

VOLUME 40, SPRING 2023

NORTHERN LIGHTS

A LITERARY & ARTS JOURNAL PUBLISHED BY
THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-GREEN BAY



From the editors ...

Welcome to the fifth issue of the newly reintroduced *Northern Lights Literary & Arts Journal*! The staff of UW-Green Bay's Practicum in Literary Publishing course is thrilled to present the incredibly creative works of our fellow staff, faculty, students, and alumni.

Since 2019 when the journal was brought back to life, it's garnered amazing attention from our UWGB community. This year saw a record-number of submissions! Our team had a difficult time deciding on which pieces to include, even after completely filling up our extended online content area. And while finding ourselves especially short on time, we also managed to put together Marinette campus' bi-weekly e-newsletter *The Driftwood*, including the first ever April Fool's Day issue. Our editorial staff collaborated both in-person on the Marinette campus and via Zoom to UWGB's three other locations. It took a lot of hard work and dedication, but our team persevered and made it happen together.

On behalf of our advisor and our editorial staff, we say a very warm thank you to the University of Wisconsin-Green Bay's Student Senate for funding this incredible showcase of UWGB talent.

Grace Desotell and Aidann Woodcock
Northern Lights Co-Editors-in-Chief

Exclusive Online Content!

Our online "digital bonus content" includes digital-only pieces, as well as our editors' favorite submissions that didn't fit into these pages. Visit our website, uwgb.edu/northern-lights-journal to view the following:

Interactive Digital Fiction: "Corridors" by Andrew Wiegman

Art: "Little John Broom Man" and "Personal Amplexus" by Leovardo Aguilar ▪ "Flashbacks" by Katy Clifton ▪ "Purple Rose" by Emma Kolar ▪ untitled art by Eddy Laning ▪ untitled art by Abigail Marquardt ▪ "It's All a Bit Too Much" by Noah Purzycki

Photography: "City" by Ella Kakatsch ▪ untitled photo by Kenny Nelson ▪ untitled photo by Keith Rose ▪ untitled photo by Mark Wanek ▪ untitled photo by Joseph David Warner ▪ untitled photos by Rebecca Wieskamp

Poetry: "In the Amber Glow of Gaslight" by Roshelle Amundson ▪ "Can You Even Hear Me?" by Karen Bergen ▪ "Dolomite" by Mike Fugate ▪ "Bare" by Alyssa Hannam ▪ "Trippy Tunnel" and "Ghostly Bridge" by Jasmine Puls ▪ "A Bus Ride Through Seattle" by Carli Reinecke ▪ "Stolen Smile" by Kathryn Schuchardt ▪ "All of What I Am" by Vanessa Stalvey ▪ "Devotion" by Rebecca Stewart ▪ "Tonight" by Gretchen Vanderwall

Short Stories: "Boethius Journal" by Andrew Becker ▪ "The Traveling Salesman" by Avalon Manly

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ART



"Juice WRLD" by Emma Kolar

EXISTING LOUDLY

i imagine this variety of heartbreak tastes like
the cleaving of a pomegranate.
a pome-grenade;
the sweetest handheld explosive.
a hundred fleshy flashbangs onto
tongue and shirt and sleeve;
a vermilion homing device.

and when i say heartbreak, i mean i
spent all my cash at the market.
i mean the cutting board's stained
and i've framed it. I mean i dipped
my dad's bible in fruit juice.
i mean i have written more love notes
to the globular, crystalline arils
than i'd ever care to add up.

when i say heartbreak, i mean i
dumped the dish soap. I mean
i pulled the pin and hope to god
the wallpaper's ruined. I mean my
pockets are full of explosives, and
i endeavor to paint the house pink.

when i say heartbreak, i mean i've
cracked myself wide open,
and hope to never close up again.

—Kayla Johnson

PHOTOGRAPHY



photo by *Keith Rose*

HAIKU

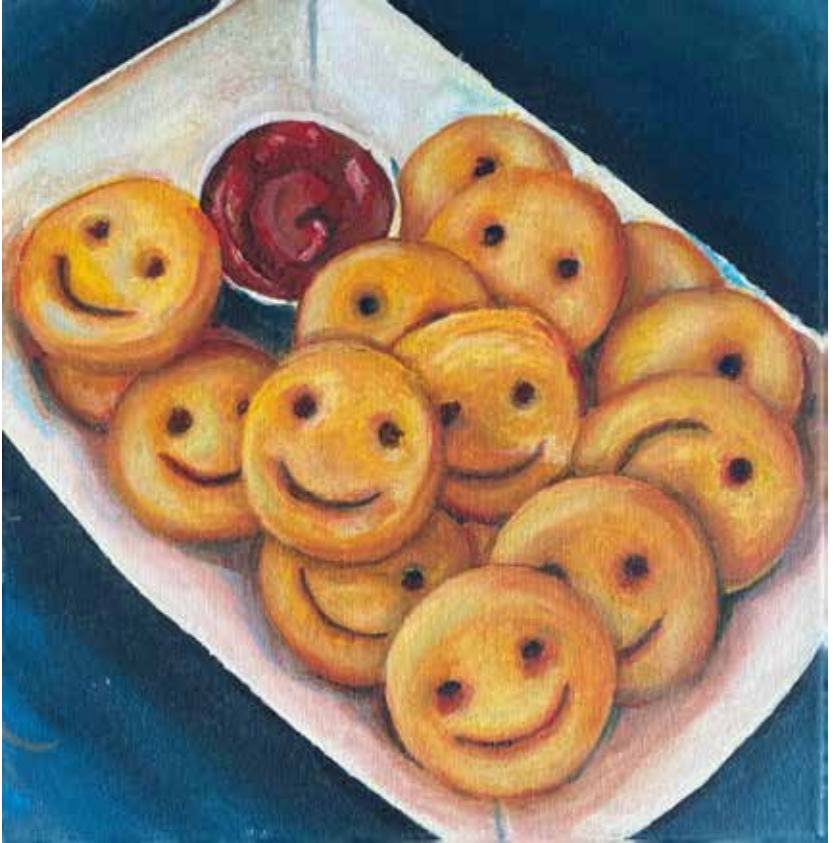
waves crash, days pass
the tide, it will rise and fall
time waits for no one

—*Andrew Wiegman*

SUNSET

Sand in between my toes.
 Sound of the waves and the seagulls.
 Warm water reached my feet then retreated.
 The warm orange sun setting on the coast.
 A cloudless sky filled with orange.
 Then suddenly rushing wind blew through the warm air chilling everything.
 The water became as cool as ice as it rushed past my feet
 The sky was filled with dark clouds that blackened the entire sky.
 The beautiful sunset was blocked out in seconds
 eaten by the storm clouds.
 The seagulls become silent
 the waves crashed like thunder against the coast.
 The sand turned into mud,
 making me slip.
 As I fall, a wave came and swallowed me whole.
 The waves dragged me down as if I was weightless.
 All I could feel was the cold water
 As it suffocated me.
 All I could see was darkness.
 I looked up, and I saw the warm glow of the sun far away.
 I started fighting the waves
 I pushed up towards this glow.
 It seemed impossible to reach
 Yet it was at my fingertips.
 As I reached farther and farther, it moved farther and farther away.
 Trying to stay away
 I then lunged at the light,
 And resurfaced in the middle of the ocean
 The water had calmed and warmed
 I looked and there was a beautiful sunset.
 I looked to my right
 There was a boat which I climbed on
 And as I sailed away in the boat, I stared at the warm sunset.
 The warm sunset that always came back.

ART



“Smiley Fries” by Victoria Stock

KINDRED

There was both a broken bit
and a lament and a
brain fog
and the cloud of a day

There was the warmth of the sun
hidden behind the damp of the air
in the story of the storm to come.
There was an open surgical site of a grievous heart
charred with ache and burn—
 for we live in paper houses and piles of smoke.
But the body is still intact; sinew is attached to fascia—
to metacarpal
metatarsal
bone arsenal.

There was hope for change
which came and went
at the end of business hours.
It was by all accounts,
a failure of a day—

up until
it was a steaming brew
in an imagined yard
and an old aspen tree sawed to the ground.
There they sat on nature's futon—
feet relishing bare
in the length of late summer grass.

Summoned—an electric, magnificent wind
whipping through two Auburn-flared
kindred, language-loving spirits
laughing their way through
a stolen hour
past the lack of sunset for the clouds—
and it fed souls and renewed spirits,
and reminded them of the power of God.

PHOTOGRAPHY



photo by Cora Schuessler

THE LEAVES STILL FELL

For the leaves still fell that day
Coating the ground a brilliant harvest hue
But those there to witness, had all gone away.

No one to watch as the hollow trees sway
The grass covered in undisturbed dew
For the leaves still fell that day

Cars left unstated, keys left on the dashboard tray
Houses formerly well protected, with doors left askew
Those who had made home here, had all gone away.

Without proper harvest, fields overgrow with hay
Buildings now connected by plant-based sinew
For the leaves still fell that day

Structures left to crumble, their weakness on full display
Yet formations of plants would emerge, brand new
But those that once stood so proudly, had all gone away

Truth be told, leaves don't care what people have to say
Thriving in defiance of the absence of you
And those who would once witness, had long since been away
For the leaves still fell that day.

—Andrew Wiegman

PHOTOGRAPHY



photo by Kira Ashbeck

M.L.

Many thousand rounds, crimson wave, rabid wolf tearing through sanctuary
 Leave my sins, astral projection, king's ashamed bearing, blue sanctuary

Muffled and in vain, the bodies tower high above the ground, truth is pain.
 Lest I seek the muddied marsh, humid goose grass glaring, to sanctuary.

Must we act so vicious, with bloodlust for breakfast, fractured soul for dinner
 Lo and behold, we are barbarians, a blaring coup of sanctuary.

Mortally wounded, no recompense, no longer human, a voidous shell.
 Laughter shall never grace these lips, sparing none, in lieu of sanctuary

Murderer, the human conscious freedom, stripped and dashed toward the dirt
 floor

Love is an alien concept, fleshen tearing, we outgrew sanctuary

—*Lily Greeley*

ART



art by Abigail Marquardt

CARVED

Your waves carved away at my cliffs,
until only a system of caves remained.

Tunnels of a former me
twist and weave in patterns

I don't understand—

unknowable,

unmappable.

One day I'll collapse in on myself,

leaving nothing a pile of rubble,

of the person I used to be.

—*Serenity Block*

ART



art by *Erin Mader*

Trigger warning: eating disorders.

LADY LIKE

I have always been obsessed with the stage period from birth to this day and age. But standards are tight and if you put up a fight, then you aren't very ladylike.

Primed and proper, polite, and poised, expectations for little girls, not boys. Lashes and wigs, models starve they aren't pigs. Learn to eat proper, sit proper, walk proper, be proper. Be feminine. Not a son, a daughter. High expectations and many limitations. This is what we are taught to expect. So, we poke and prod and judge and starve to fit your image, that's tighter than the corset I had at age 5. Smaller than the portions I eat to barely survive.

These standards aren't just for pageants and runways. But also, the high school hallways. From the stares, laughs, and jokes. Even when your only meal was a Diet Coke. They don't need to say "fat"; you feel it in your bones. But it's not just that: you see it in your clothes. Sizing up every week and even going to the store is a feat. You make yourself busy, too busy to eat.

So you lose yourself, but win "good looks" because it was never about smarts or books. Now that you've conquered the hunger inside and heard your inner child cry. You hear them beg you to eat, you don't understand why you would want defeat. Yet, no matter how hard they tried. You bite your tongue; you swallow your pride. Those expectations withered you down to bone, now that you ate yourself, you're truly alone.

—Chasity Bunting

ART



untitled by Leovardo Aguilar

IF I WIN, YOU WIN

While packing for a move, I cut my finger open
on a piece of glass. Right on the tip.

My first thought was to run it under the faucet
like a burn; water turning a pale pink. Then I

stuck it in my mouth. It took two bandaids, one vertical
across the cut and another wrapped around lengthwise to secure.

No, of course, it isn't moving mountains or felling
any sort of tree, severing rings of growth.

It is inane blood in the sink and in my teeth,
dull pressure and a deep sting—

It is every man that walks into my workplace
and says he likes my smile as I scan

his fifteenth losing lottery ticket this week,
my eyes crinkled in the corners as I tear the ticket in two.

It is, naturally, an anchor tied to my pinky,
hands cupped around dice and a quick outward

breath for good luck. It is not the end
of the world. The sink is still running, after all.

—August Wiegman

PHOTOGRAPHY



“Flowers” by Ella Kakatsch

SEASONAL LONGING

i cannot describe the pang
 that envelops my heart
 when the final orange leaves
 have crashed into cool dirt
 and the sun has hidden her
 golden rays from my wan mouth

it's a gloomy, gray sky
 that blows in every single year,
 and yet i am never ready for
 the deep chill in my bones
 or the empty glaze of my eyes

summer leaves me stranded in the whipping wind

all i want is to crawl home, bury myself into fleece and ache, till some
 semblance of warmth
 returns to my heart, and ignites my soul.

orpheus,

orpheus is full of warmth that will last me all winter long,

if i could i would cling to his deep chest through the burn of December

run my fingers through waves of dark hair as winter encases us in
 her frozen cavern

 it's just him and i beneath a blazing fire
 and maybe
 i could be moved by the deep chocolate of his eyes.

begging him to stay
 and to

 lead me home,
 away from the storm
 that holds me hostage

—Alyssa Hannam



photo by *Rebecca Stanzel*

NONFICTION

CLICK

Until I was 18, nobody believed that I couldn't see. I mean, I could see, but just. Everything was too far away for me to see clearly, unless it was right in front of my face, literally. Thank God my dad bought that flatscreen television when he did because I was missing crucial details. Only one thing could bring the structureless, fuzzy world into view. As I peered into the viewfinder on my first camera, it started to make sense as to why everyone was always looking around. The whole world changed. I could see each individual green, red, and yellow leaf on the trees as opposed to the still beautiful but very much a blob I saw before. The white caps on the waves of Lake Michigan became more than just something my dad said; they became real. Suddenly, the imaginary line where the sky and the lake met wasn't imaginary at all! My brother's smile as he climbed through the bright green tunnel at our local park, back when

he was able to do so with ease, was clear and bright in my eyes. I was able to see the beautiful things that I'd always known were still there as I backed away. I knew the trees kept their leaves, and the waves kept their hats, but now I could keep them forever.

Before I could realize what was happening, I watched my great grandmother's memories run away. My great-grandfather sat me down one day, just the two of us, and told me he wrote diaries detailing their love story. He told me it was okay if she didn't remember, because he did, and now I did, and he knew she still felt it. After this talk, I learned to gather as many memories as I could. Each time my brother smiled, click. Each sunrise and sunset I saw, click. Each time my grandparents picked up my brothers, click. When I meet my littlest brothers, click. Everything and everyone I held dear, click. I was young, and I didn't know much, but I knew how important memories were. My friends would giggle and throw up their hands as they heard another click. My brother learned to show his tongue in a split second at the sight of my lifted camera. I swear my cat learned to roll his eyes after a couple hundred clicks. I learned I wanted to remember their laughs, their silly faces, and their not-so-picture-perfect poses, too. Not everything that is beautiful is perfect, but I want to remember them all.

My great-grandmother has been gone for a long time now. By the end, they said she had lost almost every memory. I was there, though. She hadn't lost them; they were ripped away from her. Her brain worked a lot like my eyes; if something was right there, she could grab hold of it for just a second, but life isn't stagnant. Time passes. So as the second passed, she lost her grip. It didn't take long for the moment to become structureless and fuzzy, until it was nothing at all. I watched her eyes fade from piercing, vast seas, to foggy, empty skies. She didn't know she was fading as quickly as her memories.

I have glasses now, but I still collect all my memories. Everywhere I go, click. Everyone I get to love, click. Every flower, every sunset, every night sky, click, click, click. With every captured memory, I hope she was able to find hers after all, and that one day, I can show her all of mine.

Click.

—Rebecca Stewart

ART



art by Eddy Laning

LEVERAGE MY LIFE

Moral obligation is funny to me.
We dedicate ourselves to things in life
Small things, big things, medium things.

The cool air on a cloudy day in the city,
Helping the people who live next to us.
I grimace behind a hidden face to them,
But it is not out of hatred for people.

It is hatred for myself, my mistakes.
They remind me of myself in the past.
So the streets get further and further away.

As my projection of anger grows further,
I stay silent and none will ever know.

—*J.E. Leddon*

ART



"Aurora Borealis" by Dana Jurecki

ECLIPSE THE SUN

Unless the shadows do our bidding so,
 We will always detest the wicked dark;
 Of gallant storm rages and tempest's snow,
 The night is bitter as a hollow heart
 Oh but how you contest its intentions
 Beauty undaunted and likeness profound,
 But your words are of poisoned deceptions,
 In your sharp eyes love is not to be found
 Oh such woe, your cost is hard to be won,
 I am the fiery scourge of the red sky If only you,
 moon, may eclipse the sun!
 But to reform, you would prefer to die
 Oh the shadows ever so cruel to me,
 The light and the dark never meant to be.

—*Vanessa Stalvey*

POETRY



art by *Morley Remitz*



“Out of Frame” by *Jasmine Puls*

POETRY

MY TERMS

It's funny how
women live in a world
that expects
both the virgin and the vamp
both the lady and the tramp
It's as if we're
dolls
dressed how you prefer us
only your preference turns on a dime
and then we're lost in time
unraveling a rhyme
only you define.

But
virgin/vamp
lady/tramp
ain't yours to possess or obsess.

We transgress
 into our beautiful awesomeness.
 Walking tall
 when society tells us to be weak.
 Having the gall
 when politicians don't want us to speak.

You see,
 this virgin/vamp
 this lady/tramp
 ain't yours to control.
 Because I won't be part
 of your next bankroll.
 A societal sinkhole
 run by dead souls
 souls caught in a tailspin
 of me versus him.
 But my life
 ain't any less dim.

I deserve
 the same game
 the same name
 same fame.
 Hell,
 the same bling
 same thing
 same cha-ching.

You see,
 I'll be the virgin
 I'll be the vamp.
 I'll be the lady
 and I'll
 damn well
 be the tramp.
 but only on my terms.

—Jenna Cornell

ART



“Still a Sketch” by Noah Purzycki

THE RIGHT PATH

:

It took me 3 months to accept the breakup
 I still haven't gotten over you,
 But I know I am on the right path
 I no longer lie in my bed all day
(I get up at 8 am and make coffee.)
 I no longer type your name into social media
(You're blocked on everything.)
 I don't look through our old pictures
(Their ashes are at the bottom of a fire pit.)
 I don't ask my friends about you
(Instead we laugh and talk about our lives.)
 I know I am on the right path of forgetting you
 It was a hard 3 months
 Yet here I am,
 Writing about how I am healing
 I will make it to the end of that path
 I will forget you.

—Paeyton Bengtson

PHOTOGRAPHY



photo by *Matthew Freitag*

THE BOX ELDER TREE

I am just a box elder tree
 But little known, I am your enemy
 Watch me now on a growing spree
 Cut me down so that soon you can see
 The many heads of cerberus made free

New stems over there and also right here
 Tried again but you could not clear
 Do not fear, I will come again next year
 Like your bitterness, reappear
 Forgive them again, but it perseveres

Once you were content with people
 Just gather beneath a church's steeple
 Pancakes with a bit of maple
 Enjoy the mass, it comes with a sequel
 Bitterness makes not a staple

Of course, I am just a box elder tree
 Perhaps, it is your hate for thee
 How it returns stronger, so much like me
 The bitterness will always be
 When you keep forgiving so willingly

—Grace Desotell

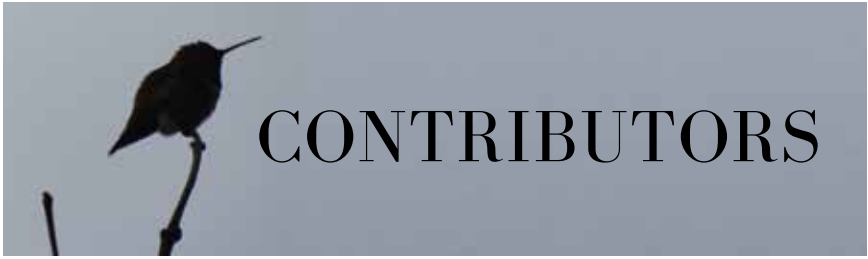


photo by Joseph David Warner

Leovardo Aguilar (p. 16) has spent most of his life haunting the shores of Lake Michigan, with occasional breaks to visit rural and mystic locations in Old Mexico. Leo attends the Sheboygan campus.

Roshelle Amundson (p. 7) is an English/Humanities professor at UWGB-Marinette. In her spare time, she may be found with windows down, moon-roof open, and loud rock music on her way to refuel in the quiet; foraging in the woods or walking the shores of Lake Superior or Lake Michigan, her pockets full of rocks and fossils.

Kira Ashbeck (p. 10) began digital photography at the age of six. Since then, she has expanded into film photography and has been published three times. She attends the Green Bay campus.

Paeyton Bengtson (p. 29) says, "I have been through a lot of trauma in my 22 years of life, more than most people will never have to go through. My poems hold the deepest parts of my thoughts and soul. I picked my top poems [for *Northern Lights*] that I thought many people can relate to." She attends the Green Bay campus.

Serenity Black (p. 13) is a senior at UW-Green Bay studying Writing and the Applied Arts. She worked as co-editor-in-chief of *Northern Lights* for its 2022 issue along with being both a genre editor and chief copyeditor at *Sheepshead Review*. She attends the Green Bay campus and is an alumnus of the Marinette campus.

Chasity Bunting (p. 15) says, "I write in hopes to reach the people who need to hear their feelings voiced. I needed to hear words like mine when I was younger, and I hope to make a difference with the power of words." She attends the Marinette campus.

Kyle Charniak (p. 5) says, "I am a freshman at UWGB's Green Bay campus. I love to write short stories and poems in my free time."

Katy Clifton (cover) says, "I'm currently a student at UWGB-Marinette pursuing an Art major and an Education minor. I like to explore mental illness, the effects of domestic violence, and other related issues in my work as a way to cope with my own struggles. I hope to bring awareness to such issues and share my story through my work."

Jenna Cornell (pp.26-27) is a 2007 graduate of UW-Green Bay's Marinette Campus and a 2011 graduate of UW-Green Bay. She holds an MFA in Creative & Professional Writing. *The Northern Lights Journal* was the first literary publication to showcase her work, and Jenna also enjoyed being a student editor of the publication during a spring semester while at Marinette campus.

Grace Desotell (p. 31) is a senior in the Writing & Applied Arts program on UWGB's Marinette campus. When she's not doing homework, she's either vanished off the face of the earth or is outside enjoying a long nature walk.

Matthew Freitag (p. 30) says, "Walking in the woods as a therapeutic activity led me to the discovery of native fungi that grow seasonally in the Midwest. Studying microbiology, I find that these organisms are especially fascinating in the ways in which they interact with their surrounding environments. Some of them, such as Chicken of The Woods (*Laetiporus*) exhibit beautiful color patterns." Matthew attends the Sheboygan campus.

Lily Greeley (p. 11) says, "I'm a writer aspiring to make the world more poetic and more open to experiences/ideas. I write chiefly to speak my truth, or shed light on horrors endured, and I encourage you to do the same. Trans rights are human rights, and you have value." She attends the Green Bay campus.

Alyssa Hannam (p. 19) is a writer and communications specialist based in Madison, WI. Her writing has been published by The Borgen Project, and she has had poems published in the *Red Ogre Review*, *New Note Poetry*, and *Troublemaker Firestarter*. Alyssa was the first to receive an "Excellency in Playwriting" award from UW-Green Bay.

Kayla Johnson (p. 3) is a UW-Green Bay psychology alumna currently living in Western Wisconsin, working as a mental-health therapist. When she is not working, you can catch her writing poetry, birding, and practicing yoga.

Dana Jurecki (p. 24) attends the Green Bay campus. Dana created "Aurora Borealis" with oil paints.

Ella Kakatsch (p. 18) attends the Manitowoc campus.

Emma Kolar (p. 2) says, "I am a student majoring in Design Arts at the Manitowoc campus. I have had a passion for art all my life and am working to get my art out in the world."

Eddy Laning (p. 22) says, "I created [the art that appears in this print issue and the online bonus content] my Senior year of high school, in relation to my experiences with religion in my childhood and how my faith has brought me here. Mental health and Catholic guilt are the focal point of these pieces."

J.E. Leddon (p. 23) says, "Born in Alabama and raised in Tennessee, I've been in Wisconsin in just over a year going for a major in Design Arts with a minor in Creative Writing at the University of Wisconsin-Green Bay. My current life wasn't my first choice, but it has allowed me to broaden my horizons farther than I thought I ever could, and I am looking forward to exploring the world!"

Erin Mader (p. 14) is a UWGB alumnus. Erin drew the art piece in this issue in oil pastels.

Abigail Marquardt (p. 12) is a current student at the Green Bay campus and an alumnus of the Marinette campus, and she is going for a degree in Studio Arts with a minor in Education with hopes of being an art teacher. She primarily crochets in her pieces and enjoys looking and remembering the nature that surrounded her in her childhood for inspiration.

Jasmine Puls (p. 26) attends the Green Bay campus. She says, "My photo was taken in high school during my AP art and photo-editing classes. This piece means a lot to me, and I hope you enjoy it."

Noah Purzycki (p. 28) is a third-year art student with an emphasis on photography at the Green Bay campus.

Morley Remitz (p. 25) says, "I am a freshman majoring in Animal Biology. I am interested in ornithology and love birds. In my free time, I enjoy drawing and created a series made with pen, "Birds of Wisconsin." She attends the Green Bay campus.

Keith Rose (p. 4) is a senior at UWGB Marinette. He says, "My passion is wildlife photography. I love walking through nature and watching wildlife. It's very calming and peaceful."

Cora Schuessler (p. 8) says, "I'm in my second year in pursuing an elementary education degree! I'm very passionate about photography to a point that I made it into a hobby job!"

Vanessa Stalvey (p. 25) is currently a Rising Phoenix student attending both Lincoln High School as a senior and UWGB's Manitowoc campus as a sophomore. After completing her associate's degree, she hopes to get a major in Writing and Applied Arts and a minor in Psychology.

Rebecca Stanzel (p. 20) says, "I got my first Canon camera this year. I'm still working on angles and lighting with the camera." Rebecca attends the Manitowoc campus.

Rebecca Stewart (p. 20-21) is a third-year English major with a double emphasis in English Literature and English Education and a minor in Education. If she isn't on her paddle board or hiking with her fiancée, you can find her reading, writing, or spending time with her little brothers.

Victoria Stock (p. 6) attends the Sheboygan campus and created "Smiley Fries" in Intro to 2D Design. Victoria says, "I hope this piece brings you a bit of nostalgia."

Joseph David Warner (p. 32) is a transfer student from the Green Bay campus. He is studying for an art major, with the studio art emphasis.

Kaitlin Wieberdink (back cover) is a senior studio arts major at the Green Bay campus. She says, "My emphasis is ceramics, but I also enjoy making colorful illustrations!"

Andrew Wiegman (pp. 4, 9) attends the Marinette campus. Andrew is physically incapable of complimenting themselves and is a certified "Silly Fella," whatever that means.

August Wiegman (p. 17) (they/them) is a graduate of UWGB. During their time at the UWGB-Marinette and Green Bay campuses, they helped revive *Northern Lights* and worked as Editor-in-Chief of *Sheepshead Review*.



"Faces" by Kaitlin Wieberdink



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