

Dear reader,

After a hiatus due to COVID, Morpheus is back!

As we went into creating this issue, the editorial team decided that what we really needed, after that break, was a place to show off what Heidelberg students were creating. The diversity in the submissions we received was incredible, and I'm extremely excited to be a part of such a talented community, and play a role in showcasing that talent.

I'm proud of the collection of pieces that came together, and the story they tell. The nature of the story is recovery, which we all have a vested interest in right now. I think it's important to notice that the story does not begin with perfection, and it doesn't begin with darkness. But it does end with light.

I hope that you enjoy the story, and the pieces that make it up.

Thank you,

Em Swain, Managing Editor

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Saudade

Elayna Brock

Saudade

(n.) a nostalgic longing to be near again to something or someone that is distant, or that has been loved and then lost; "the love that remains"

the first day of autumn in hazel, orange and yellow colors a candle or a fireplace

the scent of the book you're reading

the texture of the course paper kissing your fingertips as you play with each page

the silence that comes after the first crack of thunder, that waiting period between the next sound of the earthly drum anticipation

the fear and comfort of driving past a cemetery

watching the end credits of my favorite movie for the first time, processing everything that my eyes just took in, wishing that I could see it again for the first time

minor chords being pulled by a desperate artist who is crying behind their lyrics the drop of a rollercoaster

"Sleeping At Last"

Hew To

Chavenne Powers

In some ways, I already know.

Words hung above the clouds, which drooped so low, weighed from the rain, beating, pouring.

You gaze, mildly afraid for damages to occur to those cell phones, safe guarded only by loose, soft fabric. When the wind moves, the leaves dance, rushing in unchoreographed directions, and the boughs of the maple trees stand unwavering, fingers reaching towards the storm, bowing to its might. Your hand reaches up to guard your face from the crashing natural debris. I can't help but admire your vain efforts to stop the inevitable, taking the beating for what it is.

My laughter peaks out, unbreaking to my will.

Your cheeks cracked with only the most unrequited smile, looking back. My heart flutters, like a bird singing about the morning rise.

This was a dumb idea

The pouring onslaught of my thoughtlessness didn't seem to make a difference to the everlastingness of your mood.

I couldn't utter my love, even whispering when I wanted to shout it. Facing the crinkles of your eyes in the pouring rain, greens and blues matching that is all around, engulfed in the glorious tempest. The light streams parting from the clouds was my soul.

Maneuvering through the cold, I was sheltered by your warmth. You're the bonfire that burns through me, warming me despite the aching and shaking of my flesh and bones. Dragging along, against your form, I felt grounded, body like roots, but you were like water-loosening me, uprooted from my dispositions, carving me with an indelible pen. The ground shifts below, slowly and gently. It aches, it always does, but I'd be free-unearthed.

Is it too much to simply admit that despite the dampness of my hair, the sloshing of my clothing, and the cold demeanor of my eyes that sometimes I can be loved for even the stupidest of choices, to go hand in hand in the rain-free of the dry wasteland of my mind for the paradise of fresh, crisp air and cool drops on my skin, basking in the radiance that fills the air around you?

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The sun could die and it would be merely a start of all the things I have left to tell you.

I know the indoors is only a mild improvement. It's still frigid on the outside, but I'm trying to get the pyre to warm. I want to be felled by you. The gentle sound of your laughter and voice, telling me that it was okay. It was fun. Sweet as sap, sticking to my rough exterior, the arms of my lover. A rumble from your chest rises again and my thoughts are at ease.

You've got color in your cheeks? Is it the cold? Is it me? I'd find something we both know, to dry the feeling that flows freely from above. I'd want to be held by you.

I'd stand in the sea, my legs now weak, to see those eyes watching me.

The Laughter of the Loon

Emily Fox



Laved

Chayenne Powers

I didn't die when I should've and now me and my body are two strangers ill.

I bump into my grief while my body begs for the soap bar. a precious flesh reflection listens to me cry as the slimy skin peels off and sticky lotion coats one side.

why are my eyes creeping around caged blistered breasts and shallowed braves?

does the unforgettable taste petal in through my whispering skin?

when god said to reave was chewing off your own lips with teeth he sharply endowed and clawing clasped hands to shreds, did you untie your noose and display it on my simmering lap?

these moments in the grass consume with soap bubbles, bitter on my tongue, sharp words seeped on my lips. can I coax my body back into warmth and conjoin the package that's left?

I'm not so sure about some earthly tone, or that telling some gory story to a wilted tree can raise the dead when it rots. so, what is it? what repented means, besides a closeness of pain again.

Collectibles from "Shoot Trip Die"

Levi Ramirez



Shoot Trip Die is a video game developed by Berg student, Levi Ramirez.

The Demo for the game can be found at: https://www.newgrounds.com/portal/view/830448

To add Shoot Trip Die to your Steam Wishlist, you can visit: https://store.steampowered.com/app/1773060/Shoot_Trip_Die/

A Want or A Need

Elayna Brock

I yearn to not be petrified at the thought of someone thinking I'm ethereal the thought makes me want to tell the messenger to never let that word slip past their lips

Ethereal

volcanic anger simmers in me when I hear that

why?

because 100% of the time that was a diversion to manipulate my body and it worked

every goddamn time

I need genuine human intimacy

I need the first staring contest

I need to see the love, the fear, the raw emotion and not wonder why they aren't looking at me like a predator

an unfortunate outcome of very unfortunate events in past chapters I need someone to look at me and see city lights in the summer, and AJR concerts in the depths of my depression, and bass tabs and unfinished books and hedgehogs and full moons and thousands upon thousands of tattoo ideas Here's the truth

I know what I need, and what I want, but the journey of finding myself seems too daunting

I never express my anger towards the "missing person" pictures that are strewn around the home I've created for myself, but I believe I have the right to do just that

to get angry

it makes me feel forgotten, whispered about

I feel like a tsunami is brewing inside of me but it just hasn't made landfall yet it feels like a constant state of sleep paralysis

but before the tsunami makes landfall I grab my own hand and trace random patterns on my skin to silence the storm clouds

I'll cup my own face to keep the currents from pulling me under

but when everything becomes calm it's just silent

so silent I can hear my heart beating in my chest and I can hear the rushed blood running through my veins

it's the most painful thing to go through alone

and I have to do it alone

but sometimes when I dream someone does hold my hand a faceless stranger

I sleep in their warmth like a cat does to a wandering sunray in the corner of the room

then when the sun sets and I wake up again I realize that I was the faceless stranger who held my face and kept my hand warm throughout the night it's been a tolerable gesture for 10 years, but, I feel like I've been kidnapped to my own abandonment and abuse

I've resorted to Stockholm syndrome to survive myself

the "missing persons" posters have been seeping out into reality and I know people are looking for me

I don't want to end on a minor chord even though they are one of my favorite ways to end a song

with each constellation that I wrote, I've unknowingly managed to create an entire universe filled with planets that haven't been discovered yet, all from my fingertips and the networkings of my brain

I created a complex solar system to share with someone when they've fallen into my atmosphere

from the depths of the sea to the constellations

I've finally been able to put what I want and need into words into a visual masterpiece

I guess I'm really not a stranger to myself

I guess we're not really strangers either

Sunburst

Anna Zeller

For the longest time
She held it all in,
She didn't seem to realize
How much she held it back
Until she didn't.

It was beautiful,
It was overwhelming,
She released what she never knew she had.

However, She gave and gave, And learned and experienced, And then it began to drain.

Once, where it overflowed, She felt it cold and empty, And the world of color Turned harsh and blue.

She felt it where it was once full, And fretted it would remain empty While her emotions took over her body.

Then a light,
One hand,
Then two,
Poured themselves into her,
And she began
To not feel so empty.

For her love had returned In full.

Meet the Editors

Sophia Lee

Sophia Lee (she/her) is an editor on the Fiction team for the 2022 *Morpheus* Magazine. Sophia is a sophomore Music and English at Heidelberg. She is involved with the Marching and Symphonic Band, the Concert Choir, the Chamber Singers, the Jazz Ensemble, and the Single Reed Ensemble. She is also involved in student organizations such as Tau Mu Sigma, Sigma Tau Delta, Delta Sigma Chi, Sigma Tau Nu, and Alpha Lambda Delta. In her free time, you can always find her in Brenneman playing her clarinet, or reading a book somewhere on campus.

Chayenne Powers

Chayenne Powers is an editor for *Morpheus Literary Magazine* 2022 and the managing editor for *The Rock Creek Review* 2022. She is a junior Philosophy and English (Writing) Major, with a minor in Literature and Art. Chayenne was awarded the Elizabeth Conrad Zartman Prize in Philosophy during 2021. Last year, she served as an editor on The Rock Creek Review team for its inaugural issue. She's currently in three honors societies: Alpha Alpha Alpha, Alpha Lambda Delta, and Sigma Tau Delta. In her spare time, Chayenne is consuming an abundance of coffee and dubiously writing poetry.

Emma Wright

Emma Wright is a poetry editor for *Morpheus* 2022. She is a sophomore English major with art and business minors, and was recently elected the new secretary for the 'Berg Allies. She also volunteers with Writers in Residence as a writing workshop facilitator and transcriber. You can find her most days at the Heidelbean where she works as a barista.

Meet the Editors, continued

Sarah Zapola

Sarah Zapola (she/her) is one of the non-fiction editors for *Morpheus*. She is a History and English Writing major graduating from Heidelberg University this Spring. Her field of study is in Cultural History, including historical influences on literature, and the role of mythology and folklore in different cultures. She is the current president of the Heidelberg Historians. Last year, she presented at the Minds at Work Student Research Conference on the historical context in Homer's "The Odyssey" and her essay on Creator-Mother goddesses in contemporary and ancient myths was published in Heidelberg's Humanities journal in the fall of the same year. Sarah is currently in the honors societies Alpha Lambda Delta (2019) and Sigma Tau Delta (2021). Outside of her studies, Sarah can be found reading, writing short stories, and drinking copious amounts of tea.

Em Swain

Em Swain is the managing editor for *Morpheus* 2022. They are a senior Philosophy major with a writing minor. Last year, Swain served as the managing editor for the *Rock Creek Review* for its inaugural issue. This year, Swain is an intern for Heidelberg University's communications and marketing department, and has written multiple articles since working there, and has garnered additional graphic design experience. Next year, Swain will be a graduate student with Heidelberg's MBA program, and will continue writing and working in marketing for Heidelberg University.