

VOLUME 41, SPRING 2024

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# NORTHERN LIGHTS

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



# From the Co-Editors

If you're reading this, that means you've picked up a copy of *Northern Lights Literary Journal*. Maybe you were curious what it was, or maybe you've got a piece published inside. Perhaps you're one of our submitters' loved ones. Whatever your reason, welcome!

Before we continue, a few thank yous: Thanks as always to UWGB's Student Government Association, without whom we wouldn't have the funding for this journal; our editorial staff, who made the often-hard decisions for our journal's contents and layout this year; our professor, Tracy Fernandez Rysavy, for overseeing us and guiding our clumsy hands through our creation process; and finally, you for picking up our journal. *Northern Lights* wouldn't be here without you.

If you're anything like us, you'll have as much fun setting eyes on our selected works—tales of lands near and far, poems that feel like paintings, paintings that feel like poems, and more—as we did. You might see a few names you recognize!

We're proud of the work that's gone into the 2024 edition, and we're excited to get it into your hands. Happy reading!

*Northern Lights* Co-Editors-in-Chief  
Kana Coonce and Kayu Brooks

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## About the Cover

This year's cover image is "Extricate" by UWGB-Marquette campus student Katy Clifton. The piece was created with acrylic paint on gessoed canvas. Katy is a two-peat cover artist, as her piece "Lashing Out" was also chosen through our blind submission process as the 2023 *Northern Lights* cover.

Katy is pursuing an Art major and an Education minor. She says, "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."



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# NORTHERN LIGHTS

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ART



Untitled art by *Victoria Stock*

# SIMMER POTS

I grew up with simmer pots.  
The smell of cinnamon and citrus warm in the air  
The sunlight through the windows  
Transformed by colored glass bottles on the windowsill.  
I was surrounded by chunks of crystals and stone.  
I was gifted tarot cards and poppets by the time I was 10.  
I was taught to keep money in my windows to bring in good fortune.  
To sprinkle red pepper at your door to keep away unwelcomed guests.  
That witches were more than Halloween costumes.  
The misunderstood people who dotted history  
I envied the other kids and their hallmark homes.  
Their buildings of worship of wood and stained glass  
Where I was taught to revere the trees  
To worship the forest  
As a teen, I pulled away from this life.  
Wanting the feeling of everyone else  
To camouflage myself as a chameleon among my peers  
Stuffing the cards and stones to the back of my broom closet  
Resisting the urge, suggest herbal remedies in conversation.  
But as I got older, the simmer pots pulled me back.  
My grandmother told me the hearth was the heart of the family.  
As she pointed to the old metal pan on the stove  
The smell of cinnamon and citrus warm in the air  
“It will always help you find your way home.”

—Shonda Robb

POETRY



"Glacier" by Lauren Wachtendonk

# BREATHLESS FOR YOU

Rush past me again  
Nothing could ever stop you  
Out the door like wind

—Chloe Smith

# A MOTHER'S MOM

I heard my mom cry the other night. She cried a child's cry: one that children cry when they ask for their mother's to console every tear that they shed from their wet, puffy eyes.

I heard mom cry that night, sobbing uncontrollably and drowned in her own tears that may have flown at a swift pace down her tan, and what I could have imagined, an unrested face. But you know what the interesting thing is, you never want to confront your parents at face level when they're crying; it'd be hard for you to share empathy, much less cry with them, too. You'd stare off into the blank distance, while a stream uncomfortable warmth flows through the entirety of your body, and to no surprise, you're scrambling for words to gap the discomfort.

Hearing is different from seeing. It allows you to soak in the emotions that your ears are exposed to and forces your mind to sketch out an image that displays your parents in the moment of their despair and vulnerability. Your sense of sympathy proves stronger when you hear mom and dad liberate any set of unhappy emotions—and for a minute—you cry with them.

Mom cried for her mom that night, cried for her to come back to console her grief in a time of hardship, asking God to bring her back from the dead to spend overdue quality time together. She groaned the words “Mommy” and “Why won't you come back?”; the words “I'm sorry” immediately find their place at the wrong time.

Mom didn't have mom to hold her that night and no words of comfort came her way. And if my sketch was accurate. Only a thin blanket, a box of Kleenex, and a crusted picture frame on the coffee table cuddled her to sleep.

—Bruce Kong

ART



"Father" by *Katy Clifton*



# BORN WITHOUT WARMTH

Birtherd human, cold-blooded  
Creature out of the baking womb  
By undecided conception.

I live without warmth,  
Heart chugging liquid to fuel  
Thermal iceolation.

Artificial is all I've managed,  
Over the heat register I loom,  
Raise my body's sensation.

Heat has lacked from life since  
As void of love and heat will doom  
I who only wants a companion.

—Samantha Landvick

*Author's note:*

*Inspired by Riley from CAD*

*Always a cold person, finds comfort in anything that gives  
warmth, used to lay on heat register*

ART



"Possession" by Aspen Hirschberg

# DEATH-HEAD SUMMER

Whip me to the winds and taste the aether  
Wring out the quintessence and make it ingestible  
Like a feel-good drag, I want you to hold it in and savor my intent  
Dripping with sky-blue-pink and Midnight purple as I crash-land into  
your blood stream

The synapse makes your starry eyes go supernova

Cut from different cloth but wrapped in the same blanket

I saw the dew condense on your tent

I saw dead leaves dance in your honor

I saw the frost make masterpieces on your windshield

I saw lilacs and trilliums bloom in your presence

Like a Luna moth fluttering on the edge of Summer  
Helplessly addicted to the lumens of your Strawberry Moon

I liquefied upon impact

Just another tineia lost in the Night-Dance

I couldn't resist this collision

—Mike Fugate

POETRY

PHOTOGRAPHY



“Ice is Melting” by Grace Marquardt

# MUCH MUCH MORE

I saw my reflection in a puddle  
murky and low  
robbed of light  
It was someone I didn't want to know  
created by tears and absent of flow  
I looked up at the clouds and decided it was  
time to let go  
I gave up the dream of being less than low  
and with one last cry  
I wiped away my tears and said no more  
I untwisted my limbs and struck the mud  
down below  
promising myself  
I'd be much, much more

—*Warren Miller*

POETRY

PHOTOGRAPHY



photo by *Kana Coonce*

# LAMENT OF THE WRONGFULLY ACCUSED

Accusations fall upon my head,  
Make a murderer out of me,  
On false witnesses, by the tyrants lies,  
No alibi can spare me from my inevitable demise,  
Grim, as it is, I am sent away  
Usher in the cold starlit void;  
Strum the heartstrings unnaturally;  
Soon, they will learn from their mistake: the  
Unnatural hunter still haunts these halls,  
Scarlet, as profound as blood

—*Vanessa Stalvey*

POETRY

ART



“The Other Mother” by Layla King



# I SAID I LOVED YOU BUT I LIED

I said I loved you but I lied  
Tears streaking from the sun  
Couldn't help it when you cried

Blue skies, melancholy eyes  
Humming guitars said you were the one  
I said I loved you but I lied

Maybe I should've never tried  
Fears hunting me like Orion  
Couldn't help it when you cried

Dreamed of years of you beside  
Hated you for not wanting to run  
I said I loved you but I lied

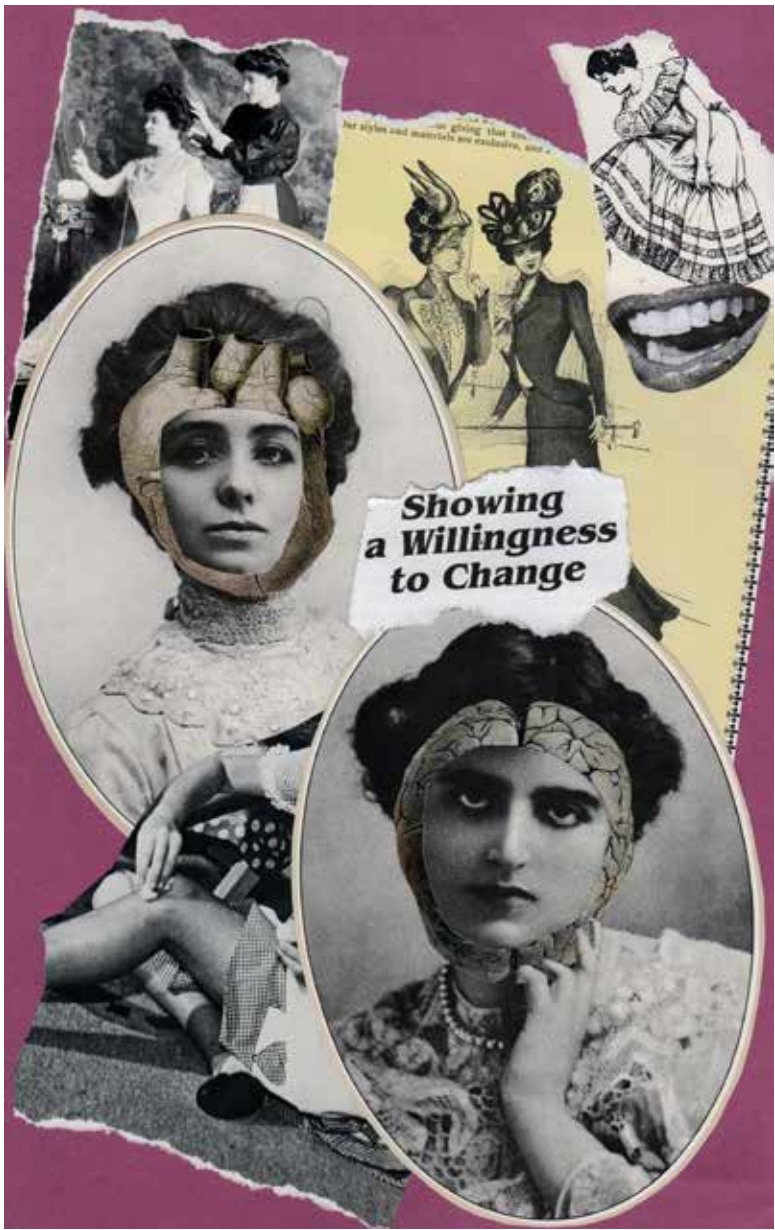
My feelings buried deep inside  
Organs saying we're done  
I couldn't help it when you cried

You desired to be my bride  
My moon added up to none  
I said I loved you but I lied  
Couldn't help it when you cried

—Chloe Smith

VILLANELLE

ART



"Female Changes" by Aubrey Laux

# TO ALL THE THINGS I DIDN'T DO

I have imagination  
I am just not attempting  
I have no inclination  
So nothing is too tempting

I lack the motivation  
That is needed to create  
I have the innovation  
I just can't substantiate

Not too much deviation  
in the quite conventional  
I need initiation  
I need the intentional

There is some indication  
Of my major undoing  
I have no dedication  
And that is my wrongdoing

The predetermination  
I have no destination  
A huge abomination  
With no imagination

—*Alkimie Andrews*

AE FREISLIGHE

PHOTOGRAPHY



*"Tree" by Tiffany Jablonowski*

# GRIEF

Grief

You who bathed in sunlight had been  
waxed in luminosity  
Dipped and glazed  
to be presented as perfect  
And

from afar everything was  
The brilliance of you  
like many others  
was but forgotten amongst many  
Fragility concealed underneath  
hiding any and all blemishes  
engulfed all of you  
And

suddenly there was a crack  
destroying all but the sugary shell  
Crumbs that were unsalvageable  
stuck and sticky  
The bits and pieces you left shimmered in my hand  
Its jagged edges cut deep  
Radiance eclipsed the scars  
as I bled  
It seeped deep  
Deeper  
and deeper  
As if to preserve itself  
Prevent you from dying out  
And  
me from saying good-bye

—*Shia Chang*

POETRY



photo by *Alexis Jordan*

PHOTOGRAPHY

# WE ARE GARDENERS

The world is a forest.  
A vast forest.

We are all gardeners,  
cultivating the oaks and the firs  
We must work together  
For we, have a forest of plants to spur

In this vast forest,  
In this game of misplaced trust,  
Some have tools,  
But typically play by the rules  
Some have no aid  
And are meant to stay afraid

Some pull the weeds from their roots  
and nurture the fruits

Some hack at the evergrowing leaves

Some sit on the sidelines and watch...

as others chop at the beautiful trees

They debauch

They corrupt

The trees that are underdeveloped

Our gardening could be an easy task

But for some, that is too much to ask

For they chose to ignore those, who bleed

Why ignore those in need?

Those in pain

Those who are chained

Those who cry to be freed,

but instead, they bleed

Their blood

it floods

Cascading around the world,

Shrouding it in gore,

in anguish,

in fear.

Fear of the weak,

making the land bleak

In this vast forest,

We must converge,

We must merge

To pull roots of this weed

Together we may be freed

Some think our claims are baseless

Some think it is hopeless

But we must not hesitate

when we look at a forest this vast

We are all teammates

We must remain steadfast

—*Alkimie Andrews*

PHOTOGRAPHY



"Forests of Absorption" by Kira Ashbeck



# THE WINTER- WINDED LIGHTS

Dear Nina,

There is a moment when you look straight down upon the fragile peaks. Where the clouds look like a carpet of snow beneath you. You think for a moment that you can stand on them, that when you do, they'll make a crunching noise, reassuring you that they packed themselves down to support you.

I must say, after each following step on the climbing peaks, I stare down and wonder when you had made it this high, did you look down? Questioned if you had let go, that the powder of clouds may catch you? Or did you keep soaring upwards, with the hope that you would see the lights?

I took a long exhale as the air made a fog from my mouth; the warmth was barely as comforting as your loving embrace. Then, I turned back, gloves on the slippery stone, and pulled upwards. Regardless of how numb my fingers may have become, I still moved upwards.

Did you know the locals have named their home based on this mountainside? They call it Shalindeer, home of the crumbling peaks. Not to worry you, but the stones on these mountains are fickle than your bread-making abilities.

Even as I climbed the lower parts of the mountain, I was left bound from grapple point to grapple point to hold on as the stones deteriorated in my hands. Now, I look up, a few minutes from the peak, and I now know why you wanted me to come here.

I take another step and reach the final ledge. The snow parts as my fingers prowl for something to latch onto. Then, with a stretch, I feel a sharp stone. I take one last breath, and with you in my heart, and my goal in my mind, I leap up, forcing myself over the ledge, and rolling onto my back.

I open my eyes, and the stars stare back.

In that moment my love, I had done it. I climbed the peaks like you had asked me to do so. Though, as you may assume, my quest is not yet complete. I find myself kneeling, my metal boots digging into the inch of powder beneath my feet. I flick open my leather bag and throw on the cape you made me. Even if it was old, you still made it with love.

I threw the brown fabric over my breastplate, the fur collar warming my neck. Then, with a step forward, I found myself looking down over the lake.

It was a frozen wasteland. The blue ice now covers the water that was collected in its basin. The wind howled at me, and only for a moment did I worry it was a wolf. The earth itself seemed to want in, as it spiraled down into the icy center. There was not a monster in sight, as the stars continued to illuminate the skies.

I shall admit, dear. The excitement may have gotten to me, as I had left my bag on the ground and ran off. Though, if what you wrote was true, then how could one not be intrigued?

As I drew near, I felt the air thicken, as the wind began to blow in a warm fashion, not hot, but not freezing to the touch. To put it in lighter words, it seemed that I was at the heart of the mountain as if the icy lake was the hearth of the mountain's home.

I decided to sit before descending too fast, as after all, I came to see the sight. Being too close may be dangerous, but too far would ruin all spectacle.

Then, as the brightest star in the sky stood overhead, I watched as the wind blew in. I may not know why it happened, but the snow from beneath me blew straight off, as if a gust of wind blew it towards the center.

I stood shocked, as I had not felt any chill at all, but as the snow flew, it began to spin around the center of the lake. Each particle had its own motion, each flake, its own dance. They parted around the center as they twinkled in the starlight.

Before I knew it, I was watching a whirlwind of sparkles, one tame, and alluring. As each piece moved, I too found myself among them. I imagined them singing, like our girls do. They would hum their fine tune, or a jolly one as they were indeed dancing. Or perhaps they were jumping, like when Dwyn blesses us with rain. Where we as a family would go out and hope through puddles like frogs, cause we knew we could be.

Then, from the corner of my eye was the signal you wrote. A single star, stretching across the night sky in a semi-pink light. It glimmered as you said, but not even that could describe its beauty. It was like taking the ink-colored sky and painting it with color. Since the second it passed, the stars in the sky began to change. They glowed in all shades, like a festival of colors. In that moment I saw the world beyond ours. A sight I wished you had shared.

Then, the blowing wind whistled, as the snow before me began to shine. Not that of a sparkle, but of light itself. They turned from their white to an array of bright colors. Their purples and greens, their blues, and their reds. I found myself on my toes as they expanded. They spread past me, as they surged upwards in their memorizing patterns.

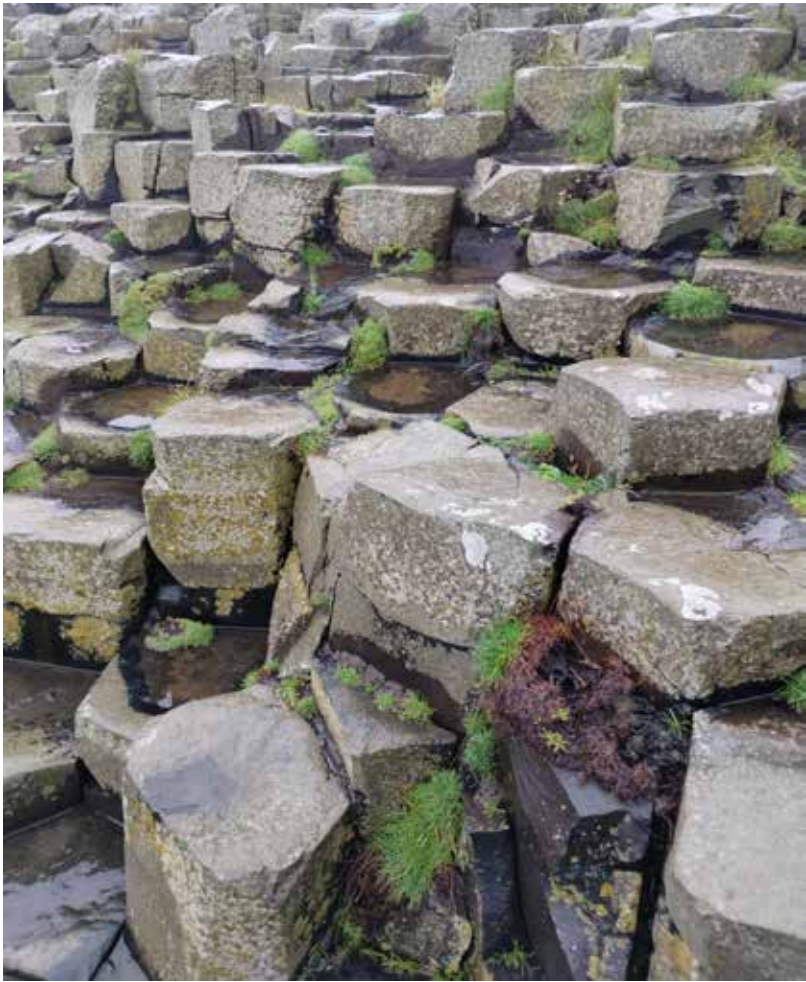
I stepped back and stared up at the rings of light around me, the color and the sights nearly hypnotizing me. Then, as a gale blew up from beneath the ice, they soared and blasted out into the starry night sky. They formed waves upon waves of colored light. A gradient of color across a black and white page that was the night.

Now seeing their beauty, I knew why the locals called it such an event. They called it the "Winter-Winded Lights," for it was when the gods themselves decided that the night should no longer be black and white. For years they never disturbed the peaks, but I did it for you. You always wanted to come here yourself.

The colors stretched beyond anything that you could have said, and I assure you, when our daughters are capable, I shall take them to see it. If nothing else shall come from today, let it be known that I saw it, my love. That I have left you to rest there. I love you with all my heart, and our daughters will know your sacrifice. Until then, pray it be that the lights guide you home.

—The Diary of Pinto Kindenberry

—Brady Hurst



PHOTOGRAPHY

“Giant Steps” by Tiffany Jablonowski



photo by *Alexis Jordan*

PHOTOGRAPHY

# SOKUSHINBUTSU

The bell is ringing—  
    we are still alive  
as they sustain us with seeds  
but soon the moon will be passing the sun  
while rat-faced girls and corn-fed boys  
    mouths full of fat and gristle,  
        chest arched self-amorous—  
will stand in awe of themselves for  
all they've accomplished

They will have forgotten, of course,  
     too busy curating the story to save face—  
 these are lives and legacies  
 Unfortunate, they'll nod—  
 sell what you can—trash the rest

armies with armfuls of bindings no one cares about  
 except we few who stare at the sun without shades  
 just to feel our retinas rage—  
 to respond to something other  
 than the bullshit of choking down more disdain  
 in the smile and swallow it  
 amid sips of urushi—  
 sumac's slow poison  
 staving off scavengers

when the seeds disappear  
 when the water dries  
 when the last of life is consumed  
 as the body morphs  
 as the skin sinks  
 as the organs die

In the dark,  
 the bell has stopped ringing.

—Roshelle Amundson

PHOTOGRAPHY

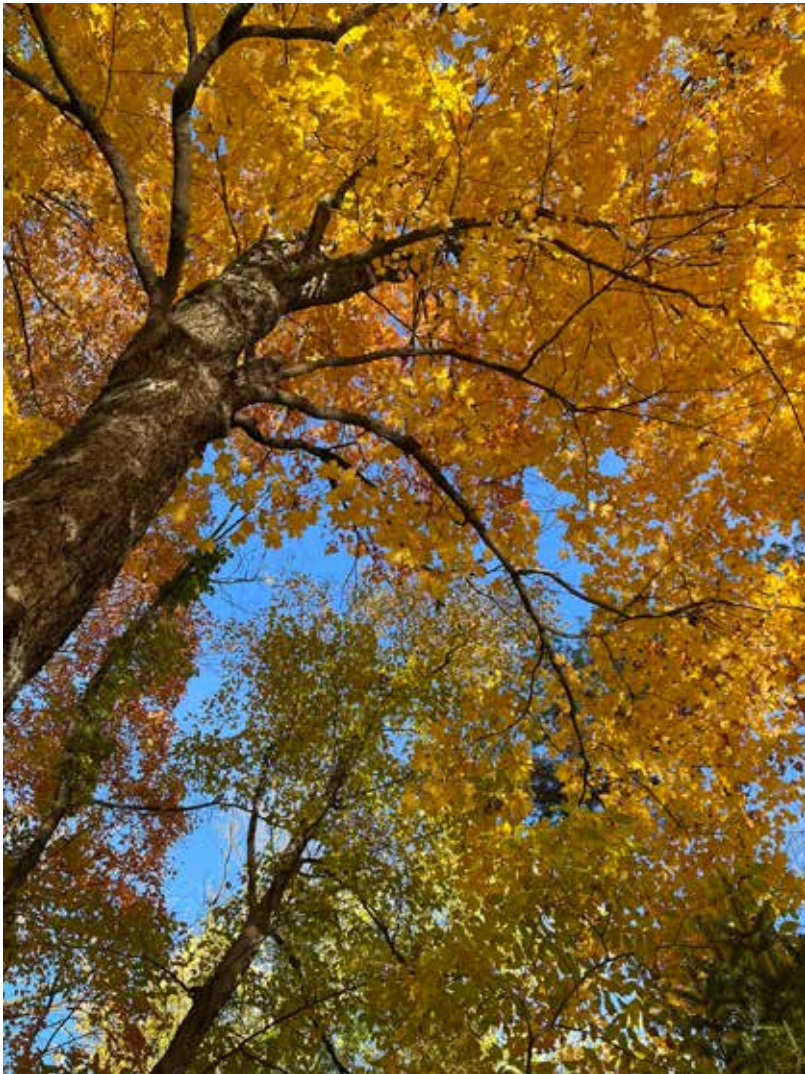


photo by Kana Coonce

# WHILE DRIVING THROUGH TEXAS

While driving through Texas, my dad and I happened upon a natural masterpiece.

18 wheels below us, clear skies above us, and nothing but the road for miles. Looking out the window, I saw scores of flowers in the untouched land beside the road. Among the grass, spots of yellow, red, and white abounded, as if placed by a master artist. A swath of blue flowers, taller than the rest, gently bobbed in the wind, giving the appearance of a river.

At a rest stop, we ceased observing the tapestry to become a part of it. The sounds of natural Texas sprang to our ears, much like the grasshoppers in the field. The size of small birds, they glided through the air on gilded wings as I ran beside them. The Texas sun soon forced us back to the truck, and back on our way, but a part of me still remains there.

—Edward Castillo

NONFICTION



PHOTOGRAPHY



photo by *Matthew Freitag*



# A BIGFOOT TALE

NONFICTION

My dad is known to over-exaggerate stories, so when he told me of an encounter he had with Bigfoot, I laughed. Until I too came face to face with the creature.

My dad is from Everett, Washington and camped a lot in the mountains when he was my age. Depending on the situation, my dad is either a hard-ass or a total wuss. He can't stand needles or the sight of blood but when he is stung by wasps (which he is deathly allergic to) he could not care less. So, when he told me he saw Bigfoot and he seemed so nonchalant about it, I just brushed it off as one of his many tall tales. Like the time he escaped from police on a motorcycle. Every time he tells the story, he tells a new version. He swerved in and out of traffic, he hid, and so on. Every ending is the same though; he got away, of course. Or the time he was alone in his family's basement and heard footsteps behind him and a hand on his shoulder. When he looked back, no one was there. I can't help but roll my eyes when he tells these stories. You know Dale from King of the Hill? Yeah, that's my dad. An orange-haired, blue-collar, chain-smoking conspiracy theorist. So, you can see why I didn't believe him.

My grandparents still lived in Everett and my brother, my dad and I flew to visit them. It was my grandpa's birthday, and he was OLD old, born in 1934, so we needed to go see him before he kicked the bucket. My brother, Joey, begged my dad to go camping in the mountains of Washington like he used to. My dad is stubborn and when he makes up his mind, you have to beg. Joey has his ways. If you want our dad to change his mind, you have to guilt trip him. And that's what he did.

Even though he was a supposed Christian, my dad's favorite words were Jesus Christ and Goddammit.

"Jesus Christ, Joey! You know I don't want to go out there!"

"Why not? We never go camping! Please, Dad, please."

"Goddammit, Joey. Fine."

So we started packing our backpacks to go spend the night in the mountains of some Snohomish County trail. Water bottles, snacks, a tent, sleeping bags, a compass, a map. The common camping supplies. Then, we started the drive to the trail my dad had his encounter at.

My dad had hiked almost every trail in Snohomish County so when we finally got there, I trusted him when he began to lead the way.

"So, remind us of what happened out here with Bigfoot."

Dad glared daggers at Joey, but he took any opportunity to tell his tall tales, so he started talking.

"A group of my buddies and I were up here on this trail. It must've been about

ART



Untitled art by *Morley Remitz*

'83, '84. So, I was your age. There was no one out there but us, we had hiked a little off the trail and we were pretty secluded."

The leaves crunched under my feet as I struggled to catch up with the equally tall Dad and Joey. My short legs ran instead of walking like them.

"Anyways, we were getting ready to sleep for the night when we heard this scream, right across the river from us. Maybe 40, 50 feet away. It sounded like a woman screaming."

"What did you do?"

"I looked out of the tent, but it was so dark. I couldn't see anything. But I could smell this horrible, rancid, rotten smell."

The last time he told this story, he saw glowing red eyes.

I stopped to readjust my heavy backpack and pulled the hat I wore tighter over my cold ears. I looked ahead and to my horror, I couldn't see Joey or our dad. My heart started racing and I began to breathe shallowly, as I watched my breath vapor form a cloud and disappear.

"Dad! Joey!" I yelled.

I looked around anxiously, walking in circles. The flowing river blocked any noise from being heard. I was panicking and I felt hot tears streaming down my cheeks. Fuck... I'm alone and lost in the fucking mountains. I had no experience with mountains. Wisconsin has no mountains. I did have experience with the woods, though. I wiped the tears off my face and pulled the backpack off my shoulders. I unzipped it and searched for the map and compass. I pulled both out and laid the map flat out on the ground. I knew where I was, thankfully, and where we were going.

I can do this... I can do hard things. I held the map and compass in my hands, and I started walking. I knew it was about an hour's hike from where we started to where we decided we were going to set up camp.

Crunch. Snap.

The once noisy forest suddenly went silent. I whipped my head around and my eyes came directly into contact with two other eyes. I screamed. These weren't my brother's eyes, or my dad's eyes. These were Bigfoot eyes.

A huge figure was standing right next to a tree. It was hairy, and I mean HAIRY. Dark brown hair covered the thing from head to toe. It was still looking straight at me, as if it was looking into my soul. I felt like I was going to puke.

I started to step backwards, away from the creature. The creature stood in one spot, very still, looking into my eyes. I was usually good at making eye contact, but I had to look away.

"Ginger! Ginger!" A familiar voice yelled, and I turned around to see my brother and dad. I breathed out in relief. Thank you, God...

"Look, look!" I turned back around and pointed, but the figure was gone.

"What? What is it?" Joey asked, as he whipped his head around to see where I was pointing.

"Oh my god, Bigfoot! It was just there!" I exclaimed in exasperation, putting my hands in the air.

"Bullshit."

—Ginger Knauer

# ON SOULMATES, LOVE, AND THAT STUPID BOX

POETRY

When I was seventeen I wrote you for a year,  
and I put the envelopes in a box and  
forgot about them.

(I don't remember what they say anymore.)

I stopped believing in soulmates after that.

Next were the dog days, the gentle erasure,  
mornings spent squinting in a sun too bright—  
the months slipping through my fingers like  
small pieces of crisped-up leaves.

Four long years in the desert,  
running circles around myself—

as if that could make the time go by any faster,  
or make the heart's jagged edges any smoother,  
or make the chaotic sum of me any less ugly.

Love, to me, in those days:

It was euphoric, it was "what if our parents find out", it was  
curling in on myself, wishing I had never  
let anyone see me like that.

It's not my fault, or the girl's, or yours.

Such is the way of the desert: fear, always.

But life is not restricted to one climate,  
and when I came to I had sand in my shoes  
and a box of letters that might never be read.

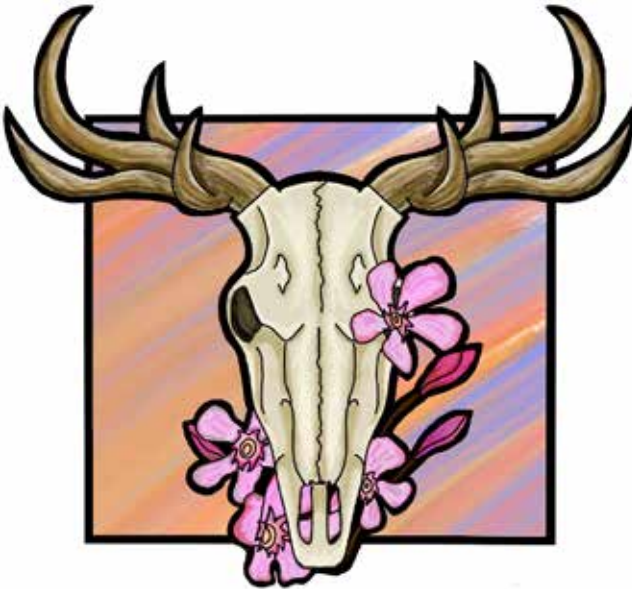
(I kept it when we moved. I wasn't sure why.)

When I came to you were still here.

How can one be haunted by someone they've never met?

I've since rediscovered what I once knew when I was small:  
real love is quiet. It won't  
*shout at you from the rooftops or*  
*leave you shaking at midnight. It won't*  
*hit you with its car; it's not*  
*a catch-22, or a funeral pyre.*  
*It doesn't exclude anyone,*  
*not the girls writing letters at 9:21 P.M.,*  
*not the hearts who feel stupid in retrospect,*  
*not the fools who hide from good things,*  
*and not me. Not me.*  
(There is a box for you. Maybe you'll read them, maybe you won't.)  
(Either way, I'll be okay.)

—A.D. Powers



ART

"Something About Death" by Vanessa Stalvey

## OUR CULTR

believers,  
embrace the txt  
let it surround thee  
a circle of commandments:  
our Scrptr

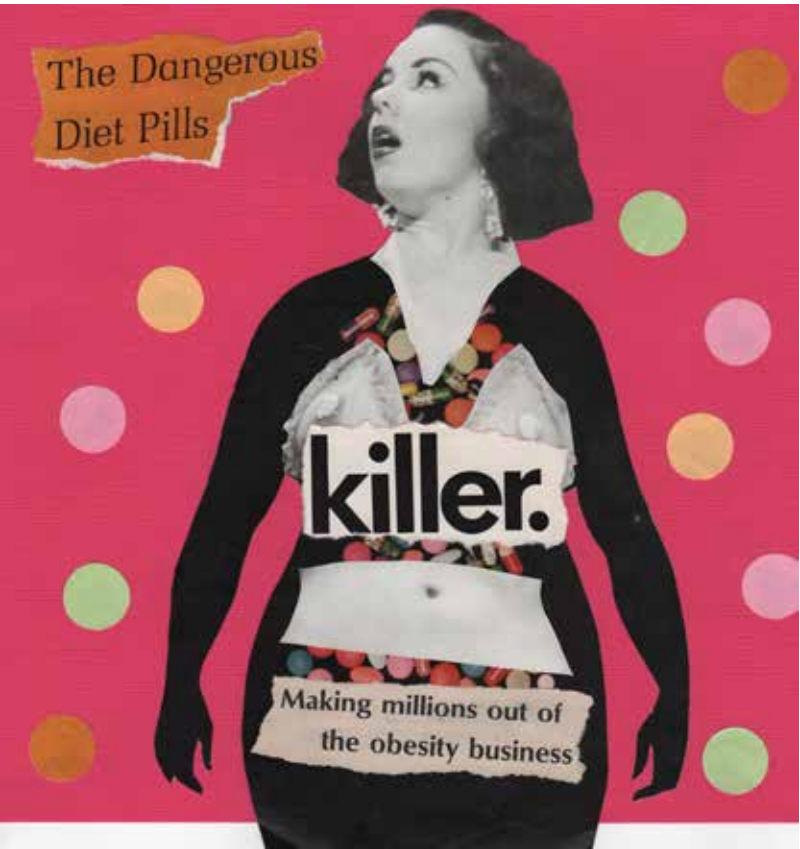
use it to view outsiders  
through your handheld window

then march with thy savior  
strike gavels into sinful flesh  
curl claws around and around  
liquid crystal keyboards  
call it asthc  
like the Salvation she wore last night  
—a necklace for nonbelievers.  
chant the gospel to those who are other  
kys... kys...

believers, bask the silence  
inside your plane of noise  
now hold your breath  
tap your fingers to pray

asphyxiate

—Kimberly Rouse



ART

“Killer Diet” by Aubrey Laux



"Seal" by *Maggie Fernandez*

# CONTRIBUTORS

**Roshelle Amundson** (pp. 26-27) 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 to 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.

**Alkimie Andrews** (pp. 17, 20-21) is a writer from a small town in Wisconsin. Her works span a wide variety of topics and forms. Her favorite poetic form is Ae Freislighe, a complex Irish form (see p. 17).

**Kira Ashbeck** (p. 22) began digital photography at the age of six. Since then, she has expanded her medium to include film. She has been published seven times. To view more of her work, you can visit her Instagram page @photography\_bykira.

**Edward Castillo** (p. 29) writes, "This is a prose poem about a memory of driving through Texas with my Dad when I was a kid. I drove all across America with him, but out of all our travels together, and nothing has compared to the natural landscapes we saw together."

**Shia Chang** (p. 19) writes, "I like writing, from time to time, but don't often share my pieces. I am currently working towards an editing degree at UWGB."

**Katy Clifton** (cover, p. 6) 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."

**Kana Coonce** (p. 12, 28) (he/they) is a nonbinary Writing and Applied Arts student at UWGB. He wrote for the *Green Bay Press Times* for a year before taking on this year's edition of *Northern Lights*. He has three cats.



**Maggie Fernandez** (p. 38, back cover) is a sophomore at UWGB studying Psychology with a Criminal Justice minor.

**Matthew Freitag** (p. 30) says, “My interest in mycology has led me to spend countless hours in the woods. In this hobby, I have been able to take pictures of many species of beautiful fungi.” Matthew attends the Sheboygan campus.

**Mike Fugate** (p. 9) writes, “My tenure at UWGB-Marquette was one of the best times of my life. *Northern Lights* journal, in my opinion, is a manifestation of the feel of that campus, and the vibrant people who study and educate there.”

**Aspen Hirschberg** (p. 8): Originally from Appalachia, Aspen is currently a student at UWGB. They enjoy horror, fantasy, and sci-fi.

**Brady Hurst** (pp. 23-24) is currently on a dual-track major for English on the Green Bay campus. He hopes to one day be an author with a book series of his own.

**Tiffany Jablonowski** (p. 18, 25) is currently a junior at UWGB-Marquette campus majoring in Writing. She is hoping to get a job in editing after graduation.

**Alexis Jordan** (p. 20, 26) writes about dynamic female leads, compelling adventures, and insights on mental health. She uses composition notebooks and pencils as her choice of creative weapon matched with a caffeinated drink.

**Layla King** (p. 14) is a sophomore at UWGB studying Community Health Education.

**Ginger Knauer** (pp. 31-33, inside back cover) is a freshman at UWGB-Marquette. She loves to write songs and short stories. On Friday and Saturday nights, you can catch her playing a show with her punk band, Wasted Pretty, somewhere in Wisconsin or Michigan.

**Bruce Kong** (p. 5) is a graduate of UWGB's Writing & Applied Arts program.

**Samantha Landvick** (p. 7) writes, “I am majoring in Writing & Applied Arts with hopes of being an editor like my late great-grandfather. I am the Spring 2024 Poetry Editor of the *Sheepshead Review* and find tremendous comfort in reading original works from other creators. In my space-time, I read, write (of course), and crochet.

**Aubrey Laux** (pp. 16, 37) attends the Green Bay campus.

**Grace Marquardt** (p. 10) is an English student at UWGB who loves photography as a hobby, especially nature photography.

## 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](http://uwgb.edu/northern-lights-journal) to view the following:

**Digital Zine:** “Stop the BS” by Ginger Knauer and Cheyenne Schreiner

**Art:** “Educational Coverup” by Aubrey Laux ▪ “The Perks of Being a Sunflower” by Aubrey Laux ▪ “Crochet Creations” by Kimberly Rouse

**Nonfiction:** “Jamie’s Journal” by Jamie Witte

**Photography:** “Verdant” by Roshelle Amundson ▪ “Sunday Stroll” by Kira Ashbeck ▪ “Untitled Photos by Matthew Freitag” ▪ “Castle, “Shore,” and “Icicle” by Tiffany Jablonowski ▪ “Connor Hug” by Melanie Lucht ▪ “Untitled Photo by Aden Short” ▪ “Untitled Photos by Victoria Stock

**Poetry:** “Growing Up” by Shia Chang ▪ “Hometown Values” by Tony Perkins ▪ “Watching” by Kimberly Rouse ▪ “Azul” by Ben Snyder ▪ “Arbiter” and “Dog Teeth” by Vanessa Stalvey

**Short Stories:** “Nebulous Dreams” by Noah Spellich ▪ “Q&A” by Conor Lowery ▪ “Rain” by Conor Lowery

**Warren Miller** (p. 11) is from the Stockbridge Munsee Community and is pursuing an Art major at UWGB. Warren attends the Green Bay campus.

**A.D. Powers** (pp. 34-35) is a writer from California currently attending UWGB. She likes three things: cats, women, and Pink Floyd.

**Morley Remitz** (p. 32) is a sophomore studying Biology with an emphasis in Animal Biology. In her free time, she loves drawing and experimenting with pastels and ink.

**Shonda Robb** (p.3) is a senior Design Arts student at the UWGB campus. She lives in Green Bay with her husband and children.

**Kimberly Rouse** (p. 36, 40) is an English major student whose motto is “knowing a little bit about a lot of things.” Reflective of this, she holds many hobbies and interests, including but not limited to: writing (primarily fiction and poetry), drawing, reading, gaming, crocheting (amigurumi), translating, and video editing. Though generally a quiet person, her head is full of thoughts desiring an outlet—either on the page or on the canvas—so she’s eager to be creative in any way she can.

**Cheyenne Schreiner** (inside back cover) is a sophomore at UWGB-Marinette. She is majoring in education because she has a passion for helping kids. In her free time, she likes going outdoors, reading, and writing.

**Chloe Smith** (p. 4, 15) grew up in Gladstone, MI, writing short stories and poetry about the Upper Peninsula, the Great Lakes, and lost love. Chloe prides herself in being a lesbian and writing about all things sapphic.

**Vanessa Stalvey** (p. 13, 35) is a 19-year-old writer from Manitowoc, WI. She is currently a junior at the University of Wisconsin-Green Bay double majoring in Writing & Applied Arts and Creative Writing. She has previously been featured in *Northern Lights* with her poems “Eclipse the Sun” and “All Of What I Am.”

**Victoria Stock** (p. 2) is a Business student with a Studio Arts minor who has taken a year abroad in Florence, Italy, to pursue a creative path. These images capture Victoria’s studies abroad.

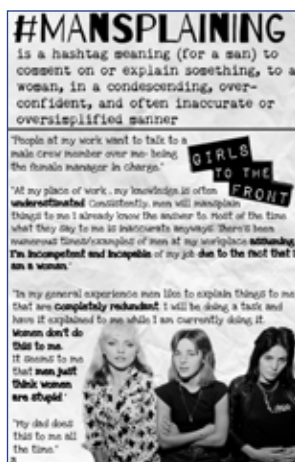
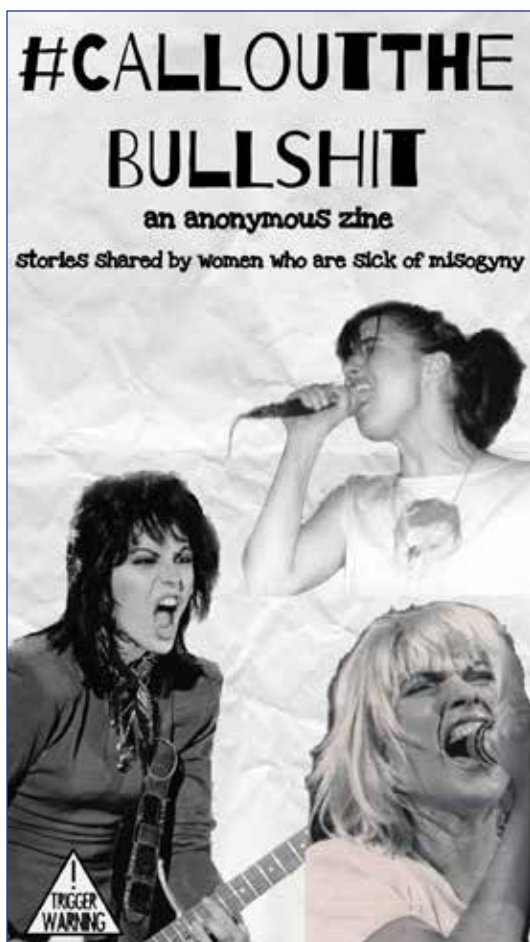
**Lauren Wachtendonk** (p.4) attends the Green Bay campus. Her photo “Glacier” depicts the dawn of Bowman Lake and was taken on a Nikon Coolpix P500.



# Check Out Our Digital Bonus Content!

The “Digital Bonus Content” section of the *Northern Lights* website includes our editors’ favorite submissions that didn’t fit into the print edition. The site also features digital-only pieces, like Ginger Knauer and Cheyenne Schreiner’s feminist, riotgrrrl-inspired zine “Call Out the Bullshit” (images below).

Visit [uwgb.edu/northern-lights-journal](http://uwgb.edu/northern-lights-journal) to view this digital zine and more bonus content.





"Jellies" by Maggie Fernandez



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