

FACES: Literary & Fine Arts Magazine

ABOUT

ISSUES

A magazine created by and for Buena Vista University Students

BVU's Literary Magazine

About

Welcome to FACES Literary & Fine Arts Magazine, a place for BVU students to showcase their creativity and demonstrate the richness of a liberal education. Every distinct image, word, thought, color, and phrase emphasizes the imaginative talent that so many of our students possess. As the faculty advisor, I've had the opportunity to watch this publication develop for 23 years. Each year, I am impressed with the innovative passion and power of the submissions. I hope you enjoy our inaugural online issue!

~Annamaria Formichella, Professor of English

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Issues

FACES 2020-2021

First Online FACES Edition: 2020-2021

Categories: Poetry, Short Fiction, Illustration, Photography, Artwork

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Artist: Molly Wingert



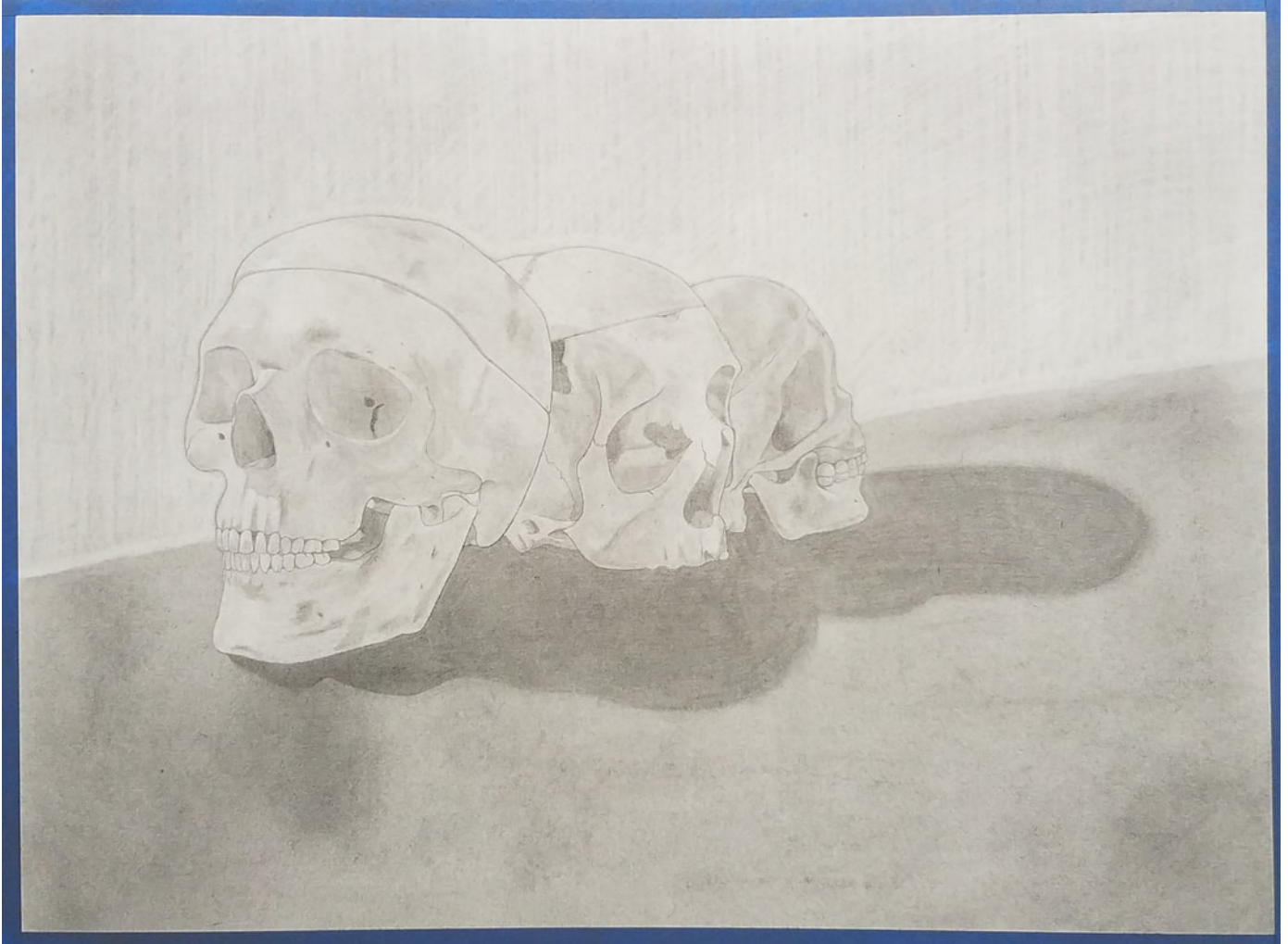
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Photographer: Aaron Pluym

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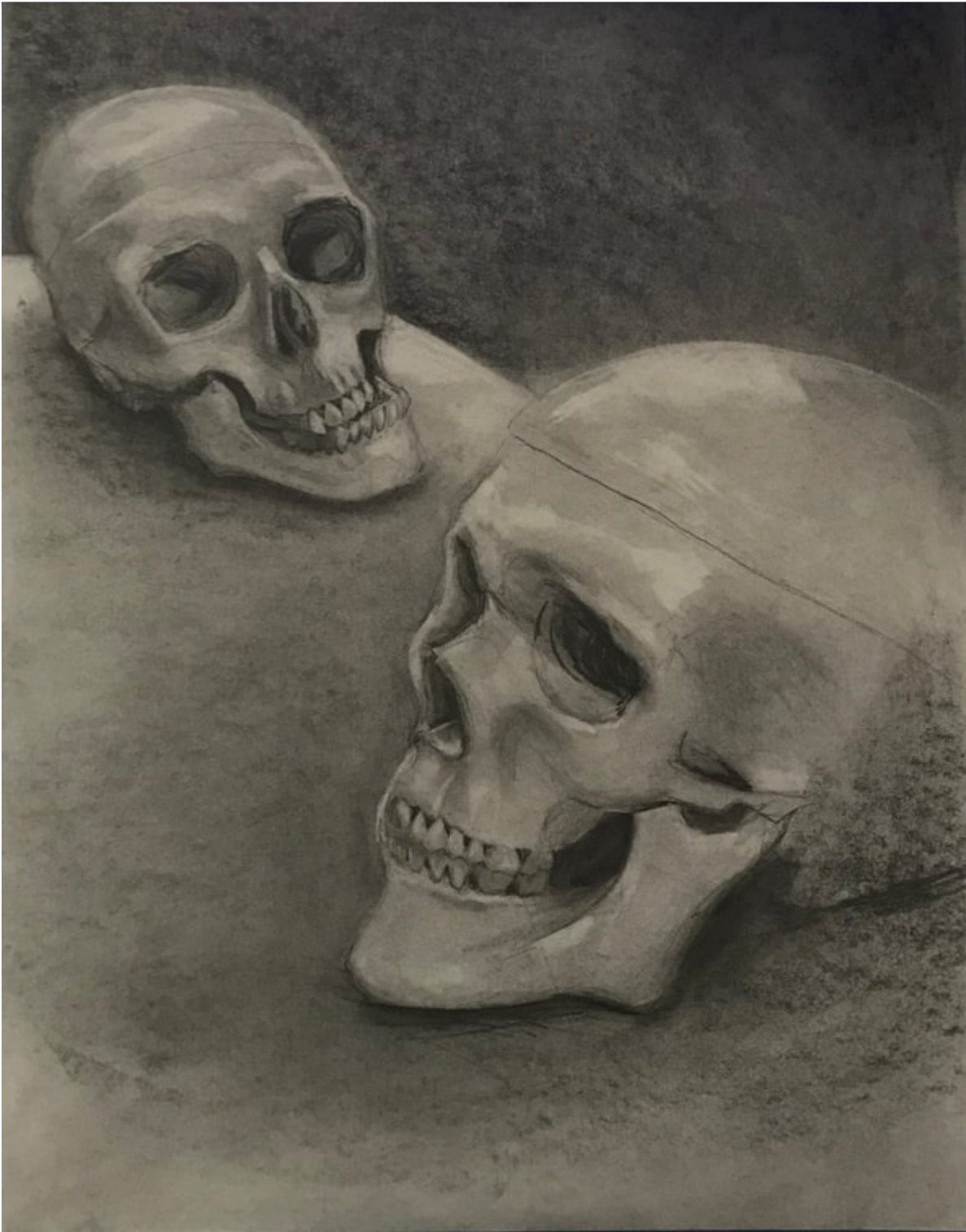
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Artist: Valerie Roen

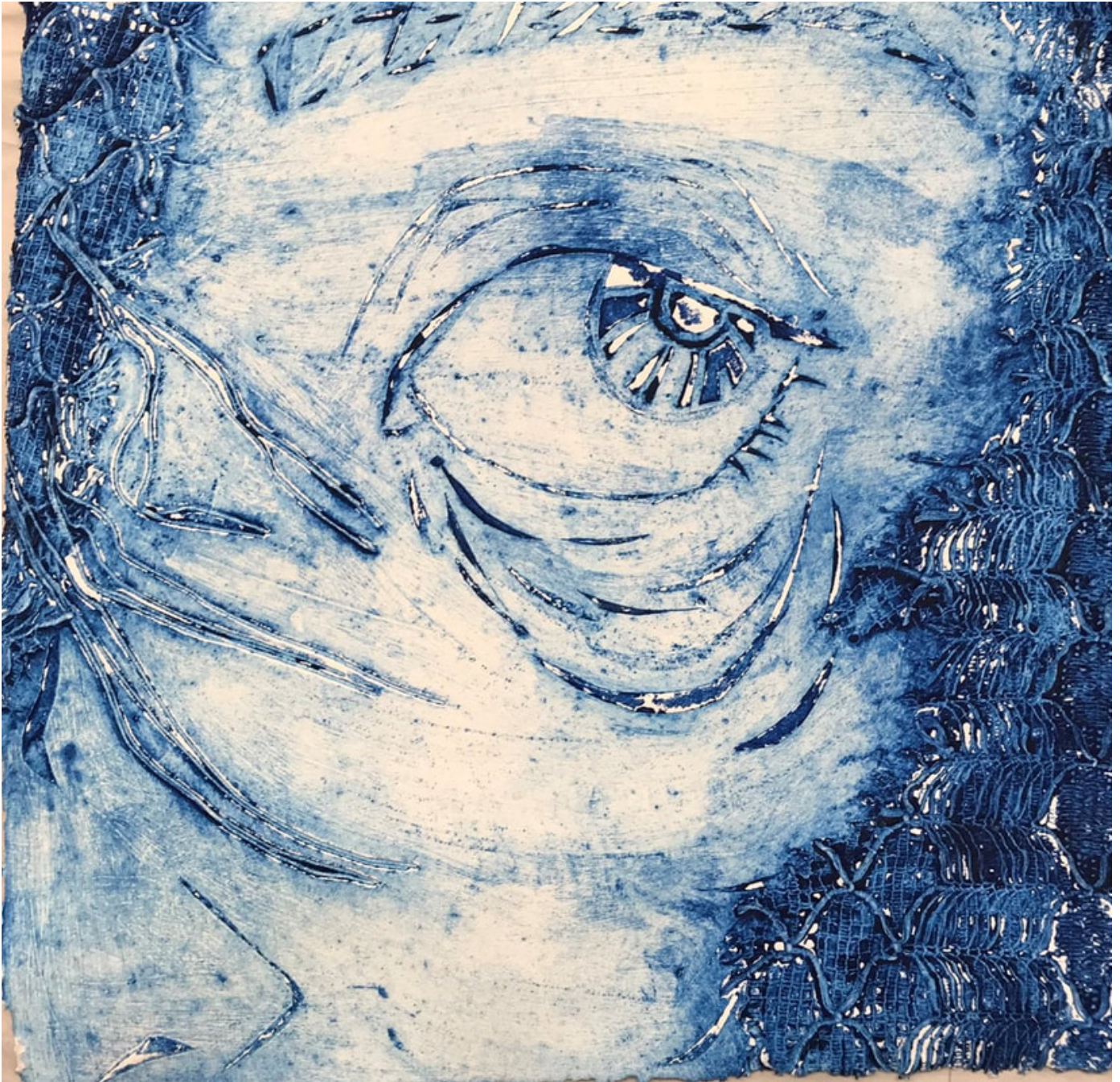
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Artist: Valerie Roen

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Artist: Valerie Roen

The Great Bay's Pride

By Emma Bloom

I remember Maryland fondly as the place I go
To be in Maryland. The rib of the East Coast
Beckoning ships into the bay, watching
As the lighthouses oversee as sentries
With sailors nearing home. I lived in Maryland
For sixteen years. The state bird is
A cracked highway road. The state flower is
The Chesapeake Bay, which sounds pretentious
Though it is merely as cold and still as truth.
A Marylander can use the word "truth,"
Can sincerely use the word "sincere."
When I go back to Maryland, I drive through Pennsylvania
There in Pennsylvania is a battlefield that decided the war, so life
Goes field, field, field, battlefield. I wave at Gettysburg battlefield,
Which we're not getting along with
On account of the South as I pass.
Then Pennsylvania goes field field field
Mountains, goodbye Gettysburg. You never forget
How to be from Maryland when you're from Maryland*

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Duke's Off Interstate 40

By Emma Bloom

The strangest crowd comes to the highway turnoff diner at 2am-
A truck driver who looks as if he had not seen a bed in weeks;
Two men in suits and sunglasses who don't dare say a word, just sit at a booth and wait;
My boss showing up late (or early?) and drunk as if he was desperate to forget something;
Old pickups that slow down and consider stopping but continue on by with a second thought;
A tired faced child, all on his own, asking for a coffee: black;
My mom calling in to check on how I'm doing and seeing if I'm hungry,
which wouldn't have been weird if she hadn't been dead for three years;
A family on a cross country vacation, wanting three and a half cookies and cream milkshakes;
The lights flickering on and off with the entrance of a kind faced cowboy;
From the doorway stands a woman that looks exactly like me,
staring silently with tears in her eyes,
Then vanishes as quickly as she appeared;
A pack of wild dogs scratch at the back door, hoping for leftover hamburger scraps;
The door opening for the wind, taking a coffee mug down the counter
And the door closes when it is done;
But after all this time, I tend to be too tired to question what comes to the highway turnoff diner
at 2am

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To Leap

By Elizabeth Reiva

You leapt for the joy of it
And what a joy it was!
To take to the air and
For a single moment
Fly.

It's a second of freedom
Until you land
Feet back on the ground.
But even wingless
You can still taste the sky.

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Ziggy's Stardust

By Dalton Machholz

i'll be a free bird, just like that blue bird
from the Underground love of the crystal moon
where the Rebel Rebel knew they were best.
Under Pressure only by the last chance
they gave themselves knowing full well
there's a Starman waiting in the sky
that may blow their minds. but Lazarus,
looking for your ass, will look up and
wonder if there's Life on Mars.
unsure if they will know this is the freakiest show.
all the players stuck in Dance...Magic...
Dance although unsure why these Changes
have turned them away from their Golden Years
where their China Girl is,
where Heroes are around for a day,
where Cat People Dwell,
where Queen Bitch bitches,
where Absolute Beginners have
Moonage Daydreams of Modern Love because
we all in the end lived in this strange
Space Oddity.

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Now I'm In Emily Dickinson's Bedroom

By Dalton Machholz

Inside, the visitor must be respectful
and polite, evasive without actually telling lies. -Lloyd Schwartz "In Emily Dickinson's Bedroom"

Inside, the visitor must be respectful
and polite, evasive without actually telling lies.

The dwelling dusty from the inexperience
and ignorant, telling truths hidden in disguise.

For whose house do they think they stare
and stir, telling frights in the whispering night.

Further inside, the guest must be mindful
and ingenious, a tell of their patience.

If by chance the visitor has the chance
and ability, the telling of her story may happen.

However, the story will not be long
and arduous, as it will only tell a thing or two.

The visitor will hear her soft footstep,
then without realizing it be back at her doorstep.

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Blink.

By Savannah Adkins

Endlessly spinning,
the world changes
every second,
every day,
every year,

so make sure not to blink.

We humans,
A mere teardrop
for the universe to shed,
have no more purpose
than to wet the world
with our bias,
and remain hopeful
that time picks our side.

Then we blink.

From a girl
to a woman,
the spiders
that haunted
bedtime stories,
have grown
taking form of our enemies
fraught with vengeance
they encircle all exits
we can never leave,

until we blink.

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We stomp on words
resembling sadness or loss
because it embraces
everything we cant touch,

then we blink.

Leaving behind passing time
trying to grasp the present
before its too late,
because we finally see
there is nothing to hold
that lasts forever,
nor fate dictating reality.

There is only now
the present,
where we can breathe
despite our fear.
because love is feasible
if you hold it dear to your heart,
treasuring what can be
in the entire second we exist
but only for a moment,

before we blink.

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Coinciding Names

By Matthew Marroquin

My name is a sword fight between languages.

Matthew, not Mateo, when inked upon documents. English that comes off the tongue like the wind across an Iowa cornfield.

Marroquín. Acento sobre el i. My father's name that came from his mother, for the luck I had with having a father was never bestowed upon him.

My names are both my American identity of freedom and dreams and my Salvadorian identity of music, dance, and war.

Marroquín means "from Morocco." The Spanish invaded and colonized them as they did us Latin folk starting in 14 hundred 92.

Took them Spaniards 4 years to conquer the Pipil of El Salvador - a testament to our resilience. A trait I hope still runs through my blood.

Where does my last name lead? I do not know, but I wish to follow the trail to El Salvador someday. To Spain, France, and Morocco where my last name claims.

As for Matthew, it leads to here, America, where I live freely, a Gift from God just as the name suggests. It leads to California where I was born. It traveled to Iowa over the cold frosting winds that cover the land.

Matthew Marroquín. Accent on the i.
El primero nombre Americano por el sueño.
Last name Spanish for the blood.

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