the Aquila
a literary and art journal

English Department
Niagara University
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the Aquila is a student-produced literary and art journal at Niagara University, first published in 1937. This volume was a collaborative project in ENG 260, Methods of Literary Study. Judgments of submissions were based on literary and artistic merit with the intent of showcasing a diversity of talent in the NU community. The views expressed herein are solely those of the authors and artists. All efforts were made to ensure accuracy of submitted material. We apologize for any inadvertent errors or omissions. Printed at the Niagara University Document Center, 2016.

cover art:
RISING
Nicole Delucia
pencil, pen and colored pencil
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THE HOURGLASS

by Christine Burke

No one could remember where the hourglass had come from. For all the townspeople knew, the massive timepiece had always been there, towering over them in the middle of the town square, inexorably dripping sand, grain by grain into the bell-shaped bottom half.

No one could remember what happened when the sand ran out, either. George Deckleby assured everyone that it would be something wonderful. Bea Partridge worried that it would bring the Ten Plagues. Marnie Black gleefully warned whoever would listen that when the sand ran out, someone would die.

The hourglass had lived in the square for so long that the townspeople had stopped watching it, instead giving each other conspirators’ smiles whenever a traveler commented on the tarnished bronze structure. In fact, not one of the townspeople took much notice of it at all until one visitor’s child, on a walk with his mother, pointed at the timepiece and asked what happened when the top half was empty.

The news that it was close to the end reached the edges of town in less than an hour, and people straggled into the square all night, watching the golden sand intently and pondering about the future.

Tad Barnes wondered dreamily if the end of the sand meant the end of the world. His brother, Jacob Barnes, thought up increasingly wild scenarios of how everything would end - disease, meteor, flash freeze, and so on. Joan Krakehall, with a superior tone, announced that she was above this kind of speculation and who cared anyways?

The sound of anxious whispers filled the early dawn, never rising above a hushed mutter. Neighbor turned to neighbor to share concerns or hypothesize or, in the case of the Reverend Robert Call, murmur muted scripture to the faithful.

And then, as the first light of day broke over the horizon, the last few grains of sand slipped through the opening and the world fell silent, waiting.

After three agonizing seconds of silence, there came the thunderous groaning of unseen gears. With all the lethargic indifference of a god, the hourglass began to move. The sand spilled over itself as the hourglass relentlessly pushed through the distress cries of the hidden mechanisms to turn itself over.

The townspeople stared in uneasy silence as, one by one, they each realized what had happened. Because, out of all the theories and guesses and ideas, not a single person had predicted that nothing would happen at all.

And the first few grains of golden sand dripped inexorably into the bottom of the hourglass.
Thanks for watching and welcome to “How to be sad on the outside when you’re already sad on the inside” or “things I didn’t realize were strange until someone told me they were.”

Step One: when talking to people, describe your new best friend to them. Tell them how she’s always right there with you. Tell them how you two spend all your time together. When they ask to meet her, don’t tell them her name is depression.

Step Two: Get dumped. I would say break up with your girlfriend, but we both know you were definitely the one to screw things up. So get dumped. Make everyone believe you’re happy about it. Then cry.

Step Three: Cry. Cry in the morning. Cry at night. Cry at work, in a cab, on a bench, in a restaurant. Take some creative license with this step and find the most uncomfortable and inconvenient locations. Feel guilty later when you realize other people were probably uncomfortable and inconvenienced as well; and then –

Step Four: Avoid everyone. When people call, let the voicemail have it. Learn to become very interested in the sidewalk. Become acquainted with the exits of every room you enter. Cover your mirrors to avoid seeing even yourself.

Step Five: Start sleeping at odd times. Sleep from 5 to 9 because that is when your friends – remember you’re avoiding them – are off work and available. Become intimate with the glowing red of the 4-0-0 on your digital clock. Forget what it’s like to be fully awake, but remember that you used to know.

Step Six: Purchase therapy sessions like books. Bring them home, impressed with yourself. Admire how they look stacked haphazardly next to the shelf. Do not read them.

Step Seven: Grimace at the pain that doesn’t really have a source. When someone sees and asks if you’re ok, make them laugh. For a moment, you will feel worth it. Don’t worry, that’ll pass.
Step Eight: Brush your teeth, wash your face, brush your teeth, wash your face, brush your teeth, wash your face. Repeat until your face is raw and your gums are bleeding, but you finally feel like you have some control.

Step Nine: Hold your hands too long in the too hot sink water. Remember how you burned them, how they tingled afterwards as sensation came back to them. How everything felt a little less cloudy for a moment. Don’t remember how you didn’t feel any pain.

Step Ten: On the days when you feel like screaming until your throat is raw and your voice is gone – Do it. You will taste the blood in your throat anyway.
THIS BURGEONING WORLD {the first installment}
by Joseph Roscetti Jr.

For what reason does he bother to
Join the human race and make amends with prior implosions
For which he had no hand in cause?
'Till tomorrow shakes the dying branch of democracy
That lies useless in his yard.
While a golden impeccable sun shines genuinely
Upon its favorite daughter,
The son lays in wait for a two-thousandth hour.
Oh, the tumultuous -
That buckles the knees,
Of a conjurer of many who may so easily please.
But the feeble will ponder upon who is not man,
Is serpent to Eve ever present again?
The first to notice when rays of a sun so impeccable go slightly astray,
Towards the ashtrays of yesterday, ceramic-made.
Where is the father, and the mother, and the bride to be?
Altogether left in time eternally.
The point of view is present now - likewise to the start,
For this critique of society that will be mistaken for art.
Now, can, and will, anyone feel something so improbable?
Or are we in orbit and lost in the stars.
Like the way we think is, and the ways we think are?
Ever, and ever so slowly again
The cycle relapses - the reversion of men.
FLOWERS FOR THE DEAD
by Maeve Losito

I am terrified of God’s beautiful garden.
The vibrant oranges and pinks and greens
Seize my attention, my fears, and dreams.

Each petal is different.
Each flower known.
For each have a name, a purpose, and clone.

The rose is blood red
And represents love and romance.
The daffodil is golden yellow
And symbolizes chivalry.

These plants appear beautiful
When put in bouquets,
But the bundles I speak of
Are put next to graves.

Forget-me-nots petrify me,
For they are all I see,
And it makes me wonder as I lay here:
Am I forgotten?
Did I even exist at all in the eyes of those I touched,
Or am I just another chunk of stone
With a name washed away by the acidic rains of time?
A two-year old boy springs up from his dreams. The sun is hiding and the birds are still snoring. He doesn't wash his face and he doesn't brush his teeth, but he grabs his basketball.

The sound of a stampede echoes through the hallway just moments before the back door of an urban-neighborhood home is slammed shut. The child worries as liquor bottles and cigarette boxes crowd the sidewalk. Broken glass cautions the steps of the child, carrying the basketball under his arm.

Injury free, he safely arrives into the parking lot where his basketball hoop awaits him. Cars fill one side of the parking lot. The boy has just enough room.

And it is now - where he no longer worries about a thing.

There is no snooze button for this bouncing ball. The birds yawn. Running-late workers' vehicles speed by the parking lot. The smell of rain and fresh grass fill the breeze. Pollen drifts through the air - the boy sneezes.

Wearing a Michael Jordan jersey, shorts, hat and sneakers, the boy takes shot, after shot, after shot.

Moments later, the parking lot is empty. One could mistake the sky for the ocean. There's a huge diamond in the sky, gracing the lands of all those under it, as the boy looks both ways before crossing the street to enter the corner store.

And then there was a bang, another bang, and two more. Gunpowder pollutes the air. A car scurries off around the block and up the street while everything else, stops. Everything – stops.

The corner store was open but the boy stops. The light is green but cars stop. Music is still playing out of the music store, but the selling stops. The pollen continues to gracefully fall, but the wind stops. The boy can see, but the blink of his eyelashes stop. The boy can dream, but his heart stops.
SAVED

Miranda Kraft

ink and colored pencil on watercolor paper
ST. BLAISE DAY
by James Mackey

The ashy clouds hung high that afternoon of February 3,
Wet snow heavily fell as the church bells sang of 5 o’clock,
He looked up at the Byzantine-style church with heavy heart,
A church of simple antiquity,
He walked up the church steps opening the heavy doors,
His visible breath ascending upwards.
He entered the church’s bosom, blessed himself, and entered a warm embrace.
Vade filius tuus vivit!
The fragile smell of incense and beeswax pervaded his being,
There he stood beneath the mosaics of precious metals,
Metals delicately glistening from candles below,
Candles lit for both petition and thanksgiving.
Candles the only source of light in that church.
Beneath the watchful, gentle, maternal gaze of the dome he stood,
At the altar of St. Blaise he knelt,
Making a fervent and devout petition to one of fourteen helpers,
“Oh physician of physical ailments,
Be a physician unto my soul!
With great help I plead for your intercession.
Bless my throat o holy Armenian,
Bless my tongue which utters such crude words,
This tongue which gossips and spreads untruths,
Yet a tongue which utters praise and pious prayers,
Bless my throat which gluttonously intakes food and drink,
Yet dares to receive the immaculate host.
And most of all bless that damning gland.
Thank you, thank you.
Restore my spiritual well being, restore my health.
Sinner this I am,
But son nonetheless.
"Salus infirmorum, ora pro nobis!
Refugium peccatorum, ora pro nobis!
Te Deum laudamus."
Kneeling in the pew he waited, contemplated.
“Adiutorium nostrum om nomine Domini.”
Revived, he kept his gaze on the icon beside the altar.
Madonna, Child, and the martyr himself,
Centered and floating.
“qui fecit cealum et terram…”
“Amen.”
A small but mighty group began assembling near the main altar,
He got in line looking, wondering where everyone was.
Why just a select few decided to receive heaven’s blessing?
“Where are they good bishop Blaise?
Too caught up in this worldly daze,
Trapped in a temporal craze,
Blindly walking an earthly maze,
Looking for fame and fading praise.
Don’t they realize life’s a transitional phase?”
Eli Eli Lama Sabachthani!
He placed his neck between the candles,
“Per intercessionem Sancte Blasii”
Candles lit and freshly blessed by heaven’s Candlemas' breath.
“liberet te Deus a malo gutteris”
Candles held by an alter Christus.
“et a quovis alio malo.”
“Amen.”
“Amen.”
He received the blessing and was immediately relieved.
He lit three candles,
And said three prayers,
One for praise,
One for petition,
And one for thanksgiving.
The young flames gave off a vibrant light,
Wax slowly dripping cradled the candle.
He left the church with a smile,
He left the church with a light, young, and clean heart.
On the church’s steps he looked up,
He saw the golden, setting sun.
The grey sky turned to a vibrant crimson,
Then to majestic purple.
Wrapped with the protection of the bishop’s chasuble.
The rising moon meditated upon him,
The woman with the moon as her footstool smiled.
An oddly warm, gentle breeze breathed upon him.
And the fresh, pure snow joyfully crunched beneath him.
The street lights were not the only lights to guide his way in that bustling,
hectic city.
And with glad heart, he walked home underneath an optimistic twilight.
Sancte Blaisii, ora pro nobis
Sancte Blaisii, ora pro nobis
Sancte Blaisii, ora pro nobis
Thank you for that blessed light good Bishop Blaise,
Thank you for that blessed light.
ABANDONED
Gabrielle McIntyre
photograph

UP-CLOSE
FLOWER
Holly Kaiser
photograph
DEFINE ‘PUCK’:

by Maeve Losito

Pot belly Buddha with a glass of whisky bouncing on top.
Humor was his punchline, even if the talk was serious.
It’s hard to picture him without a smile on his face; eyes crinkled shut from the size.
Laughter filled his days and the days of his children and grandchildren.
It was evident in his smiling eyes that life was a gift he cherished each day.
Perhaps there were special moments where he wished to freeze time, even if
Just for a minute or two, but he knew those moments would give way to more.
Kindness ruled his mind.
Eternal love ruled his heart.
Loyalty to his family was seen in all that he accomplished and sacrificed.
Lucky enough for me, I knew this man all the days of my life.
Yet my selfish desires continue to pester God to allow me one more day.
TRACE
by Kathleen Malloy

I have been trying to find an apt comparison for your touch. My first thought was flames - the desire I hold for you, burning. But it’s more than that. Your touch - it’s like the sun. It’s soft and it’s bright; The warmth of sunlight trails after your fingertips. Just as delicate, fractured by clouds or clothes but there like a ghost even when it’s absent. Warm in a way that permeates - through mood or cloth or distance. Warm in a way I can feel not just in my skin. Your touch holds so much of you in it. It’s a beautiful thing to be touched so gently by you.
SOUL MATES BE DAMNED
by Moriah Veer

Whenever I think of you I see Darcy.
Whenever I think of our future, I see Pierre and Natasha.
Whenever I think of our romance I think of Julia and Gere.
When I think of your eyes as they alight on me, I see Gatsby.
Worst of all though, is what I cannot see.

A lifetime of you is more than I could ever bargain for.
A night with you would be more than enough,
These are the words I whisper to soothe my frantic soul.
The very idea of you is a salve to my burning searching.
After all, you are my soul mate, and whether we want to or not, we are tethered

together.
Fated to find each other always and forever.
Your soul slave to mine,
And mine to yours.
I can see all of these things so well, but my myopia is too much.

O, Love! The things you do!
You chase the black from the darkest soul,
But you drag the dark into the whitest soul.
From the pinnacle of moral ground,
If you asked me to come to you in the depths of Hell,
I do not believe that I could resist your fiery temptation
As you set my soul on fire with your words, mouth, and fingers.
You cause such thirst that I would swallow the most depraved acts
To sate my parched throat, and quench my longing.
You are strong enough to pull the demons in Dante’s lowest level of Inferno
To the highest peaks of those pearly gates.
Yet you make me so blind.
Love is blindness, but I want to see.
I could not see him.

I stumbled in the dark for you, yet you never turned the light on.
Love--an all-consuming fire,
But where was the light?
A fiery dark flame, that gave the illusion of warmth,
However, your light was a black hole,
You trapped me in your greedy flames,
Your fiendish, fiery hands leapt across my eyes and path,
I thought I saw it then, his face,
But I realized that was a distorted image.
From the tears you left as your smoke filled my mouth and nose,
Clouding my mind, filling it with vapors that filled my head with delusions.
I never saw him, until now.

O, Love! The things you have done!
Drove Ophelia mad you did.
Poisoned Romeo, only to stab Juliet.
Then you came back, to finish Ophelia with poetic death and flowers.
All in the name of soul mates.
Tell me, was it worth it?
You have lured me into your elaborate and elusive trap--
The Soulmate.

I fell,
Only to remember that-
Darcy was an egotist,
Moscow was the price that Pierre and Natasha had to pay,
Julia was a prostitute, and Gere a lonely man,
And Gatsby, O Gatsby, perhaps the most tragic of them all.
He had a soul mate.
Or at least he thought he did.
He was tricked by your smoke,
With its greenish haze.
He dirtied his soul black for Daisy.
No rule or hallway vase unbroken for her, and yet,
When it came down to it,
Where was Daisy?
Love, you failed him.
And you didn’t even attend his funeral.

Well my darling,
Turns out I could not see you,
Every other classic romance in the book was plain before my eyes,
So my soul mate, where were you?
You were a bit too real if we are honest mate.
You swore a little too much,
And you sometimes had sweat rings under your armpits,
But what about those times when you were perfectly charming,
Like when you walked me to the door,
Just for those extra minutes.
Turns out I never saw you as my soul mate,
There was a green light that distracted my eyes from your soul,
The green light transposed an Adonis over your glittering eyes,
Lovely spirit, and unending patience.
I fell in love with that green light, and just as Gatsby soon found out,
Everything paled in comparison.
I could not hear your soul calling for me.
I could not see Brontë’s fabric,
So please pardon me, for not seeing you.
But truth be told, I do not want you to be my soul mate,
Instead would you allow me to be in love with you?
Because as long as you start a soul mate, I can never see you,
Will you let me love you?
Will you let me make you my soul mate?
It was not by feel but by sound that Bill knew he had located his keys. The numbness that had started in his fingers had spread to his wrists by the time he reached a state tantamount to consciousness. He was in no fit state to drive, he decided, but perhaps he could catch the Red Line home. There was a station less than a block from the office. Bill was sure he could walk that far. He snatched at his keys and awkwardly shoved them into his pocket.

Bill was not so much greeted by as affronted with the smell of rotting garbage. That was the first real clue that he was not asleep on his desk as he had believed. At that point two more things occurred to Bill. A) His eyes were still closed and B) he was fully lying down. The first condition was more difficult to fix than he’d realized. His head ached and his vision swam. As soon as he’d opened his eyes, he bitterly wished that he hadn’t. Expecting to find the familiar gray walls of his cubicle surrounding him, he was disappointed to find mountains of trash instead.

The second condition was more perplexing than the first. As Bill took in his new surroundings, the sensation of damp and cold seeping through his shirt suddenly came to the forefront of his attention. Not only was he lying down, he had been face down in a patch of mud. He rolled onto his back to take stock of his shirt. It was at about this time that Bill realized that an old man was standing over him wearing the same look of disappointment that his own father had when Bill had accidentally knocked over the dining room table last Easter.

“Evening, sir,” said the old man.

By now Bill concluded that he’d somehow found himself in the municipal dump, and that the old man must be one of the workers. From his position on the ground Bill could see up the old man’s nose. It was quite wide, with well-defined nostrils full of hair. Bill wondered if this put the man at an advantage or a disadvantage in his trade.

“I’ve just been collecting some of your things. They’ve been blowing around for over an hour. Making a real mess of the place, too.”

The man spoke in an English accent. It was odd since they were in Chicago (or at least Bill hoped he was still in Chicago), but he didn’t dwell on it.
too long. The man clutched a fistful of crumpled papers in one hand and pulled Bill to his feet with the other.

“You wrote yourself a note here, sir. ‘Write drunk, edit sober.’ From the smell of you, I’d think you followed your own advice a little too well,” said the old man.

Bill looked over his shirt-front. It was wrinkled and streaked with mud. The wrinkles had been there when he put it on this morning, but the mud was definitely new.

“It’s Hemingway’s advice, not mine,” said Bill.

“Ernest Hemingway never said this,” Chided the old man, and he threw the note away over his left shoulder. “Now don’t think me rude for asking this, but how did you get here, sir?”

Bill raked through his memories and recalled himself slurring through a meeting with his boss this morning. He could also remember a box of his things being shoved into his hands through a closing elevator door. The box now lay empty on its side by Bill’s feet.

“I’m not sure,” said Bill.

“Well, the way I’ve been figuring,” said the old man, “there’s two possibilities. The first is that, due to your state of drunkenness, you were thrown out into a dumpster by your employers. The second is that, in a state of clarity, you threw yourself in.”

Bill found his favorite coffee mug in one of the garbage heaps a yard away. It was dark blue with a little etching of a boat on one side. He picked it up and brushed off the rim with his shirt sleeve.

“That’s a bit harsh,” said Bill.

“So’s this,” said the old man, pulling Bill’s most recent performance review from the pile. “Mr. Fetter -I assume that’s you- Mr. Fetter has routinely underperformed throughout this publication cycle. He is late most mornings and often leaves early. His work ethic has been severely lacking recently. Does not respond well to criticism and prefers to operate independently,” he read. “I always get top marks from my superiors, sir. After my wife, our home, and my cherry blossoms, my work is the light of my life!”

“Who writes your performance reviews?” huffed Bill, who had now also located his desk lamp among the debris.

The old man shrugged. “Couldn’t tell you, but every quarter there’s one sitting on my desk. All glowing remarks I tell you, and I bring them home to show to the beloved.”

By now it was getting dark. The mountains of trash were silhouetted against a burnt sky. Bill wondered if his own wife would be missing him by now. The old man pulled a stapled packet from the pile of Bill’s collected things.

“Most of this that you’ve written is rubbish, and I should know. But this one’s not half bad,” he said. “I’d wager you weren’t so bleary eyed as you are now when you wrote it.”
The mud on Bill’s shirt had nearly dried. “My mom wanted me to be a great writer, you know? She used to read me her favorites. Shakespeare, Blake, Wordsworth, they were all Williams like me.”

“Misters MacDonald, Palmer, and Bradford were all called William by their mothers, and they grew up to become serial killers. If you feel stuck and unhappy where you are in life don’t blame it on your name or your poor mother. Anyhow, now that you’re upright and not too wobbly I think I’ll call you a cab. You’re stinking up the whole place with all the whiskey coming off your breath,” said the old man as he handed Bill the pile of his papers.

“Thanks, mister. But I think I’ll walk,” said Bill.
“Suit yourself. You take care now, sir.”

The old man hobbled away and disappeared between the hills of junk. Bill took a moment to sort through the pile and dropped everything except the stapled packet and his coffee mug. Maybe tomorrow he would get sobered up. Maybe he would beg for his job back. Maybe he would try to write something worthy of publication. Tonight though, Bill would walk home and buy some flowers for his wife along the way. Hopefully they would help cover the smell.
SILENCE MAY BE SOLITARY

by Cris Pierce

Silence may be solitary and not often shared.
We shared time together in silence at the rim of the canyon contemplating the forces of wind and water etching these magnificent views out of the earth’s crust.
The views changed us.
I never forgot those views and the silence we shared.
You’re gone.
I remain to keep the memory.

SHE WAKES

by Cris Pierce

She wakes and watches the moon’s light angling down from the window to brighten a patch of the floor.
She gazes as the light creeps across the floor and disappears across the sill.
Beyond the window the moon is caught in its fullness on the flat surface of the pond, composing a sweet nocturne.
A solitary woman slips from the shadows to inspect the moon’s reflection more closely,
A reflection now dimpled by water bugs skating across the surface in the glow.
She walks around the limestone wall framing the face of the moon and captures the image in her mind’s eye.
Persephone,
Sun of my existence, flame to my desire,
My temptation, my salvation,
Persephone,
She who dances with the nympha Goddess Fair,
The daffodil that sways with common wild flowers,
I was blinded by your image as one would,
When one looks at the sun too long,
And beneath my eye lids I see little dancing suns,
All sculpting a perfect image of you.
I shunned the day, I renounced warmth,
I had preferred my night, longed for the cold,
But since you eclipsed into my life,
I see my nights are starless, my bed unforgiving,
I see your eyes shining in the night, your body next to mine,
I stole you away in a mad frenzy desire of love,
But your body, your soul, your love is yours,
Free to give or keep from me, I wouldn't steal that from you.
I'll give you daffodils, I'll give you the throne, I'll give you my love,
I may not be much, just a lowly god who'd crawl and bow to your will,
But what life you installed in me, I devote wholly to you.
I fed you the pomegranate, I cheated in the game and I won you,
For six months I win the chance to win you, deserve you,
Even when you turn from me, I adore your presence, I relish in it,
But when you leave to return to Earth, I die inside, I die again.
The moon has eclipsed, I stand in darkness, cold and forgotten.
I count the days when you return, I live only for your bright face,
And even though I know you wish to stay with your mother,
My eyes are ever so glad to see you, my soul is ever so in love,
Persephone,
Your name is the life, the sound my heartbeat makes,
And it is because of you, my heart beats again,
Persephone.
And here I present to you,
My Love and Dearest Princess,
A trio of roses for you
And not one less.

I give you three.
Not one,
Not two,
But three unique roses.
All a symbol of the reasons I love thee.

The first I give to you
Is a rose in the color blue.
This, the rose to symbolize
The enchantment and desire I felt
When I first looked into your eyes.
This rose I give to thee
My dearest Princess for setting me free.

The second rose I give is white,
Please accept it without contrite.
This the rose to show my joy.
The joy I have wanted since I was a boy.
This the rose to show my intent;
My purest loving intent to you my dear.

The third Rose I bestow upon thee
Is a fire red rose, so free.
This rose the most potent of them all.
This the rose I give to show my passion
And my undying love to you.
This the rose to show the fire you lit.
A Fire that inspired me again not to quit.
This the rose that is my promise.
My promise most pure.
This the rose to show
I truly love you more
Than I have loved anyone else in this world.

Accept these roses sweet Princess.
For you deserve them above anyone.
These roses are my promise to stay by you,
My dearest Love, Until my days are done.
FLOWER GIRL  Eva Margrit Bachmann  photograph
Here is to you all
All that have struggled
Been beaten and tortured
But still come out victorious
Here is to you all
Whose quiet nature is seen
As an advantage to your abuser
But you spoke loud enough for it to stop
Here is to you all
May nothing ever keep us down
No one shall overcome us
The freedom fighters of ourselves
Those who wish to oppress you
Do not understand your full power
Demonstrate it
Not as they do, but by doing better
There is nothing worse than damaged pride
Let these giants fall reveal
They were only dwarves on stilts
And let them see how high you stand
Here is to us all
Us who proved ourselves
When no who believed
Not even ourselves
Us who asked and tried
That turns to braved and did
When we needed it most
Here is to us all
May we stay ever strong
Ever brave
Ever true
Sara Anderson is a member of the class of 2019 majoring in English and minoring in writing. She won the 2016 Susan B Anthony Writing Award at NU for her paper "Jane Eyre: Feminist of the Victorian Era."

Eva Margrit Bachmann is an international student from Switzerland who plays soccer at NU and is earning a double major in psychology and philosophy. "For me, photography is a way to take a break from sport, school, and all the stress life brings. Mainly, I take pictures on my travels, to capture a memorable moment, a feeling, or something that catches my eye. I took the picture during Spring Break in the artist neighborhood 'Wynwood' in Miami."

Nicole Barr is a graduate student major in TESOL. "I love nature and when I see something remarkable, I try to take a picture of it."

Christine Burke is a double major in English and philosophy with minors in writing and communications studies and is a writing tutor in the Office of Academic Support at NU. "I have been writing seriously for seven years and was previously published in a journal for high school writers."

Madison Cournoyer is currently a junior at NU. "I am a nursing major and I am so happy to be able to show off my more artistic side. The clock photograph was taken at the Musée d'Orsay in Paris, France. The pink flower photograph was taken in my mom's garden in Irondequoit, New York."

Nicole DeLucia is a freshman theater design and production major. Her specialization is in costume design and construction, and she is attending NU to further her knowledge and craftsmanship in both. Her piece "Rising" is part of a personal project she has been working on this spring semester, in which she takes different mythical creatures and designs costumes based off of them. "Rising" was designed off of a Phoenix, a mythical fire-bird that is said to live forever through the process of dying within its own flames and then being born again from the ashes. She has been practicing her craft of costuming and costume design for three years now, and has been doing art since she was a small girl coloring on her bedroom walls.

Kahlil Dukes was born and raised in Hartford, Connecticut and recently transferred to Niagara University from USC (Southern California) in LA. He is a sophomore Communications major and enjoys writing music and poetry.

Nihal Gursoy is an exchange student from Turkey and is a junior majoring in film making and English.
Holly Kaiser is a junior at NU majoring in computer and information sciences with minors in computer crime and communications. "I have been incredibly interested in photography since I got my first camera in high school and have taken several classes since then in an effort to learn new skills. Both of these photos were taken around campus as my favorite thing to do is to pick up my camera and go out for a walk and to photograph anything and everything that I come across."

Miranda Kraft is a junior psychology major with a minor in women's studies. "I was born and raised in Niagara Falls and I always loved this church, despite never stepping foot in it. When I was in my senior year of high school, I took AP Art and decided to make my concentration a series that focused on addiction and recovery. During my research, I found that a lot of people, during their recovery from addiction, will turn to religion. That religion becomes their savior, and a pretty powerful one at that."

Maeve Losito is an English major with a minor in writing studies. "I am considered a rising Senior and will be graduating a semester early. I have been a five year NaNoWriMo participant (National Novel Writing Month); I have 30 days to write 50,000 words or more. I have been writing since 6th grade, but I have not been overly confident about my works. As I went through school, I began to submit more and more works. Now, at NU, I have enough confidence to fully engage and pursue a career in the writing field. Without my family and my parents' support, I don't think I would be as far along as I am now."

James Mackey will graduate this May from NU with majors of Hospitality and English. He will be moving to Maui this June.

Kathleen Malloy is a third year criminal justice major. "I don't have much of a background as a writer, but the poem that was accepted owes its existence to my best friend, my girlfriend."

"My name is Gabrielle McIntyre but everyone knows me as Gabby; which is perfect because I have been told I sometimes talk too much. I am currently a sophomore communications major with a minor in tourism and marketing. I have had a love for photography since my sophomore year of high school when I took a digital media class and learned to take photos and use photoshop. I am constantly taking photos but have only acquired my first DSLR camera this past December. The photo chosen is only one of the first few pictures I have taken with my camera. The weekend after I got it I took it to camp with us located in Boliver, NY. This abandoned cabin is located on our property and once used to be an oil mill. If you peer inside you can find large old gears, machinery, and even old oil cans. 'Sometimes the oldest things are the most beautiful.'"
Cris Pierce is a published poet and writer. She will shortly appear in *The Bridge Literary Arts Journal*. This is her first appearance in *the Aquila*. She is a member of the Writers' Forge, a writers' community that meets at the public library in Oil City, Pennsylvania. Cris resides and works in Venango County. A 1975 graduate of Niagara University, she majored in political science.

Joe Roscetti is an English adolescent education major from Niagara Falls, New York. "This is my first year at Niagara as well as my first submission to *the Aquila*. I am a songwriter as well as a musician in many local bands. My poem "This Burgeoning World" is a five piece poem with the first installment being published in this edition of *the Aquila*.

Christina Scott is a theatre arts performance major and English minor. This is her second year of publishing poems in *the Aquila*.

Jacob Strozyk is a junior English/communications studies major with background experience in sports writing and editing and is the General Manager of WNIA. He has been a creative writer for over 7 years and focuses primarily on the horror/suspense and romance genres in both poetry and storytelling. "The poem in this work, 'Three Roses,' is a romantic ode to my girlfriend Chelsea in honor of the reasons I fell for her in the first place. The poem was accompanied by an actual trio of roses upon being presented to her."

Peter Szilvay is in the MBA program, with a finance concentration, and will graduate this May. "I am a quantitative analyst but I also like design, especially typography. My love for letters started with a few exceptional designs that I saw in Hungary and France. I admire the details of individual letters and I love to zoom in and emphasize their joints and curves. I am impressed by the way type affects people. The piece published here, 'Unreal,' tries to show a little bit of the magic that letters convey. It shows that you don't need standardized forms to get a meaning across. It is an interplay of shapes, contrast and readability."

Moriah Veer is a junior hospitality administration major. "I wrote 'Soulmates Be Damned' as a free write for AP English during my senior year in high school. I was inspired to write the piece while thinking about how we often overlook the best people for us because they don't fit the perfect image we have transposed over them."

Timofey Zamyslov is a freshman from Russia. He is a marketing major with a minor in photography.