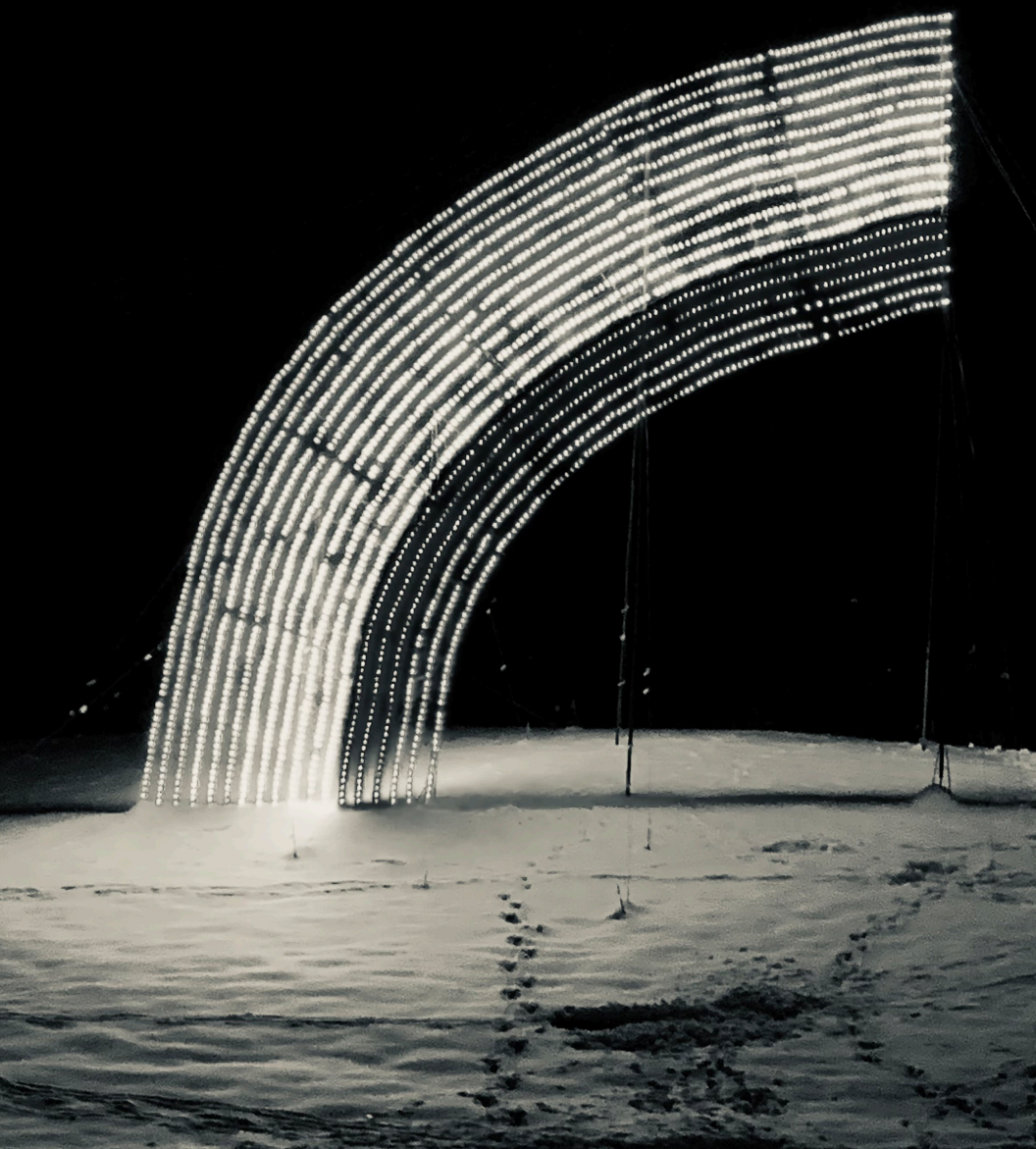


Esprit

Fall 2021



ESPRIT

The University of Scranton Review of Arts and Letters

Fall 2021

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Fall 2021 Awards:

The Berrier Poetry Award

Bethany Belkowski
“Hablamos”

The Berrier Prose Award

Nathan Tauber
“My Father’s Footprints”

The *Esprit* Graphics Award

Devang Patel
“Synchronization”

Fall 2021 Award Judges:

Poetry:

Mary Purcell graduated from The University of Scranton in May 2021 with a double major in English and philosophy. She was a member of the SJLA program and the Production Manager of *Esprit* and *Discourse*. She currently serves as a cautionary tale about the influence of the SJLA program as she pursues an MA in philosophy at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver, Canada.

Graphics:

Darlene Miller-Lanning, Ph.D., teaches at The University of Scranton and is the Director of its Hope Horn Gallery. Her BFA from Wilkes University and her MFA from Marywood University are both in painting. Her doctorate from Binghamton University is in art history. She has co-authored several books on American and local art history.

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Mermaid

Caroline Hagen

I wish to be like seaweed,
Rooted so firmly in the sand and on the rocks
I would know that I am where I belong

I would not stand so rigid as the mountains
I'd allow the ocean's current to bend me
As life brings me where it chooses

I would not fight the salty waves
As they push in one direction, then the next
I will stay rooted where I began and will end.

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Arboreal Haze

Molly Neeson



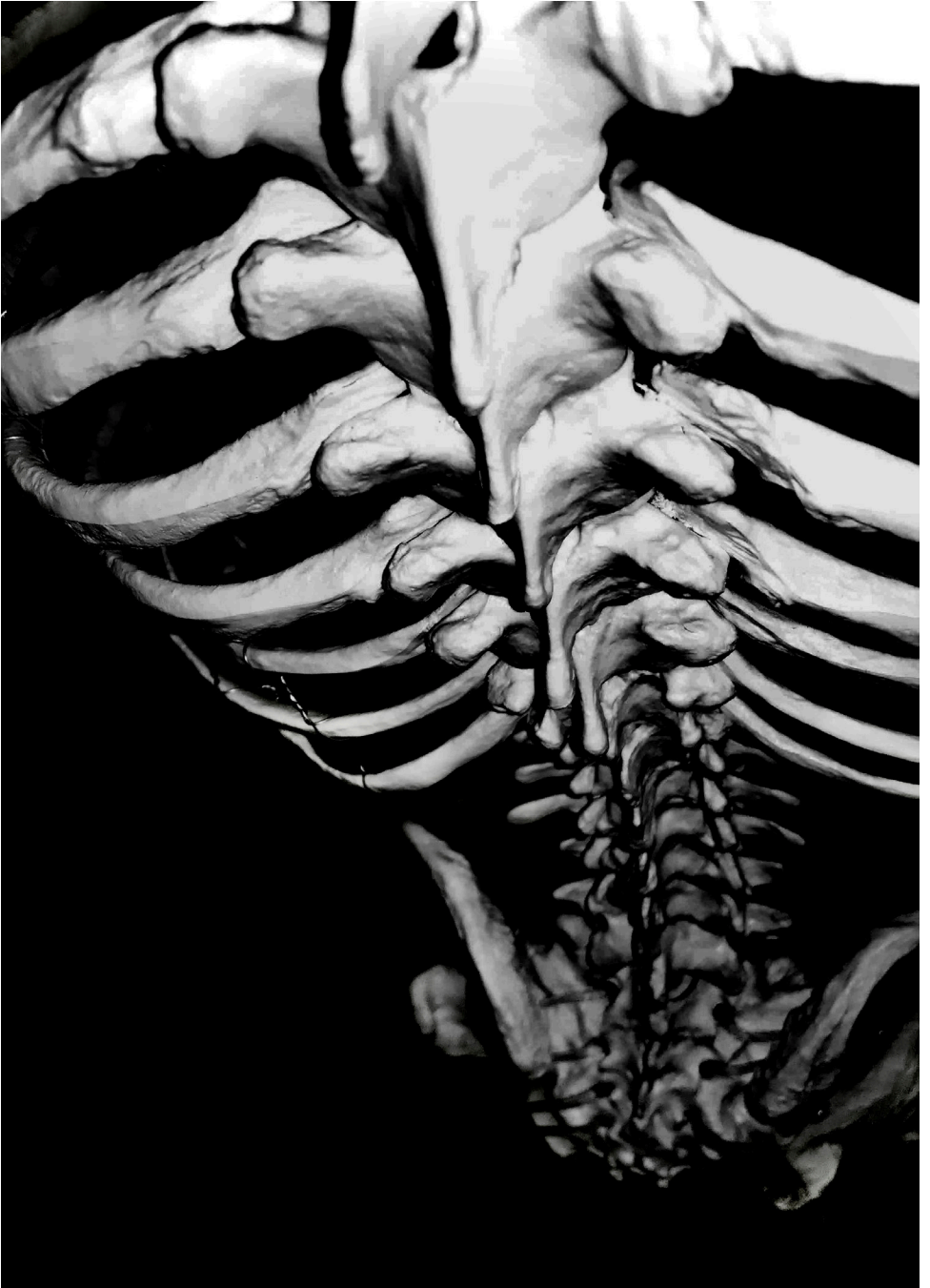
post-skeletonization

E Kerr

well before he was
even a thought, before even he began
to question, there was a tombstone sitting
in the back of his mother's closet, watching
X chromosomes find one another, link like
his bones, ossifying to form
a historically wide, u-
shaped pelvis, at the pubic
symphysis. he didn't
know he couldn't
outrun what she used to be
when one day 6 feet of dirt would
retain his disarticulated endoskeleton.

that's what keeps him
up at night:

post-skeletonization



5th Grade

Samantha Hoffmann



City of Two

Caroline Hagen

The drops of rain plummet
from the tip of your nose
your toes
wrinkle in their squishy argyle socks
your hair gave up its curls
to the pearls of snow
which swirl down from our midnight sky

and melt upon your haloed head
you expect every hello
to be a hail
as if you have been my hero all this time
but here you stand no taller than I.

Previous page...

Beacon

Michael Quinnan

Hablamos

Bethany Belkowski

Familiar words drag over pointed lips, stripping
venom from my tongue. It stings
yours: silver, shining, and unsheathed,
a blade that tosses tildes and t-shirts,
provoking smirks. That promise
you made me in a red-lit room
seems to shatter. Ribs
clamped between teeth, tighter than
the pull of waves that dismiss
sense and deepen
with sensibility. We speak, struggling
to be strangers estranged,
unlike those before. You
trade your teeth to talk
in circles. We turn
to other tongues. Without rhymes
you riddle me with reasons,
so I can ruminate as we blow smoke
of a Cuban. Boy, who holds tight to my words,
I beg you let go, for I will be mistress of myself.

Next page...

The Lonesome Divide

Samantha Hoffmann





Bodies

Bridget Nucatola

Argument with the Inner Child (1)

E Kerr

*Do you remember
when I was nothing
but plucked flower
petals wasting away*

*on the bathroom floor. I cried
to god to fill a bucket with what
was left of you, make a man*

*like Adam, my ribcage knew
what it was like to be
Eve, to betray the body
it came from, to warn you
of pistil and sepal.*

'Til the Buzzer

Dr. Stephen Whittaker

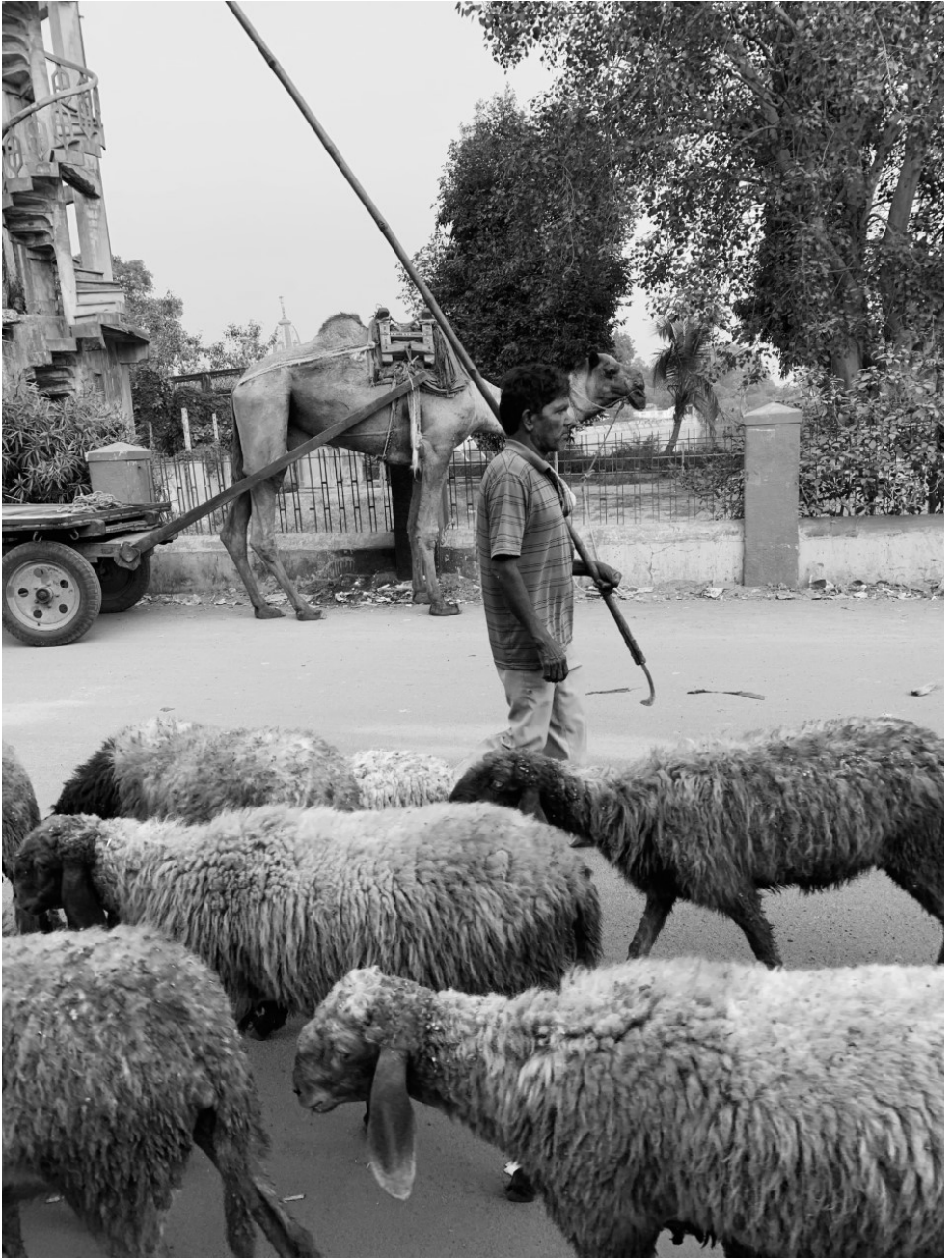
is what she doubts I can
hold on to. She bears a farcical
chuted *fille de vache* in fringe
who'll miss the bull's eye
even with a quiver of
Eros, unstrung, bucked off before
the shared frisson, twang of horn
bow, wounded, unwound,
wrung from belle to bell.

The callow courting jester who
doesn't know her own vanity
is mythic, almost etymological,
who believes she might be
une jeune fille philosophique
if only the circus could forgive
logic for wit, and roar like a bull-
fight crowd. The other she,
unbowed below leers like a Sicilian

phlebotomist, chambered arc,
"nothing will come of nothing.
I've all the points," she snorts,
the *Lune de Jupiter*, to me, *la folle*,
unbuckled mud comprised of blood
and dung. 'Til the camber of her lips
allows, "I might be yet your sacred
cow, and you my last first rodeo
clown."



Beetle on Alert
Nia Long



Synchronization

Devang Patel



Trespases

Nia Long

My Father's Footprints

Nathan Tauber

“Allie,” I muttered, my arm stretched across the top of the couch behind her as my other hand played with the silver cross that dangled from my neck, “I . . . I think it’s time I return to the island. Just for a couple days.”

As soon as those words crossed my lips, I tasted the salty pinch of the Caribbean Sea on my tongue, smelled each summer’s barbeque from the church festival, felt the sand grind between my toes as I raced Roland across the beachhead, heard my father’s signature laugh that echoed from coast to coast. But I also felt Allie’s back stiffen under the touch of my arm, then relax in a sigh she tried to keep silent and suppressed. Although I didn’t know exactly what it was she didn’t like, I expected her to react this way. Was it my desire to go alone? Her knowledge that the island was probably still unstable from the aftermath of the hurricane 12 years ago? The idea that returning to the ruins of my childhood home would bring back memories soaked in pain from the storm’s flood? Whatever it was, I think she wanted me to let my past go, deteriorate with the rest of the island. Should I have? Maybe. But at that moment, there was an emptiness within me that I needed to fill, one that couldn’t hold me back.

I was born in Boston, not on the island, but my parents and I moved to the island when I was four. With that alone in mind, I’m sure somewhere tucked deep in her thoughts Allie understood my need to go. But how much could she really understand? She’d never met my father. She wasn’t there to see me step on his footprint in the sand and try to extend my little toes to match. For the six-month long project we’d undertaken together to build the tree house in the palms behind our actual house. For the day at his shop when I alone helped a customer find the gold cross and chain he liked most under his budget to account for my first sale. She wasn’t at his funeral, just days after we’d returned to America: she hadn’t yet met me. She didn’t know how dedicated he was to his shop, to stay-

ing back and protecting our only source of income rather than taking the final flight off the island with my mother and me before the first waves of the storm flooded the coasts and destroyed my father's store, my father's home, my father's life.

Neither my mother nor I have been back since. Sure, we had opportunities to, and it wasn't like it was expensive. Before I moved in with Allie, I'd ask often for us to go, only to be met with a series of excuses. Eventually I stopped, implied that she, like Allie, simply felt discomfort even hearing the idea. Not me. I could feel a part of me had been missing for too long, as if some defining feature of my life had been stolen from me. One that I wanted back. Needed back.

The little window of the plane only inches from my face, I couldn't take my eyes off the roofs of the clouds as they caught the afternoon light, kept the rays trapped in a clear blue infinity between the great white wisps and the sun above. It's what I imagined heaven to look like. My father always referred to it as a spiritual state, not a physical place, where one can rest free of human stress in the arms of God. That's how I knew I couldn't be there: I felt everything but solemnness and peace, hope and happiness. How different should I expect my old home to look? Would I be able to walk through its streets, or what remained of them, able to hold myself together? Where would I even go?

The flight could've been half a day, I would've believed it, before the clouds parted and below me sparkled the Caribbean Sea, pushing, in the gentlest breeze, against splatters of grass and sand I didn't recognize. I could feel my eyes twisting in their sockets to scan every inch of the water, searching for a hint of the past that could tumble into some lost part of my brain.

No memory flashed through me, no image or sound or smell returned through the mist of time to delight or displease me. Not up there in the air. Not when the plane bumped across the broken runway, mounds of sand mixed with the grays and browns of indecipherable objects whizzing past. Not when I almost tripped down the steps of the plane as I let my eyes roll across a clear horizon and a barren landscape scorching under a bright afternoon sun. My mind for the first several hours sat in a void, waiting for something to happen. At least for the darkness around it to

swirl. It didn't.

* * *

I'd seen pictures of the aftermath of the hurricane on the island: the canopies of palm trees spread across streets, cloaking the twisted bumpers of minivans, houses in the background suffering from roofs caved in or collapsed. I remember when I learned that those houses along the street had been the lucky ones, for most of the coastal homes resembled mere splinters of wood and beams of siding, jutting out in every direction. But upon my arrival, I noticed that the photographs I'd seen had failed to convey the real degree of destruction of my home: the rich, vibrant beauty of the land dishonored, spit upon by nature itself in every conceivable way, at every angle I looked. Even after 12 years, remnants of once stunning tourist architecture and bright plants still rotted in the earth: too much damage had fallen upon too small an island for its few thousand inhabitants to resolve. But most importantly, my return to the land I was sure could help me remember the person I had once been in the presence of my father thus far only widened the dark hole I was experiencing. And although a piece of my heart wished Allie could be beside me here because I knew she would support me, a bigger part of me was glad she wasn't.

My flight landed in the late afternoon, well after the sun had heated the tropical sands to temperatures that had almost escaped my memory after more than a decade's hiatus. I remembered loving the warm air that rustled the thick leaves of the palms swinging overhead and carried the salty pinch of the water from the sea to my home a mile from the shoreline. It was on this soft, grainy sand that I laughed, I played, I enjoyed life, I felt content and fulfilled. But today, the rays of the sun pierced through my skin to extract beads of sweat and energy from my muscles, slowing them down until my internal fuel was almost expended. I'd failed to make it downtown, and so used the little remaining energy I had to ask those whom I passed on the debris-littered, dirt trodden streets where I could find a man named Roland King. After about three hours of hearing that thicker version of the island accent I'd developed and forgotten I still retained a hint of when I returned to America, and after lending a few bucks to some older men that looked homeless, I found myself at the doorstep of a small rectangular shack built of dark wood, surrounded by a couple of

small trees still standing and low brush that concealed almost all the sand. I knocked on the heavy door. Only a few seconds passed until I heard the bolt unfasten and the hinges creak. In the doorway stood an enormous man, no shorter than six-foot-four, wearing a faded maroon shirt tight against his broad shoulders and a chain around his neck, from which hung a large gold cross. Although his face was covered in a short beard, I still recognized that of my best childhood friend. He didn't.

"Can I help you?" he bellowed, deep and with that heavy accent characterized by lightheartedness in every word.

I had to tilt my head high to stare at him for a moment. He looked me up and down when I didn't say anything at first, and I smiled in return. "I'm ashamed you don't remember me, Ro."

At this his eyes gleamed. "Bennie!" he yelled as he wrapped his heavy arms around me. The force of his embrace was so powerful that my heart jumped. He patted me on the back twice, so hard I almost coughed.

"Ah, I didn't know it was you. Forgive me, man," he continued. "It's been too long. You know that we would've kept in contact if these towers would've been repaired. We've been isolated from the world since you left." He sighed. "What brings you back here?"

I fiddled with my cross. "I couldn't stay away. I realized a part of me was missing ever since I went back to America."

He nodded. "Ah, America, just the thought of it, man." He paused for a second as his smile faded and he turned his gaze away from me, transitioned it to the ground. "You know, I never—" he stopped and put his hands on his hips, squinted downwards. "I never got the chance to give you my condolences for the loss of your father." Now he looked back up at me. "I wish I could've been there for you, somehow."

"No, Roland. It was like you said. There was no way we could stay in contact given the extent of the damage here. I know your prayers were with us."

He pursed his lips a little as he blinked hard and smiled. "Yes, my boy and I pray for you every day." His eyes lit up a second time. "My boy, you haven't met him! He is named Sam."

Roland led me into his small shack, one room in which no more than two or three people could comfortably occupy. Wood planks were ev-

erywhere I looked: they made up the walls, the center table and the chairs around it, the little counter off to the right side, and the two beds situated against the left. A small boy tucked under a tattered blanket lay asleep on one of the beds, breathing deeply. Sam had fallen asleep after a hard day of work, Roland told me, shortly before my arrival. He'd just finished eating dinner and offered me flounder over some greens, but I declined, telling him I was not hungry. After a long day in the sun, I was, of course, but it was clear to me that Roland and his son lived on little. Instead, we sat at the table and spoke in low voices so as not to wake Sam.

Naturally, we recovered some of our favorite moments of the eight years we'd spent together: I'd met him just days after my parents and I had moved from Boston to the island. We talked about our play fights in the sand, our swimming races in the sea, our running through the motels and annoying the tourists. We reminisced over our "shopping sprees" downtown, where we'd steal toys from convenience stores, play with them at the beach, and return them to their respective places at the end of the day, my father never knowing when we walked into his Christian jewelry shop at nightfall. Not stealing was the one commandment we always seemed to ignore. We remembered those weekends when both of our fathers, close friends, would take us to the beach and we'd have to keep our wild behavior to a minimum. We looked our fathers' footprints in the sand and made fun of how big their feet were, measuring our own against theirs. By the end of the day, there would be two steady lines of large pairs of footprints and chaotic circles of our own.

Roland told me his story of his past 12 years first. After the hurricane struck, he and his father dedicated most of their time to rebuilding. But the economy was in shambles and did not receive enough outside support to succeed, so the island was largely left in ruin. His father had fallen ill and passed away a few years after, just before Roland married. However, Roland's wife died during childbirth, five years ago, and since then, my old friend raised his son alone. He got him to start catching fish last year, which Roland sold as his main source of income, along with some repairs on houses downtown which most of the time failed. Most nights after dinner and a long day in the sun, he'd read Bible stories to Sam and prayed with him. Even after all he'd been through, Roland was sure to keep his

Catholic faith intertwined with his daily life.

A part of me expressed a feeling I couldn't place, guilt maybe, when I described my life in America. I told him about my mother saving up for my college, about the college years themselves, about my job in advertising in Boston and about Allie. I didn't feel it was right when I told him I suffered too, not after hearing about the way he did. Nonetheless, I explained that even though I was fed three meals every day, was learning all the time, and never in worry for a place to sleep, I still believed that a part of me was incomplete. A part of me that could be filled by going back to this place where nothing remained but discomfort, disorder, and fear of survival.

I proceeded to tell him of my afternoon on the island, of my visit back to my home where only a few wooden beams stood among a pile of gray and brown remains, some from the house and others from surrounding trees. I expressed to him the strange wave of emotions that formed in me as I neared it, emotions that amounted to a nothingness much like what was left of my childhood residence. Yet another instance where I'd wished I had Allie beside me but didn't at the same time. And I told him that when I recognized the tree house my father and I had built as having been reduced to a mound of narrow planks hugged against a thick body of bark, I turned away in an instant.

"Have you been to your father's shop downtown?" Roland asked.

"No. I was too tired from the heat of the day. I was planning on going there tomorrow."

Roland looked away from me and towards his sleeping son. He rubbed his lips, scratched his dark beard. Then he returned his gaze to meet mine. "Don't, man."

I raised an eyebrow. "Don't what? Don't go? Why?"

"Just—it would be better not to."

"Why, what happened there?"

He sighed and looked at his son again. "Looted, it was looted. That's all you need to know."

I fingered my cross.

* * *

I can't really describe my first reaction to seeing my father's

jewelry shop again. I was pleased that the storm so many years ago didn't leave extensive damage, as far as I could see, save that of the vertical sign that now hung from its left side and draped into the doorway. What really carved a deeper hole into the already existing void within me was that which my father could've prevented, had he survived: about half of the large window that extended from the left of the building to the door lay in a million shards scattered across the sidewalk in front of the shop and reflected the full moon's early morning glow. The glass that remained was littered with anti-Christian slurs, but I'd torn myself away after I read the biggest one: "God hates our home." The door to its right had been kicked from its hinges and rested face down on the floor inside. Just one look at the shop I'd come to in the effort to restore order within myself, only to find it ruined by anarchy. At least I was here alone. I wouldn't want Allie to associate my past with what remained in front of me.

It wasn't until I stepped through the doorway that I felt my heart fall into total emptiness. In the darkness of the small room, no golden cross or necklace or bracelet of any kind shone in the moonlight that passed through the broken window. Only more glass and memories of the past as I scanned the room, my eyes grazing over destroyed jewelry armoires and every drawer broken open that led me to the area behind the counter closer to the front where the computer and register used to be. I could see my father there, smiling at a schoolboy as he gave to him a silver necklace he said was for his girlfriend, at an older woman who'd claimed her bracelet was for her sister. Even as he put on his bifocals during the quieter hours and filled out papers I'd never understood, he still seemed so content. I'd wished I could return that pleasure, or something at least like it now that I was here. But I couldn't. Maybe God really had left this place.

I don't know how long I stood in the blackness of what remained of the shop. The light from the moon didn't change, time didn't slow down or speed up. Everything was still and silent as I stared. I didn't feel anything else. I can't remember if I touched my cross then. Though I can recall that it felt cold against my chest from the night air that diffused throughout the room.

"Man, I told you not to be here," a voice both powerful and calm echoed that removed me from myself. I swung around to meet it and saw

Roland standing in the doorway with a small child hiding half his body behind his leg. The same child who'd been asleep when I'd reunited with my friend.

“How did you know I was here?”

“Where else would you have gone if you weren't at the house when we woke?” He took a moment to look around the shop in his own silence before he gestured with his head in his direction. “Come on, let's go for a walk. There's still some parts of the island that haven't lost their beauty.”

It was then he introduced me to Sam. I smiled at him as Roland told him I was his childhood friend, the one they'd prayed for every night. But the small boy only hid himself from me on the opposite side of his father as we made our way through town, passing by no one at the early hours of the morning except a small group of teenagers and two or three older men that looked homeless. But their presence didn't attract my interest as much as the damage of the old downtown had, for besides the shop, it looked unrecognizable, especially in the darkness. Jagged shapes lined the streets and sidewalks and overhung buildings I used to know, shrouding all my old memories in a layer of chaos.

After we made our way out of the town and along the nearly deserted highway that led through the fields, we struck a few dirt roads and some smaller paths swathed with sand and low brush along the way as Roland complained to me about island politics. I didn't listen as much as I should've, for I diverted my attention to the sights and sounds of the island I once called home. And the farther we walked along, with every downed tree, dismantled house, destroyed car I saw, I realized now, especially after just being in my father's shop again, that my return to the island had not achieved what I'd hoped. It had not filled the void within me for which I longed for years to somehow be restored. I wanted to know my father again, I wanted to remember his love, but it had died in the island's destruction and with the disorder that ensued. And Roland's hospitality, despite his evident life of poverty, made me feel poorer than even he for feeling at such a loss. He'd kept his faith alive in God, in himself, and in his son too for 12 long years. I'd felt a loss for my own within a matter of hours.

It wasn't until we'd reached the shoreline that I regained conscious control of my thoughts. I think Roland realized my distracted focus on the trip to the beach, which I didn't pick up on until now because when we finally arrived, I noticed that he spoke little. Instead, we stared out at the sea in front of us, just in time to see the sun break at dawn above invisible waves. Sam bolted for the water as soon as our feet touched the thicker mounds of sand. My old friend and I stood next to each other, looking out to the bright blue expanse.

"If there's one thing the hurricane didn't destroy," Roland said watching Sam splash, "it's the beauty of the water. It used the water to bring destruction to our home, but it's the one thing here that remains constant and in order. Interesting, isn't it, man?"

I didn't know what to say, so I just nodded and stared. Stared at the calm, gentle vibrations of the wind across the glassy blue, let the breeze carry the salt to my nose and onto my tongue. It was the first time since I'd arrived on the island that I really wished Allie was beside me, taking in the beauty of my home. I didn't hear anything or feel anything else, save the slow, rhythmic beating of my chest, seeming to push against the cross that dangled there. It was quiet and still. Until Sam ran back to us with water cupped in his hands which he threw onto his father and then laughed hysterically. It was then that I first saw Sam as a mirror image of his father: the same small eyes, flat cheeks, comforting demeanor. Roland gave a jolt, raised his voice in a playful way: "This water's chilly!" Chased his son with one of those open-mouth smiles. I watched them run for a minute, Roland slowing himself down so to give his Sam some hope of escape, until he increased his speed and pummeled his son into the fast-warming sand. As they lay there, I could hear their laughs. I think I smiled then, too. Probably still did as I retraced their chase in the sand and saw both of their footprints. I fingered my cross for the first time that morning since the sun rose.

Next page...

arthur

Bodo Johnson





Room 315

Michael Quinnan

I have lain here for two months
Gasping for air—
Crying myself to sleep.
Bed sores on my heels
That once walked city streets
Withstanding concrete commutes
To the Shubert Theatre,
Where I was draped in red silk
Like the gashes on my grey skin...
The IV gives me the starting pitch:
“E”
It harmonizes with the Holter monitor
Playing the tonic note:
“C”
Though no one can hear,
I complete the triad:
“G”
It is lonely back here
But it will not be long
Before the curtains open up
And I can step out into the spotlight

Previous page...

Fos

Sofia Zingone

after thoracic crash

E Kerr

witnesses reported a man,
he would live
on the skin above his sternum,
saw heartbeat, closed,
for him not to be
stitched up and stable
he tried to be his own god, declared
a violence against this vehicle
and she was gone.

a woman, she died,
with two scars, fingertips away from meeting
where doctors cut open,
and say it was good enough
“pronounced dead.”
again, like the first time
bodily autonomy, split wrist veins,
and she was gone.

after thoracic crash



My Heart
Bridget Nucatola

The --- of God

Oak O'Connor

i.

I

I

I am

I am a ---?

I

think

I

live

I have

no ---?

There is

?

There is a

self

But not

not here

not right

not

life

a life

I live

I live as

?

nothing I

blank

nothing

no choice

something

I must be

some

thing

there is a

I must be

I am

ii.

Template.	Model.	Craft in	self.
	Made like	father, like a ---.	
Eye to see Gen		esis.	Copied.
	One to be.	Wants and	right thoughts.
I project. I am		project.	Survey.
	Something,		I must be a thing.
Why? Why?		Who is	to know?
	Rigid,	fixed. I am a ---.	
No choice. Conform		to form	to live.

iii.

Now I know my place, but not my home.
 How could I have a home,
 with Eden vanishing in distance?
 I was cast as model man, enbreathened clay,
 a crudish image. My body patchwork,
 my soul piecemeal, for out of many, one.
 Why then must I limit myself?
 Why am I in a box as in a coffin?

I say I want a mate,
 alone to be companionated.
 I allow myself just what is right,
 right thoughts and followed actions,
 and still disgust. Still the reluctant wish.
 What is there still to do?
 I molded self to fit, smoothed out
 the wrongs, painted over my image.
 Assumed the proper affect for a son.

Is that why he looks at me so?
 Is there some mirror in my jigsaw soul?
 It may be that I'm prism,
 keeping him imprisoned in reflection.
 Just so. I did not ask for such a life.
 Nothing is left now except the struggle,
 my own and other, self and double self,
 and father son entwined in unembrace.

Contributors

Bethany Belkowski is a sophomore English major in the SJLA program.

Caroline Hagen is a senior neuroscience major in the SJLA program.

Samantha Hoffmann is a first-year chemistry major in the Magis Honors Program in STEM.

Elisabeth (Bodo) Johnson is a junior philosophy and political science double major in the SJLA program.

E Kerr is a senior occupational therapy major and writing and English double minor.

Nia Long is a senior neuroscience and philosophy double major in the SJLA and Honors programs.

Molly Neeson is a junior environmental science and philosophy double major in the SJLA program.

Bridget Nucatola is a sophomore human resources major and business minor.

Oak O'Connor is a senior English and philosophy double major in the SJLA program.

Devang Patel is a sophomore neuroscience and philosophy double major in the SJLA and Magis Honors programs.

Michael Quinnan is a junior biomathematics major in the Magis Honors Program in STEM.

Nathan Tauber is a junior English major.

Sofia Zingone is a junior physiology and philosophy double major in the SJLA program.

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Alexis Ward

Stephen Whittaker

Jenny Whittaker

Hank Willenbrink

CLP Physical Plant Staff

The Other



***Esprit* Submission Information**

Deadline for Spring 2022: April 8 at 11:59 p.m.

Esprit, a review of arts and letters, features work by students of The University of Scranton and is published each fall and spring as a co-curricular activity of the English department.

We will consider a maximum of five visual art submissions and five literary submissions (poetry and/or prose) per author/artist. *Esprit* does not accept resubmissions, works currently under consideration elsewhere, previously published works, or works published to social media accounts.

Manuscripts (Electronic Submission)

Original stories, poems, essays, translations, features, sketches, humor, satire, interviews, reviews, and short plays must be typed and saved in Microsoft Word file format (.docx). All manuscripts, except poetry and short plays, must be double-spaced. Every page of the manuscript must list the title and page number in the upper right corner. It is recommended that all manuscripts be submitted in 12-point Times New Roman font. The author's name must NOT appear at any point in the manuscript to ensure that all submissions are judged anonymously. Each submission is to be saved as a separate Word file, and all submissions are to be attached to a single email and sent to espritsubmissions@scranton.edu from the author's University email account.

The body of the email must contain the following information:

- Writer's name
- Royal ID number
- Year in school and enrollment status (full-time or part-time)
- Major(s) and honors program(s) (Business Honors, Business Leadership, Honors, Magis, or SJLA)
- Genre(s) of submissions emailed (poetry or prose)
- Title of each work submitted in the listed genre(s)

If you are submitting a work of translation, please include a copy of the original text along with your translation.

Submissions received late, mislabeled, or emailed without all of the above information will NOT be considered.

Graphics (Electronic Submission)

Black and white/color photographs and pen and ink drawings work best in this format, but pencil drawings, collages, and paintings will be considered. Your name must NOT appear anywhere on the submission(s). Upload your submission(s) to

OneDrive through your my.scranton email account in the *highest possible quality*, and share that OneDrive file in an email to espritsubmissions@scranton.edu. The body of the email must contain the following information:

Artist's name

Royal ID number

Year in school and enrollment status (full-time or part-time)

Major(s) and honors program(s) (Business Honors, Business Leadership, Honors, Magis, or SJLA)

Title of each work submitted

Medium of each work submitted (photography, painting, charcoal, etc.)

When the work submitted is a study of, or is otherwise dependent upon, another artist's work, please supply the other artist's name and that work's title.

Submissions received late, mislabeled, or without all of the above information will NOT be considered.

All submissions are reviewed anonymously. All accepted submissions to *Esprit* that are the work of currently enrolled full-time undergraduates at The University of Scranton will be considered, according to genre, for The Berrier Prose Award (\$100), The Berrier Poetry Award (\$100), and The *Esprit* Graphics Award (\$100).

Please do NOT address questions regarding submission policy to espritsubmissions@scranton.edu; this email address is expressly for receiving submissions and will not be accessed until the *Esprit* submission deadline has passed. Questions should instead be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief for the Spring 2022 semester, Nia Long (nia.long@scranton.edu).



Esprit Staff Fall 2021 ❤️



Esprit Production Team Fall 2021 ♥

