

perspective
2022



Front and Back Cover Photos by Kieran Doolabh

This edition of Perspective is dedicated to Jessica Lin,
Assistant Director of the Kathwari Honors Program. Jess is
one of the kindest, most supportive people in many of our lives,
and she deserves all the best in the world.
(More Jess-goodness will be featured later in this magazine)

-Bella DiMartino, Editor in Chief,
Honors Assistant, Jess Appreciator

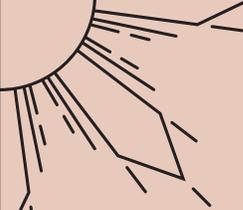


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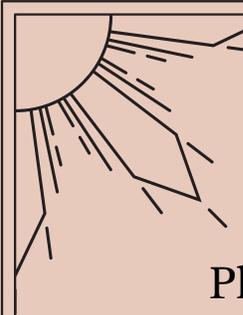


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Did Mona Lisa Ever Plagiarize?
by Nicholas Quinones

Pantomime emotions
I copy what I see
others do—
The laughing, smiling people all around.

I copy what I read
on internet articles glowing green.
The joking, popular people,
do they need extra help too?

Would they read internet articles titled “How to stop being depressed?”

I could send them a link
if they need extra help too,
but I’m sure they wouldn’t want me to.

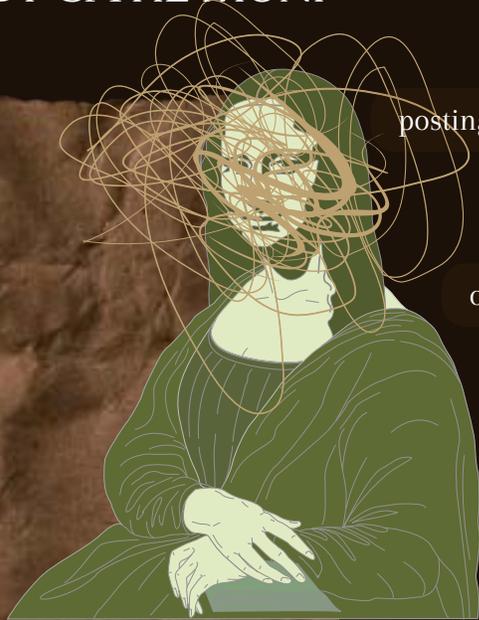
They’d send it to spam with other links,
All in sertraline-blue.
I’m sure they would do so, wanting me to
just leave them alone.

Highlighted in sertraline-blue
by their phone screens,
everyone leaves me alone,
posting about how much happier they are than me.

Through my phone screen
I like their pictures
of smiles wider and brighter than mine,
and I learn to mimic.

I like all these pictures—
others do too—
and I start to mimic.
Pantomime emotions

UNTITLED WORK BY SATIL MONI





Untitled
works
by Satil
Moni



Aakanksha Koppiseti



Potoo Bird, acrylic paint and collage

"Un Día En El Mercado" by Laura Sosa



The name of this piece is "Un Día En El Mercado," which means one day in the market. I grew up in the D.R, where folk art is prominent. Through the years, it has become my favorite type of art. Caribbean folk art is all about representing the people and the culture through incorporating vibrant colors and cultural items. This piece centers around workers in the marketplace, just like this woman. In markets, we usually buy products from people we do not know. We benefit out of their labor, and their identities go unrecognized. My message behind this painting is that even though we may forget the faces of those people, their hard work makes our world brighter. They deserve to be seen and recognized.



DANIELLE



"ROADKILL" IS AN EARLY-STAGE GRAPHIC NOVEL. "ROADKILL" IS A TRIP BETWEEN WORLDS WHERE YOUR EXISTENCE RIDES ALONGSIDE THE MISADVENTURES OF A GROUP OF UNLIKELY (OR PLAIN UNLUCKY) INDIVIDUALS. THEIR UNIVERSES, FULL OF CRIME, SICKLY HORRORS, MONSTERS, OUTRAGEOUS HUMOR, AND DEATH, REVEL IN THE MISFORTUNES OF EACH OTHER. DISCOVER DISTURBINGLY ADDICTIVE STORIES AND JOIN IN ON THE CHAOS. WHO KNOWS? MAYBE YOU'LL BE THE NEXT VICTIM.

NIELSEN



"FRANKLY IMAGINARY"
BY KAIRA SPRINGER



"ASIAN AMERICAN" BY MAIA QUIRK

Up until I was 8, I never understood what being adopted was. I knew I was adopted but to me, my parents were my parents and my brother was my brother. I never saw us as different and I never saw my life different from my family and friends around me. As I got older there was this negative connotation of being adopted I was exposed to at school. Whenever people asked me if I was adopted, I wanted to shrink into a ball and would sheepishly say "Yes" and felt so ashamed. I felt like I wasn't similar to them anymore since I didn't know my "real" parents.

When I was 9, I received my first American Girl doll- Ivy. A Chinese-American girl living in 1970s San Francisco with her white, blonde best friend Julie. I remember thinking how I finally had someone like me. This doll did gymnastics, had a short black bob, and

"CLARITY" BY HALI DINH-SENG



had a blonde best friend and was Chinese- she was exactly like me. The only thing was, she grew up in the epitome of an Asian household living in Chinatown, San Francisco. Although this doll and her life was so similar to mine, I still couldn't completely relate to her and I still felt I didn't belong in the Asian community.

Being an adopted Asian-American can make you feel like an outcast. You feel so different from the people growing up in your hometown. I have the culture of the white people I grew up with and am friends with, but I look different and look like someone who has a different cultural heritage.

Yet when I am with the people I look like- I feel outcasted. I don't understand the traditions, the language, the cultural norms. For the longest time in my life, I felt like I was living between two worlds. I felt as though I had to choose between being a typical teenage girl growing up in New Milford, or a girl who embraced all of my culture and tried to be what a typical person living in my birth country acts like. I felt like if I tried too hard to fit in with those around me, I would disappoint my culture and the people who looked like me. Yet if I tried to embrace all aspects of my culture I would be trying too hard- I live in America after all.

If I could go back and tell 8 year old me, 9 year old and even freshman year me- I would tell her that it's okay to be both. That the beauty of being an adopted person is having all this culture and unique qualities about yourself. You can enjoy the things you are surrounded by while also celebrating the culture you were born from. Even though I don't live in China, I can still embrace my heritage and no one can ever take away my Chinese pride. The beauty of being me and being adopted is not having to choose between two worlds, but rather combining two worlds to create a unique cultural infusion that makes you who you are. Culture should be something you're proud of, not ashamed of and I am finally proud to call myself a Chinese-American.

"SERENITY" BY HALI DINH-SENG

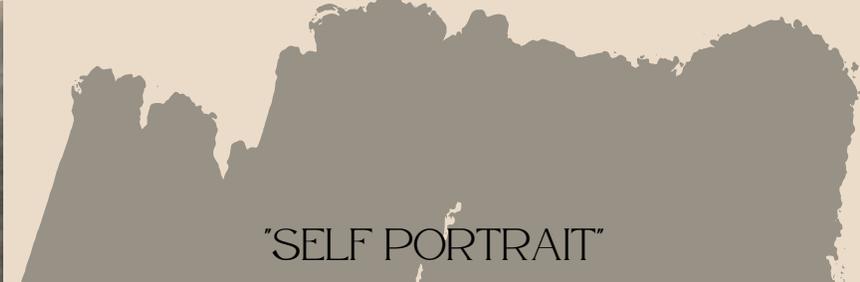




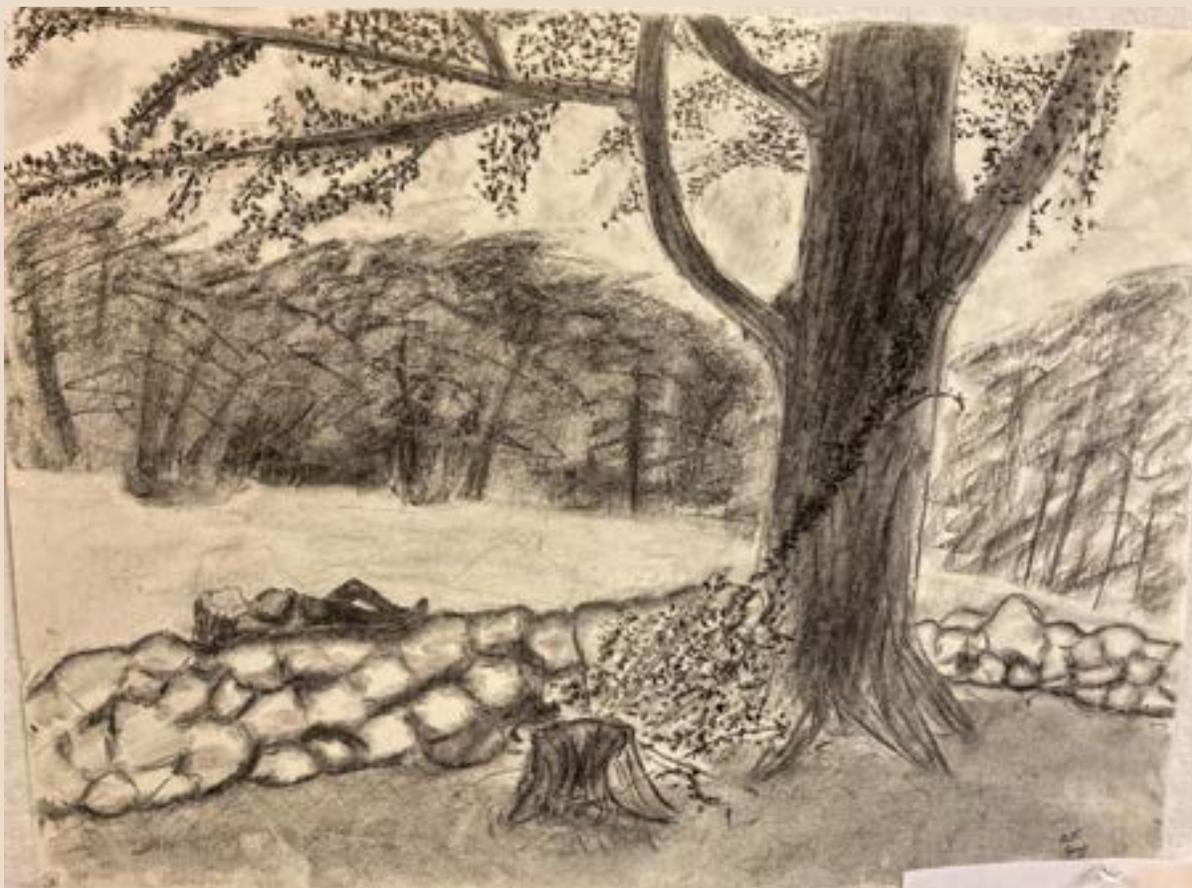
"THE NIGHTINGALE"



"TONAL PIECE"



ART BY MATTHEW RUEGG



Matthew Ruegg's Artist Statement

My name is Matthew Ruegg and I was instructed to create a drawing in response to a poem from the Romantic Era. I chose a section of a poem by Lord Byron that reads as follows:



“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more”



My inspiration for my drawing was a scene from the Ives Center that depicted a tree in the middle of an open field. I added a figure laying on the rock wall looking up into the tree; the figure was deliberately made smaller to emphasize the vastness of the nature surrounding her. She is simply there to complement the tree, allowing for a larger appreciation of nature as a whole. Through this project, I understand Lord Byron's words as nature can often be much more pleasurable company than mankind.

To complete this project, I used charcoal as a medium. I started with focusing on the tree and moved from the front of the scene towards the background. I finished with adding in the figure, deciding that drawing the figure to scale with the tree would not allow for enough appreciation for the nature in the piece. Therefore, I drew it smaller, allowing for the tree to be the true protagonist of the drawing.



Love Is Like A Star—

There are so many ways to tell you,
I love you.

But it never seems to be enough,
Never being able to fulfil this desire to show you the love my soul feels for you.

I can tell you I made you a playlist,
I can tell you I told my mom about you,
I can even tell you that a single star in the sky belongs to us and only us.

But it never seems to be enough.
It never takes this ache to love you from my heart.

Maybe I love you like Jack loved Rose.
Or maybe I love you like Bonnie loved Clyde.

I'm not sure but when you ask how I knew I loved you I knew I didn't give you the right answer.
You were looking for a specific moment.
Like when we laid under the night sky,
Talked for hours every night or
When we sat on a rock wall and I was too scared to look you in the eyes.

But honestly it wasn't that.

It was when I looked in the mirror and my soul saw a reflection of you.
It was when my soul saw it's equal in you and begged me to be closer to you.
You were the positive and I was the negative, drawn to you by magnetic force.

But for now I'll tell you I love you,
And ask you to meet me under the stars,
So we can imagine our future and wish upon our star.



ART
BY
KAIRA
SPRINGER

"A MOMENT'S PEACE"



"CAMPUS CENTER"

Living Disappointment by Elizabeth Meskill

**Tell me you hate me, and I'll be okay
Tell me you love me, and I'll say "no way"
Tell me you're sad for me and I'll say "me too"
But tell me you're proud of me and I'll think *that's new***

**Tell me you're disappointed...
I'll have no words
Because what you didn't know
You aren't the first
All of these words
Have me thinking the same thing**

**I'm not hiding it well, that I know nothing
I am an imposter, a liar of lives
I think it's about time
I say my goodbyes**

**So, tell me you're proud of me because I want to understand
I need to know that I'm still standing on land
Tell me you love me because I still don't believe
And I will give you a promise that I will not leave.**

BACKGROUND IMAGE BY JACK GAYNOR

"Rain Is Addictive—" by Kaitlyn Ahearn

She was 7.
and best friends with the sun.

The best companion a girl could ask for.

She would follow her around every day,

And hug her with warm yellow rays.

She was there on the playground and would
even find her way through her window late
at night.

But something terrible happened,

And the sun couldn't find her way to the girl.

The little girl who wasn't so little anymore
had forgotten about the sun.

She abandoned her to fit in with the
cool girls.

The sun watched as the girl she had grown
up with held hands with the rain.



She was 10.

The clouds were so dense the girl couldn't
see anymore.

They entrapped her into the storm
and rained down on her for years to come.

She was 17.

The rain was so normal for the girl that she
had forgotten her old friend, the sun.

And became infatuated with the storm.

And there they devoted their love to one
another and vowed to never leave each
other's side till death does them apart.

A Flash of Day in the Night by Elizabeth Dinielli

I still have some nail polish left from July
Grown out down at the bottom of my fingernails
I guess it's my way of trying to hang onto summer
Desperate not to let go or let those memories fade

Because that's how summer tricks you, isn't it?

She's a dirty, dirty liar when she whispers in your ear on that warm June day:
"Our love is going to last forever, and it's not even August yet."

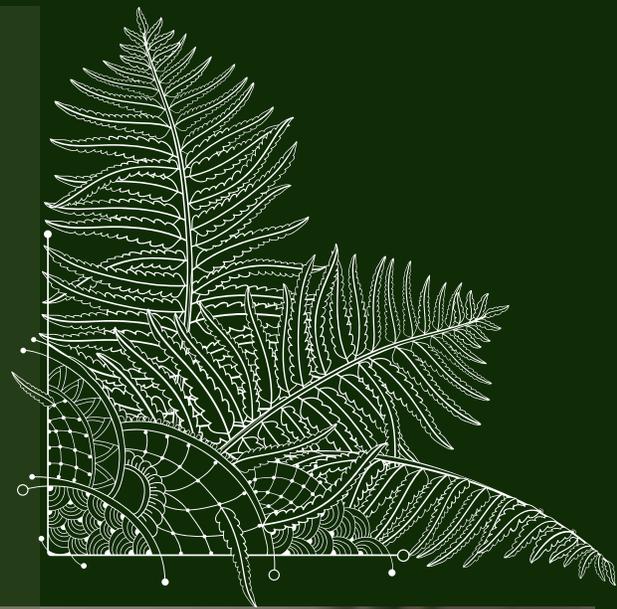
For better or for worse, summer is like most lovers
She's warm and full of life

She also makes promises she can't keep
And leaves when you least expect it.

Because that's what summer is, right?

Like a lightning bolt, she's a flash of day in the night
Mania displayed in stunning relief- beautiful, and yet so, so brief
Because...

Before you know it, the leaves start to change colors
Before you know it, the wind starts to carry a chill.
Before you know it, summer becomes nothing more than a memory in a photo,
a face seen through a veil
Before you know it, your nails are bare.



"KINDNESS"
BY HALI DINH-SENG



By Kathryn Ahearn

Geoffrey and You--

There are days when you tiptoe through my mind
And there are days when you come full throttle,
stomping all over my new progress.

If I didn't know any better
I'd say you're still alive.

Your sign of life still lingers in this old red house,
And your voice still fills up the silence,
Images of you replay in my head as the nights get colder.
And if someone asked me how you are,
My mind wouldn't know any better and
I'd say you're doing just fine.

But that's long gone now and
My mind knows better.
But you're still alive,
Because life and death both begin and never end.



Aakanksha

Top Left: *Saint Sebastian*, acrylic paint

Koppiseti



Bottom Right: *Vanitas Study*, vine charcoal

part 1. your own personal drug

by Kathryn Ahearn

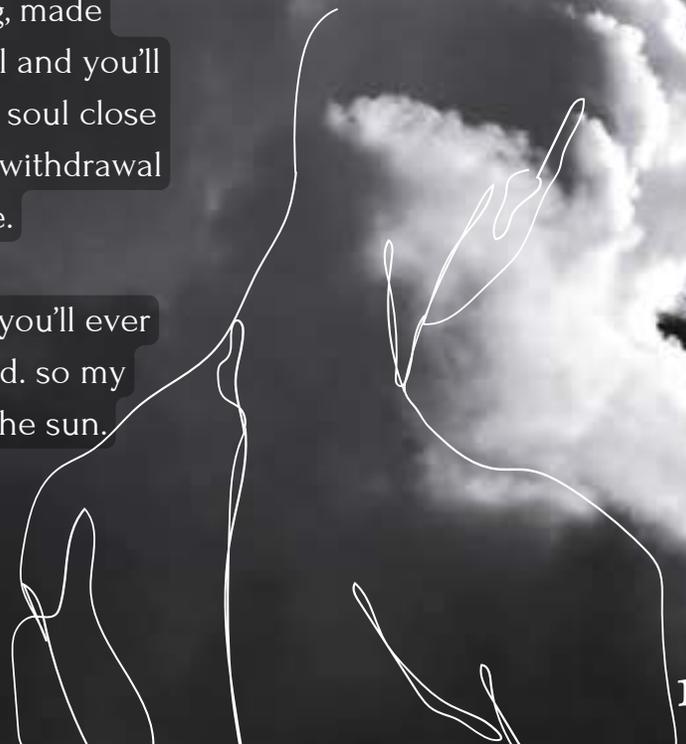
he is your drug, my dear. take one look into those eyes and you'll never be able to look away, the way those eyes lay on yours will draw you in. oh it can be so addicting and it will leave you yearning for more of this delicacy. a delicacy you thought only the rich could taste.

a few whispers will escape his pink parted lips and now you have heard your new favorite song. honey you'll get lost in his world of thought as he shows you what makes his brain spin with creativity. listen to those words of knowledge he speaks with such confidence and you'll be lost in him forever.

listen to that one song he used to sing and he'll be all you can think about as you feel the rhythm flow through your soft body. music never felt this way until him. there's no escape dear, try and close your eyes at night and he'll be there waiting to guide you through the night.

he is the most beautiful thing you'll ever lay your baby blue eyes on but be careful as he is a drug, made specifically for you. take one look into his soul and you'll forever be clouded with him as he holds your soul close to his. this addiction you'll fall so in love with, withdrawal will seem unexplainable- unbearable.

darling, it is obvious he is the strongest drug you'll ever taste, but he is the only drug you'll ever need. so my advice to you is to take the risk and taste the sun.



The Harrowing Lives of Rose Red; or, a Retelling of Dave Malloy's *Ghost Quartet*



Any starchild knows that there's no such thing as a ghost,
Yet she'd tango in the night and see nothing but a ghost.

A ravenous flower appears, a rose with petaled mouths,
But she would eat the fruit and become a ghost.

Dear starchild, you are meant to do great things!
Your incinerator soul is no match for the envy of a ghost.

It's time to get out of bed, your mother cries,
But you are not there. The ghost

Living under the house foundation howls back at her,
And nothing is the sound you hear in your head. Go st--

--And where your daughter once stood. Did she ever have
A love like yours? Someone who tore apart the ghost--

--Ly embers of sky for her? Would you? Would you?
Are you the ghost

She wanted you to be? And what of your sister?
She told you stories, one story each for every ghost,

A thousand and one nights you spent together. When
Did the sickness take you over? Did the ghost

Of who you are meant to be overcome the one you are now?
Your little girl, she is gone, only a photograph of a ghost,

And you could have murdered the subway driver, starchild,
But you chose to stand there, watching the pre-ghost

Stare at her phone, selecting a sword, as the pusher
Timed her demise. And there is blood upon your robe. Go st--

--Are, you sorry child, at the floorboards you punched.
It's time to get out of bed and be the starchild ghost.

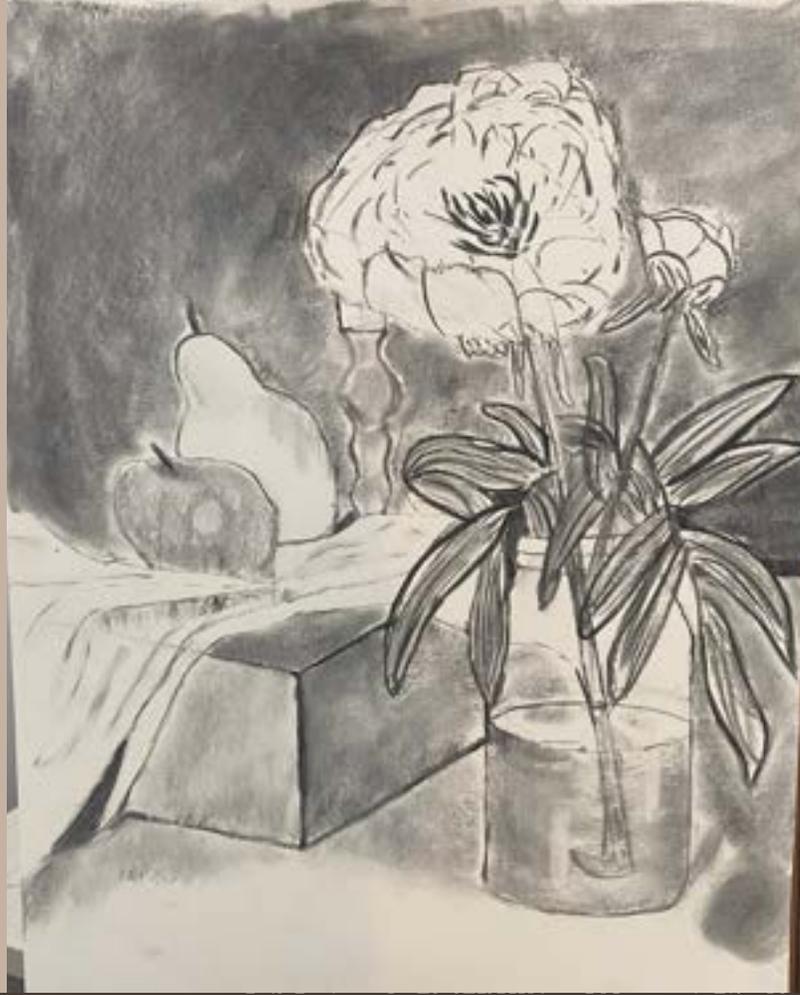
There is nothing more than I, me, shell of myself
When I am on the ground, everything but a ghost.

-Michelle Rochniak





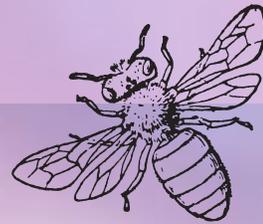
UNTITLED ARTWORK
BY BELLA BOSCO





Honey and Hate--

Honey, you're too sweet for this cruel world
filled with dirty working bees.
Your warm brown eyes are too innocent to see
the smog-filled skies,
I promise you, they're blue.
Your full lips are too soft to taste the words of
the materialistic,
maybe one day they'll see you for you.
Your dark, golden skin is too beautiful to be
demolished by the rich man's paycheck, green
is not the only color craved by the youth.
Your soft ears are too pure to hear the noise
of the working man,
listen for the jays.
Honey, you are too precious for a world of
greed and impurity.
You are far too delicate to be held in the
hands of the resentful, poor man.



By Kathryn Ahearn

Mother and Father Take a Walk Through the Woods

It is October and time's ache
thickens the breeze into honey.

A trudge through the golden leaves
leaves us crisp with melancholy.

Hug your sweater tighter, my dear,
though it will not stand against me.

Tyler Munroe

Another Walk Through the Woods After Two Months' Time

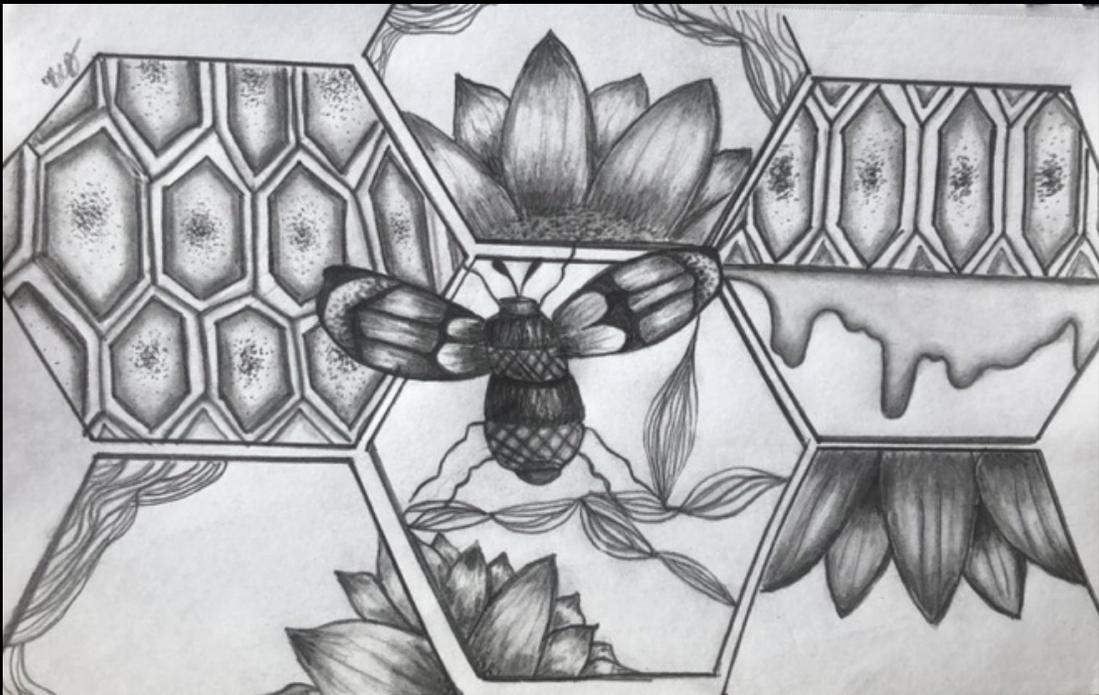
It is December and the frigid wind
gnaws at our fragile bones.

We shoulder axes to cut firewood
and watch as we incinerate our home.

I turn to see my lover beside me,
and I find that I stand alone.



Art by Billy Brown





the funny thing is i'd let you take
my heart that beats
my tears that spill
my blood that bleeds
my thoughts that stir
my words that soothe
yet i am mere background noise
laying between the margins in the pages
of your life

- i am not laughing

Alivia Stonier

Untitled, photograph - Alivia Stonier

Hamish & Shelley



Giant
Fluffy
Turtle

Water Birds





Crocheted Fall Pumpkins



a-ghost-us

by Rachel Sloane



Spooky the Cat

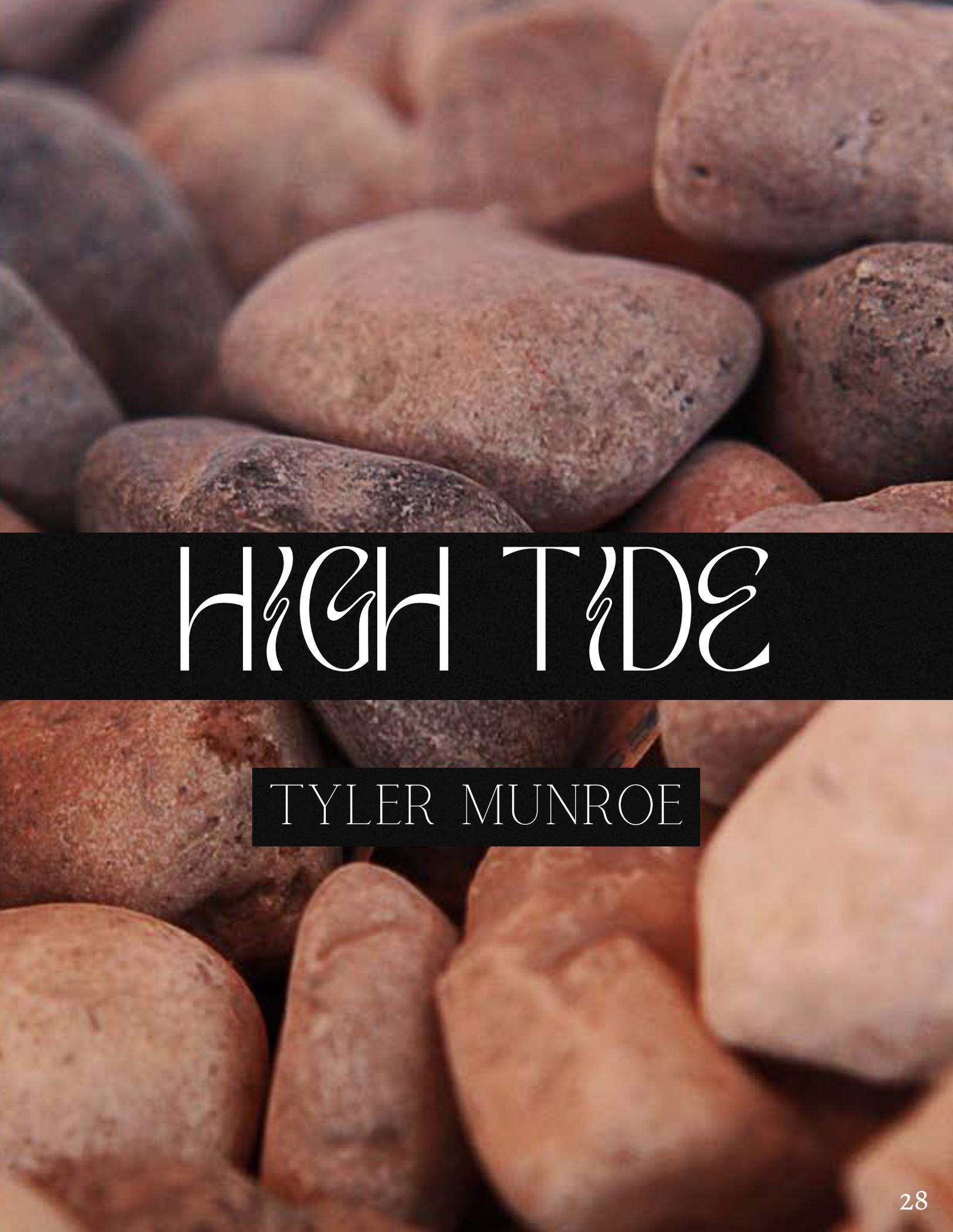
Ghost Quartet by
Michelle Rochniak





UNTITLED WORKS
BY SATIL MONI





HIGH TIDE

TYLER MUNROE

An alarm-like tune rings out from the television. A female news anchor interrupts an advertisement's extensive stream of diet pill side effects. Her hair is pulled from an '80s magazine and her pearly eyeshadow stretches up to her browbones.

"Breaking news," she declares, her stare almost boring a hole through the screen. "As of this morning, residents have reported a mysterious event at the Rockshift River which can only be described as *bubbling sludge*. This is the third year in a row where something unusual has happened at the Rockshift River in September. Last year, a new species of carp was found that was previously thought only to be native to South Australia. And the year before, in 2020, a young boy had practically vanished while swimming there with his father.

"Experts are still determining if this event is just one of mother nature's many mysteries, or perhaps if something stranger is at play. There is a reporting team at the river now, but it seems as though they are having technical difficulties and are unable to report at this time. Until we have the footage to share, you can see it for yourself where the river runs along Main Street or at Riverbend Park." The recording lags and freezes. The reporter's mouth goes slack in the midst of her announcement, her eyes

half-closed. "You can see it for yourself. See it for yourself-yourself-urself--"

The screen flashes and returns to clips of overjoyous women eating salads and oats alongside a droning voice-over.

I look out the window. Slivers of golden clouds cut through the blue sky, hinting at the oncoming sunset. There's only about an hour left before daylight slips away. I feel a buzz zip through the pillows under my legs, and I pick my phone up from the rust-orange armrest.

[josh :p : Dude tell me u just saw that news thing]

An unintentional smile tugs at the corners of my lips as I reply to his text:

[was just about to text you the same thing. should we go?]

I blink and my phone buzzes again.

[josh :p : U read my mind Ill be there in 5]

I've barely slipped into my jacket and sneakers before I hear the crunch of loose gravel under tires. Headlights shine through the frosted glass of the front windows, blinding my mom in the middle of making chicken jambalaya. She almost pours the whole jar of pepper into the pot as she shields her

eyes with her preoccupied hands.

"Is that Josh, sweetie?" she asks, squinting as she sets the pepper shaker on the counter. "You didn't tell me he was coming over. I've only prepared enough food for just us." She frowns, palms pressed against the counter like it's the only thing holding her upright.

"He's not staying," I say. I finish tying my shoe and pull open the front door, causing an ear-splitting creak to ring out. "I'll be back in just a bit."

"It should be ready in half an hour, so hurry back, okay? I love you!" She calls out, craning sideways to wave at Josh through the open doorway. He replies with a kind smile and a wave from behind the windshield.

"Love you too, mom," and I yank the door shut.

Slipping into his passenger seat feels like routine. His lopsided smile and the crisp-apple scent of his air freshener welcome me. "Smells Like Teen Spirit" plays from the old alternative rock radio station, sounding muffled by the scratchy speakers of his even older Ford. The A/C is blasting, creating a music-video-fan-effect as it filters through his short, scruffy black hair, and I silently thank myself for remembering my denim jacket.

"You ready?" he asks, his right hand ready to shift the gear stick.

I see the blurred silhouette of my mom in the window and think of what she would say. *Curiosity killed the cat, Maeve. Remember that.* Her stern voice in my head makes me hesitate, if only for a moment, before I remember the idiom in full: *Curiosity killed the cat, but satisfaction brought it back.*

I turn to Josh and grin. "Let's go."

We let the '90s bands talk for us as he drives. The roads are narrow and curved like winding vines until we hit the picturesque steadiness of Main Street. The trees peel back to reveal the sky, now more gold than blue, and the lines of small family-owned shops on both sides of the road appear gilded in the light. After half a mile, the heaps of quaint stores begin to wane. A Channel 6 news van passes us, headed in the opposite direction, and I know we're close to Riverbend Park.

We are shrouded by trees once again, and Main Street shrinks to a slithering interstate that leads to the state border. The streetlights above us flicker when we pass underneath them. Instead of following the road further, we take a left turn into a dirt parking lot before the branches cloak us completely. The radio stutters and loses

signal, leaving us in the silence of static.

Riverbend Park is not as charming as the rest of our quiet town, but the exposed silver metal peeking through the playground's red and yellow coating represents the years of use by young hands. The painted wooden benches are flaking away, and there are splinters of their green varnish sprinkled among the woodchips. The rich smell of earth, tinged by something sour that I can't quite place, is carried by a breeze off the river's surface. The ghosts of Josh and myself are having a meaningless contest on the swingset and racing across the monkey bars. I blink and the park is empty, although the swings groan as they sway, moved only by our presence and the chill in the air.

The short wooden fence around the perimeter of the park stands only as a warning and not a genuine security measure. It is rotted by years of river-tinged winds, perpetually damp even during dry spells. There is a sign on a nearby fencepost that states "NO SWIMMING, NO FISHING, PARK CLOSSES AT SUNSET." We close the car doors and walk towards the edge of the park. There is a thick, bubbling sound, as though someone is boiling molasses, that grows louder with each step.

When we reach the fence, we look over the four-foot dip to the river's edge. There is a haphazard clutter of

boulders dividing the park dirt and the pebbled shoreline. The water, usually clear and tinted powder-blue, is the color of unsweetened coffee. It does not wash smoothly over the rocks, but instead seems to push against them in slow, heavy waves. The muck gurgles as it swims downstream, and the umber foam it creates appears bronze in the evening sun. Mist sprays from the churning water, and I am suddenly aware of the rancid smell of sickness.

"Woah," Josh says. "What the hell happened?"

"It looks like someone poisoned it." I note that there are no floating fish, which eases the nausea creeping up my throat – but I can't make out much past the darkened water, so it is difficult to tell if there are any creatures at all. "Do you think the whole river looks like this?"

He looks towards both ends of the river. We can only see a few hundred feet in either direction before the river twists out of sight. I don't know if the water is entirely black or if it is an illusion caused by the trees' shadows. "You think it's an oil spill?"

"Do oil spills bubble like that?"

"Fair point," he replies as he swings his legs over the fence and drops onto the tallest rock. "Guess there's only one way

to find out, right?"

"What are you doing?"

He hops down the makeshift stairway of boulders until his feet are on the bank, only inches away from the river. The thick, inky water shoves the pebbles on the shoreline. I watch it strain towards him, the waves licking closer and closer to his worn-out sneakers. Something about it makes my stomach turn to lead. My intuition screeches at me. *We need to get out of here.*

"Stop it, for real."

"It's just water, Maeve. What are you so worried about?"

"Does that look like normal water?!" I lean over the edge of the fence, trying to bring him closer to the park, trying to force the river away. "I'm being serious."

"So am I. Honestly, you're never chicken about anything. What's the matter?"

"Just look at it! You can't tell me you actually want to touch that crap, right?" I want to beg for him to listen to me. I want to pull him back up to the safety behind the fence. I want him to realize how it looks like the tide is coming in, how it keeps stretching in his direction.

His gaze turns to the river. He is silent for a moment before he shrugs and meets my eyes again. "I guess you're right."

I let out a relieved chuckle at the way he scrunches his nose. He takes a step towards me, placing his right foot on the shortest boulder a few times to find good footing. It is in that moment of calm when the river decides to lurch forward and wrap around his left ankle.

"What the hell?"

He shakes his leg, trying to free it from the river's grasp. It sweeps his leg out from underneath him, and his head collides with the rocks. I hear someone gasp, and I can't tell if it was me or him. He lets out a groan as he presses his hands against the pebbles and tries to push himself upright. The water looks more akin to slime as it creeps up his leg, swallowing his calf and knee. He digs his fingers into the bank, trying to pull himself out. The river drags him in slowly, but he is not strong enough to escape.

It is as though someone snaps their fingers in front of my face, and I suddenly unfreeze and hop over the fence. I slip down the boulders and reach forward, gripping his hands tightly. I tug, but his body is heavier than cement. I grab a branch from the

ground and try to slice the river apart below his shoe. It bites at the stick, devouring it in a second. I wrap my arms around him again and help him stand. If I can't pull him out, I can at least prevent him from being sucked in more.

His head lolls backwards. The gash on his forehead is dusted with sand and blood is dripping around his eyes. It coats his lashes in crimson, thick enough to look like the river water. His nose is bleeding, too, and I feel tears prickle at the sight of seeing more blood than clean skin on my best friend's face. I keep my right arm looped around his back and under his armpit, making sure that he is as steady as possible before I use my left hand to take my cell phone out of my jacket pocket.

He answers on the first ring. "Hey, Maeve, I'm on the clock right now. Is something wrong?"

Josh's dad, Mr. Wells, works as a firefighter for the town. As I grew up with them, spending an even amount of time between his house and my own, I had always joked that he would be the first one to call if I ever found myself in trouble. I never expected it to be a prophecy.

"Thank God, Mr. Wells, hi." I try to swallow the lump in my throat, but my

words still come out choked. "It's Josh. We're at Riverbend Park and, um, he's really, really hurt. How soon can you get here?"

"I'm at the station. I can be there in a minute." I heard the jingle of keys in the background as he turned the phone away from his mouth. He was speaking to another fireman, but I couldn't discern any words over the blood rushing in my ears. "Is he unconscious? Try to keep him awake, all right? I'll be there in just a minute."

Tears run down my cheeks as I say goodbye and hang up. I let my phone slip out of my hand, thudding onto the ground. I can't hold Josh up anymore, so I sit him on the shore as gently as I can. The sludge has engulfed his entire left leg and is starting to wrap around his right. I want to pluck it off him with my hands, but I can't risk being taken by it, too. My stomach churns at my own selfish fear.

"Josh? Hey, can you hear me?"

He squeezes his already-shut eyes, as if he wants to respond but cannot muster up the energy to do so.

"It's gonna be okay, okay? Your dad is on the way, and we'll get you out of this. I promise."

I hear a rumbling sound from the river,

and the entire body of water starts to bubble. The portion enveloping him begins to gurgle, and it begins to speed up its process. The slow, painstaking creep up his body becomes swift, as though the river recognizes the urgency of the situation. The black slime yanks him closer. I try to hold him back, but the river heaves him out of my grasp. I give in and seize the sludge to pull it off of his torso. I try to shove it back into the river, but it resists me.

It doesn't seem to want me.

It only wants him.

My heart pounds against my ribs, reverberating in my skull. My vision shakes and blurs with it. As I fight, I feel the water get heavier. When it pushes against my hands, it begins to hurt. My hands are bruising as I clutch around his collarbones, creating a wall to protect his head from it. It sucks him in, dragging most of his body into the stream. I scramble to follow him, to grab hold of any part of him.

The river swallows him.

A strangled cry falls out of my mouth as I reach in the sludge, digging for his body. The bubbling slowly subsides, and the reflection of red and white lights bounces against the water's surface. As I stop splashing, I notice the river is clear again. The slimy darkness

has vanished, and I can see the rocks lining the bottom of the stream.

Josh isn't there.

Footsteps approach behind me, and I cannot move. I only sit at the edge of the riverbank, staring into the crystalline water.

"Maeve?"

Mr. Wells puts his hand on my back, in the same way he did when I scraped my knee while riding bikes with Josh. He kneels down beside me, looking at the blood on my jacket and the tossed-up sand at my feet.

"Maeve, where's Josh?"

I search for an answer in the way the river flows so peacefully, as though it didn't just consume him.

Jessica Lin

Re: DO YOU LOVE/APPRECIATE JESSICA LIN?
READ THIS!



You

Nov 8

...

Hello fellow Jessica Lin appreciators!

(SHHHHHH! THIS IS ALL A SECRET! DO NOT TELL JESS!)

As you may or may not know, my name is Bella DiMartino and I am the Honors Assistant in charge of the Perspective magazine. For the next edition, I would like to dedicate a section to the one and only Jessica Lin, because she deserves to be appreciated for all she does for us! If you have a letter you would like to write to Jess, a painting, drawing, or anything that you would like to dedicate to Jess, send it to me so I can include it in the magazine! In our past editions, people have made memes about/for the person we've appreciated, made portraits of them, and written letters to them. Keep in mind that Jess is graduating from her master's program this spring, so think of this as a graduation present for her! Submissions are due by the end of the semester.

The MOST IMPORTANT thing for you all to remember is that I want this to be a SURPRISE for Jess! So don't tell her or email anything to the Honors email about it! That's why I'm contacting you from my personal email!

Please email me here at dimartino009@wcsu.edu with your Jess appreciations and questions about the magazine!!!!

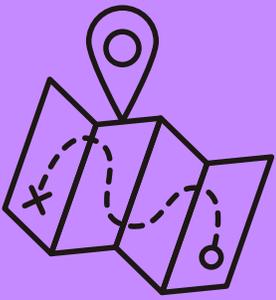
Appreciation Section

"Jess is the
Best"
by Hali Dinh-
Seng



Jess, you
are all
around
amazing.
Thank you
for being
the best at
what you do.
You continue
to impress
everyone
with your
talent and
dedication.
You are a
pillar to our
honors
program, and
we are
lucky to
have you.

With endless
gratitude,
Professor
Marques



A Discovery

There is an eerily consistent phenomenon that occurs regularly when someone I admire on our campus is honored and recognized. Somehow, I seem to stumble across some undiscovered document that seems to speak to the achievement of the honoree, and this case is no exception.

Ironically, I discovered this document deep in the Parisian catacombs not long after Jessica Lin and several other students shared a remarkable week in France with me and Dr. Lindenauer. Lying next to a pair of shoes with worn-out heels, and adjacent to a faded journal page that described how counting the miles walked during our week in Paris caused her Fitbit to explode, I discovered these anonymous haikus. Actually, the page seemed to leap off the shelf of bones, the paper making a whispering sound against the aged stone—a whisper that sounded eerily like “fresh croissants at dawn.”

I share it with you now.



Paris: A Haiku

*The Honors Course called;
She answered for all students:
I want to go too.*



The Honors House: Another Haiku



*She sits up the stairs
And hears the comments below:
“Jessica Lin rocks.”*

Of course, I could not agree with those sentiments more than I already do. Jessica is a model professional and a model human, excelling in those traits that make her presence always a welcome one: kindness, generosity, and ability. From her first appearance in my class, each of those traits has been in continuous evidence. I’m delighted to be on Team Jessica and I wish her all of the good things that are bound to come her way! In deep gratitude and respect,

DPG!
Donald P. Gagnon, Ph.D

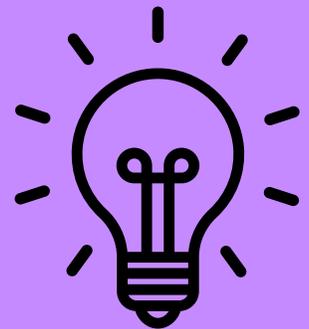
Dear Jessica Lin,

I would like to sincerely express my gratitude for the amazing work you've accomplished while working with the prestigious Kathwari Honors Program at Western Connecticut State University.

While on staff and now as Assistant Director, your dedication, attention to details, and team work shows your expertise, exceptional work ethic and commitment to our students' success.

Your willingness to take on such a great responsibility and workload is deeply appreciated. Once again, thank you for your drive and hard work. It's such a pleasure to work with you!

JC Barone



I so enjoyed working with you as a student. You were always so bright, enthusiastic, conscientious, and hard working. You should get a Ph.D. now that you've finished your Master's degree because you're that intelligent and talented. Your kindness and compassion are evident to anyone who knows you, and your generosity and attention to detail are exceptional. You excel at everything you do and are a stellar problem solver, communicator, and all-around person. Thank you for all of your extra ordinary contributions!



Best regards,

Averell Manes

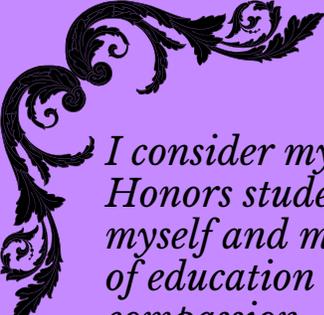


This won't come close to encapsulating the thanks and appreciation that Jess Lin deserves, but I'll do my very best to try. In the Spring of 2017, my Freshman year at WCSU, Dr. Kukk took a semester sabbatical. That year many of the students in my year, and many of my friends, latched on to Jess (and never let go) she was our person to turn to with questions, who we went to for advice, who we spent time in her office laughing and crying and everything in between. That year a bond was formed, and I knew no matter what, through the good and the bad, she would always have our back. She encouraged and inspired us to get involved, and made sure we felt like we belonged in the Honors program, even as Freshman. Jess is the reason that so many of us flourished as dolphins - she was and still is, the shining example of a Kathwari Honors Student, and a truly remarkable and compassionate human being. Whenever something funny happened in a class or on campus, I knew I could go tell Jess. Whenever I was frustrated, I knew I could turn to Jess to vent. And whenever something good happened in my life, I knew I could go to Jess and she would share in my excitement. Jess was my person, as she was many other people's person, she lent her wisdom and kindness to so many of us, and I know she continues to do so with each new group of Honors students.

The Kathwari Honors Program, and the students that are part of it, are so beyond lucky to have Jess in their corner, fighting for them, supporting them, and being there - she is truly the heart and soul of the program. When I think back to my time at WCSU, Jess automatically comes to mind, she made my experience in college an incredible one, and I don't know what I would have done without her. Surely there would have been fewer laughs, definitely less pizza, and most certainly overall a disaster. Jess was my go-to person at WCSU, she was my mentor, and most importantly, I am honored to always call her my friend. While I am glad to have graduated and be done with college, seeing Jess daily at the Honors House, or whenever I had time to stop by, is one of the main things I miss. I love and miss you SO much Jess, and I am forever thankful for you and all that you have done for me!

Erika Sabovik





Dear Jess,

I consider myself incredibly fortunate to have had you as a mentor, both as an Honors student and as an Honors Assistant. In fact, the impact you have had on myself and my peers was a significant contributor to my decision to enter the field of education and to work toward becoming an educational leader. Your compassion, enthusiasm, love for learning, and commitment to connecting with and advocating for students amazed me ever since my freshman year and opened to my eyes to how impactful a mentor and leader can be when they go above and beyond to bring out the best in the people around them. You even continued to do all of these things while working on a Master's degree, in the middle of a pandemic, and while we were undergoing a transition in leadership, which still leaves me in awe to this day! I also want to mention that I greatly appreciate the reminders you'd always give me to take care of myself--it was easy to forget to do this sometimes! Your insistence on me getting myself lunch or taking time off to get rest if I was not feeling well or giving more thought to my spontaneous decisions to take three Honors courses for fun while working 20 hours a week made a big difference. You showing how much you cared reminded me that I should care about myself too! When I was a confused freshman and made the decision to check out the Honors House, you were one of the key people that helped me feel welcome and were so genuinely excited to see me, which made me feel excited and helped me step outside of my comfort zone and get to know people! To this day, I still vividly recall how moved I was to enter such a welcoming space. I also fondly recall when you would sit down and ask me how things were going for me during your lunch break, and how genuinely you listened even when I wasn't having the best day. And, the advice you gave me when I came to you with a concern always helped make things clearer to me! I also need to add that I had an absolute blast working as an Honors Assistant. Thinking back on all of the events and the registration nights and even things as simple as moving boxes or labeling envelopes brings a smile to my face because I truly had so much fun doing all of these things. There was never, ever, and I mean ever, a day of work where I wasn't intrinsically motivated and looking forward to being in the office, because it was very important work and I had the best supervisor I could ask for!

When I heard that this edition of *Perspective* would be dedicated to you, I was filled with joy because it is MUCH-deserved! I can attest to the fact that other people think this too--literally everyone I know from Honors lights up and talks about how much they admire and miss you when your name comes up! This magazine is a display of what people are capable of when you give them the opportunity to unleash their creativity and ideas onto the world. By being the inspiring mentor and leader that you are, you are creating these kinds of opportunities all the time. As you look through this magazine, take a bit of time to be proud of yourself too--you are contributing to this magazine in ways that you may have never imagined before!

With much gratitude,

- James Cantafio

I couldn't have made it as far as I did without your advising and support! Thank you Jess! I hope to see more of you next semester!

- Ezaan Khan



Dear Jess,

Words cannot express how thankful I am for you. Your kindness and wisdom has gotten me through my toughest moments both academically and emotionally. Thank you for being patient with me and guiding me through my college career. I want to let you know that you are truly appreciated to not only me, but to the entire honors program. You are an amazing mentor and friend. Thank you for making the honors program the best there is.

Love,

Shirley Siguenza

Hi Jessica, I know we only interacted through email this semester. However, I just wanted to mention how I greatly appreciated the guidance you provided me with when I was stressed about completing all my Nursing pre-requisites. You were so quick to answer me and give me feedback on ways to help me. I will always be thankful for the time and effort you put in to alleviate my worries. Along with that I would also like to congratulate you on the great accomplishment of graduating with your Masters!

- Riya Soni

Dear Jess

So here you are now, graduating with your Masters' Degree-another one of your accomplishments-you have made such an impact on so many people, and the world, and will continue to do so!

I count your friendship as one of my most cherished blessings, and, as for many others, you have (and continue to do so) inspired me to be the best version of myself.

You are a bright light in this world, shining on the path for others to follow, guiding and encouraging them on their way.

You have an infectious excitement and enthusiasm for life and all it has to offer, and have a seemingly bottomless well of energy. You always see the good in people, readily share your easy smile and gentle spirit, are compassionate, wise, creative, and all kinds of wonderful all wrapped up into a most remarkable, unique, and incredibly amazing person.

I am grateful to travel this path called life with you and look forward to many more adventures and experiences with you.

Namaste
Christel



I AM NOT TALENTED ENOUGH TO DRAW, PAINT OR WRITE SOMETHING CREATIVE FOR JESS. AND I CERTAINLY DO NOT HAVE THE WORDS TO DESCRIBE HER IMPACT ON THE KATHWARI HONORS PROGRAM. BUT I CAN ATTEST THAT JESS IS THE HEARTBEAT WHICH KEEPS THE PROGRAM MOVING AND GROWING. SHE IS THE LINK BETWEEN THE STUDENTS, THE DIRECTOR, THE TEACHING FACULTY AND THE ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF. SHE IS THE ONE STOP SHOP WHO TAKES CARE OF EVERYTHING. SHE KNOWS EVERYONE WHO WALKS IN THAT BUILDING BY NAME. SHE KNOWS THE STUDENTS WHO EXCEL, THOSE WHO NEED HELP AND ALL THOSE IN BETWEEN. JESS KNOWS THE "GAME" AND HAS THE KNACK OF ADDRESSING ISSUES WELL BEFORE THEY EMERGE AND BECOME CONCERNS. SHE CARES ABOUT HER STUDENTS AND, AS FAR AS I AM CONCERNED, IF YOU TEACH FOR THE PROGRAM, YOU AUTOMATICALLY BECOME ONE OF HER STUDENTS ALSO.

IT HAS BEEN A PRIVILEGE TO WORK WITH JESS AND I LOOK FORWARD TO MANY MORE YEARS OF FRIENDSHIP AND COLLABORATION.

I MADE A LITTLE SOMETHING I WOULD LIKE TO GIVE HER AS PART OF THIS. A SLICE OF CEDAR WITH THE INSCRIPTION YOU SEE BURNT IN IT.

PK



Dear Jess,

OH HOW LUCKY I AM TO HAVE MET YOU!!! I am so thankful that when I started my journey at WCSU, I had someone so compassionate and inspirational to look up to. You were someone I could always turn to when I had questions, and you always motivated me to be the best possible version of myself. Thank you so much for your continued love, guidance, and support. You have definitely made a monumental impact on me as a person and the honors program as a whole. You made my 4 years at WCSU absolutely memorable (as well as for those in the honors program), and for that, I thank you so much.

Love you so much and wishing you the best for the remaining semester!

~ Bakhtawar (Baki) Izzat



Dear Jess,

There are very few people in the world who light up a room like you. Whenever I see you at Honors events, I can't help but feel happy! You are such a force of light, and I'm so grateful that you're one of the many wonderful people who guide the Honors program.

On a more personal note, I appreciate all of your help last year when I wasn't feeling my best. It was so difficult to make friends, but you were always there to encourage me to keep going. I also appreciate how you remember my interests and listen to my ideas. I'm always down to be involved in anything that relates to queer theory and/or feminism, and I'm so happy that you always keep me in mind!

Thank you so much for your infinite kindness, and congratulations on graduating!!

-Michelle Rochniak :)

The Ember that Fell Out of the Night

As the moon rises and the clouds dissolve,
The sun falls on its knees
An ember so bright, falls out of night
And starts to burn with ease

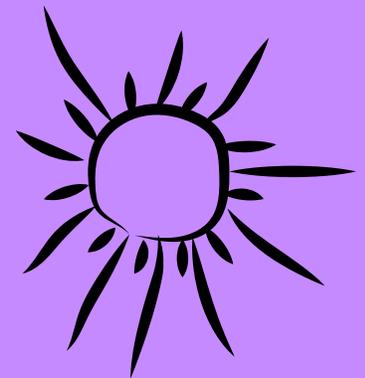
The resilient flame engulfs the land,
Never bowing to the wind
Mountains are envious of this new rival
But to us, it's our beloved Jessica Lin

The darkness that laid the land, cowers at her powerful light,
That Daises begin to grow under the glooming sky at the night

The sun peeks through the slopes of the envious mountains,
A green hue begins to taint the star,
Too blind to see it's own darkness,
The sun targets a poor soul to discard

A young boy with ambition—Icarus,
Years to fly into the sun
Too blind to see waxed wings turn into scars
As the sun calls out to him, to be one

The closer he gets,
the mountains cheer
The daisies wilt,
And the darkness stills

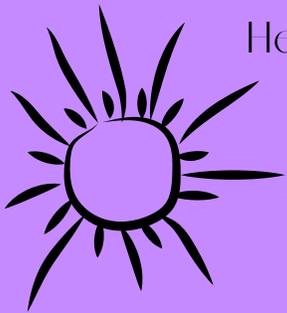


Our beloved Jessica Lin recognizes a shift in the air—a coldness that wasn't there,
The scene she observes leaves her with no words,
Only heart to take a stand

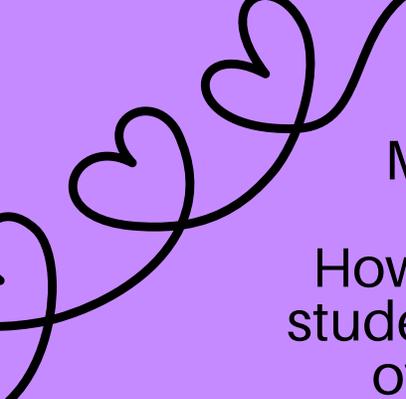
She cuts a piece of her ember and throws it to the boy, without a fleeting thought
The sun is left to its end and the boy is saved without distraught.
But our beloved Jessica Lin is broken with a deep wound to tend
A brightness that will never be again

Then to her surprise,
A beaming boy with tattered feathers
holds a torch of the given ember,
made from the wax of his wings, as he gained a sentiment that would last forever

He offered the once eternal flame to our beloved Jessica Lin,
But with grace, no force
She passed on the torch,
And made him promise that the light will always win



- Amiyah Buan



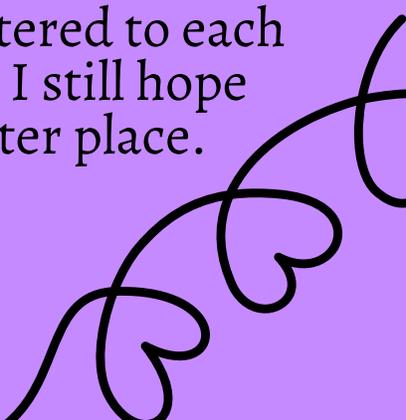
Many don't always see the process - emails, phone calls, and quick chats in passing. However, I see the results in the success of her students and program. Whether it is through an override that saved a graduation from being delayed or a trip across the world, Jess truly utilizes any measure in her power for students who are motivated and enthusiastic about opportunities on campus. For myself, Jess has been the reference for applications resulting in a "Congratulations!" email. For that, I say congratulations to her for carrying Honors through many challenges, completing her Masters degree, and accomplishing these during a pandemic.

Hello!

- Anna Adebambo

Words do not describe how much I appreciate and look up to you. From the first day I met you 5+ years ago on the first day of my Freshman year, to working as an Honors assistant for 2 years, all the way to almost 2 years post-grad, my admiration for you has grown. I remember in the first week of classes when Dr. Kukk introduced you to our Honors class, I couldn't tell if I wanted to be like you (intelligent, funny, kind) or just be best friends with you. Thankfully, the latter has become true. I am so incredibly lucky to have such a freaking awesome role-model boss-lady; someone who has literally taught me what compassion is and embodies it in every fiber of her being. You have transformed the lives of hundreds of people, and somehow, have catered to each individual's needs and personalities. I see you, and I still hope one day I can be like you. You make the world a better place. Thank you for being you.

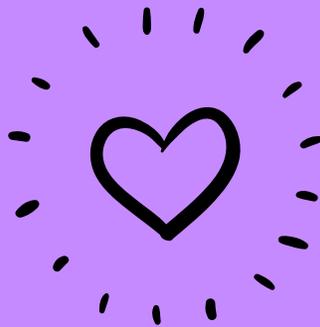
- Fatima Izzat



Jess,

Even though we've known each other for a few months, I can see how appreciated you are by everyone around us at WCSU. Your compassion is like no other, constantly putting our mental health as a priority. From your laugh to a simple "hi Jocelyn," when I walk into work, I hope you realize how much you impact those around you. The amount of effort and time you put in to make the Honors Program as amazing as it is never goes unnoticed. Today and every day, I thank you for being you! I'm so excited to see what the future has in store for us and the program!

Jocelyn



Dear Jess,

Thank you for all the hard work you put in for the students in our program. Working for you as an honors assistant has been such a valuable experience for me. I admire how hardworking you are and seeing the passion you have for the program inspires me to mirror that same energy. Before I became an honors assistant I wasn't sure I had what it took to be successful in the position. You really helped guide me to where I am and put me in the best position to succeed as an honors assistant and student. Thank you for helping me reach a potential I never thought I could. Your energy and passion not only has not only inspired me, but inspires all the students in our program every day. The Kathwari Honors Program wouldn't be where it is today without you! Thank you, Jess!

-Eli Koukoulis

Jess Jess Jess!

Words cannot describe how much you mean to me. You gave me this job which has taught me so many valuable skills as a professional and as a person. You always make sure to check in on me, and even though you don't think that you do it enough, **YOU DEFINITELY DO!** You have been there for me through so many struggles, and I know that you are that ray of sunshine for almost every Honors student. Whenever we're in the office at the same time and you meet with an extremely stressed out student, they always leave much happier and more relaxed than the way that they came in. **YOU** did that. **YOU** do that every day with every person you come across. Your positive energy is infectious, and I have never found it to be a chore to come in to work with you. Thank you so, so, so much for all that you do.

You deserve all the appreciation in the world. I hope this magazine can do you some justice!



Sincerely, Bella DiMartino







Congratulations Graduates!

December 2021 and May 2022 Graduates of the
Kathwari Honors Program



Jessica Abbotts
Theatre Performance & Music



Christopher Arnone
Biology



Amanda Attina
Nursing



Alex Besio
Audio Production



Peter Bigica
Mathematics



Ariana Bonheur
Nursing



Bec Bottelson
Mathematics



Hannah Brooks
Music Education



Julia Margaret Bussell
Theatre Performance



Carina Cardoso
Secondary Education



Alexandra Charles
Social Work
Minor in Community Health



Kelly Clavette
Psychology



Jessi Cohen
Theatre Design/Technology



Sabrina Cosgrove
Nursing



Catherine Costa
Nursing
Minor in Psychology



Samantha Cross
Creative Writing and Social
Psychology



Lilian Daniels
Nursing



Maria D'Arco
Elementary Education



Skylar Delp
Nursing



Bella DiMartino
Communication



Hali Dinh-Seng
Digital and Interactive Media
Arts



Elizabeth Dinielli
Music Education



Jennifer DiZazzo
Music
Minor in Spanish



Jeremiah Domschne
Economics



Zoe Drew
Nursing



Casandra Frenette
Nursing



Jack Gaynor
Justice and Law
Administration



Daisy Gesualdi
Art
Minor in Marketing



Isabel Gonillo
Health Promotion Studies



Taylor Green
Anthropology/Sociology
Minor in Art



Gabrielle Hamel
English Literature
Minor in Professional Writing



Noah Havasi
Digital and Interactive Media
Arts



Emma Henning
Music Education



Brittany Hrabcsak
Health Promotion Sciences
Minor in Biology



Jakob Kelsey
Theatre Design/Technology



Hannah Kenny
Psychology



Hope Komornik
Biology/Chemistry



Jillian Komornik
Secondary Education
Minor in Psychology



Ashley Kong
Communication
Minor in Marketing



Nicholas Kroeger
Earth and Planetary
Sciences



Madeline Labanowski
Nursing
Minor in Psychology



Charlotte Lavin
Nursing



Alyssa Lionetti
Health Education



Daisy Lowe
Classical Voice Performance
Minor in Psychology



Laura Maldonado
Nursing
Minor in Psychology



Ryan Marji
Mathematics



Jack Markelon
Accounting



Carly Mengler
Biology
Minor in Psychology



Erica Morey
JLA: Criminology
Minor in Psychology



Fjoralba Mukollari
Music Education



Haley Napier
Theatre Performance and
Arts Management



Bianca Nguyen
Communication Studies and Graphic
Design, Minor in International Studies



Danielle Nielsen
Art
Minor in Creative Writing



Sophia Orejola
Professional Writing



Alec Parker
Music Education



Sarah Lomeu Porto
Nursing
Minor in Biology



Elizabeth Quinby
Theatre Arts



Nicholas Quinones
Professional Writing



Laiba Qureshi
Political Science and Justice
and Law Administration



Ashley Raymond
Theatre Performance,
Design/Technology and Psychology



Julia Rocchio
Musical Theatre



Sam Rogers
Musical Theatre
Minor in Business Administration



Alexander Rushton
Theatre Performance



Jacqueline San Jose
Nursing and Biology



Tiffany Saviano
Business Management and
Political Science



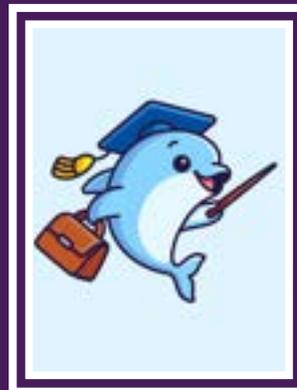
Gina Scandurra
Psychology



Timothy Schoeberl
Theatre Arts



Brigid Schulenburg
Management



Jacob Schultz
Political Science



Mia Schumey
Health Promotion Studies
Minor in Psychology



Elliot Schwarz
Nursing



Julia Serdechny
Nursing



Mikayla Silkman
Professional Writing



Brielle Skrutskie
Chemistry and Biochemistry
Minor in Mathematics



Marysia Slowik
Health Promotion Studies



William Stewich
Theatre Performance



Jonah Sydie
Theatre Performance and
Design/Technology



Devin Trotta
Media Arts
Minor in Management



Christina Vlamis
Theatre Performance
Minor in Psychology



Ava Westervelt
Art/Studio Arts
Minor in History



Samantha Wong
Nursing



Meghan Woolley
Psychology, Minors in Business
Management and Anthropology



Monica Woolley
Music Education

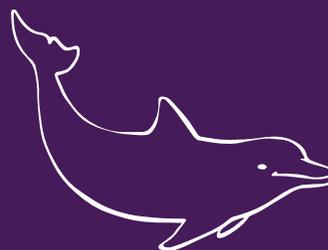


Drew Worden
Mathematics
Minor in Logic



Sean Young
Secondary Education
Minor in Social Science

ONCE A DOLPHIN,
ALWAYS A DOLPHIN!



Meet the Editors



My name is Bella DiMartino and I am a Senior Communication major and Honors Assistant here at WCSU. I have been the Editor in Chief of this magazine for two years, and it is so bittersweet to say goodbye to this publication that I love so much! I am endlessly impressed by the student work submitted and the amazing work that all of my new editors did, so I know that *Perspective* will be in good hands next year!

My name is Tyler Munroe and I am a Secondary Ed./English major with a minor in Creative Writing. My work has been featured in *Perspective* for years, but I am thrilled to finally contribute as an editor for this edition. I also have the honor of becoming an Editor in Chief for next year's edition, which I am beyond excited for! This experience has been so fun, and I'm looking forward to seeing this magazine bloom even more in the future!



Michelle Rochniak (she/they) is a sophomore Professional Writing major and the co-heir to *Perspective 2023*. She is also the associate editor of *An Anthology of Writing Women, Volume 1* (Heartland Society of Women Writers). More of their poetry can be found in WCSU's *Black and White* (and the previous issue of *Perspective!*), *Pile Press*, *Celestite Poetry*, and *Gleam*. As for crocheted items, you'll just have to seek her out yourself. Follow them on IG @shell.songs and Twitter @shellroch! And thank you to Bella for being an amazing mentor 😊

Meet the Editors



Hi, my name is Maia Quirk and I am a financial management major. My favorite part of working on the *Perspective* magazine was seeing all the different pieces of art the members of the honors program created. I was especially excited to collaborate with the other editors and be able to meet new people.

Hi, I'm Kellie Jackson! I'm a freshman graphic design major and I had a wonderful time working on *Perspective*. It was interesting to learn the process of making the magazine on Canva with all its tools and features. Can't wait to work on it again next year!



My name is Laura Sosa, but most people call me Gabby. I am a freshman at WCSU, and my major is Studio Arts. I enjoy expressing myself creatively, which is what drove me to be a part of this year's magazine. I enjoyed seeing others' creative pursuits, and I feel grateful to have been a part of this amazing team.

The Kathwari Honors Program at Western Connecticut State University was founded to foster and nurture academic and civic excellence among outstanding students in all four WCSU schools. The Program consists of highly interactive and interdisciplinary classes and is built on the fundamental assumption that knowledge is an open set of questions and ideas to be explored, rather than a closed set of facts to be memorized. WestConn's Kathwari Honors Program is arguably one of the more innovative programs in the country. It is designed to expose students to fundamental modes of inquiry found in various academic fields, and to illustrate the importance of an interdisciplinary approach to exploring a topic or issue.

