

# *Lumière*



MASSBAY'S LITERARY MAGAZINE

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# lumière **STAFF**



*by Cormac Walsh*

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The **lumière** editorial staff is the flashlight of the literary and artistic shenanigans happening at MassBay. We floodlight the heck out of your creativity. If you've got some wonder, tantalize our eyes, oil up our brain gears; we'll showcase that super-duper, unique expression. **lumière** is here to illuminate ALL the passion, ALL the authenticity and ALL the awesome.

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by Troy Lindberg



*by Mike Walsh*

I am:  
from the spaces betwixt  
semicolons, the inhale and  
tremble before  
release, from pathologies and

I am:  
from pentameter, that  
war-drum Heart--  
thump. thump. thump.  
--ing the thumps of  
post-cardiac arrest; Listen!

I am:  
(beat)

I am  
(beat)

I am(b)  
(beat) again and

I am:  
from your Nothing,

I am:  
from your nowhere

I am:  
the product of churning, the  
gnawinggrindinggnashing  
teeth, frothing foam-laden  
rabidity, from the dried  
ink howling at long Moons:

"No! I am:

I am(b)."

**(Where)  
I  
Am  
(From)**

*by  
JayJay  
Conrad*

# The Last Pint

by  
*Jack  
Mills*



by *Mike Walsh*

The bar is wooden, dusty, and worn.  
Forgotten memories, the walls, adorn.  
Yellowed photos of heroes and fools,  
smile down upon weathered stools.

In this room, the locals gather  
to work themselves into drunken lather.  
They look back on days of yore,  
speak of Magic, Bird, and Bobby Orr.

This crowd is rough, proud, and strong.  
Their work is hard and days are long.  
They sniff at Cosmos, they think them queer,  
preferring draughts of domestic beer.

There's Sully, Obie, moms, and pops.  
There's students, teachers, thieves, and cops,  
of every color, race, and creed.  
They'll pour a drink for any breed.

The night will end, they'll settle their tabs,  
and file out to waiting cabs.  
Another night of joy and sorrow,  
becomes a hangover tomorrow.

But on the bar, the last pint stands,  
which many pass, but understand,

that pint is for Mark.

Killed in action.

Afghanistan.

# No Ink in This Summer

*by JayJay Conrad*

The Summer's poetry  
has remained  
inside the gulfs, the trees, the sea,  
my Dearest Darling season: I  
have remained  
inside the inlets, the burls, the sandbars  
without a pen: still, I  
have submerged myself  
wedged between

the wan solarity--how it burns, lovely!  
the bare brown terra--how it stains, and lingers!  
the lofty headwinds--how the song carries  
so far

so far beyond an epicenter diaphram.  
Hear: no,

I have not abandoned  
the inkwell, the quill, the heavy weight  
of poetry formed still unwritten,  
the small prayers to lushlight,  
unabashed throes of worship  
have remained  
Omnipresent, Omnipotent, Overarching: Summer,  
The gently scarring rows of teeth  
never left.



*by Mike Walsh*





*by beige b*

# Stuck

*by beige b*

if the tip is stuck, you missed, it's in the muscle, and its gonna hurt for a while  
your lovers and mothers will see the lizard bruise slithered on your forearm  
plus the gross tubby bubble where the tip slipped in, missed.

i wanna ask the normal people,  
the furrowed browed A students,  
-four years then boom finished with studies,

-poof a salary and lease...  
deep down, tell me the truth, tell me, id(*freud*)  
have you ever desired the needle?

what it **feels** like?

# My Ambitionz as a Writer

by Nicholas Scheer

"Now that's a difficult major to get a paying job in this market!"

This came from Mrs. Dubois, a round lady with a kindly face and a knack for giving out sensible advice (sensible, at least to her) asked for or not. I had just finished telling her that I was an English major, but an English major in between work with a desire to be a writer.

"I hadn't realized there weren't any jobs for English majors!" I replied, with a tone that tried subtly to show a concern I knew she would be looking for. If I had known this admission was going to cause the landslide of sensible advice on the foolery of my academic path, I would have kept silent. Then again, there was no telling if her good sensibilities didn't possess enough momentum of their own without me exposing my romantic ideas of being a writer.

"Oh yes!" she went on, still smiling pleasantly, "It's a very difficult world to work in. Very difficult. Do you enjoy working with your hands?"

*Well I've done a fair bit of work with my hands, I thought. Probably not the same kind of hand working you're referring to.*

"No, not much Mrs. Dubois."

Mrs. Dubois had the air of one who prided herself in her good sense and cut and dry, no nonsense advice. Writing, as a career, was far from sensible to someone like Mrs. Dubois. I could see in her eyes that she was about to be giving me a horse-sized dose of reality where others had failed to do so.

"A very difficult world to find work in. Have you ever considered being a plumber or an electrician?"

"I've never given it much thought actually," I replied with an uncomfortable tone that was difficult to mask.

*Of course you haven't you silly fool!*

her eyes screamed with delight. Mrs. Dubois was thrilled. She was going to do me a good turn by gracing me with pearls from her trove of practical wisdom. She smiled and nodded with satisfaction as if to say, *Finally dear boy, finally we'll be able to knock those romantic art student inclinations clean out of you. A writer? Please! Be practical child!*

"My plumber makes over two hundred. and fifty. thousand. dollars, a year!" She paused on each number, emphasizing how impressive the amount was. I wondered how she went about asking people what their yearly wages were, or if they freely volunteered the information without coercion. "And what's more," she paused again for emphasis, "he can't get anyone to work for him!"

There was a lull as Mrs. Dubois let the heaviness of the image of a six figure earning plumber, without help, sink into my brain. My mother, who was having tea with Mrs. Dubois, had remained silent up to this juncture. She broke the silence. "Actually Mrs. Dubois, he is quite a talented writer. We've been encouraging...." She stopped short as Mrs. Dubois, who had been looking solely at me, turned around to look at my mother with a look that possessed a tinge of disbelief, mixed with a more dominant expression that suggested she was the only one with any sense in the room. As her gaze shifted, I felt the immediate drop of pressure from my shoulders as my mother stood Mrs. Dubois' cross examination. Still, I stood awkwardly concreted to the spot, listening to my future being discussed, unsure of whether I was supposed to be a participant or not. As I debated whether to stay, I noticed the wrinkles around Mrs. Dubois' eyes, wrinkles that formed from years of habitual smiling. I could ascertain the good will and intention with which she spoke her sharp and pointed words.

"An extremely difficult world to be in! I don't know what I would do in today's job market. I do know that sometimes a man just has to pick a career to feed his family!"

I understood It would be useless to mention that I didn't have my own family, let alone one that needed feeding, because this was her final word on the matter.

If I wanted to provide a decent living for the family I did not yet possess, I needed to be making six figures at least. Six figures was the least amount of livable money I would need to live comfortably with a family of mouths to feed.

Who has ever heard of a writer who wasn't starving! Hell, look at Dostoevsky, one of the greats. He lived impoverished and starving most of his life. Who knows how much of that can be attributed to vodka and his gambling addiction. Still, Mrs. Dubois' point remained. Is writing only a hobby? An activity to be looked at the same as a woman who was pursuing education or a career in the 1950's? Is writing as cute and unrealistic as a child stating that they want to be a pirate? I did wonder, as I stood there uncomfortably listening to this woman so good-naturedly shredding my dreams, dreams I barely recognized as being hopes that existed within me, I did wonder if Mrs. Dubois' diatribe against English majors and writing wasn't rather apropos timing. I could choose to ignore her as a remnant of a bygone era of American pragmatism, a relic of lingering sentiments of the American dream, but still, she did have a point I couldn't ignore. Mrs. Dubois posed the question to me, most likely without realizing it, a question I didn't have an answer for. What is a writer? Why does the writer write? Does being a writer go beyond a job title to something more foundational?

"It was a pleasure to see you again Mrs. Dubois."

I quietly excused myself as the two women continued their discussion and tea. The last I heard was Mrs. Dubois fervently arguing that all a person needed to do was to find a job and stick to it, even if that job was at Walgreens, and that even at a job

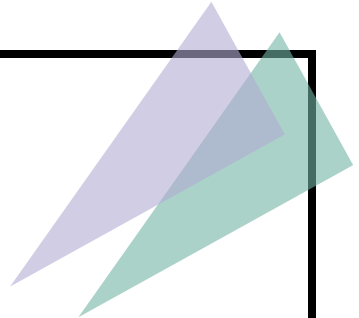
like Walgreens a person has the opportunity to move up the ranks. While I agreed with her that one job isn't intrinsically more or less noble than another, I did wonder if circumstances changed and need required, if Mrs. Dubois would apply for a cashier's position at Walgreens. I let my mind picture that ironic twist of fate. I would walk into Walgreens to get Robitussin for my sick child (my second), and Mrs. Dubois would be standing there behind the counter with all her good sense still intact, smiling the same good natured smile, scanning my cough medicine and Ben and Jerry's, still telling me how there's no money in writing.

Maybe there isn't much money to be made writing. But is that the sole motivation for why we choose to do the things we do? What if Dostoevsky, after his exile to Siberia, had decided to bury his pen for the sake of practicality and taken up a more cozy and comfortable title than that of a writer? Putting aside writing for a moment, what if Monet, whose family lived in abject poverty most of their lives, had put down his easel and brush for the sake of money and comfort? Would French Impressionism ever have been born? How many great minds have gone against their natural inclinations for the sake of wealth and personal ease? And how many Mrs. Dubois, in all their good intentions, dissuaded any number of Mozarts, Beethovens, Tolstoys or da Vincis from doing what they were created for? I may be a plumber one day, or an electrician. I may even work at a Starbucks, and I will perform the duties with dignity and to the best of my ability, but I am also a writer and never will I put down my pen for the sake of practicality. "A writer is someone who writes." That phrase has made me cringe with its stench of hallmark-like sentiment. However, as most clichés have some origin in truth, the kitschy phrase rings true. A writer IS someone who writes, whether that person happens to be a fry cook at McDonald's or an investment banker on Wall Street. I am unemployed, and I am a writer.



# The Monogamy

by  
beige  
b



There is a couple named Adan and Evelyn  
wisened and married in their life's middle,  
succinct from a decade of devout monogamy-  
Evelyn says *i would like to open the marriage  
don't doubt i love you, baby, of course, it's not about you at all...*

Wisely taming his jealousy, Adan can still prioritize-  
Never Ever losing Evelyn over petty possessiveness  
he says to her *OK, but it has been a while for me  
and you know I have always been... shy. at first....*

The first night of OPEN she comes home tinged  
she holds Adan, kissing him bubbly like their third date  
though truly lip grasping onto the earlier evening stubbled lips  
Adan's first partner was attractive and attracted  
they kissed statistically and he gave her his tongue  
because he was, as expected, limp-

Adan breaks a baker's dozen of wagon riding next  
slowly swallowing her tart shelved whiskey  
porously radiant, he fucks her without cumming,  
hours submerged in his tainted sweat-  
Evelyn comes home after a new lover  
The woman taunted Evelyn in rope bondage,  
she squealed all night, hoarse and sore  
from her rope swing, too tired to smell the alcohol  
on her alcoholic husband's breath-

Evelyn sees Rope Woman again-

Adan hydrates in wodka and sniffs frosty  
impotent caterpillars off a punk pinkish haired body  
searching her *o'keefe* with his long fingers... too hyperstatic  
to relax and allow blood to rush south and stiffen-

## NOW

Adan was silently fearful of his wife leaving him  
but re-incarnated, he has found a new faithful romance  
in Ms. (diacetyl)M- the dizzy dim drowsiness  
Twinkling powdered **Beige...**

Adan divorces Evelyn of thirteen years  
arms bruised and red peppered, he sinks into **Beige**  
Evelyn is devastated, broken, vacant  
yes she enjoyed her casual sex, the youthful adrenaline  
she knows any supportive words loses to his resistance  
... but there was *Never* any resemblance of her Adan's pure embrace.  
*teeh arr you eeh ell ohh vee eeh*

(Like a Bulgakov story, the funeral was foggy)





*by Kelsey Hartwell*

## San Fran New Wave Romance

*by  
Max  
Abugov*

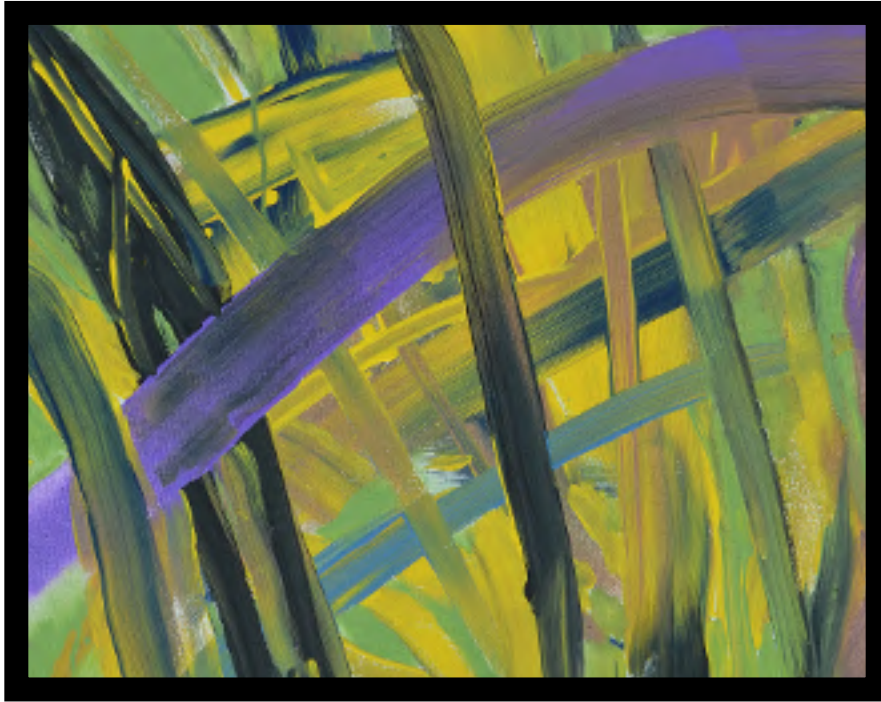
San Fran new wave romance:  
She took the bus to no regrets  
Ileene sought love but wore  
Each day like scales grown thick her dress

Each day a promise dropped  
The street grew clogged with trash and time  
And shadow finger-prints  
Blocked out the day in dark and grime

Until at last came out  
The sun and light shone down the night  
Passed on and laughter swept  
The street all clean and what a sight!

To jump and glide and move  
"A mighty woman with a torch"  
A sheaf of papered dates  
Raised up in hope and us her church

Cry witness witness us  
We lived this year and lost and won  
Again that glowing spark  
To dance away the year that now is done.

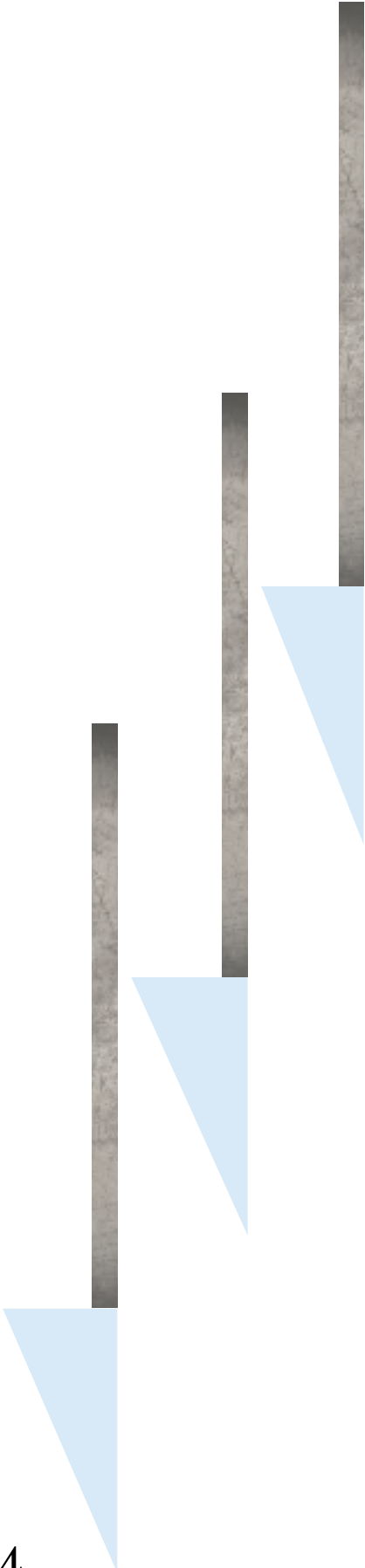


*by Olga Plotnichenko*

# Euphoria

*by  
Nidia  
Lopez  
Regaldo*

Her eyes reflected the moonlight.  
The irises the night sky.  
Missing were the stars  
From her dimly lit eyes.  
And they'll never twinkle  
With dreams of brighter lights.  
She's a total solar eclipse.  
Her minutes in darkness  
Mirror her empty desires.  
Accustomed to feeling lifeless,  
She's thought hope a mere illusion.  
And with this lack of vision  
She finds a quick fix.  
She lies down side by side  
With tall yellow blades of grass  
Only to find herself drenched.  
Sweat lining the back of her neck.  
She breathed in life.  
Exhaled

A decorative vertical bar on the left side of the page, composed of three segments: a light blue triangle at the bottom, a dark grey rectangle in the middle, and a light blue triangle at the top. The entire page is framed by a thick black border.

# Winter Tribute

*by Olga Sydorenko*

Winter smells cozy.  
Burning woods in the chimney,  
melting snow on the coat,  
spruce needles and tangerine peels.  
Winter is soft,  
crisp and shiny.  
Winter is long...  
It gives time.  
To contemplate,  
to observe,  
to feel.

It comes unwanted...for the most.  
Though bringing presents for all.  
Even for those running away.  
It gives them purpose.  
Winter is ancient.  
It doesn't keep track of time.  
It's always sudden.  
When least expected it comes.  
When accepted it flees.

Winter guides us  
to patience, acceptance,  
appreciation of warmth.  
It opens our minds  
for the beauty of life.



*by Margaret I. R. MacLachlan*

## Hot, Sleazy, 70s, South

*by Margaret I. R.  
MacLachlan*

Hot, sleazy, 70s, South ...  
Wood panelled rooms reek  
of fried fish and pot smoke.  
A neighbour's truck gleams bright  
in the haze, better cared for  
than any child on the street.  
They play in the open ditch,  
beneath the loom of a  
rusting olive-green station  
wagon, precariously  
perched on a tar lip.  
They don't see themselves in  
the tadpoles they harry,  
except for the one, who  
escaped. For she knows what  
happens to creatures kept  
in sealed containers.

# Deep Calls Out to Deep

by Nicholas Scheer

*"Deep calls out to deep  
In the roar of your waterfalls;  
All your waves and breakers  
Have swept over me"*

"Would you jump into the water?"

"Right now?"

"Yes. Right now."

It was cold and grey, some time around sunset with no sun. I stood facing the sea through the chain link fence while my brother shifted nervously next to me. He had the awkward smirk on his face he gave whenever he didn't know what to say or had to deal with anything serious. Wanting to speak but deciding better of it, he lit up a cigarette, which is what the occasion called for in his mind. Rain fell sideways, leaving us nakedly exposed under the scant protection of the cypress tree. I stood looking out through the stacked rhombus of the fence, shifting focus from the waves to the water collecting on the metal links.

I had spent the majority of my two weeks back home in California completely drunk. Any thought I'd had of "this time back will be different" was drowned by the sadness and misery of ex-girlfriends and ex-acquaintances embracing me as an old friend; they knew me as intimately as a barstool knows the contours of the alcoholic's ass. Life had carried on at home without any participation from me. I wandered aimlessly as a stranger among familiarity. I felt truly and profoundly sorry for myself in a way only a Russian spirit could understand. Guilt and shame clothed me; I wanted to apologize for something to someone but I didn't know to whom or for what.... When the invitation came to drive up the northern coast, I packed my rags and got in the car.

The north was different from the south only in scenery. The week passed in rain, cold, and whiskey. Every morning I woke to the same emptiness, the same displaced feeling of a refugee. I was just as relieved at leaving there as I had been home. On the

trek south, there were signs for a scenic drive. The other members in the car decided on the detour, not bothering to ask how I felt about it.

After driving for little more than a half hour, we parked the car at one of the lookout points above a lonesome beach. The car was left idling while the driver and passenger scrolled through their phones. Rain collected on the windshield while heat from the vents formed a foggy screen from the inside. I quietly exited the car. I heard the door of the car close behind me as my brother followed me out. There was a lone cypress tree next to a fence that separated the road from the beach. I shuffled toward it to get out of the rain. I kept my gaze toward the ocean but could feel my brother looking at me from behind.

"Would you jump into the water?"

The music in the waves was terrible in its beauty and horrible in its permanence. I closed my eyes and listened. Listened. Before my brain caught up with my body I'd climbed over the fence that separated me from the beach. I immediately kicked off my shoes. It was a pebble beach, so I was aware of every stone and shell that pushed into my feet. I heard the rattle of the fence as my brother jumped over after me. I couldn't look back. The waves rolled toward the shoreline and back into each other, spraying, tumbling and roaring, mesmerizing me...calling.

The rain battered my face and blinded my eyes. It soaked my jacket through, so I took it off as a gust of wind knocked the hat off my head. The air smelled of salt and despite the rain I could feel it on my skin. My shirt, without the protection of my jacket, was soon just as wet, so I peeled it from my back and threw it on the beach behind me. I kept walking toward the

breakers, drawing closer with each step, barely noticing the wind and rain whose cold went through skin down to my marrow. My feet became anaesthetized, I no more felt the pebbles than if I had felt a blade of grass walking through a field. The bottom half of my clothing came off next, which only caused a minor pause in my trek. I couldn't take it with me.

I was barely conscious of my movements and only had a vague awareness that I was the one making them. The water sprinted to the limits of its boundary to taste my ankles. I released a gasp of air. Looking ahead, I saw a wall of boiling, churning water race forward with urgency to consume me. The music was loud and awful and rang in my ears and brain. I heard nothing else as I was being summoned.

I hesitated only a second as the sea crescendoed from my viscera to my chest. I looked eye to eye with the cacophony of water that bore down on me. In an instant, I was swallowed from the bottom, behind and above as I was flung over, under and sideways. Then nothing. Silence. Darkness.

Water filled my ears and lungs. I had no orienting point of up or down, and opposing currents kept me from going in any direction. I had to stop struggling. I was running out of breath and energy. I opened my eyes and saw the shadows of waves pass above me. All was quiet but for the muted gurgle and groan of the waves. Opposing currents continued to suspend my body in a cold watery purgatory. My breath was failing, my ears pounded, and the frigidness of the sea was excruciating, burning my frame while my insides squealed like a swine for breath....

Then, slowly and subtly, like creeping spring, there started another movement in the music. Without the terror but with all the power of the sea, it came. The song was wild and untame, overwhelming; and yet, at the same time, assuring and gentle. It surrounded and caressed me like a mother cooing a baby yet unborn in its womb. My chest began to relax and warmth replaced the coldness. I closed my eyes as the most

beautiful music I'd ever heard filled me and moved through me like water in a wilted plant after days of drought. Knowing I was beaten, I surrendered.

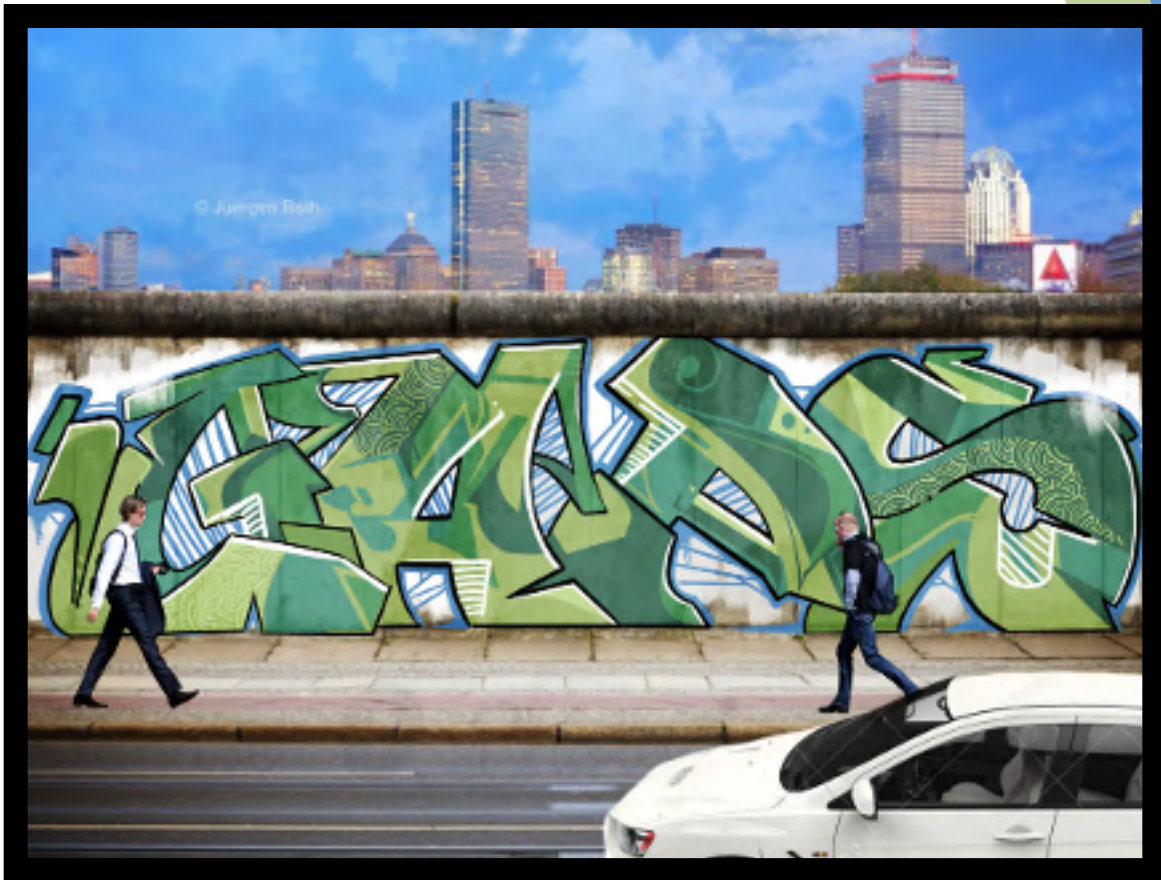
But the song came and left like a phantom. Almost before I was aware I had heard it, I was spewed on the shore coughing and sputtering and hugging the earth. My brother ran toward me with a variation of his smirk I didn't know. It was as if I had become a stranger to him. There was no absence of love but a departure from familiarity; as if he were looking at me from across an impassable gulf, despite which, he embraced me. I began to feel the cold again and waves of shivers involuntarily seized my body. We got back in the car and continued the drive back in silence, each lost in his own thoughts.

Home is peculiar; when you leave, it never seems to exist how you thought you left it; but it remains exactly the same in all the ways you'd have it change. The lonesome angry sixteen year old still lurks those streets. The same background music in minor keys hangs over every corner injecting painful memories, countless nostalgias and a longing for a home that is nothing but an abandoned shell.

But the hope of returning home still lingers; in the smell of orange groves after it rains or the cool night air reminding me of open-windowed bedrooms where I laid waiting for a text that wouldn't come. I see it in faces of friends, drawn by their thirst to the taverns, aching in their aloneness, desperate to be seen, screaming to be heard.

I died beneath the January waves.

Sometimes I hear echoes of the music of that sea, as if from far off. Alone in my room, I hear it in the rain falling on the roof. Or when the wind changes and the smell of summer turning to autumn fills the air and I know it can't stay green and warm. Still, I linger in the doorway afraid to go through. But then I hear the music and I relax my grip, and am filled again with the sweetest longing of a distant hope. Then I remember, nobody's home. Not yet.



*by Mike Walsh*

## Sonnet of Remorse

*by  
Marley  
Shelton*

To sleep, perchance to dream, on bed of coal,  
your fantasies born of an ashen lie;  
The desperation crackles; kind'ling soul,  
I must concede, I understand the high.

A love you couldn't know, you didn't earn;  
to take advantage of a fragile friend,  
it makes you weak at best, at worst you spurn.  
You made your choice, false sentimental end.

A drunken, vomit-scented clash of limbs  
won't fill the hollows of your wilting heart;  
Your holy vows are tainted by your whims,  
can't justify the greed that you impart.

No one can love you if you hate yourself,  
illusion sits atop the highest shelf.

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*photo by Sabrina Putnam*

An abstract painting featuring vibrant orange and yellow wavy lines on the left, transitioning into a bright yellow background on the right. A large, flowing mass of light blue and white lines, resembling hair or a waterfall, dominates the right side. Several small, light blue petals are scattered in the air, appearing to fall from the blue mass. The overall composition is dynamic and colorful.

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