Baby Arms
Poem by Marci Rhodes
Art by Derek Alderfer, Matthew Bustillo and Derrick Dankwa

Poem by Buzz Wallace
Art by Jocelyn Debosch, Bradley Gilvin and Elizabeth Johnson

Poem by Sam McCormick
Art by Emily Adams, Tory Erpenbeck and Emily Herald

Poem by Hannah Hersko
Art by Julio Marti, Glenn Waldo and Zach Wu

Poem by Julio Marti
Art by Max Patton, Kelsi Sauerwein and Bobbi Steberl

Art by Kelsi Sauerwein

Art by Emily Adams

Art by Zach Wu

Art by Bobbi Steberl

Art by Jocelyn Debosch

Art by Elizabeth Johnson

Art by Derek Alderfer

Art by Tory Erpenbeck

Art by Glenn Waldo

Art by Max Patton

Art by Matthew Bustillo

Art by Emily Herald

Art by Julio Marti

Art by Derrick Dankwa

Art by Bradly Gilvin

Art Academy of Cincinnati
AND I DO MY BEST AT ANSWERS, THOUGH

THE SOUND OF A WOMAN

I CAN CAMOUFLAGE IN SNOWY WHITE

A Transition Between Shots.

THIS IS THE BEST EVIDENCE - THE ONLY REAL EVIDENCE - THAT SOMETHING ACTUALLY HAPPENED

I WOKE UP STILL DRUNK, KICKED IN THE HEAD.
The Coming of Sound:

The Sirens of the city.

We saw Billy was now left more at a loss than before.

Him!
HE HIMSELF BE WAKENED

The guards are taking the parts away.

To move forward, we must look back.

Have you not been cursed?
THOUGHT IF WE WERE LUCKY

Images in a floating world

-The uneven

, behind

Openly Christian,

-a female awaits
His antlers look bigger,
-When he shakes his head
Thank you Major,

Heads of the Department.
-Perched of the cayenne pepper

“The particular circumstance
Does not allow real talent
To rest or mature, ” said Bill.

-Ruffle Yarn
The devil is not others.

You may cut your throat

You want what you want.

FALLING BUTTRESSES
NAKED WHITE,

I BURIED MY

HOOLA-HOOP SKIRT

ON THE EDGE
I DON’T KNOW HER...

OR

WHY

HER HAIR IS TURNING TO CRYSTAL
ONE BRIGHT HURRICANING

OVER AN OCEAN

IN A
I plan to humiliate. Your lips low at her udder

an invention of the devil.
LARGE ANIMALS AVOID FIGHTING

IS YOUR BLOOD RED?

MY LIFE'S BEEN ONE OF DANGER.
WE MUST MOBILIZE EVERY ASSET.

YET I STILL CALL HIM DARLING.

GOD ALLOWS THIS SUFFRAGE OUT.
THE CASE IS AN EXCEPTIONAL ONE.

HE PUFFS UP HIS THROAT AND SINGS.

A WOMAN FLOATS BY HIM

THE WOMAN IN THE POND IS MY MOTHER.

SHE HAS BEEN DEAD.
...IS THIS A DREAM?

TURN BACK THE CLOCK. LIVING INGREDIENTS TRAPPED IN THE MIND, MEMORIES FRAGMENTED OF Tingly RESTLESS FEET...
JUST CUT THEM OFF PLEASE. IT WAS 7th OF AUGUST WHEN THEY MADE ME THIS WAY. UNFORTUNATELY, THE TUNE RANG OUT. THEIR HYPNOTIC VOICES SANG...
Hello there, come play with us, forever and ever. Just think of all the fun we could have together. Where ever, forever, never end endeavor. Come and for...

And whenever, and ever and ever, our play with us... ever.
WAH

DID

You

KNOW

About

CLOkC
PIX go now HERE.

Dont think
THAT I DONT
SEE you
SEEING me
THERE
MONKEY THYME

LIGHTHH

ORIGIN
I keep leaping into the sky to get some answers...

...but the sky misleads

Is the pitch black any different than before?
Is our time up?

The Sirens have started, brother!
Let's head home!
Clearly, humans were not meant to fly. We are being collected to be taken home. We were never meant for this place.

But I must get home to father! There is something I need to tell him.

THANKS, PAT, FOR TEN YEARS OF FEEDING US!!
I have never found a love that ripped me apart so beautifully, like a piñata or sudden waking from a dream.
Wandering nightly, this road leads to ∞ or maybe... or maybe or infinity.

No quest here but wonder with thoughts as tall as dreams.

This is a slow descent. No souls or shadows will follow me here.
Oh my god...

I am an Onion...

Yeah, well... you smell like an onion!
The name's Pickle...
Dill Pickle
The thing that keeps me here tastes like endless metallic pushing brain pieces!

out of sight & out of (my) mind

what is this?
Tell me what

Your hand means...

What dream is this?

f**king - falling - apart.
It’s just too itchy, ya know?
Incest, long johns, mosquito bites, tit-buckets

Insidious, dubious.

No vacancy in the gentlemen’s club
If I were to kiss you the way I wanted, you would no longer have a face.
Your presence and your absence both cut right here.

I'm not sure which knife is sharper, but I know which is easier to ignore...
At the beginning,

I couldn't breathe straining against fifty atmospheres

Chilled and disappointed,

I made a path from air to water

determined to
laugh
louder than the river

I am
wary of the predators
(or imaginary enemies)

my
solid flesh is warm butter,

But
My body doesn't feel weak
before I looked
it had happened;
I was attached to something.

I slip deeper
into the
sticking darkness

rinsed in soft water,
indifferent to pain.

I believe that I must
be venomous

with awful strength
I transform
the warm
breath of stars

I long to learn
the truth about the sea
and sunken ships
and the current of meteors,
Whatever it is
you forgot
to smile

yer up next!
just keep dragging from all the bad drugs we took
YOUR CODE NAME

FOR ME IS GARBAGE
I keep my daughter in the dryer.
The cage, in my ribs.
Sticky Ticky Tacky Red

Blue Blood

Face Piece
PAY NO ATTENTION TO THAT CURTAIN BEHIND THE MAN!!!
Now go, and don't come back until you've obtained the fatted thingamajig of the whatchamacallit! GO!
I am sleepy... need my beauty...
"THINGAMAJIG?"

"WHAT THE HELL?"

"THORNS OF LIFE"
Flawless
Castro Bombshelters

Nuclear Fission
Nagasaki Fat Man

Bruises Like A Blast Sight.
Gamma Beta
Artwork Submitted by
Emily Adams
Derek Alderfer
Matthew Bustillo
Derrick Dankwa
Jocelyn DeBosch
Tory Erpenbeck
Bradly Gilvin
Emily Herald
Elizabeth Johnson
Julio Marti
Max Patton
Kelsi Sauerwein
Bobbi Steberl
Glenn Waldo
Zach Wu

Poetry Submitted by
Chloe Bell
Billy Golden
Sam McCormick
Hannah Hersko
Jay Harmon
Buzz Wallace
Emily Herald
Julio Marti
Whitney Rem Waken
Scott Howard
Marci Rhodes

Contributors from
Ken Henson’s (Left)
Illustration 3 Class
& Matt Hart’s (Right)
Creative Writing Class