



leviathan

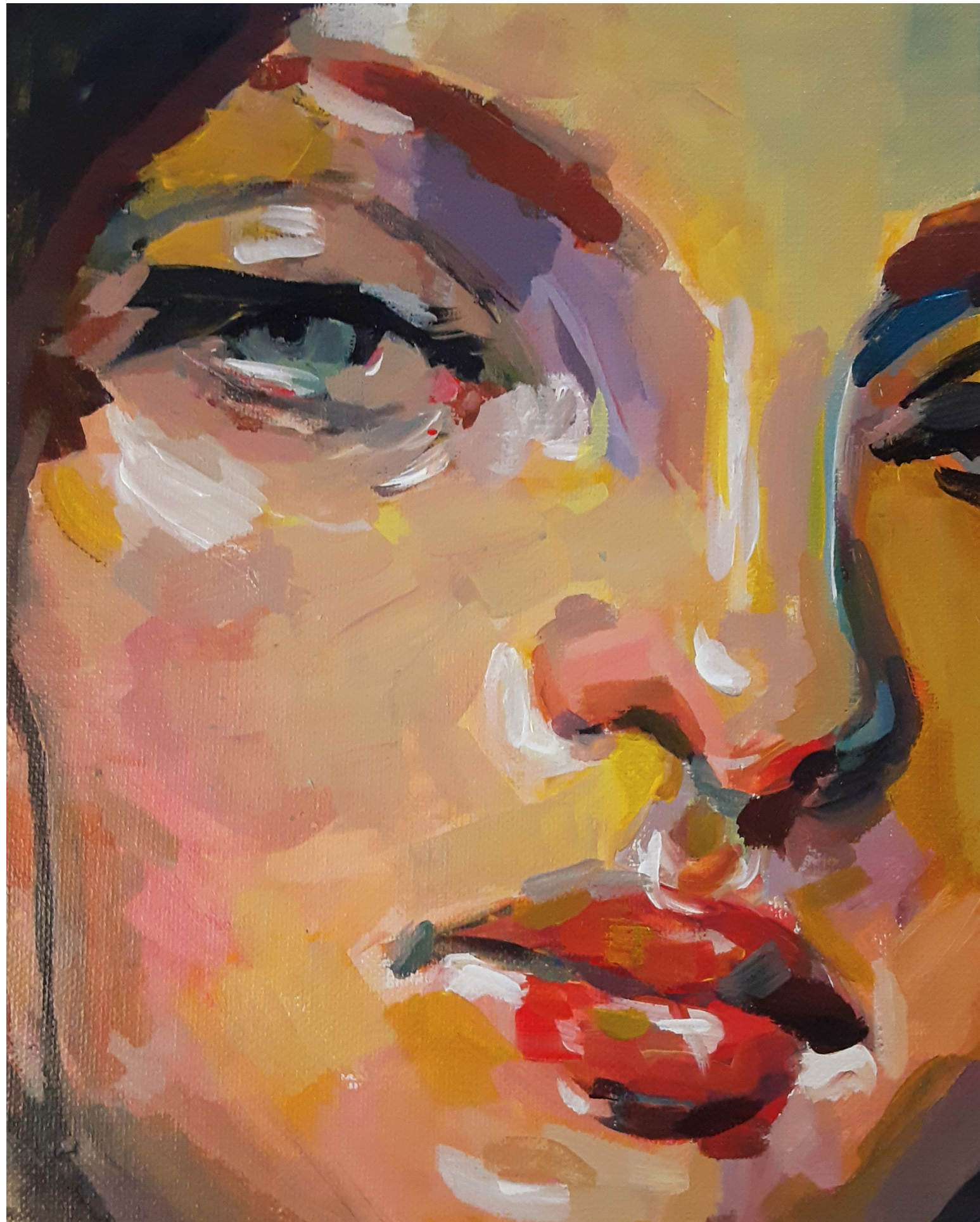


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cover:
SkSkSk
oil and chalk pastel
Bo Wyatt

inside cover:
Portrait in Summer
painting
Alex Wollinka

Leviathan is Cutler Publication's journal for literary & visual arts. It features only the work of Colorado College students and is published four times a year. The editors encourage submissions from the entire Colorado College student community.

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Zeus
charcoal on paper
Avy Diamond

Wax Man

Alex Wollinka

You say your insides melt for me
like hot wax, scalding, seeping, bleeding.
And you want to pry me open like a locket,
unfastening the latches down my chest
unclasping the halves of my sternum,
kneading my naked heart
as if your hands could soften it.

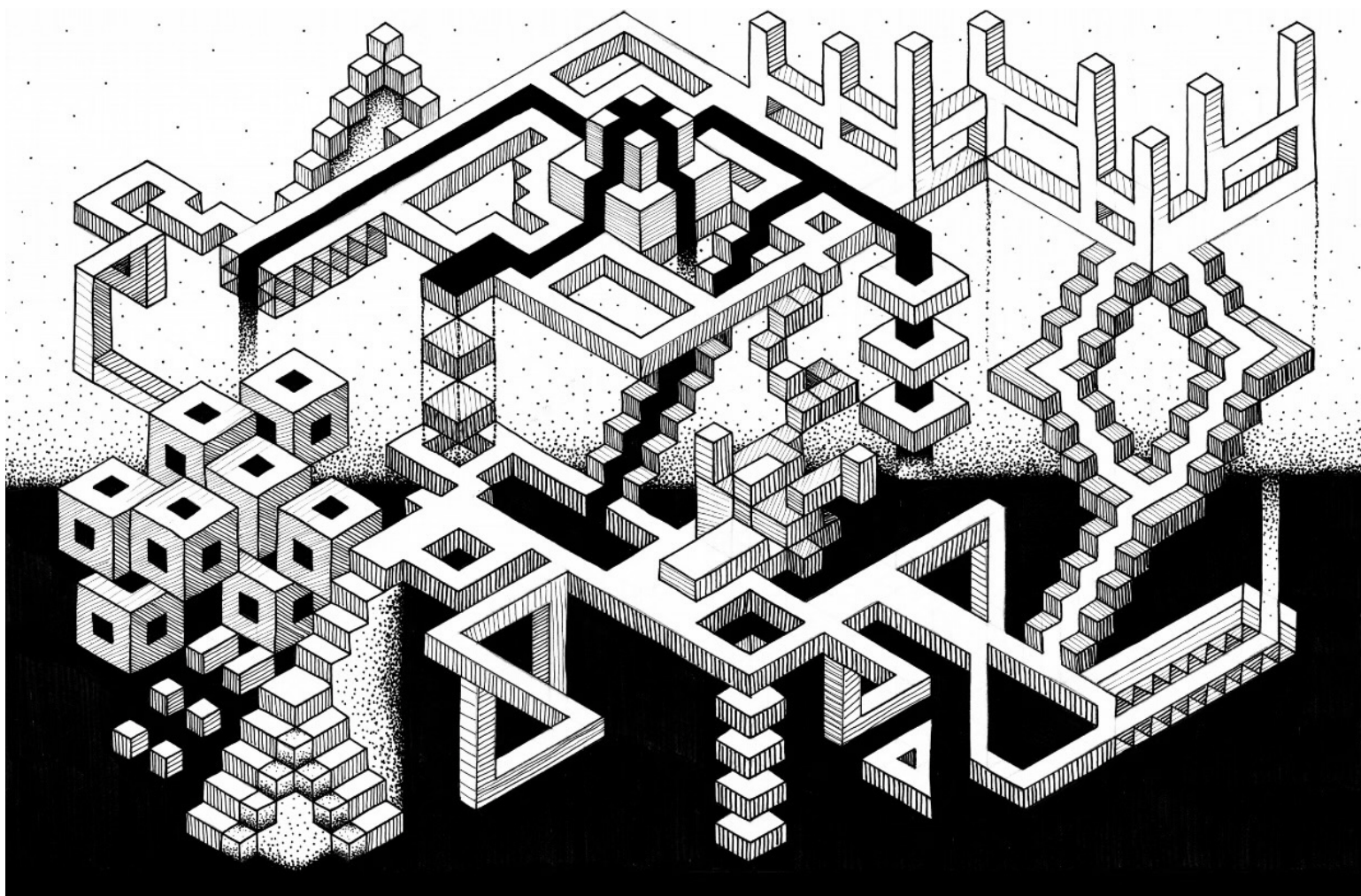
You mold my body with yours,
your fingers shaping my waist,
lacing between ribs, parting my lips
gripping my wrists like veins under skin.

Your bloated heart is an embryo,
a burning ember seeking a hearth,
a womb to birth itself
in an explosion of vessels.

But I cannot meld and mold around you.
I can only burn.

drawing
Skylar Hennessee





technical drawing
Skylar Hennessee



watercolor
Skylar Hennessee

11/1/23

Willa Schendler

I'm walking on the sidewalk downtown in the Springs and it's a perfect winter day, so crisp and cold the lightness feels lonely.

I wore my Doc Martens too much last week because they make me feel hot. Now my achilles tendon hurts from my foot rubbing against the hard black leather walking from my apartment to class.

I am walking and my heel aches, and I remember a couple weeks ago when it didn't hurt like this. I swear I can feel the sinews in the tendon creaking as my foot pushes off the wide sidewalk concrete. Unlike Achilles, though, I am fragile in more places than this.

Driving back to school the sunlight is the amber of an early winter evening even though it is only November.

I am listening to a CD. My dad made it for my mom when she was pregnant with me – he wrote "Ellen's Baby Mix" on the yellow disc. The first song skips, the CD is scratched.

I wish I had thought to write down what the songs on the CD were before I scratched it, but my little red notebook I'm supposed to record the world in is now full of days and days of unfinished To-Do lists. I recycle tasks, ones I can't seem to finish. The boxes I write next to them are empty, they remind me of my little endless failures.

The songs that don't skip remind me of growing up, of the feeling of flushed cheeks after school in our house by the woodstove. I'd sit there with my dad nauseatingly anxious about college applications, and we would drink strong coffee and write together.

In the background is the rhythmic knead of the bread machine my dad bought to save money. It turned out we didn't replace store bought bread with homemade bread, we just ate two times as much bread. The bread machine bread is dense and sweet, it is good with honey.

At least, I want those songs to remind me of this. Driving in the amber light that I know I love I don't feel anything.

I am walking on the concrete in Colorado Springs. Someone pointed out to me how comically small the bell is in the bell tower on Kiowa. My camera roll is full of pictures of the street in front of the court house – it is beautiful, or I try to convince myself that it is. Look at it in spring, in fall, in winter. I am in this place watching it change, I am learning about it. I stay the same. I like the early evening glow off the brutalist buildings, the odd names of the shows advertised above the theater. I should go to more of those types of things.

My achilles tendon aches when I walk, and I remember a conversation. Fiona asked if I ever thought about dying. Because she didn't. She felt, she told me breathlessly, on a run above my house, invincible. We haven't spoken in a year.

I think about dying all the time. I do not want to die, but I think about the fact of it. What would it mean to never see another winter day, or drive in the soft light of early evening. It is nice that these cold days don't depend on my being there to notice them.



SkSkSk
oil and chalk pastel
Bo Wyatt

Carcass

Thomas Nielsen

You bore down upon me as a car to a squirrel.
I'm still here lying on the side of the road,
and you've crossed into Pennsylvania.
At least I have the flies to keep me company!

Sometimes I think I'm in love with you.
Sometimes I don't know if I can fall in love.
But if you need me, I'm a phone call away,
I'm not upset about the whole car thing.
I'm still here on the side of the road,
My carcass feeling the first chill of autumn.

When you're dying there's nothing left to do.
I can't tell if that's hell or heaven.
But anyway, I'm still here on the side of the road,
And you're miles and miles and miles away
And I miss you even though you hit me with your sedan,
And the leaves are starting to change,
And the flies aren't good company anyway.

So don't be a stranger,
And I'll still pick up if you call,
And some days are easy and some are hard,
really hard,
But I'm still here on the side of the road,
And I'm not getting any younger.
Just ask the flies!



Millie Portrait
colored pencil
Paige Martin



My Moon
watercolor
Paige Martin



digital paintings
PJ Langas



White Noise

Alex Wollinka

When my apartment is empty, I live as if someone has their ear pressed to my door. I walk softly, keeping the electric fan on so that it whirs and rattles. I search for a clean glass in the kitchen cabinet, ignoring the dust collecting on the top shelf, empty mason jars shifting and clinking together. I'm hungover, and my mouth is dry.

I stand at the sink, twisting an ice tray so it cracks like an aching spine.

I stare through the closed blinds of the tiny window, where the grass outside is dry and the chain link fence has never stopped anything from getting through.

Four ice cubes, four clinks. The sound of a faucet. Ice popping in water.

The walls in this apartment have been repainted so many times the corners look round, and water damage is puffing up near the baseboard, forming bloated pouches I'm afraid to look at because I know it's getting worse. Beige paint coats the wire covers, the outlets, the vents. But the layers aren't thick enough to block out my neighbor's muffled voices on the other side of the wall. It sounds like they're arguing. I feel tense.

There is too much of my childhood in me.

I feel the cold water wash down my throat, spreading through my chest to the pit of my empty stomach. I force myself to finish it. I need an Advil. I need a shower. I need to vacuum the rug before my roommate gets home.

Afternoon drags itself into evening with a familiar symphony of sounds. Cars with idling engines, people talking in the parking lot, my phone buzzing with texts I won't answer until it's so late I'll have to come up with an excuse.

I settle on a headache. When the time comes, I tell my friends I have a headache.

I lie on the carpet and watch tiny bugs crawl across the ceiling, their shadows long in the setting sun--they always seem to get in through the holes in my window screens. They don't bother me much, but their dead bodies by my desk lamp do. It bothers me how they always die in the light.

I need to call my pharmacy. I need to text my brother. I need to be alone.

I want to peel the halves of my brain apart like a clementine, to pick away the strings, to softly press the bruises on my mind, asking does it hurt now?

And it would. There is too much of my childhood in me, still.

The pajamas my mom used to wear when I was up with a fever at night-- a faded oversized t-shirt. Cotton. The scent of an unfamiliar mattress, the smell of his laundry detergent and sweat. The sharpness of hair clips, the taste of wintermint gum. The smell of vomit in church bathrooms, locker room bathrooms. Cold hands on my skin.

It's starting to snow. I tell myself to go to bed.

My eyes adjust to dark as I listen to the sound of heating pipes cracking and clanging under their dusty ventilated cover, like someone banging on a metal sheet. Again and again.

I wrap myself in childhood rituals. As I drift off, I imagine all the ways I might die. Five, ten, twenty years from now. Numb on anesthetics and full of tubes, splayed open like a vivisection. Microorganisms multiplying in my cells. My heart swollen and pounding. My face smothered with quilts and pillows. One day I will stop believing I will die young, but it may be well into my forties. I may be wrong.

One day, the soundtrack will cut off forever.

The sound of rusty swing sets and windchimes, slurred speech and loud music, an old house settling with pops and groans. The clinking glass, the whirl of the fan, the cracking ice and heating pipes.

This song has no beginning and no end. The last note is coming-- not like a missile, but like snowfall, like ash sifting down from the sky, like a music box winding down. And when the last snowflake lays to rest on my windowsill, I will be asleep, dreaming, under a roof covered in white. When the heavens light up with imaginary silent explosions, I will be asleep, dreaming, a blanket pulled up to my chin. Five, ten, twenty years ago.

And my mother will be just down the hall in her pajamas, a warm light under her door, taking something for her headaches.



photos
Sienna Busby



Let's start here:

Evie Levy

(Don't hold me to it)

Darling, there are jewels
Buried deep in the crust of Antarctica
That have seen more than you
Paintings, wrapped dark
In Foreign Basements
Wisdom: Unmoored, Unwed
You, my dear, are no more
An object, no less
Than the shell that beats the sand
The Florida coast is littered with you
Don't Fret!!
There is beauty here, if you choose to see it

Fossil Girls

Alex Wollinka

When we are split open and sewn shut,
we will never stop shaking.
Even in death,
buried with tectonic plates
that grind like bone on bone.

I am a shell of petrified skin.
My skeleton whistles in the wind,
singing songs of erosion,
and my mouth is full of scars
that do not speak.

There is nothing to be said
that does not need to be said again and again,
growing bigger and deeper with each repetition.
Until my emptiness becomes an echo chamber
until I am digging a pit– becoming a cavern--
A mass grave for hollow words.

Everything begs, please rest.
In peace or in pain, please rest.
Stop trembling and lie still
until they dig up your bones
once more.





SoHo

Evie Levy

On the walk to McNally Jackson I see Jesus
On a sign on a lamp post
He's just a hopelessly romantic plumber looking for a beautiful women to provide for
Serious inquiries only

At pressed juicery I see Moses
In the soft serve machine
His face stares at me in acai swirls,
the red sea

Don't go shit in alo yoga!
I clogged the toilet while flushing a tampon
That was 2 weeks ago
Now they have problems with the pipes

It's incredible how easy it is to stay up to date nowadays, all I do is listen to the Daily!
I saw God at my Chryotherapists and it was Michael Barbaro



photos
Sienna Busby

Someday – It Will Be Sunday

Alexandra Akinchina

i remember sitting in the church i passed by every day to work.

How odd and ironic? i thought.

That a church stands in the middle of

greed and riches.

a beacon of belonging

in the middle of blockades.

and i - on Madison -

momentarily broken,

praising God's gift

because i can't believe my eyes.

and i opened the book

to the only hymn i knew:

"Jesus loves me, this I know,

for the Bible tells me so.

Little ones to Him belong;

they are weak, but He is strong."

If You Can't Be Loved The Way You Used To –

Evie Levy

Tell yourself it's inherent.

Tell yourself the stars used to shine for you, before they got bored, moved on to greater pursuits.

Tell yourself the drinking got the best of you.

The plastic in your veins is eternal.

Tell yourself the fountain of youth is springing from the bathroom sinks in the frats you no longer enter.

The scars on your skin never heal – that's just the way you're built.

Tell yourself that your stomach has fermented, turned sour, rancid.

Sip the Scoby and let it feed your disintegration.

Your pussy is purple and bruised.

You are too old to use the word pussy.

Help!!!

Time will wear down the toughest metal.

And I am only skin and bone.

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Back Inside Cover:

Portrait in Summer

painting

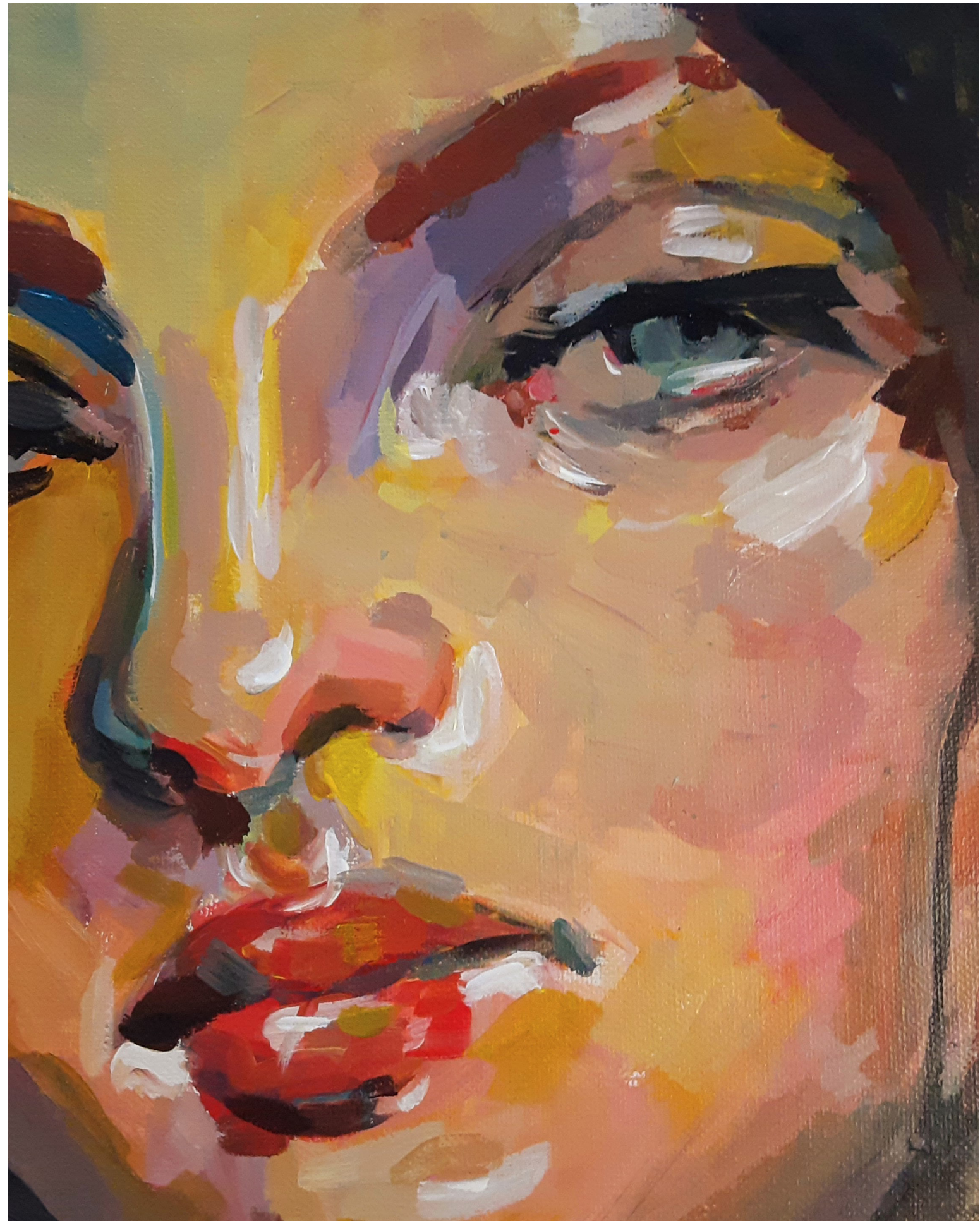
Alex Wollinka

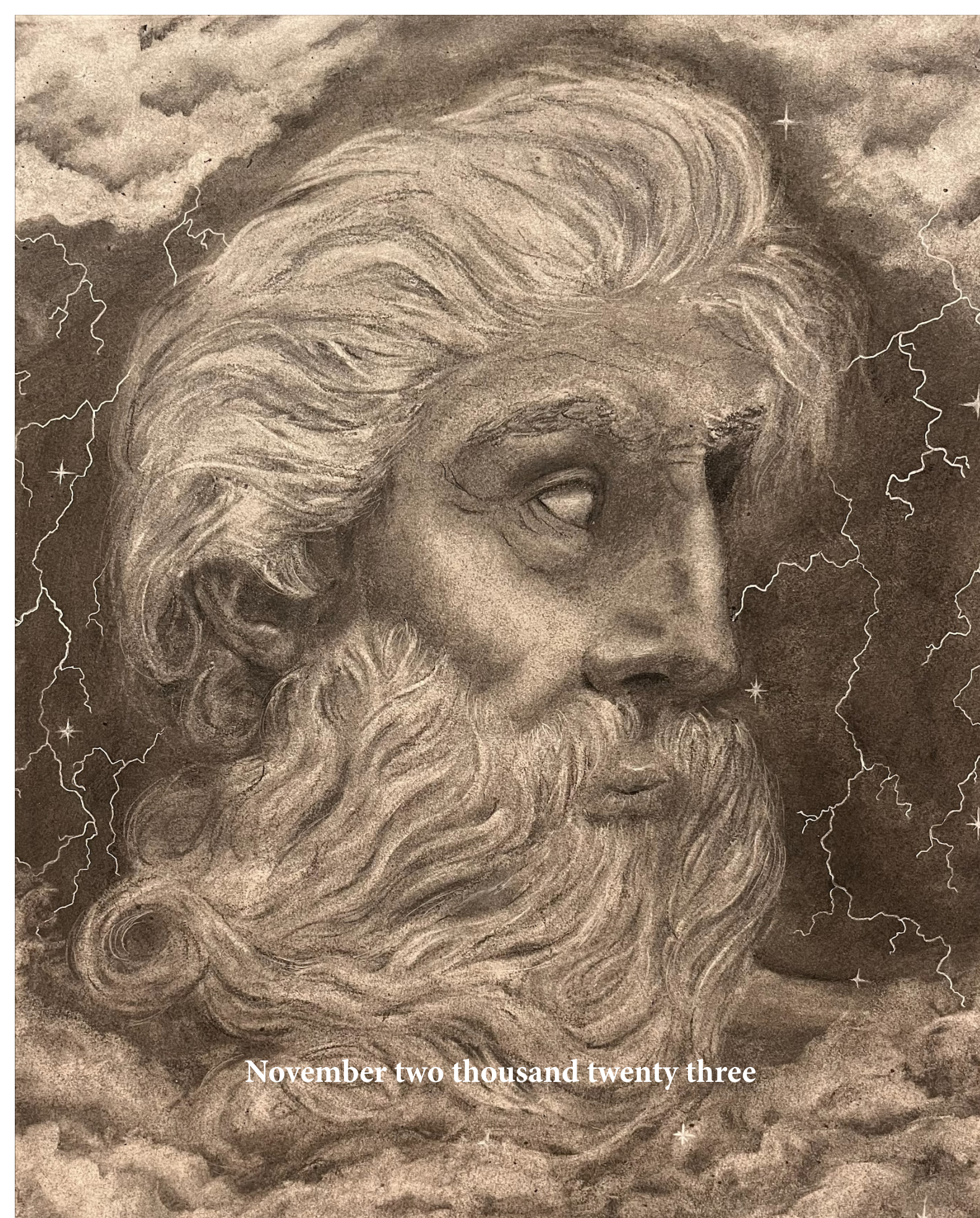
Back Cover:

Zeus

charcoal on paper

Avy Diamond





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