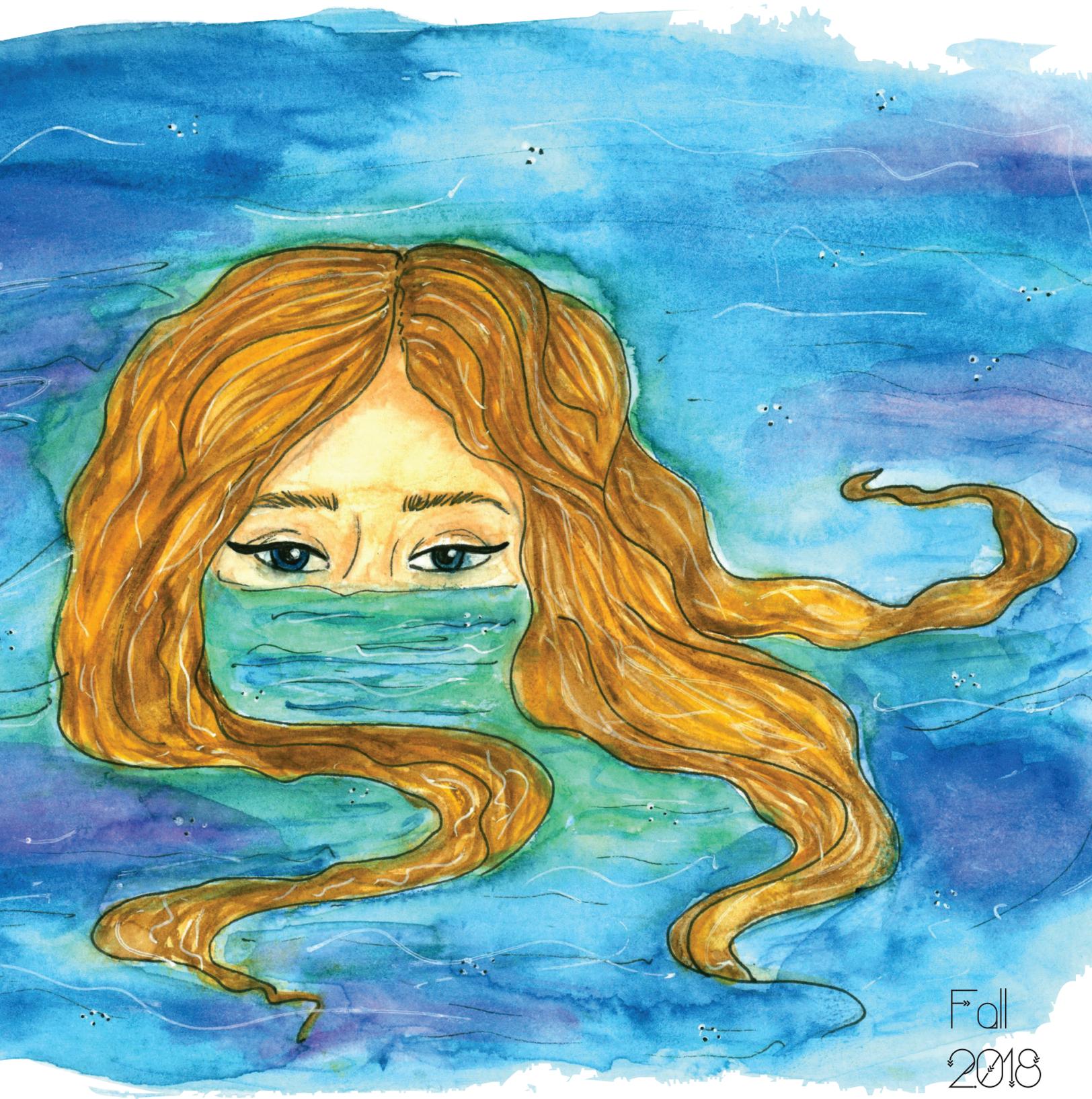


Rannifications

Berry College Art & Literary Magazine



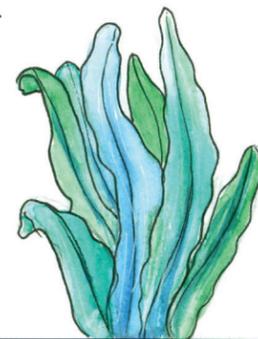
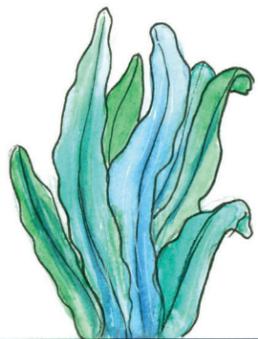
Fall
2018

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RAMIFICATIONS

Art & Literary Magazine

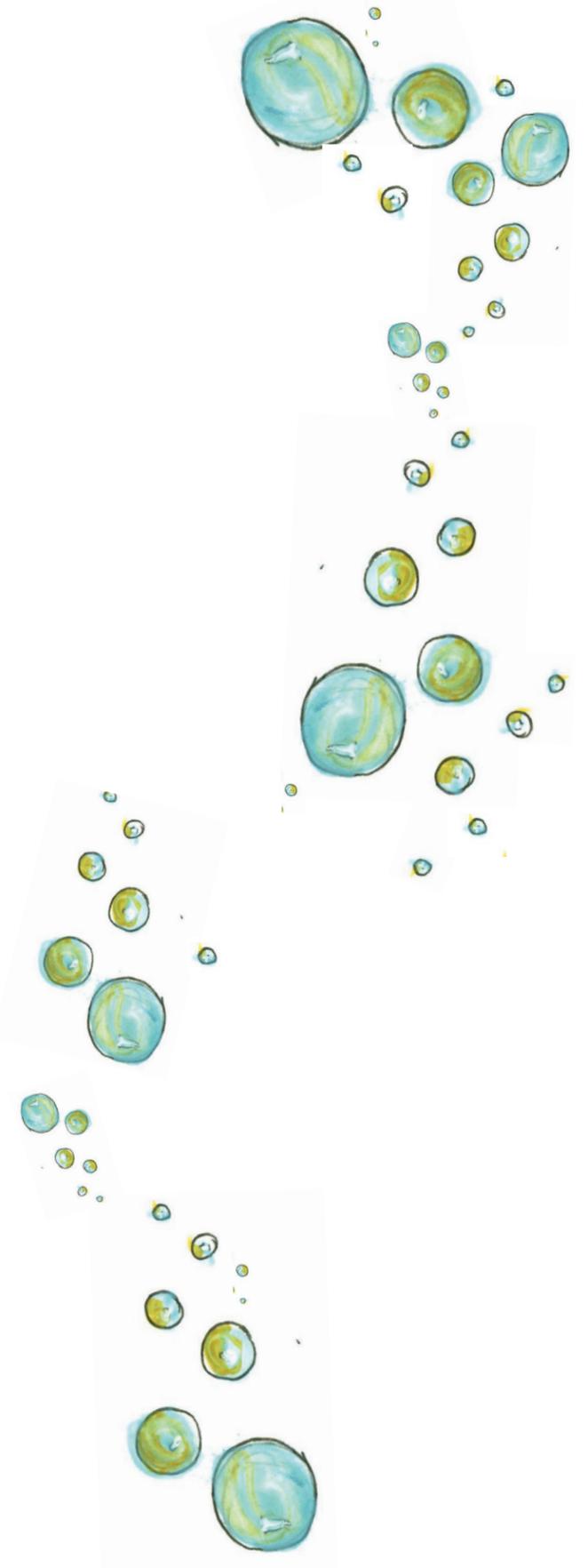


Slow Day at the Internet Café

Kathleen Minor

It occurred to me
in buffering meditative silence,
under eye of café Jesus candle,
that Lucifer was a poet
(don't ask me why),
so perhaps the faint yet perpetual anxiety
I feel in the eye of
prism-stained colossus,
is justified.
Oh Sophia, oh Peter,
both beautiful and daunting
for if Bearer of Light
could rule hell
Bearer of Irreligious Poetry
has no chance.
So perhaps this "forced" abnegation,
separation, annexation,
un-medicated mental illness
with touch of insomnia,
call it what you will,
must be somewhat fitting
and justified,
as anxiety in the eye of
Señorita Libertad
is justified:
(v.) just, to justify,
to administer justice,
to declare or make righteous
in the sight of God,
like welcoming token
swinging under highway bridge,
like ravine-filler
in Babi Yar,
like charcoal
in Birkenau
is justified,

for I'm told the authority that exists
has been established by God
and rebellion is to
bring down judgment:
(n.) a decision of a court or judge
of character, separation
of church and state
of mind
and children.
I wonder if the children
in hell, Virgil led someplace else,
with the poets perhaps,
and Dante skipped over that circle,
right between wrath and heresy,
to give his friends a more private retirement
and Divine Comedy is
comedic by omission:
(n.) a group of words
or people, unwanted
a failure to act
by legal obligation
or morality.
Though why wonder when I could ask
Dante himself, or Virgil for that matter,
or maybe Whitman, or Ginsberg,
or Lennon
when I join them in Lucifer's haven,
indie coffee shop maybe,
much like this one
us all workshoping while we munch
on pomegranate seeds like popcorn,
Dylan records scratching somewhere
in the flame-lit background,
or perhaps just my brain will join
since I likely won't qualify
while God knows my brain belongs
if it's not there already,
for it won't shut up
and it feels like purgatory



when I stumble inside it
off guard or avant-garde,
thinking it will lend me something
to shock and provoke thought
and make jaws drop
while mine cocks
dénouement on the mind plots
til the brakes lock
façade drops
story stops
and lines rot
then here I'll sit again,
self-segregated,
probably self-medicated
(by this I mean vodka),
writing bad poetry with Candle Jesus,
waiting for Netflix to buffer.



Hands at Work // *Bailey Albertson*

On the Absence of Velvet

Jordan Zambito

The colors became monochromatic
in this hazy absence.

Static in the breeze,
no midnight or daylight.
Lightening bugs ghost through
appearing as the unappealing fly.

A twilight zone
of falsely lighted pleasantries,
all drowning calmly
in the absence of velvet.

In the absence of velvet
all screens rot to silver.
Tangled in these long-lost abandonments
and frosted in paper snow.
Under the layers of static
far before that lonely buzz,
bright eyed sirens,
youthful calloused hands,
both found in red tint
during the brief presence of velvet.

In the absence of Velvet
cardboard cars
coast across plastic highways.
While the strings above
hang the moon and stars
Setting the stage.
Bleeding out the credibility
of the authentic dreamscape.
Saddened masses sigh, shuffle, and wait
For the potential return of velvet.



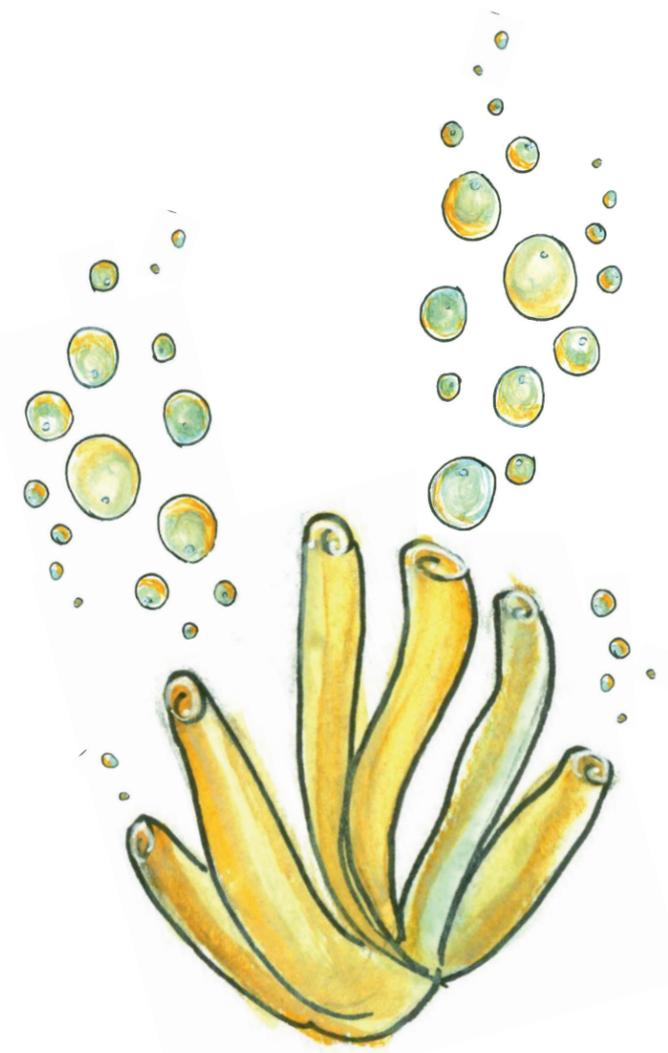
Adam

Matt Smith

What a curious blue he is,
whose stars beg me to come deeper,
whose endless bounds govern my existence.
How am I to be sought by Him?

I am a bird who's always flown high,
seeing the ground at a distance, as a whole,
weeping at the barrenness I see there.
If you looked from here, you would weep too.
I stay close to the portrait that exists but wasn't painted.
I admire every brushstroke.
They are the ground and the sky,
and the closer I look, the deeper they beckon.
The stars whisper for me to look closer
so that I might find myself wanting.
The ground, however, tells me also to look closer,
but to look critically, so that I might not care for its depth.

You, though, are a bird that flies low,
far from the canvassed sky.
You see only the fine details of the world,
and they seem to satisfy
or (more appropriately) distract you.
You weep, but you don't know why.
If I flew through the same wasteland as you,
I would weep too
The ground has made you ignorant to the stars' begging,
and you mistake that ignorance for a lack of existence,
not of you, but of the depth of the sky that you see so broadly.
But what if the sky were as deep as it is?



Fly with me into the night where the stars call so desperately.
We will follow either those calls
or the blind faith by which we hear them
We will discover whether it ends at its beginning as you say it does,
or its end is just as nonexistent as its beginning has ever been.
Seek and weep with me.
How we are sought.



Diving

Ellie Harmon

I could imagine it would be just like swimming in the ocean. It would be like watching the bubbling waves circle around my fluid arms and swallow my essence whole. The feeling of such freedom. Like there is nothing that could possibly drown you. Where even your lungs are full of clouds. There you are, suspended like a folded paper bird on a kindergartener's mobile, rotating around, slowly, and never finding an end. You are falling with style, with a gift-wrapped parachute, nonetheless. For a moment, you are no longer a puppet. For a moment, you are no longer controlled by anything above you, or below you. For a moment, you can breathe as deeply as you feel and you can feel as deeply as you exist.

I could imagine this feeling of eternal suspense as being like swimming in the largest body of water known to man. Oceans born of oceans. Fishes housed in seaweeds—for as far as the eye can see and as far as the mind takes the time to imagine. But with even as much breath as I could picture, I told myself that this experience would be even better than assuming the personality of a driftwood. You see, in the ocean, I might snag my foot on a rock or a sea urchin if I got too close to the coral prickles on the floor. I might make a permanent razor scratch along the top of my foot from beating my legs too hard on a sea tumor as I try to tread enough water to stay buoyant. But up there, where the feeling of liberty cohabits with the exhilaration of danger, up there where the floating birds live, nothing can ever hurt.

The aircraft hangar was our dock. Where we could sit, watching the waves of anxiety lap at the stable shore. It was as vast and as empty as the entirety of existence. These thick, strong, metal bars held the metal plates above us. It was an enormous warehouse, like a Walmart for giants, meant to contain these small planes that would release people into the adventure of their lives, like they were just jumping into a canoe and sailing straight downward. A vertical adventure, with only one task—to pull a string.

My fiancé Will told me on the day that he met me that he might like to be one of those buffoons that goes up into a plane to be dropped on the edge of oblivion. He said that it was something he wanted to do since he was a kid. I told him he was completely senseless and wild. But, I guess the joke was on me. In the end, it was this senselessness and foolish taste for adventure that convinced me to marry him, and so I decided almost two months before our big day that it would be a good experience after all to jump out of a plane before writing his last name with my first name on a piece of paper.

Will gave a nod to the worker at the front desk. It was his way of showing respect and acknowledgement to people that he felt were doing good work. Our desk attendant was a skinny red-haired college student. He walked around the front of the desk to pull my harness tight, looking at all of the bells and whistles to ensure that everything was in place. He responded to my very obviously panic-infused question with a mellow sort of stoner voice: "I'm sorry Ma'am, I should know exact numbers, but I know that it is significantly less than one percent."

"Just relaaax, Tiff," Will, planted his hand on my shoulder with a soft grip. You relax—buddy. My eyes narrowed playfully.

I looked at the straps nestled around my body. A fake sense of security swept up over my skin. I mean, people do this all the time, and what is there to worry about? Less than one percent? It's more likely I would die in a car accident than not have my parachute inflate. I knew for a fact that I was just talking around the subject. That is the problem with adrenaline junkies like my fiancé, they believe in their hearts that they are going to die, and they can face it with such beautiful certainty. I wished in that moment that I had that awareness of audacity.

Will gave me a wink with that sparkling diamond flash in his emerald gaze. He smiled his most giddy smile and said the three words you are always supposed to say before you leave someone alone. It was a little habit of ours to always say goodbye and I love you and all of those necessary things. Although, I would say that this is more for my benefit than for his. I always make a point to have things closed and sealed, taped up and put neatly away. Just in case something were to happen. It is a side-effect of being an altruist. Will, however, doesn't mind a little mess of emotions or a few unsaid words. That is a side-effect of being a daydreamer. Whereas I wouldn't dare try to leave someone with something as un-heartfelt as an "I love you" tackily slapped together last minute, he believes in a more clandestine sense of sentiment, where the affections themselves hold such a density that doesn't need passing acknowledgement to be valid. Maybe that's just what I adore about him. He never really needed much from me other than to feel hopelessly devoted. But I shouldn't get carried away with myself. We can save all that gush for after the wedding, when we have been advised that we will certainly need it.

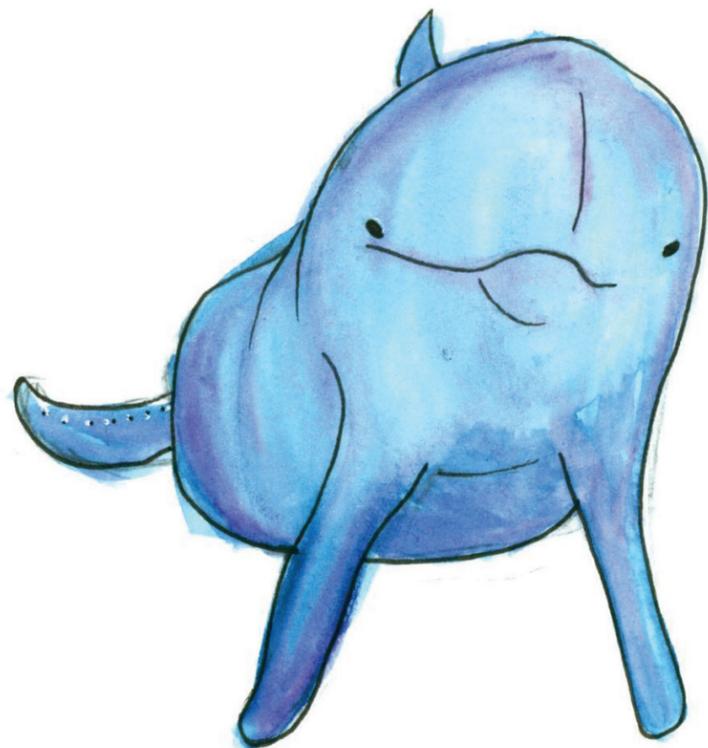
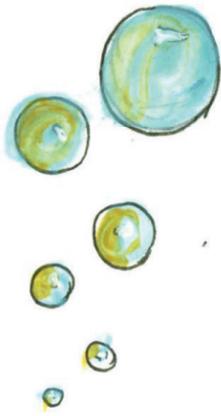
He reached for my hand like a middle schooler trying to figure out what his mom would deem appropriate. I could tell that he was just trying to make sure that I felt okay about the whole situation. I like to know how things are going to end up and I don't like to feel the heavy pounds of uncertainty before I am about to do something ridiculous. I knew that Will loved me, and I knew that he wouldn't put me into any situation that he didn't believe on his life would be a safe decision. That is what that skinny red-head told us after all. Less than one percent. Part of me still wondered why I was still freaking out in the first place.

We climbed into the plane and chatted a little with the pilot. He told us to 'be safe' like he was a grandfather trying to teach a sex-ed class he didn't believe in. Will put his arm around me as the craft hiked higher and higher into the cloud-infested blue. We leveled off and I felt immediately the sensation of "this is it." I wondered to myself if walking down the aisle would produce this kind of anxiety. I thanked God that I could experience something like this before I made such

a mammoth legal decision as signing my name on a marriage license. I toyed with my diamond and the man told us to stand and get ready.

Head down and jump straight. You are going to roll. It won't hurt, all you are touching is air. Count sixty seconds, and pull this cord here.

I nodded to show that I understood what he was saying. Will kissed me on the mouth. A sensation came over me that made my stomach squeal with butterfly kisses and my fingers tingle with the voltage of a secluded log cabin catching electricity for the first time in years. The air was screaming with engines and wind, so he mouthed "I love you babe" as best as he could. He squeezed my hand a last time and silently fell out of the plane. With a pint of boldness, he drank in his dreams, and I tried to follow him with as much bravery as I



could conjure.

The freedom was instantaneous. Only a moment had passed, but this warm calming breeze of energy pushed itself into my body and I breathed in so full, as if I had just discovered two open nostrils after a fit of pollen-season sneezes in the night. I closed my eyes and began counting. I was sure that there was nothing beyond this moment. There was nothing beyond falling from a plane, singularly re-entering the world. I was a comet, falling towards the subterranean cornfields. If it had not been daytime, maybe the children would have wished upon me from their cozy laced-up beds. Maybe they would have secretly told their friends about their innocent desires. I maybe could get them a pony, or a kiss from a boy, or the whole family together for Christmas. The smell of power encapsulated my muscles. I was a flying fish. I was a falling star.

Will opened his parachute to reveal bright green stripes surrounded by tea-colored swirls. I could only imagine what kind of flips and tricks he would tell me about when we reached the ground. I felt like the boring one—again—as I had only decided to fall instead of take full advantage of this once in a lifetime drop. I decided to myself that I had quite enough time falling and I reached backwards to pull my lifeline.

Jackson Wartel was a troubled boy. His history of mental illness and desire to wreak havoc on society only manifested itself one time. His father was not a dad and his stepmother was not a person, and so it had come to a point where he just wanted someone to pay attention to him. He was delivering his load to the skydiver's club downtown—a full set of brand-new-federally-marked-safe-parachutes. He pulled out the knife from his pocket. A small Swiss Army knife, and he ripped into the seams of a single parachute. Tampering. That is what they might charge him with. Just a bit of fun for a troubled boy now grown into a psychotic specimen. He would turn himself in after he heard about the news story. He would march right up to the asylum and ask for help for his issues. That didn't mean that he didn't want to regret at least one thing in his sad little life. He needed to control something. He needed to be heard. He slashed a hole into one of the packages. Just big enough to set fire to the Earth. He was going to ruin someone's life. He was going to ruin many lives. It was that kind of thought that made him feel this sense of revenge. Finally, his father would listen to him. Finally, his father would notice him instead of Tracy, or Maria, or Yelania, or Penny. He ripped apart the veins of strong woven fabric. Someone would have a terrible day too. He was going to see a counselor tonight.

I pulled the bungee-like rope with as much force as my little biceps could create. I felt a weight leave the pack against my shoulder blades. It opened full and bright above me. Perhaps a little too bright. Why was the sun shining through the chute? Is that what it is supposed to look like?

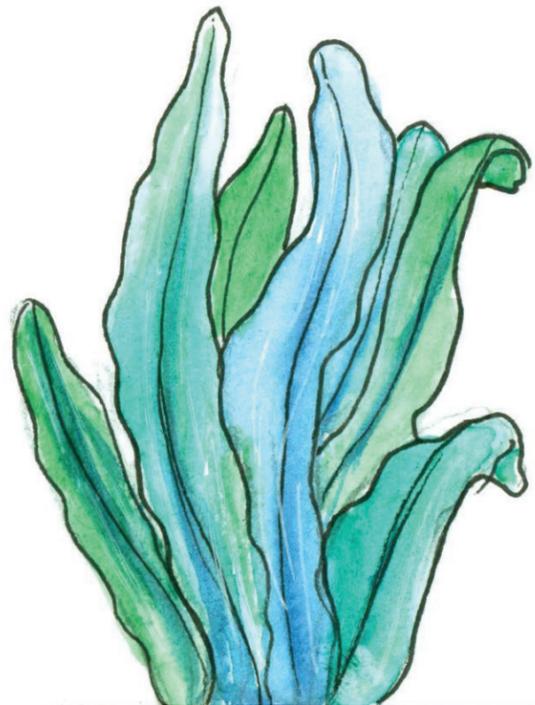
I noticed a gaping hole, cut wide into my salvation. My mind scrambled for the alternative solution. What had that red-head kid said? A reserve? A reserve? I felt for the other string, suddenly becoming hyper-aware that this was wrong. So, so wrong. So very, very wrong. This was wrong. This was wrong. This was wrong.

I pulled the other rope with a striking adrenaline that even would have surprised my future husband. It inflated like a jellyfish and put my mind at ease.

No.

Why is there still sunlight?

Where did these holes come from?
I have three minutes before I am attacked by the Earth.



Bubblegum // Kathleen Minor

The Hunt

Jacob Pritchett

When we were younger
and the twilights lasted longer
and the shadows of the trees
became beasts and spirits,

a farm house was our kingdom:
our ward against the demons,
stretching across rolling fields
lined by pines, dark warriors.

Some nights smelled of fires.
We gazed upon the embers;
the shadows retreated to the forest
and stared eyeless, envious.

Others smelled like carnage,
like the night you came of age.
You brought in your first kill,
your face stained red, innocent.

Blood washed away in the river
on summer days hot as a fever.
Cleanse the blood from your face.
I'll cleanse the mud from mine.

Those nights were enchanting
as we charged the darkness, sprinting
to the safety of the fire
at the bottom of the hill.

But those nights were haunted.
In the darkness we were hunted
by something ancient stretching
across the darkened field.

Wait and watch a doe,
the night waits and watches you.
Hold your trigger before the sun
goes down, while all is quiet.

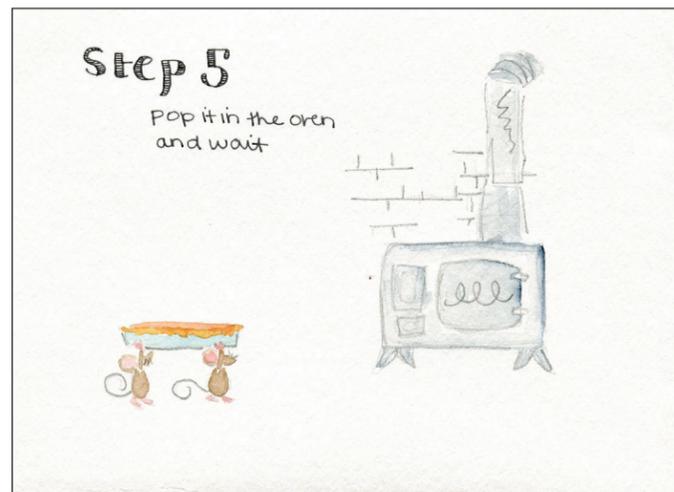
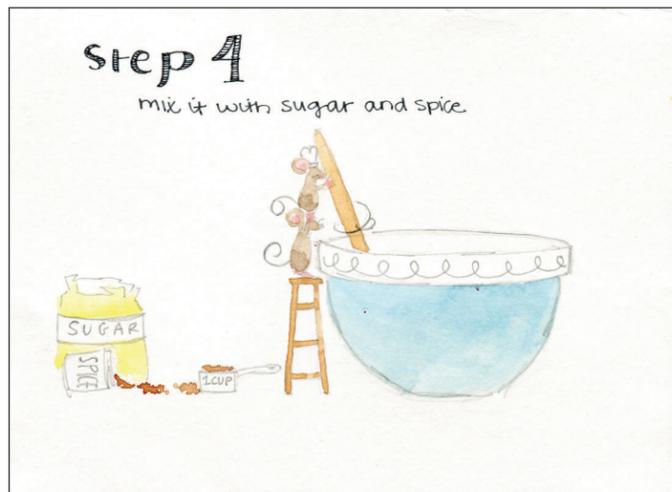
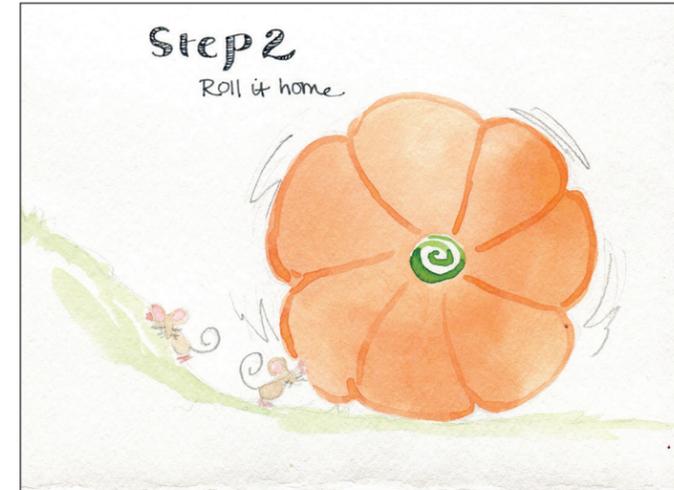
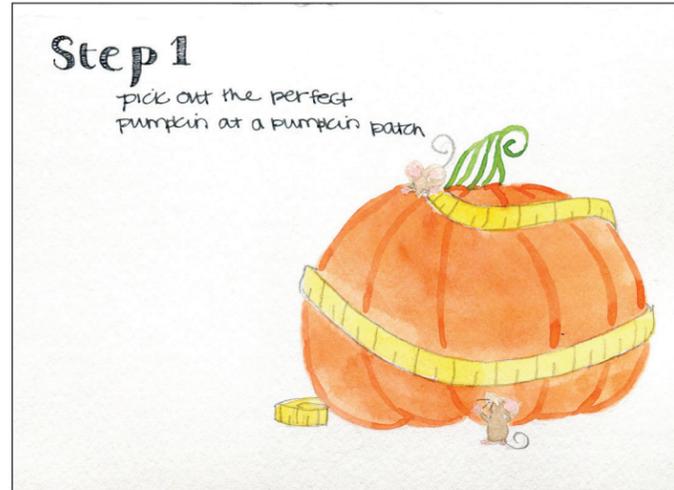
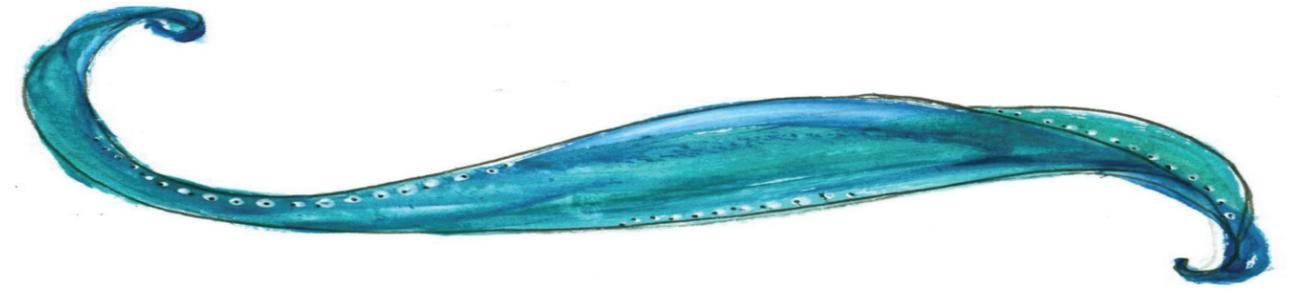
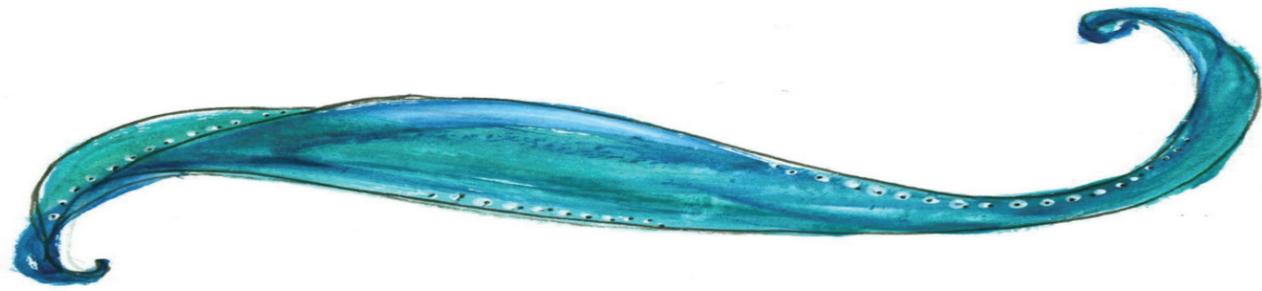
Hold still.

The doe can hear you moving
but the night is coming, sweeping:
a scythe across grain from
a field forsaken by daylight.

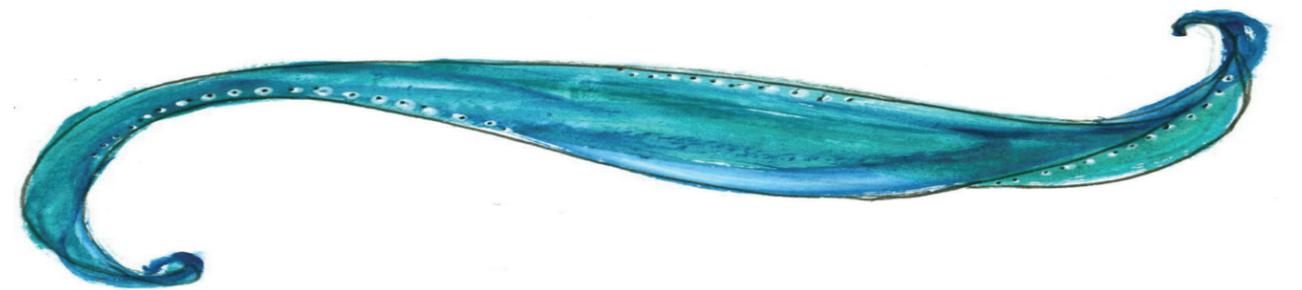
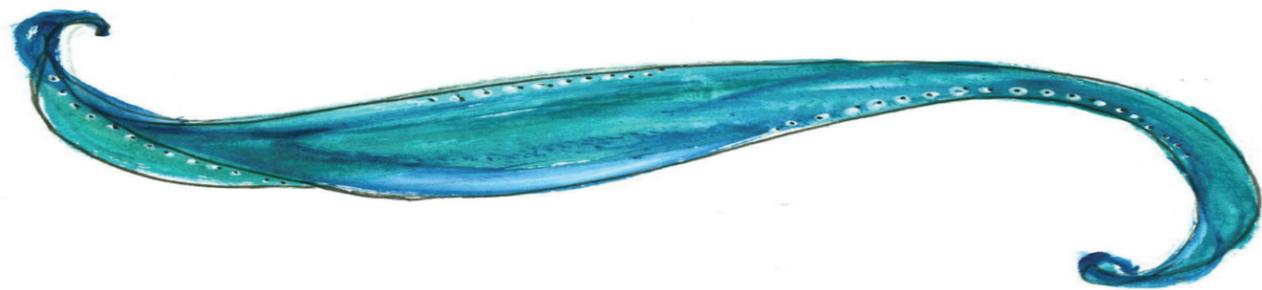
Fire, light the fire, escape the—
—darkness is an ancient spirit
warded off by fire—
Don't breathe or the doe will hear you.
Don't run or the unknown will find you.
Don't keep me waiting.

Fire.





How To Make The Perfect Pumpkin Pie // Mary Thraikill



Thanksgiving, 1945

Hannah Aaron

He returns to her
wishbone brittle, already pulled apart.
Already the smaller piece.
His ribs are the ivory keys
of a piano, ebony
hollows in between.

Her fingers play across them
to his metronome breath, press
the scars, the phantom stitches.
Dance away from the inflamed
incision—the doctors
can't seem to whip the infection.

A symphony whirls
in his head of screams
and prayers and
whirring plane engines,
of the panicked
bird call of sirens.

His blue jay eyes
are mourning doves now.
They light upon the space
just beyond her shoulder
and her hands wrap
the bandages back around

him, trace
across his face, along
the trench-lines cut
by sweat and worry and
Is this it? Is it now?
Is it now? Now? Now?

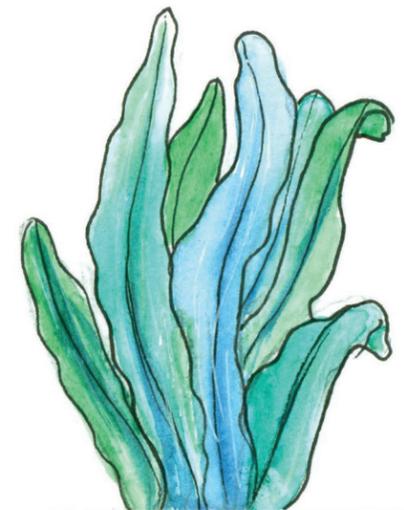
She tries to tourniquet
his thoughts, too, tries
to stem the flow
of *It should have been me but*
it wasn't and I'm glad
it wasn't but it should have been me.

She warbles to him of Lady Luck,
of Uncle Sam, of Eisenhower.
His lips crack a smile
of feathers and talons. Words
grow wings in his mouth,
flap against his tongue,

burst sparrow-like from him.
He tells her that fear
feels like lice, that lice
feel like lice, that everything
feels like lice out there.
Parasitic. Swarming.

Tells her German bullets
cry Du! Du! Du!
Tells her...tells her...tells her...
He is a cornucopia spilling
over with a soldier's harvest.
She pats his gauzy chest,

runs fingers through his hair,
reminds him he is home.
Pulls him to his feet,
leads him to the table.
Turkey, she says.
All the fixings.



Look For Her

Jack Padgett

with a head full of storms
and lightning in her fingers,
she shuts the door.

she told him once, “i want to fill myself with rainbows,” and he said nothing, and so she will, from october-colored cylinders while he watches from his lay-z boy, never speaking, only crying tears that gather in his splayed palms like marbles because She’s dead, and even though the space beside him is occupied day in, day out, it’s not enough, and so she’ll go where She is, because heartache is no place for a saint and church bells sound like her Mother’s screams.

with a chest full of gnats
and spearmint beneath his tongue,
he waits for Her.

fearing the best but knowing the worst, always looking but never seeing, he peers into his own spiral, because there She is still able to blink but out here She is the aurora borealis, a billowing expanse of color that exists only in the blue of her irises and the bridge of her nose, and the true cosmic joke of it all is that he can tell his daughter wants to go but he can’t talk her down because he wants to follow suit, into a place where Her jokes can still make him laugh.

with her wrists intact
and clouds behind her eyes,
she falls asleep.



Vatnajökull // Timothy Wooley

The Giver

Kendall Jackson

Unravel me like a finely woven scarf
Tightly knit to keep you warm
Made meticulously by a perfect creator
Torn easily by the hands of my wearer

I work tirelessly to keep the breeze from ruffling your hair
I take pride in giving my comfort to you always
At night you put me to rest but I forget to sleep
You ask for little and I give you all I have

Now my fabric is fraying
I have been left hanging by the door
I spent so long keeping you warm
That I forgot to hold myself together

Serendipity

Abigail Stallings



Verse One

Thimbling fingers tracing the tune of a string
Rushing the morning forgetting the place of your things
Counting the moments, you realize you're missing your home
Knowing to be there won't help when you feel it alone

Pre-Chorus

They say it's just wanderlust; that drags all the comfort to rust
The days of September will pass; but please let these memories last

Chorus

If I see the world in my unfinished pages
Will I find a joy in the moments of dear?
When yesterday's over I long for tomorrow
Oh, I'm still not sure that the purpose is clear
When old memories fade how I long for the new ones
Can I keep these pieces all tied in a bow?
Saved for the day when I'm unsure and troubled
Identity rings and then I will know

Serendipity

Verse Two

Words won't be said 'til we're racing the streets in my car
I question the moments to share and the ones to keep far
Watching the moon and the stars tell a story above
Scan all the pieces is this unrequited or love?

Pre-Chorus

They say it's just wanderlust; that drags all the comfort to rust
The days of September will pass; but please let these memories last



Chorus

If I see the world in my unfinished pages
Will I find a joy in the moments of dear?
When yesterday's over I long for tomorrow
Oh, I'm still not sure that the purpose is clear
When old memories fade how I long for the new ones
Can I keep these pieces all tied in a bow?
Saved for the day when I'm unsure and troubled
Identity rings and then I will know

Bridge

You threw me out like the seeds of a melon
But I grew up stronger than I was back then
I mended up fully the pieces you shattered
With wisdom and grace, and a paper and pen
Oh, I'm moving over the bridges you crumbled
Cause I've got a view that is deep and unknown
When I crossed the valley, it seemed ten feet smaller
And never again will I fall alone

Chorus

If I see the world in my unfinished pages
Will I find a joy in the moments of dear?
When yesterday's over I long for tomorrow
Oh, I'm still not sure that the purpose is clear
When old memories fade how I long for the new ones
Can I keep these pieces all tied in a bow?
Saved for the day when I'm unsure and troubled
Identity rings and then I will know

Serendipity

Listen here: <https://ramifications.berry.edu/>





La Mujer Mexicana // Karina Rangel

Kintsukuroi

Shannon Rainey

She is broken pottery.
Shattered and repaired again and
Again and again and—
It's foolishly hopeful, of course.
The yellowing globs of glue
Do nothing to hide the number of times
She has been utterly destroyed
And—*somehow*—pasted back
Together.

I inspect her closer and
In the glue-filled gaps I find
A different girl.
One made of stardust and light
Near-forgotten melodies and the laughter
Of friends and glowing molten gold.
She smiles a broken grin at me,
And tucks this new memory away
Into some empty hole somewhere.
I see her now, and know
That I was wrong.



Truth in Flight

Emory R. Frie

Fly /fī/ verb 1. (of a bird or other winged creature) to move in or pass through the air under control; 2. to fade and disappear; 3. to seem to pass quickly; 4. to become expended or dissipated rapidly; 5. to operate or travel in an airplane or spacecraft; 6. to move or be hurled quickly through the air.

-
Dandelion wisdom on how wishes work: you break, you wish, you let it go, and you grow.

-
Across the world, an Osprey crashed off the coast of Australia. Wheels scraped the ship deck, wings hit the ocean, and plane nosedived into the Coral Sea. The windshield busted open, and pilot thought co-pilot escaped. Shattered leg and saltwater, and pilot lived to discover co-pilot died on impact.

-
Moths are drawn to things that kill them, and I have known too many moths.

-
There's a sameness and a difference between water and sky. Both are in constant state of motion. With water, you can see the motion: ripples, waves, light reflecting off a shifting silk surface. But with sky, you cannot see its motion. You only see what it moves.

-
Birds often leave me behind.

-
When Lucifer fell, did he saw his wings from his spine? Did he drop them before God's feet, wings once strong and vast, and claim he did not need them even as he bled? How many angel wings broke in suicidal rejection of fatherly love? Did they merely want to feel the sensation of falling? Did they know of the crash that would inevitably follow a wingless drop? Did they care?

-
She who always said "no" was safe, but never happy. She who always said "yes" did much but was never happy. The happy one said both.

-
The world is made up of worms and caterpillars, and you'll never know the difference until one transforms into someone you hardly recognize. They will dazzle you with their wings and they will show you that change is never the end. Worms are caterpillars who refuse to grow.

-
You fly to New Zealand, to Nicaragua, to Australia, to England, to France. I never wanted you to stay. I wanted you to take me with you.

Icarus crafted wings of paper and glue, and he flew too close to the sun. His downfall wasn't in his proximity to heat, it was in the materials he used. It is better to fly on dreams and heartstrings—you can always heal them if they break.

-
My backup plan is in the cockpit. If I can't pay to fly, then I'll get paid to fly. So wherever I end up, it will involve the sky.



Symptom 13: Mania

Avery James

I am a walking mouth,
wide and clove-lipped.
It's why I'm awed at
on noon-light highways.
My words are silver
threads rivuleting the stuff
of mystics.

I can feel my beauty
squirming from my pores.
My heart pounds rust
in coppery leaves.
My body aches
with peril.

I know I look like
one of the cream-smooth girls
with collarbones scooped to cavern,
to wine glass hollow. Those
lemon-eyed wisps, poised
suicide.

This city thrums through me.

Its stagnant tremble.

We writhe in a fixed state.

Feigning stillness.

A lovely undoing in our bones.

Left the flat two days ago.

My feet pulp to bruises.

My cell gathers salt and shit in the Hudson.

I'm turned on by the taste
of the unhurried death:
gasoline tint air
on a 95-hazed freeway,
a snatched kiss
from the triple-shift waitress.
The sublingual fizz
of an unlabeled pill,
acid, alkaline.

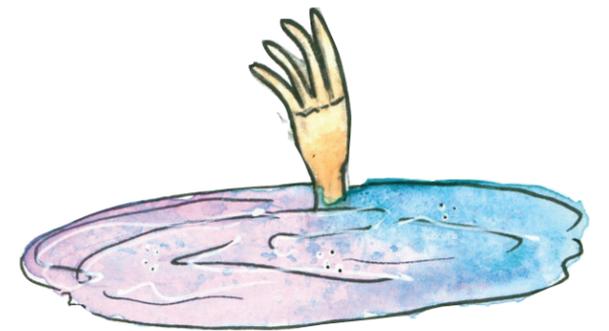
Till then,
I highlight my nails
to nicotine stain.
Fuck a strain-
smiled danger
on the black mold wall
of a gas station stall.

I am the greatest
version of myself.

*Meds chemically-lace me to complacency.
Made a game of melting their skins on my tongue,
spitting them like pomegranate seeds,
scraping dry stars across the bush leaves below.*

*People always stop me when I get like this.
Can't handle a good fucking time.*

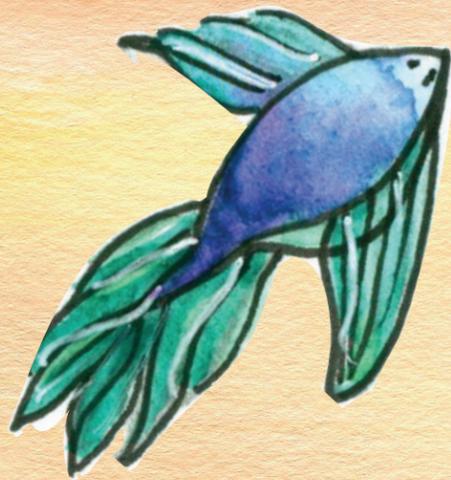
*They are coming
They are coming*



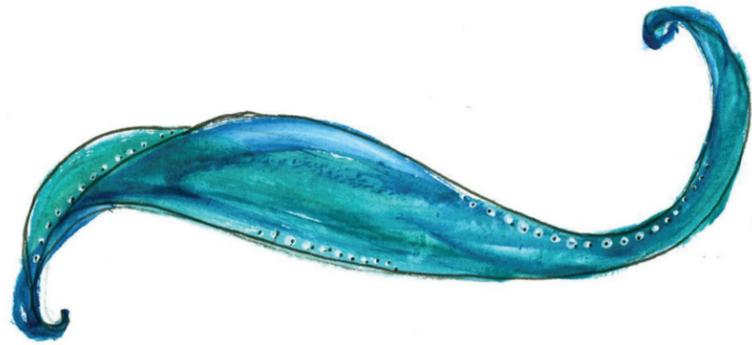
Black Sun

Miranda Heyman

Heads craned up at the murky
coal in the sky. Disoriented,
the percussive murmur of wings pushed
me askew. A dense, coiling
mass, then sparse, a horde of black
pepper sprinkled across ice. A monster spilling
like a tsunami, dousing the light. Splitting
only to knit back together.
Leisurely, they hushed, settling between
the branches, black leaves
in dimming light.



Siren // *Abigail Stallings*



Meet the Staff

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



This is my third year working for Ramifications and my first semester as Editor-in-Chief. We had to say goodbye to many of our beloved staff last year as they went on to the next chapter of their lives. We've rebuilt our staff, and I am so thankful for all the hard work and dedication they have put toward our magazine this year. I want to thank everyone who submitted and encourage them to keep creating beautiful works to share with the world. It is so important for people to have a platform where they can showcase their creativity. I want to thank the remarkable artists and writers who are being published; we are so proud to showcase your talent and artistic abilities. I am so honored to be able to share our magazine with our readers and I hope that they will enjoy this issue as much as we enjoyed putting it together.

Miranda Heyman



Art Editor
Abigail Stallings



Online Editor
Emory R. Frie



Brooke Burnett



Shannon Rainey





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