



# ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE

**MEET THE NEW  
AMBASSADOR**

**SPRING 2024:  
DUALITY  
EDITION  
VOL:3**

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# INTRODUCTION

This semester was a time of change for ALM in a variety of ways. With all four members of the executive board graduating and even our ambassador Winston taking his leave, it's no wonder that themes of conflicting feelings and metamorphosis popped up again and again in our group's writing. Duality ended up the top choice for this magazine's theme, symbolizing the night-and-day differences between what appears to be and what is real, what we think and how we act, what is good and what is evil. Exploring these contrasts through prose, poetry, paint, pencil, and photography has been a fun challenge for us all, and each piece in this issue has its own unique spin on the theme. We hope you enjoy the journey with our writers and artists as we explore a complicated world, one that can be difficult to live in at times, but ultimately one that is worth the effort to improve.



REACHING  
BY SARAH HOKE

# FORWARD SLASH

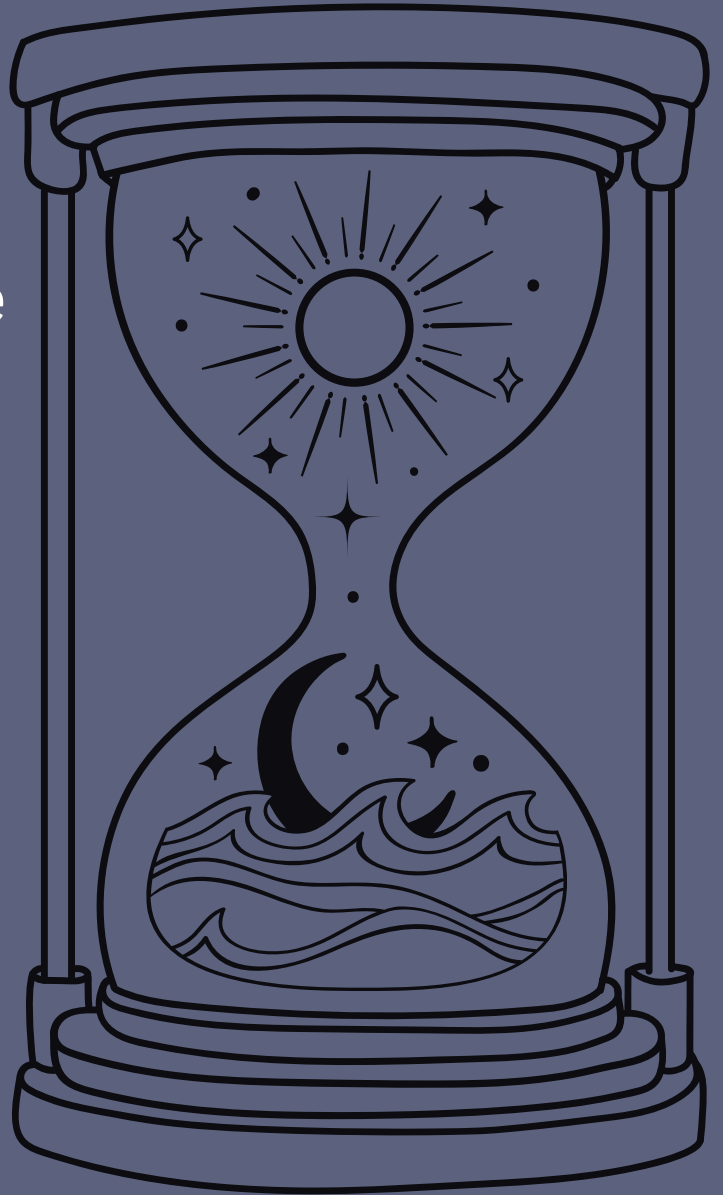
## BY SARAH HOKE

I'm spinning out,  
I think I maybe  
may be putting too  
much  
into too little,  
though I'd little  
know  
the difference  
when everything is  
differing from true  
paths,  
the course  
diverting,  
entertaining,  
shortly thrilling,  
lengthy story  
staying longer

stretching out  
into the milky pale  
of slippery dark of  
nowhere in  
between because  
of course  
I can embody both  
extremes at once  
the place where  
dark and light  
collide  
the good the bad  
the difficult to  
describe  
the song that made  
you cry,

# FOWARD SLASH CONTINUED

the one who sang it  
by your side that  
time behind  
the soccer game we  
watched despite the  
mist,  
the drizzle dribbling  
down in handfuls  
like a hundred  
years,  
slow inexorable  
wrinkling and  
winking as  
the sun is ever ever  
lost to us  
still there and  
refusing to blink





**SPIRITLANDS**  
**BY JOSEPH SPECTOR**



# DREAMS AND REALITY

## BY KATARINA WITHAM

I never thought my dreams would take over my reality till I couldn't wake up from them. Have you ever wished that you could live in the world of your dreams? I do. I can do whatever I want in my dreams, fly, or live a fairy tale love story. Nothing could be better or so I thought. I have always lived with my ears ringing and my sight blurred, I feel so helpless and empty. I walked through the waking world blind and deaf. Until I found a way to live in my dreams.



# DREAMS AND REALITY

## CONTINUED

Every starry night when the breeze would brush against my windows, and you could hear the wolves howl. I was able to slip into my dreams. The dark, quiet world I lived in was no longer. It was pitch black like a black hole I could never get out of. Instead color shimmered and songs played, my soul felt at peace. Everything was alive now. I wasn't alone anymore. A waterfall of tears came flowing from my eyes. I was finally able to live the life I wanted, being able to see and hear everything in my dreams rather than when I was awake. Every nighttime would fly by, and I would wake up and wish I could return to the world I had longed for.

# DREAMS AND REALITY

## CONTINUED

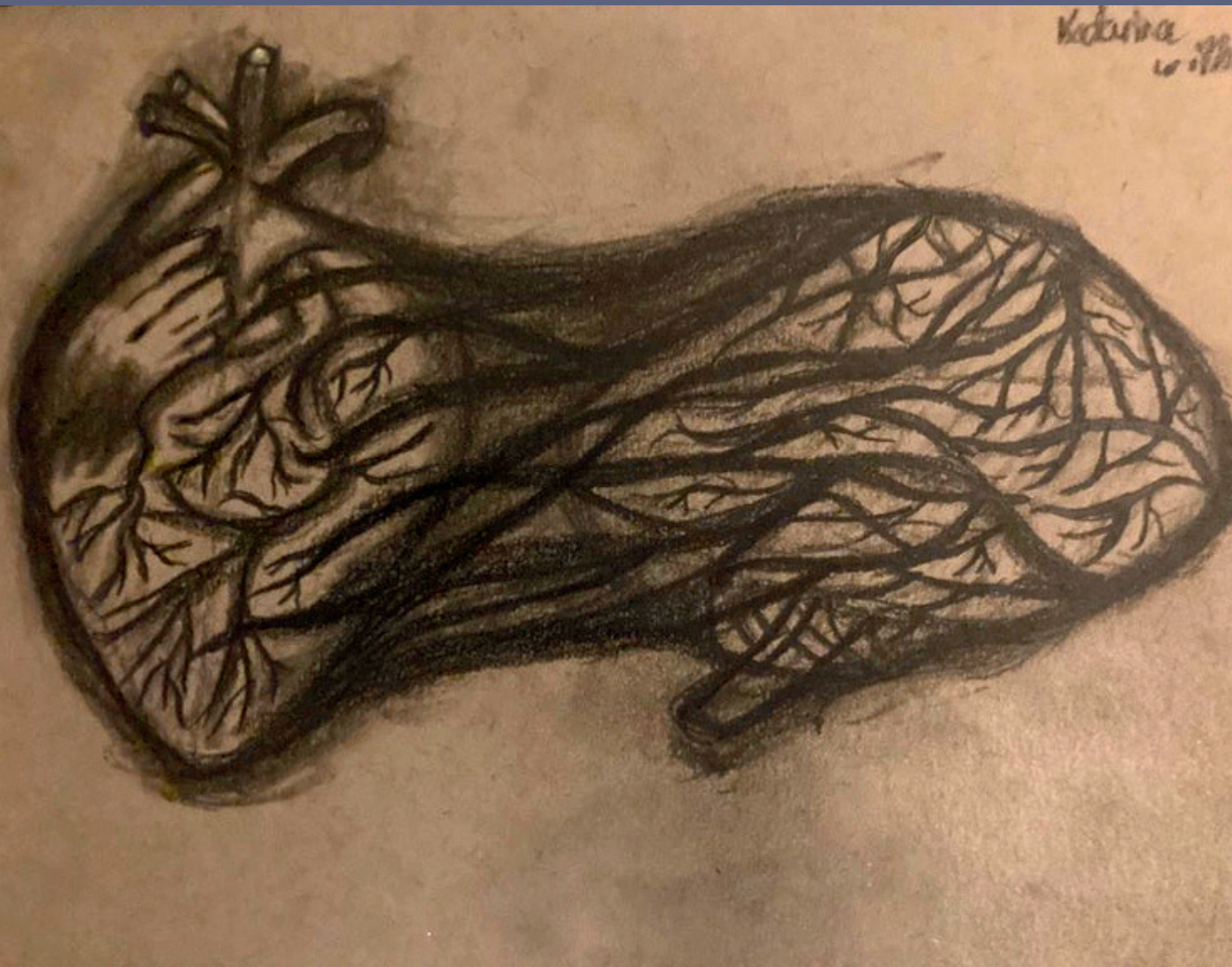
I was finally free, I could listen to the music people my age were listening to, and I could picture art that I wasn't able to see. I was free and home, that was until I realized later that each night, I would linger in my dreams more and more till one day I couldn't wake up. I wanted to live in this world being able to see and hear. That was what I wanted. But the people I knew, my friends, and my family were slowly slipping away. I thought if I just never slept again, I could stay with the people who cared for me, but people need sleep.

# DREAMS AND REALITY

## CONTINUED

With every night I fell deeper and deeper, slowly drifting into the ocean of my dreams. I was drowning in the world I created to escape. Now I'm forever stuck in my dreams, wishing I could go back to where I belonged, but now I will forever sleep in night and day.

*With every night I fell deeper and deeper, slowly drifting into the ocean of my dreams. I was drowning in the world I created to escape.*



**SEPARATION**  
**BY KATARINA WITHAM**

# WAITING FOR THE MOM

BY HUNTER SCHMALE

10:39 AM. Sunday. The Dutch Corner. For twenty-nine minutes, Cynthia and I have been sitting across from each other in a booth against a heavily ornamented wall. The theme of the wall is vintage country. I'm becoming well-acquainted with a certain gingham plate propped on a floating shelf less than a foot from my right eye which displays an interesting, possibly morbid image of a little red chick timidly examining a little red egg. Fading away in the background, watching the chick from behind a yellowly rendered picket fence, looms a pink chicken, bloated and motherly.

# WAITING FOR THE MOM CONTINUED

Even further in the background, almost transparent, like the wobbling hull of a ship that's just fallen over the horizon into view, the purple outline of a farmer materializes as if from the air, with a ghostly purple pitchfork hoisted into the sky.

Our server comes back around. "Still waitin'?" she asks.

We nod. Cynthia's mother was supposed to arrive at 10:30.



# WAITING FOR THE MOM

## CONTIUNED

It's just become 10:40, and Cynthia, who in restaurants typically sits with her elbows on the table and hands clasped under her chin in the manner of a warrior-king or travelling mystic, is currently fiddling with the wrapper of her straw and swaying a bit from side to side, as if she's a little top-heavy and standing on an edge. She's also been muttering silent things to herself, but suddenly, she says:

“When she gets here, we'll switch spots.”

“Okay,” I say.

“She'll want to sit next to me but I'm not going to.”

“Okay,” I say.

“I'm going to be able to see her face.

That's all. I'm not going to turn my head all the time.”



# WAITING FOR THE MOM

## CONTINUED

“Okay,” I say.

“And... she may try to touch my hand, or something.”

“Ah.”

Once, and just once, many months before now, with a timid and chick-like motion, Cynthia kissed her hand and took mine by the wrist and put the kiss into my hand.

“We’ll switch,” she says. “You sit where I’m sitting now, and I’ll sit where you’re sitting, and she’ll sit next to you. She’ll try to sit next to me but I’m not going to.”

Once, and just once, many months before now, with a timid and chick-like motion, Cynthia kissed her hand and took mine by the wrist and put the kiss into my hand.

# WAITING FOR THE MOM

## CONTINUED

She stops fiddling. Her whole body is hoisted in a sort of corkscrew position now, like the one a person forms halfway through a full body twist, but she's not straightening out. She just stays screwed up in a sharp, still little ball, horribly precarious, as if she's balancing a tower of ornamental gingham plates on the back of her head. From the precarious position, Cynthia says:

“But we'll wait. We'll wait until she gets here.”

Two more minutes pass. With a start, Cynthia rises.

“Wait here,” she says, and walks off.

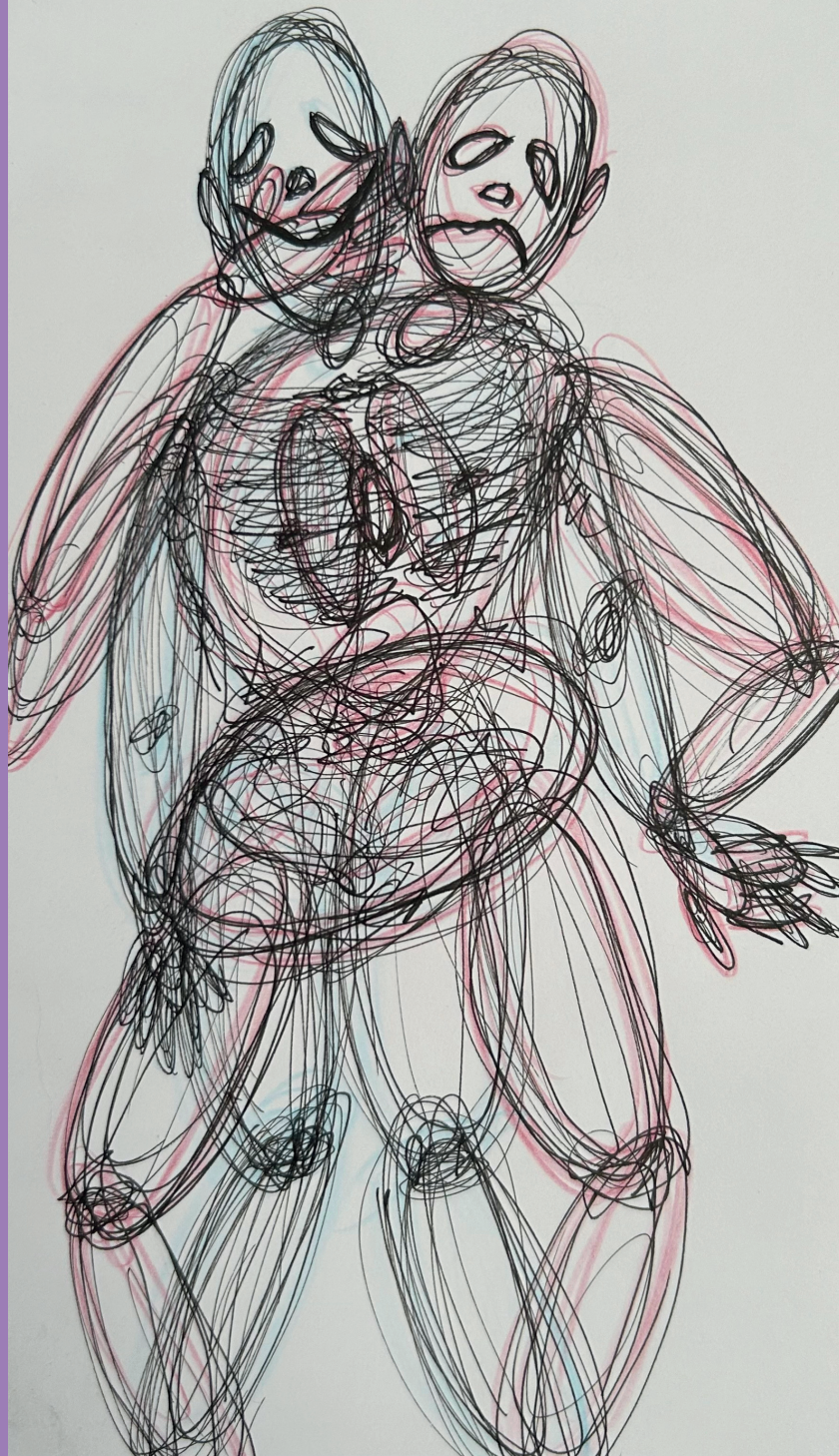
10:43 AM. Our server comes back around.

# WAITING FOR THE MOM CONTINUED

“Suppose’ to be three of you, now it’s just one,” she says.

I smile in the apologetic fashion. I say: “My friend is looking for her mom.”

i can fit 2 people under my skin



**UNDER MY SKIN  
BY SARAH HOKE**

# TRIGGER WARNING!

The next piece details description of sexual assault.

Viewer discretion is advised.

If you wish to skip this piece, the next one is on page 29.



# PROM RULES

## BY ANONYMOUS

Dear Students,

Attached find the prom code of conduct –

- don't hug your friends too close,
- don't dance like whores
- don't smoke in the bathroom and get us all kicked out.
- Pay special attention to the dress code,
- segregated for your convenience below:

Ladies:

We know prom is supposed to be fun.

In the spirit of a fun

and a family-friendly evening,

we offer this dress code as a reminder

that the good Christian boys at this school

are always a danger to you,

and whoever's fault that may be,

it's not theirs, and it's not ours.

To keep the night fun,

you may NOT:

# PROM RULES

## CONTINUED

- Wear a dress that shows any part of your belly or back

(Boys are sensitive about those areas, just so you know,

and will take that as an excuse

to have their way with you in the parking lot.)

- Wear a dress that shows any cleavage

(Ladies. We have husbands. We have sons.

We've seen the looks in their poor helpless eyes when a woman's chest is mentioned, let alone in the vicinity. Best to keep your collarbones covered, as a precaution.)

- Wear a dress that is overly short or has a slit in the skirt

*(Your thighs, ladies, your thighs.*

*What will the boys do if they see them?)*

# PROM RULES

## CONTINUED

- Wear a dress that exposes your undergarments

*(The word “bra,” as you know, must be whispered as we whisper “period” or “tampon.”*

*Makes things easier for everyone.)*



# PROM RULES

## CONTINUED

To keep the night fun,

You MAY:

- Add straps to a strapless dress if you wish

(For the sake of ease, ladies,  
in keeping that cleavage contained)

- Send us a photo of your dress  
(We know, ladies, better than even your  
mothers

what to wear to stay safe.

Or modest, or whatever –  
there's really no distinction anymore.)

- Cover up with a scarf or leggings  
(Provided by us at the door –  
we're women. We know you don't listen.  
We know what to do to stay safe.)

# PROM RULES

## CONTINUED

Gentlemen:

We know prom is supposed to be fun. In the spirit of a fun and a family-friendly evening, we offer this dress code as a reminder that the good Christian girls at this school are always a danger to you, and whoever's fault that may be, it's not yours, and it's not ours.

To keep the night fun,  
you may NOT:

- ·Leave your undergarments exposed  
*(See, boys? Modesty's not just for the girls.  
We don't want to see your underwear  
either.)*
- ·Wear jeans or dirty tennis shoes  
*(The venue gets upset at us  
unless we treat this event with formality –  
you understand.)*

# PROM RULES

## CONTINUED

To keep the night fun,  
you MAY:

- • Wear dress shoes and socks  
*(The venue, the venue, the venue.)*

- • Wear a suit and tie

*(Or a tuxedo if you choose –  
we know those are the only options in the  
world. And you know that too, right?)*



# PROM RULES

## CONTINUED

We hope this cleared some things up for you.

If not, no need to worry – ladies, we'll see you at the mandatory meeting and rehash the story again.

Gentlemen, no need to attend. We know you know what you're doing.

**Blessings,  
Jane Doe,  
Prom Chairman.**



**DUALITY OF EMOTIONS**  
**BY ROBBY COLLINS**

# COIN FLIP

BY REN DANIELS

The coin landed  
heads.

My fate was  
sealed  
between the  
ground and the  
tail's face.  
The answer: yes.

Nothing new,  
to put one's fate  
into  
the nonexistent  
hands  
of silver, copper,  
nickel.

Oracles of the  
modern day,  
presiding over  
small things.

Many, many small  
things  
over time add up.

Cold metal to  
colder fingertips,  
fumbled and  
folded  
into a barely  
warmer palm,  
placed once more  
in my pocket.



## COIN FLIP CONTINUED

The coin landed  
heads,  
its ruling absolute.  
My destination  
set,  
I walked my fated  
route.

The coin landed  
tails.

My fate decided  
by the whim of  
physics and  
chance.

The answer: no.

Commonplace  
now,  
to leave my  
choices  
with the turning  
faces  
of silver, copper,  
nickel.

My fate  
decided  
by the whim of  
physics and  
chance.  
The answer: no.

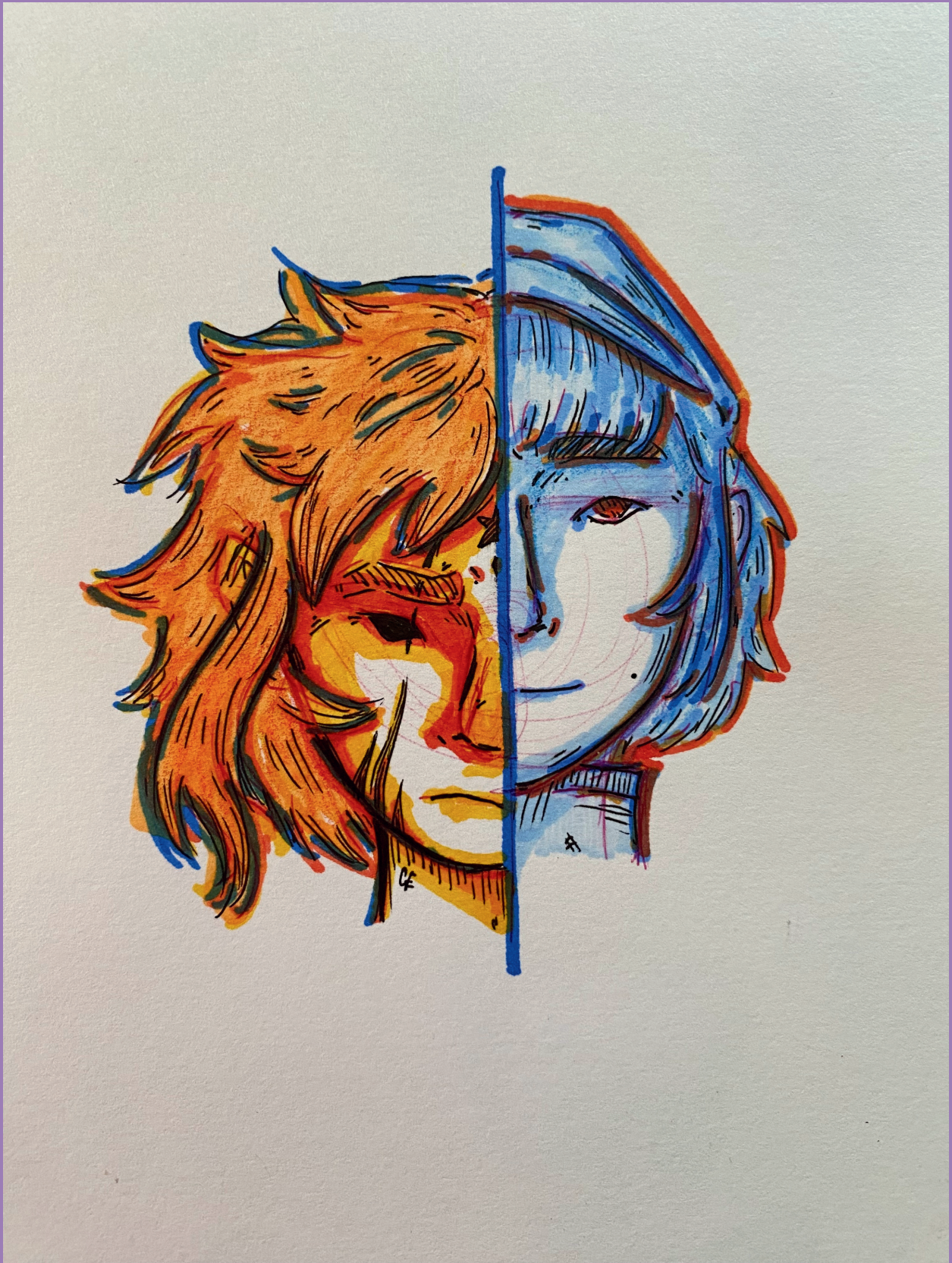
## COIN FLIP CONTINUED

Their power and  
authority  
gifted only by  
their repeated use.  
My own devotion  
expressed  
with every flip  
I commit.

Cold metal to  
colder fingertips,  
gently folded  
into a barely  
warmer palm,  
placed with  
reverence in my  
pocket.

The coin landed  
tails,  
its ruling absolute.  
Decision made by  
metal,  
I turned to follow  
suit.





**TWO SIDES**  
**BY GIANNA EMMONS**

# Introducing ALM's new Ambassador

....

## KEVIN!!

Catch Kevin on campus with ALM's  
new executive team!

As for Winston, he will be going off  
with Former Chief Editor Julie Day  
as she moves on to Kutztown  
University.



# YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

BY JULIE DAY

Her back is to me as she dances to “Build Me Up Buttercup” by the Foundations while frying a late breakfast. Her otherwise melodic singing is somewhat off-key when she goes to flip an egg.

I just sit at the kitchen table doing homework, watching with my sleep-deprived eyes as my mom sings along to joyful lyrics and the sun blinds me with its brightness. In the midst of her shenanigans, I think to myself, “How could such a bubbly and enthusiastic person give birth to such a downer like me?”

# YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

## CONTINUED

The happy and free musical notes and love songs she plays would make any emo kid want to bash their head into unconsciousness. They clash with the heavy bass and bang of the drum solo that blares in my left ear.

One couldn't even tell we are related. My mom's short dark brown hair and olive complexion glows as the sunlight hits her skin from the window. My dark blonde hair and pasty flesh make us look like before-and-after shots of people who do drugs.



# YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

## CONTINUED

I always give people weird looks when they say I look like my mom. I think, “Are you blind?” or “Do you need glasses?” Maybe they don’t mean look like, but are like. Her overly protective and loving nature has rubbed off on me. She is a fierce Mama bear protecting all cubs. Even though I have no children, I am the mom of all my friends, telling them to take care of themselves or buying them things when they need them. I am there to chase off any and all dirtbags that dare darken a doorway.

A friend at work had been having a bad day one day, sobbing by the open door of the loading dock.

# YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

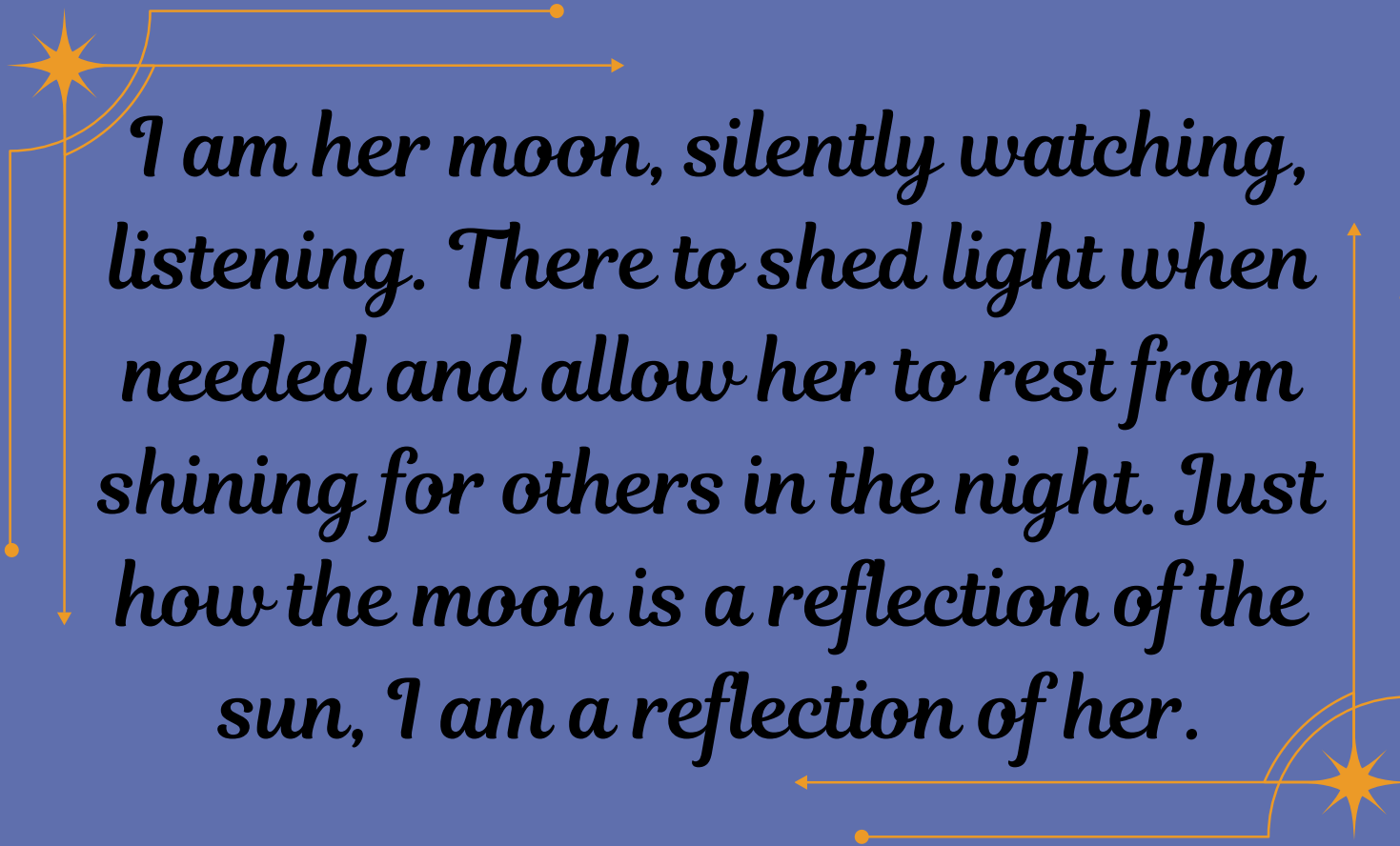
## CONTINUED

While my coworker tried calming her down, I went to the break room. I grabbed my lunch box and when I came back, I gave my little tear-stricken friend the chocolate-chunk cookie I had brought. Because I knew she would feel better after having a little comfort food, and at that moment she needed it more than me.

I am deep in my thoughts as my mom yanks me out of my chair to dance to her favorite song, “You Are My Sunshine.” I say something along the lines of her needing to practice her swing dancing and it makes her laugh. That was one of the many laughs I had gotten out of her.

# YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE CONTINUED

She wasn't always so cheerful. Inside she could be stressed and dejected, but perfectly happy-go-lucky on the outside. Like something was boiling just under the surface, waiting to burst.



*I am her moon, silently watching, listening. There to shed light when needed and allow her to rest from shining for others in the night. Just how the moon is a reflection of the sun, I am a reflection of her.*

# YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

## CONTINUED

In a way I guess you could say we were each other's light. My mom is my sun, just as her being there next to me brightens my day and gives me warmth when I am cold. I am her moon, silently watching, listening. There to shed light when needed and allow her to rest from shining for others in the night. Just how the moon is a reflection of the sun, I am a reflection of her.

“You are my sunshine, my only sunshine. You make me happy when skies are gray,”  
Mama sings.





**BEAUTY IN THE DARK**  
**BY KATARINA WITHAM**

# NIGHTLIGHT

BY SARAH HOKE

Where's the next  
exit?

Where's my perfect  
roadmap?

Which constellation  
do I go for,  
try to reach and  
search and find?

I look up from the  
sand

to the asphalt sky,  
shy and sparkling,  
the moon a lidded  
eye

and the tears in  
mine tearing down  
the busted  
sidewalk.

Where's the  
stopping point?

The double yellow  
lines?

Just stars and cacti  
and brushes of  
incense

scraping the  
planets

as little lizards  
settle down for the  
night.



# NIGHTLIGHT

## CONTINUED

Darkness is foreign  
even here.

Sun's on the other  
side already  
and the light keeps  
going, paler  
in the hollow and  
dusky with shadow.  
Planets of dust and  
golden rust  
keep warm in the  
shelter of the stars.  
Milky Way a hot  
bath-  
a refreshing end to  
a day of sharp and  
small,

a month of lost  
time,  
a life of hope and  
of leaving behind.  
I lean back. I try to  
relax,  
uncaring of the  
cactus spines.  
Tonight the owls  
are beauty and  
not mourning  
and there is no  
terror.  
Tonight the desert  
is beautiful,  
illuminated.



**RAVEN**  
**BY KATARINA WITHAM**

# NUESTRA VIDA

## BY SARAH HOKE

Since freshman year of high school, I've prayed best in Spanglish. I can't express everything I mean in either my native English or my second partial fluency. The Padrenuestro flows from me most often while I drive, words blending together into nonsense syllables, «*questas'nelcielo,*» «*sanificadoseaT'Nmbre.*» «*BengaTuReino,* Thy Will be done *enlatierracomoeelcielo.*» The rhythm of my attempted pronunciation calms me, metronomic in its way. I beat 4/4 time on the steering wheel. I stay in my lane and spout nothing prayers.



# NUESTRA VIDA

## CONTINUED

There is no music in me, there never has been. I sing pitchy and low and try to translate the songs; my voice wobbles and screeches when I speak unless I follow a script. I am too quick en inglés y demasiado lenta in Spanish. I was a theater kid. I remain dramatic, overblown. My mother can pick out harmonies in birdsong, her voice leaping up and diving down to the strum of her guitar. My sister plays by ear; she exudes song. The ukulele is her home, piano her vacation rental. She could live off a diet of chords and perfect pitch. I can copy a note if I hear it a time or two, but I can never create mi propia música. No entiendo el lenguaje. I don't know how to make out the sounds.

# NUESTRA VIDA

## CONTINUED

«*Diosmíoayudame.*» I know God better in Spanish. I can understand the basics and be fascinated by His etymology. The Spanish «*Ojalá,*» for example, translates to “I hope; I wish; if only,” but it has its roots with the Arabic “*Inshallah,*” “God willing.” And one can make a compelling argument to translate «*adiós*» as “go with God,” just as en inglés we say “goodbye” as a contraction of “God be with you.” He’s woven into language everywhere you look, a history of faiths of every shape and form. Para mí, God in English is an American construct, capitalistic and frowning, a factory owner or an absent father who’d leave His kids for a pack of cigarettes.

# NUESTRA VIDA

## CONTINUED

He's simply Our Father Who Art In Heaven, and Heaven is faraway and hazy. I go to an American English church and I deconstruct that God in my head every day. I've never been to a church donde hablan español – I have nothing to undo when I think of God in Spanish, no faulty foundation, just a handful of words and a faltering understanding of structure. Dios would never be mad at me.



---

I HAVE NOTHING TO UNDO WHEN I THINK  
OF GOD IN SPANISH, NO FAULTY  
FOUNDATION, JUST A HANDFUL OF WORDS  
AND A FALTERING UNDERSTANDING OF  
STRUCTURE.

DIOS WOULD NEVER BE MAD AT ME.



# NUESTRA VIDA

## CONTINUED

«*Gracias, Dios, para nuestra vida.*» I am haunted by songs just out of my range, always forcing my voice lower to match someone else's gorgeous melancholy notes. I am always looking to float away with no one but the voices in my head for companionship. I am always trying to mean the Padrenuestro a little more, to let God know I will never leave Him, that I will always be there for whatever He needs. I am always looking to understand the puzzles a little better. I sing low notes and cry in the car. I keep my faith close, creating artificial distance con palabras en español. Ojalá que He's listening to me. Ojalá que I can grow up soon.

# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Duality is the concept of two different things that share similarities. Two halves of a whole. Night and day. Two sides of a coin. You cannot have one without the other. Just like those things, there are lot of parts that are needed to make ALM complete, without them, we are empty and lacking.

Thank you so much to the office of Student Engagement, Jen Snyder, Amanda DeRose, and Topher Overdorff for always being our faithful cheerleaders and for promoting our little magazine.

A great hug to our fellow club and Student Government members President Liz Salmond, Vice President Cara Olson, Treasurer M.K. Blatteau, Secretary Angela Thorne, and all the senators. Thank you for your support and unwavering honesty.

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We salute President Jim Ball. Thank you for your years of service to the college. ALM wishes you a peaceful retirement (don't forget to read our issues in your downtime)!

To our gracious and magnificent advisor Tina Hoff, you're the calm to our chaos and we could not have done this without you.

To our loyal and wonderful proofreaders Rachel Knapp and Jenna Bohn, you both deserve the world. See no mistakes!

Big love to our family for dealing with never-ending meetings and tons of time agonizing over artwork and writing pieces.

Lots of hugs to our fellow members who sit through rambling meetings and chaotic writing sessions. You're the best!

To our readers who wait forever every for our issues. We cannot thank you enough for your patience and support.

# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

And finally a tearful and heart-wrenching goodbye to our executives, who are all graduating this term: our wonderful and mysterious Co-Editor Evelyn Lucado, dark and whimsical Treasurer Katarina Witham, and fabulous and enchanting Secretary Sarah Hoke. A farewell to our fearless creator and Chief Editor for three years Julie Day and the cutest Club Ambassador Winston.

Until we meet again.

Love,  
ALM



JULIE



EVELYN



KATARINA



SARAH