

perspective

2020

Kathwari Honors Program



*For Dr. Kukk, who has given his heart and soul to WCSU and its Honors students for 19 years. This magazine was made possible because of your constant support of student work and encouragement of creativity and interdisciplinary thinking. You taught us that the real art in life comes from the connections we make, the people we inspire, and the compassion we cultivate in our communities. We are forever grateful for the friendships that you have fostered, the ideas you have instilled, and the affinity for chocolate milk that you have spread. We are honored to present the second edition of *Perspective* in dedication to you, a great professor, mentor, boss, and honorary dad. Thank you for everything.*

Love, the Kathwari Honors Staff





Wading by Kyle Venditti

“A Word’s Beauty” by Claire Greene

I collect words like fine antiques,
admiring the way this ancient lexicon rolls off my tongue,
as if scripture can glow like crystalline candlesticks in the sun.

I create sentences like painters create art,
each syllable delicately placed,
but never truly understood.

I cherish books like passions held close to my heart,
Comparing the glide of page against page as they turn in excitement
to gentle kisses shared in private moments,
Loved and filling my heart with content.



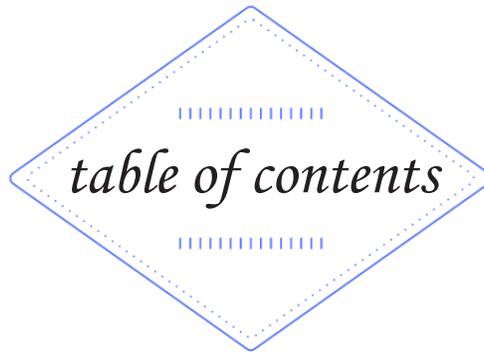


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Radioactive Rat
by Danielle Nielsen

“Spring’s Plague” by Tyler Munroe



we sing, blasting our playlists in the car just how we did two months ago when all this news wasn’t such a big deal.

you turn to me and say, “i wonder if they’re going to start giving us a curfew.” i look back at you. “they pretty much already have.”

the shopping centers and malls now close at 8, or 7, or 6, and no one can eat inside any restaurants any more. i feel as though the very basis of our culture is beginning to be taken away from us and i just hope with all of my heart that things will go back to the way they used to be.

i am not afraid of it, but i can feel people are afraid of me. grey-haired women stare at me as though i am a green glass bottle labeled with a skull that was just emptied into their drinks before their eyes. i avoid their glares by checking my phone, but i still feel watched as i read my mother’s texts about the groceries i must buy for our family.

that night, you and i roamed the aisles of a Target together and we were welcomed by dust. the empty shelves where bread and tissues used to live are now clear and clean and blank, blank white.

i feel panicked and afraid, unsure if the countless news articles are telling the truth or simply exploiting the fame that fear brings, and i am angry at the current state of the world. i am angry at behaviors, at laws, at statements, at everyone. i am angry at the loss of what i thought would be the best spring break of my entire life. i had all of my plans – all of our plans – burst into flames right before my very eyes.

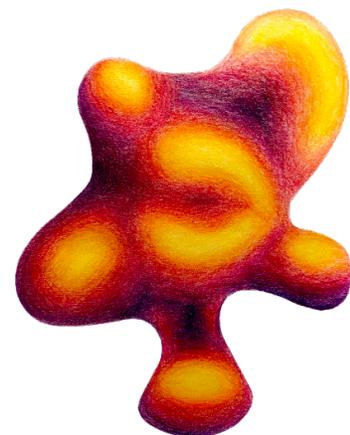
i am only thankful for your existence at this time. i cannot fathom this world, this broken planet we stand on, without you standing by my side.

i feel like i can only withstand this current state of life if you are with me, breathing in the same polluted air.

i lace up your new shoes as someone is rushed to the hospital. i compliment your outfit as a nurse discloses some test results. i smile on our drive to my house as another person dies.

i will admit that i was angry about what i had lost. i felt like the whole world was against me and against us. it felt hopeless to try and impossible to win. i understand a little bit more about the world now and the true severity of this whole issue. i somewhat regret all of the times i left my house. a week’s worth of news can change a lot.

back in the car, we are driving down the highway, listening to ‘folie à deux’ when you say, “they’re acting like it’s an apocalypse.” i am silent until i park the car and reply, “maybe it is.” and we exhale the polluted air.



"50,000" by Pamela Cruz Aguirre

Fifty thousand clouds drifting through the sky
Fifty thousand dolphins traveling through the sea
And fifty thousand more memories made

Fifty thousand lights shining in the city
Fifty thousand crops planted in the field
And fifty thousand more stars burning strong

Fifty thousand brain cells at work
Fifty thousand tasks to do
And fifty thousand more memories to forget

Movie. Game. Book. Toy. Life.
How many are seen in time?
How many are lost to time?

Without even realizing they've gone
Fifty thousand a day, at least
And fifty thousand more to go



Jasper and Frank by ShawnaLee W. Kwashnak

Taffy and Pumpkin by ShawnaLee W. Kwashnak



Freckles from Manes and Motions
by ShawnaLee W. Kwashnak





a sort of respect for the classics
by Satil Moni



“Insecurities” by Olivia Geiger

We bloom, but sometimes our petals fall, fissure, float away. Swimming with the currents of the sky, our words live in the clouds. Even when we break, we grow again. Even when our breath flatlines there is another world waiting on the other side. Perhaps this world is more suited for a divine being such as yourself. Perhaps this exact world is at the brink of your fingertips, but you fear to touch it for you may be burned. How wrong you are, fire is what sustains passion, and without passion what is the meaning of it all? Passions vary, no one's is correct nor logical, almost unexplainable. To deny passion is the cruelest of tortures. The silence of oppression, of suppression, sits in your toes, in your ears, in your heart like an anchor dragging you to the bottom of the sea: but you never die. Choking on your breath, on your own insecurities. Fishes swim with an envied freedom around your bound body. Their fins shimmer in the sliver of sunlight leaking in from the sky above. You wonder the feeling of light, for all you feel is the plaguing darkness. The haunting fact is this is a choice made by the grooves of your own broken brain, of your own solidified, undeciphered insecurities.

You have two brains, battling each other without any validated triumph. There is the logical mind that you hence listen to. It is merely there for protection, the mask in the face of the “other.” The logical mind is not you, it is what you want people to see. Then there is the mind truest to your purest form. It holds your deepest secrets coated in the crimson blood of your own doing. It holds your greatest pleasures soaked in the sins you never speak from your glossed lips. It holds the darkness of your beauty: These eyes speckled with green that pleads to be mended but also pleads to be recognized. It holds, with little delicacy, the rooted insecurities that inhabit the patchwork of your skin. With this torment sprouts empathy, and for that you should feel like a gift to a divided world.

You need to find the balance, the equilibrium between the two worlds of thought. You deserve to fill your lungs with the light from above. You deserve to swim in boundless lengths.

Unchain yourself, only you have the key.



Island Flower by Jonathan Wencek



Thomas Gaming
by ShawnaLee W. Kwashnak

Is This Sarah James Eddy?
by ShawnaLee W. Kwashnak

“When I Told You How Loneliness Felt” by Danielle Nielsen



Beneath the streetlamp stood an entity emitting electric clouds of blinding white. It wore no face. It gasped no air. It bared no eyes yet its light poured into mine. Over the years, I've tried to befriend the light; I've emptied my chest to it and watched it turn and walk away. I've handed it my umbilical cord, the reins to pull me from the womb in which I lived familiar. This time, the light came to me, and from my home I heard it say,

I wanted to see you again.

I shook my head and said, “you will leave when the sirens mellow.”

The light said, *you were right; the cold is as vague as it is hollow.*

“This time is no different,” I said.

The light opened its arms and said, *I will give you my warmth. I will fill up your chest and we will walk into the Summer together. That I promise.*

It's static steps burned blades of grass and killed thousands of budding flowers across the globe. I peeled off my skin, my naivety and doubt. I opened the door and found a world of death. The body of light had left with its promise and followed the sirens elsewhere.



MRA 2014 Afternoon by ShawnaLee W. Kwashnak

“verse xvi - i, the judge of my discord” by Satil Moni

it was not until i had my forehead on the ground

that i felt that i had finally been freed from the warning philosophies, the clashing cultures, the undying dynamic between the answers i knew to be true, and the quest for them that refused to end

because what quest ends at the age of 16, 17

if you were to ask me to assign which of these two were good and evil, I could not tell you

it is a war that never ends in the self – the greatest of all wars that only ends well if “good” wins.

But wars happen only when both sides fight for justice! [and then they forget that that is what they are fighting for]

they both want my judgement,
my self-sovereign decree,
as I am captain and yet slave with free will.

My judgement.
In this war, there is no good or evil.
There is only what you choose for yourself
[among them].



"Outside Looking In" by Pamela T. Cruz Aguirre

Caught between the focus and the zoom of the lens
The atrophied limbs of twenty-one years begin to move
But it was just a crawl of nanometers in the end
Staring up into the sun of this quiet room
Watching as it becomes the moon
Lost between ephemeral and permanent
Never knowing where to mark the map
Never knowing where one went
Drowning in a sea of air
Losing the way in the light
And all at once seized by fright
For by the time I could finally speak
It was already time to sleep



Envy by Fatima Izzat

As You Were by ShawnaLee W. Kwashnak

Wentworth, Wentworth & Wentworth Attorney at Law



“They Took the Trash Away Twice” by Nicholas M. Quinones



I forgive you.

Madeline had been trembling with anxiety since she first received Zachary's letter; after reading the first line it changed to rage. She had stuffed the letter in her nightstand, vowing to never read it. For a few weeks she had not.

Over time however, the three starting words of that letter came back to Madeline and she would tremble again, gritting her teeth. On grocery runs she sat in the parking lot, debating what she needed to be forgiven for. The dinners for her and her mother were burned the past few nights, Madeline drifting off in thought. At one point she tried to tear the letter to pieces, but her hands went weak when she gripped it. Discarding it would only leave her in the dark about what she did and leaving it in her nightstand left room for temptation.



After three weeks she finally broke down and decided she would have to read it.

I forgive you. For a while I thought that I did not have to. That I could just forget. But the thought always came back, the image of you with someone else. I thought that if I could not forget that I should then confront you. I tried to once; when my mother died and I came home for her funeral, I went to see you, stood outside of your house for an hour. I never knocked but your mother did see me, and she let me in. She told me you were happy with Trevor, and that my coming back would only ruin that. She told me that I should just move on, be happy myself. So, I went away again, deciding to distract myself with someone new. I met a girl who was great, had a wonderful sense of humor, loved to dance; I remember I could never get you to dance, you insisted you were too awful at it. She was good to me. But I was terrible to her. I was jealous of her friends, when they made her laugh, when she touched them casually. I was suspicious too, following her around when she was out, questioning her on where she had been if she was ever late for a date. After a while it was too much for her and she left me. I was bitter after that. I hated you, her, Trevor, your mother. I hated myself most of all. I started seeing someone, and they helped me work through some things. I think I am doing better now but my doctor suggested that I should tell you I

forgive you. So here it is, in the form of this letter, my forgiveness. I genuinely hope the best for you and Trevor.

Love, Zachary.



Madeline placed the letter back into the nightstand and sat on her bed, listening to the sound of her clock. The letter had not brought her piece of mind but for now her confusion was in the forefront of her mind rather than her anger. She would have sat

in her room for hours, staring at her wall had a shout not brought her back to her senses.

“Madeline!” She shot up in response to her mother’s shout. Down the stairs and through a hallway full of boxes, trinkets, and broken furniture, she found her mother at the kitchen table which was littered with bottles and old food.

“Do you need something?” she asked.

“Do I need something?” her mother said. “Yes, I need something. I needed dinner an hour ago. Why are you hiding away in your room instead of cooking? You weren’t expecting me to do it, were you?”

“No mama, of course not,” Madeline said. She sprang into action, a flurry of motion around the kitchen, her mother’s reproachful gaze on her. This was their daily pattern and had been for a decade. As a part of that pattern Madeline asked her mother how she was taking to her most recent medication. In response the medicine bottle was thrown at the window next to Madeline’s head, causing her to flinch.

“They give me the shits,” her mother said.



Madeline cringed and felt her mother’s glare intensify.

“I’ll tell the doctor in the morning then,” Madeline said. She moved to place the bottle in a cabinet above the counter but when she opened it, an avalanche of bottles cascaded out. She pushed them to the back of the counter, putting off reorganizing the medicine cabinet until later. From the table her mother chastised her, Madeline wanting to snap back that it was not her fault. It was her mother who insisted they hang on to the old pills.

Her mother insisted that they hang on to most things, Madeline not even needing to take out the trash some weeks.

“What are you making tonight?” Madeline’s mother asked after calming down.

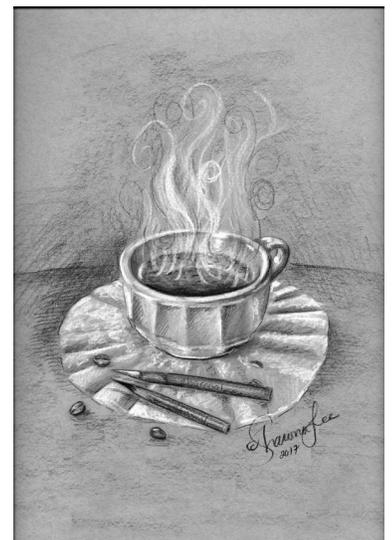
“Potato souffle with bacon,” she said, returning to peeling.

“We haven’t had that in so long,” her mother said. “Not in the past few years, I think. Why are you suddenly making it? You aren’t trying to butter me up to ask for something are you? If so, the answer is no. I already pay double on water and electricity supporting you.”

“Of course, not mama,” Madeline said, turning back to her mother and smiling. “It’s just that something happened, and I need some feel better food. Something to remind me of old times.”

“Well whatever it is, I’m sure you’ll be fine,” her mother said, rolling up one of the hundreds of newspapers off the floor and slapping a cockroach that had crawled on the table.

Madeline turned away from her mother, grimacing. She put the potatoes in a bowl and moved to wash them in the sink. The water took a moment to start, the pipes



creaking from strain. When it finally flowed out it had a crimson hue. She let the water run for a minute before it cleared up, the extra time allowing her to build up her courage.

“I got a letter from Zachary,” Madeline said. “You remember Zachary, right? I dated him way back in high school and a little while after.”

“Oh,” her mother said. “Well if you want me to get rid of it, I’m sure I could find a paper shredder that works somewhere in my office.”



Madeline considered taking her mother up on her offer, but it would not change what she knew, and she could not refrain from continuing.

“Mama, why did you tell Zachary that I was seeing Trevor?” she asked. The room was silent save for the whispering drafts flowing through the walls and the occasional groan from the old pipes. “Mama did you hear what I said?”

“Yes,” her mother said, offering up no further information.

“Well?” Madeline asked, grabbing a potato masher.

Her mother sighed. “Well you were, weren’t you? Did you expect me to stand by and let you keep stringing that boy along? You weren’t telling him, so I did.”

Madeline paused in her mashing. “Mama, I was asking about his visit after his mother’s funeral. He had already broken up with me before then. How could I have been stringing him along if we were broken up? Had you told him I was seeing Trevor once before that?”

There was a pause. “Oh, you were asking about the second time,” her mother said. “Well yes, I had told him before, soon after he went off to school. He called the house phone when you weren’t around. He was so hung up on you, asking how you were and telling me little messages to give you. It broke my heart to hear him, knowing you were seeing Trevor. I had to tell him and when I did, he asked if I could break up with you for him. It really was your fault for going behind his back like that.”

“I was never dating Trevor, mama,” Madeline said, spinning to face her mother. “Why would you think that?”

“How could I not?” her mother asked. “You two would go off to town leaving me here alone I might add, unable to take care of myself. When he walked you to the door, you would hang on to him and you would have a look in your eyes. I thought maybe you were putting out.”

“Mama!” Madeline said. “You know I wouldn’t do that. You know it wasn’t like that, I told you it wasn’t like that so why would you lie to Zachary?”

“I already told you, I didn’t think I was lying,” her mother said. “I think I’m done explaining this to you. Arguing isn’t good for my health.” Madeline nodded and returned to the task at hand, mashing harder than before. The room was silent only for a few moments before Madeline’s mother decided to pipe up again. “I never liked Zachary anyways, he was never good enough for you.”

Madeline's hand slipped, nearly knocking the bowl off the counter. "There was nothing wrong with Zachary, mama."

"Sure, there was," her mother said. "He was flaky, leaving you behind and going off to that fancy school. What was wrong with going to school here? Nothing. He would always drone on about wanting to make life better for himself and that's why he needed to get away. Your father used to talk like that, and it was that kind of talk that made him leave us."

"Daddy didn't leave us mama," Madeline said. "He left you. He wanted to get away from you."

A sharp pain exploded in the back of Madeline's head and spots danced around her vision. She took a moment to collect her bearings and looked down to see shards of glass. When she reached back, Madeline found no shards from the bottle her mother threw embedded in her scalp, but she was bleeding. When she looked up her mother was sneering, appearing almost bestial.

"Don't you ever say it like that," she said. "Don't say it like *I* pushed him away, like it was my fault. It was entirely his."

Madeline said nothing, and after a while her mother continued their pattern.

"I'm sorry honey," she said. "But you know to be careful how you talk about that man. You know how angry it makes me." She continued making her promises and apologies, none of which Madeline responded to, too furious to even pretend to accept them, only continuing to make dinner. When she was finished, she brought two plates over, not eating herself, but instead watching her mother scarf it down, not bothering to chew. She shook with excitement and tried to hide a smile but found that she could not, no more than she could fully stifle a giggle. Her mother picked up on it and look up at her.

"Are you not eating," her mother said passed a mouthful of food.

"No, I'm not feeling hungry after all," Madeline said. "I think I will have a drink to calm my nerves though. Do you want anything? Now that you stopped taking your prescription the doctor can't get mad at you for it."

Her mother's eyes softened for the first time that evening. "I think you're right," she said. "Get me something strong then."

Throughout the night, Madeline poured whatever she could find for her mother whose thirst seemed unquenchable. She herself only indulged in a bit of wine, finding that it helped with the trembling. When the lights began to flicker in the kitchen, the old bulb threatening to pop at any second, Madeline finally escorted her mother to bed, laying her on her back.

She sat at the edge of the bed for a while, moving her mother's greasy hair out of her face, taking the old woman's hands into hers and rubbing them soothingly. For a moment she questioned what she was doing. Despite everything her mother had done to Madeline she was still her mother. But when she

continued to think about it, she had been this woman's daughter and that had never curbed her vicious behavior once. It only made her hold onto Madeline with the same vigor that she held on to the trash piled throughout their home. If that was the case, then what did Madeline owe her? She placed her mother's hand down, her resolve overcoming any doubts, and patiently sat beside her mother until she was lulled to sleep.

Before the paramedics could be called the next morning, the trash collectors had already come through. The only thing they took from Madeline's house was dinner from the night before and the fragments of Zachary's letter. Madeline's mother was pronounced dead at the scene and when the coroner came to take her away it took a full half hour to remove the body, the hallways needing to be cleared to make way for the stretcher.

No one questioned the death of Madeline's mother; it was hardly sudden. On top of being sick for years, she had a bad habit of drinking with her medication when she did take it; when the time came for medical examiner to pronounce she had died choking on her vomit in her sleep, no one would be surprised.

As she watched the coroner's vehicle pull away, Madeline found herself marveling at a sudden revelation: they had taken the trash away twice that day ■



Pears and Apples by Valerie West-Rosenthal

Pages 12-14: *Faces* by Divanie Yamraj

Page 13: *Charcoals and Hot Coffee* by ShawnaLee W. Kwashnak



Banana Pop Art by Jonathan Wencek

"Oscar Wilde" by Claire Greene

Oscar Wilde, where do you get your inspiration?

Tell me, do your muses dance on the stars,
can they be heard by the sea?

Poetic and tragically romantic,
words strung together on the dewy webs of little black
widows,

poisoning me with a cracked rosy vision.

What visions dance to create such imagery?

What vivid colors dance across your conscious?

O, Oscar Wilde,
the question haunts me;
Where do you get your inspiration?



Sunset by Divanie Yamraj

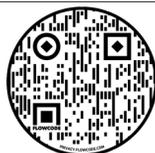
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“The Human Monet” by Claire Greene

Blurry details

milky scratches and old punctures,
charming wrinkles and spots of pure sun,
a human Monet of self-perceived flaws
delicately tie together and blur to create new imagery,
a lush scenery of memories and time,
a coveted masterpiece of the universe.

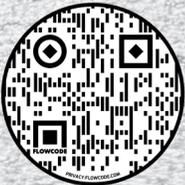




Deity by Erika Sabovik

“The Plunge” by Claire Greene

Standing on the edge of the forbearing unknown,
A sea of pestilence and destruction rages below.
A knife at my back, a jolt of fear down my spine,
I plunge into my watery grave,
Wondering if I might be strong enough to swim.





Old Boat by Jonathan Wencek

“Stargazing” by anonymous

At times it seems as though you are unreal,
a figment flowing through my dazzled mind—
until my memories again reveal
that this delicious dream’s the waking kind.

My eyelids cannot close beneath the night,
with whispered wishes woven through those skies . . .
I love to let this linger in my sight
(don’t look now, but there’s starlight in your eyes).

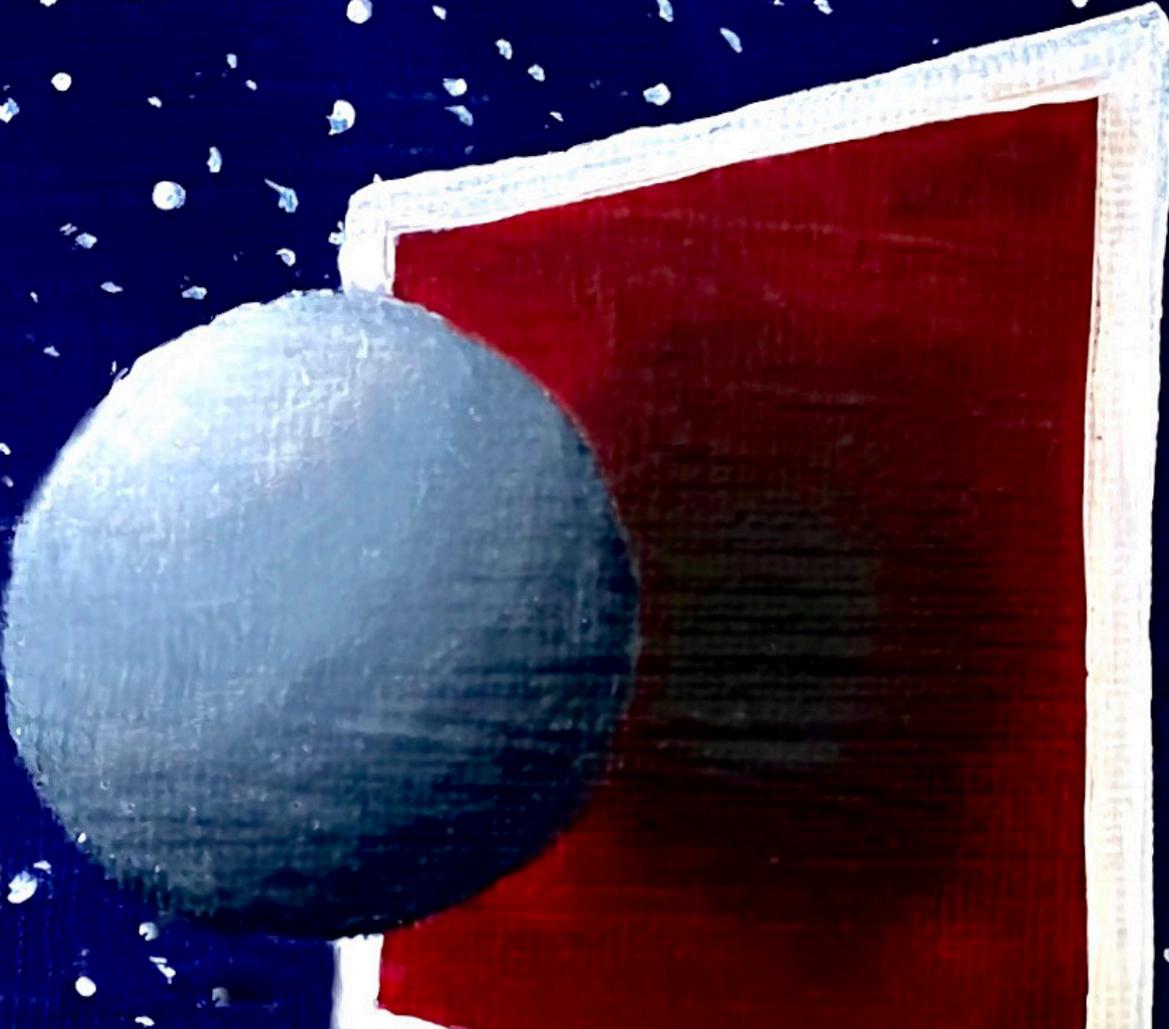
Here is a lovely vision to behold—
our pasts and futures cherished by the stars.
These endless fates of ours remain untold,
kept safely there by Venus and by Mars.

And when the morning lights the sky anew
I’d love to wake up once more next to you.



Painting by Faizah Karim





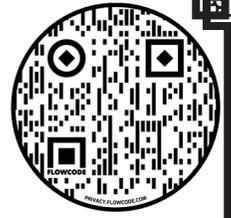
How easily the curtains drifted
to the floor, and softly sifted
light from the luscious lavender,
the buzzing from the hum.
And swiftly slathering
the slippery, evasive haze
of unborn days
with hopelessly entangled mumbles
rumbling along, the quiet
corners scattered through my mind
began unraveling, unwinding
twisting tendrils to entwine
with long-awaited slumber.
And I listened to their nonsense

phrases,
wandered through their mazes
(though I never found the end of them),
and sleepily sank deeply
down the rabbit hole,
the purple curtains
slipping down my eyes...

I tumbled down the reaches of my soul
and felt its night-tide rise.

“The Window” by Jess Kegley

“The Good Life” by Danielle Nielsen



A butterfly does not discriminate beauty, and flutters
No judgment. It is majestic in the air, and finds solace
Upon saw blades and pallets of wood, pipes and motors.

A fly sings a lament, searching for rot, stench, and grease.
It doesn't know why our flesh is soft and warm. Death
Upon a white wall, where it is squelched. Buzz no buzz.

A murderer walks with swollen feet and calloused hands.
Their bones fracture and muscles ache. Mama sets pie
Upon a window sill to cool, and welcomes them home.



Butterfly by Jonathan Wencek



Brushstroke by Erika Sabovik



DANI9

~ Let Me Be Worthy Of Myself ~

by Danielle Nielsen

“Star Lady” by Faizah Karim



“Mistresses of the Moon” by Claire Greene

Mistresses of the moon, decadent like stars,
temptresses made of the galaxies.
O, my sapphic heart cries for you,
for your hearts to match mine.

Made of stardust,
and atmospheric blue silks,
my soul forever belongs to their endless nights.

"I Was Never Taught Chaos" by Tyler Munroe

In my third grade class,
I learned how to write haikus.
It seemed fun at first.
It was easy, but
after writing some haikus,
it became boring.

- CHAPTER TWO -

In middle school, The Writer learned about fictional narratives. Since The Writer was an avid fan of novels such as *Divergent* and *The Hunger Games*, The Writer enjoyed formulating action-filled plots in futuristic dystopian societies. However, these stories never saw the light of day. They remained unfinished works, none of them longer than two or three chapters. The ideas were simply left unfulfilled. The storylines faded out of existence...

ACT ONE, SCENE THREE

[INT. A HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY]

[Most of the ensemble has left the classroom. Only THE MAIN CHARACTER and THE TEACHER remain. The Main Character sits in a slightly off-center desk, scribbling away on a paper. The Teacher is eating lunch at her desk. There is no noise as the two characters work on their own priorities in silence. After some time, The Main Character turns to look at the audience.]

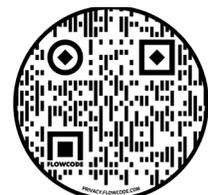
MAIN CHARACTER, *aside*: I tried writing scripts after reading Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night" for my AP Literature class. I wanted my teacher to read over my work...

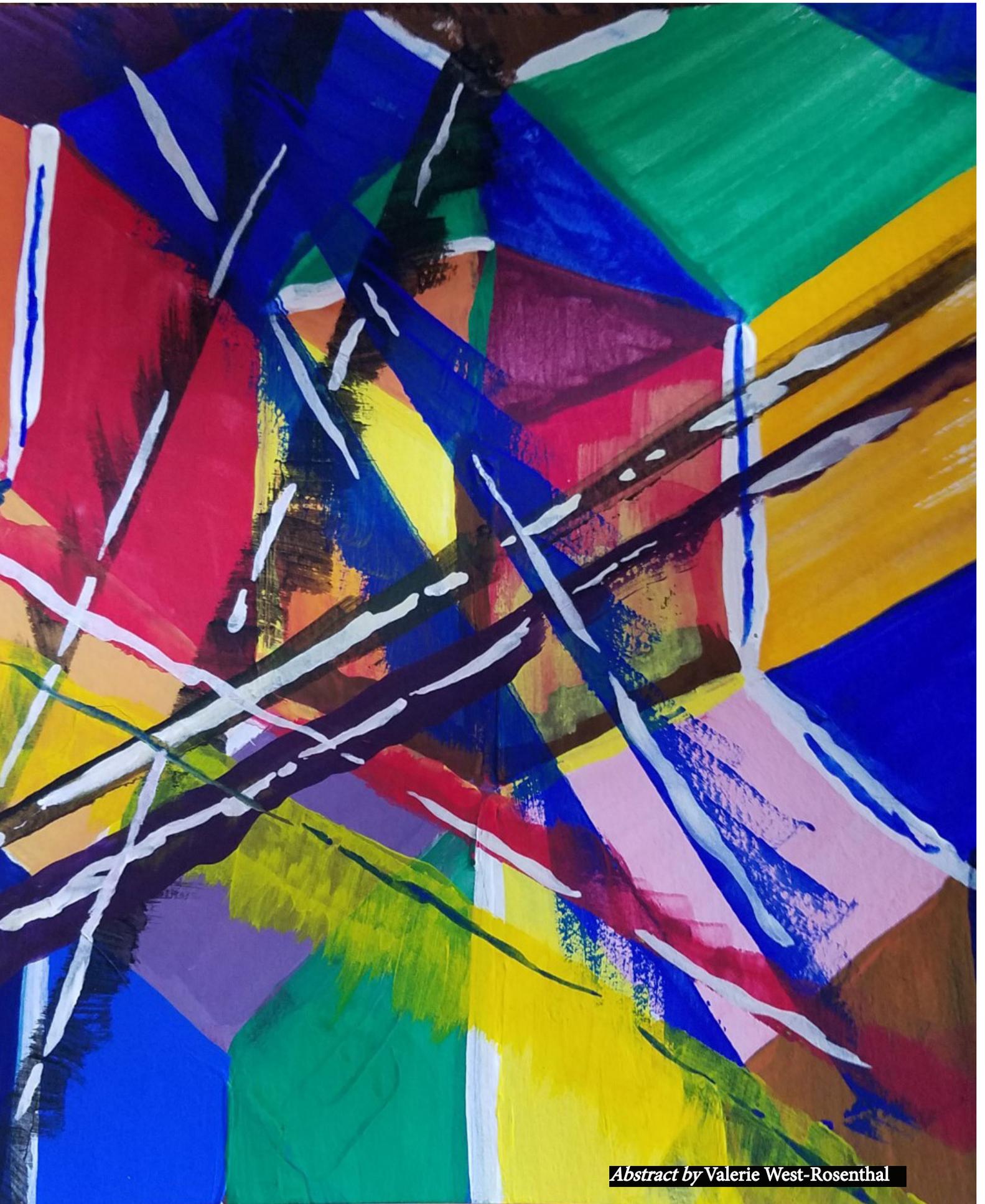
[The Main Character looks at The Teacher for a moment before facing the audience again.]

MAIN CHARACTER, *aside*: ...but I never felt confident enough to share it.

after many years of reading and writing
and studying and experimenting
and trying so hard to figure out my own style,
it is hard to believe i found something that fit me.
who would've thought i found myself
through writing free-verse poetry?

some scholars may deem it "chaotic,"
and others may deem it "lazy."
it does not matter what they say to me.
i think my writing is the most human
when i do not worry about restraints.
so call me chaotic or whatever you want,
but i am only writing what is true to me,
what is genuine and real and honestly sincere
regardless of what it may be.





Abstract by Valerie West-Rosenthal

Deep in the velvety pocket of late July, the bubbling stream out back would simmer with the green of those nestled in the water's muddy edges. Chilling comfortably in their summer home, the frogs would sit quietly next to the gurgling flow and bathe in its steady rhythms. And over the small stone bridge, my bare feet, calloused from curiosity, always were surprised by the chill of the slab and the tumbling water when I would stand on the edge and peer down at our visitors, hands at the ready.

Not far off, the white plastic basin lay in wait, humming and tapping with the movement of my unwitting prey. Fingertips hovering over the water quivered with the anticipation of just the right moment—there. My hands fell into their places around the cool and slimy creature and held fast as the legs struggled to spring out of captivity, wriggling with all the strength of my victim's indignation. In an instant, I was hopping over the slippery grass with the squirming captive behind my laced-up fingers, toward the gleaming tub nearby. At the last moment, the frog leapt free from my straining grasp—only to fall into the reaches of the bin.

And there they sat, all seventeen of them, throats bobbing in and out—why did they do that? —jumping occasionally, until, when time would catch up with all of us, and we were no longer carried away, I would wander over to the back of the barrel, lean against the edge, and tip it over, watching all of them go free, leaping across the yard to the icy stream whence they had come.

carried
away
by anonymous





Photos by Fatima Izzat

*Celebrating the
Kathwari Honors Program
Class of 2020*

ONCE A DOLPHIN, ALWAYS A DOLPHIN



Matheus Rocha Alexandre
Computer Science



Erin Arcoite
Biology
Chemistry, Psychology Minors



Anusha Atique
Biology
Chemistry Minor



Elmar Barrios
Nursing



Joseph Burzdak
Meteorology
Mathematics Minor



Morgan Cairns
Professional Writing



Natalie Carnazza
Digital Interactive Marketing



Jennifer Cioffi
Interdisciplinary
Elementary Education



Erin E. Coughlin
Musical Theatre



Pamela Cruz Aguirre
Digital & Interactive Media Arts



Pooja Dudhedi
Nursing



Brianna Durante
Communications
Psychology Minor



Nicole Evangelista
Health Education



Nicole Foertsch
Earth & Planetary Science



Allison Frenz
Digital Interactive Marketing



Cassandra Frisbie
Business Administration



Tyler Gallagher
Musical Theatre



Olivia Geiger
Professional Writing



Adam Giard
Music Education



Julia Giattino
Music Education



Tyler James Goff
Music Education - Vocal



Christopher Gordon
Psychology



Eric Gottier
Meteorology



Jasmine Grey
Biology
Chemistry Minor



Eliot Griffin
Computer Science



Ashley Hart
Psychology



Kathryn Healy
Communication Studies



Fatima Izzat
Digital & Interactive Media Arts



Celina Kestecher
Theatre Performance



Mackensie Ann King
Mathematics
Psychology Minor



Shannon Lynch
Nursing



Danny Men
Computer Science



Mikhaela McFarlin
Psychology



Heather Morey
Health Promotion Studies - Allied Health
Psychology, Community Health Minors



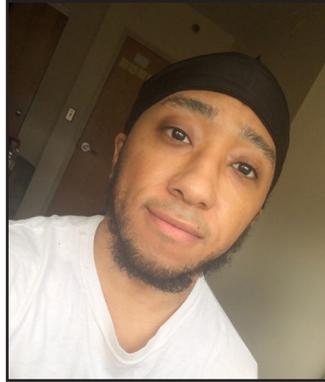
Matthew Mullen
Audio & Music Production



Olivia O'Brien
Biology - Professional
Spanish Minor



Rachel Peet
Photojournalism
Spanish Language Minor



Mailk Roc
Computer Science



Julia Roth
Nursing



Erika Sabovik
Social Entrepreneurship



Kailyn Schuster
Biology
Psychology Minor



William Silvia Jr.
Psychology and Gender Studies &
Multicultural Studies
Creative Writing Minor



Callie Sorrento
Music - Vocal Performance



Olivia Sosnoski
Biology



Andrew Spaulding
Music Education -
Classical Double Bass



Brittany Stancavage
Justice & Law Administration,
Psychology



Paul Standish
Psychology
Business Administration Minor



Jane Stock
Human Resources Management



Abby Swartout
Music, Musical Theatre



Sara Tenke
Elementary Education



Angie J. Tovar Vanegas
Elementary Education



Elijah Uttley-Rosado
Music Education



Erika Wahlers
Music Education



Megan Waldrop
Psychology



Victoria Wall
Music Theatre



Keyanna Wright
Psychology

Congratulations to You All!

For Dr. Kukk...



If a smile alone could heal the world, then Dr. Kukk would be like traveling medicine for the soul. His ability to put his life on hold to guide and provide a safe-space for others is the kind of selflessness that we need more of in society. The day is instantly filled with positivity as he takes it upon himself to carry the hurt others feel, and to help them transform their hardships into blossoming possibilities. It would be fair to call Dr. Kukk your best friend, but it would be more fitting to say that he has treated each of his students like his own family. His compassion, of course, has sincerely changed the lives of many individuals—compassion being a verb and a noun. Dr. Kukk is not leaving WCSU or the Honors Program, as he and his kindness will always has a home here. I know that no matter where we are in life, he will gladly welcome us with open arms and a glass of chocolate milk, just as we would for him.

Danielle Nielson

Dr. Kukk, I am so beyond 😊 for you and your 👨👩👧👦 👤. You will be missed and I am very 😞 to see you go. I don't really think there will ever be enough emojis for me to explain how amazing you are and how much you have impacted not just me but our entire university community! I read this book once that said, "One compassionate achiever is all it takes to start spreading the ripples of success through a community. It begins with you and how you interact with people on a daily basis. All of your personal interactions are like small stones of compassion dropped into a pond, creating ripples that reach far beyond you." This quote, from this really smart guy, is now my mantra. All it took was you to throw that first stone!

Good Luck and I will miss you!

Jolee Dinho-Guerreiro (a.k.a. Emoji)

I know how important it is to love what you do, and I'm so excited that you have been given this opportunity and are able to do everything you have always wanted. You are an amazing profession, mentor and friend to so many. I wish you nothing but happiness and success in the start of this new chapter in your life. Stay well my friend and we will be down to visit Farmville soon!

Big Hugs!
Maria



Dr. Kukk (aka Coach Kukk), I simply can't put into words what you have meant to me personally and to our women's basketball program over the years. You have touched so many lives. Now, you will venture off on a new journey to touch even more with your passion and enthusiasm in a way that only you can.

Continue to swim with the dolphins!!

Kim Rybczyk

Dear Dr. Kukk,

Ever since I first entered the Kathwari Honors House on June 22nd, 2017, I knew that I was a part of something special and that you were someone to look up to. You have allowed me to let my ideas go wild across so many different disciplines within your courses and while going AWOL, made me look forward to a course so much that I bolted up the Honors House stairs like a kid on Christmas to ask Jess for an override into it, introduced me to numerous books and articles that have completely changed my way of approaching my career aspirations and my life in general, inspired me to strive to always think creatively and embrace struggles as opportunities for learning in my work for this amazing Honors Program, and offered wise words of caution whenever I decide to stand out in the middle of a blizzard or a thunderstorm or a hurricane.

While I cannot make any promises about the weather, I can assure you that you have changed my life for the better and that I am so excited to change this world based on the lessons that you have taught me. When I tell my students and my peers and my coworkers and my family and the rest of the world about how I got to wherever I am, I will be dropping your name quite frequently and people will be wondering who the freak this "Dr. Kukk guy" really is from how much I do so. I know that you are going to do incredible things at Longwood University and that you will inspire so many students to become passionate achievers and lifelong learners in the process. I am bidding you farewell for now, but know that I am looking forward to going on a road trip to Virginia to catch up, from one dolphin to another, over a cup of chocolate milk!

With immense gratitude,

James Cantafio

Hi Dr. Kukk!

Congratulations on your new opportunity! WestConn will surely miss you, but we know you'll always have our back. Thanks a ton for everything you have done for us. Miss you already! Be safe and well!



With love,
Andrew Spaulding



Dear Dr. Kukk,

Thank you so much for all you have done for us as the advisor for the Muslim Student Association! Your support and encouragement is what allowed our group to thrive, educate, and provide a safe space on campus for all. Thank you for your wonderful insights and for your dedication to spreading love and positivity! We could not have gotten to where we are without you and we will miss you sorely. Good luck on all your future ventures! We will always remember you with every event, community dinner, and crazy meeting.

Salaam and good luck! ~ The WCSU MSA



CONGRATULATIONS



I will have a glass of chocolate milk in your honor since we are unable to say goodbye in person. It has sincerely been a pleasure working with you. You will be greatly missed by me and many others at WCSU!

**All my best,
Sue Donnelly aka Mrs. Bon Jovi**

Dear Dr. Kukk,

Thank you for sharing your memories, laughs, and most importantly, your chocolate milk with us dolphins. You are everything that a role model should be, and so much more. From enlightening us with your experiences, to encouraging us to take leaps in our lives and careers, to introducing us to your family, you have made a positive mark on all of our lives. My heart hurts while writing this because I feel like I'm saying goodbye to a father of mine. You are definitely nothing short of that. You've radiated knowledge, love and compassion since the day I walked through that Honor's House door, and I hope you know that you've taught me to do the same for other students as well.

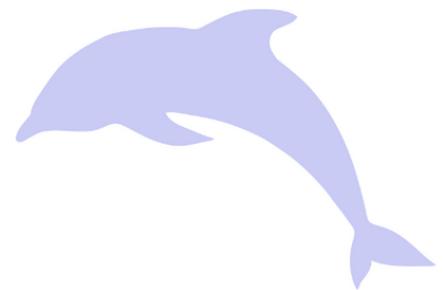
People encourage each other to reach for the stars, whereas you've encouraged me to reach for the multiverse beyond that. Therefore, I am excited to see all the amazing things you do in your own multiverse. And if you ever need us, please know that your Honors Students at WCSU are just a few galaxies away. Okay, maybe not that far... You know what I mean :) With so much compassion and understanding that I am going to make sure that I see you and your family again,

-Baki Izzat

Dear Dr. Christopher Kukk,

It was such a pleasure working with you for the past two years while I was serving on the Honors Council. I especially enjoyed our PALs (Pedagogy and Lunch) meetings every Friday. Thank you for organizing them and selecting thoughtful readings for us to discuss every week with your students. It was so wonderful to see how much passion you have for learning, teaching and the Honors Program. Your passion inspires your students and ignites their curiosity for learning. I am sad to lose you as a colleague, but know that you will continue to move your students and inspire them in your new position. I wish you an easy transition and much success in your new position.

Best wishes,
Dr. Maya Aloni





I've been fortunate to have many great teachers in my life, but only a few who I would say have changed my life. Dr. Kukk is one of the later. I first took a class with him as a freshman in 2012, and that class, "World Governments: Economies and Cultures" helped me to figure out that I wanted to teach. In addition to that, Dr. Kukk also encouraged me to join the Kathwari Honors Program, where I met some of my closest friends at WestConn, and learned to share ideas, debate complex issues, and solve problems with students from every school and discipline in the university.

Thank you, Dr. Kukk, for helping to set me on the path to becoming a teacher, and for pushing me to be my best through the honors program. Good luck as you move forward to the next step in your career. The students and staff at Longwood University will be lucky to have you.

Thank you for working on this project,
Douglas Nadig





"What are the qualities of an outstanding educator?"

Outstanding educators are extraordinary individuals. These brave, inspirational, and compassionate leaders encourage and support others, help their students grow as independent and responsible thinkers, and instill a passion and appreciation for learning. The impact of an outstanding teacher has the power to last a lifetime.

Dr. Kukk, you are an outstanding educator. I am extremely grateful to have crossed paths with you during my time at Western Connecticut State University. You helped me to become the educator I am today. Thank you, Dr. Kukk for everything, and I wish you the best of luck in all of your future endeavors.



Samuel Beebe

Dear Dr. Kukk,

Thank you for igniting a whole other level of passion for school within me. Your level of kindness and compassion for me and every one of your students shined through your work each and every class. You are truly an amazing professor, and Longwood University's student's will soon also feel the power in your teachings. Thank you for everything you did for me during my four years at WCSU - this campus has been changed for the better because you were here.

Sincerely, Jane Stock

Chris! My partner in the campus METWORK! I will miss you but I am so happy for you! Best of luck in VA!

And yes we will plan a meeting of the METWORK in DC! It will be easier for us to keep in touch compared to when you were in Estonia.....:) Love to You, Ellie and the kids!

XOXO Laura (Piechota)



Dear Chris,

I know your secret and I have been keeping it safe all this time but since you moving on, there is no sense for me to keep it concealed any more.

In my 17 years at Western, I have seen hundreds of people retire, resign, leave the University. I tried to think of another such announcement which left me this empty. It was a futile attempt. I also stopped trying to decide if I am more happy for you than I am sad for me. The fact is that during this time, and in particular the last six or seven years, you have been more than a colleague: You have been a role model and an ally; a sounding board and a supporter; a mentor and a source of inspiration. But most of all, you have been a friend. Your compassion has affected students and staff alike and your optimism is still infecting those of us around you. You are leaving behind a legacy and it will take a village to maintain the vision and principles you instilled in Your Honors Program. But that is not a secret.

Dr. Kukk: I know your name was actually Chris Kukkopoulos before you shortened it.

See you around, cous!

pk

There are people in this world, I believe, that tend to shine brighter than most to any one person. For me, as a new Honors student this past fall, I thought I was surrounded by the same, “pretty, shining people” that I have a penchant stumbling upon, the same, pretty, shining people that George Ezra sings about. Every single person I’ve met in the Honors program have this light that just shines right out of their faces through their kind words and brilliant questions, answers and ideas.

And there are even fewer people who can talk for hours and hours, and you can never tire of listening to them. You can never tire of their company. Dr. Kukk, you are one of those people.

Charismatic, experienced and wise. Those are the words that I’d use to describe you. Oh, and compassionate, too. Curses, if I ever truly forgot that one characteristic especially.

Dr. Kukk, you and your work and your relationship with the Honors Program at WestConn were a large part of the reason why I chose to come to WestConn, and chose to stay. That noor, that kindness and acceptance in unity with academic excellence, were exemplified in your words as you told us in HON 100 about your past careers, your roots in Estonia, your gushing support and excitement for all things about neuroscience, learning, living, being kind, finding success, being kind, getting involved in one’s community, and did I mention, being kind?

In the Honors House, people seem to be on high alert for you all the time. They are eager to see you, even if it’s just to say hello. It’s all so very exciting to learn from someone like that.

The Honors Program that makes me feel welcomed and motivated to learn and smile today and every day, brilliant and infinite in its potential for success and goodness, exists because of you, Dr. Kukk.

I wish you glad tidings, Dr. Kukk. Thank you, thank you, so very much.

Salam,
Satil Moni

We are sad to see you leave WCSU as you were a bright light here always greeting everyone with a big smile and lots of magnetic energy. You have encouraged, pushed and supported me and all your students to do what brings them joy, and help make the world a better place, while never letting us settle. Thank you for everything you have done for me throughout my time as a student and in my career. It has been amazing getting to work with you after I graduated and continuing to see all the amazing things you do for your students that they don’t even know about. You will be missed but I am so excited for your new adventure.

Annamarie Savarese

Dear Dr. Kukk,

Here I am writing you a letter I never anticipated I would be writing any time soon. When I received the email titled “Dr. Kukk’s Resignation,” I had to do a double take.

I’m not sure I’ve ever felt my heart sink faster than it did in those few seconds. I don’t know if my eyes, upon reading something, had ever begun to water faster than they did in that moment. But I’m not writing this to make either of us feel badly. After all, you should be very proud that your impact has caused your students to respond so intensely to such an email; I would take it as an outgrowth of how sorely you will be missed by us. You have left a lasting impact on your students and on the campus itself. Crazy how one person’s reach can be so large. The ripple effect of what you imparted on us can be felt all over CT -I’m sure- with your teachings on compassion, kindness, and inquiry first being planted in your students, but demonstrated, imparted and sowed in the lives of so many others as we interact with our family members, our employers, and all of the strangers- gas station clerks, waiters, bus drivers- we come across daily.

The nature of Dr. Kukk is hidden in the smiles we offer strangers when we open doors for them. The essence of Dr. Kukk is expressed in the causes we donate to. The character of Dr. Kukk is expressed in the hugs we use to console classmates, in the words we use to uplift others, and in the way we respect ourselves and represent WCSU. Though you may not know of, or witness all of these interactions, please know that you are the inspiration behind so many of them. You have taught us just how powerfully one person can impact the world around them. Though you may not have directly impacted thousands, your teachings that are alive in us, will serve to indirectly touch so many lives. They will live on through generations, in the way we support, shape, and nurture our own kids one day. What a beautiful thing. You took the time to teach young high schoolers about the importance of being aware of the world around us. I can recall so distinctly sitting in the courses you offered as a fourteen year old, my heart overwhelmed by a sense of gratitude, thinking “who am I that I deserve any time from the director of a university’s honors program. I’m so young, I can’t be as smart, as intellectual, as interesting as the college students he advises.” But as quickly as those thoughts entered my mind, they dissipated. You would come into our 9am classes with a huge smile plastered on your face every single day prepared to talk about concerns plaguing the globe and how we could combat them.

You would sit down with us, so engaged, so focused and engulfed in the discussion, paying attention to every single word that flowed from us desperate to question us, excited to offer different perspectives, so willing to make us feel heard, so eager to challenge us. And we took note too, learning from you that every human being regardless of age, orientation, race, socioeconomic background deserves to feel heard, and that we, young people, are the hope of prior generations. You've instilled power in many minority students who have felt powerless. You presented education to first generation students as a tool that can elevate us, as a way out, as one of the only belongings that could never be stolen from us. You've instilled hope in many young students who were desperate to crawl out + climb above the economic burdens keeping them down. You have shown compassion to so many young kids who never before had been offered a taste- and you have changed all of our lives. I remember you speaking of your wife and your kids for the first time, you expressing your love for her to a bunch of out of place highschoolers so fervently. Growing up, I don't ever remember my dad praising my mom, or talking about all of the fun things he planned on doing with us on the weekend. I recall listening to you, and thinking to myself "that, that is what I want for myself some day. I want to be with someone who speaks of me in that same way and is as devoted to his family as he is." Dr. Kukk, you were more than just a teacher to us. From the bits and pieces we gathered, you embodied the father many of us wanted, and set the bar high for what many of our boyfriends and husbands would look like one day. Writing this isn't easy for me. The tears trickle down my cheeks the same way they had when I first heard the news a week ago. But I think what hurts most is having to look back and realize that I hadn't spent nearly as much time as I would have liked to with you. You had inspired me to attend WCSU and I deeply regret not visiting you as often as I should have. It weighs on me heavily. I was occupied serving the community in Rotaract, solving student concerns in SGA, and trying to empower minorities with LASO. I do believe that in each of those arenas I imparted the same compassion, embodied that same gentle spirit, and promoted that very same positivity you first offered me years ago, but I apologize for not returning to you as often as I should have.

Yet here I am, and here you are, yet again teaching me lessons- that you never know when someone will leave, and what the future has in store, so make time for the ones you hold dear, and make sure they know just how much they mean to you... As a “life-long learner” I guess that isn’t the only lesson I’ve managed to grasp. Some lessons are harder than others to swallow, and not everything we learn as human beings arise from sudden epiphanies, and fond circumstances. These lessons are difficult to fully grip and digest. Many lessons come from hard places, and rattle within you forcing you to wrestle with it, grapple with it, before allowing it time to settle and become a fixed lesson.

Despite my heart being torn by this news, with time, I’ve learned that I am overcome with happiness for the students that will get to meet you. They don’t know what they’re in for, and they don’t know just how drastically their lives will be enhanced by your presence on their campus. I know that you will come to leave lasting imprints on the hearts and minds of so many new students- making the world a better place as a result. I know that their admiration, respect, and appreciation of you will be just as deeply rooted as ours. And so, we send you on your way with all of the honor, all of the support, and all of the well wishes you deserve knowing full well this is simply the beginning of something beautiful, that magic is in the air, and that this new chapter will birth something all the more whimsical. We cannot wait to hear all of the tales you will have to tell. So we raise our chocolate milk filled glasses high to toast the new dean of the Cormier Honors College for Citizen Leaders and Longwood’s new Political Science Professor and this exciting new chapter of his life. We are so, so proud. Thank you from the bottom of all of our hearts, Dr. Kukk.

Forever your student,
Gabriella Marassi Cardoso

Dear Dr. Kukk,

How is someone supposed to start a farewell letter? It's a lot more difficult than I could have ever expected, but maybe that's just because I don't like goodbyes. Mine will probably end up sounding really cheesy, so I apologize in advance, but I'll give it my best shot. :)

Being part of the Kathwari Honors Program at WCSU has been such an amazing experience and I am so incredibly grateful to have been a student of yours. And I even had your class twice! Thank goodness I accidentally took my capstone early, right? But jokes aside, this program really has been a make or break for me at this school, and there is so much I could have never been able to achieve without your guidance.

I distinctly remember the day that my parents and I came for Accepted Students day and had to come early for our introduction to the Honors program. I was terrified of college at the time, I've always been so attached to my family that moving away for school felt like the end of the world. First thing that morning, we all filed into a lecture hall completely unsuspecting, and what we were met with neither myself nor my parents will ever forget. In a lecture hall full of chattering high school seniors, a voice rang out with such enthusiasm and positivity it hushed every mouth in the room. My parents and I were amazed with the excitement with which you told us about your little family here at Westconn. I remember you calling out honors students by name and having them tell their stories, and I was so touched when I realized how much the honors program meant to you and so many other people. I will never forget the moment as my parents and I left that lecture hall, my Dad turned to me and said, "You know what? I think you're gonna be just fine here."

The community you have helped build at this school means so much to so many people and thanks to your guidance we have all become stronger and better people. And not because of any curriculum or lecture you could have given, but because you taught us how to help each other be better and how to be there for each other and be stronger as a team. This of course, which we all have learned through your favorite metaphor about sharks and dolphins.

I don't know if you remember this, but last year I came to you with another metaphor that the dolphin philosophy reminded me so much of. In Japan there is a breed of wasp known as the Japanese Giant Hornet. Maybe you've heard of them in the news recently making an appearance in the United States. These wasps are nasty, their signature trait is the way they infiltrate the hives of the Japanese Honey Bee and kill them en-mass.

However, the Japanese Honey Bee has developed a truly unique way of managing the hornet problem. When a hornet is detected to have infiltrated the hive, the honey bees start swarming around it. As they swarm, they rub up against each other creating friction. This friction creates such a massive amount of heat that, when concentrated on the hornet, basically cooks it alive. Morbid, I know.

The point is, these bees are like the dolphins of the other metaphor. The Japanese Honey Bee's main survival instinct is pure teamwork, an individual bee would never be able to fight off the hornet alone. But by working in numbers, they're powerful enough to effortlessly overcome the obstacle. I don't know if this was a lesson you were trying to teach intentionally, but something I've come to notice in my time here is not only do honors students lift each other up, but like the bees we also fight in numbers. There have been moments in honors classes that, even if I'm not friends with a certain student, they will still come to my aid, and me to theirs if there is a need for it. I have stood against obstacles with fellow honors students and found success because thanks to our community in the honors house, we know that we are all ultimately better together than on our own. I don't know if you realize this, but the dolphins you've been raising have not only learned to lift each other up, but to stay at each other's sides to keep up the fight against the hornets of the world

I think I might have mixed up the metaphors a bit there... but you know what I mean.

As inevitably sad as it is to see you go, I'm so incredibly excited for you. What you're moving towards is sure to be a wonderfully enriching, exciting and fulfilling experience that none of us can deny that you deserve every second of. However, I know that the Honors Program has meant as much to you as it means to all of us. You've put your all into giving us the education and opportunities we need to excel. I'm sure it's really hard to say goodbye, but I want to assure you, and I think I can speak for myself and my peers when I say this, that we're going to be just fine here. You needn't worry. Our "queen bee", as it were, is moving on to a new hive, but it doesn't mean that we will stop working. We will continue to lift up our fellow dolphins and fight together against our hornets, and we will continue to work our hardest every single day for the betterment of both ourselves and our community.

So I will conclude, as is my fashion as a Theatre major, with a Shakespeare quote from Julius Caesar:

“And whether we shall meet again I know not. Therefore our everlasting farewelltake: For ever, and for ever, farewell, [trustees]! If we do meet again, why, weshall smile; If not, why then, this parting was well made.”

Or, if you rather, A Winter’s Tale:

“. . . A savage clamour! Well may I get aboard! This is the chase: I am gone forever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.]”

Thank you, Dr. Kukk. Forever and always, wherever you go, may you swim with dolphins.

Your student,
Jonah Sydie

ARTIST STATEMENTS

Divanie Yamraj: I'm honored to be published in this year's edition of Perspective. Art has always been a great way for me to unwind and have fun. I'm excited to be sharing a piece of my creative side with everyone!

Pamela Cruz Aguirre: One day, I ended up unable to muster the energy to even get out of bed until late in the evening. I'd never experienced something like that before. Wanting to try and make some sense of it, I decided to write a poem (Outside Looking In) about the experience.

Valerie West-Rosenthal: Valerie interprets the beauty that she sees in watercolor and oils. Working in still life, landscapes, and portraiture, she has exhibited her work at several sites throughout the area, and has a piece on permanent display at the Center for Mindfulness and Meditation in Redding, CT. These two pieces are (this piece is) a study in watercolor. Created to capture the beauty and the simplicity of a small arrangement and yet symbolize the complexity and pleasure of the senses, these paintings represent my passion to create something simple that is caught in the moment and held into the future.

Tyler Munroe: The titles of my works are I Was Never Taught Chaos and Spring's Plague. I Was Never Taught Chaos represents the forms of writing I tried to adhere to before discovering free-verse poetry. Spring's Plague, which is a free verse poem, talks about the emotions I felt in response to the news of the pandemic and is the most personal poem I have ever shared. I hope that others will relate to my pieces and perhaps understand more about themselves if they feel similarly.

Satil Moni: "I, the judge of my discord" is a hazy recollection of the feeling of "surrender" which signaled the end of a period of perpetual limbo between two conflicting and intersecting ideologies, but the indecision has yet to leave, because now that the decision has been made, the lines between the two supposedly must be thicker and more defined than they were before.

Satil Moni on her artwork: Most of my artworks are in ink, ballpoint and liquid, then undergo some light visual editing. Both pieces here are very unique - "a sharp, microcosmic drip" was made with the use of a razor blade, while "a sort of respect for the classics" is the first time I have used a classical Greek figure as a component of the illustration.

Olivia Geiger: I just recently graduated from WCSU with a Professional Writing degree. I plan to continue my education in the WCSU MFA Program in the fall.

"Insecurities" was written whilst sitting on my favorite park bench in Milan, Italy during my year abroad. Writing is what I love, and I'm thankful to share my work with all of you!

ShawnaLee Waterbury-Kwashnak, 96': I create captivating portraits of pets and children in rich Charcoals, traditional Oils, and Classical Graphite in the time-honored traditions of days gone by. It is a special delight to capture a special moment or the soul of my subjects to bring joy to others!

Kyle Venditti: Kyle is a graduate of WCSU's Professional Writing undergraduate program, with a concentration in creative writing and a minor in photography. He enjoys helping others in need and exploring the natural environment. An aficionado on all matters comic books, video games and film, Kyle is a nerd at heart and is always up for a few dreamy discussions.

Claire Greene: Claire is a recent graduate from WCSU in Justice & Law Administration. In her spare time, Claire enjoys writing, painting, and trying new creative things. Claire draws inspiration from her vivid dreams, often giving her creative work a whimsical theme. In my work, I use elements of romanticism to transform commonplace moments or concerns into vivid beauty. Through my literature, personal insecurities are given loving reverence instead of shame.

Danielle Nielsen: I often find myself wanting to get a divorce from art. I'll have an affair with my writing instead. But when they come together, hand-in-hand, I think it makes creativity something worth wanting.

Pamela Cruz-Aguirre on "50,000": During a long delay for a plane to take me home during spring break of 2019, I texted my boyfriend to give me something, anything, to write about to stave off the boredom. The first thing he thought of was "the 50,000 awful reviews for Captain Marvel" he'd seen on Rotten Tomatoes, and I decided to make "50,000" my title and worked from there. I'd been watching videos about lost media around that time, too, so I made this poem about how easily things can be lost to time.

MEET THE EDITORS!

Fatima Izzat



Hello everyone! Last year, I had the great honor of being the editor-in-chief of our first ever literary and arts magazine. With the magazine submissions growing, I'd knew I'd need help but who knew this help would come through quarentining during a global pandemic? I am so happy to have ended my time at WCSU working with these bright minded individuals, and knowing that Perspective was in good hands. I can't wait to see what's in store for the future of this magazine and these awesome editors as well!

Bella DiMartino



Hi I'm Bella! I'm a sophomore communication major here at WCSU. Working on Perspective was a really great experience; I learned so many new graphic design skills and how to effectively work on a project in a completely virtual environment. My favorite part of working on Perspective was going over all of the beautiful pieces and virtually meeting everyone!

Satil Moni



I especially loved and adored being a part of the editing team of the Perspective magazine. It is incredibly invigorating and exciting to be exposed to the works of other creators and to create a tasteful, harmonized compilation out of them. I hope to have the beautiful opportunity to do this yet again in the coming years.

Hannah Kenny



Hi! My name is Hannah and I am a sophomore psychology major at WestConn. I had an amazing time working with this team on the Perspective magazine and looking through all the incredible art. My favorite part about working on the magazine was the collaboration with all of my teammates, whom I got to meet during this process!

Pamela Cruz-Aguirre



I've been writing poetry for a few years now, and have filled up my phone and camera with pictures many times over; if I don't have a camera on me, I often end up borrowing someone else's just to snap a few shots. If my work was getting published in a magazine, I know I'd want that magazine to be looking its best so I could be proud to show it to others. That's why I chose to work on Perspective – so that I could provide that for other aspiring writers and artists getting their work published.



