

RAM

Fall 2017

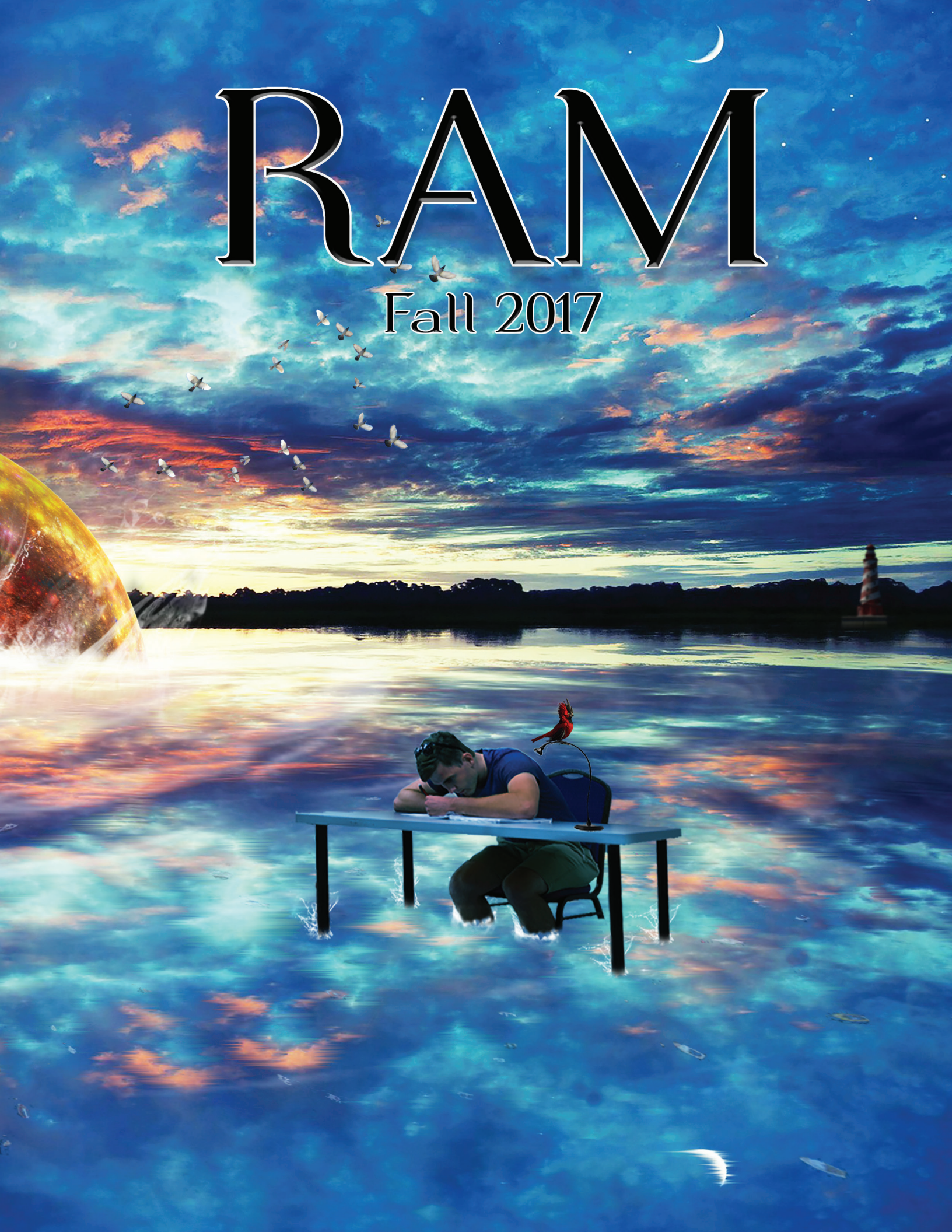


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RAMIFICATIONS

literary & art magazine



The Reservoir On Its Head // Bailey Albertson

I look like an eagle, but I feel like a sparrow

Hillary Albertson

5 am fog.

Grey is a color of possibility;

The blankest of canvases.

Oops. Sorry.

Red means love,

But I am not fire.

I am four pink paws

On a grey canvas

On a window sill

At 5 am.

I am not love, but thank you.

What is her name?

Oops. Thank you.

I am fragile. I am awake.

I paint possibility

And smooth my feathers.



Paris in June // Emma Wright

Enough Now

Emily Mathers

No matter how many times
our mothers told us not to
look into the sun,
we couldn't resist its radiant beauty.
So we kept on looking,
then shut our eyes tight, and marveled
at the flaming streaks
of red that swam behind our eyelids.
Now we look at friends, acquaintances
just long enough to exchange a quick smile,
a nod.

Maybe we don't look at all.

We don't look into eyes long
enough to notice the color of the iris.

Let alone to notice the soul inside.

To see the tangled mess
of joy, hope, fear, sadness that makes
us human.

We are old enough now to know that it is not polite to stare.

You and I, we fell from that old
tree when we were young.

We slipped off that worn
branch after a spring rain,
bruised ourselves all over,
broke an arm.

And the day we got our cast off,
we climbed that tree again.

We weren't afraid
of anything.

Now we paint our glass hearts gray,
paint the illusion of a stone
wall. Can't let anybody see
inside. Can't let anybody take
what we can't afford to give.

We are old enough now to know that a broken heart hurts more than a broken arm.

We used to splash in puddles
after a storm.
during a storm.
red rubber boots.

bare feet.

lightning. thunder. gale. no matter.

Splish splash soaked.

Now we schedule our days

hour by hour and minute by minute. If we

have time to sleep at night,

we're falling short. We promise to call our loved ones

tonight.

Or tomorrow.

Or the next day. No,

the next. We don't think we'll host that party again

this year.

We are old enough now to know that time is too valuable to waste

on something so foolish as joy.

Together, we can raise a generation

that's forgotten how to fall

in love with the world.

A generation numb to heartache

and to beauty.

A generation that holds too tightly

to things that fade too quickly.

We are old enough now to say enough is enough now.

Enough hiding.

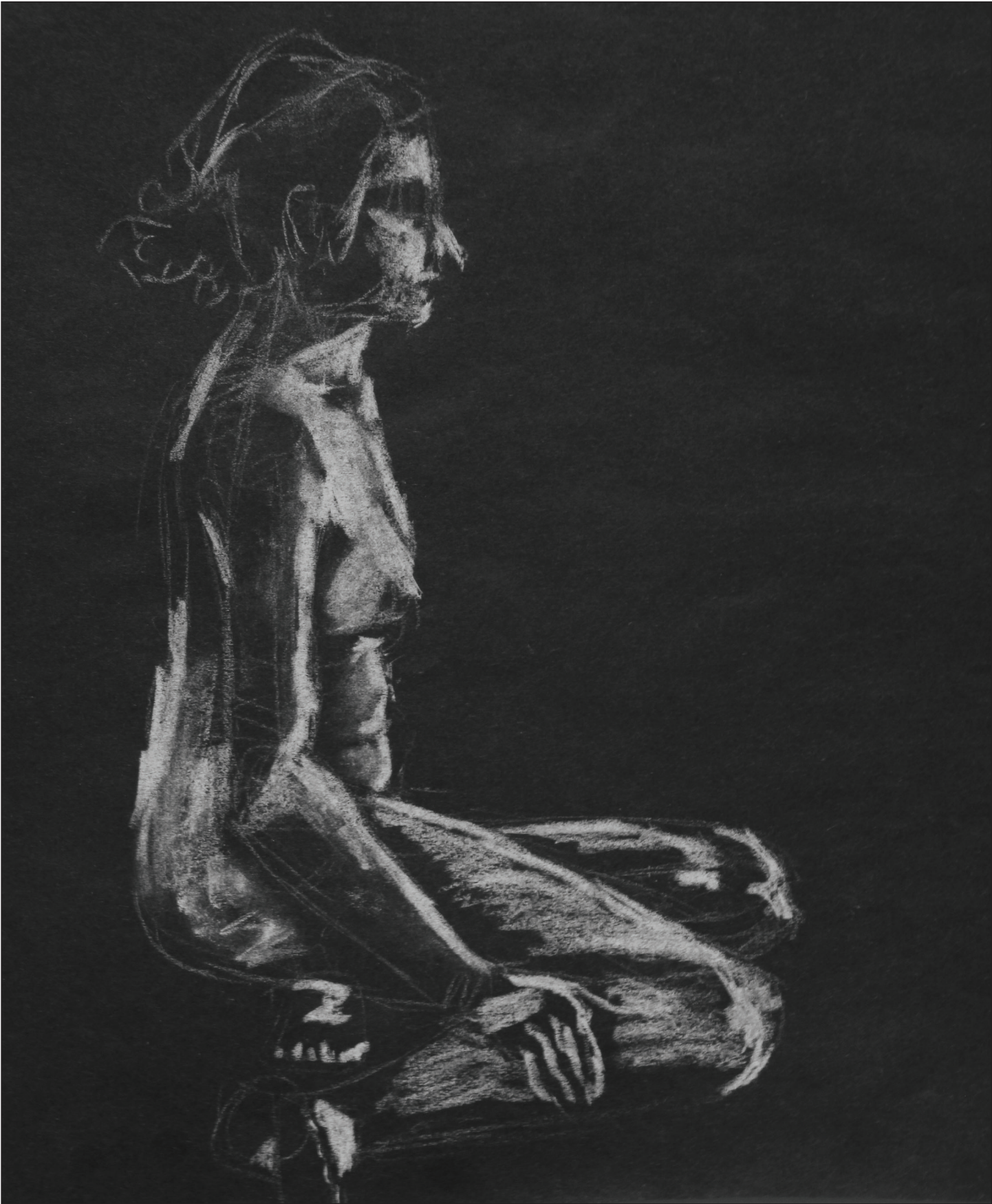
Enough fear.

Enough seconds slipping through our fingertips

like wet sand.

We can raise a generation to know the truth

That every heartache holds a glimmer of beauty.



Luminescent // Siobhan Mulligan

Anansi

Avery James

Descent from your silver vein old weaver, Anansi.

From the lamplight, convert me to believer, Anansi.

The Women taught me to fear you.

Said you'd fetter my skin with hard burrows and fever, Anansi.

But I am relearning the depths of my obedience.

Time withers me and I've become a griever, Anansi.

My melanin has meaning beyond my self.

White girl once told me a nigger's body belongs to the cleaver, Anansi.

I am woven to the bullet, the hashtag, the resistant fist.

When I walk the street, who sees you in me, deceiver Anansi?

Yesterday, you would have been a stain between my notebooks.

Today, you are preacher, I receiver, Anansi.

Let the Trickster God be this Kristen's new religion.

Teach her defiance, feed her resilience, and sweetly deceive her, Anansi.

You do not have to tell me, but I will listen

Darian Kuxhouse

My mother once told me
of the back country boys that
crowded her front porch,
their hands on bottles and her

momma turning on music so
that people would start dancing.

I tried to imagine opening up
my porch, putting salt on corona

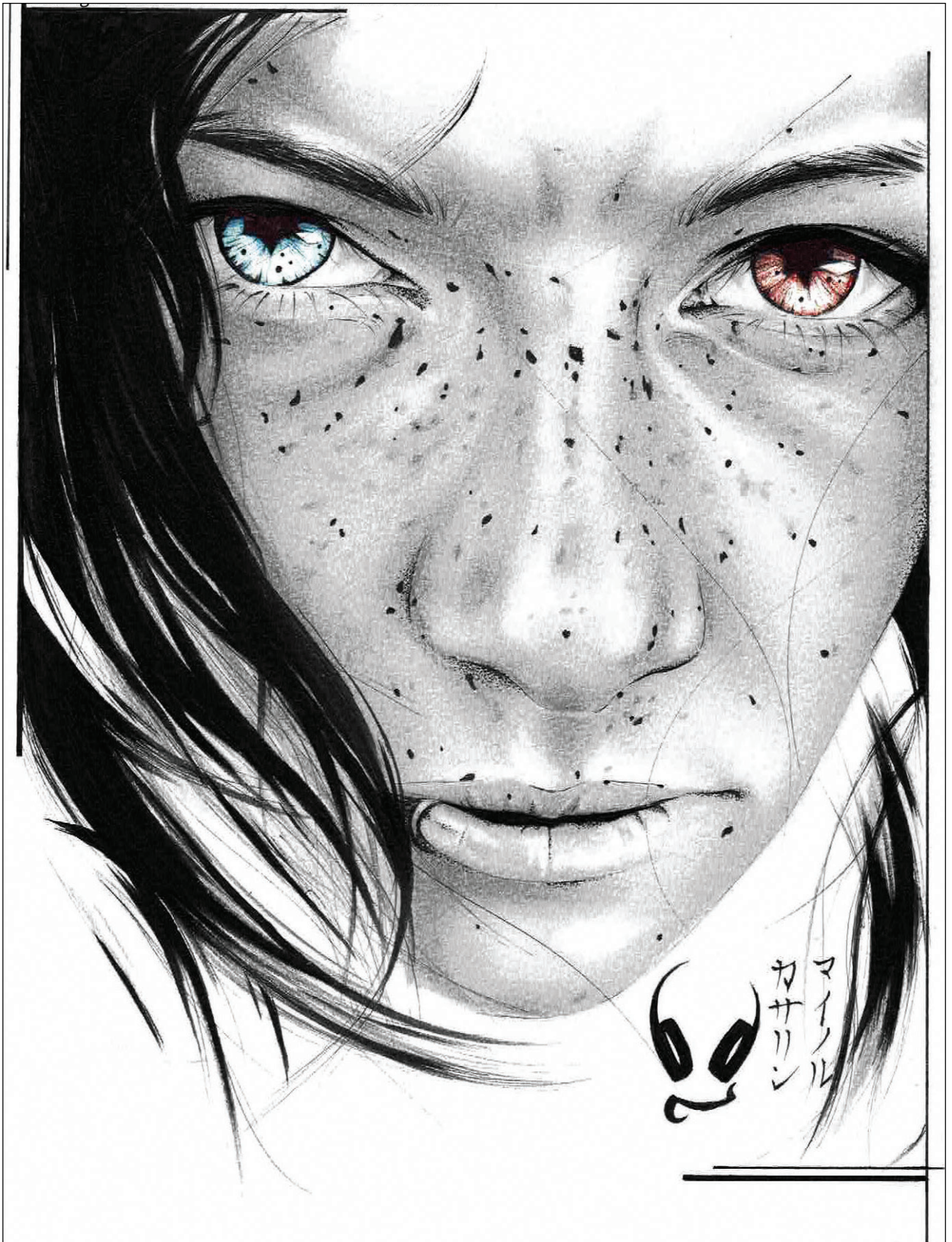
lips at 14. I knew my taste and she
was learning her charm. I kept
my crushes hidden, my experiences
garden variety, failing to bloom under

the heat of her life. I've met
those porch boys' descendants,
tried not to force my fist
into their hollow skin.

I am not my mother's protector
although I am her sole
confidant. She is neither
of mine.



Flower Girl // Lauren Groseclose



Castle // Kathleen Minor

Another's Eyes

Aine Gawaed Infanc

You step outside and see blue the same color as your eyes. It's your favorite color, and who can wonder. It's much better than the endless shades of yellowish grey that make up the rest of your world. One in twelve males are red-green colorblind. And you're one of them. They say that you're missing important cells in your retina, but that it's a common genetic problem. Nothing to worry about. You don't worry about it. You can't worry about missing out on something you've never experienced. At least that's what everyone says.

Oddly enough, you look forward to seeing the sunrise every morning. Maybe you watch it because you like to philosophize about the endless possibilities of a new day. But I think you also do it in hope that one morning, if you're good enough, if you stand in just the right place, if you crack your eyelid open just right, that the sky will bloom red and purple. Each morning is another experiment. This morning will be a failed experiment just like the other 7,701 mornings before it, but never mind that. Edison never quit. How many ways was it that he invented the lightbulb before it glowed? And so, you wake up and crawl out of bed to stand on the hill you call a mountain and watch that fearful orb rise. In the past, you've tried looking out the side of your eye hoping that one of those missing cone cells exists on the periphery of your retina, an antisocial little bugger hiding from the world and, in doing so, hiding the world from you. You squint differently today than you did yesterday and the 7,700 days before that. You clench your teeth, ball up a freckled fist, and wait in the dewy darkness until pale light begins to flow over the horizon. A tsunami of light mounts and comes splashing over the world. But it is just yellow light and the sky is blue. And that is all that there will ever be.

After today's failed experiment, you jump in your Jeep (blue, of course) and pull cautiously out of your driveway. You pass a gas station, go under phone lines, and pass mid-century houses all seen through the lens of a yellow discolored photograph. The contrast between modernity and antiquity is striking. You're a time-traveler. The cars passing you look strange in the sepia tones of the daguerreotypes you will be working with in a few minutes in the Archives. Everyone else finds the office environment dull. But you see no difference. The whole world is made of so many different shades of manila folders.

You like to stay indoors and look forward to the rain. Gloomy days are an equalizer. Inside, you read as many books as you can, contented that the pages are the same beige as the world you see. Your imagination is better than most maybe because the world of books and the world you see aren't that very different. The distinction between the page and reality blurs allowing you to easily transport yourself to the Greek Academy; to a galaxy far, far away; and then into stories of your own fabrication.

The trees along the road wave their half-barren arms at you. It's autumn, but you don't understand all the fuss about the leaves. What is so exciting about brown leaves? To think that people would drive up into the mountains to see leaves that are brown all year long.

The falling leaves signal in semaphore that Christmas will be here soon. That means pretty packages tied up in red and green. Beige and darker beige. Ho, ho, ho, Merry Christmas. Your friend is thinking about getting you a Rubik's cube as a prank gift. You chuckle.

You pull your Jeep up to the stoplight known to the rest of the world as a red light. The light turns green and you know because of the rhyme you were taught: "If it's up and red, don't speed ahead; if it's down you can go now." And so you drive through the intersection, doing something a thousand other people are taking for granted.

Along your way, you pass a flag whipping in the breeze, a flag that represents the nation you love. The good ole Beige, White, and Blue. Your deuteranopia affects your political and philosophical views in unexpected ways: The world isn't strictly dichromatic. You're a true postmodern. Everyone's beliefs are just so many shades of beige. You say you're neither red nor blue politically; each side has its valuable opinions if you listen with an open mind. If decreased bias and empathy were symptoms of deuteranopia, it wouldn't be bad if more people were colorblind.

For all your enmity with color, no one would know that you can't see the electric green of your own personality. It's impossible to imagine that someone dancing so animatedly to Mr. Mister could live in a washed-out world. Although you'll occasionally slip into darkness, you're generally a vibrant rainbow. With your endless jokes and contagious laugh, you are a prism transforming the colorless light you see into a kaleidoscope of color for everyone else to enjoy. Everyone except you.

You park the Jeep and take a final glance at your clothes to make sure they match before going into work. And they do: blue goes well with beige. You waltz into the library to greet a friend with a hug. You can't tell how sunburned her cheeks are or the hazel green of her eyes. You can't see what she sees. But she tries to see what you do. After all, you're the one that showed her to see the value of looking through another's eyes.



The Nature of Boredom // Rachel Wallis

Sculpted

Siobhan Mulligan

After a line from "Howl" by Allen Ginsberg

We searched in the white clapboard walls of the Baptist churches
that circumscribed our childhood questions. We searched
Google for Internet mysticism, Wikipedia'd Baha'i

and the Eightfold Path. We added Rumi to our Goodreads,
Netflix'd Dalai Lama documentaries. We went with friends
to church and turned our mouths from wine and wafer,

our feet towards the door. We ached for the God
of the stars, the dynamo churning, turning us
from mere flesh and marrow, mere cartilage, turning us

greater, expansive, expanding, mechanical-electric and spinning
with the exhilaration of a cold winter night.

We sang loud in choir and felt our breath yearn

towards the singular, the becoming.

We backpacked cathedrals and stood in St. Peter's
with the choir humming in our lungs.

We saw Michelangelo in the Pietà and the holy
in the Pietà and the human in the Pietà. We asked
and were asked, *why care, if He is only human to you?*

as if human compassion were somehow less remarkable
than the compassionate divine, as if a mother's grief
were not, still, a mother's grief. We wondered

at the stone, its marrow, its maker.

Maybe this is how it is. The stone and the unseen
chisel, carving until the angel or the man

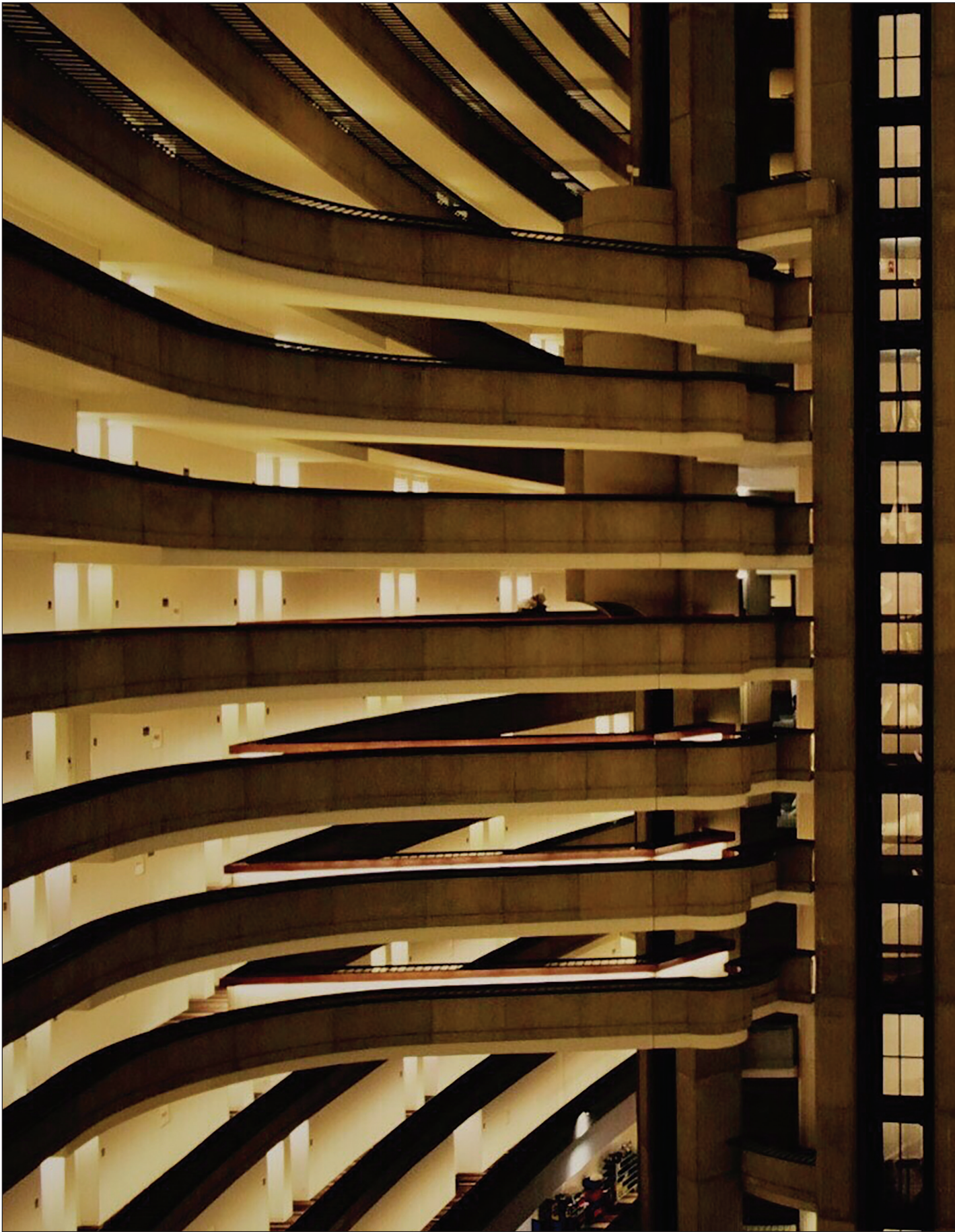
is set free. Maybe we are waiting for the marble
to be skimmed from our skin, for the dust
to clear our lungs. We wipe dust from our ribs

and see them pews. We go out and close
our books. We feel metal tap our crowns.

We stretch our hands and sing holy

to the stars, the sinners, the black holes ravenous
in the center of our galaxy. We sing to the strings
of the atoms that vibrate in our lungs.

We sing the choirs inside of us, praising the warmth
of the stone where hands just lay.





Marquis // Timothy Wooley

Crooked Lies

Miranda Heyman

I flicked the switch six times and locked the door seven times before I went and sat down, fighting the urge to go back and check them. I took a deep breath trying to concentrate on the computer at my desk. I had five pencils in a perfectly straight line to my left, and three yellow highlighters on my right.

One was crooked. Hands groped my heart, Jeanne, she was going to come. She was going to come now, like she did every night. I could fix this. I took a deep breath. Peering at it, I meticulously straightened it, trying not to let it bump into any of the other highlighters. I let out a sigh of relief; now that I fixed it, I could concentrate.

My fingers hovered over the keyboard. For the next hour.

I poured my milk into a measuring cup, watching over it. It had to be exactly two-thirds. Pouring it into the bowl, I added one cup of cereal next. I glanced over at the kitchen table. My twin sister, Jeanne, was already sitting down; she was sixteen, and three minutes older than me. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail with several bumps throughout it. Her hair was the type of brown that could almost be confused for gray. It lacked vibrancy; it lacked color. My parents were at the table for once, I thought as I sat down at the table to the left of my sister. I focused on the bowl of my cereal; the only thing I could hear was the splash of my spoon in my milk as I fished for three cheerios.

“Justin, stop playing with your food,” my mom said.

I peeked up at my parents. My mom was washing down her toast with a glass of red wine, and my father was typing away at his computer. I ignored her and found the three cheerios.

A cold hand dragged across my thigh. Without looking down, I imagined Jeanne’s hand. Her ragged bitten nails and dry, calloused fingers. She liked to play the guitar. She never did have to cut her nails to play; biting them did the trick for her.

Her hand inched closer, her fingers tiptoeing across my freshly pressed corduroy pants, slipping up and down the material. I needed to change my pants.

“Jeanne, how was your session with the counselor last night?” Dad asked without looking up. Jeanne had counseling sessions every Tuesday evening at 7:00.

She started going after my parents had left us for a week; my dad left for work, and I wasn’t sure about my mom. They had left enough money and a small note on the counter telling us only to use the money for food. We were okay

for the first few days. Two days before they got back, I came home from school thinking I'd walked into the wrong house.

It was hardly recognizable. Furniture was overturned, curtains torn down. Words that I couldn't focus on enough to read were gashed into the wall. My skin had begun to itch as I took everything in. I couldn't fix it; I couldn't fix it. The house was always neat, mainly because my parents liked to pretend that no one lived in it. The whole house was screaming for attention. Glass was splattered around the hardwood floor, crunching beneath my feet, reminding me of Jeanne when we were kids. She would grab a handful of potato chips, squeezing them in her fist, pulverizing them before pouring it into her mouth. She would always giggle at the expression on my face as I watched her.

I had taken the stairs two at the time. Had she touched my room? It was suddenly all I cared about. I didn't exist in the other parts of the house. No one would find me on a Sunday night watching movies on our 65" TV, nor was I making myself a midnight snack in the kitchen. I got a mini-fridge for my room years ago. I had already memorized my parents' credit card information. They didn't notice when the large package showed up.

My door was shut, not ajar like all the others that I had passed. This gave me hope. My chest squeezed like a metal clamp had closed on it. I turned the doorknob, opening it a crack; I didn't want to look.

I stepped into the room, my eyes pasted on the floor. Slowly, I lifted them, scanning the room for something wrong. The two blue pillows were placed exactly in the center of my bed, leaning slightly back against the headboard. The rug was perfectly straight; there were my five pencils and three highlighters. I walked closer; the pencil on the far left was tilted slightly too close to the pencil to the right. My breathing hitched, and I felt my fingers twitch. I resisted the urge to knock everything off of my desk and to start with a clean slate. She was going to come tonight, I knew it. I couldn't breathe; it felt like someone was pouring sand down my throat. It didn't mean anything. I could fix this and everything would be alright, I told myself. Slowly, I picked up the one pencil, placing it completely parallel to the other pencil.

I thought that my parents wouldn't even notice that anything was awry until they went to sit down, only to find the couch flipped over. For all I knew that's what happened. I was in my room when they came home. Headphones plugged in with Animal Planet playing at full volume. I didn't even know they were home until I felt my bed shaking at the pounding of their feet on the stairs. Slowly, I pulled off my headphones. They were calling for both of us. I didn't think that I had ever heard their voices so loud before. My dad's voice had reached a guttural level, coming from deep within his chest. He sort of sounded like the Terminator. The doorknob jiggled. I sighed as I got up to unlock the door.

My dad's lips were curled like a lion before it roars. His face was red like someone had covered his face in the wrong shade of blush. My mother stood next to him, looking only slightly flustered. A couple of hairs had escaped her tight bun.

"Justin, what happened?" he managed to say in a restricted voice.

“It wasn’t me,” I said, looking down at the floor.

“Your room hasn’t been touched.” They didn’t know about the pencil.

“Talk to Jeanne,” I said, turning my back to them, returning to my computer. I turned the volume back on trying to tune the rest of their words out.

That was three years ago now. My sister tried every move in her repertoire to try and get out of it. She faked sick, told my parents that she would fail school if they kept making her go, but nothing worked. My dad had my mom drive her there and pick her up after every session. I wondered if she ever talked about me.

Jeanne looked up at my dad.

“Fine, actually it was really productive last night; I think we made a big breakthrough.” She stirred her cereal a little too hard, splashing some milk on the table. I pictured her face, her pale upper lip raised slightly in the right-hand corner, morphing her face into something that I knew someone might find attractive.

“That’s good, honey,” he replied, clicking the mouse on his computer.

“The therapist was saying last night that they think I can stop soon. That I’ve reached a point where there can be no more improvement.” I wondered if this was true; her hand squeezed tighter on my thigh, getting closer.

My father looked up from his computer, and her hands disappeared back into her own lap. I wanted to leave the table; I needed another shower. I needed to change my pants, maybe to khakis. Only the repercussions of leaving the table now stopped me. “We’ve talked about this. It doesn’t matter what the therapist says, even if she did say that you’re going to therapy until you turn eighteen. After your behavior...”

“That was years ago! Justin doesn’t have to go to therapy!” I felt my parents’ eyes turn to me, something that I wasn’t used to.

My mother piped in.

“That’s because Justin hasn’t done anything wrong.” Jeanne looked at me and then at my parents. Her typically gray eyes looked blue, and I knew what she was about to do.

She burst into tears. I watched her shoulders heave as she put her whole body into it. I couldn’t stand it any longer; I needed to take a shower. I left the room; I had to stop myself from running up the stairs. I heard my name through her sobs. I didn’t want to know what she was saying about me.

The second I reached the bathroom, I turned on the water. At first it trickled out like a small brook. I turned it up. It burst like a dam.

I walked down the stairs; I had decided to change more than my pants. I had switched to a pair of tan khakis with

a green and white striped polo, perfectly clean. I had taken the time to blow-dry my hair so that it didn't drip onto the back of my shirt.

When I looked up, my parents were facing me at the bottom of the staircase. Jeanne stood behind them, her face streaked with tears, like a car that had been washed by rain. She whimpered quietly.

"Jeanne, go up to your room." She slid past them, her back and shoulders hunched trying to appear meek as she passed me on the stairs. What had she told them?

"We know what you've been doing to Jeanne." My father looked at me like I was asking for money on the side of the street. My mom had brought her glass of wine over with her from the table and took a big gulp. She always took small sips, maybe to disguise how much she was actually drinking.

Jeanne was staying in a hotel with my mom. I was home alone with my dad. They didn't believe me. They didn't believe a word I said. I wished that there was proof. Some mark that she had left on my body. But it was all washed away. Only her word mattered. They didn't know what to do with me. They yelled at me for what "I" did. They yelled at me for lying about it. They begged me to tell them why. They yelled at each other, "How could we have let this happen? Why didn't we notice?"

They refused to take me to the police. It would become public. Once my mom left, my dad stopped talking to me. He was either at work or in the living room. He turned the volume up all the way. The Mets were losing.

I heard my dad late at night on the phone talking to my mom. They didn't know what to do. They had already taken away every form of entertainment I owned, leaving me with my school books. I was grounded, no after school activities, just me and my room. They didn't know what to do with me and I had given up on trying to get them to believe me. It was pointless.

They took me to therapy. My dad drove me there and left me in the waiting room. They had a couch, which I thought was interesting, more homey. Different from the standard armchairs of doctor's office. There were a few magazines, and I flipped through them, flashes of pink and white dancing before my eyes. The door opened and the doctor gestured for me to enter. I put the magazine back, straightening the pile before I entered.

There was another couch in the office, and the doctor, Dr. Tupps, was sitting in a cracked, brown leather rolling chair. His hair was a deep honey brown. It looked a little wet, like someone had dipped the ends of his hair in syrup.

"Justin, how are you today?"



A Cold Blooming Fire // Graham Widmann

Hell: A Riddle

Emory R. Frie

Headless cap

discarded

Hazel cup

emptied

Half of Barrie's kiss

Heist:

shell robbed of pearl

Hastily left

behind

Heart torn

in 2

Hell: forever separated

from what makes you whole

Heal Me

Jenna Johnson

Falling deep into a part of myself
I've never opened,
or let run wild
this twisted part of my brain
I would never invite you into
flannel sheets,
and morning coffee in bed with you.
We can keep it all a secret,
under the grace of God,
if you want to call it that.
Wrap me in your whispers and gentleness,
intimacy I never would've known
you were existing
without me, and what
a gift that our paths crossed
in light and tucked into darkness.
I can still praise God
from between our sheets,
and in the middle of the night
you sweep my hair out of my face,
the warmest gesture I've ever known
you would be the one to heal me,
hand me morning coffee as a promise
in a different life with you.



Deus Vult // Destiny Witt

Journey to Fullfillment

Victoria Mashburn

You look up as the fruit bat clock on your office wall strikes noon. Time for lunch, which today is frog's eyes with sweetened condensed milk, delivered to you via teleportation. The menu is not as odd as it usually is, but you are not sure that you should try to pick out a pattern just yet. After all, normal is a setting on an appliance, and that phrase is taken to heart at your new job, where you work in a supply closet with a brass plate above the door labeled 'Office 307: Miscellaneous.'

As you eat, you look around the room, thinking about just how accurate that engraving is. On the east wall, there are jars of viscera and vials of congealed blood dating all the way back to the 1940s. On the west wall, there are employee manuals in every language currently known to man, bound, of course, in the skin of a native from the country of the language's origin. As is custom, the skins were acquired humanely and with the family's permission, as they still are today. Accompanying those are Playbills from plays that have not been written yet, thanks to Felix, who had unfortunately broken the company time machine and made management upset enough that it would not replace it any time soon. Finally, on the south wall, there are typical office supplies. Bins upon bins lined the shelves, filled with such things as sticky notes, fountain pens, regular paper clips, jumbo paper clips, and chargers for the company phonographs.

Your work space is on the north wall, which you find ironic. Though a compass points due north whenever one is trying to find the right direction, you have no idea in which direction you are meant to go, especially not here. While you were hired by your current employer for a job, and you signed a contract, you do not know what you are meant to do, nor do you know what the company does. It seems that every department and worker gives themselves a title, so you have decided to do the same. As of today, you are the Miscellaneous Services Coordinator.

As you are making a note to get your title engraved on an official placard for your desk, the company president walks into your office, their bowl being carried by one of the many glass-eyed interns. You knew coming in that the president was an androgynous betta fish, but it still unsettles you a bit when you see them speaking through the intern. Today, they need you to seek out Office 308, which does not appear to exist. In fact, the office numbering stops at yours, then begins again at Office 328, making a total of twenty-one consecutive non-existent offices. The spirits in the break room tell of those offices existing but being moved to a higher plane of existence when Violet Sbara, former communications liason, sent them there via a very powerful sneeze. You accept the assignment, after which the president takes you 42 floors down to the sub-basement level of the building. They cough up a miniscule key, which the intern scoops from the bowl and hands to you. You go up to the only door on the floor, letting the attached device scan your

key in the corresponding slot.

Hesitating only for a fraction of a second, you pass through the doorway. The darkness surrounding you is impossibly pure. The only way you know that you are blinking is by the pull of the muscles in your eyelids. You hear shuffling, then a dim pinprick of light illuminates the void.

As you reorient yourself, the light drifts closer, no brighter than a candle flame and no larger than a golf ball. Through a series of howls and shrieks, it conveys that you are meant to follow it. You turn to look back, but the president is gone and the door has disappeared. You swallow the terror that threatens to consume you and follow the light as instructed. You are unsure as to how far you walk, nor how long it takes you to do so.

The light eventually stops at an outline of what appears to be another door. You wipe off some of the grime to reveal a plate labeled 'Office 308: Prophecy and Ritualistic Services.' You wipe your hand on the wall, jumping as you hear a knock from within. The light flickers, and you hear a click. Gathering your courage, you push the door open and enter. Behind you, the light goes out.

Another light comes to life, this one a brilliant red. A black two-headed cobra appears in front of you, its eighteen-foot frame a sight to behold. Upon seeing you, the heads stare at you for a moment, turn to each other, and nod in agreement.

The cobra hands you a woven basket with an elaborate ceremonial dagger, a quart jar full of its venom, and a plain pewter goblet. The head on the left explains that, since it cannot have any children of its own, an individual must be chosen via prophecy to take over their duties when the time is right, and you are that individual. The head on the right adds that you have no choice but to accept, and that you must complete the ceremony at that very moment.

You are understandably numb and confused at this point. However, you realize that it is ideal, and thoughtful in a way. You never knew your family, and you are not interested in anyone, nor will you ever be. Up until now, you had decided to keep your options open in case you were to change your mind, but you no longer see a point in doing that. You kneel and take the dagger, filling the goblet halfway with the blood that you force to flow from your hand. You fill the goblet the rest of the way with the venom. The mixture is bitter and it makes you feel a bit dizzy. Once you drain the goblet, you sit down, feeling faint. You are instructed to let it happen as the cobra curls itself around your vulnerable, listless body.

You wake up in your office, leaving a spot of drool on your desk. Blinking rapidly, you look up at the clock. It has only been five minutes since the president entered your office. Next to you is the basket, and in the basket are the same three items, impeccably clean. There is also a slip of paper, something that was not in there before. Reading the message, you feel warm and cold all at once.

‘Until next time, sweet morsel.’

You turn the paper over, observing that it came from Office 308. You run to the mirror, finding that your bond to the otherworldly snake has altered your eyes to match the one whom you will eventually succeed.

You sigh and look once again at the clock. Four more hours until you are allowed to return home. You sit at your desk once more. You are still unsure as to what you are to do in this moment, but you are comforted by the fact that you now know what your purpose is in the future.

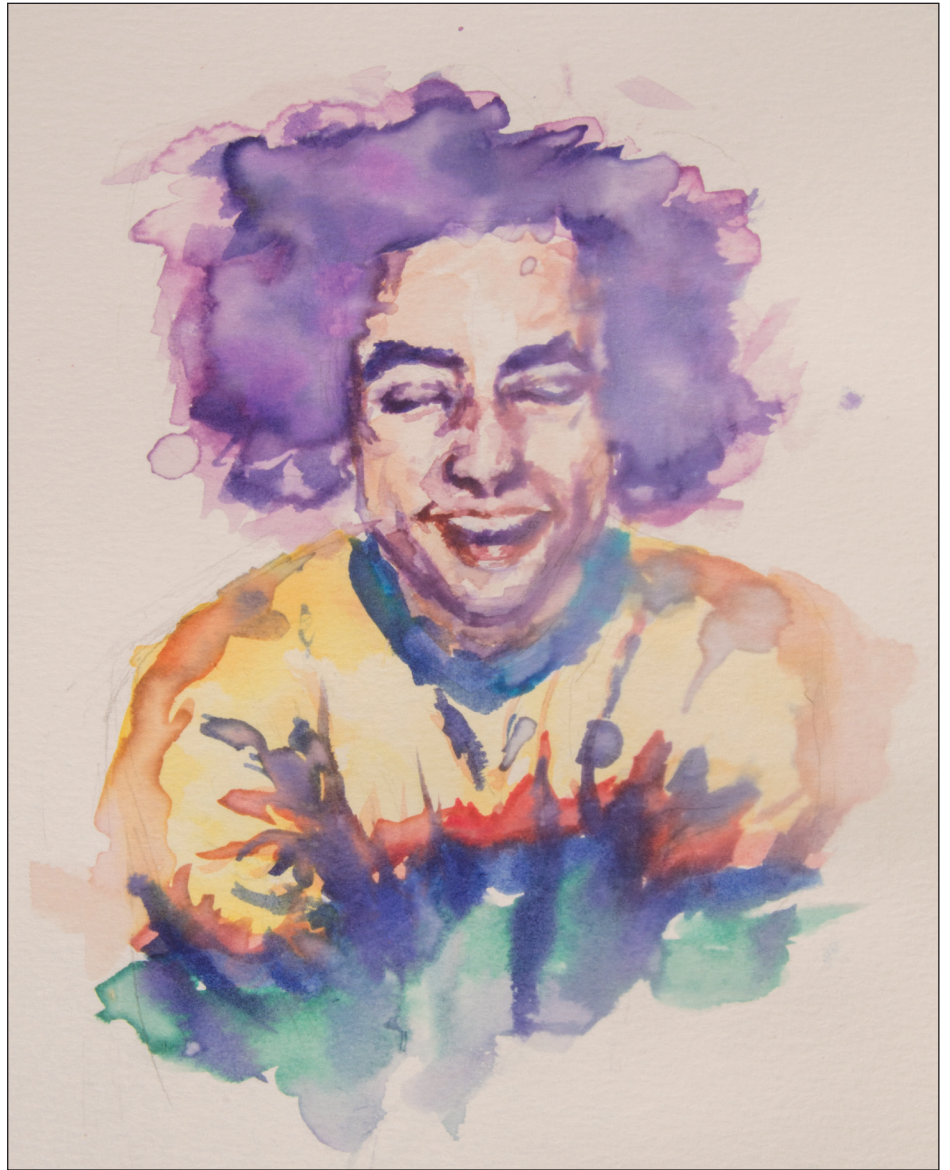


Anything For You, Brother // Katelyn Sweeney

Grocery List (3/23/17)

Jack Padgett

Pringles,
Bananas,
Peanut Butter,
Thumbtacks,
Salt,
Loose-leaf paper,
Streamers,
Cake mix (devil's food),
A John Green novel,
Happiness for another,
Some sort of affirmation,
That I'm doing,
Something right,
Because I don't know,
If I am,
I think I am,
But I don't know if I am,
Eggs,
Ritz crackers (round ones),
Cereal,
Plastic cutlery,
My husband,
Says he loves me,
I know he loves me,
But what if,
He doesn't,
Dry shampoo,



Purple // Erin Shetler

My mind is a dangerous,
Place,
Because it's easy,
To get lost,
In there,
Orange juice,
Babybels,
Paper plates,
What if I left it,
All behind,
I wouldn't be missed,
But I would,
He would miss me,
Right,
I'd miss myself,
I'd miss my life,
But is it even a life,
At all,
Cooking spray,
They're staring at me,
They're all staring at me,
This shirt has,
A hole in it,
I knew I shouldn't have,
Put it on in the,
First place,
But I pretended,
Like I didn't care,
But I do,

I do, I do care,
I care about it all,
I care about him,
But does he care,
About me,
Lays (family size),
Bacon,
Is it all,
A ruse,
A cleverly constructed,
Game,
But I guess I'll,
Shut up and do,
What I came here,
To do,
Grapes,
Tablecloth,
Paper letters (T, Y, L, E, and R),
Wrapping paper,
Tape,
And probably a candy bar



One Glad Evening // Jessica Cannon

Clouds

Jamo Filston

Clouds on the ground.

That is all fog is.

A friend once told me that she didn't believe that.

Maybe she knew more than I:

All fog is swirling patterns of pale pearl

carefree and light as air

like vaporized mystery,

a plane for games of peek-a-boo

with dark ominous shapes -

hides the world

until you can't see the steps ahead.

All fog is a dirty curtain

that is as likely to reveal something beautifully unexpected

as hide the tragic path of speeding cars until a muffled crash

makes its way through the bright gloom.

Sometimes fog is a reflection of my thoughts

overflowing, so all I see

are glimpses of ideas and feelings -

moving too fast -

until it seems that everything is swirling out of control

and will fall to scattered pieces in the darkness

ABOUT US

Ramifications is a 32-page arts and literary magazine. We showcase student talent through our publication and strive to reflect the Berry community through our selections. We have been publishing our magazine for over 50 years, including genres such as poetry, fiction, non-fiction, essays, musical compositions, drama, and all types of visual art.

REVIEW PROCESS

All submissions are compiled into one anonymous word document and given to staff members to vote on. Staff will vote on a scale of 1 to 5 and submit their scores to the Editor-in-Chief. From there, the Editor-in-Chief tallies the votes and presents them to the staff during a selection meeting. The highest voted pieces are discussed and final selections are made.

Editor-in-Chief's Note



I would like to thank, first, my staff for working diligently to help create a space that showcases Berry's student talent. We have created a beautiful magazine packed with pieces that we hope you, the reader, will be moved by just as much as we are. Secondly, I would like to thank the wonderful writers and artists who we are publishing. We recieved more submissions this year, particularly in art, than we have in all of my four years working for this magazine, and I am thrilled. Keep it up. Finally, I want to thank our readers for helping us keep our love of the arts alive. We want to spread our passion to everyone who will give us a minute of their time, and we hope that you will share this magazine with friends and family or perhaps leave a copy on a bus for a stranger to pick up. Next semester, my last semester before I graduate, we will be bringing RAM back bigger than ever, keep an eye out.

Darian Kuxhouse

Meet the Staff



Graphic Design & Art Editor
Graham Widmann



Siobhan Mulligan



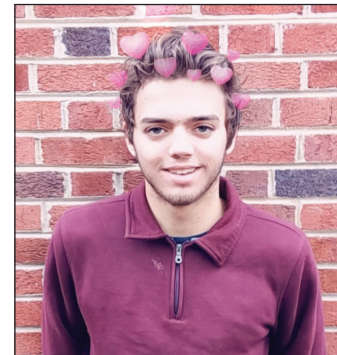
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