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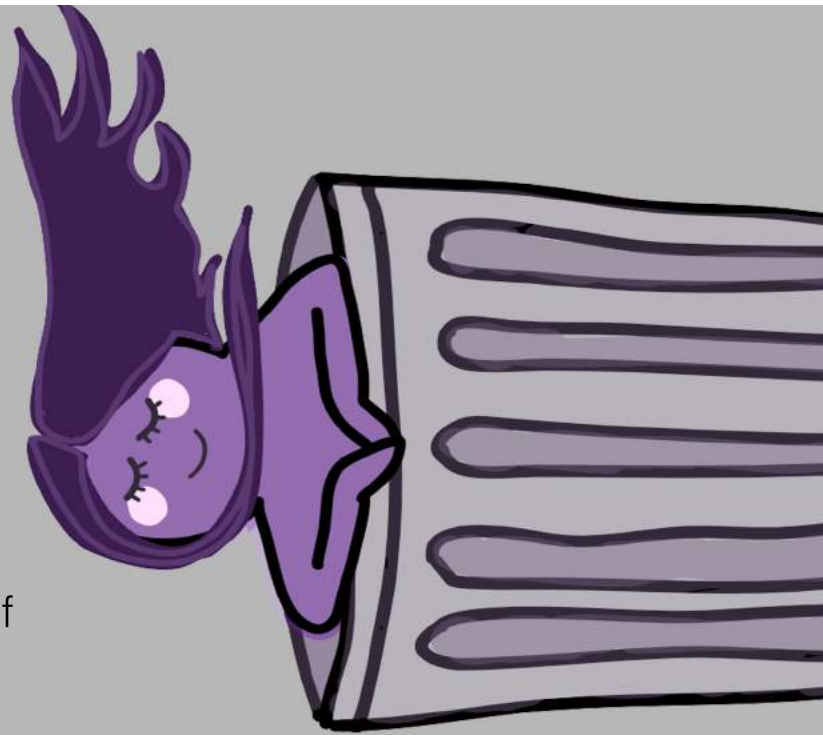
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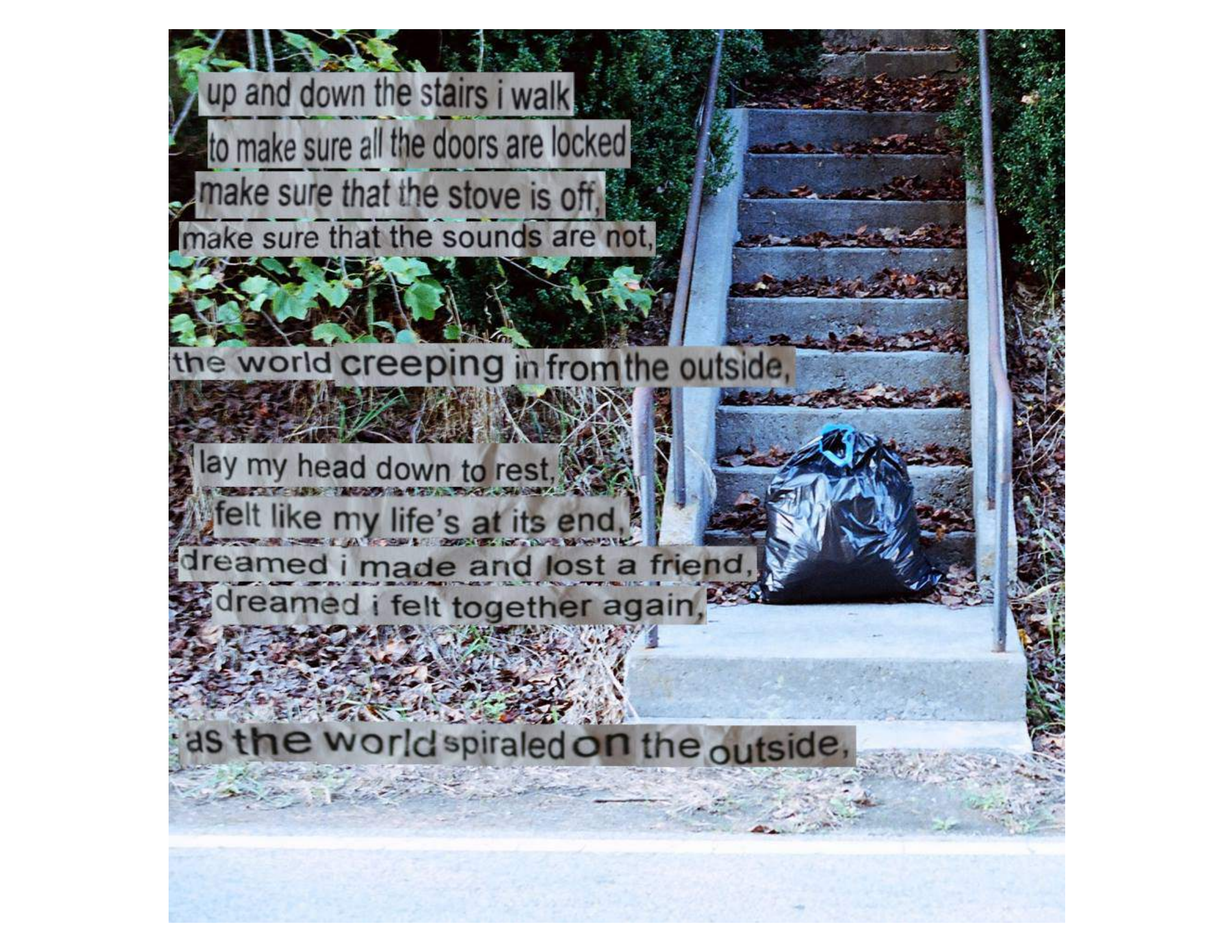
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up and down the stairs i walk
to make sure all the doors are locked
make sure that the stove is off,
make sure that the sounds are not,

the world creeping in from the outside,

lay my head down to rest,
felt like my life's at its end,
dreamed i made and lost a friend,
dreamed i felt together again,

as the world spiraled on the outside,



I Remember

I Remember

the front door slammed
my mother was weeping
a shattered plate of food
in ruins on the floor
I cried then too
I couldn't fully understand
or even partially understand
I was six
and I had seen
only the very
beginning

I was nineteen
I watched him as he stood up there
in the choir loft, front and center
singing and smiling as if his life were put together
knowing the real him was
guarded, chained carefully, hidden in the caverns of his black, black soul
I know exactly who he is
what he's done

his hand gripping my throat
slamming my head
against the wall
His hand covering my nose and mouth
suffocating me
despite my muffled screams
grabbing my keys and running
into the night, barefoot to my car
sobs racking my body
surely I couldn't go to the police
in my pajamas

his wife cries herself to sleep
his son has turned to drugs
and his daughter,
his daughter
the one writing these words
the one now living out of his reach
the one having to cope
the one manipulated, abused and assaulted by his black, black soul
hidden deep, deep down in the caverns
as he stands there, singing and smiling
front and center in the choir loft



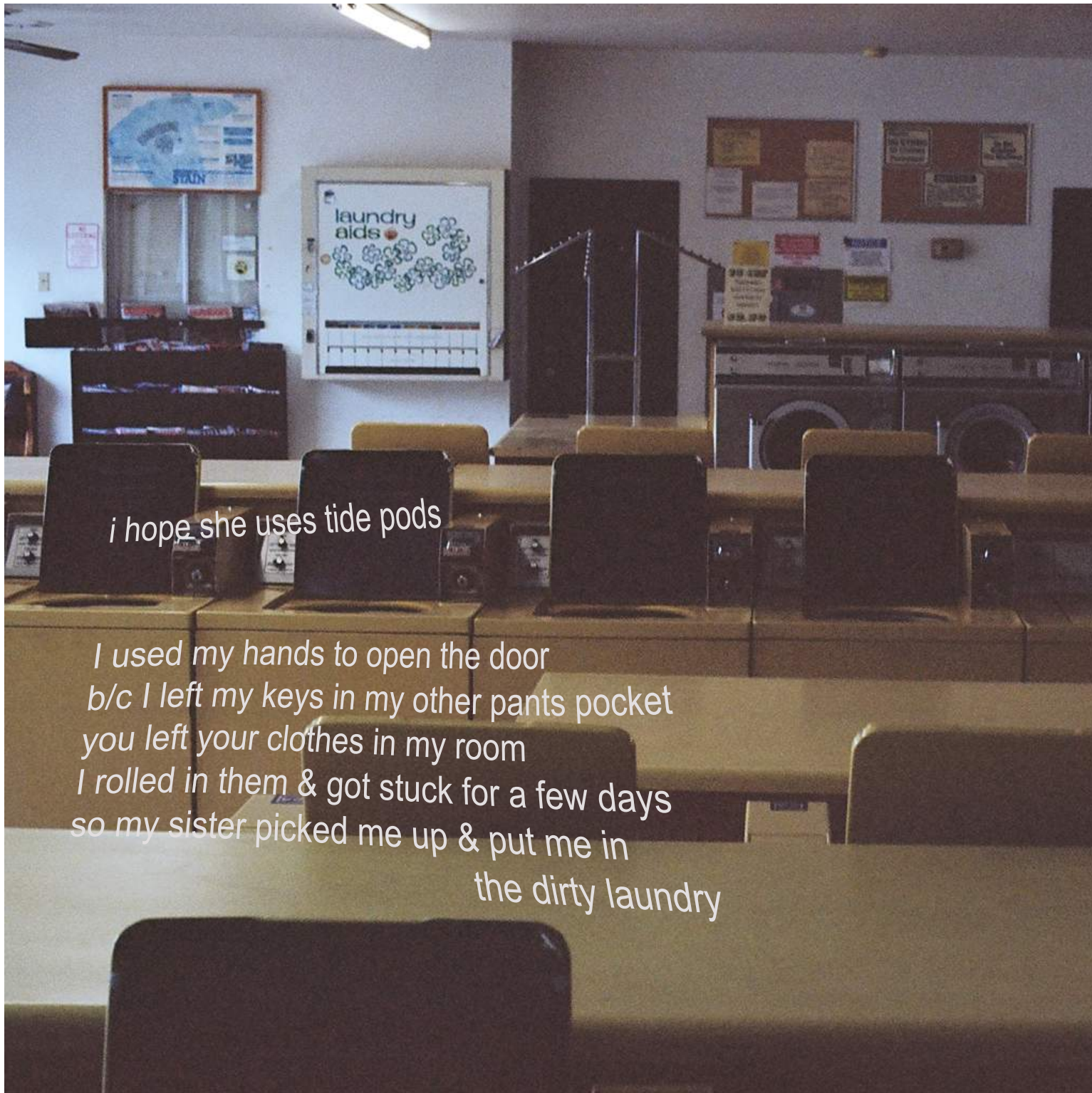
chicken

one of my best friends got promoted to Editor in Chief
as a sophomore
and then had sex with that boy she's been flirting with all semester
because she's a go-getter and a winner.
meanwhile i can't manage to cut a hunk of chicken
because i am the human equivalent of a potato.
there's just no way to gracefully cut around the bones.
i know i should tear right into this lukewarm sucker with my teeth
but i don't want to make more of a mess than i currently am.

i can't relate to my friend in the same way
she's now ahead of me
i saw it in her face when she walked in
"you look refreshed!" i told her
"i do?" she said, racing over to the mirror, holding her face in her hands, seeing
only unplucked eyebrows.

but there's no specific promotion or potential guy i want enough to work for.
is that liberating or just pathetic?

i look at my chicken corpse
and stab a knife in it.
fuck you, chicken.



i hope she uses tide pods

*I used my hands to open the door
b/c I left my keys in my other pants pocket
you left your clothes in my room
I rolled in them & got stuck for a few days
so my sister picked me up & put me in
the dirty laundry*

Nunya Cera alba

Bless you all to heck, you
beautiful striped bastards
Rocketing around with your
nonsense physics

Building golden palaces
with your weird miracle orifices
Effusing waxes and jellies—
Apparently, you can only produce good things

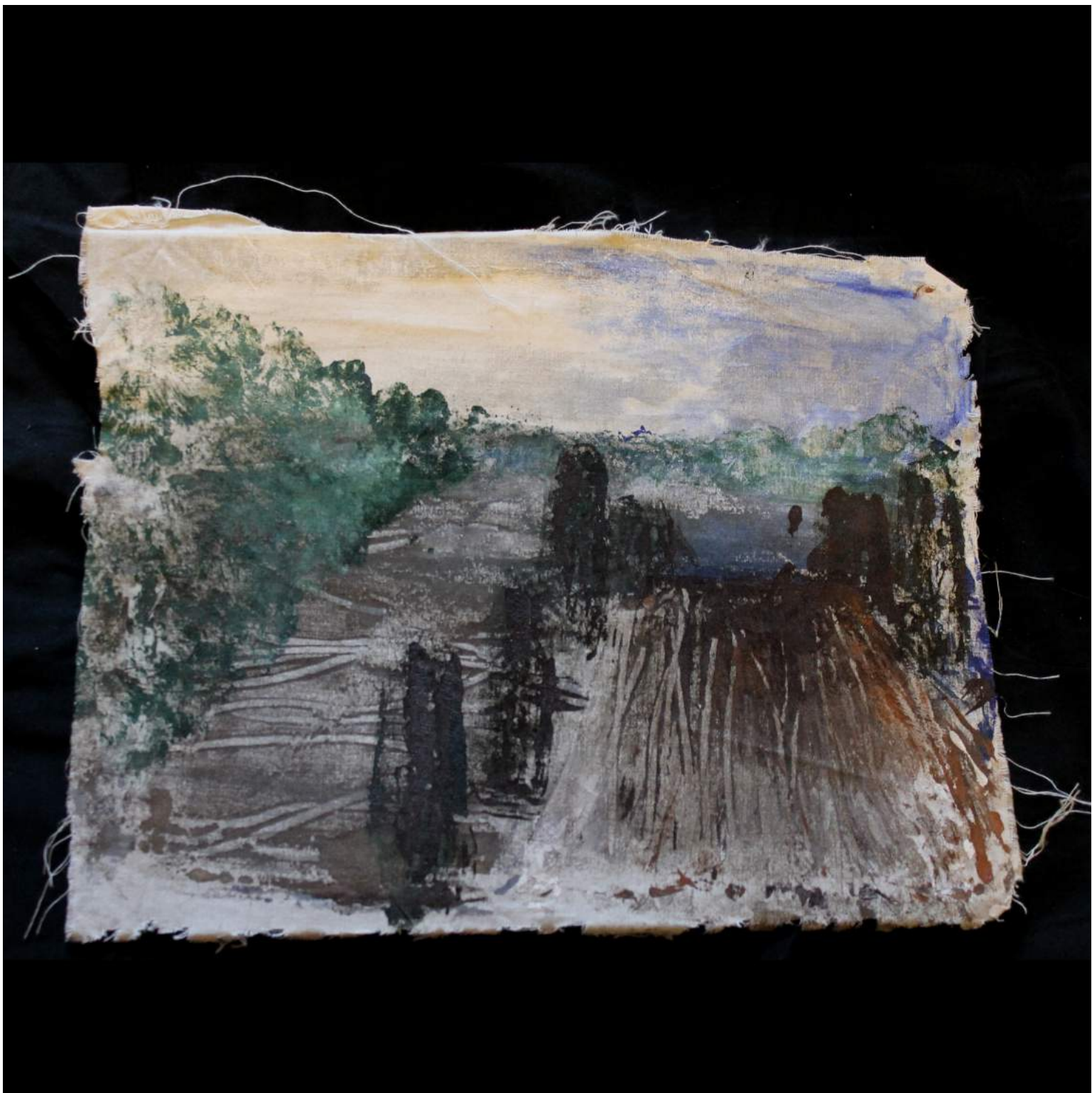
Save for maybe your one
Kamikaze bullet
that you hold on to
in the defense of Her Majesty—
You would transmute my skin
into festering lava bubbles
Wouldn't you,
you loyal little beasts?
Those hexagonal labyrinthine citadels
older than the first stories told
make Giza's polyhedron piles
look garbaggio



What should take you years
is complete in four weeks' time
(you "Teamwork makes the dream work" motherfuckers)
And serves to store that incandescent ichor—
Non-perishable perfection—
Crafted in miniature waxen beer vats,
fueled by the grotesque tree sex
that enrages my sinuses
Every. Year.

You winged robot muses
fending off furry dragons,
giving to the rest of us
tenfold what you take

Float high on the winds
and buzz to your heart's content—
Just please
don't leave us,
you incredible creepazoid clones



Love: an intense feeling of deep affection
Submission: the action or fact of accepting or yielding to superior force or the will or the authority of another

HUMAN GARBAGE

I cannot pinpoint / track / articulate
the place on the map or
the road where
I started yielding

all I remember is
a blur of restriction (we tumbled
down the path together)
gripping me tighter—tighter

Letting you hewn away
my ability to say “no.”
Commanded me
to bend
to you—for you.

The audacity
to demand, claim
me as
possession.

Assert ownership
over a body not your own.
And I submitted,
felt myself
unwillingly
unknowingly
accepting that I was less.

Yield to your hand on my neck
teeth grazing—hungry—on my inner thigh
eyes unforgiving, relentless as you
made me.

Made me
diminish
decline
disappear

and when you were done
I was forced to know the difference
between making love / sex / submission.

Submitting to
the calculated cold deconstruction of
my wholeness.

Accepting that
I would only operate as fragment
like time chips away the moon
but even she waxes
and becomes whole again.

I went home and sat on the shower floor. Scrubbed
and scrubbed my body until the skin went red and
raw, but still couldn't shake the feeling that I was dirty.

Dirty like: when my eight grade health teacher said,
“all you have to do is say no”
Dirty like: when “no” didn't make it stop

broken, bruised, battered
slacken, shrink, subside,
weaken, wither, wane
make room

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