

**WINTER 2021-2022**

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# **JANUS**



# JANUS

Williston's Visual and Literary Arts Magazine

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# JANUS

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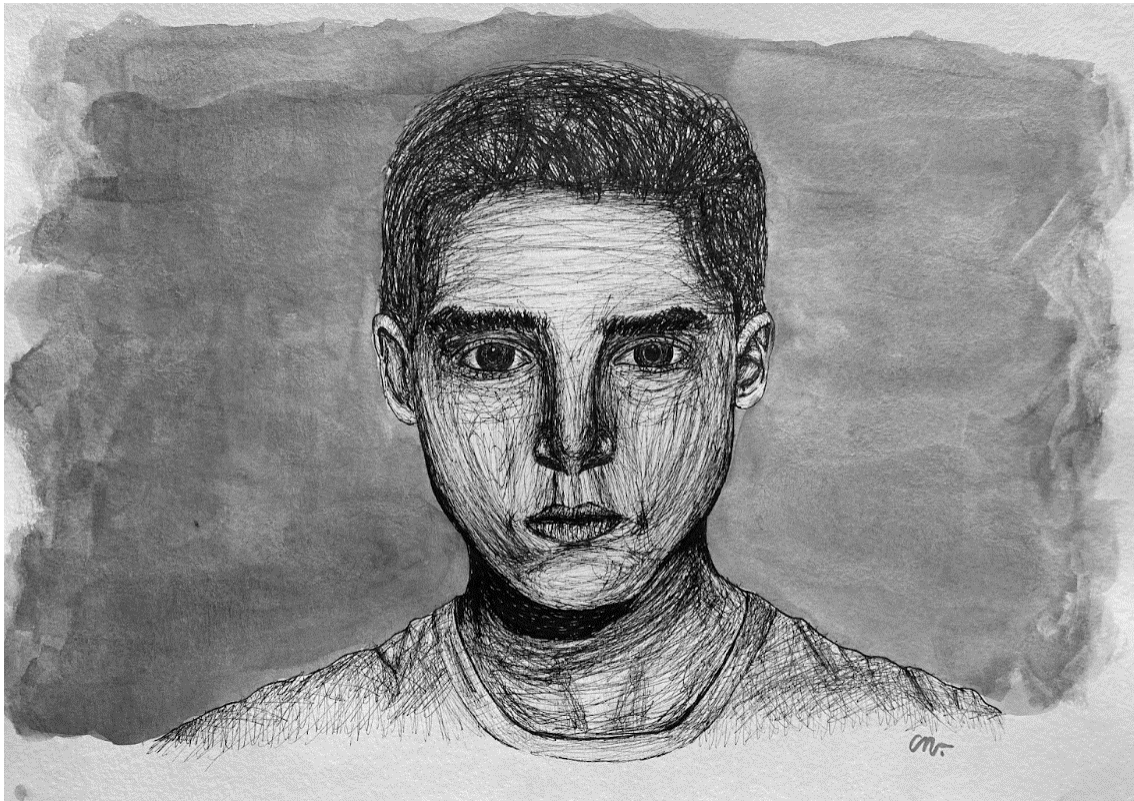
# Self Portrait as Fusilli

Hana Naughton

i was never fusilli  
except for this summer with her  
when I pulled the trigger  
with stolen alloyed metal in our pockets  
lavender lighters on the table  
mini rifles to the lungs so to say  
Aim, Bang, Ouch, tomato sauce

i ordered a bowl of those “squiggly things”  
extra salt please, I have low blood pressure  
she laughed, fusilli she said.  
rifles in italian, she said.

**Untitled**  
**Caledonia McKeon**



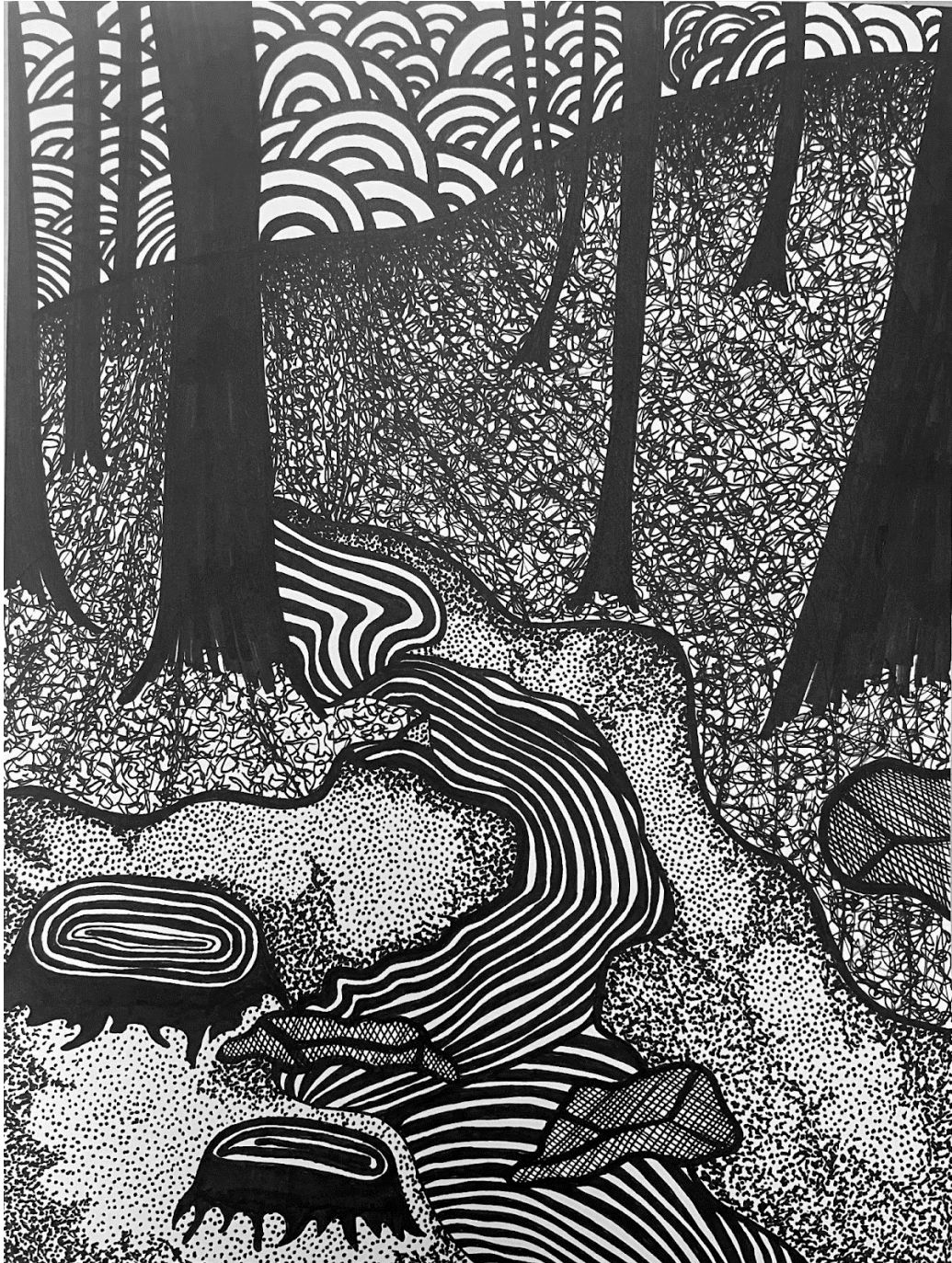
# **Globey Globe I'm Glob Glo, Winter Wonderland**

**Lily McAmis**

I want to be Third-Person—  
omniscient, limited,  
it doesn't matter.  
But what kind of narrator knows nothing?  
I want to remember the omitted good, unextractable from what was doused with  
kerosene and tossed in the pit  
When we made smores because it was summer  
And took the muffler off Oliver's Civic  
and drove loud to the beach to collect sand  
To leave in the seats.  
But the river is frozen now,  
not enough to skate  
but enough that we can't keep  
pretending this is the beach.

# Friday Night Funnies

Laura Porter





# Silver Tongue

## Lily Vengco

The metal of the bus stop bench was frigid and tough against the pads of my backside, and the metallic taste of that pretty girl's tongue piercing was a ghost on the roof of my mouth.

The nights of bolding words into the face of my desk had turned into restless party-hopping in place of study and sleep. I fumbled with the cigarette in my left hand, hugging it between two of my fingers.

I stared down at the weight on my lap- *Raise High the Roof Beam*, a book my Mom had given me before I skipped away to college. It was coverless, and the red of the hardback was bleached with stains from my backpack gum. Gum that had melted into the felt pad at the bottom of my bag and scraped and stuck to everything I twisted in there.

I hadn't started it yet, not even the first page. I could see my little makeshift bookmark sticking out of it, tucked in just behind the cover. It was a thin slip of cardstock I'd painted into a playing card, just for the hell of it.

I remembered when I could do that. When I could gloss paint, and when I could turn the handle of a faucet without feeling pain. When I could pick up a pen and write. God, I loved writing.

Now I typed instead, every word carefully spun with my left hand alone, because my right refused to move its fingers. It hurt to even think about it, because if I looked down, I could see the cracked bones, and I could watch the base of my thumb spin like a propeller.

The girl from the party had slurped deliciously from her solo cup and had stared at my thumb as I pinwheeled it around in the air. “That’s a wild party trick, Charlie,” she’d said, and then she’d surged forward and kissed me.

I palmed at *Raise High the Roof Beam* with my left hand, curling my wrist around the binding to lift it into the air and stand from the bench, cigarette pressed against the gilded pages. I walked. The night was cold, there was no disagreeing with that, but the warmth from the blonde girl’s arms kept me away from my jacket.

I wanted to be a writer. I wanted to write a story that would remain in the heads of my readers for an eternity, a story that would make people think.

But in the past three months, I'd only been able to conjure up three pages; Three pages of absolute chicken scratch.

I walked then, out from the bus station, out into the old woods. Onto the bridge off Killawee, and I held *Raise High the Roof Beam*. I read over JD Salinger's name—once, twice, maybe more than ten. Then I turned to the murky lake, inked with the black of the sky, and with my good hand, I lobbed the book into the water, cigarette still pinched between two fingers.

I brushed off my t-shirt, lathered the roof of my mouth to taste the metal of the silver piercing, and walked away.

**Untitled**  
Sam Yunes



## **Lines**

**Victoria Hop**

Mom always said,  
One line must be ordinary,  
For the next to be beautiful.  
So,  
Must I be terrible,  
For another to be exceptional?

## **Washing Machine**

**Quinn Pollack**

The radio died and all that was left  
my washing machine  
With your dirty boots you threw inside.  
Beat me up,  
unload your clean shoes, just so you can leave me covered in mud

## **413 vs. 415**

**Tabitha Randlett**

In 415 i'm a girl with hair  
But hair grows back  
So who cares if i chopped it off  
It grows back?  
But fool's gold tresses aren't all I cut  
So i left  
To make sure i remained without gashes  
And 413 is new and here  
And I am here and I am new  
So 413 v 415  
And 5 is to rock as 3 is to paper  
It beats it  
But is bigger always better?  
not according to the girls  
whose opinions I pretend not to care about.  
not worse, not better,  
but different.  
who i am there or who i am here  
or who am I nowhere?  
413 v 415  
So close, only 2 away  
And yet they say  
it's the little things  
That made me go away.

**Untitled**  
**Caledonia McKeon**



## **Tomato**

**Melody Pan**

“Agh,” tourists and affluent office workers gently wandering around Tianzifang made a unanimous sound. Before I realized what happened, the auntie beside me said, grabbing her little niece, “Ho ho, it’s raining, let’s go under the roof.”

I looked up and squinted my eyes, it indeed was. Something unplugged in my brain and I smiled, as if I was expecting the rain, and it finally came down upon my skin. I have lost my perception of rain, and I maybe, maybe I thought, I should find it back.

Growing up in Shanghai rain is no stranger. The moist crawls up on my rusting windowsill when I lean before bedtime, it invades our beige wooden chairs at school and covers it all before we sit on it and sticks to our pants, it squirms through the gap between the white bathroom tiles and snails meander by. In the days of morning storm my mom would permit me wear my slippers to swim through the sidewalks layered with waves of water and mud and little branches, and the pricks would slice through over skins as we raised our heads and tried to lick the rain. In June mold would creep up along the corners of the shower room tiles, and mom and I would squat on the wood to scrape off the mold on the first



day of summer vacation. After the rain season is two months of burning sun of the summer, when the carnival begins, rain is the interlude, rain is the reward.

The stand owners were trying to sell out their last pieces of crafts to their victims on the streets, while people scattered around, swarming their ways into the crowded French-style rooms further divided into smaller shop fronts. I looked from side to side, pushing the wet brown brick wall, following the strand of people in front of me, but also purposefully letting the people behind me in, as if I was a gatekeeper, intended to stay outside.

Among the tourists who knew the place less and were pushing around and yelling for their children to stop, I made accidental eye contact with the man selling sand paintings in a small bottle, a man in his twenties, looking more like an insurance seller than a sand painter. I passed him several times earlier in the afternoon when I was searching among the wooden doorways and bridges. There was a severe disproportion among the bars and the craft sellers here. The craft sellers sold pink and blue cotton candies or chocolates with animals on them that you could buy for five yuan in your hometown at twenty yuan, and the tourists would say, “we’ve already spent the airplane ticket money, might as well waste some money on candy.” But the bars are on another level of inflation, and people whose parents don’t have two real estates in Shanghai wouldn’t dare to push their heavy doors.

I looked at his highly saturated sand paintings with camels and the desert, and the corner of the plastic on his table dripping water, and the neon light signs where the water slid down. I started to run. If I was getting anything there, it wouldn't be these sandpaintings. I knew it would just sit on my desk if I brought it back, and I would hate its overly thick bottle and remind myself of the unnecessary money I spent. "Hey kid, get some sand painting! Look at this camel one, the mysterious west!" Just as I expected.

My feet started taking me places. I could see the rain slicing through my blue and white striped shirt first and falling in itself into a blunted curve, like an elongated point stroke in Hanzi. They wrote on me with a little indentation one after another, like how the white-bearded man wrote in front of our grade school after class, pressing into the flimsy rice paper and taking the brush back up before the fiber soaked in too much water and broke. I saw the hair dangling in front of my face was already filled with water in between and forming saps at the tip. I was amazed. Rain had already taken over me before I got to know it.

With a sudden drop, the uncles asking for discount and the kids grabbing from each other were muted. Rain decided to splatter down all at once, and it was so overwhelming that I could feel it piercing on my eyelids and streaming down my collar. I took a turn and entered the first door I saw. It was a bar, those places

that I wouldn't dare to enter. I stood there like I was still in the rain, not able to move, as the water from the shirt dripped down to the floor.

A man came up to me with a glass of thick red juice, looking exactly like the kind of man who would trick me into doing something at a bar. "It's raining," he said. "Let's get outside. Come on."

"I see," I said, staring at his elevated heels to follow his footsteps.

"Do you feel the rain?"

"No, sir. When the rain comes, I don't feel pain and I don't celebrate, I don't ask for the rain nor do I fear the rain."

He laughed as if I was a foreigner speaking his language really badly. For an instance I thought he was smaller than before.

"Are you from Shanghai?" I swear he was only my height at that moment.

"No." I made sure to specify even when I was already looking down into his eyes. "I live here but my parents are not from Shanghai. I also can't speak Shanghainese if you are wondering." Rain drops slipped through my face and blurred my eyesight. I wasn't sure if he taller than my waist.

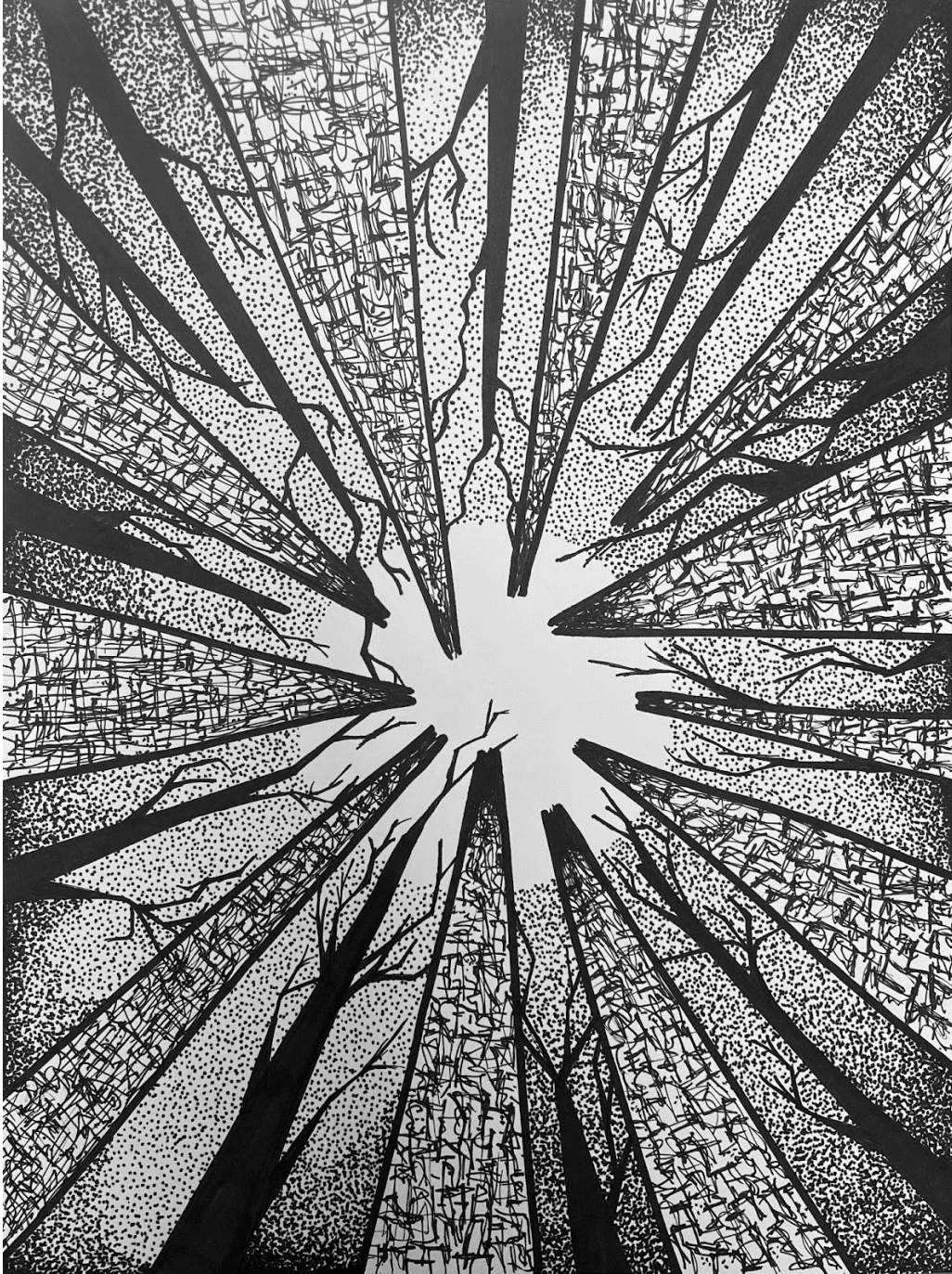
"Sir, you are getting smaller and smaller," I wiped my eyes and finally said.

He laughed again, and when I tried to bring my hands to my eyes again, he was already the size of a tomato. He was a tomato. I couldn't stop staring at him and letting out deep voices from my throat. His clothes had gone to nowhere, and no one around us seemed to notice that a grown-sized man had disappeared and it was only me staring at a tomato.

I looked at the tomato and I grabbed his drink and chugged it down my throat with the rainwater from my face, I knew I needed it. I felt substance flying out of me and my body quickly composing and compacting and I was a tomato too, and the raindrops flew to me, bounced off my smooth skin and jumped on to the ground, and my cellulose could hear the rain streaming around the table and the frog bellowing from afar on the brown bricks and the cicada humming with slow rhythm, and I could stop rolling my round self too, and my juice could breeze the rain in with expansion and contraction, and I thought, I love to be a tomato.

# Saturday Night Funnies

Laura Porter



# Salt

Teagan Duffy

My head is spinning, words are blurred and my ears feel full.  
Full of murmured sounds and sentences that I want to forget.  
My lungs burn.  
I can't see, I feel around in the dark, searching for something, anything.  
My eyes blur  
Even through the restless current of salt I feel tears prick in my eyes.  
My mind races.  
I want to be whole again. I want to go back to ten seconds ago where I didn't know  
anything different.  
When I was dry.  
I look up.  
A figure is blurred in the water.  
Their hands extend out to me.  
I reach for their help, they grasp on to my body, and tug.  
And pull.  
And heave.  
My body is thrashing. Trying to get air to breathe and then-  
Silence.  
Their hands grab me and pull me close.  
I am dry again.

# In the Beginning

Sarah Markey

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

So God created man in his own image.

And God said unto them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

And male and female laughed.

And God saw that in Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, Euphrates the great whales, and every living creature that moveth, no longer moveth: and God saw that there was darkness.

And God saw that in Havilah and Ethiopia every winged fowl after his kind choked tongue-tied from the sky until Eden was silent: and God saw that there was darkness.

And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was dying.

The man and his wife? They were not ashamed.

### Boston's forecast

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
5A.M. 10A.M. 5P.M.	5A.M. 10A.M. 5P.M.	5A.M. 10A.M. 5P.M.	5A.M. 10A.M. 5P.M.	5A.M. 10A.M. 5P.M.
Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.	Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.	Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.	Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.	Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

### TOMORROW'S forecast

Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

### EXTENDED forecast

Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

### Weather

Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

### AccuWeather.com

Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

### Concepts CalculoKuli

Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

### New England forecast

Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

### Boston's recent clim

Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

### New England marine

Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

### Almanac

Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

### Moons phases

Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

### Horoscope

Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

### HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

### THIS DAY IN HISTORY

Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

### What is interesting to you

Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

### What is interesting to you

Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

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Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.

### What is interesting to you

Partly sunny and breezy. High 50s, low 40s.



# The Simple Task of Brushing Your Teeth

Soleil Richardson

Such a simple task, right? ask me right now.  
How could I live like this? I will tell you.  
When the shock, shake, criss, cross is that draining.  
*That's enough.* I knew that feeling all too well,  
the up, down, too, fro, impaling, wailing.  
Used it, discarded it, say the way, how  
*it hurt.* Pinned me down just as my fingers  
clench, scrubbing away the foul stench, ask  
how the pinch felt. Ask me about it please.  
How I'm making growth with this simple task

# **The Orchard Run**

## **Coach Greg Tuleja**

*To the 2021 Girls Cross Country Team*

There they are, all 26 of them, assembled in the big red square,  
neatly posed and smiling for the camera, five rugged miles  
to get here, for cider and chickens, and pie.

I feel myself flying past them, through the frame,  
back to campus, back to the scoreboard, the Little Woods,  
Cat's Hill, the Bridge. You're inappropriately dressed.  
LSD on Mondays (not *that* kind),  
and do I care if you smoke cigarettes in the park?  
The Danube does not flow through St. Louis, Thompson's gazelle  
is not a reptile, and we've been through this before, it's a sassafras.  
Baby in a highchair, who put her up there, a good substantial yell,  
and we have a race tomorrow (WHART), so get a good night's sleep.

Suddenly I find myself in the inconsequential category of "ex-coach,"  
and somehow it's all behind me, but not really,  
since there's something rare I will take with me, something I can keep.

