

COLLAGE

A JOURNAL OF CREATIVE EXPRESSION



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from the EDITOR

Creativity in Unlikely Places

For the past four semesters, I have been a part of the incredible, and sometimes wacky, *Collage* staff. What has struck me the most is the outstanding variety of talent that sends in submissions each semester. It's easy to assume that only the art majors or the English majors are getting published. That assumption is patently false. While I haven't been keeping a comprehensive list—that'd be a little weird—I have looked up some of our published authors and artists and found a veritable smorgasbord of majors. They have included chemistry, computer science, psychology, journalism, public relations, biology, fermentation science, animal science. The list goes on. It seems that at every corner of campus, there is someone ready to write prose or take a stunning photo.

And you know what? Why the hell not? Whoever said that the STEM folks must stick with the math and science, and that the writing or painting is left to the English and art majors? No one, that's who. Well, some have, but they don't get it. Not like those of us who go outside our lane to create works of art and those of us who understand that creativity is an innate, foundational condition of being human.

That goes for the *Collage* staff as well. We're not a collection of snobby know-it-all neck-deep in English and art majors. We're a collection of regular students with majors all over the university and a love of creative endeavors. We've recognized that everyone at MTSU can be a creator. Anyone can wordsmith a poem, anyone can paint a breathtaking painting, anyone can create art. It's just a matter of realizing that they can.

That's why we go out of our way to break past those walls. Walls that someone might have put up to stop another's creative flow. That's why we deliver the best of the creative community on campus. Because that creative community permeates every single part of Middle Tennessee State University.

Anthony Czelusniak

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★ Creative Expression Award winners

Freshwater Sharks ★

by Addison Gentry

Beneath the water, the bottles lay poised, concealed weapons manned by the creek. My feet, pillow-soft from wool socks and plush carpet, plunge through the mud-dappled surface and rip apart on the sharp edges of amber-colored glass.

I do not scream,
but my blood fills the water.

For sharks,
that is enough.

I stumble, knees splashing and scraping across stones smoothed by the current but not softened. My dress, drenched, anchors me to the creek bed. By the time my shredded feet find purchase, they are circling along the banks, whistling, “Baby!” through gleaming, sharp-toothed grins.

They wait patiently, like natural-born predators, and I wish I had known that sharks swim in freshwater, too.



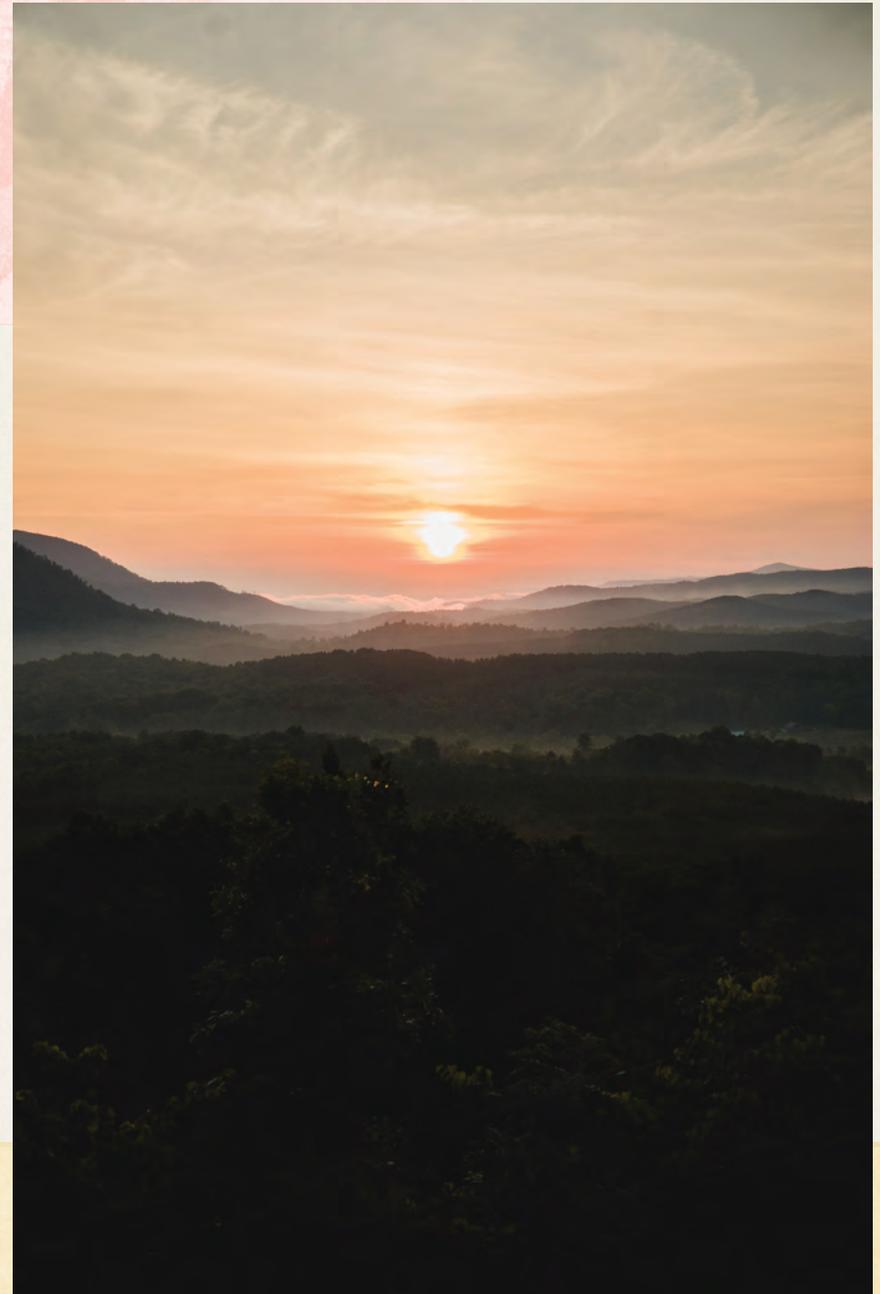
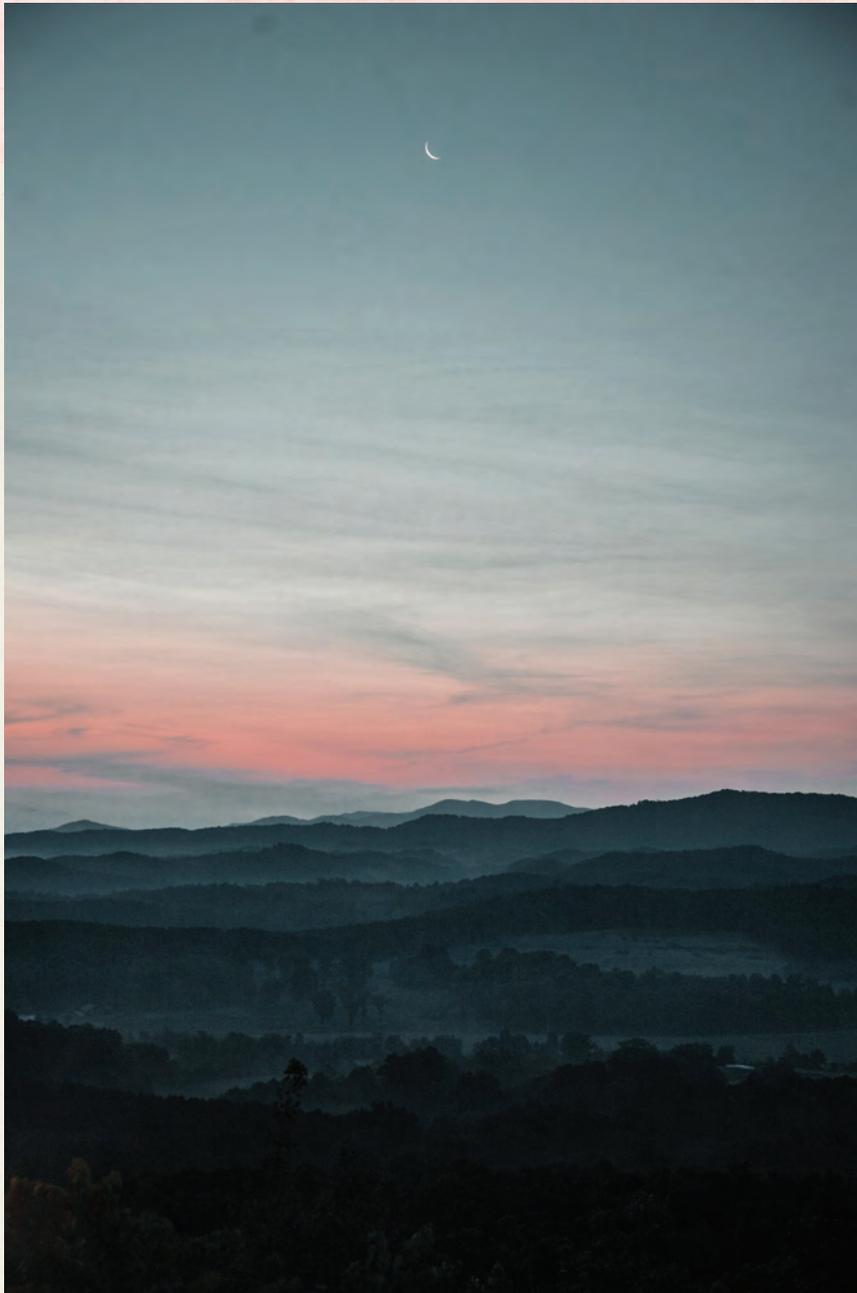
Already Dead Inside ★

Ox Zante
Digital Painting

Peace In the Quiet

Noah Halford

Digital Photography



The Peak of Dawn

Noah Halford

Digital Photography

The Imp★

by Emily McTyre

I believe it was Poe who wrote about “The Imp of the Perverse,” a little horned demon looming over your shoulder. He would encourage you to do the wrong thing at the moment it is most unnecessary, pushing an otherwise decent person to jump without thinking.

I was deep below the city’s bustling mess on a rather empty platform for the B train. From the far end of the station, I heard the echo of a bucket drummer, his syncopated beat ricocheting off the tile walls as it made its way to my ears. A woman and her congregation of plastic bags sat on a bench. A tailored man checked his watch, his leather briefcase clutched tightly in his opposite hand. My nose caught wind of the bag’s earthy, slightly sweet scent. When I inhaled again, it was gone, replaced by the dingy, scummy slosh of the trains’ wake. My nose scrunched at the subway’s unsatisfying substitute.

It was just us four on our side of the waiting room. Two others stood across on their way north. Like a birdwatcher, I quietly observed them through the thin forest of steel beams that held the world above our heads.

What if it collapsed?

I looked up to the ceiling, or rather the ground, in response to the question. Before my mind could wander much farther, I shook my head, throwing the thought onto the tracks. My eyes followed.

A filth-camouflaged rat scurried across the rails, its tail sweeping as its claws clinked against the metal. Its beady eyes glanced up at me as it sat down. I stared back. The wind picked up. I heard the man nearby adjust his case, readying himself to board. The rat wouldn’t move.

You could be down there, too, you know. Could save the rat. Put yourself in its place.

I watched as my body responded to the proposition, my eyes hanging back as my legs stretched forward. I crossed the yellow line and jumped into the ditch. The train’s glowing eyes appeared in the recesses of the cave as the wind pulled my hair into a fervent dance. The rails shook the rat from its perch, and it disappeared

into a nearby pipe. I was left alone, the silver bullet flying closer. Just as I had braced myself for the impact, I was back on the platform, gently knocked sideways from the gust of the passing cars, completely safe and unharmed.

I boarded the train behind the tailored man, held onto the first pole, and turned to watch the doors clamp shut. Just as they did, I saw the Imp sitting where I had been standing. He smiled a sickly smile.

I only said ‘could.’



What are You Looking At?

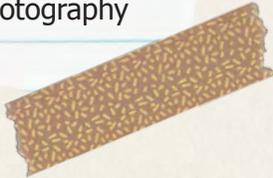
Jackson Gibson
Digital Photography



Inside Out

Brittany Burchick

35 mm Film Photography



Suburbia Way

by Anthony Czelusniak

Gaudy hedges and
antique lamp posts
and a whiff of contrivance
permeating the neighborhood.

An endless beige void
staring back at me.
Sapping all forms of
creative flow and form.

Look upon corporate works
ye meager, and despair.
Eldritch beings of vinyl were
crafted without love.

Do you know them?
The strangers next door.
I offered a passing glance
once, just to be rebuffed.

What value is there,
then? In these streets
where my dreams came
to die.

Introspective

by Lisa Hardie

As a child I feared everything but
Morbidity, chasing trails of
Worry to their fateful ends.
I tied knots in my free time,
Loose strings trailing behind me,
Fears that would never come true.

I don't know why I share this now,
Some remnant of self-importance
Scribbled out in pages of diary entries
Left untouched next to wilted flowers.

But now, I make my bed and
Remember to water my plants.



Toys for Sale

Emily Rink
Charcoal

Hidden Fear

by Bae Dedicatoria

To see and not be seen

To feel and not be felt

are two things you warned me of
every night as I fell asleep
So I watched behind closed doors
and imagined what it would feel like
To see and finally be seen
To feel and have someone feel
every inch of my being
all the good that's in me
even the scars still tender
if one dared to come near

I flinch

as the thought crosses my mind
For I know what is to come
if something like that were to be
So I close my eyes
slowly pulling away
While my brain replays
your lovely warnings

Be careful, my dear

you come, closer

Their looks can slice you open

you lick your teeth, slowly

And their touch poison your soul

I feel my cheeks, burn

So why not stay by my side

you tip my face, up

And I shall always be your guide

as you bring yours, closer



Who Are You?

Adriana Klika

Digital Photography

I'm Sorry

by Emily McTyre

Too often I feel the syllables trickle from my tongue.
"I'm sorry," I say, before the damage is even done.

Once upon a time, I spoke the short words out of fear.
It switches on like a force field, a habit born from you, my dear.

I don't always mean it, but it comes forward despite
any wish I may hold to keep my lips tight.

And for that,
I am sorry.



Repression

Rachel Corbin

Charcoal, Graphite & Ink on Paper



Letters from Your Psyche

Shannon Byrd

Acrylic, Watercolor & Mixed Media on Wood



Spontaneous Combustion

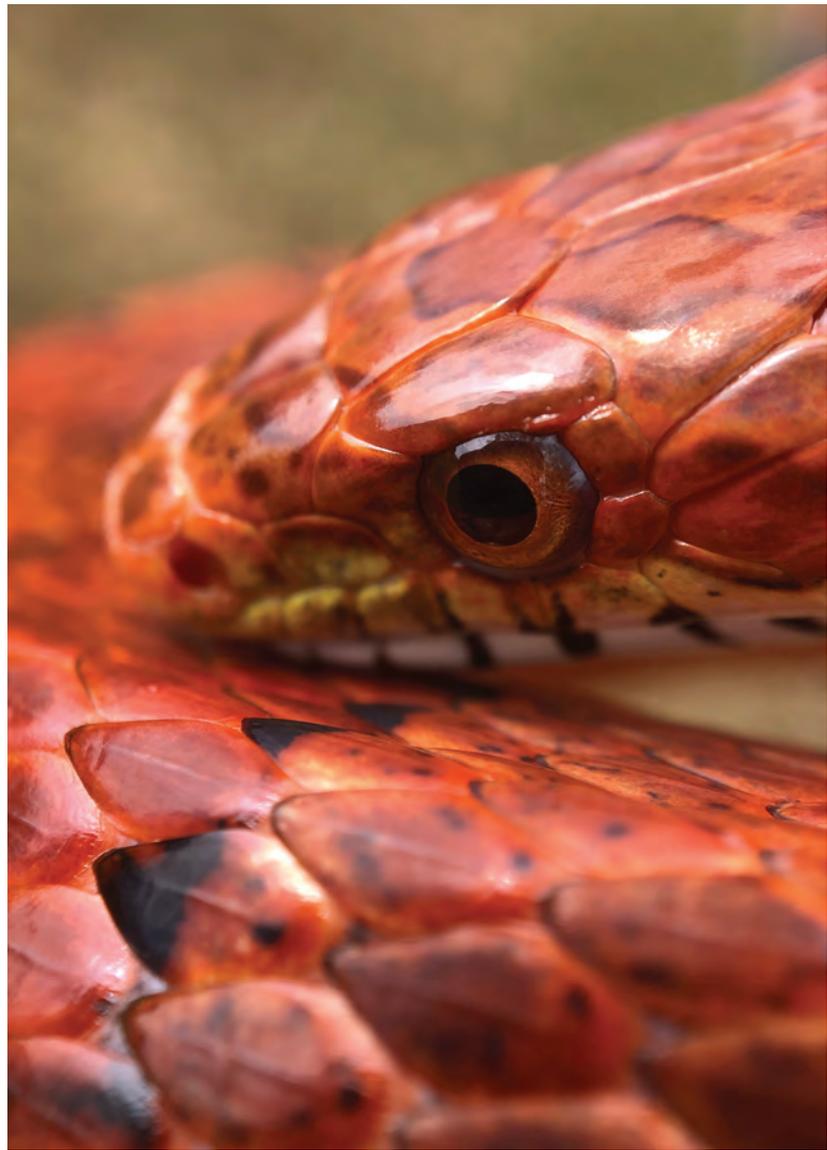
by Nash Meade

An errant spark lights a flame
Which burns from its start,
In a hoping heart,
To stake its deadly claim.

The flame crawls from heart to head—
A blaze of emotions,
Not held by devotions,
Leaving a body sleepless on a bed.

Like a flash of lightning, the flame goes out,
Dousing the passion
In criminal fashion,
Leaving a grieving heart to shout.

The heart, once alight, now starts to crash,
And happiness is drained
Through melancholy rain,
Turning the heart to Phoenix ash.



A Flaming Gaze

Jackson Gibson
Digital Photography

Old Trees

by Jared Frazier

Old trees see much and tell little.

Meekly, creaking limbs will cry out
As a gust of winter wind or length of hempen rope
Challenges their venerable vitality

Steadied by thousand-year stalwart arms
An old tree's weathered hands grip the earth
Boring wounds from which they sap sustenance

Yet the earth's
Noxious poultice of mossy memories seeps
into the crevices of the ancient wooden bulwark

And

An old tree quaffs the tears of the young—
Those who wept and were comforted by its gnarled lungs

An old tree imbibes the blood of the fallen—
Those who served causes long forgotten

But a tree will tell,
Only if you listen close,
Soft-spoken tales told tentatively by the crack of vestigial twigs
Ever tantalizing tempted ears

And oh-so-gaily the scintillating starlight will dance
Among those verdant and deceptive leaves

Old trees see much and tell little.



Night at the Farmhouse

Jacob Jones
Digital Photography

Pressed Flowers

by S.D. Andrews

I began to press flowers that summer
in a journal I dug out of the clutter
that covered the floor of my room
so I might preserve the bewitching blooms
and never lose their color.

I pressed honeysuckles that grew down by the creek
and counted the petals of each flower, so unique.
I plucked tulips and gathered daisies
then went to work putting them between pages when the heat made me lazy
or when the weather was thunderous and bleak.

This journal stayed close, in my backpack each day,
it accompanied me on my journeys as I began to find my way.
I named each and every flower when I showed it to my lover,
recounting as I traced the cover
the trials of assembling my flattened bouquet:

how I got stuck with thorns when I acquired the rose,
how I can still feel the mud between my toes
from when I went to pick a periwinkle
after the rain had sprinkled
like a dripping hose.

And now, in old age, I give it to you,
its colors gold and blue,
the flowers of my youth.



Path vs. Destination

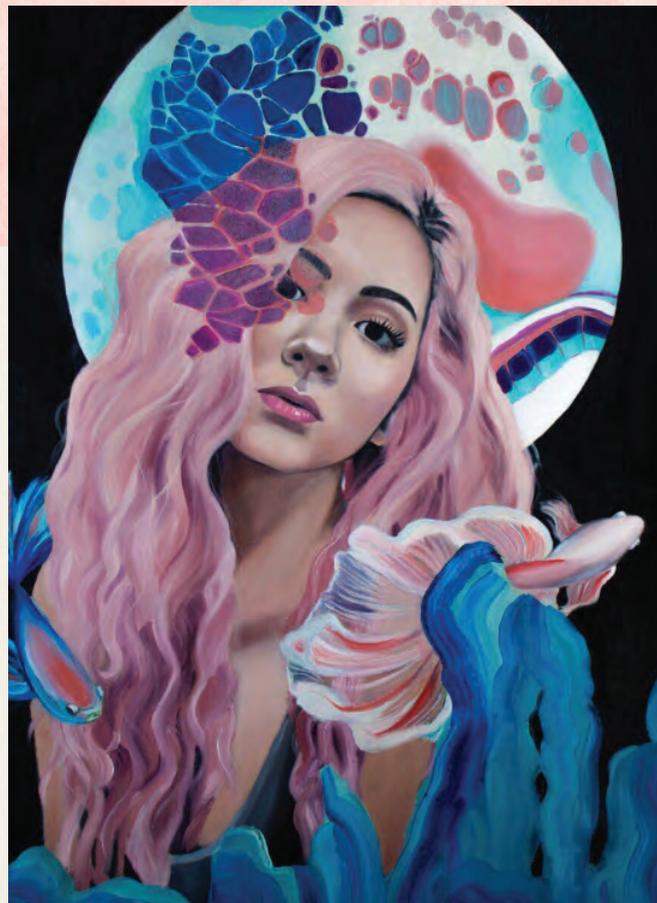
Luke Oakley
Digital Photography



Zip

Dawn Fós
Digital Photography

Evolving
Estefania Olvera
Oil & Acrylic on Masonite Board



The First Night They Lit the Eiffel
Song Lyrics by Kelsey Keith

dancing in circles down cobblestone streets
the clicking of heels holding in swollen feet
life grabbed us by the throat but we still sang
you said you loved me the most and church bells rang

then a crash from outside breaks my wandering thoughts
and here in the present I feel that you're gone
but this city keeps growing and it's overflowing with lovers
and there's talk that someday soon we'll show it off to the others

CHORUS

the first night they lit up the Eiffel
I stared out my window and cried
how could they steal all the stars from your eyes
just to light up some tower in this city at night
the city of love they say
but now I lose you again every day

it comes back in visions and fancy perfumes
the way that our sheets lack the outline of you
the incessant demands of a mind that can't quite grasp its fate
dinner for one and my food lies untouched on its plate

but the papers they cry of the progress at hand
the potential of light and the future of man
they act like it's promised but at best it's just promising
nothing stops life from coming revolutions or wedding rings

CHORUS

it's on everyone's tongues all the change to come
but I've seen enough change for a lifetime
and I cannot undo all that time took from you
so I don't want to take mine
no I don't want to take mine

now when they light up the Eiffel
I draw my curtains to a close
and I sit in the black of the pain of the past
while the city of love grows



Aluminum Chair

Lydia Sims
16" x 20" Oil on Canvas



Star War
Angelazou Manxue
Encaustic

BEYOND the FRAME

How the MTSU Baldwin Photographic Gallery Reimagines Student Learning

by Katelin MacVey

Every image was captured in black and white. Tall, imposing, heartbreaking, a heavy weight taking up residence inside my heart. These images revealed the results of unthinkable violence, hatred, fear, and loss. Although I remember every photograph devoid of human life, these emotions nonetheless dominated each frame, with no clear ending in sight. There was one image I continuously returned to: A pale door, halfway opened into a house of rubble. The walls were missing—they had most likely been burned down. On the door, a dark substance. Was it smoke residue? Or was it blood?

This exhibit, *Dialogue on Fire* by MTSU professor Tom Neff, is one of many powerful curations I have seen inside the Baldwin Photographic Gallery. According to the gallery's former curator Jackie Kerns Heigle, "The opportunity for students to view these works, meet the artists . . . [to] engage on a more personal level in a workshop . . . network . . . that gallery does it all." Before the opening of Neff's show, I attended his lecture where he discussed the background of *Dialogue on Fire*, the how and why of the project. Of course, nothing could prepare me for seeing his work face-to-face. It was a powerful illustration of loss in the aftermath of extreme rioting—abandoned houses, burned and warped architecture, collapsed buildings, destroyed businesses.

The Baldwin Photographic Gallery is dedicated solely to showing photography. In 1964 Harold Baldwin created the gallery, only five years after he



Harold Baldwin, gallery curator 1964-1991, and Jackie Heigle, curator 2017-2019 | A. J. Holmes

started the photography program at MTSU. Baldwin served as the gallery's first curator from its founding until his retirement. In 1996, the gallery was officially renamed after him. Heigle describes Baldwin as having "a multi-faceted legacy." Even in his retirement, Baldwin continued tirelessly to support and work with the gallery until his death March 19 at the age of 93.

From 1991 to 2017, Tom Jimison served as the gallery's curator. "Tom brought the gallery to its international reputation," Professor Shannon Randol said of the late MTSU professor. Multiple professors agree that photography festivals are a hit because of Jimison's original efforts. Internationally, many in the photography business associate Murfreesboro, Tennessee with the Baldwin Photographic Gallery. Someone once told me that there is only about "one degree of separation" between everyone in the photography profession. My professors know, and often have strong relationships with, photographers from all crafts and all walks of life. The idea of "one degree of separation" highlights the importance of networking and connecting to professionals inside and outside of one's chosen industry. The significance of one connection might not reveal itself until that opportunity is either directly approaching, or it has already flown past. Jimison's success in building a global name for the gallery allows for future curators room for expansion, such as continued exhibit and artist diversity and a solid foundation to continue to grow the gallery's name and archive collection.



Tom Jimison, gallery curator 1991-2017 | A. J. Holmes

The Photography Department recently announced the promotion of Shannon Randol as the fourth curator of the gallery since its opening in 1964. He is preceded by Jackie Heigle, who is teaching her final semester at MTSU before retirement. Photography Professor Jonathan Trundle said that “Jackie paved a different direction for the [Baldwin] gallery. The gallery brings [together] the importance of [the] still image and the awareness of . . . different ways to see the world.” Heigle, during her curatorship, focused largely on expanding the diversity of both the art and the artists the gallery exhibited. It was difficult, she said, with only a few shows every year.

Randol gave credit to Heigle for “widen[ing] the

scope” of the shows and the artists. “[The past curators] really laid the foundation for me to take it to the next level. I’m not trying to reinvent the wheel. I’m trying to hone it a little bit more, make it travel a little bit faster.” Randol’s focus for future shows is to help students “figure out what happens in that space between being a student and being a rock star.” When students see an exhibit on display, the artist is often immediately assumed to be “successful” and to have “made it” in the photography industry. However, there are many “successful” photographers who haven’t devoted their careers to the art form that the gallery has and will exhibit. Ultimately, Randol’s aim when working with students is to provide them with the necessary tools to build their futures, whether for professional or personal pursuits in photography. “Shannon is an incredible . . . forward-moving force,” Trundle said. He believes that Randol will have a “severe, positive impact on



The Baldwin Gallery, second floor Bragg Media and Entertainment Building | J. Intinoli

the culture of the gallery.” When asked what he felt his greatest strength was in his new curatorship role, Randol said: “I’m not afraid of rejection.” He explains that the worst anyone can do is say ‘no,’ but if you never ask, then you will never know what kind of opportunity you may have missed.

One of the fundamental purposes of the gallery is to serve as a teaching tool for students and the community. Visiting artist lectures and exhibits are free and open to the public. Student workshops provide personal engagement with professionals, as well as invaluable networking opportunities. Just as in many other forms of hands-on experience, such as internships, the photography practicum students are responsible for working with the curator to handle the various tasks of maintaining and preparing the gallery for each exhibit. It’s an exciting way for students to learn, in which they can directly engage with an internationally-recognized gallery. The Baldwin Photographic Gallery is on the second floor of the Bragg building. ●



Photography professors, from left, Jonathan Trundle, Jackie Heigle, and Shannon Randol with photographer and MTSU alumnus Jeremy Cowart, second from left | J. Intinoli

The Woman at the Marketplace

by S.D. Andrews

She leans against
the fold-out table
one hand
palm splayed.

In the other arm
she cradles
a wicker basket
filled with plump, ripe peaches
against her hip
(I imagine they're soft, tender,
and smell of late summer).

Hair
not quite blonde nor red
peaks out
from beneath a yellow bandana
strands fall down
towards lips
red
like cherries.

I hear the old woman
running the booth
tell her it will rain tomorrow.

"That's fine.
I'll still be here."



Natalia
Darwin Alberto
Digital Photography

Coveted

by Kelby Fischer

Growing up in the sunshine,
I harnessed its gold on the top of my head,
spilling down my back like spun flax.
Old ladies with pink-tinted cotton,
touching and teasing my unease,
their envy whispered in shaky words,
"I wish I had this color," unaware my skin is crawling.

"No soul," echoed the middle school playground,
getting burnt the first ten minutes of our half-an-hour recess,
being poked to see the white indentions fade back to pink.

Stares I feel, whispers I hear,
"I've always wanted a redhead,"
suddenly I am something to have, not a someone,
some thing to collect.
"I hear they are crazy in bed."
All of my qualities boiled down to what I can do for them,
I am a ride to experience, a story to tell later.

Was I ever a person, or always an idea?
A shapeshifting focal point,
object of envy, subject of entertainment,
of the carnal or comedic relief.

Am I more than the shade rooted in my skull,
deeper than the sandalwood freckles set in ruddy cream skin?

Can the soulless live up to such intense expectations?



CTR

Makayla Stovall
Digital Photography

OK
Lucy Crow
Paper Collage & Photoshop





Innsbruck Cemetery

Destiny Seaton
Digital Photography

Monday Morning

by Livi Goodgame

The roaring of the trees sank slowly into subtle whispers
As the waves of wind subsided,
While flecks of light pranced on the edge of the clearing
In a dance with green shadows that flit on the forest floor.
Staggered stutters of feathered twitters
Could not overpower the chirps and whirs
And clicks of the crickets.
A feather white fell from a height
To rest on the rocks 'neath the grass.
Sun still rising,
Not yet noon.
Busy as a city, quiet as a thought,
A restless place for the soul to walk,
A quiet chaos to ease the mind,
A Monday morning
Once upon a time.

Strangers

by Zoë Haggard

My brother and I grew up and left home, so Mom and Pop redecorated the house. First they cleaned out our bedrooms into guest rooms, so we would always be guests. They cleaned out my closet where I stored half-finished drawings of our Rottweilers, well-thumbed volumes of Lovecraft and Wells, boxes of rocks with calamites, arrow heads, train nails, tear-stained letters, and dead flashlights we used to find Sasquatch.

They threw out the Wilson glove my brother used in his first pitch with the Hawkeyes, and the radio he never fixed, his Johnny Cash records, and the G.I. Joe figurine with a missing arm from a fight over who it really belonged to. They threw out the sofa where my brother and I stuffed dollar bills and pictures of Jayne Mansfield beneath the cushions. Then they ripped up the stained carpet and laid down a clean gray shag from Ashley's Home Furnishings store. They peeled off the dark green Chester wallpaper in the dining and living rooms, painted them Seashell Gray and Ocean Blue even though we lived in the mountains. They knocked down a kitchen wall. Our height markings crumbled to dust. The house lost its smell. When I came home that Thanksgiving, the acrid smell of paint and cleaner replaced the years of dust and stains, while the closets gaped open, empty and unfamiliar.

Home

Anastasia Higginbotham
Watercolor on Paper, 9.5" x 6.5"





See No Pain
 Professor Leslie Haines
 Digital Collage



Alanna, Café, New York
 Charles Shealy
 35 mm Film Photography

One-Armed Bandit
 by Anthony Czelusniak

Jackpot!
 Pull on the arm
 again. No fanfare plays.
 The losses pile, spin it again,
 damn it.

Knight and Day

by Mia Kuhnle

Meet me at the edge of the mountain
With your arms around me, breath heavy.
Take me away, towards the persimmon sun.

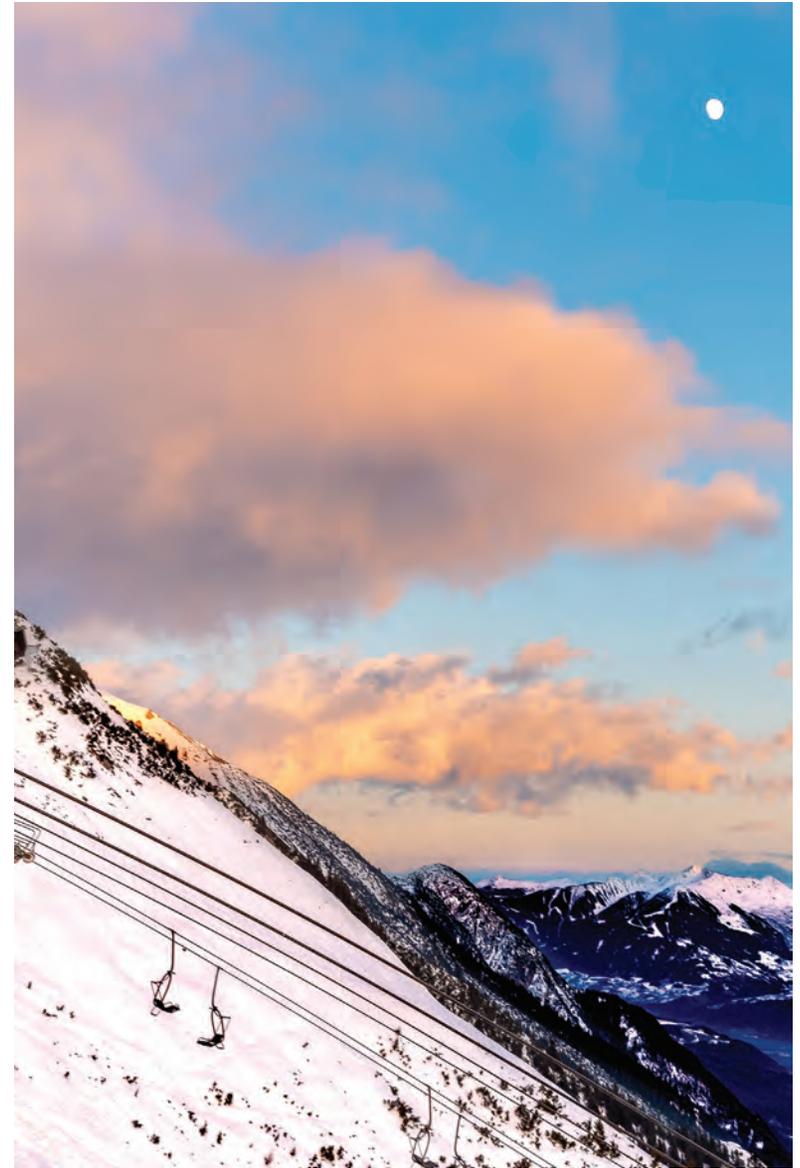
Rest your head upon my shoulder
And share with me authors you read fondly.
Send me to a land, where gleaming parties and revolutions are canon.

Sit and read to me of Grendel
And the darklings of Keats, his solemn pastorals.
Protect me from all, Sir Beowulf, my knight with bravery ineffable.

Traverse with me the woods
And away from the cabin, to the pond.
Tell me of the leaves you see—muddy, murky, made webbed.

Sing to the moon the poetry of your swoon
The light that cares and dusts away your desk.
O' Gabriel, my knight and day, scare away his hooves.

Lead me to a life far from Auerbach
Yet so near, through your words on our mountain walk.



Moonrise Ski in the Alps

Destiny Seaton
Digital Photography

Craggy Gardens, NC, Summer
by Mia Kuhnle



Road to Paradise

Luke Oakley
Digital Photography

We are here in the presence of the clouds
with miles of hills at our feet
and cumulous showers looming around.
We are here because you wanted to get away
from the noise and the pain
but you cried today
and rocked under the moon.

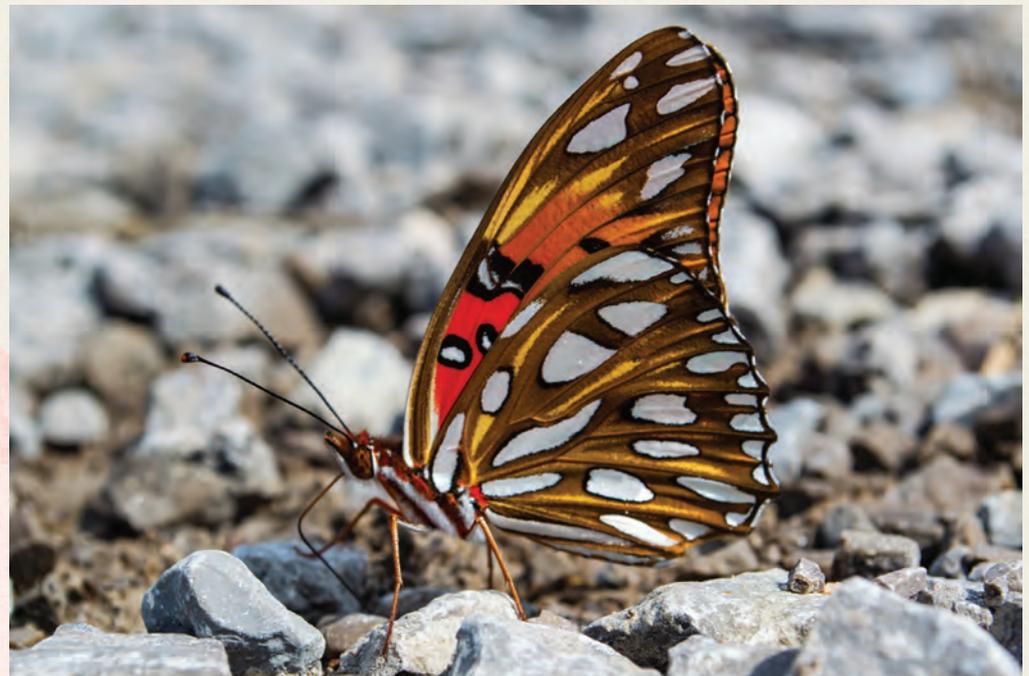
The air syrugged with buckbean
I watch the circle of bees take their descent
Into the blue ridge.
You are the raindrops on the stone
of this vista of life
never perfect but with his rib bone,
making it evergreen and lush.

You rain down on the visitors of your cobble—
but we pause.
Your mist expands and swallows the garden
spitting its soft cares on our skin.
Harder and harder, you rain down.
You release, a delight to us and the mountain
as we race down the hill.

From your belly I hear a laugh
and I want to tell you how beautiful
you are here.
So purely, over the rocks you flood.
My ankle twinges as I slip on my weight
But your showers heal and grow the elder buds.
Here, you are the rain.



Pollen
Dawn Fós
Digital Photography



Surveying His Fiefdom
Anthony Czelusniak
Digital Photography



Halloween Smoke Show

Jacob Jones
Digital Photography

Industrial Blue

Ox Zante
Digital Painting



1972

by Zoë Haggard

My great-grandma Vina forgave the love of her life—her sweet, dashing Almarine Matthis. Even though he left her for another woman back in 1972.

That's when she began to wear plain cotton dresses with sensible shoes and twist her curly dark locks into plain chignons hidden beneath snowy crocheted caps.

That's when she moved away to Iuka, Mississippi alone in the yellow trailer on Morning Star Road where she grew carnations, lilies, and petunias and where she wrote every grandchild and great-grandchild happy birthday cards but never visited us.

“She was something else,” my mamaw would say to me as she squinted at a colorless photo from before 1972 showing her mama wearing pedal pushers and lipstick in front of the red Chevy Daddy Matthis bought her.

But in 1972, she stopped driving cars and stopped eating sweets, for Hill women—not Matthis women—were quiet, demure, and sensible.

Women who saved emotions for The Word and crying only for Jesus.



Negligence
Sophie Hall
Painting



Histories Unknown
Dawn Fós
Oil Painting



Atlas
Felix Taylor
Analog Magazine Collage

Changing a Tire with Mom

by S.D. Andrews

Car stuff is men's work
mom says
just like how she says everything outdoors
sweaty and greasy
is men's work.

But sometimes there are no men around
and sometimes you get a flat
on I-840 heading west at midnight,
and now that you can drive
you won't want to flag down
the first car that passes by.
Not these days.

So your mom crouches down
on the ground,
by the 1999 Alero
painted a shade of sea green
you've only ever seen on that Oldsmobile,
reminding you of the sea you've never seen.

She places the jack,
muttering curse words as she struggles with it,
and tells you to crank it
up, higher, higher, that's enough.
She watches as you unscrew the lug nuts
with slow hands,
delicately handling a wrench
that she tells you needs more force.
She guides those same hands
as you pull the tire forward and off.

Then, she has you do the whole process in reverse
while you ignore your father's red truck
parked behind you in the driveway.



Little Faces

Kelly Parker

Digital Photography

Shiloh

by Zoë Haggard

When I visited the battlefield
where Grant and Johnson collided
two armies that spring of '62,
kids scurried along the grounds.

They climbed over the canons
peered and shouted into the black holes
hearing the “Halloo!” and “Shit face”
echo back to them like squeals
which amused their little minds.

And underneath their tiny shoes,
the wet clay from the night’s rain
clotted red and thick on their
skinny, bruised legs
and they laughed and laughed.

I laid a perennial beside the flag
and walked to the hill’s crest where
I looked at the rows of graves as
the sun came out and hardened the ground.



Goofy Sheep

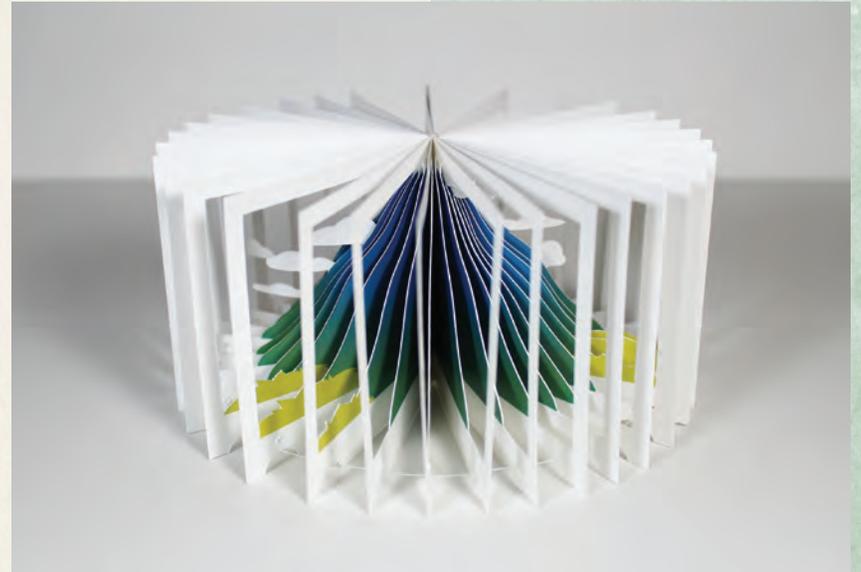
Nora Chisamore

Needle Felting on Felt Background



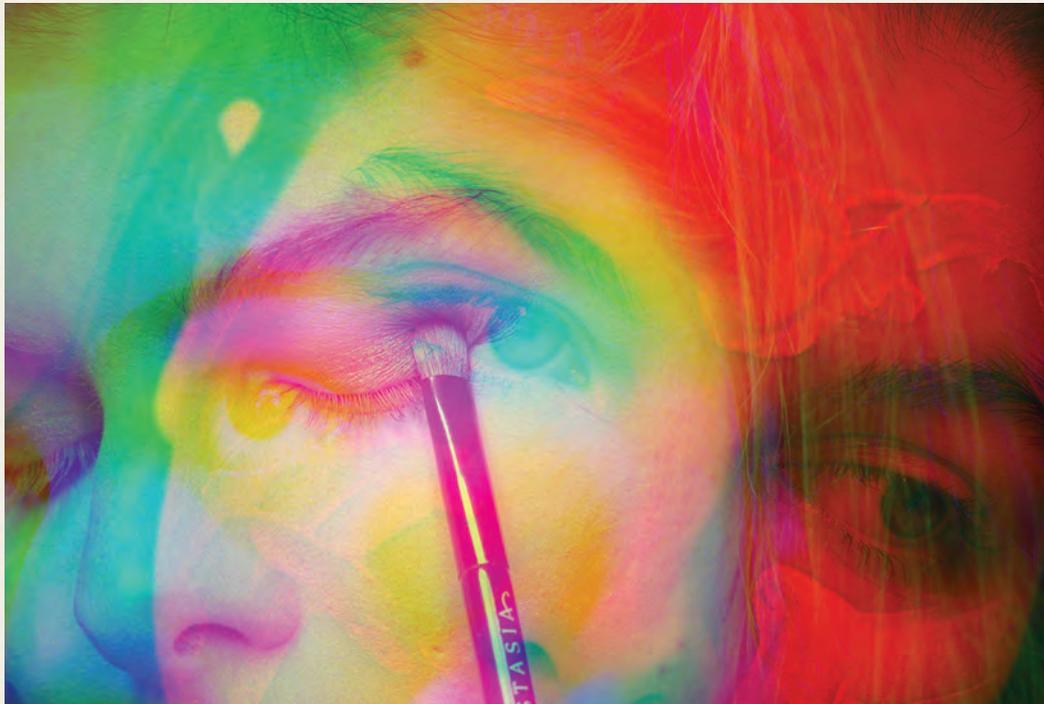
Little Man

Hannah Calvert
Watercolor on Paper



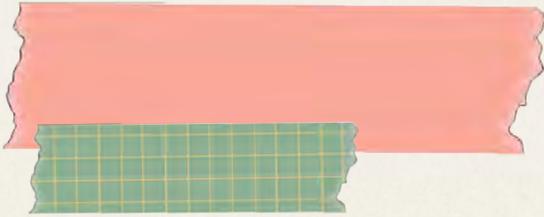
360 Book

Jessejoie Curada
Book Arts



Process

Shelby Lemmon
Digital Photography



Costa Rican Kid

Noah Halford

Digital Photography



Southern Blue Eyes

Lydia Sims

Acrylic & Epoxy on 2' x 3' Board



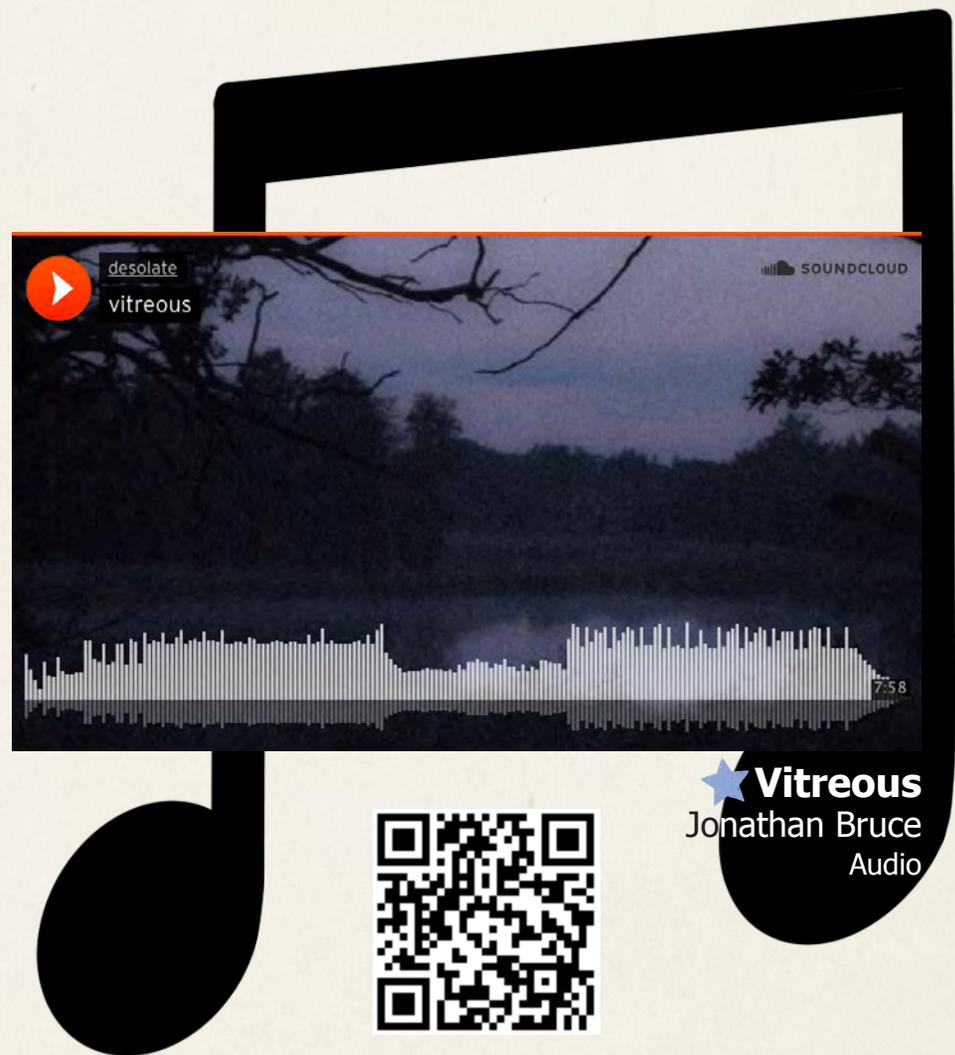
Seeki the Hide and Seek Robot ★

Julian Brown
Video



O.C. Death

Gloria Newton
Video



★ **Vitreous**
Jonathan Bruce
Audio



@mtsucollage

About *Collage*

Collage is a biannual publication of the Middle Tennessee State University Honors College. All submissions were reviewed anonymously and selected by a student editorial staff. The materials published by *Collage* do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the *Collage* staff, Honors College, MTSU student body, staff, or administrators. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or utilized in any form without written permission from the editor or adviser of *Collage*. Inquiries should be addressed as follows:

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Submit to *Collage*

Collage accepts submissions year-round. Online submissions may be made through our website, mtsu.edu/collage/. Creative work, such as art, photography, short stories, nonfiction, short plays, song lyrics, poetry, videos, and audios, may be submitted online or at the *Collage* office, Honors 224, between the hours of 8 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.

Policy Statement

Collage: A Journal of Creative Expression is an arts and literary magazine featuring submitted work chosen by a volunteer staff in a blind grading process. The staff attempts to choose the best work without regard for theme or authorship.

Although *Collage* is a publication of the University Honors College, staff members and submitters are not required to be Honors students. Staff members are selected each semester from a pool of applicants and must have at least a 3.0 GPA and two references.

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Creative Expression Awards

Each semester, six submissions receive Creative Expression Awards, one from each major category: art, photography, poetry, prose, video, and audio. Winners receive \$75 awards.

The Imp
Emily McTyre/Prose

Freshwater Sharks
Addison Gentry/Poetry

Already Dead Inside
Ox Zante/Art

Peace in the Quiet
Noah Halford/Photography

Vitreous
Jonathan Bruce
Audio

Seeki the Hide and Seek Robot
Julian Brown
Video and Film

Columbia Scholastic Press Association Awards

Gold Medalist Certificates – 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, and 2019

Silver Crown Awards – 2007, 2008, 2011, and 2019

Gold Crown Awards – 2012, 2013, and 2015

Production

Technology

Adobe InDesign CC

Adobe Illustrator CC

Adobe Photoshop CC

Apple Macintosh Platform

Windows Platform

Procreate for iPad

Typography

Baskerville, Tahoma, Helvetica

Paper

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80 lb. Athens Silk Text

Binding

Saddle Stitch

Printing

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