



The Chimaerid

**Literature and Arts Magazine
2015**

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Editor's Page

Chimaerid (K-EYE-MI-RID) – The chimaeridae are a group of fish, named after the Greek mythological beast the chimaera, a monster put together from the parts of many animals.

Our magazine is also put together from many parts and includes the talents of many types of artists: poets, photographers, playwrights, painters, fiction writers, etc. We're that kind of fish.

Editorial Staff:

Jaime Craven, Jimmy King, Rachel Kortman, Sarah Mensch, and Daisy Ruiz.

Many thanks to Dean Natalie McKnight for funding the magazine, and to the faculty in the CGS Rhetoric and Humanities Divisions. We would also like to thank Tracey Dimant and Jessica Angotti in the Dean's office, as well as Rachel Swirsky for promoting the magazine.



-by Sarah Iwany

Crashing in Love

by Elizabeth Sorenson

Falling in love. For me, it's literally falling, in fact it feels more like crashing.
Love creeps up behind you and pushes you headlong into a fall.
There's nothing dainty or sweet about it.
Certain people that I meet, I love them before I like them.
I fall madly in love based on two or three little things. A glance, a smile, a comment.
But it's my secret.

And nobody needs to know.

It's safe. It's perfect. Neither of us can hurt each other.

I'll stand back and smile, I'll laugh at all your jokes.

My eyes will dance to your face and your loud laugh, and then dart away again.

You'll wonder why I'm so quiet and I'll wonder why you're so loud.

I'll overanalyze and think again and again.

What did you mean by this? Why haven't you written back?

See, I crush on them, until I see all the reasons that it wouldn't work. And then I'll like them, but only as a friend. A good friend, a great friend even, but nothing more than that.

Because then I'll realize that I've crashed into pretend love with someone who doesn't exist. Someone that I made up, all by myself. Completely one-sided. It's uncomfortable.

This imaginary person wears your face but you're more than I could ever imagine you to be. More than your outward façade, more than your horoscope. The things that make you up are innumerable and magical and impossible for me to ever understand completely. It's like some uncommon element makes you different, special and gorgeously incomprehensible.

You're beautiful, something that I can admire but never touch, never hold. Like a painting in a museum, we can only get so close before being pulled apart.

And all that my imaginary people are is fake. Unfeeling and cold mannequins surround me. I use them to make myself feel validated, feel loved, feel needed.

Why do I do this?

I wonder if it's because I'm afraid of being hurt.

(Hurt intentionally, hurt unintentionally, does it make a difference? The damage is done. My head and heart are still cracked in a way that will never be the same. You'll always be able to see the duct tape holding the pieces together.)

I wonder if it's because I'm afraid of being in love, of opening up and being vulnerable. But I know the answer.

Of course I am.

The ~~truth~~ secret is, I've never been in love at all.

I stand in the shadows and watch, with my ice-cold mannequins encircling me. Together, we laugh, smile and dance. But it's only pretend. Make-believe. It's only for the night.

But I hope maybe one day, one day-
I will be. Truly.



Waiting Belle -by Yvette Pollack

A Character Study
by Rani Pan

Sleep the sleep of sadness,

From eve to morning's light,

For lack of sleep is madness,

Though try it all you might.

Toss and turn the thoughts you think,
To come to fair conclusion,
Of who is who and what is what,

To sort out the confusion.

But think so clearly now,
For one must really know,
That control is in far reach,

And you your only foe.

You, the only problem
From which comes a solution,
What you perceive is what you get,

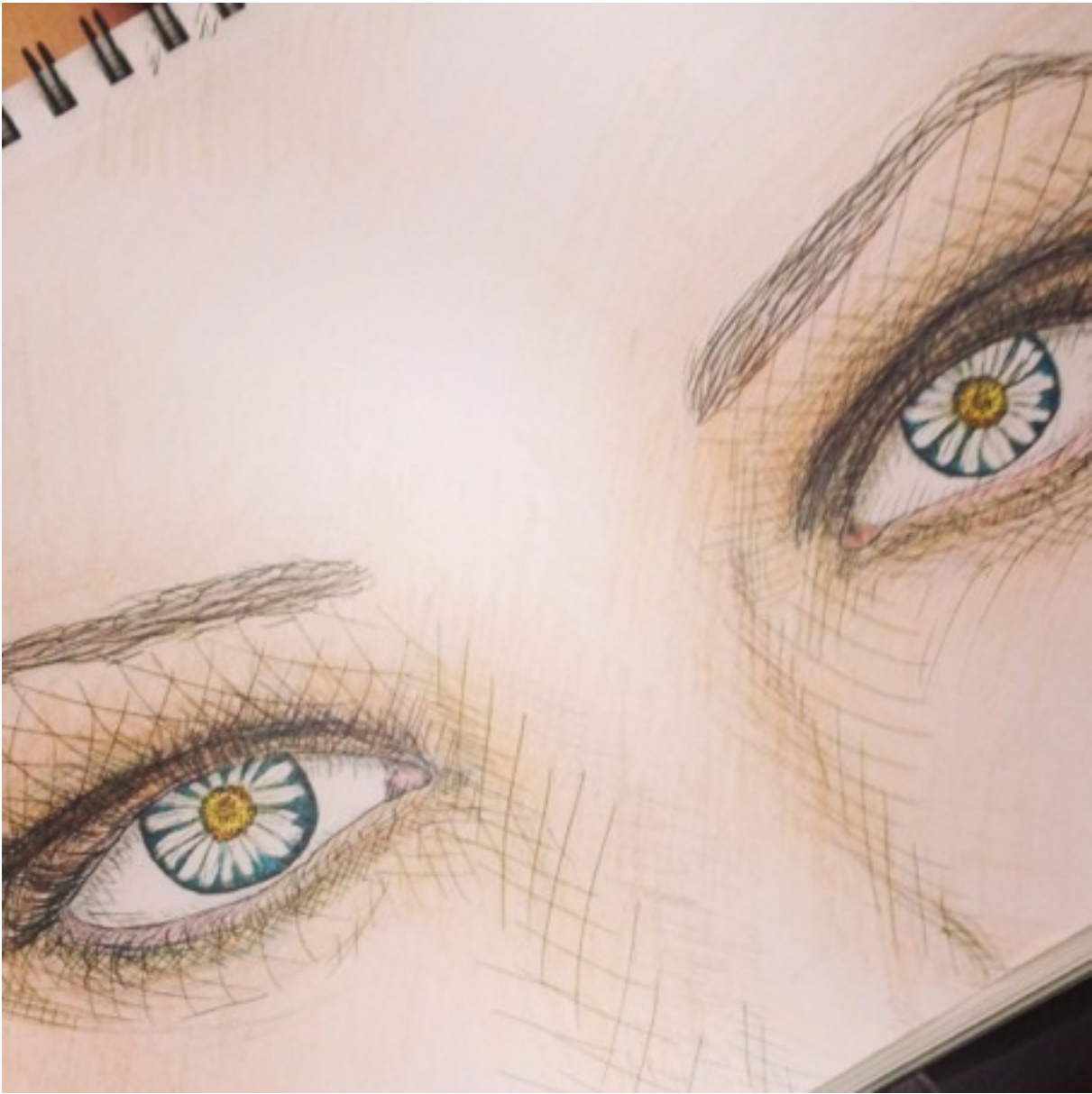
And that is the illusion.

Yet, there still exists no logic,
In cold world's reality,
To analyze, understand yourself,

Is what will set you free.

Still, we sleep the sleep of sadness,
And in the day we search for slumber,
For lack of sleep is madness,

And in night the problems number.



-by Sarah Iwany

El Océano Pacífico

by Nicki Williams

Vivo cerca de la costa
sólo una media milla de distancia,
y por eso casi todas de mis memorias
son sobre este océano.

El Pacífico me hace sentir feliz,
y me siento relajada cuando puedo probar
el aire fresco y salado en mi lengua,
un sabor familiar.

Con un gran respiro,
puedo oler las olas que están llenos de algas,
el dulce coco de mi protector solar,
y un pizca de pescado.

El océano Pacífico suena de
choques fuertes y suaves al mismo tiempo.
Suena de la gozosa risa de los niños,
tranquillo y calmante.

Cuando camino,
puedo sentir la arena crujiente en los pies,
frío,
mojado.

A través de mis gafas del sol
puedo ver el sol cegamiento,
las gaviotas grises,
los surfistas bronceados.

El océano Pacífico es lo más echo de menos,
cuando estoy en Boston para el año escolar.
Pero sé que en unos meses,
puedo verlo otra vez.



Big Sur -by Melodie Gutierrez



California Drought -by Melodie Gutierrez

How It Feels to be Realistic Me

by Franchesca Viaud

Zora Neale Hurston inspired personal essay

That old grandfather clock chimes, signifying that infamous time of night or technically day, if you are looking to be precise and someone dashes out on her date, leaving behind unrealistic footwear. And as the old story goes, this knight in shining armor looks far and wide for a blue and blond girl stumbling about with only one shoe. He finds her of course, after all it would not be a happily ever after without that small part, and they ride off into that cliché setting sun and live sublimely from now till evermore. But you never hear about after the white wedding. The sweet docile princess bears his litter and the gilded halls are filled with the sound of pitter-patter of royal feet and that is that. The twenty-first century does not have these frail translucent-pumps wearing chicks with ever gallant suitors.

Instead Cinderella's forced to get a job as a cashier at a clothing store on the seedy part of town, at the corner of Fair-Skinned Ave and Bliss Boulevard, because being oppressed and pretty just does not cut it anymore. Turns out her prince charming has an anger problem and he is best friends with Jack Daniels. The prince is not too happy to see either that darling Cinderella is a few pounds heavier than those slippers let on.

As a kid I never wanted to be a princess or anything else nine-year-old girls aspire to be. It was not because at such a tender age I had dangerously low self-esteem and instead strived to get a career that involved a very shiny, yet doubtfully hygienically cautious pole.

To understand my views you have to understand my mother. She cusses, shouts and very possibly bites. She worked until the very minute she gave birth to me, and then used the amniotic fluid to mop the floors.

And so if she ever found out that I was out past midnight, and worse leaving clothes behind, and have men knocking on her door to return those loose articles back. Well, let's just say I would not be turning up in school the next day. My mom made her happily ever afters; she depended on neither godmothers nor horse drawn carriages to get her where she needed to go.

So it is a big surprise there that my ideological views take walks on the darker sides of my conscience.

But alas, despite the efforts, and trust me there are quite a few and are very persistent, of my cynical mind, my sentimental and dreaming heart continues to prevail against all the odds of imminent failure. It chugs on, on absolutely no behest on my part, but it beats out those gooey, dangerous feelings of desire and optimism, nevertheless, just to spite me.

To even better understand me, I will give you a scenario. A dude walking down the street bumps into a Cinderella, causing her to spill her roses. Dude looks into those deep set, sky blue eyes that touch some totally non-masculine part of his mind, where he remember his childhood and the months during the summer when he flew his kite in a sky the same color as her eyes. She apologizes perpetually and claims fault for the disaster of broken petals and twisted stems at her feet. Insert me in the same scenario. I too apologize because it takes two to collide in such an unintentionally disastrous way. You may have thought based on my sparkling personality that I would have flipped through that mental dictionary written, edited and co-published by my mother and a sailor, and picked out numerous four-letter words to expel verbally, but I, like Cinderella, can assume the pretense of lady-genteelness.

But no matter how many times you retell that story, remake it or revise it, it is still just that, a story. And if this is all a fantasy I guess that make me the wicked witch. Or some other phrasing that conveniently rhymes.

I see the vast flaws in this fable broad, only because on my less guarded moments, I recognize the flaws in myself. And as tough and world-weary as I pretend to be, it pains me to say, but I fear that even I have a little Cinderella buried behind the deep recesses of that one particularly useless organ. I cannot seem to squelch the unrealistic spirits of inner Cinderella no matter how hard I try by deliberately poisoning her with my dark and truthful thoughts; she annoyingly triumphs, so instead I am stuck with her and her god-awful ideas.

Dreaming -by Yvette Pollack



Time -by Jessica Alberto

Let Me Be

By Faridat Ilupeju

I am a rose, leave me as I am.

Let me grow to my full potential.

If you love me, do not pluck me,

For I will cease to be what you love.

If you envy me, do not cut me,

For I am no greater than you are.

If you hate me, do not step on me,

For I am blooming, just as you are.

I am blooming.

From my roots, to my stem, to my leaves, to my petals.

My roots are my foundation.

A foundation from culture and differentiation.

My stem is my temple.

A temple to be adored.

A temple to be respected.

A temple made so perfectly by the intricaticity of God.

Amire his brush stroke and do not envy me.

My leaves are my veils.

Veiled as I am an African blood diamond.

Admired. Sought for. Fought for. Beautiful in my imperfections.

Imperfectly perfect. Veiled.

My petals are my assets,

My beauty, My character.

My potential, My light.

Admire it.

Do not mind my petals that are flawed,

For they are due to tribulation.

Mind my luminosity, for it is remarkable.

Mind my luminosity, for you should not pluck my petals,

As I will cease to be beautiful, and I will cease to be pure.

I will cease to be what you yearn for.

Do not water me, for I will wait for it to rain.

Do not feed me, for I will fend for myself.

Do not admire me when I have not reached my full potential.

Do not associate me with others as I am not the roots that bare their luminosity.

I am my own.

Let me be. Free. In this world, in this life.

Free like a dove, so do not pluck me,

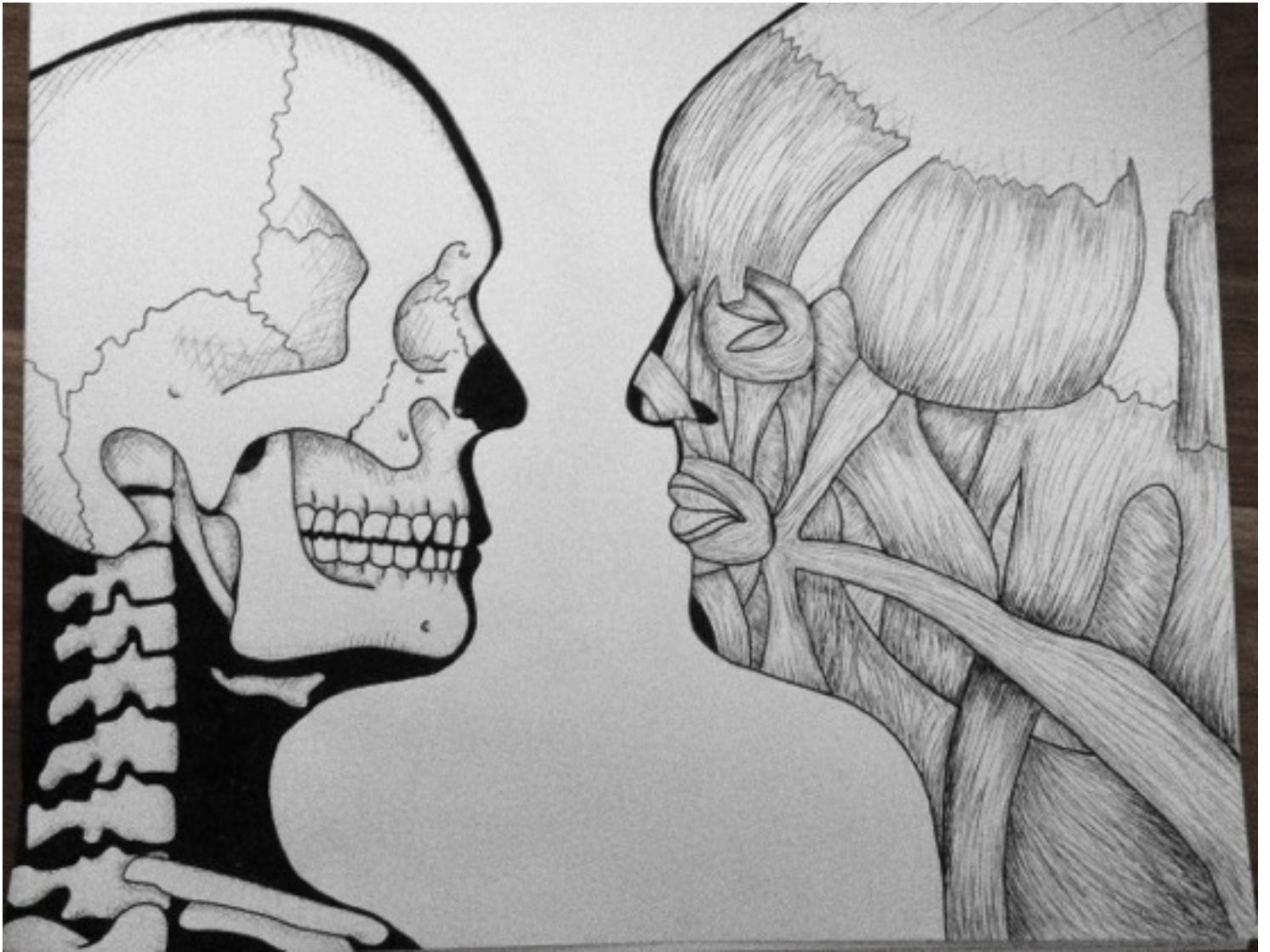
For I will cease to be who you love.



-by Isabella Carlo



Picture This -by Jessica Alberto



-by Sarah Iwany

Waiting to “Breakaway”

by Jessi Dixon

“My tour bus is gonna look better than this,” says Hannah as she looks around her dorm room. Hannah is an aspiring singer-songwriter, but with all the accomplishments that she has had thus far, the word aspiring could be removed from her description. Hannah sits in a typical college dorm room in Nashville, Tennessee. The white prison like walls are covered with decorations, including a Jonas Brothers’ poster and a poster of an inside joke with friends to make the room look livable.

She won countless open mic nights at her school, placed first place in the Illinois Commercial Song category at the Illinois Music Education Association competition and won a Teen Grammy.

There is a very thin line between cocky and confident and Hannah skates on it. When you hear her songs and actually get to know her, she tends to lean towards the confident side. This is the reason that she will make it in an industry that sees hundreds of new faces a year, only to spit out 96 percent of them and focus on the remaining contestants for a couple of years. Then the public will move on to the next sensation, but Hannah seems to have what it takes to stick around for a while. Even though she has the skill and confidence to make it, all she can do is wait for that one lucky break. As one of her friends explains, “She doesn’t take her talent for granted and just wait to be noticed.”

Hannah currently attends Belmont University. The predominately Christian school fits her because her singing career started in church. Her father, Gary, is the Associate Pastor of Worship and Arts at the LaSalle Church in Chicago, IL. Her father would sing church songs around the house and his love for music rubbed off on his young daughter.

“When I was young I always wanted to be a superstar and so I would tell people who asked me what I wanted to do when I grow up that I would want to be a superstar,” Hannah said. Now usually when people hear young children say they wanted to be a superstar they will just ignore it, and try to convince them that there is a better choice in their career. However, it was different with Hannah. Her face lights up when she speaks about music so it is not hard to see who people were supportive of her desire to be a singer.

When she was 12, her family housed two students who were part of the Young Americans, a group of students whose mission is to promote an understanding of people through music and the arts. The students overheard a song she wrote and made Hannah play the song for their director. When the director heard the song, “Something is Wrong With This Picture,” he asked Hannah to play at their closing night ceremony in front of her entire middle school. Now this is an impressive feat for anybody, especially for a 12 year old, but it is even more impressive that this was only the second song she had ever written. After she preformed the song, complete strangers came up to her and told her, “You’re amazing.”

That moment was a revelation for Hannah. At the tender age of 14, she decided to become a singer-songwriter.

“I’m not really good at anything else,” Hannah explains as she sits at her desk, eating the college kids diet consisting of Kraft’s Mac n’ Cheese, she is adamant on her career being songwriting.

. She is minoring in marketing because that is what her mom does, but that is just her plan b. While songwriting is her major in college, she says the program is pretty awful.

“Basically, it’s a program where they teach you to make money off of songs,” she explains. The songwriting program at Belmont takes about 90 students each year. A candidate has to submit a song and audition. When the select students get into the program, the professors just assume that the students could already write. The classes teach students how to copyright songs, get jobs at publishing agencies, and eventually sell songs.

“The problem is right now I’m taking this Song Writing 1 class that teaches how to write a song and I think that everyone has to take that to be on a level playing field, but not to be braggy, but I feel that I’m above everyone else,” explains Hannah as she continues to eat her snack. It does sound a little arrogant. However, when you’ve already written a song that earned you a Teen Grammy, like Hannah, then that arrogance turns into hidden modesty. As she talks about her accomplishments it is always ends with a little giggle followed by a phrase like, “I don’t really know what they were thinking.”

While it may seem like Hannah acts like she is superior to everyone else, those who work with her only see talent and poise. Ben, who played along side Hannah

her schools' Best of the Bands contest, says that Hannah's humility will make her successful.

"Hannah is never boastful of her musical talents," says Ben. "She is one of the best songwriters at Belmont."

Her ability to work with others would also help her success. The music industry is a collaborative experience. Many people from the artist, producer, and the musicians, people need to be able to cooperate in order to have success.

"I would rather be in a group." Hannah explains as she sits in a practice room at school. The room is super small. It has the same ordinary white walls that occupy the dorm rooms, an upright piano, a piano bench, and has enough room for about two people. It is not sound proof.

"There was a trumpet player who really killed my vibe once," says Hannah with a grim look on her face.

There is a dance studio right above the practice room, so while Hannah is writing her music, Beyoncé interrupts her. While she is messing with some chords on the piano, Hannah explains that she usually likes to write alone, but she does have some writing partners. They are just bystanders when it comes to working with Hannah. One of her writing partners Samantha says, "Hannah will get a burst of excitement and say, 'SAMMI, I HAVE AN IDEA! She then plays or sings an incredible theme for the song and we run with it from there. Most of the time, I just try to let Hannah's creative genius take over while I add a few ideas here and there.'"

"It's a lot easier to play in a group because it's not all on you," Hannah explains as she stares at the piano. She released a Christmas album with You, Me, and Her, a group she formed with two friends.

"I like the comradery and you are not up there alone...performance wise if it is just me and a piano that is scary, but if it's three of us that's a little better," explains Hannah. However, most of her success comes from her being a solo act. She is willing to do whatever it takes to get noticed, even if it is quick like posting videos on YouTube, or going on a reality show like, The Voice or American Idol.

With stars like One Direction and Jordin Sparks who become famous from reality singing shows, and others like Justin Bieber and Austin Mahone gaining fame from YouTube, those two formats seem like the only way people can be noticed in

today's music industry. With the youth appeal of the current crop of artist, Hannah, understands that if she is going to make an impact it is going to happen eventually.

"I try out for reality shows even though I think they are awful," explains Hannah as she sits at her personal writing station in her room, equipped with a keyboard and mic.

"The reason we don't hear a lot about the winners of American Idol is because after they win they have to record the songs that American Idol gives them...and those songs are not that good."

She has a point. Names like Rubben Studdard, Javier Colon, and Kris Allen are only distant memories in peoples' minds. America forgot these stars as fast as they voted them to victory. There are only handfuls that have had actual achieved success after their big wins. One example in particular is Hannah's idol and the one whose career she would like to emulate: Kelly Clarkson, who won the very first season of American Idol and has since become one of the top artists for this generation.

"Kelly Clarkson is basically the reason I started songwriting, she wrote this song called "Breakaway" and it is legitimately my favorite song ever." The song came out around the same time that Hannah wrote her first songs. She points out the bridge of the song as especially moving. Clarkson explained that the song: "describes how I got into the business, verbatim. I did grow up in a small town, I wanted to get out, I felt like there was something... not better for me, but something different for me." People can feel the same energy when they are around Hannah. As she plays her song "I Can Fly," you can see the passion and hunger for success in her eyes.

"Throughout her (Clarkson) career she is super humble and super amazing and just she doesn't like give in to music standards. She is not the epitome of beauty, like what society calls beautiful. Also, she is just totally her own person and doesn't listen to people who say you have to write a song like this. If I were to become famous, I would want to do it like her." Clarkson isn't just Hannah role model, but is the right role mode to have in the music business. With the 20th anniversary of Kurt Cobain's suicide and young stars like Lindsey Lohan and Amanda Bynes going to rehab for drug problems, one would worry about a talented young musician being caught up in the Hollywood lifestyle. Hannah being well aware of the outside pressures one can get involved in has already planned for what the future might have in hand. She chose Belmont not just because it is in Nashville, the music capital of the world, but also

because it is a clean campus, unlike her other top choice Miami University. Hannah explains that she has never really been into drugs or alcohol and does not think that will change once she becomes famous and she will have friends and family that will keep her on track.

In today's music business the artist who are signed to big record labels and are sometimes called "slaves" or "sell-outs." People they don't really love music and are just doing it for the money. Hannah thinks those people are missing the point.

"I do fricken' love music, but I don't want to settle for a small venue for the rest of my life. My dream is to become famous and to use my music to like change peoples lives. I want to be someone who has millions of fans who plays shows in stadiums and has tour buses and all the get up because I just want that. I don't play for the money, but I do want some recognition."

Hannah posses two of the three things that would make a very successful singer-songwriter, but in order for her talents to be recognized she would have to sing at the right place at the right time to get her big break.

About the advice that she gets, Hannah explains, "People come to Belmont to...we go to this convocation because it's this songwriter. So I go to the convocation, their whole thing is like, and then I got lucky. Well how am I supposed to learn from your talk if you just get lucky and meet people!"

"It's who you know now a days," she explains as she stares out her dorm room window.

"Luck is like everything!"



-by Sabrina Angelides

Letter To My Thirteen-Year-Old Self

by Sarah Mensch

Dear Thirteen-Year-Old Self,

I want you to know that I'm writing everything now you wanted to read then.

The stories that tell you the truth you've so clearly earned,

the ones that tell you what to do

after you put your head on his shoulder

and before your parents find you two that way;

the ones that let you know

he wishes he had a story like that too.

Dear Thirteen-Year-Old Self,

'Wannabe hipster' is not a good look for you.

Dear Thirteen-Year-Old Self,

Her bandana's going to slip.

You'll hear about how much of herself she left

on the bathroom sink,

see the formica stained red,

days later.

The image in your head will never stop,

but she will,

someday.

Dear Thirteen-Year-Old Self,

Write your parents a goddamn letter this summer.

Dear Thirteen-Year-Old Self,

Look me in the eye.

Tell me honestly you're not relieved it's in their hands now.

Older hands than yours,

wiser, too, and you know it.

And let me remind you that experience is nice,

but there were no hands kinder or more selfless than yours

the night they tapped on the telephone,
 ten numbers,
 the best eight hundred number you'll ever call.

Dear Thirteen-Year-Old Self,
 Your mom knows you sneak mascara at school.

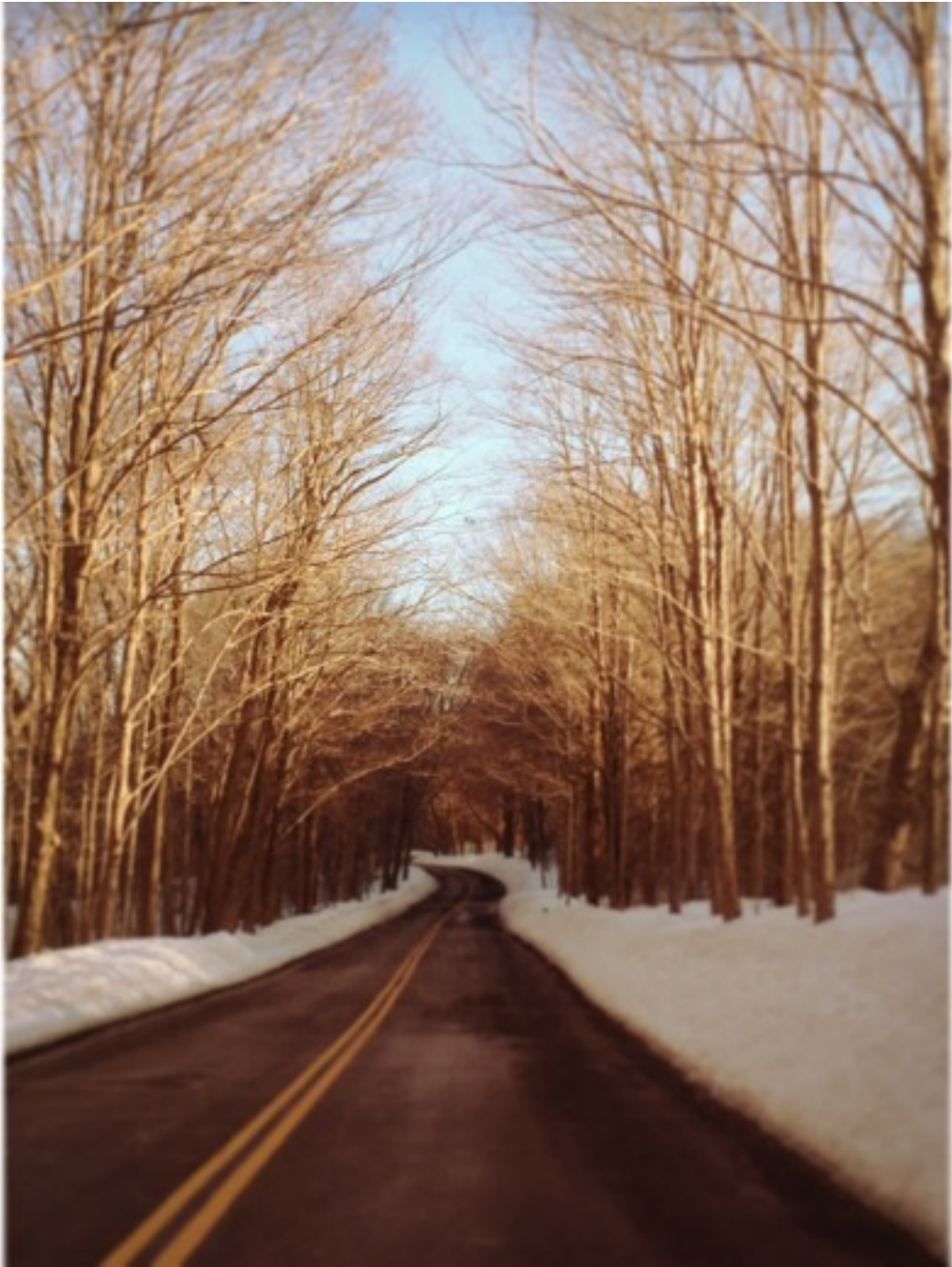
Dear Thirteen-Year-Old Self,
 It'll happen when you let it.
 You know what I'm talking about. Do not
 force yourself,
 getting it over with shortens the timeline,
 lets you put one more finger down in
 Never Have I Ever,
 but that is all it will do.

And trust me,
 thirteen-year-old self,
 at seventeen,
 you will not be alone.

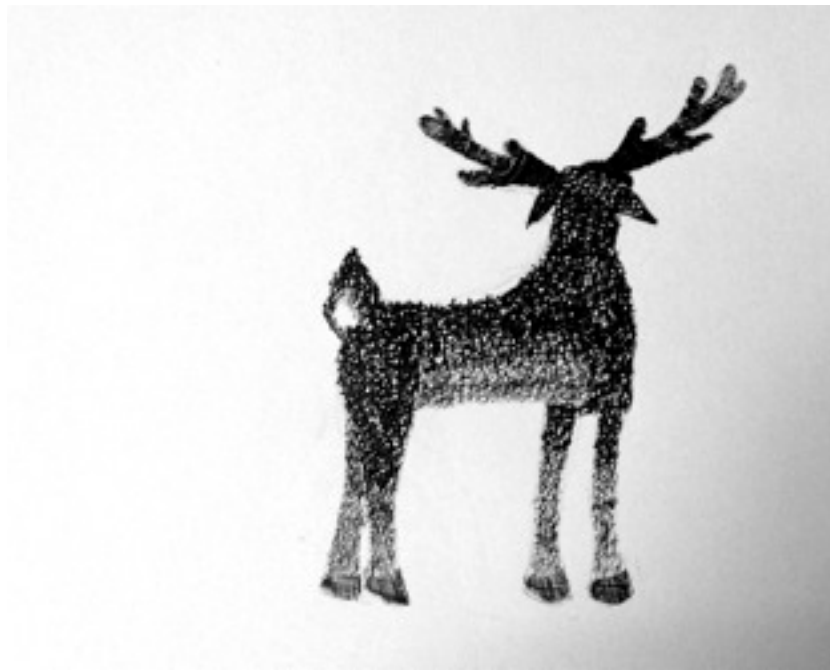
Dear Thirteen-Year-Old Self,
 You can't paint your nails blue for a year just because you like Rent.

Dear Thirteen-Year-Old Self,
 Hear me when I say this:
 there is nothing you can do about those outside things.
 Go write that poem because damn, girl,
 you write 'em well for thirteen.
 Write them for eleven year old us
 like I write for thirteen year old you.

Dear Thirteen-Year-Old Self,
 Don't carry the world on your shoulders,
 it'll leave imprints on your back.



Escaping -by Mia Lavallee



The Prancer- by Yvette Pollack



-by Sarah Iwany

PUTTIN UP WITH THE PUTINS
A Screenplay by Jimmy King

This is a 90's-style classic American sitcom, with a catch-everyone is Vladimir Putin!

NARRATOR

Strasvoicheh! Welcome back to
"Puttin' Up with the Putins!"

Russia's favorite nuclear family!

Play Putin Theme Song

Cut to shot of the Putin Family.

A Nuclear Explosion appears over Putin Family to clear screen.

Fade out to a Russian flag blowing in the wind.

Cut to a kitchen as Putin Wife cleans the kitchen.

Cut to Putin sticking his head through the doorway and smiling.

PUTIN

Vladimirina, I'm home from work!

PUTIN WIFE

Hello Vladimir. I hope your day
leading the most powerful nation on
Earth wasn't too hard!

Laugh Track

PUTIN

No task is challenging for me, I am
Vladimir Putin! I ride tigers with
no shirt, govern nation with no
shirt, go clothes shopping with no
shirt.

PUTIN WIFE

Wow, you are truly amazing. Your
leadership is as infallible as
perestroikaglasnost.

Laugh track

PUTIN

Hahahaha, you must have gotten your
sense of humor from me- because I'm

your husband!

CONTINUED:

Laugh Track

Enter 2 Children- they are both shirtless.

PUTIN

Ah, my beautiful Russian children!
How was your day?

PUTIN WIFE

(to child, very proudly)
Vladdy Jr., tell Daddy what
you did at school today!

PUTIN KID 1

I mobilized my class to oust my
imperialist 1st grade teacher from
power!

Laugh Track

Zoom in on Putin Kid 1's face, he shrugs and smiles

More Laugh Track

PUTIN

That's my boy! Seizing power this
early, you're going to be on the
honor roll!

PUTIN WIFE

Your father loves you very much!
Other child named Vladimir, now you
tell your father what you did
today.

PUTIN KID 2

(stoically)

I boy hit me on the playground.

PUTIN

Well, did you ask a teacher for
help?

PUTIN KID 2

(still stoically)

No. I had my 1st grade cronies put
his unconscious body on the slide
as an example for the entire class.

Laugh Track

Zoom in on Putin Kid 2- he winks at camera

More laugh track

PUTIN

Great job! Never allow
international bodies to stop your
aggressive conduct!

Sustained Laugh Track

Zoom in on Putin- He winks

Zoom in on Putin Wife- She blinks, holding a mop

Zoom in on Putin Kid 1- He flexes muscles and winks

Zoom in on Putin Kid 2- He takes a drag from a cigarette and
winks

PUTIN WIFE

You are all Puttin' so much pride
in me!

PUTIN

That's because we are all one big
Putin family! (icily) But mostly
me.

Cut to a shot of the Putin Family.

Play Theme Song from beginning.

NARRATOR

This has been 'Puttin' Up With the
Putins! Russia's favorite Nuclear
Family!

Cut to shot of nuclear explosion as colorful, Disney-like
animated text reading 'Puttin' Up With the Putins' appears
on screen over explosion.

Fin.



Color Our Lives -by Daisy Ruiz



-by Sarah Iwany

Me, Myself, and I
by Rani Pan

In this war
between myself and I,
There is one winner,
And there is one
loser,
And they are both
Me.

When your problem is yourself,
how can you run when what you've become is what society has done to make
you succumb
to what they think is right.

But when
Ambition
is my only ammunition
Competition
is my only inhibition
Intuition
holds my composition

***Nothing
can stop me.***

It shall end
No suffering
Without time to wait
No buffering
It's time to awaken.
No slumbering.
Because the time is now.
This is me finding myself.
Whether in rags or riches,
I am happy inside.
This is me binding myself
to my beliefs and religions.

I am at peace inside.

This is me driving myself
to beginnings and ends
in search of meaning
inside.

See, where I dream to be
will be my reality
and where my passion lies
is my mentality

Find my thoughts and my actions
The two my duality

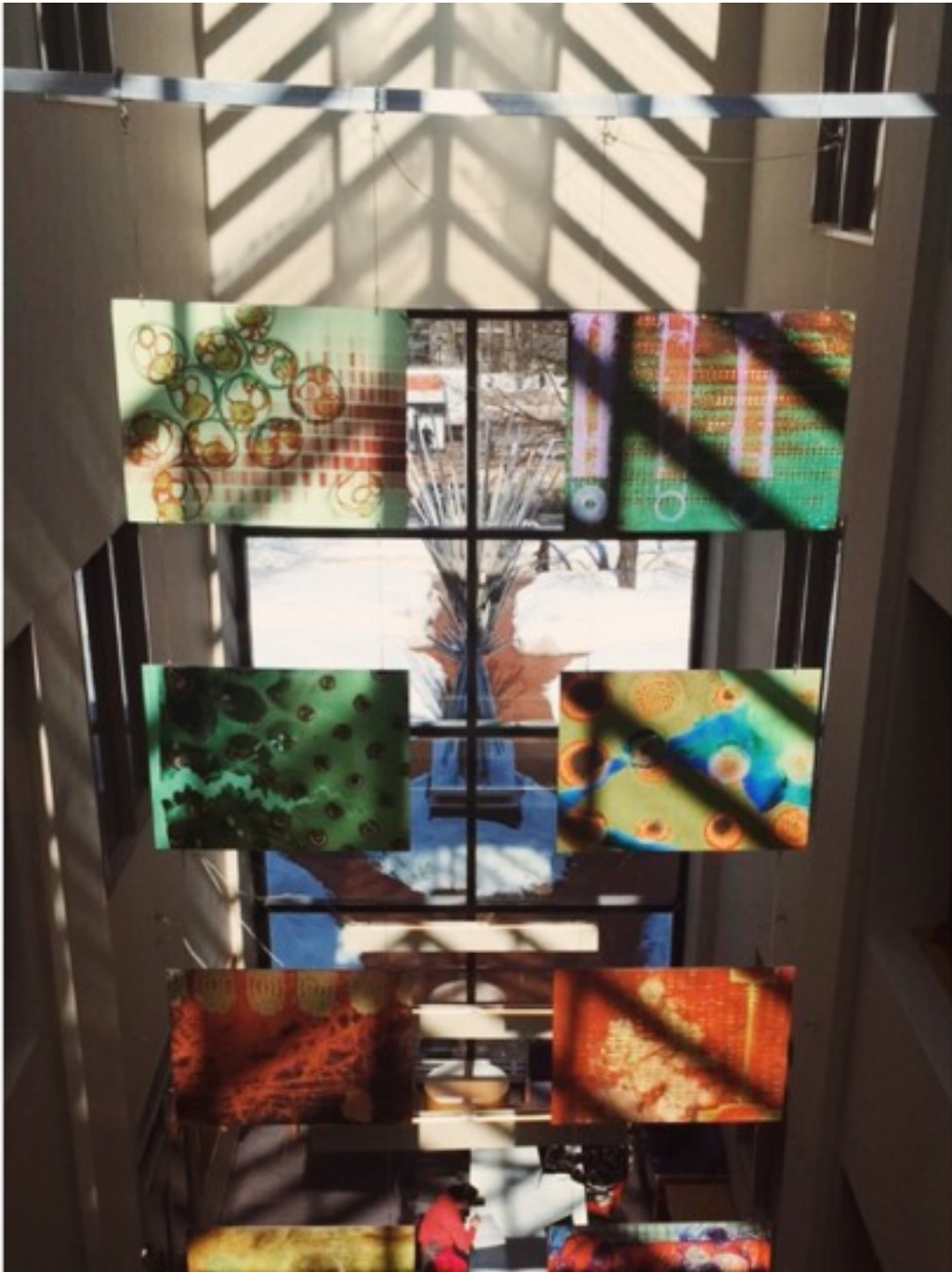
See me stand victorious.

Because when the world get's tough,
think tougher,
And when it gets too rough,
get rougher.

See through all the bluff and fluff
And realize
that there is a war.

In this war
between myself and I

There is one loser,
and there is one
winner.



Perspective -by Mia Lavalley