good company

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
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
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.
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