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Presented by Rock Valley College Journalism 139 students



Voices is produced each fall and spring semester by students enrolled in Journalism 139 under the direction of Professor David Pink, with the help of Instructor Scott Fustin.

Submissions are accepted from current students, alumni, faculty, and staff. All submissions are assessed anonymously, and current student winners in art, prose, photography, and poetry are awarded prizes. Acceptance, publication, and awards are based on artistic quality as perceived by the student editorial staff.

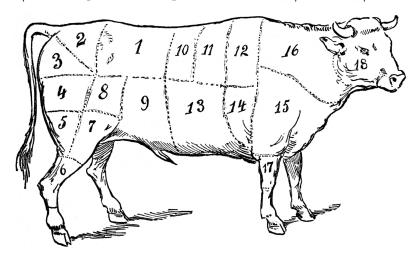
The views or opinions expressed in this magazine are those held by the artists and authors.

Current and past issues of Voices, submission forms, instructions, and deadlines are available at rycyoices.com.



Cover Art and Award Winner - Profanely Butchered by Stephanie Whitlow

TABLE OF CONTENTS



- 4	_
	777
4	
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PHOTOGRAPHY

Reflection on the Ice

	Heavy Bag Brock Pieper5	
	Red Shadow Brock Pieper6	
	Death by Asphyxiation Stephanie Whitlow7	
	By the Ocean Elizabeth Horvath8	
	Old Spoons Elizabeth Horvath9	
	Worried Indian Mother A. Meico Gowan10	
	Los Maestros del Bosque Gabriel HughesII	
	Entomology Judith Goudy12	
	Deluge Collin Harrison13	
POETRY		
	An Ocean's Color Christian Grover15	
JJJ	Falling in Love by the Milligram Jacob Sisouk16	
	Parody to Save Us Diane K. Weber17	

JoAnna Sawallisch19
Junkyard Kylie Scrogin20
Trace #1 Carrie Allen21
Veins Jessica Mazeika22
Through a Child's Eyes Kylie Scrogin23
Into the Fog Sierra Hilbert24
The Forever Tree Sierra Hilbert25
Waiting Sierra Hilbert26
Bird Yawning Atop the Vittorio Emanuele
Thomas Doherty27
Sorrento Tunnel Thomas Doherty28
Make a Wish Morgan Hopp29
The Sun's Return Todd Johnson30

Brokenwing Eleanor Boersma	31
Man with Camera A. Meico Gowan	32
Come Back to Life A. Meico Gowan	33
Faceless A. Meico Gowan	34
Lyndsay Marie Alma Holm A. Meico Gowan	35
Fly Away A. Meico Gowan	36
The Descent Craig Schlawin	37
Staff	38

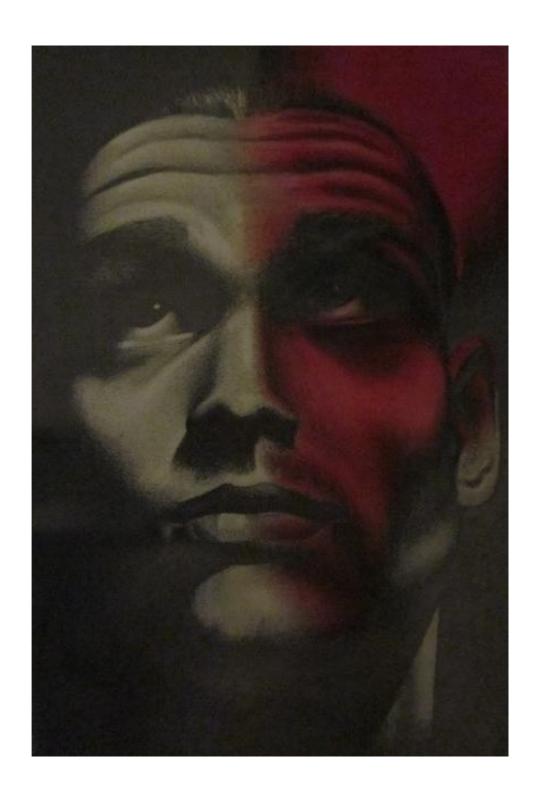


Heavy Bag Brock Pieper





Red ShadowBrock Pieper





Death by AsphyxiationStephanie Whitlow



By the Ocean Elizabeth Horvath



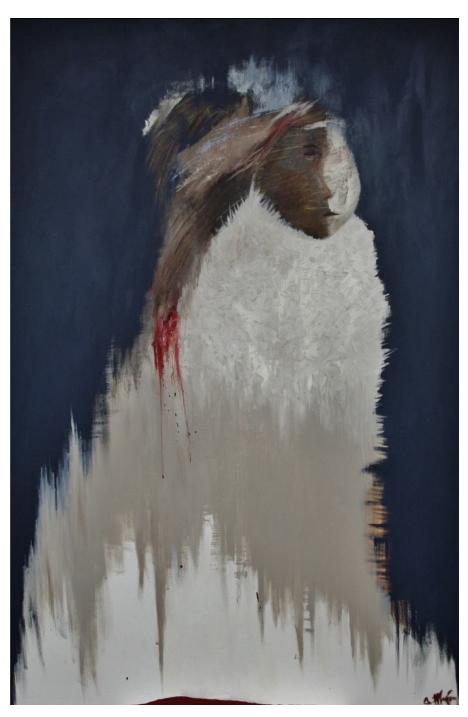
*Old Spoons*Elizabeth Horvath





Worried Indian Mother

A. Meico Gowan



Los Maestros del Bosque

Gabriel Hughes







EntomologyJudith Goudy





Deluge Collin Harrison







An Ocean's Color

Christian Grover

I have found a magnificent sea monster in the Ocean of my mind He is tall, red, blue and gold, beautiful to free searching eyes With scales that flash from pattern to random distortion His once tall sharp teeth have been dulled and broken From gnawing on my heart

Below the surface he is dark and murky
With indefinite size and no describable shape
I give him a name, that is always different, but to everyone the same

He has swallowed up the rotting, black bannered ships
Bitter things that foul in his gut
Things that cause him fester from the inside
And dilate to mountainous proportions
It is this terrible Poseidon that I fear
He calls out- "Oh, my swollen, aching belly. What are these now but tears?"
Who knew that such a beast could cry
Even more so, cry in such cognate rhythm with me

And so I begin my chase, I figure something so majestic can be both at once liberated and on display I follow him close behind through gale tempest waves Oh how we both loath the days that I lose the wind He, too, loves to play this game

Ho! He has led me to the edge of the infinite blue
The border of my mind
He leaps over, issuing a jubilant wail
That resonates within the falling water
He crashes hard on paper
Dying and bleeding he twists and writhes in panic
He tears through the pages
Ripping holes, he leaves behind a carnage of red confetti
At the bottom of the page, his eyes close as he lies in final signature

Upon a rock on the edge, enthralled, I watch the monster's theater Water gushing past me, waves spraying me with rapture Then I cry out, "My friend, why did I drive you this far? You were one of the great beauties of my Ocean. It has lost its vibrancy, its life For you were in and of each other, composed as one"

As I breathe and find satisfaction, I steer my ship to where I began Gazing over the liquid crystal dunes
Hoping for an equal fluorescent color to match
So I notice an egg of familiar color, ready to breach
Floating along the waves of my Ocean



Falling in Love by the Milligram

Jacob Šisouk

The truth is repetitive,
Said the vein,
To the sedative.
As your veins turn to highways,
By way of your vices.
So you turn to your spices,
And make your life more,
Than just one more night,
With your head on the floor.

A Parody To Save Us

Diane K. Weber

Save us from poets, those egotistical writers all around us, intent on forcing their life interpretations, from the flowery verbose odes of English bards, spewing immortal verse, from new-age thinkers, their blank verse non-metrical, and irksome like rash on the skin of analysis, from singer-song writers, from poetry slammers and all self-published poets, banish them all to private journaling. save us from them, from those lessons in text books meant for intellectual dissection, from critics, digressing from the truth, when does it really matter what they say, and volumes of musty books, that juxtapose in solitude, in musty reflection with no readers. Save us from creative work, its mind freeze, its second guessing prattle, from fatigue from staying up late, trying to capture thoughts that quickly fade, from nuances and inquiry, from snippets of thought that diverge, from deciphering meaning in words, from scattered notes in scribbled hand, from a fragmented mind trying to hurry, Save us from making sense of verse, save us from verse, from making sense of anything, from the aural, allusive written

wonder of words,

from another descriptive day, save us.







Reflection on the Ice

JoAnna Sawallisch

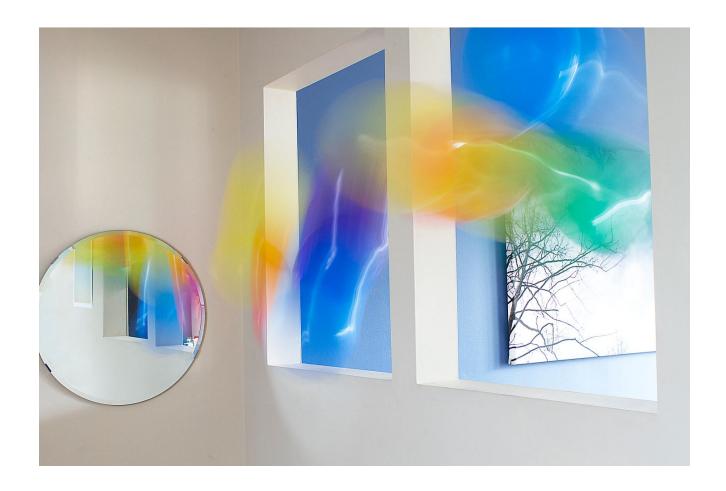


Junkyard Kylie Scrogin



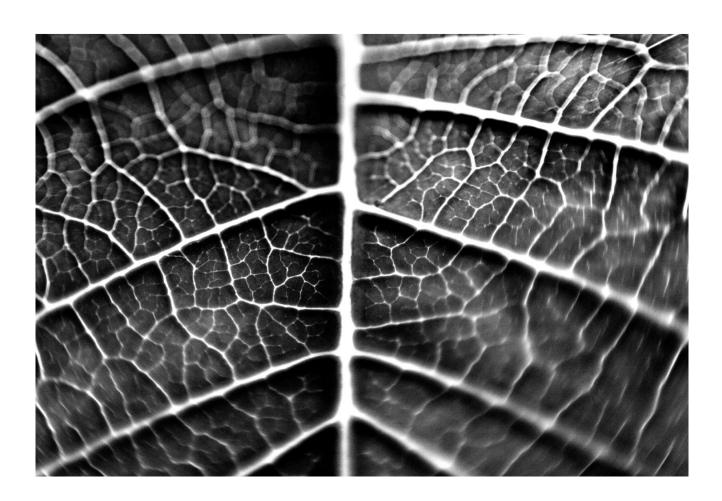


*Trace #1*Carrie Allen





Veins Jessica Mazeika





*Through a Child's Eyes*Kylie Scrogin



*Into the Fog*Sierra Hilbert





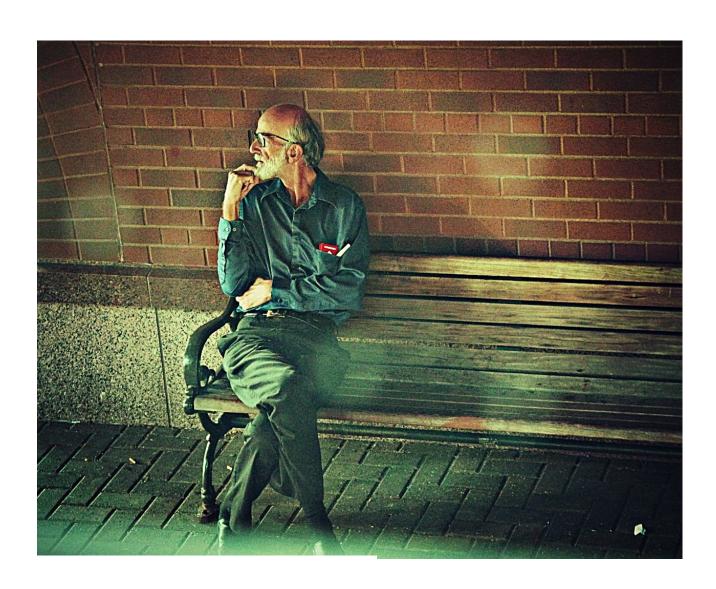
The Forever Tree

Sierra Hilbert









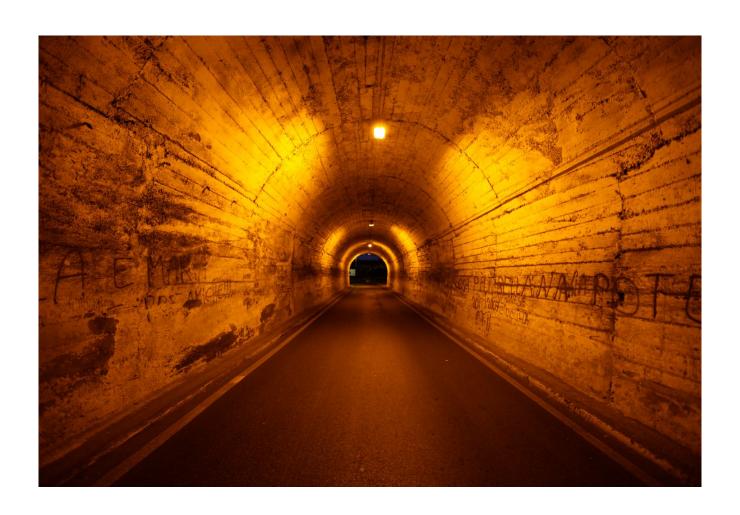


Bird Yawning Atop the Vittorio Emanuele Thomas Doherty



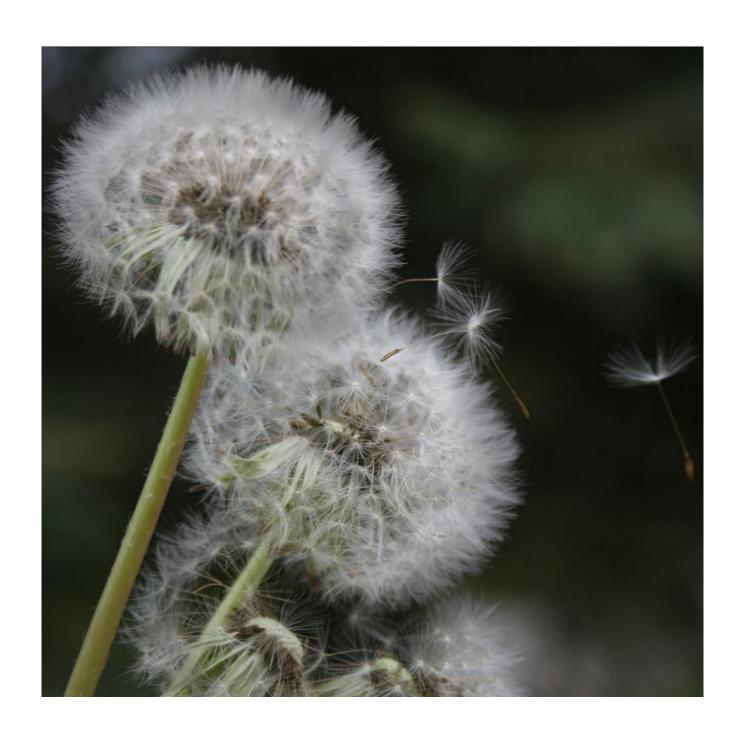


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The Sun's Return

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Brokenwing Eleanor Boersma





Man with Camera

A. Meico Gowan



Come Back to Life

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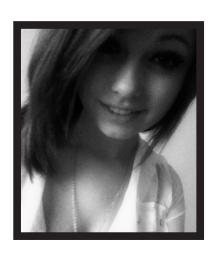
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