Dear Reader,

It has been another successful year for *Mosaic Art and Literature Magazine*. We would like to thank the many people who have contributed their efforts and creative abilities to this year’s publication. We are once again impressed with the caliber of work coming out of the undergraduate student body.

*Mosaic* was created with the intention of providing a publication for undergraduate students to share their work with the larger university community. Few other such outlets or opportunities are currently available. We feel it is important for students to have a place to express their creativity and passion for the arts. After a careful review by a select group of OSU undergrads, *Mosaic* recognizes what we feel best exemplifies the highest quality of work the current undergraduate student body has to offer.

We appreciate the work the *Mosaic* staff put forth and truly hope the process of creating the magazine was exciting and enriching. *Mosaic* is a collaborative effort and could not have happened without the support of the staff, The Ohio State University art and literature community, fellow editorial board members, and our faculty advisor, Angela Taylor.

Additionally, throughout the past year many talented students have read at our poetry readings and have contributed art to display. Our annual Professor Protégé event was particularly impressive. We would like to thank professors Lee Martin and Robert Derr for presenting their work and bringing their protégés to this event.

If you would like to participate in *Mosaic* next year, we would encourage you to apply to our staff in the fall, submit work at the beginning of Winter Quarter, and attend future *Mosaic* events throughout the year. Please visit our web site, mosaicosu.com, for updates and information about events and applications. If you have any questions about *Mosaic*, feel free to contact us at mosaic@mosaicosu.com.

We hope you enjoy this year’s *Mosaic*.

Thank you,
Gen Goodwin and Stephanie Mehl
Editors-in-Chief, 2009–2010

Caitlin O’Brien
Assistant Editor-in-Chief, 2009–2010
Poetry Will Be Cool — SECOND PLACE
Matthew Paul Schlichting

Poetry will be cool. Unavoidably so!
Men of questionable intent
will shout couplets out of car windows
to beautiful women strolling down the avenue
and their replies shall sting men
in venomous free verse;
but some will irresistibly invite
and make Hollywood look chaste.

Send cheese!
Send Louise!
all over the world.
Even rock and roll will take a back seat.
Boys will flash their pens just like switchblades
scratching words with a scribbling hope
that they settle down in your head and never leave
and make you forget what the hell a melody even was.

Self Portrait
mixed media | collage
Meagan Winkelman

Just wait.
Little boys will leave their toy trucks behind
and plead to Santa: Bring me stationery!
Beheaded dolls will litter the bedrooms of America
as little girls try to describe
exactly how the cabbage patch doll fell to the floor, lifeless.
These lines and verses will grow up with them—
tacked onto the fridge,
filed into college-ruled classrooms
and finally bound into the poem-starved world.

Poetry will be cool,
but it shall take some work,
for it needs to be used well!
It must be cared for!
It is not an excuse to cobble together random thoughts about:
tea
cats and meowing and birds and feathers
blonde girls that dumped you. Twice.
the petals of a specific flower, visited by a specific bee at nine-fifteen on September fifth and then again on the ninth.
garden pathways
deaf stuff
and whisper them into microphones at readings where undergrad attendance is mandatory.

We need to take poetry back
from the boring
from the dull
from the stupid!
Take it back from the sounds of old people withering,
brushing dust off of their shoulders.
They that smell like the musty spines of unopened books
stacked into libraries, away from the words of the world.
Poems must live again.
They must find a home in the minds of people
instead of festering in libraries—
grow roots in our hearts and sprout dreams.
And then poetry will be cool.
Fun with Lemons

digital photography

John Hooks
On Watching a Cello Orchestra with Soprano and Conductor, 11th Floor, Thompson Library
Zachariah McVicker

I.
Poor posture cellists,
In medulla oblongata
Of this spinal tower.
Your fingers dance on necks,
While sawing string ribs
With wooden rapiers —
You are musing me and I write
Anything these days. But I swear
You are different Cello Orchestra.
Keep sound checking.
The soprano is sitting two seats
Away, warming up and though
She is beautiful in voice and body,
Your stroking of throats
Make my hands shake.

II.
The lost orations,
The conductor's archaic
Language matches no cadence
Of the cellists.
He does not rhyme well
With their beautiful instrumentation.
Coat-tailing diva! Your wizard wand,
Followed only by my eyes
Like fruit flies
Buzzing about my head.

III.
Solo soprano, though beautiful
And womanly strong,
I can only tolerate
Second-hand Italian.
For some insolent reason,
I am told the best conductors
Perform their worst songs
Twice.

IV.
Stairs down from eleventh floor.
Concert above and behind me,
The music only echoes
Down the stairwell, chasing
Me and though I wish it could,
That moment will never
Catch me again.

Mortalitas
acrylic | oil | graphite on canvas
Marco Fuhrman
The Barrier of Space and Time
oekaki (java program)
Jing He

Untitled
photography
Eleanor Williamson
I had expected the General Post Office in Dublin to be hallowed ground, a place where my mediocrity would be overwhelmed by the holy aura of the memories it carried. It didn’t. People crowd O’Connell Street going about their daily lives, edging around me on their way to the many shops lining the street. They go in and out of the post office to deliver their packages and buy their stamps. Not even a second glance at the building where the Poblacht na hÉireann was read on Easter Monday, 1916. No misty-eyed reverence for the birchplace the Irish Republic and the ensuing battle with the British Army. If anything, their eyes linger on me more than on anything else.

I stand there, looking every bit the Yankee tourist with my fanny pack, my shopping bags from Trinity College and the Guinness Store, and my T-shirt, which insists that the leprechauns made me do it. This whole picture is probably laughable to any real Irishman, but I don’t care. I feel the columns at the front, which still bear the bullet holes left by British rifles. A gold plaque states the events of that day for all to see—in English and in Irish. I came here like any Irish-American with a romantic image of the old country, hoping to see the culture from whence I had come. Every travel brochure mentioned this place. Every tour guide pointed it out as we passed by. Every pocket history of Ireland mentions it.

It seemed as if 1916 is the cornerstone on which modern Ireland stands, that the site where it happened was the Holy of Holies as far as they were concerned. I had to come here so I might commune with history, pay homage to the architects of the Irish Republic, be dwarfed by the mythic aura of this place. But life goes on in Dublin. This public building has remained public and it seems unfathomable that such a great event ever took place here.

And then there’s the statue. Front and center is Cú Chulainn, the Hound of Ulster, tied to a pillar as he dies. Where I expected to be awed by a larger-than-life monument to Ireland’s great hero, I find myself within arm's length of a humble bronze statue no taller than a man. The raven perches on his dead, bronze shoulder—the raven that assured his killers that he was dead. This is the iconic image of the mightiest warrior in Ireland: neither god, nor saint, nor hero, but an ordinary dying man. Ireland has moved on and this holy place has moved with it. No vigils are kept here. No miracles are performed in the name of Cú Chulainn—the patron saint of the Irish republican cause. No prayers are made, except one. I make the Sign of the Cross toward Cú Chulainn and offer a final sacrament before I, too, move on.
Untitled — First Place
media stoneware | glass | collected stones
Larissa Salazar
How simple I am to assume I am the hero of my life’s tale!
I am just as easily the villain with a disposition so shaky
as to unravel fate-bound opportunity.
Perhaps I am the hero in no tale—
simply the fool in a tragedy,
the drunkard in a comedy,
the innkeeper for the victors.
I, who weaves tales freely—
lost in life’s pages! Perhaps,
Yet many plots are: through time,
some in the dusty corners of memory
others still blank pages
waiting for the fresh ink of determination,
all begging for writers, for readers, for life.
So let me dip back into the well and begin scribbling again.
Unwritten stories never end happily ever after, you know.
The Hour Glass
bronze
Marco Fuhrman
The Sound of Your Feet
Stephanie Sanders

I'm in what used to be Jeff's office. It is perfectly square and that's why I pushed all his belongings out into the hall. I even took the bookshelves down. They're all propped up against the walls in the downstairs bathroom with the books stacked around them in these weird little half circles that I made unconsciously. I got a kick out of that, I guess. I made probably twenty trips down the stairs with the books alone and I was so sweaty and anxious that I didn't care how I set them down, but I guess it all worked out, didn't it?

The walls are amazingly white and the floor is a jigsaw puzzle of shining red boards in this room. I rolled up that Persian rug that hid the pretty floor and threw it down the stairs. It landed rather ungracefully and when I was carrying it to the stairs I knocked over a lamp, I think, but I'm trying to ignore all of that.

The computer is in the tub. I'm not worried about that. Jeff will have the sense to pull back the curtain and investigate before turning the water on. He's always doing that investigative stuff.

Drippy Swirly Portrait
house paint on panel
Monica Rose Song

The desk where the computer used to sit is in the garage. He'll see it when he comes home and I think it'll be the first thing that'll turn him on to what is happening here. It's a small thing though, really, in the whole grand scheme of things. He'll be puzzled probably, but he won't be scared. It's not like I'll be hanging myself right out there in the garage and when he presses the button, the door will rise and first reveal my feet, suspended three feet from the ground. It won't be like a weird metal curtain, rising to reveal the last act of the show or anything like that. I mean, I've thought about doing it all theatrically like that, but the garage is a hot, mishapen place. It smells like paint. Nothing meaningful ever happens in garages, not really.

And anyway, this way he'll have to park outside and I'll be changing the world a little, you know? There will be a car in our driveway instead of in our garage and the whole balance of the world will be a little off, I think.

And hopefully by then he'll realize that the house is terribly cold—I've turned the air on and thrown the windows open in the living room and all the bedrooms. What is it outside? Ten degrees? He'll be pissed off about that, but he'll know something is going on. He'll finally get it, I think.

And maybe he'll even call out my name a little and open some doors, but all he'll see is all that office furniture of his.

So then of that will lead him here.

And here I will be, lying flat on the hardwood floor in this perfectly cold and square room. I will be blissfully dead.

And before Jeff gets there, the house will be completely silent except for the soft white of the air conditioner. I've taken all of the batteries out of the clocks and unplugged all the telephones.

As I roll the first pill around in my trembling hand, I realize that my fingers make whispering sounds as they slide against each other.

I wish Jeff could hear things like this.

He will walk into that office with his heavy feet thudding against the floor and he'll see me there, lying so silently with my empty bottles of pills, and then maybe he will realize how loud his feet are. And then maybe he will change.
Forget Me Not/
Flight of Thought
— Third Place
acrylic | colored pencil on mylar
Marco Fuhrman
Stranded in Juarez — FIRST PLACE

Alex Kinsel

I keep my passport tucked into the waistband of my jeans and a folded-up American twenty in the sole of my shoe. The papers are talking about drug wars using words like “czar” and “cartel.”

I didn’t believe it until we saw the men running through the open air market selling red balloons of chalky heroin on pieces of plywood their shirts open to the mid-day heat their eyes bloodshot and dead.

The sad-mouthed mothers pulled their children closer and continued to examine produce, mulling over the mangos and papayas.

At night, the streetlights that aren’t broken collect halos of gnats and dust. Across the river, El Paso lights up like a county fair. The red beacons on the high-rises mock the locals who survive on fly-covered rice and dirty water, who live in shacks held together with mud and paper bags.

I buy a dirty-palmed kid in an alley a five peso Coca-Cola and taking the condensation-slick bottle from my hand he is suddenly my best friend.

He reaches up to punch my shoulder calls me ”guero” – little white boy taps the gang tattoo on his shoulder narrows his eyes – too wise for a twelve year old.

My broken Spanish asks if maybe he’s a little young for that sort of thing. He mouths ”mi familia” tilts the glass bottle back his eyes closed content in the dead evening air.

We sit on a stoop and watch the younger children playing soccer in the street paint-splattered sawhorses as makeshift goals. They yell ”mira” and ”aquí aquí” as they dart back and forth on naked feet. The stars are gone in this town, the police had taken bribes for them.

That night, lying on the floor swathed in thin blankets and flicking stray cockroaches from my ankles, I hear gunshots in the surrounding streets and fall asleep wondering if the locals find the noise comforting like the crickets that lull me to sleep back home.
Conversations from a Dimly Lit Basement in Suburbia

D.I. Sanders

I keep my eyes glued to the mirror. Partially to concentrate on the task at hand, (this sort of thing requires focus) but mostly because I don't want to have to look at his face. The worst part about it is that this whole time he hasn't raised his voice. Not one bit. Instead he's using a quiet, restrained tone to indicate his disappointment. It's barely audible over the buzz of my clippers. I'm barely able to make out his soft words:

"You're an adult now. It's prime you stopped messing around and act like one. Show some mature judgment."

Pausing to check the length on both sides of my head, I determine they're good enough. It's a little shorter than usual because I've set the clippers on setting #2 length instead of the normal #3. Using my left hand, I begin to feel out the back of my head. You should use your dominant hand to operate the clippers and the other one to designate a spot towards the back. Personally, I prefer to use the spot where my hair grows out from in a circle, towards the top of my skull. This is how you trim the back, the part where you can't see, evenly. You clip up from the bottom up and use your non-dominant hand as a reference point of where to stop cutting.

"Sure, you can't do this on your own. Just on some whim."

My dad still thinks of me as a child. I swear he'll still be giving me this spiel when I'm forty-five. It's the exact same speech that thousands of preaching fathers give to their pimple-faced boys right before handing over the keys to the family Buick. My father doesn't care to acknowledge that I can legally drink or I've been making it through college on my own by working thirty hours a week for the past three years.

"Are you even listening to me?"

"Yes I'm listening but I'm not some idiot kid anymore so you can quit with the warnings about how bad drugs are and reminding me to wash my hands before dinner."

"Well, this isn't something you just do out of nowhere."

I resist the urge to scream that I'm not completely brain dead and focus on examining the back of my head with an old hand mirror. I'm happy to find an even length to go with my sides.

"You can't decide to just ship off all the..."

My eyes shift away from the mirror, for the first time since I started cutting my hair, to look at my father. The guy leaning against the washer with the graying temples and slouching posture stops talking insincerity because my expressionless stare has just told him the following:

"I already did. It's already been decided. It's a done deal old man."

Attack!

photography

Michael Bukach
My focus is back on the task at hand. You should go up about two settings for the top of your head. Relax, this is the easiest part because you can see it clearly in the mirror. It goes quick. For three minutes, a constant buzz is the only sound echoing in the basement, and all that's left to do is blend in the sides with the top.

"I remember when you used to cut it into a Mohawk."
"Yeah, well now it's a buzz cut. It's going to be that way for some time."

As I'm changing the setting to #4, he says something so quietly it's impossible to hear.
"What's that?"
"I asked, 'When do you stand?'"
"I go to basic training in three weeks. That takes six weeks and after that it depends, I'll probably be sent overseas within a month after basic."

"Where you going to put all your stuff? Who's going to watch after your dog?"
"I'm going to put it all in storage and Beth is going to take Kashmir. She's got a big backyard. He'll like it better than my place now."

"It seems like you've got it all planned out."
"Yes, it seems like I do."

I shut off the clippers and brush stray hairs from my face. I'm unable to stop myself from saying, "You used to go on and on about how this war was the right thing for us to do.""It is the right thing for the country to do. That doesn't mean you need to be the one fighting it."
"Fair weather patriot."

He nods turning around and walks upstairs without another word. I complete the cut and a final inspection proves my work to be satisfactory. As I'm cleaning up, sweeping up the departed hair from the cement floor, something tells me I've missed something.

I forgot about lining up the back. You've got to cut off the upper neck hair so you don't look like a slob that shows once a week. I know what needs to be done so I walk upstairs. You can't cut the back off by yourself. If you try, the line you make will be shaky and uneven at best. You've got to make sure there's someone else there to finish it.

I find him pretending to read the paper."
"I need your help. Can you cut the back? You've always cut the back."

"Of course I can. That's what fathers are for."

Afterwards he tells me, in his normal voice, the one that's a notch too loud for conversation in such a silent house, about the space he's cleared in the garage for my belongings. He shows me the doghouse he started building for Kashmir and where he's going to put it in the yard. He tells me he'll help watch after my money when I'm away. My dad goes on and on all afternoon.

I just listen to him, for the first time in years.
this is the index
of first ideas.

as a kid, i
wanted to
grow up and
be a
professional
baseball player.

you wanted to
be an
astronaut,
a soldier,
nurse,
a race car driver
a horse.

now, as the night
fizzles out,
your shirrtail
is untucked and
i smoke
alone.

the astronaut is
lost in the space
of your oldest dreams.
the race car driver
crashed and
the horse broke
its leg.

this is really happening
and we don't
know what
to do.

Feast — Second Place
digital photography
Meagan Winkelman
the sound of coffee pulled through a to-go lid
Jaime Malloy

is one hundred ants screaming while they stream from their mound,
is spit soaked air escaping from a hole in a yellow balloon,
is a pocketful of dimes against the inside of a porcelain pig's belly,
is one teeming moment sucked from then to now.

sandwich halves
ink
Brittany Toth
A Freight Train
in San Francisco — THIRD PLACE
James Kinkaid

a freight train exists
only to carry its load
its distant rumble is insignificant
making it all the more sweet
teary cold metal and slats of wasted wood
plunge through my shattered skull
as I lay awake in a cheap motel bed

my eyelids flutter
trying to cling to one time zone or another
while my mother rattles the 10' x 10' room with some
derivative of sleep apnea or
reaction to a shimmering dream
perhaps of riding atop
a distant rumbling train
reciting haiku and leaping from car to car
like some tired fabled kerouac
shouting lines like

hold me close, o glorious city!
how many will follow through your golden gate this night?
gravel-throated preachers
offer purest truth
as I lose myself
in search of coltrane

flannel hipsters on haystacks
snatching frames of melancholy mankind
damned if they don’t tread that bridge
to where life is muir fantasy
and our chilled fingers and rosy cheeks
join the fog

Tree of Life
paper on wood
Elizabeth Nelson
Untitled
stoneware | collected stones
Larissa Salazar
Amen
Reese Conner

The true Creator behind creation
is always revealed when;
at the end of dogmatic indoctrination
we collectively sigh: "Ah, men."

Untitled
ink | acrylic | photoshop
Brittany Toth

My Jagged Halo,
Among Other Things
wood block print
Blake McAdow
Artists & Authors

Michael Antosch
Michael Antosch is a senior, an English major, and a lifelong Columbus, Ohio resident. His parents, who have Ph.Ds in Water Resources, somehow ended up raising two artists. Michael is primarily a writer, but he also has some experience editing, drawing, designing web pages, and is a second-degree black belt in Taekwondo.

Michael Bukach*

Vanessa Burrowes
My name is Vanessa Burrowes and I'm a 2nd year biology major. When I'm not buried neck-deep in my classwork, I enjoy playing piano and doing photography in my spare time. I consider my Nikon D-60 my first-born child, mainly because it remains the largest purchase I have made in my life and I bought it as a gift to myself after working in the trenches over this entire past summer. Whenever I travel anywhere that I consider remotely photogenic, my camera is sure to be slung permanently around my neck. My favorite subjects to photograph are the great outdoors, curious framing perspectives in large cities, graffiti, and candid moments. If you can find anyone else that can beat me at overkill on the number of Facebook photo albums they have, I would like to meet them please.

Matt Carissimi*

Reese Conner
Reese is inordinately handsome, so much so that his reflection has a name: perflection. He has been called many things, the most ridiculous of which is "inordinately handsome." He is a junior at The Ohio State University. He studies English with a focus on poetry. Reese likes cats. A lot.

Anthony Deluca
My name is Anthony Deluca and I'm a sophomore here at Ohio State. I am majoring in Religious Studies and minoring in Sociology and Philosophy. I am planning on looking into being a professor after I finish all of the necessary schooling. In my spare time, I enjoy hanging out with my friends, writing, journaling, walking around outside and reading. I draw most of my inspiration from the works of Charles Bukowski, Chuck Palahniuk and the band Radiohead.

Marco Fuhrman
Marco Fuhrman was born in 1986 and raised in Lorain, Ohio. He attended The Ohio State University to study the history of art and architecture as well as their respective studio practices. He is now a full time artist and freelance illustrator living and working in Columbus, Ohio.

Jing He
 Virtually nothing is known of this artist. To view works in their original size and intended digital display, visit bootlegbatteries.deviantart.com

John Hooks
A long-time resident of the South, I moved to Columbus and began studying photography at OSU three years ago. My photographs feature crisp, sharply focused images that highlight aspects of the natural and urban environments that the casual viewer overlooks. The beauty of the natural world astounds me. People are beautiful. So are trees, leaves, rocks, snow, fog, and old banana peels. One day soon I hope to move to Alaska and there begin anew my photographic exploration of the intersections of natural and urban beauty.

James Kinkaid
James is a Junior Philosophy major, minoring in English and Spanish. He has a strong interest in the Modernist, Beat, and Postmodernist movements of the 20th century, both in terms of literature and poetry. Some of his greatest influences include e.e. cummings, Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, and Charles Bukowski. He generally lacks the focus necessary to sustain a unified plot for more than a few pages, so poetry is his preferred medium.

Alex Kinsel
Alex Kinsel is a third year English major. He likes going to breakfast, but doesn't really enjoy breakfast foods. He is a proud member of the Beantsicks Softball Team and has a cat named Stella.

Jaime Malloy*
Blake McDow
I spent my formative years in Waverly Ohio, drawing all over everything with anything and everything. Somewhere along the line I discovered that it was socially acceptable to draw as a career, and I've never really looked back. Now I spend my time drawing on wood, metal, and stones and playing with ink and acids. My inner eight year old has never been happier.

Zachariah McCvicker
Zachariah McCvicker was born to a very loving, working-class family in Philo, Ohio, and grew up in a town called Cambridge. Now he lives year round in Columbus attending The Ohio State University. He was told once, the only reason you can get up in the morning is to prove your own sovereignty. In the future, he would like to teach English at the college level.

Elizabeth Nelson*
Larissa Salazar*

D.I. Sanders

D.I. Sanders is a graduating senior who is leaving OSU this June. During his time here, D.I. has been fortunate to meet a plethora of inspiring people. D.I. writes and reads to figure things out—or, at the very least, try to. Always with a pen ready, he remains curious.

Stephanie Sanders

Stephanie Sanders is a marketing major from New London, Ohio. Despite their immense importance and influence in modern society, Stephanie does not like rain or green beans. She does, however, like sweet-smelling flowers, raccoons, magic, sad stories, lo-fi music, her family, and friends—these things contribute tremendously to her creative process and she is incredibly grateful. This is her first published story and she hopes that it’s not her last.

Rachel Sandoval

I am a sophomore design student. Prior to college, I trained myself in fine arts through lots of practice and a correspondence school. I began with just pencil and paper around the age of 13 because it was the cheapest medium I could get my hands on. Eventually, I managed to take classes in different media and found my stride in charcoal.

Matthew Paul Schlichting

Matthew Paul Schlichting is a second year English major and also a Resident Advisor in Paterson Hall. Originally from Winter Park, Florida, he moved to Greens, Ohio over the summer, and yet somehow still qualifies for an out-of-state scholarship. His favorite writers include John Irving, Stephen King, Kurt Vonnegut Jr, Walt Whitman, and Paul Simon, if you’re willing to count him (and you’d better be). You are likely to find him on the oval chasing a frisbee if the temperature is right.

Monica Rose Song

Monica Rose Song graduated from The Ohio State University with a degree in Art specializing in Painting, Drawing, and Printmaking as well as a degree in Marketing from The Fisher College of Business. Monica’s work is erotic and kitsch with particular emphasis on narrative, female sexuality and empowerment, and installation. However, Monica’s work in this show is from an earlier time period when she was working with issues of identity and control. Although the drawing and swirling of paint remained within the artist’s control, the material of paint behaved, dripped, and cracked freely on its own accord. Monica is moving to New York City to pursue her career as an artist this coming June. To view more of her work, please visit her website at www.MonicaRoseSong.com.

Brittany Toth*

Eleanor Williamson

I am a first-year Exercise Science student at OSU. I’m also pre-med, and I use photography as an outlet for stress. I find capturing the beauty of our surroundings to be very relaxing. I love photographing flowers, but I also really enjoy taking pictures of my horses back home. When I find the time, I really like using oil paint and watercolor to paint from pictures of my childhood.

Meagan Winkeliman*

* Autobiography not provided for publication