



good company

**Spring 2020 | Vol. 2
UWM Honors College Art Magazine**

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a collection showcasing the
artwork of University of
Wisconsin-Milwaukee
Honors College students

Spring 2020

Vol. 2

featuring work by

Matthew Beyer -- English

Antonio Joseph-Fecteau -- Mechanical
Engineering

Allie Habeck -- English

Brian Hanrahan -- Journalism, Advertising &
Media Studies

Sarah Lunow -- Architecture

Sarah Moore -- Conservation and
Environmental Science

Grace Mussell -- Art History

Katherine Possing -- Studio Arts

Ariana Strupp -- Journalism, Advertising &
Media Studies

Tess Richard -- Architecture

Peyton Wells -- Psychology

Nicole Wicker -- Biology

Seraphina Zweifel -- Design & Visual
Communication

Distorted

Seraphina Zweifel



The Incredible Adventures of...

Allie Habeck

“Get ready.

Hold it
steady,”

my brother had said,
as he held the secondhand
camera Ma had found
at a rummage sale.

“Now press
this button
right here,”

he said, tapping
the button in demonstration.
Holding my breath,
I placed my finger on his

and pressed.

*Click, click—
churr.*

Out came the photograph.

“Now we have to wait,” he said,
but I was five and impatient

and wiggled while I waited

until

it was finally

ready.

He handed the photo to me
and I held it so, so carefully,
as I looked at the two glowing
faces staring back at me,

of Jesse and I,
of me gleaming in awe,
and pride printed on his face.

“Can I do it again?!” I asked,
my face perking up. Chuckling,
he said, “Yes, but remember,
like a peony Polaroids like a lot of light.”

“What should I take a photo of?”
I asked, my face scrunched
up thinking.

“Whatever you want,” he said,
grinning. “Dream on.”
Giggling, with a smirk plastered
on my face, I take a photo of him.

That was our last photo of him
taken by me.
Unlike the Polaroid he wasn't a peony.

Untitled

Grace Mussell





**YAM Haus @ the Back Room
at Colectivo, 1.31.2020**

Ariana Strupp

More Than Saying It

Brian Hanrahan

It can be a look
Eyes that accept every fault
That say "I understand you"
A sideways smile by the same effect
Cures the anxiety of being alone with a thought
It says "I acknowledge you"
Or it can be touch
A palm on the back
That reassures even the most wounded
Which says "I support you"
A hand stroking the arm
A sense of soft security
Meaning "I'm here with you"
And above all
An embrace
The effectively everlong way of saying
"I love you so much"



Proposed Riverwest Public Market

Tess Richard

Unzipped

Seraphina Zweifel



Sunset Over Rockwell

Matthew Beyer

Excuse me, could you please roll your window down?

The sergeant asks the driver, sweat bleeding
Through his slacks as he witnesses the sun's
crown getting skewered on neatly sanded pickets.

The Mercury creeps left onto Rockwell Street,
Up a gentle slope towards the address
That's pressed tight to the sergeant's breast pocket.
Wait, he says. Park at the top of the hill.

Establishing overwatch, the officers observe
A motley crew of sun-bleached boys charge
A small sepia field, their balls and bats banging
Against unprotected thighs.

*

Two innings pass.
The driver takes a glance at his watch:
It's probably best if we get this over with.
The sergeant maintains his eye on the diamond.
One more inning.

The bottom-inning pitcher lobs curve after curve,
Each volley of fireballs landing squarely within
A coordinated strike zone.

At the three-two count,
The men in the Mercury are certain
The pitcher will get the next batter.

The young man on the mound scrambles
the algorithm in his glove and fires
A low cutter. The batter braces, the ball explodes
Deep into left field.

From their seats high above,
The sergeant and the driver jump from their seats,
Screaming towards the young man:

Run!

God dammit, run!

Go home

What am I Now

Antonio Joseph-Fecteau

I used to sit, but now I stand.

I used to stay quiet, but now I talk.

I used to look, but now I see.

I used to think, but now I know.

I used to cry, but now I smile.

I used to die, but now I live.



Leader of the Ratvolution

Sarah Moore

A Storm Light

Peyton Wells



Lil' Ricky

Katherine Possing

Blood red and ice blue, your fins enchanted me.
Dancing in the pet store dish, you were just
Waiting for any audience to see
The beauty of your body, cosmic dust.

I felt like a hero, providing you pink
Neon plants and a leaf hammock for rest.
But your tank is no bigger than a sink,
Barely enough room for your bubble nest.

You must be lonely, twirling while I'm gone.
No friends to watch you flaunt; you're too aggressive.
Your days, ever uneventful, must be long.
Your world, encased in glass, unimpressive.

I wonder how your dampened spirits fare.
Dancing for a woman who's never there.



Waiting for the Storm

Nicole Wicker

Untitled

Sarah Lunow

Scream into the
starless, polluted sky--
she won't forgive you.

Like banshees,
we shred our voices
with our horrid cries,
hoping to be heard.

So rip apart the skylights above and
shred the asphalt below
so that our mother might hear us.

Hear what?
our terrible
apology.

Catfish and the Bottlemen @ the Eagles Ballroom, 10.4.2019

Ariana Strupp



Away at Home

Brian Hanrahan

Laying down in damp grass

A field among mountains.

Letting the body sink beneath the soul

As silent simplicities begin to still the mind

And the presence of divinity is engulfing.

Watching the constant rise and fall of the sun

Eyes glisten thankfully.

Under the brightest moon

Trees whisper the names of all who have been

And all who will be

While stars of the night sky

Form the cradle in which the heart will rest.

Breathing deeply the last breath Warm tears run down cold cheeks

Not from pain

But the beauty in all things.

The sun rises and falls the next day

And in the dark

The trees whisper new names.

Meet the Editors

Matthew Beyer

Matthew Beyer is a senior at UWM. He is majoring in English and minoring in Communication (with a certificate in Irrelevant Trivia). Dream Job: Title Deviser. His favorite books series is Margaret Petersen-Haddix's *Shadow Children*. Will write you haikus by request.



Sierra Hansen

Sierra Hansen is a sophomore at UWM. She's always loved the arts since a little kid, so she went into film school. She still loves to write in her free time, especially for her film projects. Her favorite films are *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* and *Baby Driver*.

Corinne Kronschnabel

As a child, Corinne Kronschnabel gobbled up any story or book that came near them, and reading large amounts of stories only inspired them to make their own. A fan of writing in second person, they hope one day to publish multiple books (that is if they can get past their giant folder of works in progress). Some of their favorite books include *Galapagos* by Kurt Vonnegut and *The Night Angel Trilogy* by Brent Weeks. Corinne is currently double majoring in Anthropology and Religious Studies.



Amanda Niebauer

Amanda Niebauer is in her third year at UWM. Usually, she can be found reading, eating, and drinking insane amounts of water. When she wants to damage her self-esteem she tries to bake something.

Cover art by Grace Mussell

**Created by the UWM Honors College
Creative Writing Club**