



The Wake Review 2018

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THANK YOU

**TO OUR ADVISORS, MANDY, LIZ, AND DEAN FOR
RESURRECTING THE WAKE REVIEW AND FOR THEIR
DEDICATION TO ENSURING THAT WAKE TECH HAS A PLACE FOR ITS CREATIVE
VOICE.**

FOR YOUR PATIENCE, GUIDANCE, AND INSIGHT.

THANK YOU.

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MAGAZINE.**

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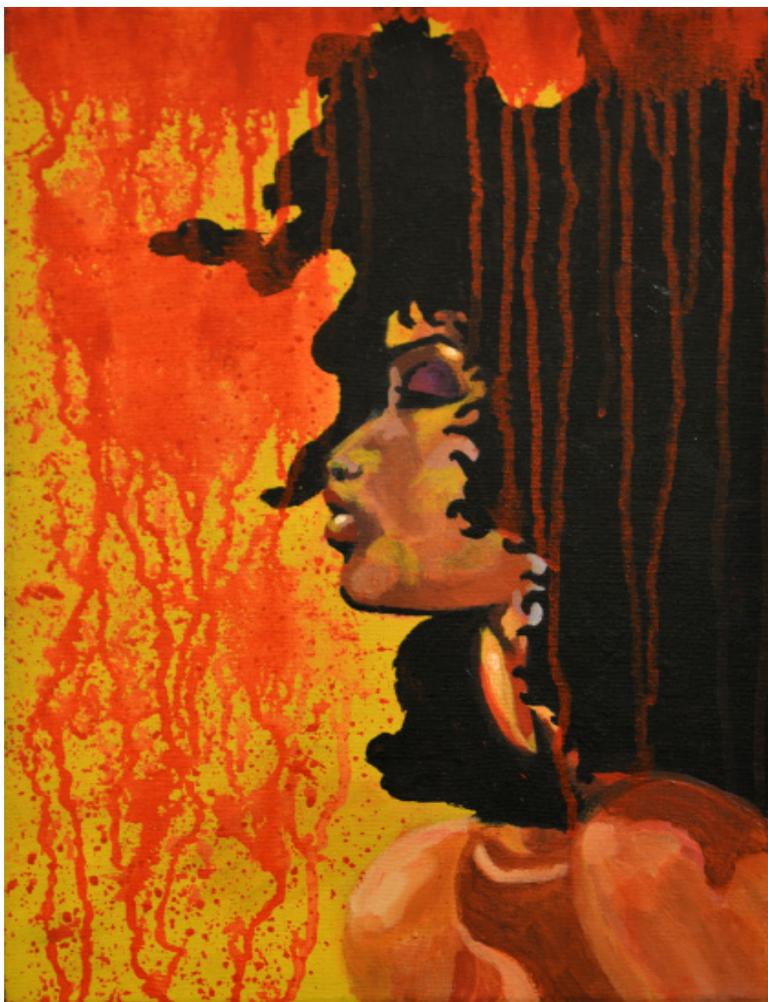
AMY

SEA TONG VENG



UNTITLED

TIANA ROBINSON



HONORABLE MENTION

VIVIEN LEIGH

HEATHER MEEKER



WEATHERWRENN

MINDPLAY

MATTHEW POSEK

Fingers drumming the table. Face, a scowl. The image of impatient rage.

I was sitting down in the cafe, fingers tapping away the seconds of an increasing delay. In front of me was a set chessboard, my phone and a latte. I picked up the latte and sipped. It was lukewarm and getting colder. I set the mug down, my mood worsened for trying it. My phone showed no new messages and mocked me with the time. Forty seven minutes after the hour.

Why am I still here? It's not like I'm not used to being stood up... But this is different. It wasn't a date, romantically at least. It's a chess match. Something neither of us take lightly... Right?

I was pissed, there was no denying that. The barely suppressed rage that was evident on my face, keeping the tables around me empty. A scowl planted on my face as I went from phone to watch to latte back to tapping the table. The baristas trying to ignore the dark cloud at the corner in the store.

Should I say something? Give him a piece of my mind? If that asshole won't even reply to my texts, I'd be well within my rights to yell at him.

I began to picture my tirade when he came.

"Where have you been?! I wanted to get started an hour ago and now you decide to show up? When it was convenient for you?! The tournament's coming up! I can't afford to let it slip away! Neither can you!"

Wrapped up in my vision of righteous rage, I failed to notice the figure coming towards me was Arthur. Still

didn't until he scraped the chair back and fell into his seat. In my defense, he was wearing sunglasses, despite the dim lighting. I made a quick appraisal of him.

He looks like shit.

"You look like shit," I said, not incorrectly. His hair splayed all over, stained shirt and jeans, erratic as his hair. Didn't even bother to shave. Unusual. "What, did you sleep outside?"

"Hello to you, too," Arthur replied, laying a mug and a glass of water on the table. He kept the glasses on. "You texted like a dozen times and I came here as fast as I could." He pulled out a couple of pills. "So spare me the criticism." The pills went down with a long swig of water, quickly followed by coffee. "Thank God for ibuprofen and caffeine."

He was drinking? So what, a hangover kept him from answering?

"Long night or something?"

"No, I just enjoy making people think I'm hungover," Arthur snapped. "I had a few demons to work through. But what do you care? You're clearly pissed you had to wait on me. Let's get started."

Wait, why is he upset?

I didn't say anything to that.

What is there to say? He's in the wrong here, yet I'm the one feeling like I need to apologize. Why is that?

Wasn't I going to say something?

We started the game with me as white. One of the privileges afforded the first to show. I opened with a standard queen's pawn to the center. Arthur responded in kind. Progress was slow as Arthur made each move deliberate, brow furrowed in concentration. His reactions were dulled, no doubt a result of the hangover. He glared

down at the board, but whether it was frustration or focus, I couldn't tell. I could hear his teeth grind louder as I continued to take his pieces. The game went to me, but as Arthur surrendered, he growled: "This doesn't count." He turned his glare to me. "This was just a warm up."

Whatever.

The second game was more of a fight. Arthur went aggressive, starting to trade as soon as he took his first piece, giving me no respite from his attack. I surrendered after my last defense crumbled away.

This is what I came for. Got to practice against these kinds of strategies. Good to see you're finally taking this seriously.

The next game, I went with a king's knight open. We fought for each space, setting up tight defenses while probing for openings, readying for the attack. When the time came for the pounce, I saw my bishop had an opening to his queen.

How did I miss that? Was it because he moved that pawn? Is there a downside to this?

There wasn't, and I felt giddy. I made the trade quickly.

He'll ask for a move back. That's fine. As long as he knows what could've happened.

But Arthur didn't react as I expected. He studied the board for a long moment, sunglasses guarding his eyes. He strummed at his bottom lip.

Is he going to play on? Granted, this is practice for a tourney, but...

He sighed, pulling away from the table, and leaned back in his chair.

"It's moments of thoughtlessness that come back to bite you, huh?" Arthur said.

What?

It wasn't a real question, just a thought made real.

“Just one slip up and it’s all fucked.” Arthur looked out the window as he let me stew over that.

So what, is he surrendering here or...

“Uh... I mean, the game isn’t decided here. We can keep playing...”

What if he isn’t talking about the game?

Arthur scoffed at me, harsh and condescending. He kept his eyes the window.

Honestly, what the fuck is up with this guy? Drops vague statements, loses without grace. Leaves me to wait an hour for his ass. Get on his case.

“Ted and I broke up last night,” Arthur said.

Oh, fuck me.

Anger abated as he pulled off his sunglasses, revealing red eyes. He rubbed his eyes and went to the table.

“We were in the car back from dinner. It was already a sour night, he didn’t like the place we went to. Did like the wine glasses, though. Think that was what started it or something small like that. It just escalated from there and I’m sure we both just saw red as we shouted at one another. Said he was just like my ex-wife Carol and then, then he just snapped.

“Said it was over. He said he wanted me out and started pushing me out the door. I fought back but, and let’s be real, I wasn’t the one who hit the gym regularly. He practically tossed my ass out the door and slammed it as I hit the ground. But I wasn’t done.”

“SoSo whatat did you do?”

“I did the only thing I could think of, pound and shout at the door. Did that for maybe half an hour before security finally came in and manhandled me off the complex. But, as they carried me, I went past his window and I saw him looking out the window. And when our eyes met, he just...”

had this look to him. And I knew, right there, I knew it was over. Everything we had, gone. I... I didn't know how to deal with that..."

A pause built up as I processed everything that was just suddenly laid on me.

Damn it. I gotta say something.

"So you went to find a bottle?"

A joke? Risky. Will he mind?

Arthur snorted.

"I went to find a lot of bottles," he said. "I got so drunk last night, it's a miracle I'm even here, breathing, forget chess." I breathed out a chuckle.

What else is there I can say?

"You guys dated for, what, a year, right?" I asked.

"Yeah, something like that," Arthur said.

"Well..." *Nice. Starting something off that I can't seem to finish.* "These things happen." Arthur scoffed. He went back to looking out the window.

God, I wonder if he's been crying all night. Looks like it.

"Well, that's shit. It's all shit and I'm sure you feel like that, too. Don't let it get to you." He didn't say anything, just kept looking out the window.

We need to keep practicing. If he's not going to say anything...

"Look, let's start up a new game and we can keep talking about it while..."

"I don't want to play another," Arthur said.

Fuck. I really don't want to have this conversation right now.

"I get that you're out of it and have other things you'd rather do, but the tournament is a week away. We need all the practice we can get. Don't forget this is your, our livelihood here. Besides, it wasn't like the two of you were perfect together."

“What?” Arthur snapped to me with sudden focus.

“Well think about it, the two of you argued constantly. If it wasn’t the meal you had, it was the lack of time you spent cleaning. You’ve got to see bickering like that ain’t normal.”

“What would you know about it?” He asked. “What did you care about our fighting? What do you care about right now? Me or the damn game?”

“Don’t blow it that way, Arthur.”

“Well, now I’m beginning to wonder, Kevin. What’s at the top of your list, me or the tournament?”

Great, he’s set to be pissed at me. Why did he come today? Do I really care about his problems?

The thought held onto me, rung in me like some deep bell so that I couldn’t think of anything else. That kept me quiet and the longer the silence lasted, the worse the situation became. I felt helpless, something I rarely felt while sitting at a chess board.

Fuck.

The connection brought me back to the game. I started to count the moves I would need for the win.

Seven.

Look at it all, black and white. Every piece and move available to be seen and plotted out. Everything is here, all the information is present. Why can’t I play anything else like chess? Why are all the pitfalls hidden in life when they’re so easily seen on a flat board?

I was out of my element.

I pulled myself out of my head to look at Arthur. He was glaring, waiting.

“I’m sorry,” was all I could manage. “I’m sorry.”

“I shouldn’t have bothered coming,” Arthur growled, grabbing his cup and sunglasses. “I should’ve known you’re

only good for practice.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I mean outside of chess, you’re good for fuck all, Kevin.” I felt a tightness in my throat. That hurt. I had been told that before by others. I hadn’t expected to hear that again, least of all from Arthur. And then the anger came back.

“So what did you come here for?” I spat back. “Did you come because you really wanted to? Felt like you owed it to me? Or did you come here for pity and cry on my shoulder?”

“I came to meet a friend I thought had an ounce of empathy,” Arthur replied.

“Like I wasn’t sorry for you? Are you calling me a sociopath or what?”

“You were sorry for me?”

“Yes, I was sorry for you! I felt bad! I’m human, of course I can relate!”

“So why is it you always went back to the chess board?”

“What does that have to do...”

“Let me ask you,” Arthur said, cutting me off. “During this whole thing, what was it you thought about most: me, the game, or that you have no fucking clue as to what’s going on outside of your head?”

I was struck blind, deaf and dumb. I wasn’t ready for it, ready to be cut to the core like that. All I could do is stare at him as he rose from the table.

“Just what I thought,” he said. “You’re a good chess partner, Kevin, and a shit friend.”

You idiot, stop him. He can’t just leave like that.

“Arthur,” I said. I didn’t say anything else.

What can I say?

“I’ll see you at the preliminaries,” he said and walked out the door. I watched until he was out of sight and went

back to the board.

From the ashes of defeat, Arthur pulled a victory.

My mouth went sour. I packed away the board and left. I needed to stop staring at so much black and white.

I need to get out of my head.

ROSY CHEEKS

JESSICA WADSACK-STEWART

1 EXT BUS STOP-MORNING 1

We open up on a bus stop. It's a rundown/urbanish type area. It's autumn. Leaves are falling from the trees and collecting in little piles at their bases. A college age young man, SEAN, is sitting at the bus stop bench. A high school freshman, MARNIE, walks towards the bus stop.

MARNIE wears clothes that are unfashionable and cheap. She kicks the leaves as she walks and shrugs her shoulders to keep her large backpack situated on her back.

MARNIE spots SEAN and spends a while staring at him. He is very handsome.

SEAN smiles, listening to music, he doesn't see her. After a bit she runs back the way she came. We see her path to the bus stop as she runs back home.

2 INT MARNIE'S APARTMENT-MORNING 2

MARNIE'S apartment is well-worn. There is a kitchen to the left with a kitchen table. To the right is a small living room with a couch and a CRT is set up on coffee a table. A hallway leads out of these rooms to bedrooms and a bathroom.

MARNIE opens the door and rushes in.

NOTE: THIS SCENE IS IN SPANISH AND SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

MARNIE

(yelling)

Mama! School's cancelled! Someone called in a school shooting!

MARNIE'S mother, MAMA, is sprawled on the couch, exhausted. She is still wearing her work clothes.

MAMA

(exasperated)

Alright, alright, Marnie. Stop yelling about it.

MARNIE bursts open the door to her room which is decorated with printed out pictures of Disney princesses and pictures of boy bands cut out from magazines all taped up on her walls. Young adult romance novels from the library are by her bed. MARNIE opens her closet. She looks at her clothing. Dissatisfied MARNIE shuts her closet and her eyes trail off to MAMA's purse.

END OF SUBTITLES.

3 EXT BUS STOP-NEXT MORNING 3

MARNIE walks to the bus stop wearing much more appealing clothing and holding a cloth covered basket under her arm. She carefully sits at the opposite end of the bench that SEAN is sitting at. SEAN is listening to music with earbuds in.

MARNIE
(glancing over)
Hello. Good morning. Do you want a
cupcake?

MARNIE reaches into her covered basket and with a bit of
difficulty pulls out a store bought cupcake.

SEAN doesn't notice MARNIE until the cupcake is right in
front of his face.

SEAN looks at the cupcake and accepts it. He pulls out an
earbud and looks MARNIE up and down.

SEAN
Thanks.

He smiles and takes a bite.

MARNIE
It's nothing. I made them for this
girl in my class who's birthday is
today but I made too many.

SEAN
Well, that's considerate of you.
(beat)
My name's Sean.

MARNIE
I'm Rosalind.

SEAN
That's a pretty name. Rosalind. Do
you go to school around here?

MARNIE
Yeah, I do.

SEAN
Oh, really? Which university?

MARNIE
Western. I always wanted to go
there since I was a kid.

SEAN
Nice, Western State's a good
school. You have to be pretty
intelligent to get into there. Of
course, it doesn't hold a candle to
Millard's. You got to have
basically a 4.0 and know the
people, who know the people.

MARNIE
Is that where you go?

SEAN

Yeah. I got pretty lucky. Turns out my great, great, grandfather knew the guy who founded the place. So, I was basically guaranteed a spot. It's dumb but that's just how the world is sometimes. So, what do you study?

MARNIE

What?

SEAN

What's your major?

MARNIE

Oh, my major. I haven't really decided yet.

SEAN

Undecided then. There's nothing wrong with that. I was undecided for a few semesters until I landed on pre-med as my major.

MARNIE

You're a planning on like being a doctor?

SEAN

Not just "like" a doctor.
(pause)
Do you want to listen?

SEAN holds up one of his earbuds

SEAN (CONT'D)

It's this new wave band called "Electra and the Beasts". It's a mix of folk and pop with brass instruments worked in. They're sort of underground.

MARNIE

I've heard of them. A friend of mine worked security on one of their shows before. He said they're all major drama queens.

SEAN

Then you definitely want a listen.

SEAN and MARNIE sit side by side listening to the song. We hear the song too. As they watch people on the street mill about their day in stop motion style.

The song ends.

The public bus pulls up.

SEAN

This is my ride. Thanks for the
cupcake, Rosalind.

SEAN steps onto the bus. The doors close behind him and the bus drives away leaving MARNIE sitting on the bench alone.

After a few moments a yellow school bus with "Greendale High School" written on the side pulls up. MARNIE gets in and sits down in the front, alone. She looks down at her feet and smiles a smile that can hardly be contained.

4 INT MARNIE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

4

MARNIE is lounging on the couch carefully painting her nails and watching a telenovela on the CRT. There is a pile of crumpled paper towels with smeared nail polish and nail polish remover on the floor next to the couch.

MARNIE is just finishing a nail when MAMA comes in through the front door.

MAMA is frazzled, like always. She is wearing a different work uniform from the last time we saw her.

NOTE: THE NEXT FEW SCENES ARE IN SPANISH WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

MARNIE

You're home late-ish. "Un Momento Amor" is on if you want to watch it with me. It's just starting to get juicy.

MAMA makes her way to the kitchen table to put down her things. She moves a cupcake tin ruined with burnt baked on batter and wrappers.

MAMA

I was thinking about making some dinner.

MARNIE

Ooh, that's good too. What's for dinner?

MAMA

Nothing.

MARNIE

Nothing?

MAMA

Yeah, nothing. Like I said I "was" thinking about making some dinner that is until my card was declined at the grocery store.

MAMA goes over and turns off the TV.

MAMA
 (very serious)
 Marnie, did you take my card?

MARNIE
 Mama, you know I didn't.

MAMA
 Don't lie to me Marnie. I'm so sick
 of your lying.

MARNIE
 I really didn't, Mama!

MAMA opens her mouth in disgust and walks to the window.

MAMA
 You know what I did after I went to
 the grocery today? I checked my
 bank statement online. And do you
 want to guess what I saw?

MARNIE
 (indignant)
 Nothing?

MAMA storms back.

MAMA
 (furious)
 A whole heck of a lot of charges!

MARNIE
 Those were for school!

MAMA
 Hockey puck! You know and I know
 they weren't for school! And
 honestly, I don't care what you say
 they are for because I know
 whatever you say is just going to
 be another baldfaced lie!

MARNIE
 But I'm telling you the truth!

MAMA goes to the kitchen and rummages through a drawer.

MARNIE
 (crying, upset)
 You don't care when I steal for
 you! When I lie for you!

MAMA pulls out a large wooden spoon from the drawer.

MAMA
 (wounded)
 You know why that's different.

We see another shot of MARNIE's crying face as her mother advances on her.

5 EXT MARNIE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT 5

We see the outside of the apartment building as we hear MARNIE get beat with a wooden spoon.

6 INT MARNIE'S APARTMENT-LATER 6

MARNIE is sitting in her room curled up against her door. She's not really crying anymore but her face is red and puffy.

MAMA knocks on the door.

Long pause.

MAMA

I'm sorry, mija. It's just so hard to love you through the lies you tell.

(pause)

We really needed that money. I don't know what we're going to do without it. I just don't know.

SUBTITLES END HERE.

7 EXT BUS STOP-NEXT MORNING 7

MARNIE is walking towards the bus stop. Today it's raining. Marnie holds an umbrella as she looks at the ground. She looks up. SEAN isn't there. Dejected MARNIE looks like she is about to just call it a day and head home when an expensive looking car pulls up. The window rolls down revealing...

SEAN

Hey, cupcake girl you want a ride?

MARNIE

(overjoyed)
Heck yeah!

SEAN

Well, hop on in.

MARNIE climbs into the car closing the door behind her.

8 INT SEAN'S CAR-MORNING 8

They start to drive.

SEAN

So where are you headed? Western campus?

MARNIE
Um... No, actually. My teacher's
kid broke their leg so class is
totally cancelled.

Marnie touches the lump texture of her messed up nail job.

SEAN
So...not Western campus.

MARNIE
Yeah, I was actually just trying to
catch the bus so I could go buy
some presents for my little
sister's birthday.

SEAN
So like the mall.

MARNIE
Yeah, the mall.

SEAN
Heck, my classes don't start until
11:00 today. If you want we could
make it a date.

9 EXT GARDEN-DAY

9

We see a flash of a princely dressed arm gently taking the
hand of an equally lavishly dressed maiden.

10 INT SEAN'S CAR-MORNING

10

MARNIE
Really? That sounds amazing!

SEAN
Aren't you the enthusiastic one.
(beat)
Hey, if you don't mind me asking
what's your name, again? I have a
terrible time with names. I think
it might be a condition at this
point.

MARNIE
It's fine.
(pause)
It's Rosaline. Don't forget it
this time, alright?

SEAN
Rosaline, really? That's a gorgeous
name.

MARNIE
(smiling)
Thanks.

SEAN
Well, Rosaline do you want to
listen to some tunes? This is my
favorite composer.

SEAN reaches for the dial on his dashboard and music floods the car.

As that happens we begin a montage of their time at the mall. The music of from the car radio overlays the montage as they go to different stores, talk, laugh, eat ice cream, etc.

Interspersed between these clips of the date are clips of the royally dressed couple dancing together to the music of the from overlaying the scene. The couple is revealed to be in fact, SEAN and MARNIE.

Eventually, the dancing scene overtakes the montage and we watch SEAN and MARNIE waltz romantically in a lush garden until the crescendo of the song.

11 INT SEAN'S ROOM-NIGHT

11

SEAN
You look beautiful.

MARNIE and SEAN stand in SEAN'S bedroom. The room is lowlit with lots of dark reds, oranges, and blacks. On the walls there are wall-mounted bookshelves with science fiction and fantasy books lined up on them. In the corner of the room there is a large queen-sized bed. SEAN is holding MARNIE'S hand.

MARNIE is still wearing the dress from the garden scene. SEAN is wearing his usual attire.

MARNIE blinks and looks around. Her eyes land on a door.

MARNIE
I have to go to the bathroom.

SEAN
Oh, yeah. It's just over the--

MARNIE breaks SEAN'S hold and rushes into the bathroom connected to his bedroom.

12 INT SEAN'S BATHROOM

12

MARNIE washes her hands and looks into the mirror. MARNIE smiles, giddy. MARNIE stares at the mirror some more. A red ribbon pokes out of the side of the mirror. The mirror is a medicine cabinet. Out of curiosity MARNIE opens the medicine cabinet.

13 INT SEAN'S BEDROOM 13

SEAN adjusts his clothes as he waits for MARNIE. MARNIE's track phone rings. SEAN follows the sound and traces it back to MARNIE's purse which is on the bed.

14 INT SEAN'S BATHROOM 14

MARNIE looks at the things inside SEAN's medical cabinet. An orange prescription bottle with something inside catches her eye. She reaches out and inspects it in her hand.

15 INT SEAN'S BEDROOM 15

SEAN sits down on the bed. SEAN goes through MARNIE's purse the phone stops ringing before SEAN can pick it up. Although SEAN misses the call, his hand hits something else, a student ID card.

16 INT SEAN'S BATHROOM 16

MARNIE opens up the pill bottle inside is a roll of cash. 500 dollars. MARNIE looks at the money in her hands and then looks at herself in the mirror.

17 INT SEAN'S BEDROOM 17

SEAN looks at the student ID. It is for Greendale high school. MARNIE's picture is on it along with her real name and grade, 9th. SEAN stares at the ID. At the sound of MARNIE opening the door to the bathroom SEAN quickly puts back the ID card and zips up her purse.

MARNIE walks into the room.

MARNIE

Did I miss a call?

SEAN

Yeah.

MARNIE crosses over to the bed where SEAN is sitting. She sits down next to him. MARNIE looks down and puts her hands between her legs. SEAN looks at MARNIE up and down.

MARNIE

Hey, Sean. There's something I have to tell you.

SEAN

Yeah... What is it?

MARNIE

There's something wrong with me. I try and try but no matter how hard I try... I can't stop lying to people.

(MORE)

MARNIE (cont'd)
 (crying)
 I've lied to you about so many
 things... Rosaline isn't even my
 real name. My real name is so much
 uglier. I am so much uglier... I'm
 sorry...

MARNIE sits sobbing on the bed. SEAN grabs MARNIE's arm and
 pulls her close. He smooths the cloth on her back.

SEAN
 You're perfect.

SEAN kisses MARNIE on the forehead then the eyelid.

SEAN (CONT'D)
 There is nothing wrong with you.

SEAN holds MARNIE close petting the back of her head as
 MARNIE cries.

SEAN lowers MARNIE onto the bed, trapping her in a cage of
 his arms.

SEAN (CONT'D)
 Besides you are so, so, so
 beautiful.

MARNIE looks intimately up into SEAN's eyes and throws up.
 Puke gets on SEAN's shirt and all over her princess dress.

18 EXT SEAN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT 18

The front door of SEAN's apartment slams open. MARNIE runs
 out.

MARNIE runs across town passing locations previously
 visited.

19 EXT BUS STOP-NIGHT 19

MARNIE finally finds herself at the bus stop. She stops
 running. She stands there.

And cries.

THE END.

THE TROUBLE WITH WASHINGTON COUNTY

SARAH PANICO

I was taught at a young age to stay out of trouble.
But on a stifling night, when the crickets were too humid to
chirp,
Trouble found me, his last cigarette clinging to the shirt
he wore with long hair and a scowl.

I let him sweet talk me while we got high
and barreled down deserted roads.
They all said he had no business with a girl like me,
But we knew better than them.

I convinced myself he loved me
while navigating backseat trysts.
On nights that I should have been home,
I was in his bed fantasizing about a life not meant for me.

Mama's ring sliced my cheek
when I said a man was the only way I'd not end up like
her.

Bitter and trapped; my devil waited in the road,
I slipped from my window and we disappeared.
We made it a hundred miles before the car choked.
Stranded us at a decades-old motel off 44
with more cracks in the ceiling than in the owner's face.
A month later, a pissed-on piece of plastic
branded me with a scarlet letter.
Then he was the one to disappear.

I never got out, just traded up
at the expense of my body and dignity.
I still see Mama sometimes,
But now I've got a small creature clinging to my hip
with her daddy's long hair and scowl.
I tell her every day not to go looking for trouble,
And I pray it doesn't find her.

TUESDAY MORNING

FOSTER LINGLE

The room wrecks of butane.
Drool has pooled into a puddle
At the perpetually curled corners of pursed lips,
And ripples disperse as an attempt is made to rise.
The haze which settled over the mind long ago
Remains as thick as when it first appeared.
Wrinkles are worn by a youthful face
Worn down by vices way too weighty to bare.
The dusty unkempt room like a mad man's maze
With a slew of paths cutting through
its debris towards windows and exits.
Stumbling over orange bottles and tin foil,
It reaches towards the torch that had been left running
As a result of a whimsical gamble made the night before
In the subtle hopes of waking up engulfed.

MISSING THE METRO

FOSTER LINGLE

A microdose overdone overtook the onlooker.
His focus a razor which fell not on reality.
Chemicals coursed through tunnels and veins
Newly constricted by blood pressure change.
The tunnel illuminated as its train arrived
And the others began to board,
Revealing the onlooker still looking
At a blade of grass barely growing out of the metro floor.

EMILY DICKINSON: “BETWEEN THE LIGHT – AND ME”

SERGIO OSNAYA-PRIETO

In the early months of 1854, Rev. Edward Everett Hale of the Church of Unity, in Worcester, received a troubling letter. He was not familiar with the writer, nor vice versa; however, beyond the unusual correspondent, the most peculiar aspect was that, though familiar with the letter’s subject matter, he was not accustomed to such perturbing interrogations about death:

I think, Sir, you were the Pastor of Mr. B.F. Newton, who died sometime since in Worcester, and I often have hoped to know if his last hours were cheerful, and if he was willing to die. He often talked of God, but I do not know certainly if he was his Father in Heaven—Please Sir, to tell me if he was willing to die, and if you think him at Home, I should love much to know certainly, that he was today in Heaven. (Whicher 5)

The inquisitor was a young Emily Dickinson, before her historic poems were unearthed from her desk drawer after her death. This correspondence with Rev. Hale was merely one in a slew of letters written to extended family members, friends, and clergymen, exploring the nuances of death. She recurrently inquired with scientific curiosity over the deceased’s hue, their final sufferings, or the ghastly subtleties in their eyes (Whicher 12). Oddly

enough, by the time Dickinson had written her inquiry to Hale, it had been seven years since her leaving the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. It was here where she first expressed great interest in the sciences, once writing to her brother, Austin, that she was “all engrossed in the history of Sulphuric Acid!” Furthermore, it was also this institution which categorized Dickinson as a student with “no hope” to profess her faith in God (“Emily Dickinson’s Schooling”). Such religious curiosity expressed in her letter may thus appear contradictory. Concern over her childhood mentor Benjamin Franklin Newton’s willingness to die and his place in Heaven exposed an obscure facet of the historic poet, one which was yet to renounce her faith in Christianity and her belief in an afterlife. However, her inquiries into the multitudinous facets of death were merely underpinnings of a lifelong poetic endeavor to harmonize the realist inquirer and the spiritual Calvinist within her. Nearly a decade after her correspondence to Rev. Hale, Dickinson began to unite both facets of understanding. Her death-related poems, “I heard a Fly buzz—when I died,” “I know that He exists,” and “The World is not Conclusion,” thus became an embodiment of her own unorthodox Christianity, in which a feeble faith battles the need for empirical realism.

Dickinson’s poem “I heard a Fly buzz—when I died” addresses such dichotomy of faith and realism through its deceased narrator, subtle religious imagery, and a macabre description of death. The first line, from which the title is derived, indicates the narrator is speaking from beyond the grave, hinting at Dickinson’s belief in an afterlife—not one in Heaven or Hell, but in close

proximity to the deceased's "former" life. However, the preceding image—the "Fly" (1)—immediately associates the narrator with the more gruesome aspects of death, specifically, the body's decomposition. When paired with the image of a "King" (7) in the second stanza—which may be referring to God—the Fly thus becomes a metonymical device for Beelzebub, the Lord of the Flies, or Satan. Moreover, the ambiguous allusion to a "King" as reference to God's presence during an individual's death tinges the poem with religious undertones. However, the meagerness of the "Fly," along with the third stanza, in which the narrator "willed [her] keepsakes – signed away / what portion of me be / assignable" (10-13) removes all grandiosity from the Christian perception of death. Suddenly, "portions" of life are "assignable," and can be "signed away;" thus, the poem adapts death to an ordinary, uneventful procedure with paperwork, only to become "interposed [by] a fly" (13). Furthermore, the repetition of "And then" (12, 16) three times towards the conclusion pervades the final scenes with a sense of lingering, as if death were a prolonged, painful experience. In the first line of the fourth stanza, "With Blue – uncertain – stumbling Buzz" (14), Dickinson's dashes and alliteration of "Blue" and "Buzz" evoke the sensory disorientation felt by the narrator, and the "uncertain" nature of death. As Paula Bennett, a professor of English at Southern Illinois University-Carbondale, asserts: "Before the poem is over, the buzz takes up the entire field of perception, coming between the speaker and the 'light' (of day, of life, of knowledge)." As the narrator loses such "light of day, of life, of knowledge," the poem reflects the ignorance of humans towards death. Despite all argu-

ments for the existence of an afterlife, or the “Onset [of a] King” (7) at one’s death, man may never prove it, and all understanding is only as great as a Fly allows. Thus, there is a playful, implicit dichotomy between Dickinson’s interpretation of man’s unsuccessful conjectures of the afterlife, and the definable ghastliness of mortality. When parsing “I reckon — When I count at all,” Daniel Orsini, English professor at the University of Massachusetts, encounters a similar dichotomy, asserting: “For Dickinson, the path to “the Further Heaven” (“569”) lies as much in the observable phenomena of this world as in the poet’s imaginative speculations.” Such intertwining of subtle religious imagery hints at Dickinson’s feeble, dying faith, and thus is hidden behind the more obscure, realistic events surrounding death.

Reversing the dichotomy of faith versus reality, “I know that He exists” embodies Dickinson’s unorthodox Christianity by beginning with a confident assertion of faith, which swiftly collapses by portraying life as an “instant’s play” (5). The poet portrays man’s relationship to God as a sort of game, and to encounter Him would be a “fond Ambush” (6). However, in the third stanza, Dickinson begins questioning that immortality might not be plausible, and that the “glee” (11) associated with unequivocal faith may fade when life faces “Death’s – stiff – stare” (12). By the final lines, the tone is one of panic, as Dickinson is overcome with the fear of God’s “jest [crawling] too far!” (14-15). As David Rutledge, English Professor at Case Western Reserve University, submits: “The earlier sense of life as a game that is fun, with a guaranteed happy ending, is abandoned in the final two lines. Life now appears

to be something that crawls steadily forward, crawling like an infant, or a dying man, toward an uncertain fate.” Moreover, the descent into uncertainty is exemplified by the assertive “I know” from the poem’s opening,” to the troubled “Would not” of the penultimate line. This fall from a confident belief in God to absolute panic embodies Dickinson’s leaning towards an empirical reality which does not recognize an afterlife, over Christian orthodoxy.

At its most explicit, Dickinson’s death-related poetry best embodies her decaying faith in “The World is not Conclusion.” Similar to “I know that He exists,” the poem begins with an optimistic assertion; however, it is not explicitly about God’s existence, but simply, of an afterlife. Line 3 contrasts “Music” as a construct which, though real, is only effective on the human spirit; and “Sound,” which carries a scientific connotation (3-4). In *Critical Companion to Emily Dickinson: A Literary Reference to Her Life and Work*, Sharon Leiter relates this comparison to Dickinson’s past: “Dickinson the artist, who played the piano and composed music in her youth, knew that music was ‘real’; the science student in her knew that the existence of sound could be physically demonstrated. Thus, in these lines, art and science are called upon to affirm a single, hopeful tenet of faith.” In the following lines, however, Dickinson obscures her connections to the intellectual approaches towards death, contending: “Philosophy, don’t know -/ And through a Riddle, at the last -/ Sagacity, must go - / To guess it, puzzles scholars” (6-9). As in “I heard a Fly buzz – when I died,” Dickinson does not immediately align herself

with the “scholars” who attempt to debunk the mystery of death. Instead, she satirizes their attempts, as “Philosophy” and “Sagacity” is rendered useless, and ignorance reigns over the empirical knowledge these “puzzled scholars” aim to achieve. By line 13, however, Dickinson explicitly addresses the frailty of the institution of faith, and, implicitly, religion. The author favors the empirical proof science may offer, and condemns faith which “Plucks at a twig of Evidence / And asks a Vane, the way” (13-14). The poet thus draws a subtle line between supporting the rightful quest for scientific knowledge, and the ubiquitous ignorance of man. Nevertheless, since faith stands unsubstantiated, Dickinson ends her poem harshly referring to it as “Narcotics” which “cannot still the Tooth / That nibbles at the soul” (19-20), in which the “Tooth” symbolizes the intellectual quest for knowledge and truth. Thus, “The World is not Conclusion” embodies Dickinson’s rejection of Christian faith and an explicit preference for empirical reality.

In Dickinson’s austere and secluded Protestant milieu, an unorthodox interrogation of religion and faith may be unexpected. However, it is this inquiry for which Dickinson’s poetry remains representative of its transitory time period: a time of changes in American values, defined by the divisiveness of the Civil War, the abandonment of Protestant austerity for industrial superfluity, and the internal conflict of religious faith versus empirical realism—inevitably leaning towards the latter. Moreover, it symbolizes an everlasting conflict within those willing to question the known, face the unknown, and struggle to find a balance—even if it entails questioning whether

those we have lost are “today in Heaven” or not.

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A MULTIDISCIPLINARY TEAM APPROACH TO STROKE RECOVERY: CASE STUDY OF JOHN DOE”

ALYSSA PAUL

John Doe enjoyed playing golf and spending time with his children and grandchildren. After John retired in early 2010, he spent most of his days catching up on the news, reading the newspaper, and watching television. John showed no interest in adding physical activity into his daily routine, even though his loving wife, Mary, of 45 years was active and encouraged him to join her every morning. Mary started each day with a walk, and in the afternoons she joined the neighborhood ladies in some sort of physical activity: tennis, aerobics, swimming laps, or a Zumba class. Mary cooked dinner every night, but like a true southerner, she loved to use lard and butter on everything, which John loved!

At John’s doctor’s visit at the end of 2010, these were his vitals: height 5’10, weight 210 lbs, blood pressure 140/94, and pulse oximeter 94%. John also told the doctor his hands and feet turn a bluish color when he does not use them for a while. John also has a medical history of high blood pressure, but he occasionally takes the medicine prescribed to him because he does not think it is a necessity. John feels healthy overall, but his doctor, Dr. Bird, disagrees. Dr. Bird continues to educate

John on the importance of exercising to lower his weight, watching what he eats by cutting down on his lipid and carbohydrate intake, and taking his prescribed medicines daily. This visit was more of the same with Dr. Bird educating John on what he needs to do to prevent a serious illness from occurring. This time Dr. Bird emphasized the strain John is putting on his left ventricle by not taking his medicine and told John about his chances of having a stroke. Dr. Bird pulled up the American Stroke Association's website, and they looked at it together. Dr. Bird highlighted that 800,000 people this year in the U.S. will have a stroke. Stroke is the number five cause of death in the United States. Every four minutes, someone has a stroke. Dr. Bird finished his lecture with telling John that stroke is the leading cause of long-term disability. As always, John left the doctor's office and did not change anything about his life style.

As John continued to live his unhealthy, sedentary lifestyle, his risk of health complications increased. On January 2nd, 2011, John was one of the first 800,000 people in the US to have a stroke that year. Mary was the first one to notice a difference in John. She saw the warning signs identified by the American Stroke Association. Mary saw one side of John's face drooping, and he was slurring most of his words. Mary had taken a CPR class a while back and remembered the instructor also giving them warning signs of stroke: F.A.S.T. F- facial droop, A- arm weakness, S-slurred speech, and T-time to call 911. Mary did just that and called 911. John was admitted to the stroke floor in the local hospital. The initial tests determined John had had an ischemic stroke.

Silverman et al. (2009) defines an ischemic stroke as “a disruption in the blood flow to part of the brain... because of an occlusion of a blood vessel” (p.1). John was moved about the hospital to many professionals to assess the effects of his stroke. Some of those include physical and occupational therapists, a psychologist, and a neurologist. The Internet Stroke Center (2017) notifies the reader that a physical examination is next to determine the effects of the stroke. The doctor checked blood pressure, pulse, and examines the rest of John’s body. Neurologic testing included detailed tests of John’s muscles and nerves. The physical and occupational therapists also checked John’s strength, sensations, coordination, and reflexes. In addition to those tests, they also checked John’s memory, speech, and thinking. By completing all of these tests, the doctors were able to better identify effects of the ischemic stroke.

The results of John’s examination concluded left side weakness, paralysis, and spasticity. John was unable to recall common household objects (spoon, shirt, chair) and slurred many of the words he said. The exam also showed high blood pressure. A week after the stroke, Mary told the doctors that John was not himself. He did not want to get out of bed, watch television to catch up on the news, and preferred to be alone. With this report, John saw a psychologist and was diagnosed with post-stroke depression.

John experienced a traumatic event that impacted most areas of his brain. Due to the effects of the stroke on John’s brain and body, the best way the professionals serving him knew how to help him improve was through

a multidisciplinary team approach. A multidisciplinary team is defined as “a group of health care workers who are members of different disciplines (professions e.g. Psychiatrists, Social Workers, etc.), each providing specific services to the patient. The team members independently treat various issues a patient may have, focusing on the issues in which they specialise.” (Health Service Executive, 2016). With this approach, John had his neurologist, psychiatrist, speech therapist, occupational therapist, physical therapist, speech and language pathologist and social worker working together within their disciplines to improve the disabilities affecting John after the stroke.

As Kalra and Harris (2010) reported, “Multidisciplinary team work is considered to be the gold standard for delivering specialist rehabilitation. The characteristics and dynamics of the multidisciplinary team are central to delivery of... quality care. “ (p.254). In further research, Stroke Unit Trialists’ Collaboration, as cited by, Kalra and Harris, agreed with the hospital’s approach to John’s care, “There is strong evidence that patients who receive care from multidisciplinary specialist teams in organised stroke units are more likely to be alive, independent and living at home one year after stroke” (2010, p.268). John was apprehensive at first to be involved with a number of specialists, but after he and Mary were shown this research they were ready to get him started.

The initial assessments completed during John’s first few days at the hospital set up the treatment plans for each professional working with John. John attended at least three hours of therapy a day, one hour with his physical therapist (PT), one hour with his occupational therapist

(OT) and one hour with his speech language pathologist (SLP).

It was almost immediate that Mary noticed improved strength and coordination in John's left arm and increased use of his left hand. After the stroke, John was unable to independently put a shirt on over his head or button it up due to the paralysis and weakness within his left arm and hand. After four weeks of OT, John was able to get the shirt on, and with some assistive technology, he began to button some of the buttons. Due to increased spasticity, John had a hard time using utensils for eating with his left hand and strictly ate with his right. The OT addressed this, and with intentional activities and interventions, John could now hold utensils in his left hand and was about 75% accurate in getting the food to his mouth. Since John showed signs of inability to recall common household objects, John and his therapist worked on labeling objects, finding them throughout the gym during their sessions, and having conversations about common household items. These activities worked on John's memory. In John's case, the OT decided to focus their tasks and therapy sessions to activities of daily living, recalling, and memory. McPherson and Ellis-Hill (2007) summarized a study by Legg and colleagues on the importance of OT's in the rehabilitation of stroke survivors. Legg and colleagues report, "occupational therapy targeted towards activities of daily living significantly increased performance on scores of personal activities of daily living and reduced the risk of poor outcome" (p.922). Legg and colleagues and McPherson and Ellis-Hill all agreed with the use of an OT to help John improve his independence and decrease the risk of

having a poor outcome.

John's PT worked with him on weight bearing, walking, and transfers from his wheelchair because Nozoe et al. noted, "survivors of a disabling stroke also had decreased physical activity because of their dysfunction" (2016 p. 625). John's PT was aware of this statistic and even though John presented left side weakness, paralysis, and spasticity, it was especially important for him to be physically active by walking, weight bearing, and participating in transfers from his wheelchair. Although John was not fond of standing and moving around due to his loss in balance and coordination, he saw an improvement in his ability to stand and walk. Mary also saw an improvement in John's ability to be more mobile with his left arm and leg. She also saw an increase in his strength in holding himself up and walking.

According to American Speech-Language-Hearing Association, a Speech-Language Pathologists (SLP's) (2017) will "work to prevent, assess, diagnose, and treat speech, language, social communication, cognitive-communication, and swallowing disorders in children and adults." This is the model John's SLP used to treat John's slurred words. With intentional interventions, the SLP and John spent time engaged in one on one conversation, John reading aloud to him, and John conversing with others he did not know well. Mary told the SLP that John had initiated more conversations with her, would talk to the nurses when they came in to check on him, and was more easily understood.

While therapy helped John improve his physical abilities, he still struggled with depression. According to Johnson (2008), “Cognitive behavioral therapy (CBT) techniques have the potential for reducing depressive symptoms.” (as cited in Kraus, Kunik and Stanley, 2007, p.157) John’s psychologist also shared information from Mitchel et al. (2008): “in stroke patients... [some] recently demonstrated significant statistical and clinical reductions in depressive symptom scores using CBT techniques in conjunction with antidepressant therapy” (p. 141). John and Mary, feeling confident from the research article presented to them that adding CBT therapy and antidepressant therapy to John’s treatment plan would be beneficial.

Langhorne, Bernhardt and Kwakkel (2011) noted “stroke rehabilitation typically entails a cyclical process involving: (1) assessment, to identify and quantify the patient’s needs; (2) goal setting, to define realistic and attainable goals for improvement; (3) intervention, to assist in the achievement of goals; and (4) reassessment, to assess progress against agreed goals” (p.1695). This was the process used in John’s treatment plan. John was initially assessed to determine the disabilities of the stroke. The professionals of the multidisciplinary team set goals for John to work on during his eight weeks at the hospital. Each professional designed intentional interventions to combat the effects of the stroke and they reassessed when needed. Once all of this work was done, and John had met all of the goals given to him, John was released from the hospital! At a follow up doctor’s appointment in November 2011, John reported that he had gained most of his independence; he still had some spasticity in his left arm and

leg but had not lost his balance since he had been home. He also told Dr. Bird that his memory had improved and only had mild difficulty recalling memories from many years ago. John also shared that his speech had returned to what it was before the stroke. Although, John felt pretty happy most days, he continues to take his prescribed anti-depressant, as he should to keep away the depressive thoughts. Mary also informed Dr. Bird, that John took his blood pressure medicine daily, and now joined Mary for a walk in the evening, and she changed her ways of cooking to help them both get their weight to a healthy amount!

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NATURAL IMAGERY AS A REFLECTION OF THE CREATIVE PROCESS IN COLERIDGE’S “KUBLA KHAN”

SERGIO OSNAYA-PRIETO

Not much is known about Dolon Nor, a farming town hidden in the grasslands of northern China. Truly, there is not much to know about the town: the people’s livelihood is mainly based on agriculture, and the population density barely reaches the double digits. A few cafés, a state-run bank, and a modest hotel are the few amenities enjoyed by the townspeople. However, Dolon Nor was once a vibrant city, home to “a vast palace of marble” (Edwards), as described by Marco Polo: during the 13th century, Dolon Nor was part of Shangdu, the capital of Mongolian emperor Kublai Khan’s kingdom. Shangdu was the vision of Khan’s close advisor, Liu Bingzhdong, and meticulously planned according to the canons of feng shui, which meant to balance men’s souls with their natural surroundings. Sadly, Khan and his city fell to Jin soldiers a century after Shangdu’s construction, leaving behind a trail of tombs and ruins of a once majestic city (“Site of Xanadu”). Fortunately, the city’s tale was picked up by several historians, including Samuel Purchas, who revitalized the mystique of Shangdu, now famously known

as Xanadu. Among Purchas's readers was English poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who famously penned the poem "Kubla Khan Or, A Vision in a Dream: A Fragment" after waking from an opiate-induced dream. Despite his laments that the text is solely a fragment of a larger work about Xanadu—lost due to an untimely "person [from] Pardock" (459)—"Kubla Khan" is rather a probe of the creative process itself, reliant upon the story of Shangdu as an analytical tool. Specifically, the text reveals the frustration of the poetic genius when he is unable to fulfill his ideal goal, described by Coleridge as "the whole soul of man [being brought] into activity" (Mahony). Throughout the text, Coleridge's use of natural imagery is allegorical for the elements which harmonize the Poet's mind and work; however, since the poem studies a fracture in the creative process, this harmony is shattered, and so is the balance between the Poet and Nature.

The first stanza introduces the primary dichotomous—yet, it will later be revealed, also complementary within the creative process—components upon which the poem is set: Kubla Khan's "stately pleasure-dome" (2) and the "caverns / measureless to man" (4). Khan's dome is the product of absolute power, a "decree" (2), an artificial edifice entirely constructed within man's control and order, overt in Coleridge's perfectly consistent iambic tetrameter, as well as the stanza's terms of enclosure, such as the "walls and towers [...] girdled around" (7) and "enfolding" (11), and the mathematical specificity of "twice five miles" (6) and "sinuous rills" (8). Nevertheless, the stanza also introduces an opposing image to Khan's control: the "caverns" under his "pleasure-dome" are "measureless to man" (4), hinting at man's inability to control every ele-

ment of Nature. Such ignorance— “measureless”—about their true quality grants the “caverns” a rather mystical character, for they are beyond the knowledge of man and seemingly barren; however, they are still carriers through which the “sacred river” (3) runs. They are an embodiment of both Nature’s absolute freedom, untouched by man, and its life-giving qualities, as they carry the source of life—the “sacred river”—to a man-made construction. Within the context of poetic creation, this duality parallels two abstractions fundamental to the creative process. The dome, in its controlled and order character, parallels the meticulous execution and construction perceived in the act of writing poetry: The Poet, in his ideal form, attempts to build an artificial paradise of his own upon the page— analogous to the Edenic qualities of Xanadu—and, in an unadulterated framework can control every element of his work, such as the meter or rhyme. However, “Kubla Khan” was not written under such a framework. Inspiration stemmed from somewhere more profound and uncharted within Coleridge’s consciousness, for he envisioned his manuscript within a dream vision, a region analogous to the “caverns”: unexplored yet still beaming with the holy life-source which feeds the “fertile ground” (6) and “sunny spots of greenery” (10) of the pleasure-dome. Thus, the natural imagery—the “caverns measureless to man”—is revealed to be both opposing and complementary to the existence of man’s constructions, both the gardens of Xanadu and Poetry itself.

Underpinning Coleridge’s creative allegory is “Alph, the sacred river” (3), whose motion serves as a connecting force between both settings—the pleasure-dome and the caverns— thus also linking the analogous unconscious and

conscious mind of the Poet. As Professor Mary Mahony observes, “These areas are bound together by the sacred river, which connects the uncontrolled chasm and stagnant ocean with the ordered world of Kubla Khan. The river travels symbolically from passion through order to chaos, from birth through life to death. As the river sinks into the realm of death, it is possible to hear in the tumult the prophecies of war.” Mahony’s allusion to the sacred river’s journey through “order to chaos”, is traced in the poem’s second stanza, as the river “bursts” (20) with energy as it runs through “that deep romantic chasm”:

And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,

A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher’s flail:
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever

It flung up momentarily the sacred river. (17, 19-24)

Coleridge’s choice of potent verbs, such as “forced,” burst” and “flung up,” accompanied by the setting in which such actions take place—the chasm, a “savage place!” (14)—once again clashes order against chaos. Within this controlled artificial Paradise, Nature still cannot be subdued, nor will it be subservient to the will of Khan; inevitably, it will unleash its “natural” force, even when confined.

Similarly, the “deep romantic chasm” (12) is a dichotomous natural image within the dome. The “romantic” adjective implies the chasm is a region of profound passion, furthered by the “woman wailing for her demon-lover” (16) and the “waning moon” (15), as explained by critic Harold Bloom: “This [waning moon’s] fading power

[...] makes a statement about the diminution of creative potency. With respect to the wailing woman, [her] love must be forever unrequited in order to perpetuate the relentless quest for fulfillment.” Bloom’s remark on the “relentless quest for fulfillment” unveils the wider symbolism of the second stanza, placing it within the context of the creative process. The chasm, with all its ghastly imagery, is within the dome—specifically, hidden “athwart a cedarn cover” (13)— and from this area of fear and passion, the river “bursts.” In a creative context, the river which crosses the caverns of the unconscious mind into the controlled constructions of men (i.e. the pleasure-dome and poetry), bursts from a chasm of passion within an ordered area, linking all elements together: thus, the chasm is a source of inspiration inside the conscious mind. In Chapter 10 of his *Biographia Literaria*, Coleridge explained his proclivity for such images of water as the sacred river, specifically “a stream,” because it accomplished exactly this connective purpose: “I sought for a subject, that should give equal room and freedom for description, incident, and impassioned reflections on men, nature, and society, yet supply in itself a natural connection to the parts, and unity to the whole. Such a subject I conceived myself to have found in a stream” (Coleridge 194).

Following this burst from the chasm of inspiration, the sacred river resumes its course to the edge of the pleasure-dome before it dies in the “lifeless ocean” (28), foreshadowing a loss in the harmony of the dome and the caverns, as well as in the creative process. However, before the river “sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean” (28), a sudden lull appears in the text, appreciated in line 26, “Five miles meandering with a mazy motion.” At this point, the river

has connected all elements, and the poet has risen victorious from the chasm. As critic Dorothy F. Mercer explains, “At no place is the river gently flowing except in paradise. The reason for the incantatory quality of the entire lyric is symbolically set forth in this line [26], and its significance pointed, i.e., the unconscious activity in genius, the even, harmonic flow of the secondary imagination as it gains complete control of the artist and gives him his insight into [...] paradise.” The alliteration of “miles meandering” and “mazy motion” reveals the river has regained a tranquil state (Mercer goes as far as to say the lyric has a “hypnotic power”), immediately before it “sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean” (28). By sinking “in tumult” the river once again contrasts order and chaos, specifically due to the “ancestral voices prophesying war” (30) which are introduced. In a historical sense, these “ancestral voices” ought to be interpreted as a beneficial sign to Khan—the embodiment of absolutism and masculinity: the Mongols’ mastery in war was the key to their sweeping expansion throughout Asia. These “ancestral voices” are thus symbolic of a long tradition of man’s power, control, and belligerence; however, these voices only emerge once the “sacred river” sinks into the “lifeless ocean.” More accurately, these voices emerge because the river sinks into the ocean. As Mahony illustrates: “The stanza ends by mourning the loss of this wondrous pleasure dome where art and nature had briefly been blended together.” Once the “sacred river” sinks into the “lifeless ocean,” it no longer connects man—or “art,” as Mahony describes—with nature: the ocean is pure Nature, or “lifeless,” while the voices of “war” are the epitome of Men: once the river no longer connects every element together in equilibrium, the vision of Paradise falls apart,

and all that is left is a memory, or a shadow:

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves. (31-34)

This vestige, resulting from a break in the equilibrium between Man and Nature, is analogous to the frustration Coleridge expressed when being unable to capture his whole dream vision on paper.

Through this allegory, it can thus be said that the use of natural imagery in *Kubla Khan* as reflective of the creative process is much more than a mere analogy: it is an embodiment of a purely Romantic philosophy. The caverns of imagination, mysterious and unexplored, reveal themselves spontaneously in an ordered and artificial paradise, created by men. Such revelation occurs in the form of a sacred river, a harmonizing icon of nature, bursting through a chasm of passion into man's paradise to inspire him. When the imagination and nature are in equilibrium, "the whole soul of man is brought into activity" (Mahony) as Coleridge desired; when they are no longer in equilibrium, the system collapses into a lifeless ocean. In other words, the Romantic poet's goal can only be achieved when man and nature are in perfect harmony—much like the feng shui gardens of *Kubla Khan*'s close advisor Liu Bingzhong. When an inconvenient person from Paddock or savage soldiers from the Jin dynasty destroy this harmony, all that is left is an incomplete manuscript or the ruins of a marble palace scattered around a small Chinese farming town.

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DREAMING IN THE MIST

YEKATERINA ROMANOVA



CHHAY FOND AND THE DEAD CRAB

SEA TONG VENG



GUNNUHVER

KYLE LAMBERT



UNTITLED

JAMIE HAGWOOD



ALCOHOLISM

JAIME OSTERLING

Our kitchen table is a mosaic of memories.
Pink and purple playdough speckles the splintering
grooves
made deeper by children who were silent.
Bits of frosted flakes and miniwheat grains
are crushed into the yellow caulk
that matches the color of your skin.
Near the head of the table
a broken wine glass covers years of red wine stains.
No one forgot they were there,
but we hid them the best we could.
Across from the stains, rays of sunlight shine
through the window onto a small patch of tiles
kept white by the Bible Mom once read.

I laughed when you covered our table,
with a red, plastic cloth and tried to bury
a life that you would not remember,
if your ghosts weren't still alive.

THE END OF NOWHERE/THE LAUGHING HANDSHAKE

ERIC FLEMING

Hello anybody, my name is Eric, but some of you may know me as Jake Paul, and boys and girls, inbetweeners, outsiders, and out-of-towners, I would like to recount to you all a story from my long and tumultuous youth. It begins and ends with a homeless man at a subway station underneath an undisclosed city somewhere on Earth. So it begins-Me, I'm on my lunch hour, minding my own business, when this penniless, hobo fella-whose appearance was not so unlike that of a rat-points to me and starts shouting "hey guy, you look like you could use a good joke, guy!" and he starts calling me over, and so, naturally, I abide my curiosities and I tells him "yeah okay I like jokes, tell me a joke, funny man!" and he says he's got just the joke for me and boy is it funny and oh man is it a stomach splitter. I tell to him "well alright. Try me, and maybe if it's good enough I'll like your page on Facebook, joker man". He smiled and, folks, bada-bing! He told me his joke. This is how it went:

"The pregnant city heaves and hos as the morning sickness pulls and rips like a tide, the T train through her snakelike winding guts, steady sickening at the turns and curves, the bowels turn over as the morning light does in turn,

the pregnant heaven spills its bastard like fatty rain on the dimes and quarters of the populace heads inside, “man it’s rainin’” they frown down from downtown’s drowning depths. I cough up a city cent and I feel a spider moving in my deepest membranes, sleeping like a snake there, with quarters in its plenty pockets, I look out across the barren plenty and wonder if your mind can feel mine touching yours with this hot pin prick pointed, well in truth I feel a pulsation under my ribs, does this mean the living live inside me? Does this mean they dooby doo dosey do down deep in my unknowns? The sick of the morning push out of the train like so much seed into the tunnels they run and hot suits fall burning off their backs and strips of skin rise off their bones red and dripping one by one as they look up to the ceiling salt lights they mis-take for several suns. Viscous men try to gather their mistakes back into liquefying suitcases and close the clasps and smack their lips and pull back bloody and runny, they move like eggs over a frying pan, carrying their bowels like newborn babies free from the inner constellations they hide behind their fat pockets. The weeks are beaten bloody by good hearts and lose hearing in one of their eyes for the subway tunnel to speak its gospel but there is the roar of the engine and the tales it spins from the silk the eggheaded the silk the pour onto the tracks under where. You touch my heart and your fingers came away bloody, you smelled them and they smelled of silver, don’t do it again

(I pull myself up the backside of a skyscraper by the skin of my teeth. I wear a bullet.)

(New York Incarcerated. Up north it's the wild wild west, they kill themselves to get a kick out of life, lost in the past but (in the meanwhile this bullet keeps spinning toward we, no I can't keep track.)

(I open up my throat to the overpass and let the rainwater fill up the cavernous ___ my body and all its sidestreets and lost boys and alleys) (I make eyes with the mirror, then I look away, it is the revealer and I realize for the first time that I look like a son of a bitch, it notices the frown drooping off my mouth and the zits ringing the shores of my lips, I listen, my blood is blistering, my eyes becoming two black prunes pushing out of my steady reddening face as they fill up with my hissing, popping, running, jumping, hollering, smoking blood, inside me I feel a whisper, I feel something falling through the floors of my liquid bowels like an elevator defying its master)

(New York Incinerated, I crawl into the taxi man and tell him to take me anywhere and I feel his power, his lungs like two bleating onions as they squeeze my painted skull stuck, his blood washes over me in waves on the bathroom floor, carrying the smell of his vomit breath and gaseous lunch along and his waves of blood crash against the shut door and slip under the crack between the floor and the carpet in the bedroom drinks it up thirsty as a thou-

sand vampires thin as railings, then he sheds his skin and shakes out of the seatbelt and moaning into the backseat “I’m the driver, the taxi driver, I’m the driver, make me the driver, this city is mine sir, I wanna be higher, filth lives inside ‘er, I wanna be higher, I wanna be the driver

-Every day of my life now, I feel like I’m slipping off the edge of something-

-love shoots up my back like a gun, my loaded spine tenses as I wait for my body to crash-

-my

street where’s

the under where

where...the under where? My street where.”

So this funny guy sits back against the wall, looking satisfied with himself and farting whimsically, and I looks down at him, trying desperately to hold in a rage that could level city blocks, and I says “hey bud, why don’t you get some new jokes there, huh? Maybe next time don’t score them from the memory care unit.”, then I spat on his shoe and washed away, just like that, like water colors. Thank you.

The Wake Review

literary magazine and club



The 2017-2018 Wake Review staff after volunteering at the Men's Shelter in Downtown Raleigh.

L-R: Matt Coppedge, Jamie Hagwood, Mandy Kelly, Rich Lesmeister, Dr. Dean Furbish, Berna' Kennedy, Kenan Dew, Eric Fleming.