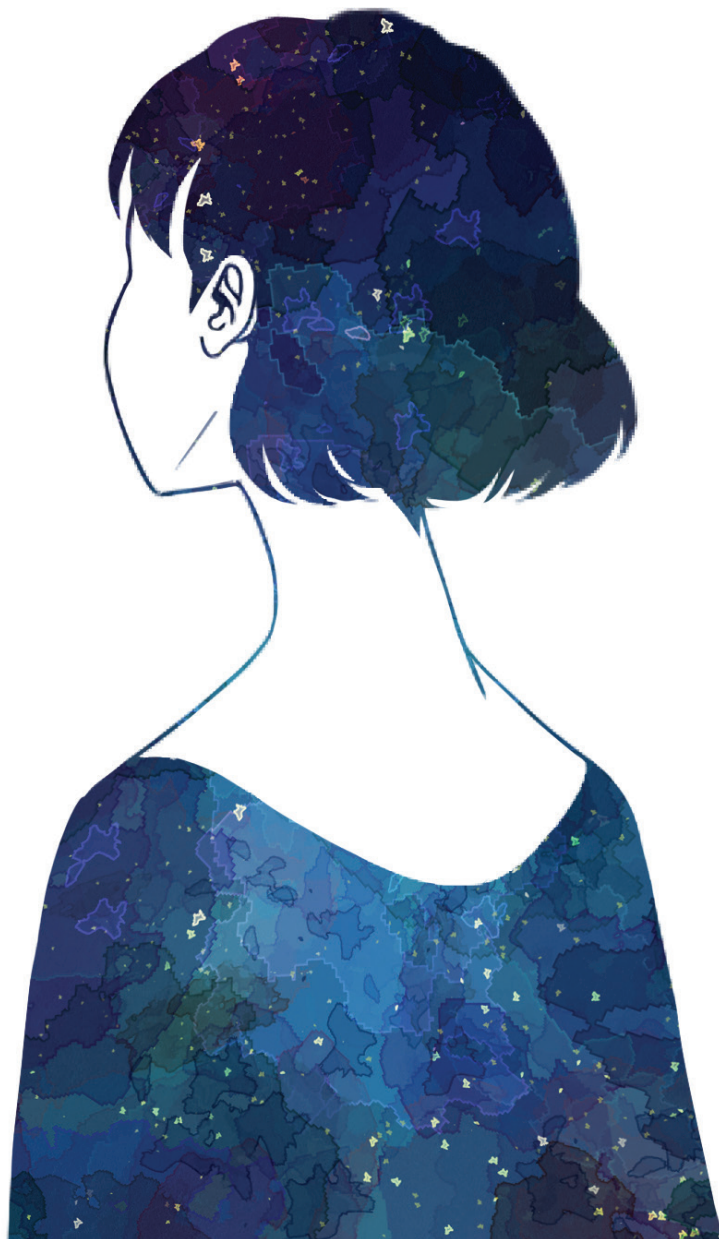


MORNING GLORY

expression across borders





A Letter to the Reader

When we first took on the role of Editors of the Spring 2020 issue of the Morning Glory, we knew our main priority was to make the literary magazine a place to celebrate Cal Lutheran's growing diversity. We wanted students, faculty, staff, and alumni to have an outlet where their unique experiences and narratives could be seen and heard. Thus, our issue's theme *Expression across Borders* highlights diversity in many forms--from transcending linguistic, geographical, and ethnic borders to intersecting the borders of gender identity and sexuality. We wanted to cultivate a space where the Cal Lutheran community could express themselves freely.

Our vision of inclusivity and diversity was created long before our community was faced with painful and difficult events: the Easy fire among the many fires that broke out in surrounding areas at the end of Fall semester; the racial incidents that occurred during Black History Month this year; and now the in-person closure of campus due to the COVID-19 pandemic. We are grateful that during even the most challenging circumstances, we can always find a refuge in the arts. Our individual and collective moments of heartbreak, pain, fear, discrimination, and isolation become shared glimpses into the nuanced and distinct realities we live in. When we read the stories of our peers, mentors and colleagues and see the world they see through the lens of a camera or by the stroke of a paintbrush, our hearts open up and we begin to empathize with those who are different from us.

We hope that you enjoy the 2020 edition of the Morning Glory. Its tradition has been cherished since Dr. Ledbetter founded Morning Glory in 1971. We would like to especially thank our advisor, Dr. Wines, as this is not only the last of her 24 years as advisor, but also her last of 44 years of teaching at Cal Lutheran. Dr. Wines never stopped advocating for us despite the many roadblocks we faced to publish.

We'd also like to thank those who submitted their writing and artwork to the Morning Glory and to our readers whose support reaffirms our belief in the necessity, relevance, and importance of the arts on our Cal Lutheran campus.

Sincerely,

Brianna Zaragoza and Meagan Toumayan

Art

"Wyoming Evening" Patrick Schmidt, Photograph	1-2
"Life in the City" Christopher Hannah, Photograph	4
"Untitled" Monique Avina, Digital Sketch	6
"Girl on Girl" Larkin Higgins, Photograph	7
"Untitled" Heather Nelson, Pencil Sketch	10
"Love within Reach" Christopher Hannah, Photograph	11
"Black Beauty" Terry Spehar-Fahey, Watercolor	14
"Landscape" Alexis Provencio, Acrylics	15
"Connection" Heather Nelson, Pencil Sketch	17
"Do Not Forget the Past" Christopher Hannah, Photograph	19-20
"Beijing" Jeanne Wines, Photographs	21-22
"To Hanako" Heather Nelson, Digital Art	23
"Dream Catcher" Anna Mossige, Acrylics	26
"Hide and Seek" Heather Nelson, Digital Art	27-28
"Embrace" Monique Avina, Digital Art	29
"Venetian Reflections" Terry Spehar-Fahey, Watercolor	31
"Leaves" Molly Pivnichny, Acrylics	34
"Shot into the Danube" Jeanne Wines, Photograph	35-36
"Canadian Border Guard" Jason Wines, Copper Tooling	37
"It Couldn't Get Much Better" Paulina Cordero, Photograph	39-40
"Untitled" Monique Avina, Digital Art	41-46
"Poppies" Patrick Schmidt, Photograph	47-48
"Oil and Water" Larkin Higgins, Photograph	50
"Fiji Island Sunset" Ken Pflueger, Photograph	51-52

Literature

"Tengo que confesarte ahora" Shysel Granados	2
"An Epistle to God" Lee Cassidy	3
"After van Gogh" Brigitte Stevenson	5-6
"Tula Sees" Marsha Markman	8
"Greedy Woman" Santa Burdt	9-10
"An Ode to Tim Curry as Dr. Frank-n-Furter" Lee Cassidy	12
"Martini with Keats" Sig Schwarz	13
"A Composition after the Easy Fire" Lee Cassidy	16
"I Used to Wonder" Bella DePhillipo	18
"Find Me" Marsha Markman	19
"Moth" Ellie Long	22
"The Weight of This" Ellie Long	24
"Mija" Shysel Granados	25
"From Watts to Dr. Wines" Kathleen Rowley	27-28
"Praying Naked" Jack Ledbetter	30
"The Pianist" Susan Corey	32
"The Woman in the Park" Christina Nation	33
"The Lapse of Time" Nelson Mendez	38
"When I Needed You" Christina Nation	39
"The Disappearance of Mr. Kelly" Polina Grishko	41-46
"Untitled" Jessica Lavariega Monforti	48
"Cowboy Cologne" Paul Kellogg	49





Tengo que confesarte ahora

Eres mi razón
para vivir y sufrir.
Ay, mi corazón.

No me digas que
siempre era mi culpa.
Era la tuya.

Ya tengo sueño.
Ya no tengo que sufrir.
Quiero ser feliz.

Shysel Granados

An Epistle to God

It is the call of summer that gives me
rise; as sparrows spread their wings, so do I.
The sun sings your love on a gold marquee,
and heaven is a canopy of sky.

Ah, to be the barest bones of the earth:
calling your name from valleys that once held
seas, lonely meadows where i seek out worth,
places your creations have always dwelled—
and yet, life births itself under your hands;
you breathe into trees and the world stands still
then bursts forth anew, a part of your plan:
you have promises to fulfill.

This path below my feet is one you drew,
and guides me in harmony beside you.

Lee Cassidy



"Life in the City" Christopher Hannah, Photograph

"I am still far from being what I want to be, but with God's help I shall succeed."
Vincent van Gogh

His paintings swirl like butter and oil, thick madness of color.
I look but don't touch. I tilt my head and breathe it in.
He sneers in a self-portrait wearing a straw hat. I sneer back.

Locks of reddish hair swim around his pinkish face,
His steel blue eyes call out: "You don't know the half of it . . . "

Those eyes cast images of sand, fire, anger, and sweat.
He is madness, hope, nostalgia, and wine.
I wonder if I paint myself, what would I look like? What would I be?
Would I be sneering? Would I be madness?

I paint myself:

Sitting in ocean breezes, I read. My hair is not curled. It is like silk,
flowing in earthen gold. My toes are painted pink like soft roses. A scarf lines my
neck and elegantly mirrors the waves of the sea.
I am beauty.

No.

I paint myself:

I lie in bed facing the roof. Tears have swollen my hot pink face. My
hair is a tyrant of brown and hay and self-loathing flying out of my skull. The
covers only drip on my toes. I shiver. No sounds. Only my eyes are screaming.
I am madness.

No.

I paint myself:

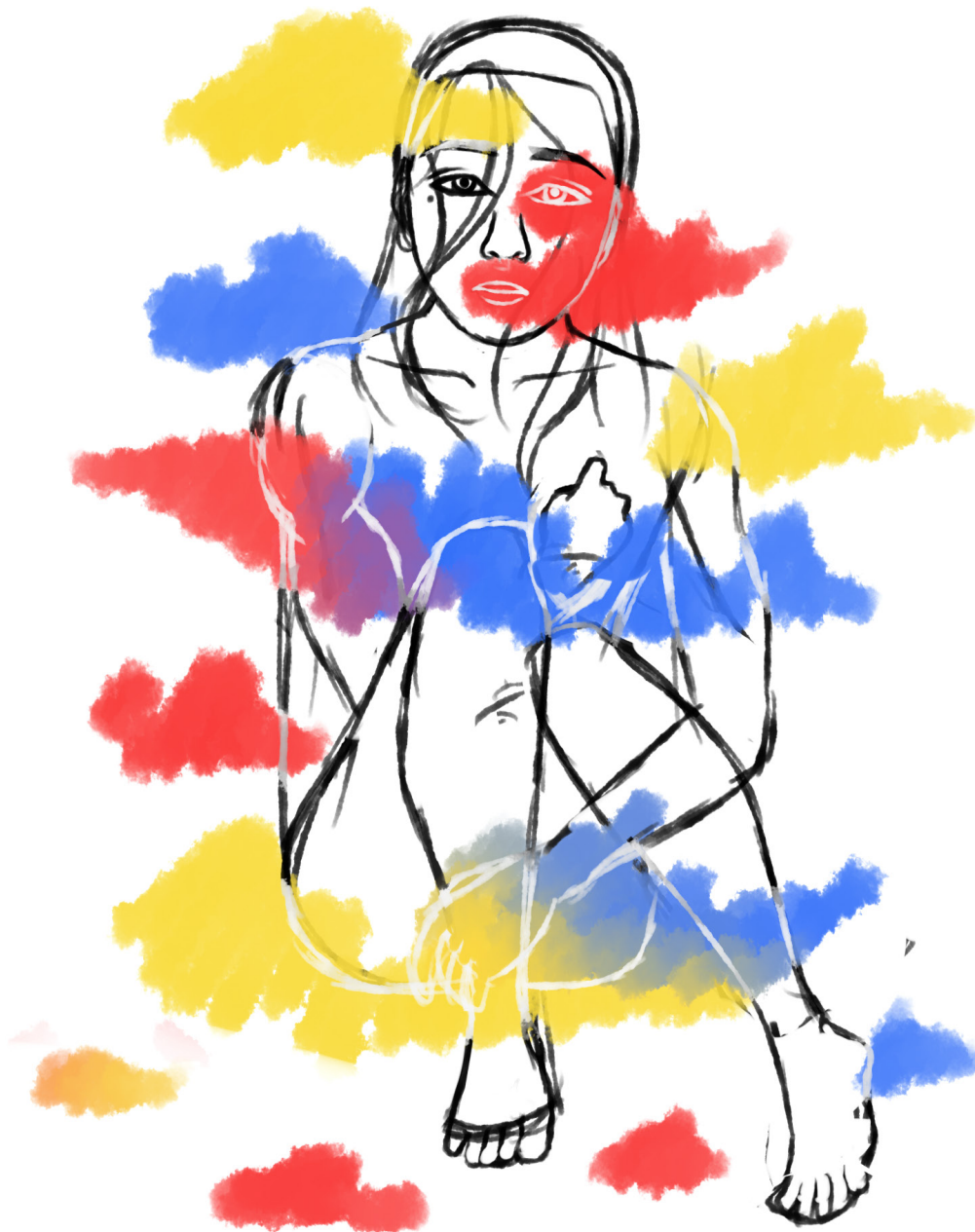
I sneer at a screen, curved back humped over the keys. My hair is
pulled up. My eyes are grey stone yet my mind spins as a thousand dervishes
churn the constant muck of my head. I spill it out. I pour it all onto the words and
words I weave into phrase. I am something . . . I am change.

Vincent van Gogh.

He cut out his heart.
He spilled it in paint and tried to find it again, and again, and again.
I carve out my heart.
Little by little, inch by inch, I rebuild it in letters and marks.
I puzzle it on paper, and patchwork the providence of my heart with words.

I am beauty, I am madness, I am changing.
I am everything I need to be.

Brigette Stevenson







Tula Sees

Tula Sees

You are ill, Tula tells me
You are troubled, she says
You are loving, she whispers.

You are blind, I tell Tula
gazing into sightless eyes
How do you see?

Ah, Tula says
I see with my hands
when they touch your cheek
hot with fever or stained with tears

I see a hint of jasmine
you pat behind your ears
the woolly sweater
that you call blue

your footsteps
when you stomp into the room
the steady beat of an angry drum
thrumming across the pine floor
jiggling the table as you fly by
jittering a heart that feels your pain.

I see the rustling of autumn leaves
the crunching through fresh snow
the summer sun that warms my flesh
April rain that tickles my tongue
the ringing, buzzing, honking, shouting
laughing, crying of the world.

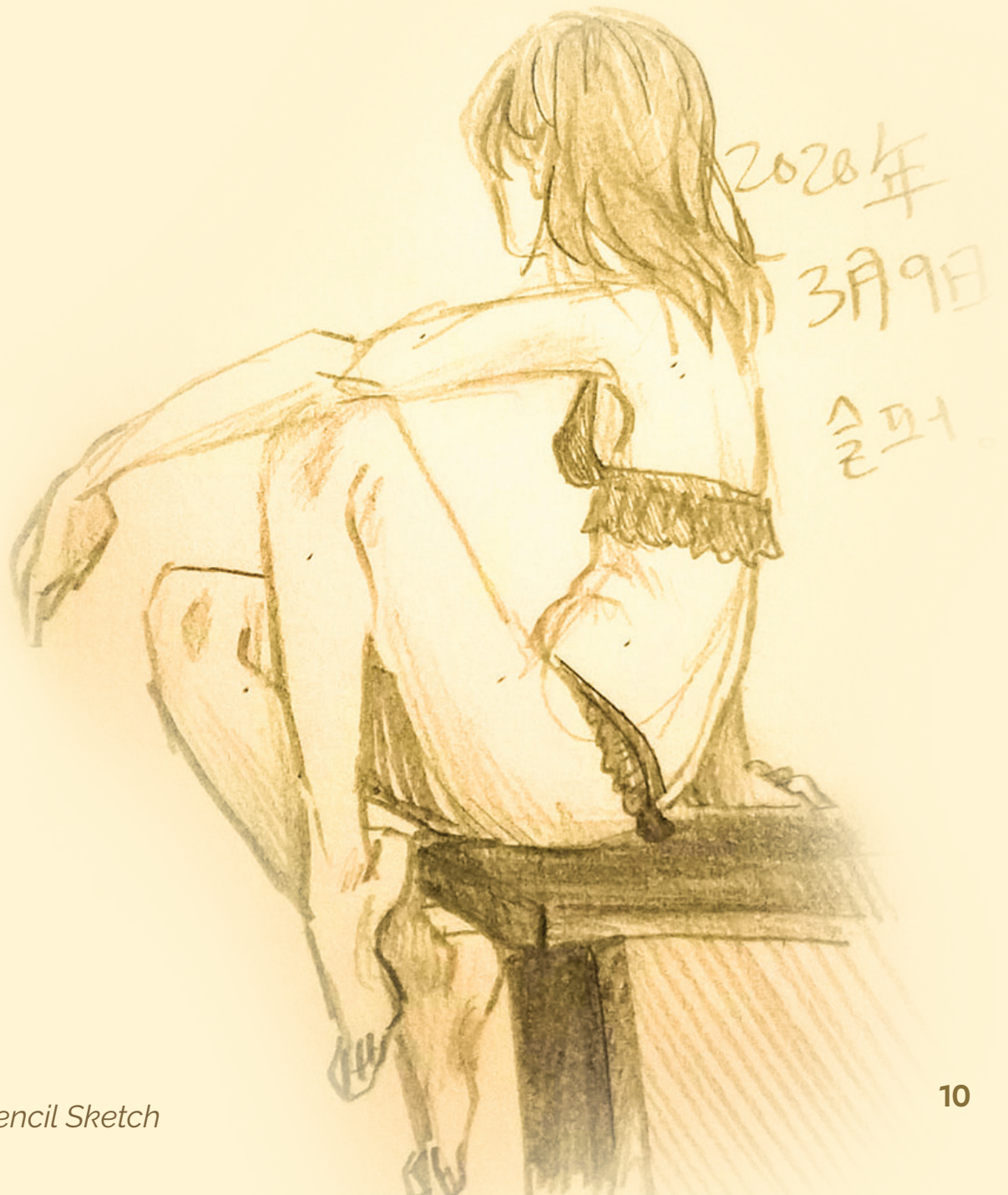
Marsha Markman

Greedy Woman

I'm the living embodiment of a greedy female,
Born American with pure Oxicuanian veins
but I'm the same as you.
I have soft curves and a uterus for breeding.
My mother's old Mexican missionary ways disgust me.
I refuse to trap my spirit in the words of scriptures.
My pink hair blows free in my blue convertible flying through Mulholland.
Mi abuela, a pearl Mexican descendant, looked down on her own kind
She suffers from that ugly seed saying, "know your betters."
Rainbows and dark people were never seen in my childhood home.
Yet I love that I'm a sinner in her eyes
Because I celebrate love of all kinds. I don't live in the past.
I am me not you. My heart is too big.
My soul is set ablaze by my greedy ways. Tomorrow my hair will be
purple because the rainbow never stops.
My mother never cared if I went to a school like yours.
Wifely duties were to be my priority.
I could have cared less about La Llorona.
Only Unicorns or Shakespeare would do.
I'm greedy for a dip in surviving love and transcending tragedy,
greedy for my own happily-ever-after,
not for living under a machismo's rule of life. Order me around? Hell no!
I'm disobedient. I broke free.
Life traumas have molded the shape of me.
Outside---the sun baptizes my skin breath my esurient soul
Like the flocks of birds that cross the world my dreams float.
A rebel-----a greedy female I am-----As certain as the stars
resplendent oceans of opportunity wait for me.
Mi abuela submerges my fear

that the world would eat me alive
if I tried to be independent.
Yet my savage soul would have it no other way.
I am ready to face the Siren of fear.
I would stab and slice her to bits.
My hunger has been let loose
Greed has never been so righteous.

Santa Burdt





An Ode to Tim Curry as Dr. Frank-n-Furter

Sometimes I think of you blazing through the past like a comet,
makeup smeared with a promise to the future,
telling us it will be okay. Showing your face before the world was ready,
stitching pride into the very fabric of the universe.

When I was thirteen I was still afraid
of looking at your face for too long
because seeing myself there
was too complex a conversation for that day.

You buried truths in that cape, and you walk through my dreams
in those heels that made you a goddess. My legs are too weak for heels,
but my soul follows in your footsteps just the same.

Is it too late to say
that when I grow up I want to be you?

I come to you in prayer, and I think of you as one to pray to,
a safe place for me and the gender I don't know what to do with,
this face that asks for lipstick and the heart that argues back.

The girl at Ulta says that red is my color.
I don't tell her that I bought it because of you,
and that tomorrow I'm thinking of buying eye shadow.

Lee Cassidy

Martini with Keats

Sonnet for Joan

You capable of slaying dragons strong
Beyond their mythic origins who breathe
The fires of chaos in this sacred, long
Transforming space . . . still you embrace and grieve.

What are the gifts you bring perceptions way?
As lovers of your Aldous Huxley know
The doors you open are what pilgrims say:
Wild kindness lights the way for souls to grow.

Untamed you urge adventure with a smile
Brushing fear born complacency aside
You rock the world for those who dare the mile
Where goodness, truth and beauty do abide.

Oh sweet dear heart I shall not dare to say
What vastness in your eyes does yield to pray!

Sig Schwarz



"Black Beauty" Terry Spehar-Fahey, Watercolor

"Landscape" Alexis Provencio, Acrylics





A Composition after the Easy Fire

The hills are still bleeding black blood
and the ash can choke you
if you open a window to taste the air.

A litany of dead things: trees that burned
from the inside out; and farms whose abundance
fed my childhood.

These roads lead nowhere now.
The hills, once fragrant, once green,
reek of nature's fury.

It's a hallowed path, this highway turned hot.
An early-morning fog looks like smoke
and my body cannot contain the fear.
I look for a way out, and find
that all my heart knows is aflame.

Lee Cassidy



I Used to Wonder

I used to wonder
How a boy made a girl smile
Why he would entwine their names
On walls and trees
Into something like a foreign incantation

I used to wonder
How boys made girls laugh
Telling the same wilted jokes
Poking at ribs and pulling on pigtailed
Making recess an erotic battlefield

I used to wonder
How boys made girls swoon
With their poor attempts at poetry
And sweet-sounding songs that insinuated
Dark, misguided intentions

I used to wonder
How boys made girls cry
When boredom or some new shiny thing
Lured them away, quietly and always
With no suitable explanation

I used to wonder
Why girls needed boys
But then I met a girl
And I understood.

Bella DePhillipo



Find Me

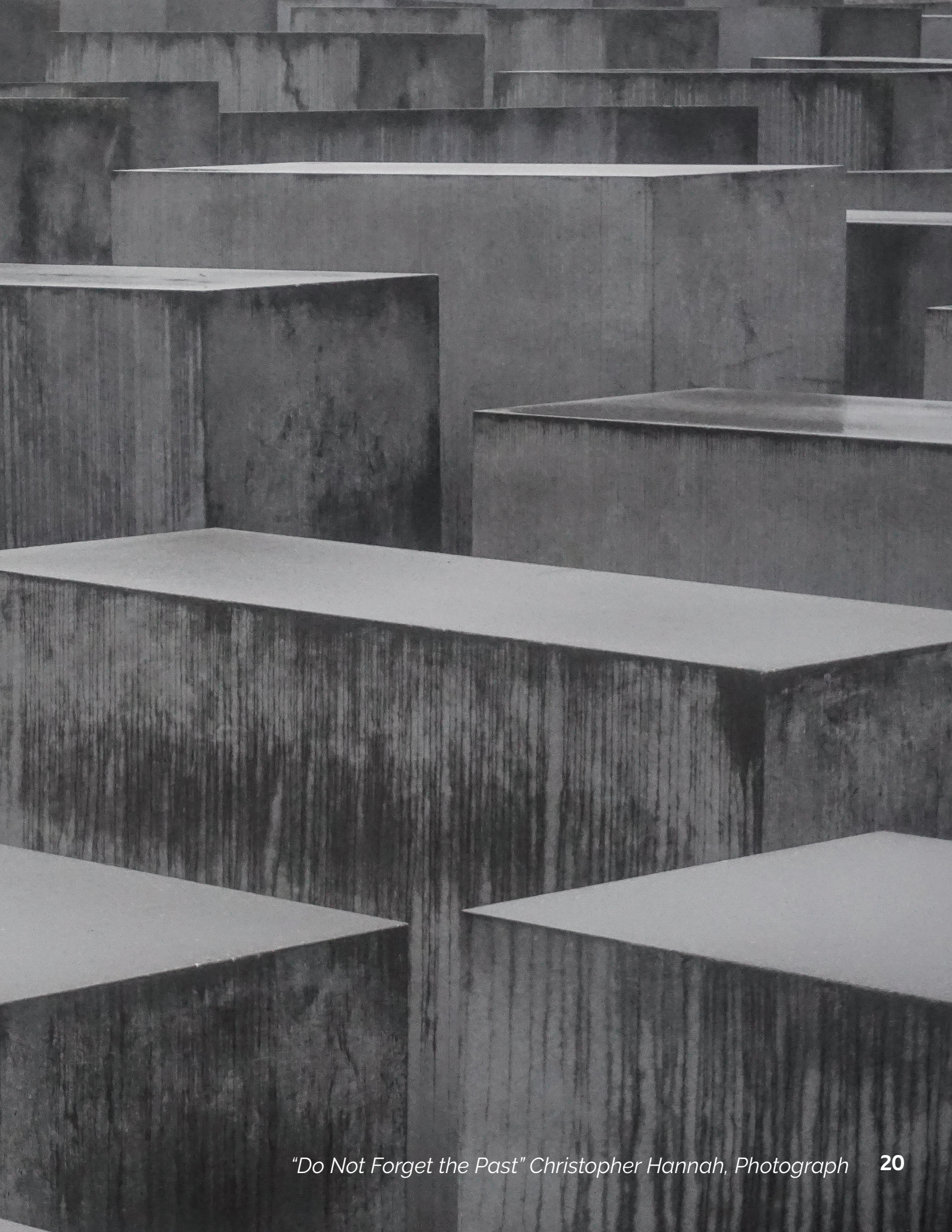
Auschwitz, 1945

Amid this rubble stark as stone
a tangled heap among the ruins
whitened in an August sun
find me where my days are done

discarded in a twisted mound
together in this house of shame
scars forever on these lands
seeping scabs on human hands

in this place forget me not
nor rituals that have brought us here
hatred from an ancient tome
find me God and take me home.

Marsha Markman



"Do Not Forget the Past" Christopher Hannah, Photograph **20**





Moth

-Zip-zap-

Why so attracted to light?

Are you afraid of the dark as well?

Ellie Long



The Weight of This

After Tracy K. Smith's "New Road Station"

—Communist Party Headquarters, Lan Hin Taek, Phitsanulok Province, Thailand—

Memory is like a flooded highway.
It magnetizes like a tropical storm grounding buses and lightning.

Memory electrifies. Like gunfire burning
in the vast weight of air that hung in the valley.

The jungle a grey tidal wave. Water screening
tanks and villages and where villages used to be.

High mountains. Rebel flag on a cliff. Two graves.
Helicopters singing like cicadas.

Thunder singing like a prayer.
Prayers like the mud flushed downstream.

But memory is not a highway, the one
they put in to carry city-folk from smog and heat.

Roads leading to guided tours of rusted tanks
and rocks pocketed by history's wind and bombs.

Children leaving scuff marks on graves, who cannot feel the weight
of this but feel the weight of the high-elevation air in their lungs.

Maybe memory is remembered not in signs in two languages
by the old barracks, or by the winner's flag raised above the cliff.

Maybe memory rather exists within
the tour bus forced into a pullout by a downpour

and the hollow gaze of a farmer hunched beyond the window.

Ellie Long

Mija



Mija
tú eres la luz de mi vida.

Your birth day
was the greatest day of my life.
Though I know now
it was also the day
I lost a part of me.

Cuando tú naciste
los doctores me robaron
mis bebés.

Just before you came head first
into the world
they sterilized me
killing my dream of my
familia grande.
Muy GRANDE.

Yo quería más hijos.
Quería darte hermanos
pero ya no puedo.

Even as a young girl
I wanted many children
who I knew I would love
and who would love each other.

But the doctors
decided to take away my dream
Only because they saw my brown skin and long, dark hair.
Only because they knew I picked grapes in the hot sun

y nada más.

Inspired by No Más Bebés,
a documentary on immigrant
women sterilized while in labor.

To learn more: [Scan the QR code or](#)
[Copy the link below](#)

Shysel Granados



"Dream Catcher" Anna Mossige, Acrylics

From Watts to Dr. Wines, Who Let Me Hide in Her Office

Kingston bounced into a cardboard box that, until that morning, held dozens of copies of young adult fiction. A tiny freshman, he could fold himself down until only his eyes peeked over the side, over the torn and hanging strips of black and blue tape. "See?" he explained, "I'm invisible."

Our first lockdown drill of the year. I creep from student to student as they huddle under the soaring windows that usually frame blue skies and trees and grass and friends waving from walkways. My hands check the locks, a quick genuflect over and under the door knobs before I swish curtains over the windows in the doors. I sewed them, hoping I'd never have to use them. The tallest students--a varsity baseball player, a volleyball star, a video gamer--sit wide-eyed when they realize their heads are visible above the windowsills. On my hands and knees, I whisper encouragingly, reminding them that the real threat is not finishing my homework. I look into their eyes to let them know that I am truly the most frightening individual in their lives--and I may be. What kind of a psychopath chooses to teach English to fifteen-year olds?

Without lying to them, I try to tell them this is just a drill. That I will protect them. It reminds me of picking up my son at daycare. When I crouch to hug him, a dozen other toddlers rush to hug us. We wriggle into a group hug.

"What's your name?" they ask.

"Momma."

That's enough. They know I am the right person.

The windows in his classroom are enormous too. Sometimes I count them, see the little heads peeping over the sills. Then I touch each gate, blessing the metal that slows outsiders.

After the drills my students always ask, "where will you hide?"

I don't hide. I wait. I search for something heavy, something I can swing. I check the doors and decide whether or not we run. "Don't you know who I am?" That's my job.

It's a different kind of bravery than breaking up fights. I clap my hands at angry, writhing boys. Don't they know who I am? I am the size of a freshman, about the size of a cardboard box. The only thing that slows them is the tenor of my voice and the realization that if they keep swinging they might hit me too. The punches almost always subside--just a pause button in the streaming videos. I pick up my ceramic mug and marvel that it hasn't been crushed in the melee.

That mug is nothing like the paper cups I held as an undergrad, steaming with fancy cocoa from down a quiet, carpeted hallway. I hid, like a child, in offices of English professors, sniffing books and the floral scent emanating from warm cardigans. Collapsing under the weight of opportunity and the enormity of inadequacy, studying the postcards gently pinned to the walls. Traveling through the photos, and resting in the Aldous Huxley, I imagined who I might become. The transformation from existing in the safety of the safe space to creating the safe space came after the apprenticeship in calm.

When I see the lid of the box close over Kingston, I sigh. I could climb in and try to draw him out. I won't. I know now, to wait and hear. I need him outside, but I also need him whole. These are the compromises we make. We will open the doors and windows again, will be seen and heard after the drill. The calm, now, is ours before we take up our work and begin again.

Kathleen Rowley

"Hide and Seek" Heather Nelson, Digital Art





Praying Naked

(what my grandfather said)

my grandmother liked to stand naked in evening rain
when it felt soft/like a rebirth of something
she said

I never saw her do it and my grandfather said he would kill me
if I said a word to anyone and he went to work in the silo
shooting rats in the muck

childhood is a lifetime on a farm/scenes and images form
and rearrange themselves across the mind/ some need words to tell it
others need silence

but on my eighth birthday I watched from my upstairs window
as my grandmother came out of the kitchen naked
and stood with her arms out letting it fall
through her long hair and run down between her breasts and belly
through her legs
into the peonies drooping in their strings

after the funeral I told my grandfather that I watched her naked
in the rain and that I thought she was praying
and that night he came upstairs and led me outside
where we took our clothes off and just stood for a long time praying
when I said I wanted to do this again he said people in hell want ice water

It has been a long time since I prayed naked in the rain
but I've never felt as clean either

Jack Ledbetter



Terry Spehar-Fahey 19

The Pianist

On a serious quest
to erase the years
to court success in a field
abandoned years ago
to the realm of hobby,
Fingers still agile and strong
though eyes aren't as quick
to scan the notes nor
brain to turn on a pin.
On this serious quest
in a lightheaded moment,
she loses her edge
Fingers refuse to play
wrists lift off the keyboard
hands float above, drifting.
Unable to guess what's next,
she leaves the ending open
her eyes searching for middle C.

Susan Corey



The Woman in the Park

The woman sits in the park
rocking back and forth

wrapped in a worn blanket of memories
singing silent songs of sunsets

(the birds are her children,
especially the spotted ones--
often ignored)

I knew her once--
her name is Patience.

Christina Nation





*Shoes of 1944–45 Jewish victims
Iron Sculptures Erected 16 April 2005*







The Lapse of Time

They are going, time lapses, there they go,
In and out, many lives before my eyes
Whatever exits leaves a place to grow

Will the young remember what we sow?
Joy-laden faces that love cannot deny,
They are all going, time lapses, there they go

Family memories--food for the black crow
Grandma's empty trailer--withered and disguised,
Whatever exits leaves a place to grow,

Time worn faces--nevermore a midnight row
With partners in Hell-raising made habit;
They are all going, time lapses, there they go

Her feet were my favorite, her searching toes,
angling through the air--never touching our goodbye,
Whatever exits leaves a place to grow

All the world's glory, all this grand show,
Plants, birds, people---everything's going
Time lapses, there they go
Whatever exits leaves a place to grow.

Nelson Mendez



When I Needed You

When I needed you
I heard the cry of a white-faced owl—tenderly tormented
Clay mountains rose to bear my faltering step
Lambswool clouds hovered overhead

Below: willow-scented winds
Wildflowers—jasper and carnelian
A ground squirrel's anxious chatter
A night shade's secrets unfurled
Doe eyes—watching, waiting, whispering
Knowing every thought, every intention

Then, a twist in the trail, a new direction
Branches bending to meet my path
The rise of still waters beside it—
When I needed you

Christina Nation



The Disappearance of Mr. Kelly

The cool fall breeze defies my sorry attempt to stay warm. I wind the scarf around me one more time, though the scratching wool claws at my skin.

Tators senses the urgency in my flick and increases her speed, whisking our wagon faster along the lonely road.

The last ripples of the sunset illuminate the sky, then blend into a dark navy. The stars begin waking up and a bright moon shines through the trees so that their twisted shadows seem to wind their way across the dark road.

We ride in silence, the brisk clop of Tators' hooves the only sound we make. A breeze whistles by again, rustling the leaves of the forest.

The moon wanders higher, and the stars glow brighter as the sky dims into nothingness. The forest awakens with owl hoots and scurrying animals. My eyes dart to every sound and I can't help but glance behind us.

But there is only the road we traveled and the goods I bought at the market, just as I left them in the back of my wagon.

We ride out of the woods and turn onto the East road, Caroler's Forest to our left and Farmer Paul's fields on our right. He's been dead for more than a decade, and nothing but weeds grow on his dingy old field. It belongs to the state now.

Tators snorts, bringing me back onto the road and out of my thoughts. I smile as I lean in to pat her back. "Thanks, lassie. I shouldn't be daydreaming. That ain't fair now, is it?"

She snorts again, as if to agree.

"We'll be home soon lass. You'll have a warm blanket and hay too--don't you be worrying about that."

Tators responds with a nod and a slight increase in pace.

The moon is overshadowed now by dark clouds. The squeak of our wheels and Tators' clops, accompanied by the soft hooting of owls and disquieting rustle of trees and underbrush, fill the dark night. I finally give in and light my lantern,

though I despise the flying nuisances it attracts.

KR-THUNK!

"WHOA!" I cry as the wagon tips to a stop, jerking Tators back. I hear the market sacks sliding to one side of the wagon. A small flock of birds flies up in a flurry. Tators neighs and jumps, kicking her hind legs. When I pull the reins, trying to calm her, the ropes snap and Tators darts forward--into the depths of the night.

I stare, my mind reeling with disbelief. We were almost home! The darkness settles back into silence and no matter how hard I strain my ears to hear her, I know that Tators is far gone--running to the warmth of her stable.

My head snaps towards the woods when I hear the not so distant echo of a wolf's cry.

"Now ain't the time to ponder," I mutter to myself, jumping off the wagon.

I take the lantern to inspect the damage--the front wheel, caught in a hole in the road and slammed against a hefty rock, was beyond repair.

I check the market bags for damage—only a couple of squashed eggplants. I dig out a few vegetables, pat my pocket to connect with my knife, and gather the most essential needs--my axe, a whistle, flare, medicine kit, and a light blanket I can tie around my waist.

My brain only partially realizes my situation, but the howls from the woods urge me to work. I can return for the wagon during day light tomorrow, but now I need to get off a road that can be dangerous in the middle of the night.

I double and triple knot the market bags, set them at the side of the road and work on pushing the wagon to the edge of the forest. It's hard work and I'm out of breath by the time I get it hidden in the underbrush. I cover the market bags with leaves and a cloth and tuck them securely into one corner of the wagon. Standing by myself on the road, I begin to feel the effects of the night—bile rising in my throat and an incessant, painful beating on one side of my head.

This isn't happening. This isn't happening. Maybe a dream—a nightmare.

I stagger to my knees, suddenly gasping again for breath. My head spins and I vomit out the sparse contents of my stomach. I'm overcome by shivering, although even the cold breeze doesn't stop my sweating.

The howling wolves are closer now and the darkness is pressing in upon me. Warily, I look toward the woods and find myself staring at a pair of flaming eyes flickering in and out of the trees. They burn into my flesh.

Terror overtakes me. I stagger to my feet and make them move. My heart pounds loudly as the eyes seem to be coming closer, and a mute cry escapes me when I hear a hungry snarl. Tripping over my own feet, I sprint into the fields and force myself to continue running through the weeds. Fear prevents me from looking back.

I run and run, my dimming lantern my only shield against the darkness. I run until I can't hear anything except the rush of my blood and the nearby chirp of crickets. In protest, my legs finally give out and exhaustion collapses me onto the cold earth. I am far from Caroler's Forest now. I am safe—yet I do not know where these fields are or how far these fields go, and I do not know which way is home. Unease creeps under my skin and into my heart. The rising sun may yet find my body dead on this cursed soil.

Swinging my lantern in front of me, I stare ahead into the persistent darkness. I try to get direction from the stars, but dark clouds cover most of the sky. I heft my bag onto my right shoulder and begin walking forward. It doesn't matter which way I go as long as I get somewhere safe. I pick up a walking stick to help ease the pain in my abdomen that began during my frantic run. The crickets' chirps that provide me with a night symphony should also help soothe me, but I feel no less frightened, nor less anxious.

Swatting at the hungry mosquitos and other insects climbing up my legs, I see that my lantern light is dying out. I should be home by now. I grimace, putting dried weeds on the remaining wick to fuel the fire—but they burn out quickly and provide little help.

The landscape slowly changes and soon I come upon a barren outcropping. Completely flat and circular, with a deep round hole at its center. This part of the field is utterly barren of any life. The symphony does not perform here. All is quiet, too quiet. Even the wind has stilled.

I dare not step into this large outcrop--its diameter is the size of two wagons.

Creeping around its edge, I am intent on passing around it. Yet as I begin to circle it my curiosity gets the better of my common sense. What is in the hole? I raise myself onto my toes, but the hole is small and too far away, and my lantern is weak. So with the shake of my head, I continue.

The weeds become plentiful again, the insects return, and the cold night wind bites into my skin. I pause on a patch of grass to eat a few carrots and an apple. The hour is late, and the food and rest make my eyes start to droop. I wrap the blanket around me, and lay my head on a flattish rock. An hour or two's sleep. Then begin again.

I sleep and dream a dream of darkness, of terror, of how the hole swallowed me, its teeth crunching me into a bitter death.

When I wake up, startled, I am clutching my scrunched blanket close to my chest. The lantern is all but dead, and the surrounding night reminds me of the gaping jaws of death. My hands begin to shake and I hug my knees to my upper body. I'm okay, I'm okay.

Time passes and when my mind and body finally recover, I can hear the crickets chirping again, and the faint rustle of the bushes.

Getting quickly to work, I clean up my small camp and continue walking. With every step, I leave more of my nightmare behind, and the weight of it slowly lifts off my shoulders.

Luck has not abandoned me yet! And though I am past the telling of time, as the night passes on and I lean to pick off yet another weed, the moon dips its face out of the shadowing clouds. I whoop with joy, nearly dropping the lantern. Light! Light! I am saved! Taking my flare from my backpack, I shoot it out to the open sky and jump into the air with newfound exhilaration.

I turn back to my path, calculating the best way to use this new light. I see my surroundings much more clearly now. My eyes land on the ground a few paces in front of me and I run over for a closer look. A set of bare footprints cross my own "path" and continue on to my right.

Drunk on adrenaline, I sprint after the footprints. God is merciful! He gave me light and is leading the way! The only human contact, the only evidence of human existence in this godforsaken land--these footprints will save me.

Discarding my doubts and with excitement coursing through me, I fly along the fields.

I will be home soon! Tators is waiting for me! My wife, my dinner, my sweet safe home!

I will be home soon!

Though I soon lose my breath again, I do not stop. I do not look up for fear I will be shrouded in darkness again. I trust God. I repeat I trust God and allow neither my eyes nor my feet to leave the path.

But again, the devil of the land tries to sway me, tries to make me doubt. Destiny is calling me, I tell him. My faith is in the One who leads me.

I run and run and run through the bristles and weeds. My lantern's fire is gone and exhausted, I drop it and continue on.

Only the footprints matter.

I no longer hear the night's symphony.

Only the thumping of my heart and feet on soil matter.

The plants and insects vanish from sight and thought.

Only seeing and believing in the path before me matters.

I do not heed my body nor my mind.

Only the footprints matter.

I come upon a circle.
It is round and barren.
The footprints lead me through it.

I follow.
We walk in unison.

Destiny pulls me forward.

I hear Him calling me.

I come closer.

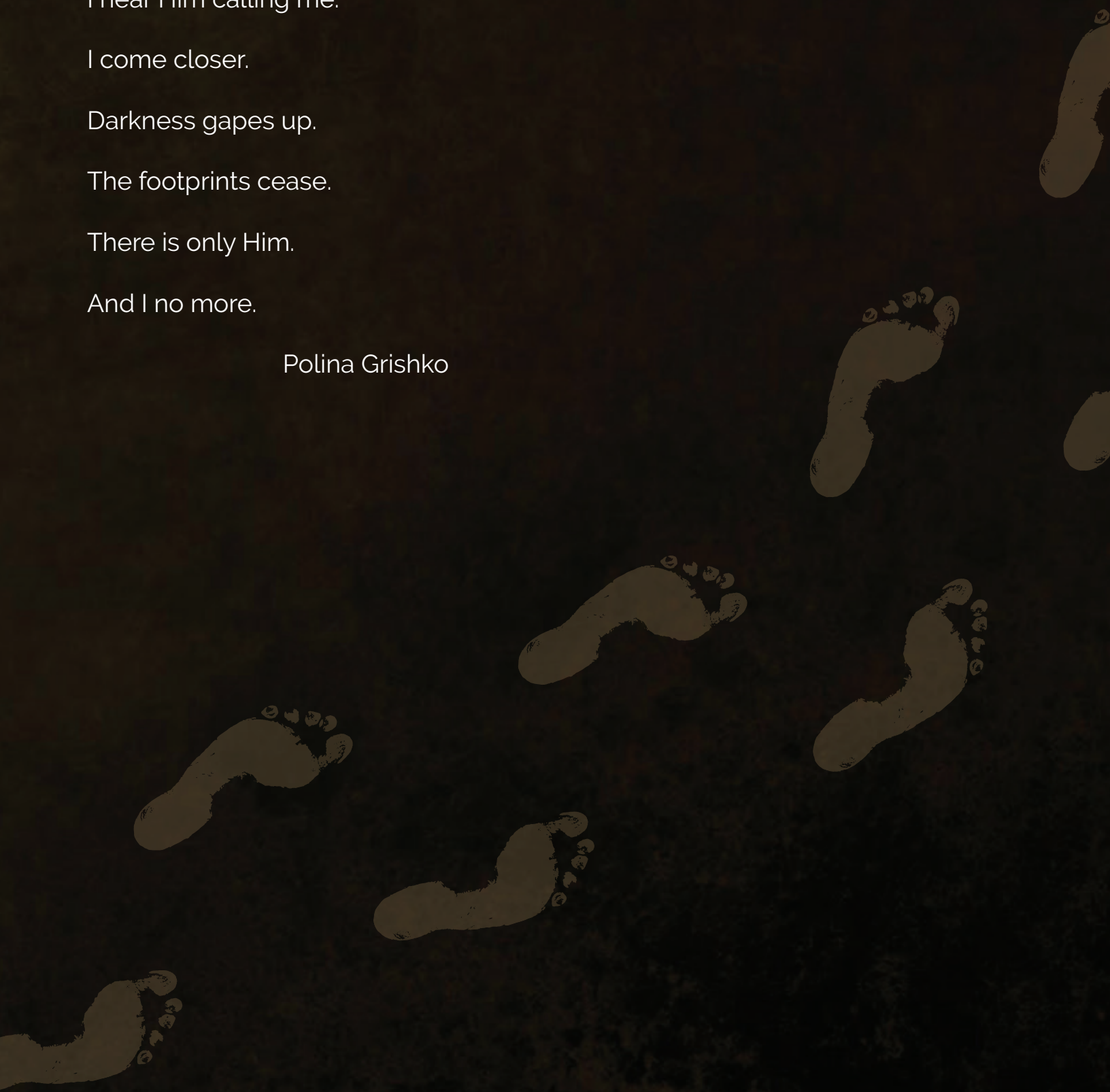
Darkness gapes up.

The footprints cease.

There is only Him.

And I no more.

Polina Grishko





Más que nunca, necesitamos vivir sin miedo y soñar sin límites.

More than ever, we need to live without fear and dream without limits.

Jessica Lavariega Monforti





Cowboy Cologne and Other Natural Wonders

Woodpecker drumline
from the next thicket over
inspires a fan,
a California Scrub Jay,
to perform its own drum solo.

Wildfire bust
crafted from Coast Live Oak
a charred revelation
a spontaneous sculpture
of the flame that fashioned it.

Five-pointed petals
like floating stars up close
but from a distance
more reminiscent of
a celebrated Monet.

California Sage,
your velvet pale filaments
brush my horse's legs
depositing the fragrance
riders call cowboy cologne.

Paul Kellogg



"Oil and Water" Larkin Higgins, Photograph







Editors

Brianna Zaragoza
Meagan Toumayan

Music Editor

Eric Kinsley

Art Editor

Monique Avina

Assistant Art Editor

Heather Nelson

Faculty Advisor

Dr. Joan Wines

Selection Committee

Monique Avina
Reese Coulter
Shysel Granados
Jay Knee
Heather Nelson
Erin Niemi
Harrison Ruud
Madison Secor
Meagan Toumayan
Augustus Wachbrit
Garrett Wyatt
Brianna Zaragoza

Printing

Charles Utts
Custom Printing
Oxnard, CA

We would like to express special thanks to all of Morning Glory's contributors as well as to our readers who continuously value and support the work we do.

*Also a big thanks to Dr. Joan Wines
for 24 years of dedication to the work of Morning Glory!*

Music

Bach Jam

Composed by:
Bach, Mallory, Kinsley

Dead Demo

Nestor Vasquez

Groovy

Written & Performed by:
Urael Blackshear
Mix/Mastered and Produced by:
Dariush Apfelthaler

Jazz Prelude

Eric Kinsley

Overthinking

Lola Chen
Produced by:
Dariush Amfelthaler
and Rosalio Martinez
Bass: Torrance Kline
Drums: Lucas Frankel
Guitar: Ripley Conklin

Psalm 104

Composed by:
Paul Kellogg
Directed by:
Dr. Wyant Morton
Organ: Jessica Helms
Performed by the CLU Choir



To listen to the music listed above

Scan this QR Code

You will be directed to the
Morning Glory Youtube Channel



MORNING GLORY 2020

volume forty-nine