

the [aviary]

| SPRING 2019

POETRY
NONFICTION
SHORT STORIES
2D & 3D ART
PHOTOGRAPHY



MUSE

POETRY

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Evan Mayo

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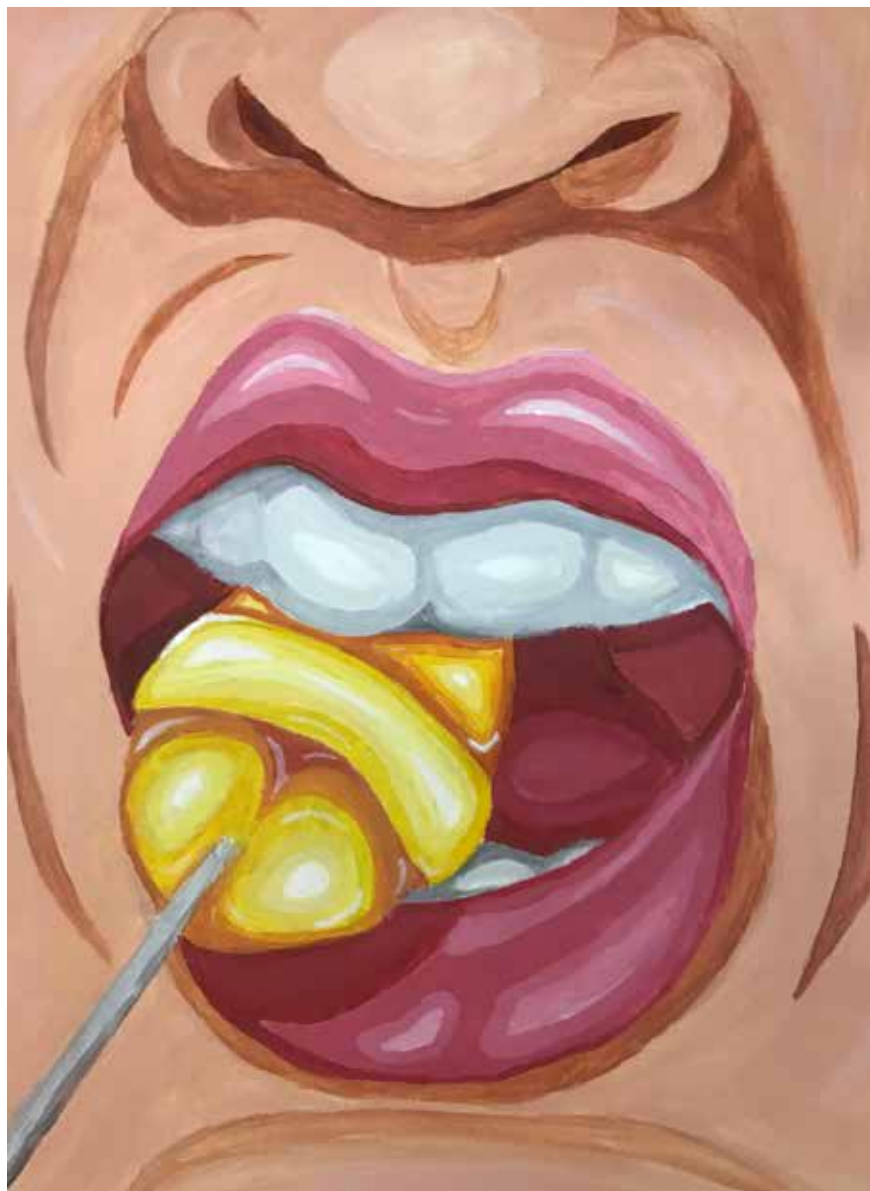
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muse

/myooz/

noun

- a source of inspiration that comes in any form



Artwork by Vic Kepner

MELLOW LETTERS

Colin Frier

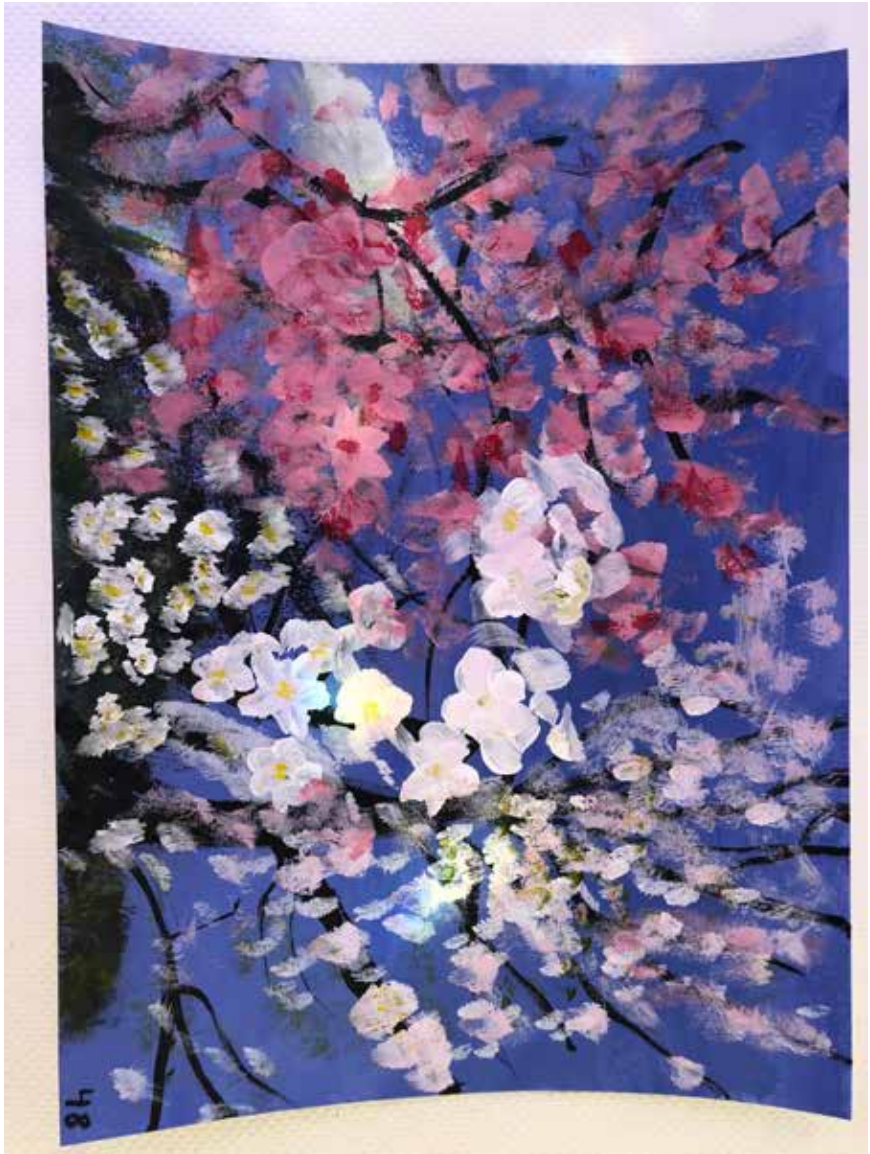
Artwork by Evan Mayo

Heart of gold, mind of steel
End is growing near
Left for thoughts of dread
Pulling for the rights of the dead

Mellow the mind becomes
Earth will obliterate its mighty drums

Porous shadows of our lives
Luxury for which they strive
Ebullience all drained away
Amber surroundings turn gray
Streaks of light one has missed
Emotional turns the nihilist





FAREWELL

Sriya Sontineni

わたしのうちはさくら です

Castor Shrum

I just want you to say the right things.

I don't know what they are

but I want you to say them.

I just want to say the right things.

I don't know what they are

but I want to say them.

Written poems

Spoken word

Iambic pentameter

Horatian ode

Say it to me.

I want to hear it.

If you want,

I can say it

So you know how

to mouth the words.

I say it forwards

Now you say it back.

Train tracks

Fishbowl

Running cat

Crickets

Songbirds

Falling flat.

Cherry blossoms are pretty cool

I want to go home

“My muse changes all the time because I think every designer is a bit of a muse for themselves in a way - they just don’t want to say it.”

Donatello Versace



Artwork by Isabel Lopez



THE FOLLOWING TWO PIECES HAVE BEEN INSPIRED BY THE ART ABOVE

THE GIRL AND THE ASTERIOD

Logan Squires
Artwork by Vic Kepner

I didn't see it until it got closer. It was getting faster and faster. It was beautiful. It was covered in fire. Its flames were as bright as the sun. Everytime it got closer I felt like I could die. But I didn't care. I was happy. My eyes were focused on a magnificent view. A view of an asteroid coming down at our planet. I could hear something. It wasn't the asteroid. It was the screams of the people. They sounded terrified. They sounded like there was nothing that they could do. But there was something they could have done. They could sit and watch as an asteroid was getting closer. But they didn't seem to care how it looked. They were to worried about what would happen when it got closer and closer to them. I didn't want to focus on what would happen if the asteroid hit. I just want to watch as it got faster and faster. I wanted to see it coming down at us. Coming down to the planet. I just sat there and watched. It was the best thing to watch at the moment. Maybe the only thing to watch. It didn't matter how close or how fast it was getting. The only thing that matters is the way it looks as it's getting closer. It's flames kept getting bigger. I knew I wouldn't survive. But I didn't want to think about that. Not right now. It was beautiful, until it froze. The asteroid had frozen in place. I felt my heart shatter. I felt like I had lost something close. Something that I care too much about. But why? Why did it freeze? I looked around me. The asteroid wasn't the only thing that froze. Everyone had froze as well. Everything stood in place. Why? Why is everything frozen? I'm not frozen. Why me? Why must I be here untouched by the force that keeps me away from the asteroid? Why must I stay here and worry that I might never see the asteroid again? Why must I be punished? Why must I be taken from the rock hurtling

towards our planet? I was angry. But then it hit me. I was going to die. If the asteroid hit us then I would die. I would no longer be alive to see the asteroid. I must find a way to live. I must find a way to survive the asteroids dangerous intentions. I quickly ran. I ran as fast as I could. But it didn't matter. The asteroid was still frozen. Everyone was still frozen. Was this the end? Was this it for everyone? But all of a sudden everyone was beginning to move. What had happened? Had I gone crazy? No. I can't be crazy. I saw everyone and the asteroid freeze. The asteroid. I forgot about the asteroid. It was still getting closer. I knew there was no hope. I knew there was nothing to do. Well there was something that I could do. I could watch as the asteroid comes towards the planet. I knew that I couldn't do anything. I knew there was nothing to do. But it didn't matter anyway. The asteroid had gotten even closer. This is it. This is where I die. Or is it? As the asteroid got closer it changed. It turned into millions of stars. The stars had been even brighter than the asteroid and sun. They were beautiful. But why had this happened? How? How is this possible? What is becoming of this? But I knew that it didn't matter. Everyone had stopped rushing. There was no cars running. There was no screaming. There was no noise. Everyone stopped what they were doing and just looked at the sky. They looked at the stars dancing in the night. This was more beautiful than the asteroid. It was incredible.

BEWARE THE BLACK RAIN

Peter Martin
Artwork by Vic Kepner

A large clattering of something metal startled Kira awake. Said clattering was followed by several strongly worded sentences about kettles. Kira rolled her eyes, threw off her blanket, and swung down from her hammock. She landed nimbly on the sandstone floor and slipped her feet into her sandals before hopping down the stairs. She was more than miffed to have been so rudely interrupted from her sleep, as she had been dreaming. It had been a good dream, too, with Kira as a brave warrior who had vanquished the black rain monster and brought peace to everyone. Ah, well.

“Is everything alright down here?” Kira asked, and her lungs suddenly filled with smoke. She spluttered and wiped her stinging eyes. Kira swept to a window and threw it open. The grayish clouds filtered lazily out of the opening, allowing Kira to see more clearly the disaster that was erupting from the kitchen. Her grandmother was leaning out the kitchen’s own window while several pots on the stove were pouring forth torrents of smoke. Kira rushed over and turned several silicone-tipped levers to stop the flow of gas to the stove. The pots on the stove’s grill began to quiet down and eventually fell silent, but smoke still lingered around Kira’s home.

On any usual day, her home was the height of Bel Dais society. Their villa was the usual sandstone that their neighbors had with two floors. There were plenty of places to sit in the living room and dining room. They had even had a wooden table - yes, actual wood, can you believe it? - that fit each one of Kira’s family with room to spare. This was due to her father being a very successful merchant. He sold jewelry that Kira’s grandmother and three sisters made from shells or glass. The glass was made out of the very sand everyone walked on, so in a way, Kira’s father had made a business of selling things readily available to anyone. A very appreciated addition was the metal piping that brought gas to their stove and water heater - the very addition that her grandmother somehow still manages to catch on fire.

“Kira! Those blasted pipes caught fire again!” Her grandmother called from the window.

“I’ve already fixed it, gran.”

She carefully pulled the old woman back inside.

“You do know you’re supposed to light the one pipe, right?” Kira teased. “Not all of them at once.”

The Kuro family had a gas-fueled stove with six pipes beneath an iron

grate. You were supposed to only light one at a time.

The staunch stench of the smoke was quickly replaced by the tang of methane.

“Granny set the kitchen on fire! Granny caught the kitchen on fire!”

The chant was from one of Kira’s many sisters, who were seated around the wooden dining table, awaiting a breakfast that was to be postponed. The cumulation of commotion beckoned Kira’s father down from his room. Manus Kuro, the trinket merchant, appeared through the haze of smoke that had drifted towards the window next to the stairs that Kira had opened on her way down.

“Mom, did you light the stove on fire again?”

“Granny set the kitchen on fire!” confirmed Kira’s sister dawn. Their father grimaced.

“I’ll take over from here. Kira, could you help your grandma to her chair?”

Grandma’s chair was a special one imported from the mainland. It was made out of a material called wicker, a strange type of wood Kira couldn’t quite understand. Trees must grow in extremely differing sizes in Yudrosil to supply enough wood for their table and then be so tiny to be bent into the shape of the chair.

“Oh, thank you, Kira,” her grandmother cooed as Kira lead her to the chair, “I just can’t for the life of me work that thing. I remember when we only had good, plain fire to cook our food.”

“Yes, Grandma.”

Kira placed a woven hat atop her short flaxen hair and pulled a pair of faded yellow overalls on to cover herself.

“I’m off to Master Cid’s shop!” She called as she rushed for the door.

“Work hard!” her father called from the kitchen.

“Clear skies, kiddo,” her grandmother said before the door swung closed behind Kira.

The Kuro house was at the end of Market Street, right next to their own shop. But that didn’t interest her. Kira was headed down the dusty street to a small shop with a sign out front that read simply:

Apothecary. No Tricks or Miracles.

This was the shop of Kira’s mentor, Master Cid. He had come from Gulf City to Bikanel Island many years ago, and Kira had taken to him immediately. His bright blue robes and distinct different-ness were a lighthouse on Bikanel where everyone was related to one another in some way unless you were a visitor like the Ronsos or the Guado elves. Kira went through the metal-hinged door of the apothecary and pulled off her hat. The bright sun was miraculously gone in Master Cid’s shop so that the delicate herbs he used weren’t scorched.

“Ah, Kira, is that you?” called a voice from behind a back door.

“Yes, Master Cid,” Kira called back. She kicked her sandals off and pushed them next to the wall. The shop was strangely shaped, with it thickening

as it moved away from the door. Dried herbs hung from the ceiling next to nets full of yellow crystals that provided light for the shop. Some of the plants hung low enough that Kira had to duck slightly. A weathered old man in shabby blue robes stepped through the door behind a stone counter. His already wrinkled face wrinkled more as he peered at the girl over his glasses.

“Ah, clear skies, Kira. You’re early.”

“Clear skies, Master,” she replied, “It’s almost mid-sun, by the way.”

“Is it?” Cid said with slight surprise. “I suppose working in a shop with no windows does make it hard to judge time.”

Kira didn’t hesitate with heading behind the counter to the back of the shop. She began her normal duties of sorting different plants and herbs into their respective baskets, taking extreme care to wear gloves with several. Whenever a customer came in, Kira would use a gap between the stones of the wall to see who had come. A pair of Guado elves were first. Gillie and Gimble Guado. They bought their usual hair-care products and sunburn salve and left. The next customer was a Ronso. Kira drank in the strange being. He was an ape Ronso, with short, orange hair all over his body and a long tail that poked through a hole in his trousers. The Ronsos were all different from each other, but even more so from humans. In fact, they probably only clothes for our sake. This Ronso only wore the pants, however. Probably due to the heat.

“Kira, come here for a moment.”

Master Cid wanted Kira to head into the market to buy something for both of them to eat for lunch and handed her several copper pieces in a small pouch.

During mid-sun and after, Market Street was the busiest place in town. Being next to the sea provided large amounts of commerce and, subsequently, more visitors. Kira wove through crowds of fellow Bel Dais she recognized as well as Ronso and Mainlanders. A pantherine Ronso in a tunic was bartering heatedly at an erected stall of fruits from the mountains. Kira’s cousin Yen was selling electronic wares next to that. But the stall Kira wanted was the one marked ‘O’aka XXII, Merchant extraordinaire.’

“Hey, there girlie!” O’aka called to her, “what do you and the old man want today?”

O’aka and Master Cid were well-acquainted, and he was the only vendor that Cid ever bought from.

“Something sweet,” Kira said as she retrieved two burlap sacks she knew were filled with fresh herbs from Yudrosil.

“I have just the thing.”

O’aka rifled through a bag behind his counter to pull out two large pastries.

“Got these from Rica Island, I did. Cost me a pretty penny, too, but for you? Ten gil each.”

Kiru began counting out 40 gil.

“What are they filled with?”

“They have little bits of Muja fruit in them, and have a cherry preserve

in the middle to balance the flavor. Here, I'll wrap them up for ya.”

Kira swapped the small copper pieces for the pastries, thanked O'aka and hurried back to the apothecary. A large ship with brilliant blue sails was pulling into port. The massive ship's hull was made of dark, heavily polished wood. Several guado elves in what they considered wroking attire jumped from the ship to land nimbly on the dock. Their working clothes were all fine silks and embroidery, with the only leather being what was under the layers of boot polish they wore. Accompanying the Guado here and there were Ronso hired-hands. They carried out their work unloading the heavier crates full of ore from the Guadosonora mines quietly and efficiently. Kira found it quite strange how the Ronso's very simple clothing and mannerisms contrasted the Guado. She didn't quite understand how two races so different from each other could stand to be around each other.

A loud, piercing siren cut the air. The whole of Market Street froze. The same line of thought ran through everyone's head for a single moment.

The Black Rain.

The once cheerful chatter of the market was overtaken by an uproar of terrified voices as the siren's single long note cut through. Stalls that were crowded were suddenly empty, carts and parcels were abandoned as the people began to rush northward.

Kira rushed opposite the crowd, down market street, and towards her home as a chill wind began to kick up. She knew the drill, everyone knew. She should be running with the others towards the bunker, to safety, but she knew her grandmother needed help. Her father would be too busy with her sisters to help gran. Clouds swirled high above as a blackened harbinger. The sun was quickly and utterly shrouded.

Kira was almost to her home when she looked towards the horizon and stopped. There, growing steadily larger as it neared. It was already here. How could it be here, so close?

The rain was already upon the outskirts of the city, breaking down everything in its path. Kira couldn't help but stare as they fell and lodged themselves in the ground. The tear-shaped objects. The clouds came over where Kira stood, and she noticed how the tears seemed so small at first, so harmless.

What was she doing? She should be running! Run!

Kira broke through her trance and took off towards her house, abandoning her pastries and kicking up sand as she went. Tears fell and lodged themselves into the sandstone street behind Kira. Something grabbed Kira by the waist and pulled her sideways, away from a tear that had embedded itself right where she had been.

“Are you crazy, Kira? Get to the shelter!”

It was Cid. He pulled Kira by the arm, away from her house and towards the northern bunker. Another tear rocketed towards the pair, and Cid raised a hand with his finger bent oddly. The tear stopped as if it hit an invisible wall. Cid groaned, but pushed Kira forward. They had to reach the bunker

before-

A low, loud rumble joined the siren. The creature was here. Triggered by the being's call, its tears began to open up. The insect-like creatures emerged from their shells.

"Kira! Run! I'll hold them, you run!"

But they were already surrounded. It was already too late. Master Cid realized this and held Kira tight as the creatures approached. She had seen drawn pictures of them in storybooks. Cold, dead eyes. Six long legs all covered with razor-sharp spines that swept up and lined their wings. Large mandibles clicked together in anticipation as they encircled the pair.

"Kira, close your eyes. Everything will be okay, child, just close your eyes."

The creatures flung themselves forward, legs splayed.

"Just don't open your eyes."



Artwork by Isabel Lopez

“How can my muse want
subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that
pour’st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument,
too excellent
For every vulgar paper to
rehearse?”

Sonnet XXXVIII by William Shakespeare

REACH

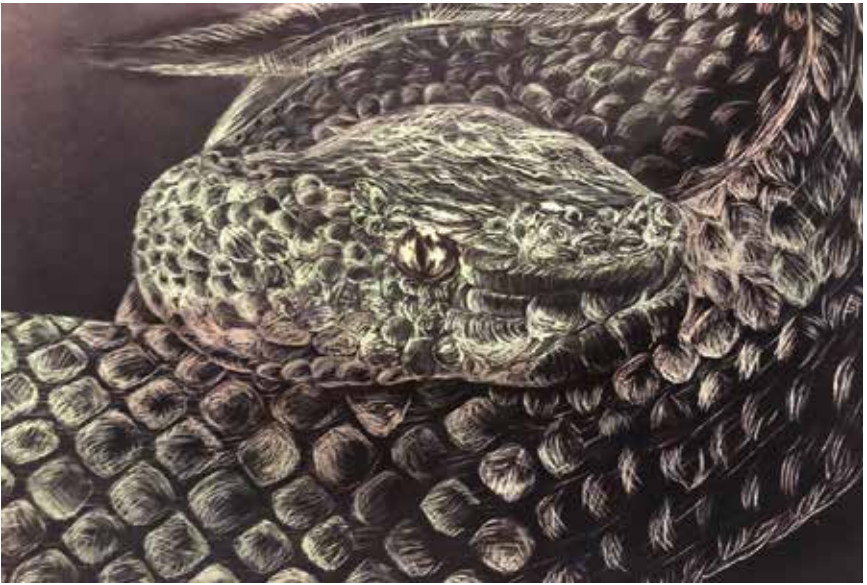
Rosie Boswell

Artwork by Isabel Lopez

ten years ago, i was not who i am now
not even close
i was introverted, quiet and shy
what sparked my change?
i needed to find a way to survive
the halls of school were terrifying as i went through them alone
life was terrifying, as i went through it alone
every friend i ever had left me after a year up until sophomore year
i needed to find a way to survive in these haunted halls
i needed to escape from the box i had trapped myself in
so i reached out
i reached for the sun
i reached for the stars and the moon
i reached with a wish to go as far from where i was standing
i wanted to be surrounded by stars to help me along my journey
to soar through the sky with a flock of birds
but here i stand
in the very halls i started in
i continue to reach, and feel that security is just beyond the tips of
my fingers
i can almost feel it
in a year and a month i will leave these horrid halls
in a year and a month, i will be free
it wasn't until this year that i realized what i was reaching for
i was wishing to fly with the flock of birds and soar through the sky
but not the birds i saw everyday
i wanted to fly with the birds i had never seen before
i wanted something new
in a year and a month i will be gone
i will be somewhere new
i hope to never see the common bird again

i hope to feel secure alongside new birds i have yet to find
i will continue to reach for the sky
to reach for the sun
for the stars
until i can feel myself among them
until i know i am where i belong
when i find that place and feel peace, i will know
and until then, i will continue to reach





DECEPTION

Sarah Bechtel

CONFLICTION IN MY HISTORY

Cecilia Davila

My bloodline has history muddled with violence
This history has its cousins in all parts of America
I am a child of those who came and stained their hands
I am a child of those whose peace was cut short
A byproduct of history, a remnant of the pain suffered
I am both and I am neither

Should I bother to think of this history?
Of this foundation from which I have sprung
Of those who conquered or where conquered
My existence is one of confliction
And my family tree only goes back so far

Can I even have faith?
When somewhere in my history, it was ripped away
When my religion swims in murky waters
It's flesh marked with the injustices its wrought
This knowledge weighs me down, everytime I look at the altar

**“I’m not in control of my muse.
My muse does all the work.”**

Ray Bradbury



Artwork by Vic Kepner



ELIXIR

Yabsira Tamirat
Artwork by Evan Mayo

Sweet as ambrosia,
the most powerful remedy
for a battered soul
a damaged aura
and a tainted psyche
is knowing that you are
your own venom

YE ANTIQUATED BYWAY

Tobias Roberts

Aye, antiquated road lie before me, to where my equestrian love will go
and my heart calls for the wind in my hair, moving until I must rest
Poseidon's loves remain in the rear of mine, O
Lord, I cry the tack is ready without heart stress'd
The cap upon mine head is like the Night,
and Night rests upon these tall shoes of mine,
and the equestrian friend doest carry my might
thou may strike thine carriage fine
For I had resided in the valley low
and thou hadst not arisen from the wood
no man may tell me so
and thou may not speak as thee would.
For my stallion of speedy soul,
I will travel upon this village road.



FLAVORTOWN GOTHIC

Kaeyln Wellman



Artwork by Evan Mayo

“We move forward when we recognize how resilient and striking the women around us are.”

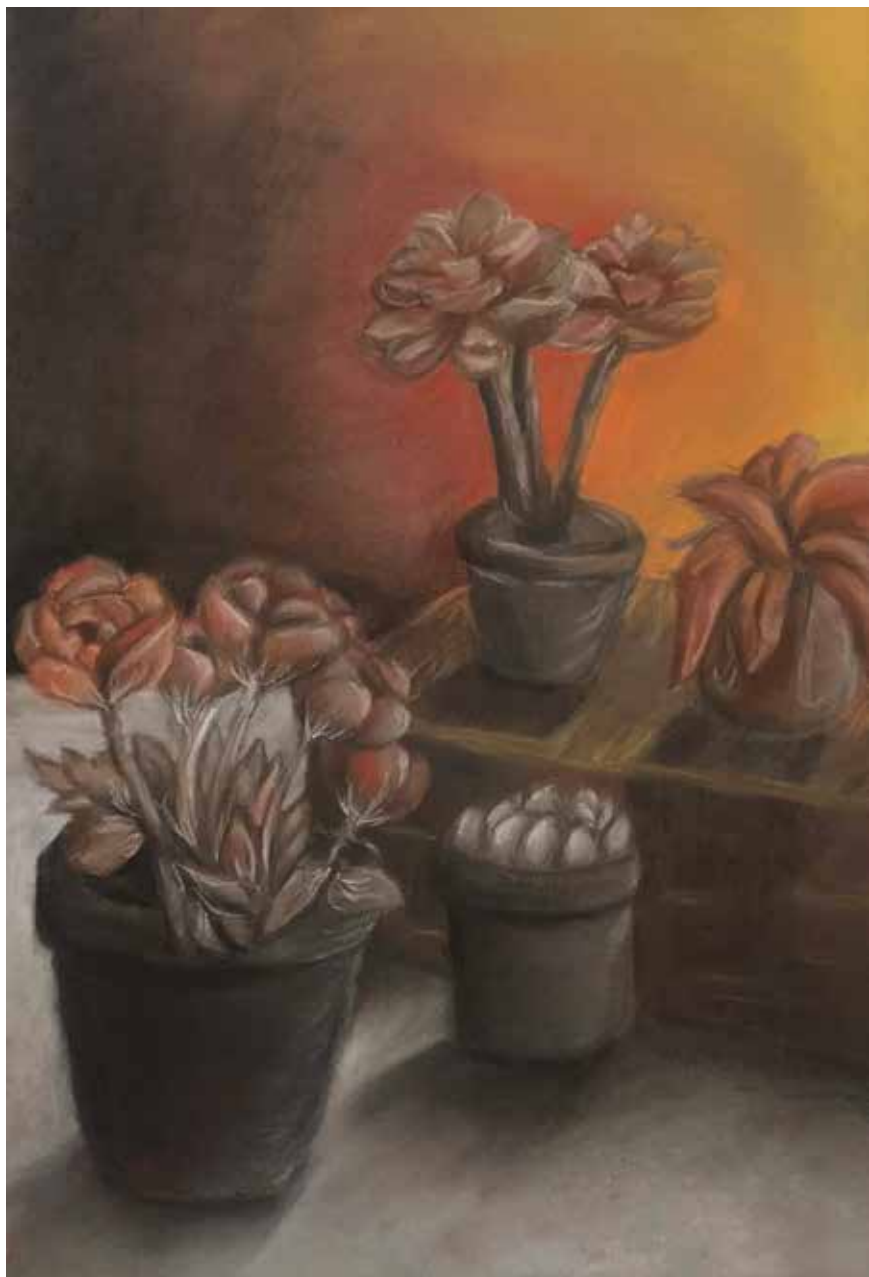
Rupi Kaur

FOR A FALLEN FRIEND

Rosie Boswell

“live life to the fullest” they tell us
but how full can 17 years be?
that’s 20% of the life expectancy in the united states
80% of a life cut short
62 years cut short
62 years never experienced
what would’ve happened in those 62 years?
what could have happened in those 62 years?
and why does it even matter?
we can’t go back
time travel is impossible
he will never come back
he will never join us ever again
he will never get those 62 years
his life ended at 17
a perfect score on the act, a brilliant mind
always bringing a smile to your face
bringing you out of the shadows
bringing you into the light
little did you know he was fighting demons
he was fighting battles behind closed doors
and he didn’t win
he fought for those 62 years
and he didn’t get them
i like to believe he lived those 17 to the fullest
i like to believe that they were jam packed with excitement
but how would i know?
if i didn’t know about his battles and his demons, did i know
anything at all?

despite what we wish, our fears define us
without fear, we would feel we are invincible
and we all know how that would go
our fears limit us
if we don't know ones limits, how can we know how much far they
went out of their comfort zone?
how can we know what they value?
all questions that are too late
17 years and two months
questions over a year too late
we never know when our life will be taken from us
how many years we will lose
so "live life to the fullest"
whatever the hell that means



HOUSE GARDEN

Sarah Bechtel

“Nature is so powerful, so strong. Capturing its essence is not easy - your work becomes a dance with light and the weather. It takes you to a place within yourself.”

Annie Leibovitz

“A muse moves you, it empowers you to create a piece of history in your own way. A muse is beautiful, powerful and extraordinary.”

Bri Smith



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Bri Smith

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