

# VOICES

Volume 3

Issue 2

Art Contest!

Journalism!

Creative Writing!

Photo

Essay by

Maria

Clark

By the students, For the students

# Voices Mission Statement

*Voices* magazine is an autonomous publication written and produced by students, for students. We take pride in showcasing the best work that the Landmark College student body has to offer, and to be a platform for all forms of student expression. We strive to give a voice to students through the mediums of Art, Photography, Creative Writing, and Journalism.

As neurodiverse students, we have been silenced in the past. This is a place where our voices will be heard. We are Landmark, this is us. These are our voices.

## Letter from the Editor

The credits are nearly rolling on the school year that brought us from a place of strange, lonely, socially-distanced drudgery to a feeling of hope with light at the end of the tunnel, and a collective sense of “wow, we made it.” It took incalculable diligence by everyone at Landmark to make that happen, and for that, we must all pat ourselves on the back, and be proud of what we have all accomplished.

In *Voices* news, we would like to thank all of the talented artists who submitted to our first art contest! It was a real treat for our staff to see as they came in. We would also like to thank our Fine Arts constituents, Jenny Beller and Professor Jen Morris for lending us their time (and artistic eye) in picking the winners!

As always, we would like to thank our faculty advisor and all of the individuals on the *Voices* Advisory Board, as well as the Landmark Administration, for their tremendous amount of support. Additional gratitude goes out to WLMC, Landmark’s radio station, who has promoted our endeavors as part of the new *Voices*-WLMC partnership.

Finally, we would like to thank the Landmark students, who entrusted us with their fine work that has been featured in these pages! We could not do it without you!

# ***Voices Staff:***

**Lauren Orser** - Digital Editor/Graphic Design

**Lucas Sillars** - Publisher/Editor

**Jack Belinski** - Literary Editor/Outreach

**Katherine Addison** - Staff Writer

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# Teamwork Makes Dream Work

*Centers for Diversity and Inclusion rout technical difficulties to facilitate wildly successful poetry slam to usher in annual Leadership Conference*

By Katherine Addison

Unlike a traditional speech or a play, spoken poetry is about the rhythm and composition of the words. If a play directly shows the audience the creator's ideas and a traditional speech points in the direction to look, spoken poetry is a path that the audience must find the stepping stones to and follow in search of meaning within the work. This was the experience at the March 26th, 2021 Poetry Slam, held as the inaugural event to that weekend's Leadership Conference. Six poets, one after another, wove their words to an audience split between online and physical auditoriums. Lines about struggle and triumph, beauty and darkness, past, present, and future danced between the tiny coffee room and the electronic stage.

Due to Covid-19, the Poetry Slam was split between in-person and a BlueJeans video conference. The in-person portion of the event was initially to occur in the Greenhoe Theater but was moved to the Stone Hall Coffee House because of technical difficulties. At its height, ten students attended the event in-person with roughly thirteen more joining online. Five scheduled presenters showcased their poetry that night: John Rose, Gabbi Osowiecki, Guinevere Lyra Downey, Marc Joseph Thurman, and the key speaker, Shanta Lee Gander. Towards the end, one student would step up to the open mic, Martha Meigs. The virtual stage of the Poetry Slam was a diverse one, including several black, female, LGBTQ+ speakers, and of course, neurodiverse presenters. The poetry slam began with John Rose, an Associate Professor of English, one of the founders of *Impressions*, and a veteran Landmark professor of twenty-seven years. He presented the most recent portion of his epic poem about Flag Day 1968, a tale he has been building upon since 1990. The poem is heavy with historical references. For older audience members or history buffs, these references may be like hearing a familiar movie quoted in a TV show, possibly even nostalgic for those who knew these events when they were brand new. For younger audience members, likely most of the attending students, the poem is like listening to a grandparent speak vividly of a time before the younger's birth.

The next speaker was Gabbi Osowiecki, a

*“At the event, it's like this rush of energy ... And I get to embody the whole poem” —Guinevere Downey*

Landmark alum and current creative writing student at the Massachusetts College of Art and Design. She presented two poems, the first titled *Muse*. The poem used imagery of Greek art to tell the tale of a negative romantic relationship and its aftermath. Every step in the relationship, from its bright beginning to its harsh end to the subject's freedom from it was numbered in a list like a retrospective outline. In an interview, she revealed that she wrote the poem as a way to get out her feelings about a past negative relationship. The second of Gabbi's poems was *Salem 1693*. The title and descriptions of the subjects being burned and drowned allude to the Salem witch trials. However, the close relationship between the subjects and them being content with their grim ends if it means they get to spend eternity together brings to mind more metaphorical witch hunts, those that have been faced by real world groups, particularly LGBTQ+ people, who are frequently vilified for their innate identities.

Guinevere Lyra Downey, another Landmark alum and a founding editor of *Voices*, was the next of the online presenters. In an interview, she revealed that reciting poetry gives her “this rush of energy,” and that she gets to “embody the whole poem”. This was certainly felt when she presented her poem *Hunger Is*, an exploration of her struggles with eating. The lines about her frustrations surrounding food were belted out in anger while soft words on remembering to breathe mirrored calm coping mechanisms. The line, “I haven't done anything wrong, but I haven't done anything right either,” expresses the feeling of guilt over one's inaction. Guinevere's delivery of her poem made it feel like we were hearing her direct thoughts, the expressiveness of the delivery almost making one forget it was a prewritten poem.

It then came to Marc Joseph Thurman, coordinator for Landmark’s Center for Diversity and Inclusion. Marc stated in an interview, “I’m the type of person where I can write a poem and say, ‘I’m going to use this poem,’ but the day of the poetry slam, I’ve already written three things that connected with me that day, and I can only speak on what I connect to in that moment.” So, it was no surprise when his turn at the mic came, and he pulled two folded sheets of paper from his pocket, possibly written as they came to his mind, unfolded them, and recited the words. The first of these poems, titled *Running* felt like a conversation, a message to someone of something. Whether one hears it as a letter to a person or a concept, the poem is a beautiful mixture of metaphors and imagery guiding the audience.

*“I’m the type of person where I can write a poem and say, ‘I’m going to use this poem’ ... But I had already written three things that connected with me that day.”*

—Marc Thurman

Marc then moved on to the next poem, titled *What I Am*. This poem was one about pride, not just in oneself, but in one’s black identity. It is a celebration of one’s achievements as a black person despite the struggles that can come with it. Given Marc’s work with the Diversity Centers, lines like “I am the X to the King” describe the beautiful variety and strength of black experiences, while the line “so the dreams of my ancestors can dance with me under the Sun” brings to mind the work each generation has put in to give their descendants more freedom and opportunities.

Shanta Lee Gander, the key speaker, was the final of the online presenters. In an interview Shanta stated, “I grew up in a very dysfunctional, abusive household...Oddly enough though, I discovered that writing could be a way, since I couldn’t talk to anyone in my household...where I could talk to the page. And so, I started with writing in my journal at the age of around twelve, thirteen-years-old, just notebooks.” This background to her writing was strongly felt in all of the poems she presented, especially the three pieces she read from her upcoming book *GHETTOCLAUSTROPHOBIA: Dreamin of Mama While Trying to Speak Woman in Woke Tongues*. The entire book itself is an exploration of familial relationships and black woman/girlhood using concepts from biology to Lovecraft to explore its themes. The first two pieces pre-

sented correspond to each half of the book’s title.



**Marc Thurman, CDI Coordinator and facilitator of the Leadership Conference Poetry Slam**

The first was written like a dictionary entry, listing off definitions of the word “Ghettoclaustrophobia”. It is striking hearing the lines, “they evade capture, they evade description”, “black girlhood in America”, and “hotel room, apartment, house” all listed together under this one word, forcing the listener to remark upon the connections between these seemingly disparate ideas. Each line was spoken in a way that can only be described as powerful. With great strength and force, a sense of pride could be felt in the poem, as if saying to say, yes, these definitions are all important and belong together.



**The front cover of *Ghettoclaustrophobia*, Shanta Lee-Gander’s forthcoming book**

The second of her poems, *Dreamin of Mama*, is, as the title suggests, filled with references to motherhood. The complex relationship between mother and daughter follows through the poem. The line, “we argue like sisters, screaming the trauma that created us” sticks out as a marker of the simultaneously extremely close and extremely abrasive relationship between parent and child. Her third poem, *Mama Who Brung Ya* almost flows from the first with only the title breaking up the two. This poem focuses on broader family lineage, particularly black lineage. The line, “the women, they be the kind refusing unknowing, as in they got names, follow the trail of chicken feet,” both serves as a prideful view of femaleness and a reminder of how much easier it is to trace maternal lineage over paternal lineage. Meanwhile references to white and Native American ancestors showcase how varied the ancestry of African Americans tends to be.

*“Oddly enough, I discovered that writing could be a way, since I couldn’t talk to anyone in my household ... Where I could talk to the page.”* —Shanta Lee-Gander

Shanta then concluded with two shorter poems from her new manuscript. The first one, *Lessons from Dallas and Icarus as Told by Igbo at Igbo’s Landing*, turns the myth of Icarus on its head by examining oppressively imposed limitations and successfully “flying” past them. Once she completed the poem, Shanta revealed that this poem was based on a historical event, presumably one in African American history given the themes of her other poems. Her final poem, titled *How to Reverse a Conjure for Remus*, is about the Cursed Chest found in the Kentucky Historical Society. The briefest of the poems presented, this one sounds like an expert magic user giving advice to a less experienced one.

Martha Meigs, current Landmark student and creator of Martha’s Passions knitted goods, rose to the stage to present her poem titled *Identity*. According to her, this poem began life as a song she wrote in high school, devised during a walk. The poem explores the struggle between staying true to oneself and changing to appeal to others. Much like Guinevere’s performance, Martha’s felt like we were hearing her direct thoughts, though in a more stream-of-consciousness way. Each line felt like another step in through this struggle and towards resolution. As the poem went on, Martha steadily transitioned from speaking it to sing-

ing it, the periodic repetition of the chorus transforming into something of a musical rhythm. The words of the poem combined with how they were spoken, made it feel like we, the audience, were with the speaker on her walk whilst she became more comfortable with her true self.



**Shanta Lee-Gander, author of *Ghettoclaustrophobia: Dreamin of Mama While Trying to Speak Woman in Woke Tongues***

Once Martha had concluded her poem, Marc jumped back to the stage to deliver the final poem of the night. Unfolding another sheet of paper, he began reciting. This poem, titled *Do You See Me?*, was yet another of Marc’s conversation-esque poems. This time, it is more explicitly a conversation with another person, questions about how the addressee sees the speaker. Though one could read this poetic conversation as merely being between the speaker and a separate listener, the subject of telling somehow how important they are to you and asking how they see you in turn is a relatable one, something many audience members could see themselves in.

These poetry slams provide students the opportunity to both experience the beautiful and varied creativity of others but also showcase their own. Poetry reading is a unique form of presentation, sitting somewhere between song and theater. This semester’s first Poetry Slam showcased the beautiful variety that spoken poetry can come in, from epics drenched in history to songs given new life. We hope to see this wonderful tradition continue and grow.

# Bad Compass Part Two

By Jack Belinski

All of a sudden, I heard a loud grunt (*OOOOH!*) that sounded like a bull and felt a powerful stomp from the ground. These made my eyes pop right open, seeing the big cat turning tail and running away. I quickly turned to my left, seeing nothing but the edges of another dark forest, and all I could hear was just my deep breathing. Looking at my surroundings and seeing nothing I wondered: "What the hell was that?"

Suddenly I heard a twig snap loudly to my left again, enough to make me jump. When my eyes adjusted to my left, the dark foreground of a huge beast came into view and coming closer to the opening of the forest canopy its appearance slowly became clear. Its hooves pressed in the snow, leaving prints wider than a horse's. Taller than a horse, it must have stood 8 feet tall, with massive shoulder muscles protruding from its back like a camel's hump. Its neck was as broad and bulky as an ox, yet as long as a horse. The width of its antlers was the size of a man. Its ears were like a mule's, but longer, and the furry hair hanging from its throat looked like the long beard of a sage. Coming out of the shadows beneath the frosted trees and into the night-light, it was a huge moose.

As it turned towards me and scraped the snowy ground with its right hoof, I immediately assumed it was going to charge and crush me where I lay, or impale me on its fearsome antlers. In response to this, I closed my eyes, preparing to die once again. To my surprise, instead of a charge, it casually walked up to me, staring at me, appearing bigger and more intimidating the closer it got. Glaring down right at me with its large, black eyes. I was paralyzed with stillness, hearing every inhale, feeling every deep exhale out of its nose. It was as if the moose was expecting something of me. What did it want? That question didn't even cross my mind, nor could I think anymore in that moment. The only thing I had the nerve to do was look and feel. I was entering the moment, a prolonged moment that felt like an hour as we exchanged a deep, long glance at each other. Everything around us was slowing down and shutting out, as nothing else mattered but that moment. The falling snow, the rustling pine trees, the canopy, the moonlight, even the cold wind, all fading into the black holes of the moose's obsidian eyes. Out of nowhere, I felt the urge to blink, which I did, and when I did so, its long, fat, cozy snout pressed against my forehead as gently as a dog going into one's face. The beast then turned around and slowly walked away. I thought of following but hesitated as it disappeared beneath the forest's canopy, but suddenly without even thinking I had the nerve to get back on my feet and follow the tracks of that giant moose.

As I took my time to follow the trail, the trees became more spacious from each other, and with no cloud in the sky, the moon lit the surface of the snow and all my surroundings. I walked out of the forest, still following the giant moose's tracks, and eventually, I made it back to the same frozen flat field of untouched powder I crossed hours before. However, seeing the moonlight shining across the vast expanse I could see the horizon more clearly than I did earlier as well as the trail left by the moose. At some point, I had realized I lost the moose's trail, and had begun making my own, and I was not intimidated by its vastness at all. Even when I passed the tree line and heard the sounds of wolves yet again, I wasn't scared anymore. In fact, for some reason, hearing those wolves brought me peace in the final stretch of what was once a miserable journey, now a walk in the woods.

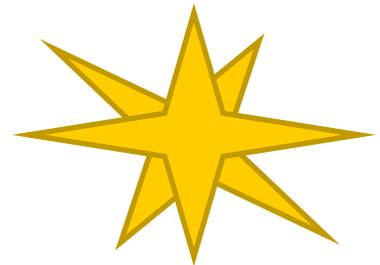
Eventually, I came across a frozen lake. And as I walked across, I stared up at the night sky, and slowly moved my eyes toward the forest on the other side. The moment I realized I was in the middle of the lake, I stopped, noticing a glowing light on top of a mountain, and then everything became clear. I remembered everything that had happened, from meeting with my friend the night before to the wolves attacking my carriage, thus sparking my journey. I even remembered that my friend asked for my opinion on his poem, and I hadn't answered him. As I took my time crossing the lake and up the mountain to my friend's cabin, I recited the poem my friend Robert (Frost) wrote.

*Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.  
My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.  
He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there some mistake  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.  
To woods are lovely, dark, and deep.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.*

Reflecting on my journey, it was as if my whole view of the wild changed, I didn't feel so lost anymore. I guess my real problem wasn't that I was lost in general, it was simply that I took the woods for granted and was so blinded at wanting to get out of there, that I never stopped to take time looking at where I was, in the beautiful forest, which I still visit today and enjoy immensely. As for the moose, well I never saw it again, and nobody whom I asked has seen it either. That moose was real and the fact that I felt its misty breath while it enlightened me is proof enough that it was there.

**“Not knowing where you are, or where you’re going, isn't what gets you lost. Being guided by fear or not looking at the beautiful side of things is what gets you lost. As such, finding your way is not about finding ways out of where you are, but paying attention, taking in the quality of where you are -- the things around you -- and being in the moment. Those who do that achieve mindfulness and a sense of what it means to be alive.”**

**--UNKOWN**



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*Part 1 of Belinski's 'Bad Compass' epic ran in the October 2020 issue of Voices, which can be viewed online at the following link: [www.landmark.edu/uploads/pages/doc/Voices\\_Volume2\\_Issue1.pdf](http://www.landmark.edu/uploads/pages/doc/Voices_Volume2_Issue1.pdf)*

“Abyss”

By Arya Santos

The breath of the world is taken  
from me

By the endless dark

They were never meant to see the  
light of day

But I was

Oh, how I was

# The Burning Ship

By Arya Santos

And in the hull of rising tides

It sinks, ablaze

The moon shines down cold and cruel

The water crashes, breaks against charred  
wood

What do they know, those sailors in boats

Rowing away from inferno

They watch, helpless, with glassy eyes

Drowning and burning coexist

These sailors in boats know nothing else

# A Sestina poem

By Jack Belinski

So hot, It's as if the sun's mood is that of anger,  
no surprise the sun is hot in summer.

When the temperature falls in the season of autumn,  
it is revealed that the leaves will soon have fallen.

Even when the feeling is static and cold in winter,  
there is still an emanating "white" joy.

---

That isn't to say the warm season has no joy,  
any more than it's not to say that white "joyful" season has no anger

In fact for some a cold time such as winter,  
brings more frustration than a hot season such as summer

When trees change their leaves, their leaves have fallen  
That is why the autonomous season is called autumn.

---

In at the time of Autumn  
People celebrate Halloween and Thanksgiving in Joy.

For some, the autonomous season is a time when lovers take each other for fallen,  
Meanwhile, there is no anger.

The time of hot yet soothing sunshine and fun is summer  
the time of cold yet Christmas joy is winter.

The time of gift giving and caring is winter  
The time of freedom, tingly chills and positive change is autumn.

In summer  
A time of vacationing, swimming, shopping and playing there couldn't be more joy

The autonomous season is not one of anger  
for it is freedom for the trees now that their leaves have fallen.

---

Not long after the leaves have taken their fallen  
The time of snow has come that is winter.  
When the leaves leave there is no sadness nor anger,  
It is only natural that trees strip themselves of their leaves in autumn

There is joy  
In happy days of summer

At the end of summer  
The tide has fallen

After the autonomous season that has joy,  
Its time for the fun and festive winter

There is candy, laughs and funny turkeys in a time such as autumn  
But when summer come's get ready for some fun, and bring your sun lotion for suns anger.

# The *Voices*-WLMC Partnership

*Voices* is proud to announce a partnership with Landmark's radio station, WLMC, who are kindly broadcasting poetry and creative writing readings over the airwaves! We anticipate providing some of these audio clips alongside text versions of poetry and creative writing on the *Voices* blog at [Landmark.edu/Voices](http://Landmark.edu/Voices). We want to thank WLMC Leadership, Daniel Molster, Christian Laureano, and director Eric Matte for making this collaboration possible!



**LISTEN LIVE NOW**

**802-387-1657**

**[wlmc.landmark.edu](http://wlmc.landmark.edu)**

# *Voices Spring 2021 Art Contest*



The Landmark College campus has a wealth of artistic talent that *Voices* is proud to showcase whenever we receive a student artist's work.

This semester, we did something a little different: an initiative to specifically solicit works of art from Landmark's student artists, which manifested in a contest for any type of art piece that's printable in our magazine, with cash prizes.

The turnout was sparing, but the quality of the work submitted stunned all of us on the *Voices* team, and favorites were difficult choices!

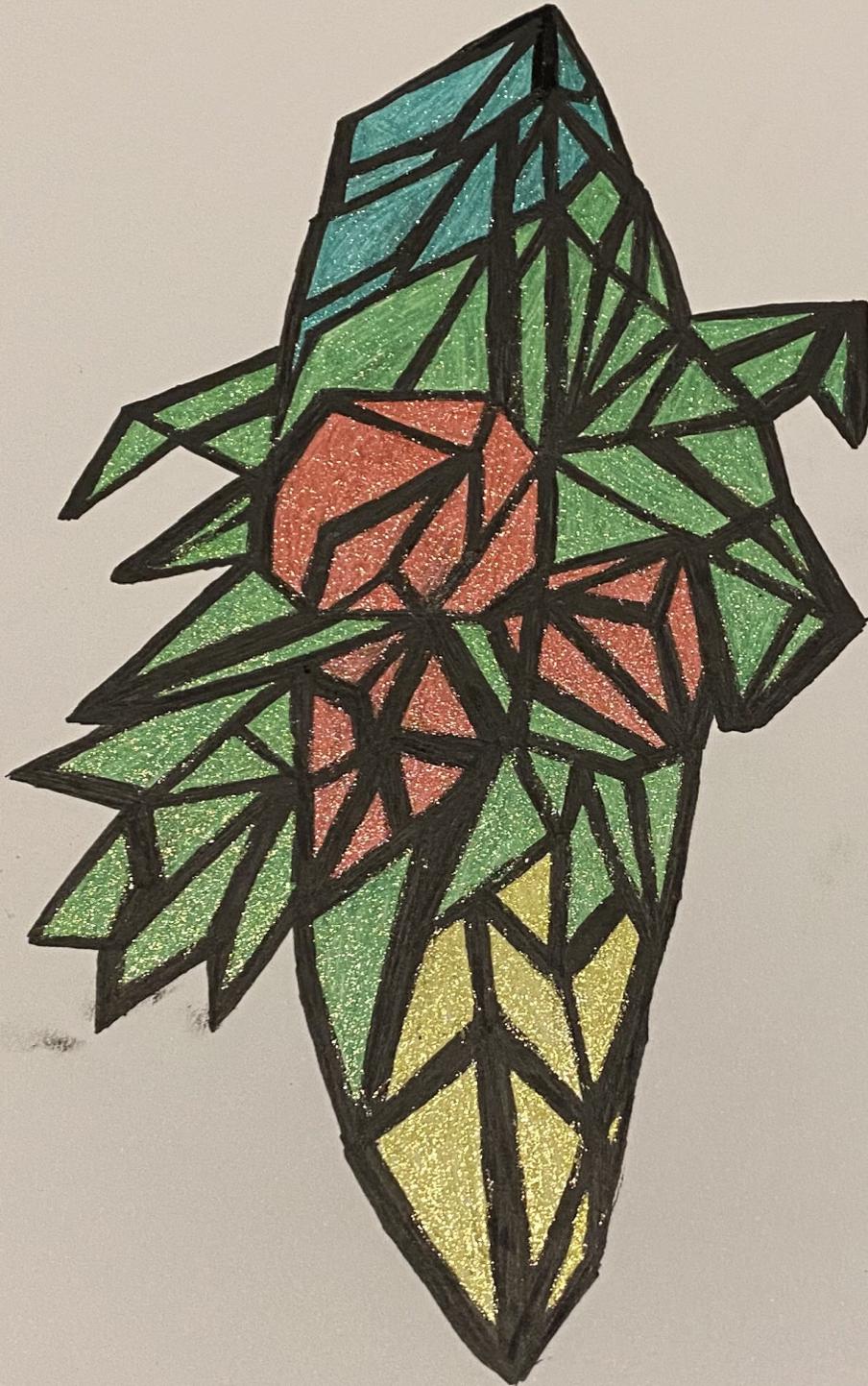
In traditional *Voices* fashion, we delegated such choices to constituents whose artistic judgement is superior to our own, Alumna Jenny Beller (B.A.-S.A., '20) and Professor Jen Morris, Studio Art Program Coordinator, and *Voices* Advisory Board Member — we thank them for their enthusiastic assistance!

1st Place



Aquarium Part 2 by  
Cat Glidden

2nd Place



Geometric Rose by  
Lucas Hendler

3rd Place



Clocktower by  
Cat Glidden



**PostEd by Maria Clark**

# New Life: A Photo Essay



By Maria Clark



Lil' Umbrella Mushroom

# Campus Mushroom





Putney Mountain Mushrooms



**Top Left: Small Mushrooms** **Top Right: Lone Mushroom**  
**Below: Log Mushrooms (Close Up)**



# Mushroom Gills



# Join *Voices*!

*Voices* is a magazine made by, and for students. That means every page in this tabloid was 100% student-produced.

This also means that *Voices*' sustainability depends on dedicated student involvement. What some of you may not realize is that *Voices* is **not** a club—it is a selection of 1-credit elective courses, similar to our friends at WLMC and the TV Studio, where students take part, gain professional experience, and have an opportunity to be part of something immortal.

*Voices* was born from BA-COMEL, but its advisory board is comprised of faculty from all different departments. As such, we welcome students with all different skillsets; you may be surprised at how many different talents go into the production of a *Voices* issue!

If you are interested in being part of *Voices*, reach out to your advisor today!

**This is Landmark.  
This is us.  
These are our voices.**

Do you like what you see? You could be featured in these pages too!

Submit your best works of Journalism, Nonfiction, Creative Writing, Poetry, Art and Photography to the *Voices* staff at [Voices@Landmark.edu](mailto:Voices@Landmark.edu) today!

R.U.S.H. Principles, please.

Thanks for reading!



Back Cover: Maria Clark

Front Cover: Lauren Orser