

THE RED HAWK REVIEW

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Works of poetry, prose and visual art from Gateway's best and brightest writers, painters, and graphic designers.





Untitled, Matthew Giamanco, FIRST PLACE ART WINNER

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Poetry

Home

Daelen Johnson

No path had been more traveled;
Chattering birds showing the way,
Flitting cheerfully on the unbroken breeze.

No path had been more worn;
Ancient trees creaking quietly,
Their leaves rusting softly as if bidding welcome.

No path had been more known;
Hints of lavender drifting through the air,
Memories of times past resurfacing for only a moment.

No path had led to quite a place;
Home

Yours

Amanda Wilson

The twinkle in your eye
The softness of your touch
That gentle loving feeling is why I love you so much

You're that strong addiction
It's so hard to break
There is so much to lose
So much at stake

Losing you would mean losing the world
To stay forever with you
To call myself your girl

All That Begins, Surely Will End

Amber Pedersen

So, you think you have time?
Life is not measured in the seconds that slip away,
By the minutes that pass like hours,
Or the hours that go on enduringly.

Life is measured in memories,
By mistakes that were mistakes,
Or mistakes that were lessons,
Each moment more precious than the next.

Life was never meant to be rationed,
Time is i m m e a s u r a b l e,
Perpetual,
Vast, yet somehow insignificant.

An eternal hour glass

counts

down,

Moments fade into an irreversible timelessness,
Only memories can sustain what existence never could,
And all along, nostalgia is all there ever was.

Be considerate of the that, which holds in the sand,
Do not get lost gazing into the precious mirror,
Trapped in the reflection of inalterable-decision's past,
For you think you have time,
But the glass is unforgiving and the seconds will
still
slip
a w a y.

Poetry

Deep down

Amanda Wilson

Tears fall in empty shells
 My mind is fading
 My hearts in hell
 Angels drop me fast and strong
 The devil's words carry along
 Boundaries to hold me against my will
 No holding back
 No standing still

The Artist

Daelen Johnson

Softly rolling waves and gentle breezes,
 Warm sunlight waning and clouds illuminated in hues of purple,
 The distant chatter of visitors and the ever-familiar scent of freshly cut grass,
 Memories resurfacing.

A pause,
 A smile,
 A final sweep of the brush.

A work from the heart honoring fond recollections.
 Finished with a personal touch

Tick Tock

Nichole Baird

Moving at the same rate of speed.
 Tick tock tick tock, time is nothing more than minutes on a clock.

Always moving forward, never back.
 Tick tock, tick tock, time is nothing more than minutes on a clock.

Wishing for more of it in times of despair.
 Tick tock tick tock, time is nothing more than minutes on a clock.

Never knowing when your number will be up.
 Tick tock, tick tock, time is nothing more than minutes on a clock.

Those minutes pass by engraving memories in our hearts. Those minutes pass by regardless of pain or joy. Those minutes will never stop. Those minutes are nothing more than the time on the clock.

Depression

Lauren Hamell

I am nothing.
 I refuse to believe that
 One day I'll do something great.
 "This depression can still be beat."
 This saying is a lie.
 I'll never be good enough for anything or anyone.
 Stop telling me that
 You can still get help.
 You'll find that
 Depression is a war.
 That it is unbeatable.
 You'll hear
 With the nasty voice still in your head
 Telling you things you'll actually want to hear. Don't
 forget that
 You'll have those around you who you love
 Leave you.
 Depression will one day
 Make you see things in a different way.

Depression will one day
 Leave you.
 You'll have those around you who you love
 Telling you things you'll actually want to hear. Don't
 forget that
 With the nasty voice still in your head
 You'll hear
 That it is unbeatable,
 "depression is a war."
 You'll find that
 You can still get help.
 Stop telling me that
 I'll never be good enough for anything or anyone.
 This saying is a lie.
 This depression can still be beat.
 One day I'll do something great.
 I refuse to believe that
 I am nothing.

Poetry

Innocence

Amber Pedersen

Come follow me down,
 where the ever-changing colored leaves dance and the winds sing.
Fields of gold sway to and fro,
 silently hushing each other.
Just close your eyes, feel the sun reaching over the tree tops kissing your cheeks,
 embrace the warm glow.
Can you feel the wind whipping the loose locks of hair that frame your face around?
The familiar smell of leaves shedding their 100 shades of green into deep reds and oranges.
Laying on your back,
 Dark chocolate curls fanned around your face,
 Starring curiously up at the heavens.
Inhale,
 Exhale.
Watch as the cotton clouds soar effortlessly by,
 Each puffy glob ready to be picked right out of the sky.
Swimming in glorious seas of baby blue eyes,
 Bird cherry,
 And butterbur,
 These seas that are never ending,
 Seas that will consume your sadness,
 And drown your woes.
This meadow is where complete and utter happiness is easily achieved.
All you can see for miles is bursting pools of blush,
 Frost,
 And dusty turquoise,
 Couldn't you just lay here all day and soak it in?
Hours come and go as you watch the sun take its daily course across the horizon.
The long grass scattered carelessly around you tickles any bare skin peeking out,
 Tearing handfuls of the cool hair from its roots,
You can let your shoulders relax as you close your eyes once more and take it all in.
All is quiet,
 All is calm.

Poetry

Innocence Cont.

But something's gone wrong,
 The lovely scent of leaves has been overcome by a smoky wet burning smell.
 Frantically looking around for the source of the stench,
 A distant flame catches your attention from the corner of your eye.
 A once strong standing grandmother oak is wilting in pain,
 As her entire trunk and branches are consumed by a flame.
 The field around you catches the sickness and spreads rapidly,
 Murdering everything in its path of destruction.
 Everything around you is dying,
 and you can hear the helpless cries from each twig and leaf as it burns to a crisp,
 and is taken away by the harsh winds that carry smoke.
 Smoke that you cannot escape,
 It closes in around you and suffocates everything happy that once survived within you.
 Each dream you created here slips away,
 Stolen right from our innocence,
 Fading in and out of consciousness,
 The flames grow greater and fiercer,
 Crackling,
 Laughing loudly as you gag on the bitter harsh smoke.
 You lay upon the charred grass,
 Gazing up at the sky as dark luminescent clouds roll in,
 Carrying low,
 You can practically feel the burden they convey.
 Is this the end?
 Can a heart still break once it's stopped beating?
 All you know is all you understand,
 And all that remains is a small memory of what once was.

Cash Rules Everything Around Me

Kimberly Garibay

"1st of the Month" (Bone Thugs-N-Harmony). "Hard Knock Life" (Jay-Z). "It's All About the Benjamins" (Puff Daddy & The Family). "Keep Ya Head Up" (2Pac). "Ambition" (Wale). "Pursuit of Happiness" (Kid Cudi). "Work" (A\$AP Ferg). "Hustle Hard" (Ace Hood). "Day 'n' Nite" (Kid Cudi). "Money Maker" (Ludacris). "I Get Money" (50 Cent). "Good Life" (Kanye West). "Money Trees" (Kendrick Lamar). "Work Hard, Play Hard" (Wiz Khalifa). "Who Gon Stop Me" (Jay-Z and Kanye West). "Mo Money Mo Problems" (Notorious B.I.G.). "Bills, Bills, Bills" (Destiny's Child). "1st of the Month" (Bone Thugs-N-Harmony).

Poetry

The Government

Lauren Hamell

The people above us are
great ideas.
Our minds are filled with
nothing but air.
The things their pockets are filled with,
pure gold and silver.
Good samaritan hearts are
as real as fairy tales.
The rich's words are
ought to be listened to more closely.
The voices in our head that are seen as silly
never want you to hear more of their "lies."
We will
attempt to see the enemy and instead see someone in a mirror.
But after taking everything but the clothes on our backs they will
push us down and out into the street again.
They won't
free us and let us rebel.
We shout out at the top of our lungs
only to be silenced again.
The fat cats will scream and whine and bribe
and always win.
We'll fight with our two hands
while they sit on their thrones sipping wine.

While they sit on their thrones sipping wine
we'll fight with our two hands
and always win.
The fat cats will scream and whine and bribe
only to be silenced again.
We shout at the top of our lungs
"Free us and let us rebel!"
They won't
push us down and out into the streets again.
But after taking everything but the clothes on our backs they
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attempt to see the enemy and instead see someone in a
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We will
never want you to hear more of their lies.
The voices in our head that are seen as silly
ought to be listened to more closely.
The rich's words are
as real as fairy tales.
Good samaritan hearts are
pure gold and silver.
The things their pockets are filled with,
nothing but air.
Our minds are filled with
great ideas.
The people above us are
the government.

Poetry

'You know I love you so'

Amber Pedersen

- To the man who so effortlessly completed me, you are my missing piece, and I will always love you.
I've waited years, decades, lives, for you

But nothing seemed longer than the last eleven hours that ticked on impatiently
The anticipation of watching you enter through sliding glass doors,
Glass doors that opened to our eternity,
Sent shivers of anxiety through my spine

Blazing fire illuminated your eyes,
A red hot magnetic fire that lured me in and bound our soul's forever
Surrounded by voices and passing glances,
Stumbling fools and slurred vocabulary,
Nothing broke your gaze,
And I felt as though all eyes were on me when I peered into those dark pools of umber

Along shorelines of magnificent mansions,
The Polaris coasted through cold cerulean waters,
Its' bow slicing the crisp cool lake air
Sharp breaths sent kisses of goosebumps down your legs,
Despite the heat of a fiery red flame growing fiercer than we awaited

Fingers perfectly entwined,
Our toes dangled helplessly over bitter cool waters
No words were spoken though none were needed
On a bridge watching a river twist and bend to the heavily wooded shore,
The moment was anything but silent

Lost in time,
It felt as though the running water had too chosen me and drifted me down stream
Carrying so gently that without hesitation I found myself hopelessly lost in love,
And like this water our love would carry on,
Streaming forever

SOUNDS OF SILENCE

BY MARLENE D. VAIL

We walk alone down the lake path. Heather's ears are pointed forward...somehow, she knows today is different...vastly different from last week. The lake is blindingly sparkly and calm. I now know why the Native Americans called it the Lake of Sparkling Waters (Kishwauketoë) so apparent this time of year. As we meander down the lake path, I am anticipating what lies ahead. I know it will be the beginning of the gifts from the lake. Up the steep hill we walk. Heather is huddled close to my side; my sweet and gentle collie dog will often lean into me as we walk. I believe she thinks I am a sheep and need herding (perhaps, more than I realize). Reaching the summit, I see my first gift; the sandhills cranes are wading in a shallow, algae-covered pond by George Williams College campus. They are like statues -- not moving -- still. Heather sensing the moment does not bark. I revel in their beauty and markings; they never fail to inspire, and their profile is one of elegance and grace.

Each time I come down to the lake this time of year, I set aside a block of time to ensure I can capture all the gifts. It is better now with my collie dog -- my love, and companion. After I lost my husband, getting a new puppy was a gift to myself -- a kindred spirit of a different kind. Sharing is important. As my feet and her paws traverse the path, I feel the crunch of leaves and that intoxicating and earthy smell which comes from them, so pungent. I breathe deeply; I cannot get enough of it. The lake path is uneven in spots, craggy, roots, rocks, and fallen branches, but these obstacles do not deter us. Heather, her nose to the ground, is enjoying all the scents of the day. Her step is animated, and she is alert. We look ahead to Conference Point and our next gift.

The tree by the Point is stacked with cormorants. Native Americans believed these aquatic birds were sacred (or so the oral legend goes). Flying close to the water at times, they resemble primordial birds, for me, a glimpse into the past. Cormorants fish, fly, and then will land ashore, or in a tree similar to this one, drying their wings before darting off to fish again. They also nest in trees when breeding, but that is another season of the year, another lake gift for another time. Their presence gives me a peaceful feeling. I sense Heather feels the same; the sounds of silence are so loud.

How far will we traverse today? I want my lake gifts; I wait all summer for them. The historic home Bonnie Brae, built in 1881, is one of my favorite older homes on the lake. Fortunately, "the Brae" has not been bought to be torn down as many of lake homes are only to build a modern shell of a house that is not home. When I see the McMansions, "and the people bowed and prayed to the neon God they made" (Simon & Garfunkel), fills my head. We continue; it will be a longer walk today. Sitting on a bluff so high above the lake, the Victorian splendor of Bonnie Brae cannot be missed. But, this home provides a lake gift that intoxicates one if you stop and look -- so many do not. The turkey vultures are back. They sit in vast numbers on top of Bonnie Brae's roof on its various precipices staring down at us mere mortals (girl and dog). The birds take flight and glide through light winds. Circling above us, there seems to be an ode to joy to their flight, freedom, and yet play as well. They love to fly; it is evident. Heather and I find our favorite rock and take in their spirited aerial dance. It is mystical, church-like, and sacred to watch them; one feels at peace. The birds above soaring, soaring, soaring...we are in no rush to return home.

The late afternoon light gives us a fair warning. We better start our journey back; there are many miles to go. I alter our return trip so we encounter the duck inlet – the migration has begun (a gift of a different kind). Hundreds of ducks, snow geese, and Canadian geese gather here throughout the fall. This small channel provides adequate shelter and a food source for the waterfowl to rest and fatten up before their southern escape. I am spellbound by the cacophony of their voices; it is deafening and yet silent -- a dichotomy. The colored rainbow of the different species of birds is brilliant and blinding in the sun -- black, tan, brown, mottled, and white seem so vivid to me. The gathering of waterfowl is just the beginning of fall migration; the numbers will grow a thousand fold and more by autumn's end and early winter before the lake freezes over.

If I were to read my journal from prior years, the gifts of the lake might be similar, but my experience and views are ever changing as is my life's journey. I could not fathom when I was a young teen, and my grandmother gave me this exceptional book to read, there would be a direct correlation to my current life. "Gift from the Sea" by Anne Morrow Lindbergh was an epiphany for me at age 12. I believe my grandmother sensed the timing was right. I harken back to that book time and again -- reading over the passages -- not realizing at the time I would be given my own gifts from a lake far away from my Long Island home. "The sea does not reward those who are too anxious, too greedy, or too impatient...Patience, patience, patience is what the sea teaches...One should lie empty, open, choiceless as a beach-waiting for a gift from the sea." (Morrow Lindbergh). The lake is ours again - mine and Heather's. As we awaken anew from the sounds of motorboats and jet skis of pre-Labor Day, the lake unfolds its gifts to those who look and those who seek it "...and my old friend I have come to talk with you again because a vision

slowly creeping left its seeds while I was sleeping and the vision that was planted in my brain still remains within the sound of silence" (Simon & Garfunkel).

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Untitled, Amber Pedersen

AM I DEAF OR HEARING?

BY PETER ROMANYK

I was born in Chicago, Illinois on August 31, 1974. I came into the world as a hearing child. My mom dad and siblings are all deaf. I learned things early on in life that kids do not normally learn until they get older. Being a Children of Deaf Adults (CODA) has its advantages and disadvantages. My first language was American Sign Language (ASL). The ASL is like shortcuts to the English Language by using body and face gestures and getting the point of view acrossed. I was my family's ears and mouth. I had an exciting feeling because I was helping This all has triggered my feelings in a positive way.

When I was growing up I was only allowed to have short visits with family and friends because I would forget some signs when I stayed away from the family too long. As I got older it was not an issue.

I remember hiding in the kitchen pantry at my grandparents house signing away so I could have longer visits. I prayed in that cold dreary pantry I could have longer visits.

I get excited when I see deaf people. I go and talk to them. The deaf community is a small world, usually there is a connection of knowing that person or their families. My family is pretty well known fourth generation deaf family and they all went to Illinois School for the Deaf (ISD). However, my dad went to Bell school in Chicago. They tried to outlaw signing in the school, but kids were using it anyway back in the old days.

Jumping in to sign for the deaf was a thing I always did. I would happily interpret with glee. I was anxious to sign and speak for anyone who needed me. I am not the best interpreter, but you couldn't tell if I was deaf or hearing. I've fooled every deaf person to this day, because they were certain I am deaf. When I tell them that I am hearing they are shocked. It is a feeling

of belonging in the deaf world. It is like taking a breath of fresh air. I automatically fit in the hearing world and they are always happy to have me as an interpreter, but I'm not cherishing that moment even though they are usually happy to use my stunning skill.

The interpreting I did has its moments of difficulties. When I was about six, we went to a restaurant and I was ordering our food.. I tried to order meatloaf but couldn't speak the word. I knew the sign, but couldn't verbalize it. I hated making awful business calls for my family. Talking to eager debt collectors was the worst horrid phone calls I made. I have wept tears as a little innocent child caught in between adult conversations. I've built a stronger inner core for interpreting as an adult.

I was born into an exciting life style and eyes wide open upbringing. Now that I am older I have appreciated the protective side of my family. As I protected both family and friends, I have a softened heart. Because of what was instilled in me, I am a great judge of character of people. I can usually pick out true colors of a person after being around them. In the meantime I have discovered who I am as a CODA.

LAS FANTASÍAS NECESITADAS

BY ANDREW LEXA

¿Cómo manejaría el estrés del caos? El caos de la película “El Laberinto Del Fauno” sería muy difícil de manejar como adulto. Durante el caos Ofelia era una niña. Ella tuvo que poder aguantar el caos. No hay nadie que podría superar el estrés que Ofelia tenía que esconder. Ofelia tuvo que buscar e imaginar una vida mejor. Ella estaba imaginando las fantasías para escaparse de la realidad. La película había mostrado muchos ejemplos cuando ella necesitaba escaparse. Esto es lo que la película ha mostrado. La Guerra Civil Española y los años después moldearon el mundo en el que ella tenía que vivir. Los humanos necesitan la fantasía e imaginación para encontrar la felicidad. La película ha dado unos ejemplos de éstas. Unas personas tienen que examinar las fantasías y el caos de la vida de Ofelia para entender por qué la imaginación es importante.

Primero, usted tiene que entender el escenario de la película. El caos en el que Ofelia tuvo que vivir causaba mucho estrés. La pelea había continuado aun cuando la guerra civil española había terminado. Ofelia había perdido a su padre y eventualmente perdería a su mamá. La casa a la cual Ofelia y su mamá se habían mudado en el bosque tenía muchos problemas. El Capitán Vidal fue un asesino despiadado. Ofelia tenía que vivir con el Capitán Vidal ahora que su mamá estaba embarazada. Cada día Ofelia escuchaba y veía el horror que el Capitán Vidal causaba. Usted puede empezar a ver la razón por la que las fantasías y la imaginación son muy importantes. Todas las personas en el mundo necesitarían las fantasías si ellos tuvieran que vivir con el horror.

Segundo, es posible que las fantasías mismas ayudaron a Ofelia con la situación. Las visiones forzaron Ofelia en situaciones con el miedo y el estrés. Ofelia tuvo que encargarse de los problemas

en las visiones. La primera visión con la rana le ponía a ella en unas situaciones incómodas. Ella había ido a explorar el árbol sin que nadie ayudara. La rana y el árbol fueron muy similares a cuando Ofelia tuvo que trasladarse al campamento militar. Lo desconocido de la primera visión había causado Ofelia un gran reto. Ofelia aprendió tan pronto como la fantasía había terminado que ella estaría bien. Ella manejaría al campamento militar y al capitán Vidal si ella manejara la rana y el árbol.

Tercero, la segunda fantasía con la criatura fue muy interesante y posiblemente el más importante. Cuando ella tuvo la segunda tarea para completar la fantasía, la razón fue muy interesante. Ofelia tenía que recuperar una daga de la criatura de miedo. La tarea fue muy simple con tal de que ella escuchara. Habría muchos problemas para Ofelia si ella comiera la fruta de la casa de la criatura. La criatura trataría de matar a Ofelia si ella comiera la fruta. Ofelia no escuchó. Ofelia tuvo que escaparse de la criatura. El capitán Vidal era muy estricto y Ofelia tenía que escuchar. Si Ofelia se quisiera escapar, ella tendría que desobedecer al capitán Vidal. La visión con la criatura había puesto a Ofelia en contra de una gran criatura para desobedecer al capitán Vidal. Ofelia necesitaría una gran fuerza si ella quisiera escapar.

Cuarto, la tercera fantasía de Ofelia usó la combinación de la realidad y la fantasía. En la tercera fantasía ella finalmente luchó con el capitán Vidal. Cuando Ofelia se escapó con su hermano el valor fue de las fantasías pasadas. Si Ofelia no hubiera tendido las fantasías, ella no habría aprendido el valor necesario para el capitán Vidal. Ofelia murió en la tercera fantasía a pesar de que se esforzó para ayudar a su hermano. En el final ella había ayudado a su hermano y había completado las metas. Las fantasías habían ayudado, Ofelia ganó la fuerza y el valor que ella tuvo que tener.

La conclusión de la película “El Laberinto Del Fauno” dio un gran ejemplo de cómo una

chica usó la fantasía cuando ella estuvo en el caos. Si las personas no tuvieran las fantasías, habría más dolor en el mundo. El mundo tiene que tener las fantasías. Ofelia había usado las fantasías para manejar el caos de la situación. Unas personas tienen que examinar las fantasías y el caos para entender cómo las fantasías les pueden ayudar. Nosotros no podemos imaginar un mundo sin las fantasías. Las fantasías son parte de nuestras vidas. Nosotros tenemos que usar las fantasías para aprender y escapar del caos de vida. Este fue el argumento de la película "El Laberinto Del Fauno". Ofelia tendría que sufrir más sin las fantasías que le ayudaban.



Starfish, Bianca Rios



Home, Daelen Johnson

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