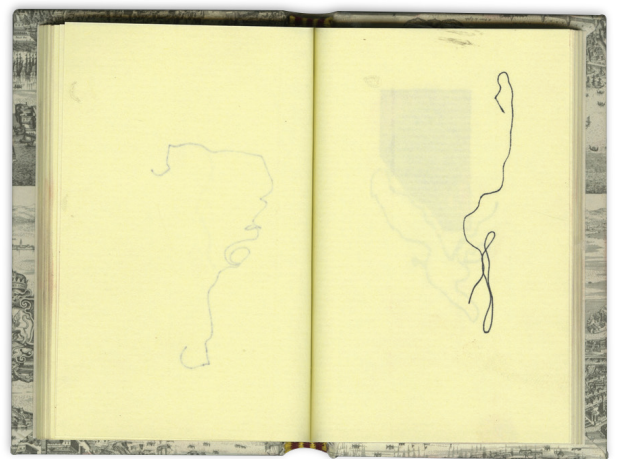
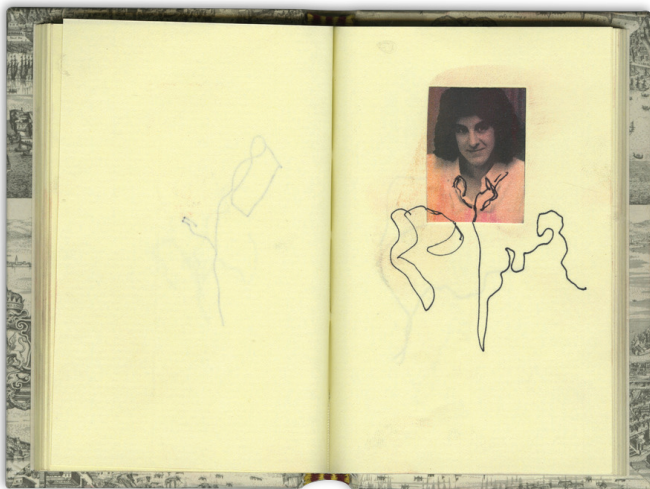
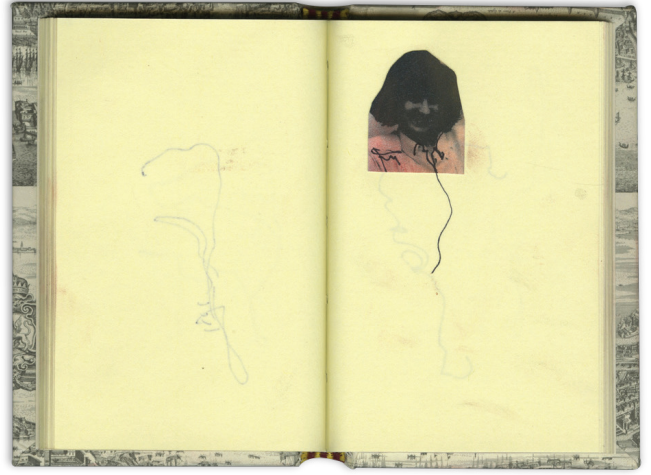
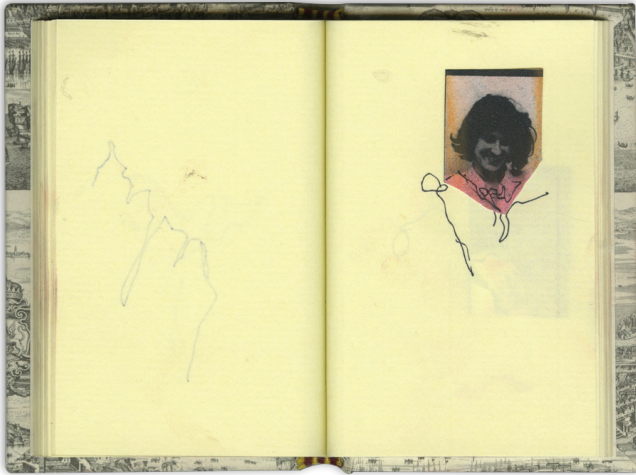
Mom

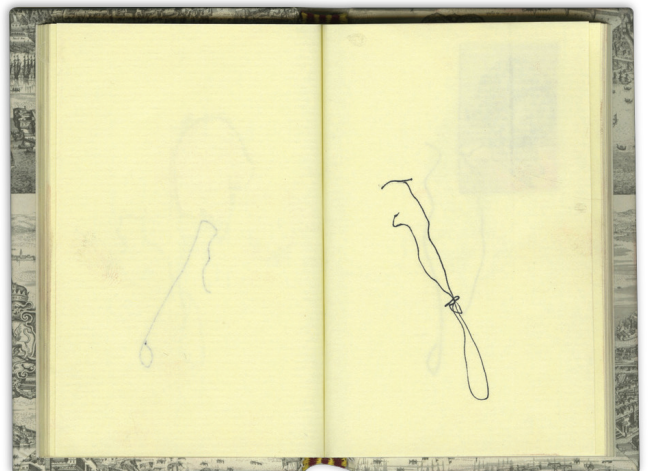
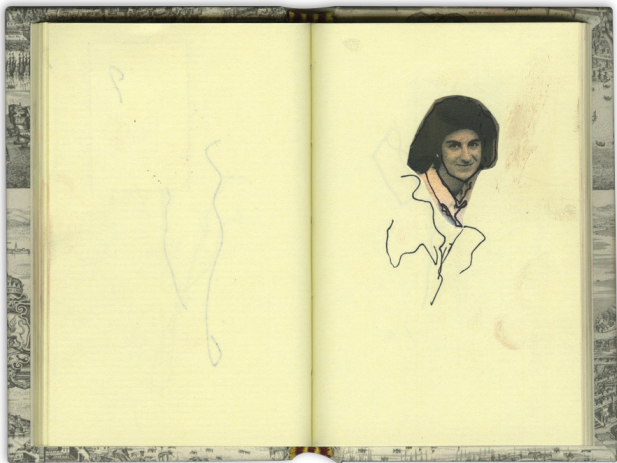
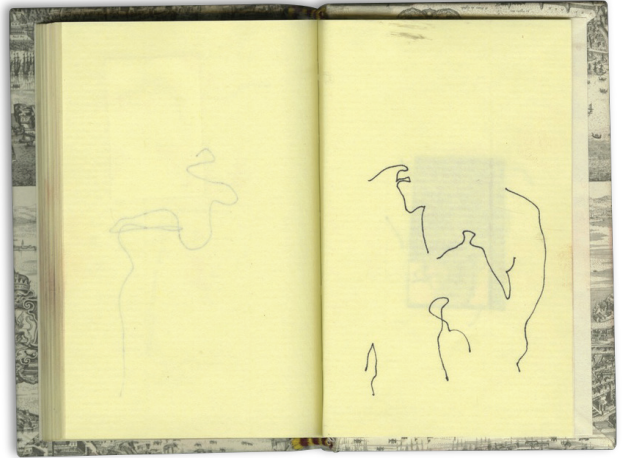
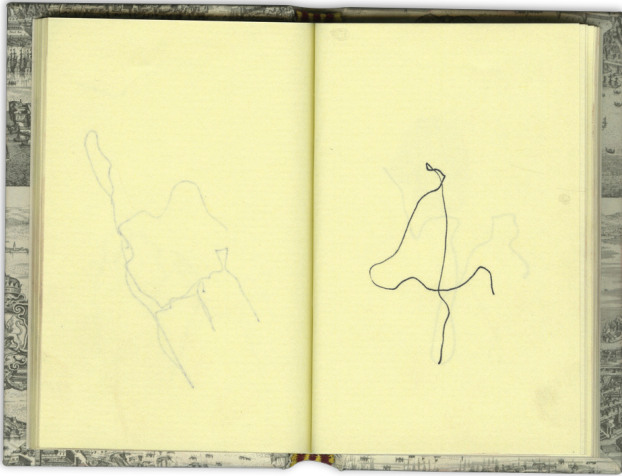
The book mom is a product or an excuse to spend a lot of time with an entire film strip worth of photographs of my mom, which were taken by my dad when they first met. Each page is a meditation on her beauty, her spirit, and an exploration of this past version of herself that I only know fragments of. The first time I ever realized my parents were real people who've had full lives before mine was when I started going through their old pictures. It seems crazy and self-centered that I wouldn't realize that, but I think a lot of people fall into that line of thinking until they grow up. I spend a lot of time wondering how similar our generation's experience life events, milestones, and relationships without knowing just how similar we might be to those who came before us.

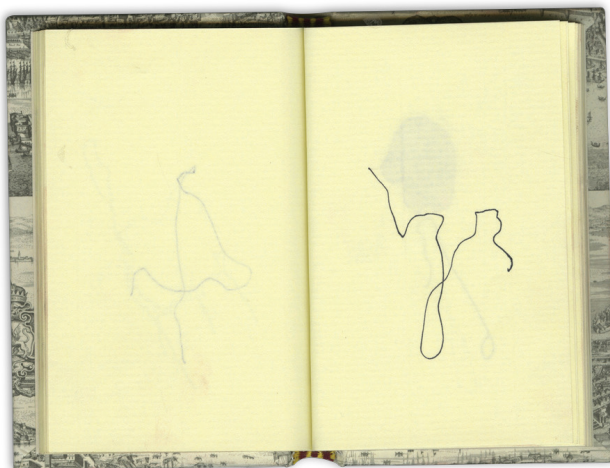
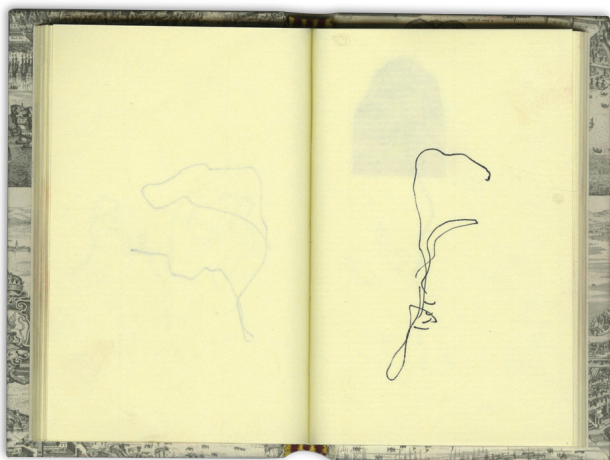
ANNA PLESKOW

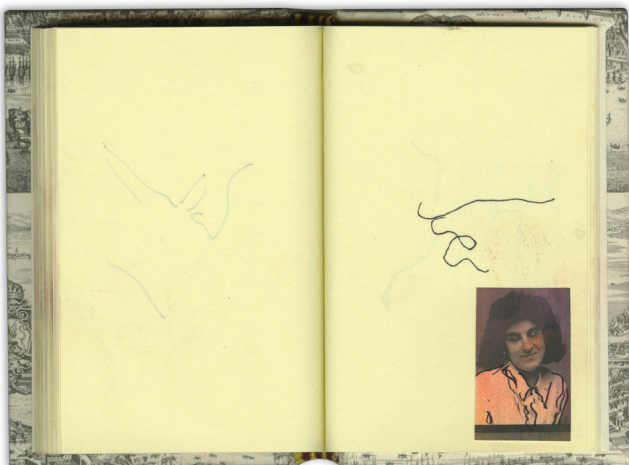
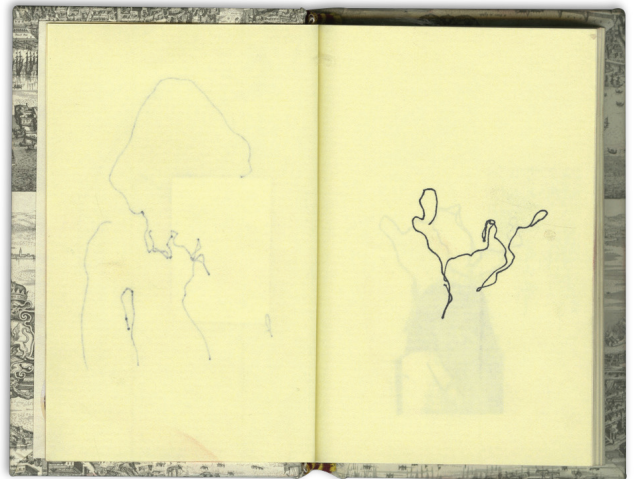


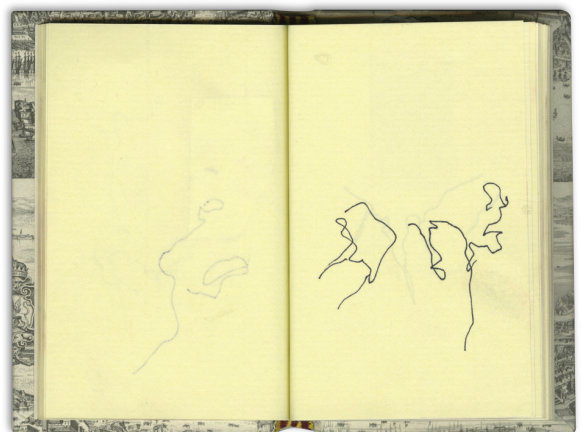


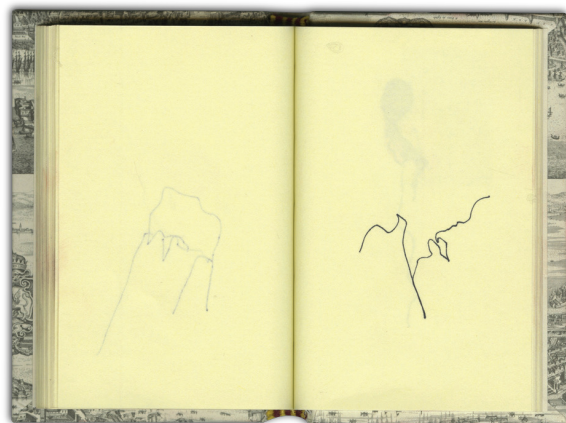
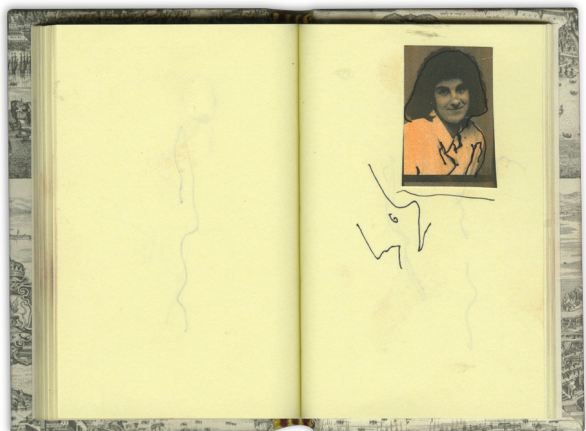
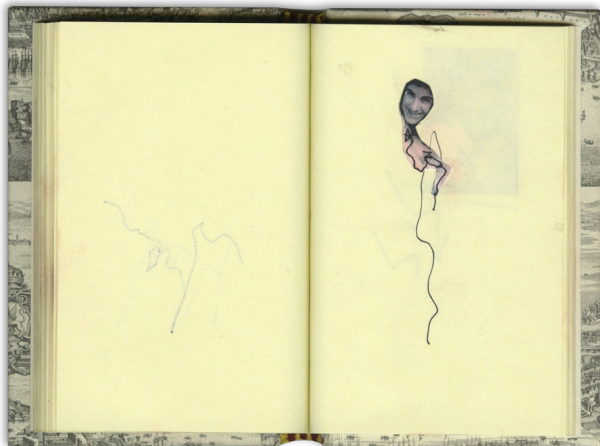
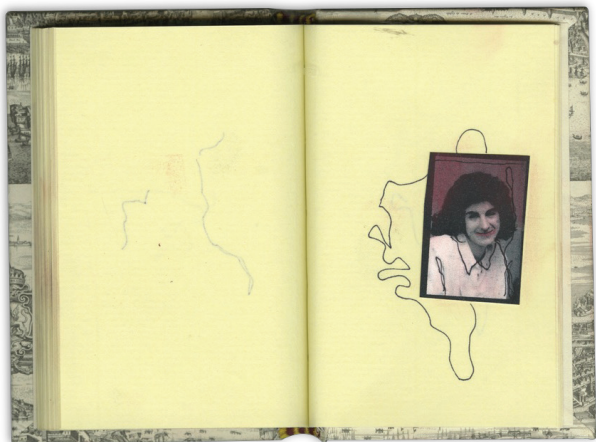


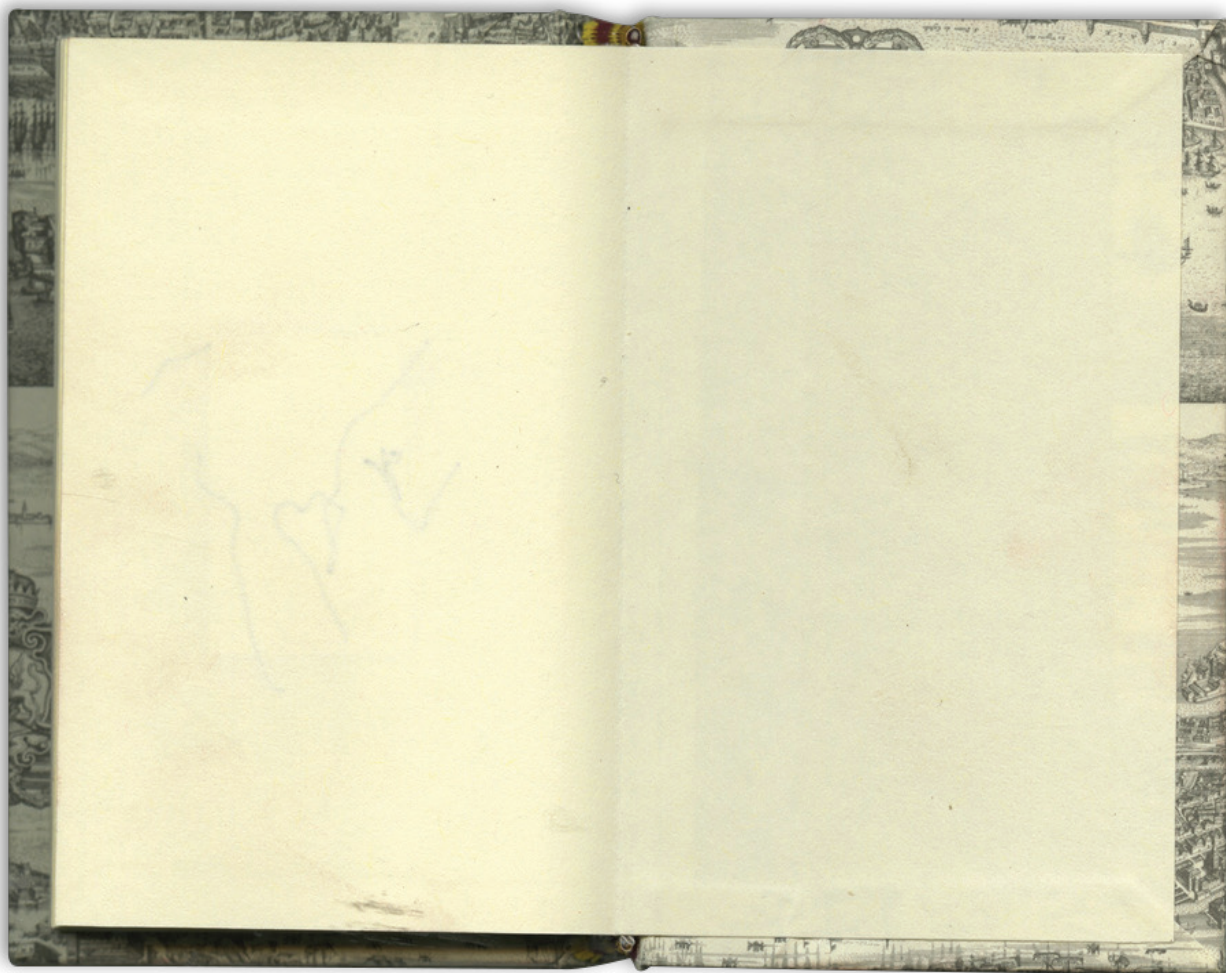












Editor Bios

ILANA BEAN

Ilana Bean is a senior studying scientific illustration. Although she enjoys writing excessively long poetry, she has no idea how to approach a 60 word bio.

ISHAN BOSE

Ishan is only a concept.

ELLY CALL

When Elly Call is not enjoying a quiet sunset with her military of crustacean magnitude, she is a Senior at VCU who is double majoring in English and Communication Arts. She is also minoring in creative writing, and works as a Senior Editor and Copywriter at EMANATA, a comics anthology. Though commanding legions of lobsters does take most of her time, Elly can usually be found spreading terror and darkness online with her webcomic Aubergine In Hell.

LAUREN CHARTUK

Lauren Chartuk is the secretary for Poictesme. She is an English major at VCU where she reads three novels a week and works as an intern with Blackbird. Chartuk has an affinity for 18th century British literature because she thinks she would look good in a petticoat. She aspires to be as sassy and controversial as Eliza Haywood was.

JANA CHOI

Jana Choi is a freshman at VCU who will be majoring in graphic design starting in Fall 2016. Aside from art, she likes to lift weights and hopes to compete in her first powerlifting competition over the summer. Some of her favorite things include peanut butter, cats, and the Oxford comma.

ELIZABETH DUNFORD

Elizabeth Dunford is a Painting and Printmaking major, in her second year of working in Poictesme. She uses the media of painting, printmaking and textile techniques in her artwork to draw metaphors between volatile geological forces and the self-defining nature of womanhood.

LYNDON GERMAN

Lyndon German is an unorthodox being anticipating to graduate in May 2016 with a B.A in English. It has been a pleasure laughing and creating with you all.

MEGAN GOLDFARB

Megan Goldfarb is a double major in Painting and Printmaking and Art Education. Currently in her third year on staff of Poictesme, she has teamed up with Stephanie Trujillo to form the dynamic duo of creative direction, Stegan. In her own artistic practice, she is working towards developing a history of the future, and she enjoys frequent mental vacations to Mars.

MELISSA GITCHEL

This is Melissa Gitchel's first semester with Pwatem. Melissa is a rising junior in the art program here at VCU. She's majoring in Painting and Printmaking, with a minor in Craft and Material studies.

SIMONEY HANNA

Simoney Hanna is a returning student to VCU who hopes to enroll in either the business or math department. She has worked as an independent contractor for exclusive art projects since moving to Richmond from Rochester, NY. Her favorite thing about living in Virginia is finding seem-

ingly endless new restaurants, parks, and landmarks to explore. There always seems to be something unfamiliar and inspiring just around the corner!

BRANDON HENDRICK

Brandon Hendrick is a visual artist and illustrator whose work has been shown in Richmond, Washington D.C., New York, and Chicago. He is currently studying Painting and English at Virginia Commonwealth University.

AMBER KERRIGAN

With art and design always being a passion for her, Amber is currently a sophomore in Fashion Design. Her hobbies include traveling, drawing and photography and some of her favorite designers are Proenza Schouler, Alice + Olivia and Marchesa.

ELISE KETCH

Elise Ketch is a Sophomore in Communication Arts. Ravenclaw // INFJ // 3w4 // Virgo. Late-blooming scene kid with an obsession for giraffes who occasionally sleeps on sidewalks and goes to 7-11 for the experience. Just surviving late capitalism the only way she knows: a moderate existential crisis and subtle sense of monachopsis. "If you want a picture of the future, imagine a person writing headlines about millennials forever."

TAYLOR PURCELL

Taylor Purcell is a senior English major at VCU, and is looking forward to exploring after graduation. She's most creative while in downward dog.

STEPHANIE TRUJILLO

Stephanie Trujillo is a senior in the Art History department and will graduate in December 2016. She intends to explore Museum Studies and Cultural Heritage on a graduate level, and would like to work for museums around the globe. Stephanie truly enjoys working with Poictesme because it celebrates the art and literature produced by VCU students. In her spare time, she likes to travel, take photos, and contemplate the deep meaning of life.

FAITH VASKO

Faith Vasko is an English major and junior at VCU. This is her third year with Poictesme. She now enjoys reading creative nonfiction. Joan Didion may have stolen her heart from Gillian Flynn. She aspires to work with words in one or another, stay tuned for that outcome.

JULIE WANG

Julie Wang is an international student from China. She is a sophomore majoring in Communication Arts with a minor in Art History. Studying and living in the U.S. by herself is not always easy, but she enjoys the challenging and new experiences. She loves to travel and records what she sees in her sketch book. Her biggest goal is to find balance by working hard, having fun, and staying true to herself.

Contributor Bios

LUKE ALEXANDER

Luke Alexander is pursuing a major in Cinema and minors in Writing and Media Studies. Luke has loved storytelling all his life and is excited for his stories published in this year's Poictesme. Luke has worked in various film projects, and his short film 'Waiting for the Show' is screening in the 2016 James River Film Festival.

DAKOTA BECKER

Dakota Becker is pursuing a degree in Painting and Printmaking at Virginia Commonwealth University. Her work has previously been shown in the 2015 and 2016 VCUarts Juried Undergraduate Fine Arts Exhibitions at the Anderson Gallery and Project1 in Richmond. She is a member of the Honors College and can often be found spending endless hours in the studio.

KAYLEIGH CONNER

Kayleigh Conner is a current student at Virginia Commonwealth University. She will be receiving a Bachelor's Degree in English and a Masters of Teaching Degree in Secondary Education in Spring of 2017. She worked as a page builder and intern for Blackbird; an online journal of literature and the arts, and has had her poems published in Catfish Creek.

ELIZABETH FARSCHEON

Elizabeth is a Sophomore English Major at VCU, and an intern for Life in 10 Minutes, Metaphysical Circus Press, and Richmond Young Writers. When she's not writing, editing, or teaching, Elizabeth is spending time with her two lab-mix puppies on the trails of Virginia.

MADILYNN FORGIONE

Madilynn Forgione is a Pittsburgh-based sculptor currently working out of VCU's Sculpture Department. She is an active member in VCU's Curation Club and is the future Artist Logistics Chair. Her work has been exhibited in the 2016 Student Exhibition at the Anderson Gallery and has been published in Sincerely Magazine.

TREY HALL

Trey Hall is pursuing a BA in English with a double minor in Religious Studies and Creative Writing. He will graduate in May of 2016. Trey Hall has been previously published in Amendment Literary Magazine, Poictesme Literary Magazine, his music featured in The Horn RVA and was a finalist in the Brown Bag Songwriting Competition at Appalachian Mountain Brewery.

NEHA JADHAV

Neha is a Psychology major on a pre-medical track with minors in Chemistry and Creative Writing, but beside all that she is a senior ready to graduate this semester! She would like to thank her mentors both from the VCU English Department and her research/science classes for her journey through her undergraduate studies, and thank Poictesme for this wonderful opportunity!

PAISLEE JAHED

Paislee Jahed is a Junior majoring in English at Virginia Commonwealth University. This will be her first printed publication and she is very excited about the opportunity. She has a soft spot for Cabernet sauvignon, poetry and her small dog Oliver.

RACHEL JOHNSTONE

Rachel Johnstone is a major in the VCUarts graphic design program with a minor in craft & material studies. Low quality writer, high quality shaman. An avant-gardner, surfer, ceramics artist, beekeeper, and yogi

LANCE LAMBERT

Lance Lambert grew up in a small city and ended up in a slightly bigger small city. If it wasn't for convenience store anecdotes and a Zen Buddhism class he wouldn't be here. He almost became an IT guy, you know, that guy. If Lambert could quit my job he'd spend all his time porch sitting.

JASON LY

Jason Ly is currently a sophomore in VCU's PAPR art program. He is inspired by the things glanced over in everyday life and finding patterns and oddities in them. Much of his work comes through playful experimentation and he's interested in the process of scanning. He hopes to make much more art in the future..

CONNOR LOBB

Conor Lobb was born inside and raised on television. He is educated by comic books, movies, and the internet. He writes and thinks every day.

CHRISTOPHER ALAN MCDANIEL

Christopher Alan McDaniel is an aspiring career writer and educator with a Bachelor's in English and a minor in Creative Writing. He has served as a copyediting intern for the Virginia Commonwealth University-housed, online literary journal, Blackbird, and now serves as the grant writer for Dogtown Dance Theatre, a non-profit organization for dance and choreography.

ANNA PLESKOW

Anna Pleskow is a picture maker who can't always put why she does certain things with her art into words. She works intuitively with fun subject matter like naked girls and old family photos.

ANTHONY SUDOL

Painter and printmaker living and working in Richmond, VA. Raised on white bread but has made the switch to whole grain.

JUNOH YU

Junoh Yu works for people who have difficulties such as blindness, deafness, having mental diseases, getting an outcast and all kinds of things. This is because Yu also got several serious mental diseases through big problems in relationships between people. He started to believe he could be a person who can understand them more than others. Yu always try to make artworks with his own belief that he could help them to overcome their situation and make them feel better by sharing his story. Therefore, his sculpture is a piece for communication. All his works could be for people who felt these problems or want to help them.

“Something
profound,
definitely”

JAMES BRANCH CABELL?

CABELL

