

# The Catalyst



Fall 2024 / Volume 30

Volume 30 | Fall 2024

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*The Catalyst* is a student-run creative journal of the University of Wisconsin-La Crosse,  
publishing prose, poetry, photography, art, music, and all other creative works  
by the students and faculty of UWL.

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**Angelique Vega / *Uncle Dylan* / graphite**



**Lexie Seeley / Lightyears Later**

All grown up,  
and grown apart.

Outer space between us now—  
cosmic distance  
on stars that once collided in the

void, of you who used to be abundant.

Trillion atmospheres between us here.  
The words don't seem to reach.

But deities unworshipped still endure.  
Gods unworshipped persevere.

And the physicists say stars  
burn on in silence.

If I send a letter, will it ever  
bridge our distance?

## Lexie Seeley / Software Conditions for Daughter to Be Alive

```
public abstract class ConditionsforDaughterToBeAlive {

    public void parentsMeet() {
        if (starsCollide()) {
            System.out.println("Your parents are about to fall in love!");
            Daughter daughter = new Daughter();
            System.out.println("You made it, you get to be alive.");
        } else {
            System.out.println("None of it ever happened.");
        }
    }

    public boolean starsCollide() {
        return Math.random() < 0.001;
    }

    // I was a honeymoon baby for a love that dated seven years before finally getting
    Married.
    // It took a lot of love and patience just for me to get here.

    private static final int highMotivation = 90;
    private static final int unconditionalLove = 100;
    private static final int fightsForDreams = 95;

    protected class Parents {
        int motivation;
        int love;
        int dreams;
        boolean alive;

        public Parents() {
            this.motivation = highMotivation;
            this.love = unconditionalLove;
            this.dreams = fightsForDreams;
            this.alive = isAlive();
        }
    }
}
```

```

        // Parents learning life
        // and teaching at the same time.
    }

    public boolean isAlive() {
        return feelingItAll() && writingHeartOut();
    }

    private boolean feelingItAll() {
        return true; // I'm not alive unless I'm feeling every chance I get, whether I'm
        crying on the floor or dancing in the creek under streams of sunlight.
    }

    private boolean writingHeartOut() {
        return true; // I'm not alive unless I can write that I'm alive.
    }
}

protected class Daughter extends Parents {

    public Daughter() {
        super();
    }
}

```

Emery Braun / *Plastic Rotary Phone* / mixed media





**Lexie Seeley / An Interlude to the Busy Sounds of Life**

Every Sunday  
I wake up and do nothing but  
love you.

We eat breakfast,  
I feed the cat food from the orange bag.  
We go to the grocery store together,  
Fill the aisles with words about class and work,  
Their favorite classic

We pay with money from a shared account.  
When we get home  
We hang matching bronze keys on a hook.  
We cuddle on the couch,  
Even when the air feels sticky on our skin.

I open the window to hear the bluebird's song,  
An interlude to the busy sounds of life,  
An instrumental where words  
and busses  
and bustling streets are too many.

We make pasta.  
I love the simple things--  
and you.

**Lexie Seeley / Excalibur**

I wonder if the words  
I write get to be too loud—  
If you will ban my poems  
Like you ban the books  
That inspire me to write  
The way I do.  
When I was young  
I learned that words hold power,  
And then I learned to wield them like a sword.  
My words were Excalibur pulled from the pen  
On my first try,  
And I went dizzy under the weight of ancient force.  
But when you've been given this gift,  
one with so much power,  
it feels a shame not to learn to master it.  
You think it's a shame for a woman  
to have pulled that sword,  
Unladylike.  
Because weapons are meant for men,  
And particularly those who look like you.  
So you put bans on books but never guns.  
You're more scared I'll shoot you down with prose than silver bullets.  
Well, I still wield Excalibur,  
And I won't put it down.

**Anna Weyenberg / first week**

on the first night, i didn't have a roommate.  
instead, i had empty cinder block  
walls and the few things i brought from  
home to keep me company. i cried that night  
and wondered if i was allowed to leave  
my room past midnight. i wondered if  
i was allowed to shower at night, like i  
did so often at home.  
it was 90 degrees that day and  
i had carried my life up the steep  
steps, and i felt sticky with sweat. but  
i also didn't want to shower, didn't  
want to wash the smell of home  
off my skin.

when my roommate moved in, opposing  
colors because she hadn't looked at  
my carefully curated pinterest board,  
i felt more alone than i had by myself  
and the barren concrete walls.

and when i forced myself to try new  
things, discover the town, i remember  
getting lost on the walk home, with  
people i didn't know who i forced  
myself to talk to. we walked a mile  
out of the way and had to circle back  
and the whole time i felt tears brimming  
my eyes, excited to go back to the  
mismatched room, with empty walls  
and a girl i hardly knew.

i thought i would never miss that time,  
and i really don't. but there are  
some days where i wonder how i  
made it through, and i wonder what  
my life would be like now, if things had  
been different that first week.

**Anna Weyenberg / year one, from years ago**

sometimes, when i see the sun sink below  
the horizon of the main drag, i think about  
my freshman-year roommate and our shoebox  
of a room that we adored but never spent time  
in. and when i see the christmas lights  
adorning the bell tower in the middle of campus,  
i think about taking shots of pink lemonade  
flavored vodka out of an 8 oz glass.

i think about wandering across campus with  
her at eleven pm, ready to start the night  
in the skimpiest top i own, no coat or mittens  
like my mom would have insisted upon.  
we hoped instead the vodka would keep us  
warm enough to battle the january chill until  
we made it to the house with beer coated  
ping pong balls that skitter aimlessly  
across the sticky floors. i think about her  
ripped skinny-jean-clad legs pushing their way  
through crowds of mom jeans, and  
the cheap bath and body works perfume that trailed  
her, even over the scent of sweat and beer.

this week, she's in italy, next week france.  
and wherever in the world she is, the scent  
of our drunken laughter at 2 in the morning and  
dominoes pizza on the floor of our dorm makes  
me hope that one day, we will walk together  
again, two now-grown women,  
who still refuse to wear a coat.

**Anna Weyenberg / election day 2024**

*now i lay me down to sleep,  
i pray the lord my soul to keep;  
his love to guard me through the night,  
and wake me in the morning's light.*

last night, i rest my head,  
feeling the world begin to turn and  
the feeling of hope begins to fade.  
i am not religious, but in a time so  
tired, a time so scared, i find myself  
resorting to the prayer that followed me  
through my childhood, the words  
that sent me to bed for years upon  
years. and i know they won't work—  
but that's the thing about religion  
and prayer. you kind of have to believe it  
for your prayers to come true.  
I say the lines anyways.

*now i lay me down to sleep,  
i pray the lord my soul to keep;  
please angels watch me through the night,  
and keep me safe till morning light.*

And when i woke with my stomach  
turning and my heart racing to  
begin the day, i don't want to look.  
not this early, when i can still convince  
myself that i am asleep, in a dream.  
but when i turn over, phone in hand  
i see red fill the screen laid in  
my fingertips, and my heart does drop.  
and in the hallway, a gathering of girls  
huddled in the passage between each  
room with saltwater faces and their  
toss and turn hair, and i don't know



how i hold it together when they see  
me and look for an answer that i cannot  
give them, for once in my time  
as the person they trust.

*now i wake to see the light,  
as god has kept me through the night;  
and now i lift my voice to pray,  
that thou wilt keep me through the day.*

And when I call my mom today,  
Hoping that maybe, just maybe,  
she has the answer, I feel like  
an adult for the first time, when  
I realize she doesn't.

Samara Henke / *Untitled* / charcoal



**Bronwyn Bond / Have We Met Before?**

Sometimes you meet a stranger  
that you already know,  
where everything is easy  
and conversation flows.

I think I live for these meetings,  
the rare moments of fate;  
we can stitch up the cloth we came from  
before we were cut away.

How many of these twin flames  
will I never meet in life?  
Have I missed some chance encounters  
now I'll never see their light?

I instantly know we'll be lifelong friends,  
when our spark lights up a room.  
6 years or 6 hours,  
you laughed and I just knew.

**Bronwyn Bond / Around the Fire Pit**

The wood decays as the fire burns  
I cannot stay, though my heart yearns  
for our endless days with our earnest words  
I'd never stray, I'd be your flightless bird

**Bronwyn Bond / The Timeless Song**

I love the call of the Mourning Dove  
I used to think she sang just for me

I would hum back to her,  
Low-high low-low-low

Each day as our melodies were shared  
I grew and changed

The summers came and went,  
The call remained the same

She is still there, her greeting ever welcomed  
But I know now, she is not mine alone

This birdsong of nostalgia, of easier days  
It is ours to love, and we sing her praise



Emma McCollough / *Reaching Out* / watercolor and graphite



**Bronwyn Bond / I'll thank him one day**

change is the monster  
hiding under my bed  
disrupting my sleep  
attacking my mind  
it's hidden in the shadows,  
waiting to take me away.

maybe this well-meaning monster  
does not bear its teeth  
just to frighten,  
but to smile and comfort.  
but this creature is not welcomed.

if things could stay the same forever,  
I would be pleased.  
things ending is what makes life worth living,  
but i'd rather be bored for eternity  
and never say another goodbye.

i love too deeply.  
there are people i cannot imagine losing;  
i want to lock them behind doors  
safe forever with me.  
but a life without risk takes away humanity.

knowing that endings give purpose

does not give me love for them.  
i'd shoot that well-meaning monster.  
give him a taste of his own medicine,  
take away our fragility for a day.

the monster invites and entices;  
he brings about the most beautiful things in life.  
he is a gift.  
he tears me apart.  
I'll thank him one day.

## **Bronwyn Bond / My Real Imaginary Friend**

silence has never felt so warm  
as when i sit quietly with you  
the knowledge that I can speak and be heard  
but the feeling I am already seen

I wish we could've been children together  
agents of chaos on the playground  
no one makes me feel more like a child again  
with wonder and whimsy welling up

I can't imagine a future without you  
a short drive away  
lets live above a bookstore  
and play hide n seek in the shelves

You remind me of my imaginary friends  
I created them thinking I had to  
I gave them names, lives, personalities  
they were as kind as you

Our backyard magic potions are dirty shirley's,  
our coloring books are paint-by-numbers,  
playing house in our loft  
Let's be best friends forever.

**Julia Bright / Hesychia**

*“Stillness, rest, quiet, silence”*

Fourteen and inching closer to fifteen,  
creates a weird line.  
Of feeling like a kid,  
and wanting to be an adult.

There's a distinct difference in the smell  
between a hospital and hospice.  
A hospital has hope.  
Fate is known in hospice.

The blindingly dim florescent lights  
cast shadows on the runway of desperation.  
A hallway that connects to seven others,  
yet it never seems to end.

Each door hiding a unique order  
of beeps,  
green and red lined screens,  
stale, cold air.

There is no movement,  
all life that remains here  
is at rest.

Frozen in a time of waiting.

Gripping onto the deck of cards,  
we pause in front of the door.  
Taking a family breath, we enter.

The whole car ride here was a pep talk.  
No pep talk prepares you for this.

“He’s going to be quiet,



not moving as much,  
probably will fall asleep,  
his narcolepsy is worse,  
he's on meds."

It was late in the day,  
I just needed to do my homework.  
Dad works the 8-5,  
an hour more than Dolly,  
getting home at 5:30,  
we make it there by 6:15.

"He is just tired from the day"  
"It's typical for patients on morphine  
to sleep most of the day."

He was asleep the whole two hours.  
Laying there, pale, well rested,  
but still looking exhausted from the  
93 years he has seen.

The silence was ringing  
as we whispered everything.  
The sound of voices,  
seemed not appropriate,  
for the future silent.

**Julia Bright / Orans**

*“One who is praying, pleading”*

Dad visits every night.  
From work, to hospice, to home.  
We’ve rarely seen him this past month.  
It’s his last living grandparent.  
Father figure.  
Role model.

He always came back with updates.  
No matter good or bad.

He was talkative and hungry.  
He didn’t say a word.  
He told the nurse war stories.  
He only wanted dessert.  
Chocolate pudding.

To be fair, dessert is also all I want.  
Which we were allowed more and more often.

He sat up.  
He was moving around his arms.  
He tilted his head to watch the birds.  
He was sleeping.  
He was asleep.  
He took a nap.  
I didn’t want to wake him.

There is two weeks until my birthday  
and each night the house echoed  
with the whispers of a turning condition

I was never the most religious of my family.  
That title belongs to my grandmother.  
That didn’t stop me though.

I prayed every night.  
Changing how I held my hands  
I repeated my prayer.  
changing  
repeating  
changing  
repeating

Not knowing which position,  
was the one God listened to.  
I prayed to every relative I knew.  
Please just put in a word,  
with whoever you have to.

Let him make it a little longer.  
Give him back a little bit of his health.  
One more conversation about the weather,  
over his Bloody Mary, followed by tea,  
followed by his water.  
Eating the same meal from Sofra  
that we got every single time.

One more awkward talk,  
between a girl who hates being loud,  
and an old man who can't hear.

My fifteenth birthday is coming up,  
please,  
God,  
Jesus,  
Omama,  
Opa,  
Todd,  
Grandpa Pisciotta,  
even Buttons, Todds dog.

Let him make it to one more birthday.

**Julia Bright / Phronema**

*“Mind, thought, spirit, in a positive meaning, or bad sense”*

There is this black moth in my stomach,  
fluttering doesn't begin to describe the feeling.  
More than the normal night before a birthday flight.

If this is what a gut feeling is,  
I don't want it.  
I want to live in the unknown.

The hushed, behind closed doors, conversations shared my fears.  
I wasn't the only one who was  
following the path of a failing body.

This big lone cloud has been hanging,  
getting bigger and bigger.  
Everyone's dreaded, unspeakable thoughts.

Please just let him make it past my birthday.  
We will go say hello, get some food,  
have a nice day and it will be okay.

That black moth just won't let go of my stomach.  
It flutters against every surface,  
denying me decent birthday sleep.

With every period of waking,  
I pray to every god I never believed in.  
Just give me one more day.

Trinity Rietmann / *Precious Toes* / oil pastel



Grandma won't stop crying today. Her eyes are red, her face is flooded, and from her voice come ceaseless wails. Usually, she puts on sunglasses to hide the rare times when her eyes become welled. Today she doesn't. Today, her crying will not end.

Today is a day of waiting. We drove to Milwaukee to be here today. To say goodbye. To say goodbye and to wait. Because even after everyone has said their goodbyes, that doesn't mean her father; my great grandfather, will leave. No, we sit in the dread filled tension wondering when the moment will come. Will it be in 20 minutes? In an hour? Tonight? Tomorrow?

There he is, eyes closed and mouth slightly open. His stomach rises and falls in a slow rhythmicity and his breath is soft but strained. Do dying people dream? Is he reliving all his best memories of the last 93 years; of his wife and six kids, his military buddies, his life as a child during The Great Depression? Or is he in a cavernous, dark chamber; hearing the echoey voices of the loved ones passing on their final gratitudes. Does he know that he is dying in that pitch black void? Does he feel trapped hearing everyone he cares about speak their final thoughts to him and he is thinking, "Wait, get me out! I have things I still want to say! Take me out of here, I'm not ready to die!" Or is he at peace with dying as his sleeping body and restful eyes suggest?

I'm sitting in the lobby on a chair with a tight, purple, flowery cushion and black, plastic armrests. After ten minutes staring at him just lying there asleep, there's not much else to do. I didn't really want to watch grandma and my great aunts sob anymore anyway. Grandma isn't supposed to cry. Grandma gives us hugs, plays Disney bingo with us, and tells us it's 'dessert time.' It feels shameful to see her in such an ungrandmalike state, but I guess it makes sense, it is her dad. Would I not do the same? It's hard to watch for long though. At 14, the contemplations of all the big complex questions of life have only recently begun. I know I'll be in the same place as my grandma someday. I know they might not make it 93 years like my great grandpa did. My dad has grey in his beard now. I don't want to think about that. I'll sit in the uncomfy chair for now.

Other residents pass through the lobby area, though rarely unassisted. Some shuffle through hunched over their walkers; each broken step taking all the mental and physical energy their crumbling body can muster. Others, pushed around in wheelchairs by staff; their once nimble and vigorous legs now too weak to even support their own weight. Some of them don't even have their legs anymore. Sometimes, some of the old people will try to talk to me. I try to be polite and talk back but it's hard to hear what they're saying, and I don't want them to think I'm staring at them. But I know they also know they probably haven't seen anyone close to my age in months. I smile and nod my head and say thank you.

Dad is with me this time. He makes conversation with this old lady who is sweet but whose mind is clearly clouded and struggling to be present. Her eyes hold the exhaustion of abandonment and loneliness. Does she even know that she doesn't know us? Or, for her, are we happier memories that her foggy brain has picked out to make sense of this forlorn confinement? Amidst the slow but lively talk about lunch, weather, and the Game Show Network, the old

woman turns her face directly to dad, her eyes locked in a stare of complete mental clarity. She speaks just one sentence to him with a fixed earnestness.

“I just want to go,” she whispers.

It’s as if she’s never spoken a truer word in whole life.

No loved ones, no visitors. When was the last time she was even outside? She too is spending her time in dreadful expectation for the final breath. Imagine a whole life lived; filled with bicycle rides in the spring, making cupcakes with your children, 45 years of retail work, loss of spouse, parents, friends, and the grand finale is days upon days of idle, vegetative, desire for relief.

We thought we would have more time. I mean we were waiting there all morning and afternoon. Might as well take a break from this place and grab something to eat. As we’re finishing up the meal and sharing a laugh as a family, dad’s phone buzzes. It could be any minute now, the text reads.

A rush back into the car and to the nursing home. The dreaded moment is here. I’m going to have to watch someone die. We speed through the doors and down the hall to his open door. I stand outside the door and it frames the sorrowful scene. Great grandpa is still lying there, with the same tranquil, sleeping face. His stomach is hardly rising and falling anymore. A nurse stands next to him with a stethoscope to his still chest, counting the intervals between those final waning soft pulses. Grandma is on the floor, next to his bed, holding onto the hand that raised her. She is sobbing. Everyone is.

A minute or so passes as the nurse waits for the last tick of the clock to strike until finally, she whispers, “He’s passed.”

A string of crying rings out from grandma and from others but there is no change in his still face. One moment he was alive, the next he was gone. He lies motionless, quiet, and at peace. It’s as if dying is the most natural thing of all.

Suddenly, chaos erupts. Amidst the disbelief and cries and confusion an argument has broken out between the siblings. There is yelling and swearing. The patriarch has fallen and now the family seems to be crumbling. Through the shock of having lost her dad, my grandma is screaming at someone.

“Stop, stop, stop,” people try to console her, “You don’t want him to hear. The ears are the last thing to go.”

The ears are the last thing to go? What does that mean? Has he died but remained in his body as the void slowly consumes him? Has he just heard the nurse say that he has died? “I’m not dead! I can hear you! Why are they saying I’m dead!” How long will he continue to listen even after they say he’s dead? At the funeral? As he’s lowered into the ground? Will he still be trapped inside his head trying to scream out that he’s still here? When I die, will I still hear?



The moment has happened, the waiting is over. Dad takes us out to the lobby and says mom can drive us home while he tries to settle the emotional outburst that has just erupted. For a moment, death seemed peaceful. It didn't feel scary, dreadful, or ugly. That was just a moment though. Now I'm not sure. Now more thoughts, questions, and fears circle my head and I hope that I still have a long, long, wait until it's my turn. Until the dark shell collapses in on me. On everything but my ears.

I cry the whole way home.

Lilian Schram / *Inescapably Ourselves* / graphite



## Avery Black / Because

I have rage  
Lots of it

I have  
*female rage*

Because  
It is 2024  
And somehow women aren't able to have  
reproductive freedom over *their* bodies

It is 2024  
And women get paid 79 cents to the man's dollar

It is 2024  
And I have gotten catcalled five times on my way to work in the last month

It is 2024  
And last week someone told me I should  
*smile more*

It is 2024  
And when I go to Spirit Halloween the only Halloween costumes in  
the women's section is slutty cop and nurse costumes

It is 2024  
And toxic metals have been found in 14 of the most popular tampon brands

It is 2024  
And women who don't shave their legs are considered  
*gross* or *manly*

It is 2024  
And all over the country  
women do not get paid maternity leave

It is 20 *fucking* 24  
And women are dying because they can't get access to  
life-saving abortions

I am angry  
I am a woman  
And I am *angry*

Because *it is 2024*  
And I have to worry about my president being a rapist.

## **Avery Black / No More**

My dog bit me today  
I don't know why

I was folding laundry  
when it happened

I think I set a shirt down  
on one of his toys

Or maybe I didn't give him  
enough dog food in his bowl

I tried asking my dog why he bit me  
But he just looked at me with his solemn  
grey eyes

I'm bleeding

I was mad at him at first  
But then I realized he's just a dog

Right?

“Why did you bite me?”

“I didn't deserve that”

I tried to prove to my dog that I deserved better than  
that  
I gave him treats  
I took him on a walk  
to all his favorite spots  
The Taco Bell on Williams Street where  
we shared our first crunch wrap  
The sad-looking oak tree by Kwik Trip  
where I talked to him for hours telling him about my life  
I even drove him to his friend's house

More than once

I'm still bleeding  
but I think my dog is happy

My dog and I started doing everything together  
Even mundane things like  
eating breakfast or  
watching those reality shows that are similar  
to a car crash in the sense that  
they're so horrible that you can't stand it  
but you also can't look away  
He enjoyed watching those  
a lot

My dog bit me again today  
With his dull  
blood stained  
canines  
This time it was my hand  
I couldn't pet him  
And he blamed me

I'm bleeding again

I left him  
if you were wondering

**Avery Black / Sunday**

It's a Sunday night  
And you decided to take us to the Crawfish River

We sit down by the riverbank  
watching the current carry dead remnants of the billowing topiary above us

“Do you think we’ll remember each other after college?”

“I think so”

“You’re my best friend”

“I know”

You begin to unbutton your polished satin blouse and  
stand where the water meets the shore

You pull off your coarse blue jeans and drop them  
in the sorry excuse for sand

You walk into the carelessly flowing river until your waist is covered

I slip off my muted yellow tank top and set it gently upon your blue jeans

I step closer to the water’s edge  
Closer to you

I remove my indecent pajama shorts and  
place them on the growing mountain of garments

I fumble my way into the water  
lacking your confidence

I find my way over to you  
with the illumination of the moon reflecting  
off of the muggy water

I look into your pale blue eyes  
At your peppered freckles

And you look into mine

And in this moment  
it's obvious we have the same thoughts  
doing laps around the wrinkles of our  
underdeveloped brains

You grab my face with your pillowy palms  
Pull my forehead to your lips

and whisper into my hair

“you’re not the kind of person one forgets”



## Contributors' Notes

*Avery Black* is a sophomore at UWL with a major in therapeutic recreation. I am currently taking Creative Writing with Dr. William Stobb and am thoroughly enjoying writing fictional pieces after exploring the research side of writing in my major classes.

*Bronwyn Bond* is a senior at UWL majoring in English and minoring in Linguistics and Creative Writing. She's a big fan of words.

*Emery Braun* is a sophomore at University of Wisconsin La-Crosse. Predominantly self-taught and inspired by the little details of the world around them, Emery has been creating artwork for over ten years now. Drawing in mediums such as graphite and charcoal, Emery often incorporates mixed media elements throughout their works, which are usually composed in a semi-realistic style with a flair of surrealism. Growing up in a small town in Minnesota highlighted how important individuality and expression through art can be. A fine arts and art therapy major, Emery's dream job is to work as a full-time tattoo artist.

*Julia Bright* is a senior majoring in English: Writing and Rhetoric, double minoring in Creative Writing and French. Starting here at UWL as a pre-med student, Julia changed after realizing her ability with words was a lot better than her ability with numbers.

*James Farkas* is a junior studying English Education and Linguistics. He has an avid appreciation and passion for literature, music, and theater. He has a deep belief in the power of stories and their ability to speak to the heart of human beings and drive societal change. He hopes that, as a teacher, he can provide students with the tools to likewise.

*Emma McCollough* is a sophomore at UW-L studying Art Education with a minor in Art Therapy. Her favorite mediums are graphite and acrylic paint, and she focuses on making pieces with animals, people, and life. This career and hobby help her focus on the good in life, the cheer in people's faces, and the beauty of the world around us.

*Trinity Rietmann* is an art education major with a photography and a recreation management minor. She loves photography and painting and enjoys using bright colors in her work!

*Alexandra Seeley* is a poet and full-time student at the University of Wisconsin-La Crosse with a background in Information Systems and Digital Media. Her work blends technical knowledge with a creative passion for storytelling, crafting poetry that explores deep personal connections and artistic depth. In her personal time, she loves scary movies and video games, and prefers never to be far from her cat, Karma, and Notebook.

*Angelique Vega* is a biomedical major with minors in chemistry, neuroscience, and art. She is currently studying to pursue a career in neuroscience but looks for ways to incorporate art into her daily life as it was a monumental part of her childhood.

*Drew Vlasak* believes that kindness matters.

*Anna Weyenberg* is a senior at UWL majoring in Communication Studies with a double minor in Literary & Cultural Studies and Creative Writing. She loves reading, writing, and caring for her plants like they are her children. She will graduate in the spring of 2025.