

Parnassus

2023

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parnassuslitmag.com

the literary arts magazine of northern essex community college

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Letter from

Boom and Bust. Ups and Downs. Wax and Wane. High Tide and Low Tide. *Parnassus* has swam through these times of great feast and lowly famine over its many years of existence (this is our 58th!), but we have always waded with our lengthiest strides through all weather, metaphorical and otherwise, to find the best work that our NECC community has offered up in hopes that it will delight our lovely readership, year after year, semester after semester. This was a year which leaned much more towards the lean side of things – the quality was astronomical, but the number of submissions we received was a tad more earthbound, which has thus resulted in a smaller, trimmer, fit for fighting but light as a feather issue. If you have used previous issues of *Parnassus* in your weight training routine, we recommend grabbing an extra copy just in case, to keep those gains strong, both physically and in the mental gymnastics to come.

This speaks in no way to how amazing this issue is, the very copy your eyes are gripping at the precipice of, right now. Ahead of this page you will find the same level of creativity you may have grown accustomed to in our previous, slightly weightier issues. Poems and stories, photos and creations, all with enough meat on their metaphors to fill your hungry minds and parched imaginations to their desires.

We wish you, as always, a lovely voyage through our pages, and further hopes that you will be a part of *Parnassus* next time around – enjoy!

the Advisor





Awards

Northern Essex Community College

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COMMUNITY COLLEGE HUMANITIES ASSOCIATION

First Place, Eastern Division: 2013, 2012, 2011, 2010, 2009

Second Place, Eastern Division: 2016, 2008

ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS

Pacemaker Award Winner: 2020, 2019, 2018, 2011

Pacemaker Award Finalist: 2017, 2013, 2009

COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

Gold Crown: 2011

Silver Crown: 2022, 2021, 2020, 2010

AMERICAN SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

First Place with Merit: 2009, 2008

First Place: 2016, 2013, 2012, 2011, 2010

Best Gallery: 2008

Best Page Design: 2010

NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR MARKETING AND PUBLIC RELATIONS PARAGON AWARDS

Gold: 2017, 2011

Silver: 2009

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Poetry



Juniper

Kendall Tobin

My dearest Juniper,
Born in coarse glaciers.
Her leaves are mean and green.
While your roots remain alive and kind.

Subtle shimmers in the sun.
Becomes dusky dew after she's done.
Lesions she seeks, your vision grows weak.
Strained in stains, who am I to blame?

You want juice, she wants truth.
Yet, cryptic unknown is what you choose.
Blue is bright, it is bold in your eyes.
I rub your dust and search for luck.

She craves gin from your skin,
And she won't win.
Our soft leaves save you,
From falling toward your fate.
The trees wrap you in your weary arms.
May you strive to keep your hope alive.

Yet your leaves wilt, Juniper.
Brittle and little, the gin trickles.
The flavor fades from my fragile hands.
Is poisonous debt what the heart demands?

My dearest Juniper,
Sinking in your secret winter.
Red roses, I often seek.
If only you knew, I yearn for berries too.

Black Widow

Scotty Silva

A wife named Marge remained alone,
Her heart was dark with scorn.
She had a husband dear to her,
Until his throat was torn.

They failed to know; she murdered him.
The reason kept unknown.
Maybe it was for pleasure?
Reality was then blown.

Perception snapped, her mind went black,
In such an aftermath.
The village maidens would proclaim:
"Beware, she's filled with wrath!"

Alas these men did not expect
Malign intentions deep.
Her devilish looks are devil indeed,
As during day she'd sleep.

So many men would come to her,
The townsfolk seemed entranced.
And so the slums she'd wander 'til
Her thirst was quickly quenched.

And with her fangs as sharp as nails,
She'd drain their grayish necks,
Then throw away the body fast
As if they were just specks.

Now Marge sustained remorseless goals,
"Ill kill them each," she said.
"You men are all nutritious pigs"
Remarked she, as they bled.

I Want Nothing

Diana Burke

I have everything I want,
and I know that because I don't
want you. Honest.

Okay, not everything. But so much.
A whole mansion of what I love.
Countless stairs. I climb them
who knows how often

and ascend and descend
to touch my prized possessions,
to go from library to library
combing through photo albums
between loads of laundry,

and I have so many clothes.
So many outfits. I lose myself in
so many closets. I wear so many hats.

What does that signify?
Probably nothing. I don't want you.
I don't want anything.
To want is to lack

and I'm repulsively rich,
in good taste at least. Or poor taste.
But hey, buds are buds.
I consume a lot.
There is so much breaking down

in my stomach.
You wouldn't know.
It was empty when I wanted you

so many, many meals ago.
I didn't have the dining hall then.
Didn't have the chandelier.
Didn't even know how to cook.

Still hardly cook now.
What am I, a housewife?
Self-sustaining? Neither.
I've got plenty of toys
I play with. I'm never bored.

Nowhere near bored enough to want you.
Not with these dolls strewn
all over the floor. Everywhere I look.

There's always something to do
in my house. And even more
to neglect, let gather dust.
I'll get to it when I get to it,

but it's hard when there's so much stuff
to move out of the way,
find a new place for.
I can't guess how much
I should really just throw away.

Let me just take my steps
all the way to the attic
waiting for me, cold and untouched.

Starved. I know the feeling.
And I know excess just as well.
I see all those old storage bins
full of hand-me-downs I've long outgrown

but not given up yet.
In the very back, there's my gross shelf
with my baby blankets and junk
and an empty corner
where I kept the hope of putting you,

who I don't want anymore, I should say.
I do, I do have everything I want. And more.
What is one square left blank

in a hoarder's home?

Counterfeit Scotty Silva

Looking around at these duplicate faces, I see that I'm a twin in my own skin. I'm not original. I'm no different than anyone else. I'm not unique, but I feel like I have to be. I need to be original.

This never-ending lavender field. My body is being swallowed by their lack of individuality. I am not able to tell these flowers apart. Together, none are original.

These stars that sputter in and out of existence. What life could there possibly be out there? Comparatively we are microscopic, unbelievably insignificant, anything but original.

These ideas that I possess, they must come from myself, right? Or was I made this way, was it how I was raised? Are these thoughts original?

Typing my emotions down, maybe this one will be better. Drag to trash, press empty. Another depressing poem, how original.

Speculating all the ways I could possibly die turns into envisioning how I should commit suicide. Drowning myself in the kids pool that I forgot to deflate for the winter, hmph, that sounds original.

I will be another body lowered into the ground, surrounded by hundreds of other bodies, as well, lowered into the ground. "Here lies Scott Silva" An end to my story, so unoriginal.

The Boy that Dreamed Gabe Balog

Must we remember,
The boy that dreamed?
A relentless spirit,
Bursting through the seams.

Prisoner of his passions,
He belonged to the muse.
His heart was too wild,
And he succumbed to the booze.

But must we remember,
His terrible fate?
For once he was gone,
He was welcomed at the gate.

And God greeted him kindly,
With a glimmer of sadness.
The boy was now free,
No longer a slave of his madness.

Iced Tea

Kendall Tobin

What is the big deal with iced tea?
That raspberry red fluid,
Brewed in a bland Keurig for five minutes.
Who knew liquid condensed in a cup
Could create so much luck?

You sweep the sugar in,
Add lots of lemon, too
Can I tattoo it on my arm
If I can spend more time with you?

You tried to tell me tea was different
From sweet strawberry smoothies.
I laughed and said, "you're lame."
You said, "Cold drinks are for the summer,
Warm drinks are for the winter."
I sipped it and rolled my eyes.
Someday you will see, I am speaking my mind.

Over one year now,
And things have changed.
I sip that iced tea on a cold chilly day.
The tangy taste on my lips does not ring the same,
I will never hear your voice call my name.

A Kid's Headspace

Diana Burke

When I was a younger thing,
I would stare off into space,
Dumb in my imagining
Of the stars that I would trace.

Five points were they all to me,
And all planets solid rock,
And our greater galaxy
Not too long for me to walk.

Saturn's rings were playground bars,
Jupiter a trampoline.
I'd have snowball fights on Mars,
Where red sand is evergreen.

How ridiculous that Man
Stepped foot only on the moon.
I had gone much farther than
That in my hot air balloon.

Nuestra Ave Amiga

Our Friend Bird

Leslie Perez

¿Cuándo puede ser el día de nuestro encuentro?

Al igual que la lluvia cae,
Y las hojas chocan con el viento,
Menos de 5 para ese gran nacimiento,
Ya haz de sentir ese sentimiento.

El ave ya se ha de aburrir,
Revoloteando muy celoso,
De las miradas de los conmovidos,

Permaneciendo en su asiento
Muy lejos...
Muy lejos...
Sin hacer ningún ruido.

Olvida del provecho,
Y amor del daño que se ha concluido,
Viendo aquellos que se enamoran muy perdidos.

Alza su copa de amor...
Y brinda por sus más fieles amigos.

When can it be the day of our meeting?

Just like the rain falls,
And the leaves collide with the wind,
Less than 5 for that big birth,
You already feel that feeling.

The bird already has to get bored,
Fluttering very jealous,
From the looks of the moved,

Staying in his seat
Very far...
Very far...
Without making any noise.

Forget the profit
And love of the damage that has been concluded,
Watching those who fall in love very lost.

Raise your cup of love...
And toast to his most faithful folks.

This Beating Scotty Silva

In my chest
does not
cease.

It smashes away at my sternum,
Trying to escape my body like a pris-
oner through concrete walls.

A hole
being burrowed
through my torso,
Was once mended by our time together,
Creating such anxious butterflies, that
only fluttered for you.

You were my other half, the Yin to my
Yang, the night to my day.
But you took that from me, just as you
took your own life.

This active
hollowing
of my heart.

Turning
this page
of life.

A story in which you are no longer written,
Yet I still remain scrambling for your words.

As I watched
you fade
from my arms,
I did not understand what death would foretell.
How could you be here, then be not?

Your body rests frigid in the bed we used to
share,
Without even
a single
heartbeat.

If only I could lay eternally with you.

I am longing for your warmth,
But your existence vanished like the sun at
dusk;
Gone,
but still trapped
in my memory.

As I Lay

Scotty Silva

On the forest floor
I stare up into the sky
And let my soul heal

These trees have a voice
Bluebirds that quietly chirp
They sing me to sleep

Flowers rest with me
This blissful serenity
My consciousness fades

Dreams begin to bloom
I doze into a new realm
And Transcend my mind

A soft gust of wind
Cotton clouds that I can touch
As I fly away

New England Antiquing

Diana Burke

Speed-dating the antiques—
dust gathers on gold locks—

fine paintings, all reprints—
I've needed some new pants.

Here everything piles up,
is priced to a false hope.

Romance walks a thin line—
Keats under a full moon

on top of the card decks—
2000s George Bush jokes.

Teapots look like minstrels—
who'd buy them?—The baseballs

aren't signed by a Babe Ruth.
New Testaments wait with

CDs from the Cold War—
some lives must be trapped here.

Lord Byron's Complete Works—
whose are these? Whose soul lurks

half off at the old shop?
Here, everything piles up.

A New Face

Yomerly
Rodriguez

Have you ever felt like your thoughts were a colorful place?

Like a kaleidoscope or rainbow?

Which makes you make a new face?

That no one else can know?

A warm color like **red** makes me energetic and powerful,

Which makes my face turn angry and intense.

An uplifting color like **orange** makes me creative and emotional,

Which makes my face turn optimistic and content.

A bright color like **yellow** makes me cheerful and excited,

Which makes my face turn joyous and friendly.

A peaceful color like **green** makes me reassured and united,

Which makes my face turn relaxed and gently.

A soothing color like **blue** makes me confident and secure,

Which makes my face calm and in control.

A supernatural color like **purple** makes me imaginative and mature,

Which makes my face enlightened and full of soul.

Our changes create new and unique faces every day!



Night Sky

Toni Pavao

The moon full
The stars sparkle
The darkness
Staring at the night sky
The moon half
The stars bright
The darkness shrinks
Staring at the night sky
The moon crescent
The stars glow
The darkness is gone
Staring at the night sky
The moon gone
The stars beam
The darkness gone
Staring at the night sky

Obra Nueva New Play

Leslie Perez

Amor mío...Te has caído,
Desde el cielo,
De tu nido.

¿Luz brillante? Es diamante,
¿Las estrellas? "Nova Dela",
Tu mirada es eterna,
Esperando que florezcas.

Como aquella "Roza Bella" que algún día fue mi vela,

Derramando sus purezas,
En mis sueños es perfecta.

My love... you have fallen,
From the sky,
From your cradle

Bright light? It's diamond
The stars? "Nova Dela",
our look is eternal
Hoping you bloom.

Like that "Roza Bella" that one day was my candle,

Pouring out their purities,
In my dreams it is splendid.

Perdida Lost

Leslie Perez

Todas las promesas que te hice,
Todos los llantos que tome,
Siguen en mi corazón perdidos...
Cuando el mundo está al revés.

Estrellas mirándome con desprecio,
Cómo si fuera a obedecer,
Perdiendome en la hora del reloj,
Con este bello amanecer,

Mi río es grande...Ya soy mar,
La tormenta que se acerca,
¿Tal vez un huracán?
Mi mente no está bien,

Yo me siento mal,
Ahogandome en este Juego,
Ya no creo que es normal.

All the promises I made to you,
All the tears that I take,
They are still lost in my heart...
When the world is upside down

Stars looking down on me
As if I were to obey,
Losing myself in the clock time,
With this beautiful sunrise,

My river is big...I am already sea,
The storm that was coming
Maybe a hurricane?
My mind is not right

I feel undefined,
Drowning in this Game
I don't think it's safe.

All That and the Truth

Diana Burke

I've been making some toys for all that, and the truth,
and I'm making some friends, and they're long in the tooth,
but they play like schoolchildren. They like me, an elf.
An all-mystical servant. I'm something myself.

I've been truthing with that and discovered a flaw—
my whole process is shit. I've been biased in awe
and no peers will review my inventions. I beg
and convince less and less as I cling to a leg.

I've been all not a person, and mostly a girl.
I shall throw a tea party, as sure as Grey's Earl.
I shall read the obits as I stroke my stuffed cat—
highly flammable, truth. But you know, and all that.



Home

Kendall Tobin

The golden glimmer through the gates.
The wild, white wisps dance with grace.
They make me sneeze; she wants me to wheeze.
Yet, I never noticed in the least.

She asks me to sing, I show her how to shout.
She longs to know what life is about.
I tell her, "One resounding step is all it takes,
For everything to be okay."

I saw those doors; she thought I was torn.
But that cadmium green chipped to a carrot orange.
And with a flicker of my dichromatic eyes,
Their silver silhouettes danced in the light.

Five years ago,
I lost love and hope.
No longer am I forlorn,
This is my home.

Empty Thoughts

Toni Pavao

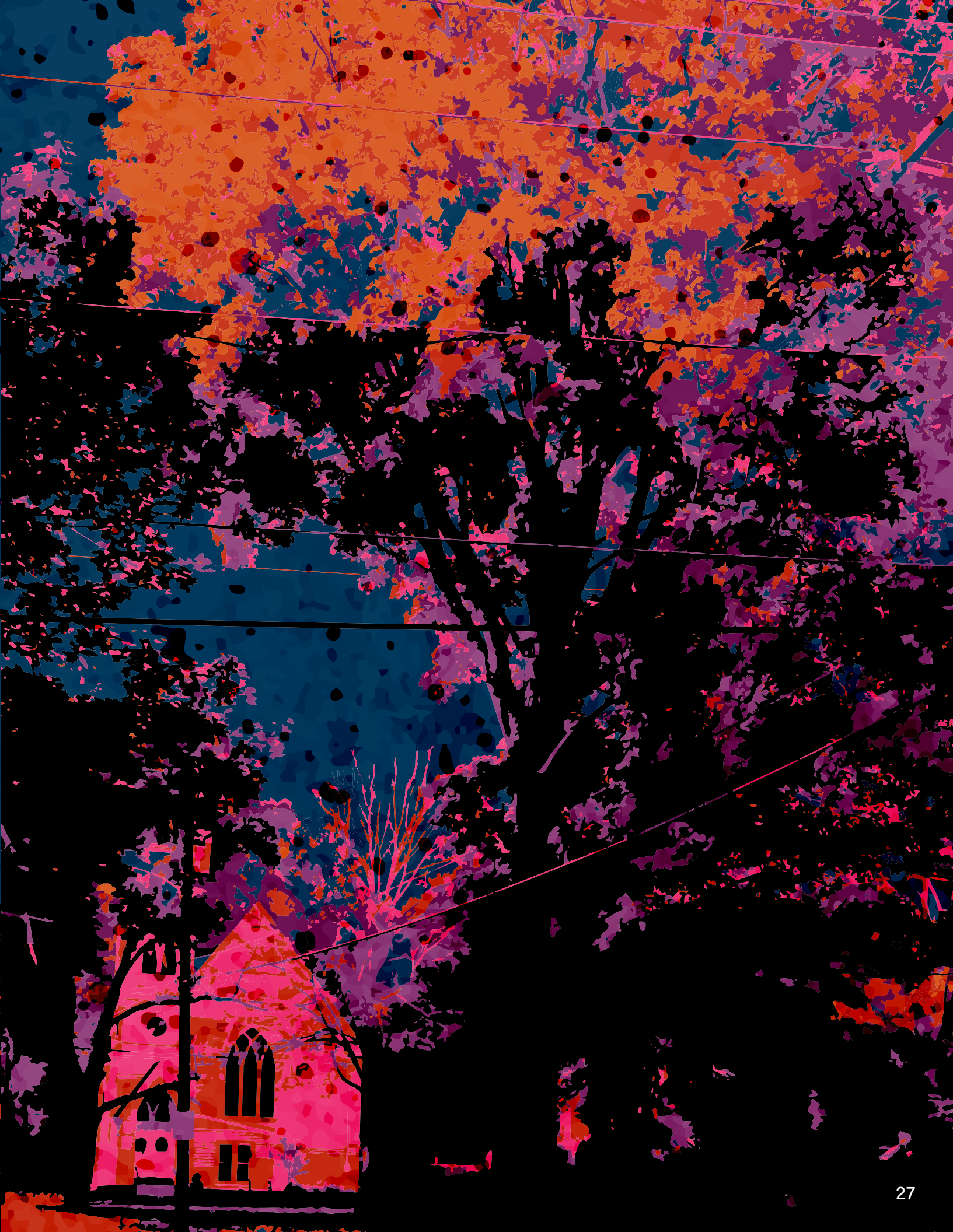
Purple lights.
Fun nights
Outside all alone
Music playing in the background I turn around

Only to see you
Right there
Asking to marry you
Only to realize it was a dream. What is it that I seek?

What am I to be? What are we supposed to be?
Midnight stroll I stop to see
The moon full of light
The star's shining down.

Hercules.
Big bear.
Taurus.
What does this mean? What is it

What is this
When will it be When will I be me



All Death's Children

Sean Cowan

I was eight, and on a mission. At 7:30 PM on a warm Spring Friday, I ran cheerily down the edge of the road along the sprawling field. Tall wooden poles like trunks stuck up from a strip of packed soil, stringing the power lines along. The sun sank to the horizon where it became butter, melted and spread all gold and mellow orange on the sky. Everything bathed in gold, even the long tree shadows, and I switched my gaze from the gorgeous field to up ahead, where a pole's thin green flag sign- "Oak Street"- stuck out on a left turn. That's where I was headed.

But wait-

I paused, walking now. Then stopped. If I wanted to slay all the creatures and aliens of the forest, and beat the final boss, and feel all the riveting glory of heroism, I needed a weapon. They would have killed me without one.

On the other side of the street a bank sloped out of the dirt about a foot, and became a forest of dark, gangly oak. They dropped plenty of branches, and I knew the fresh ones were durable- they hadn't rotted yet- and made the best swords, clubs, and spears. I checked for cars- empty street- and dashed to the scatter of sticks along the sloping foot of the bank before the trees.

I plucked up a club, and tapped it against a tree- sturdy- then whacked it- the tree's soft bark split and dented, opening to that green, wet tenderness. Very sturdy.

I handled the club, swung at some monster heads and necks and bellies in the air. The handle fit justly, curving to meet all the firm points in my hand. Squinting, I trailed the smooth worm patterns snaked around the club. Then planted my feet into a fighter's stance, flexed my arms, and looked forward at the field- the way a real warrior does.

Let's do this-

A smile swam up, huge, from dimple to dimple. I looked again at the rolling gold of the field, its smears of lilac, my sleek arm, the tough bolt of my elbow, my hands and club clutched rock-hard. Darted back across the street, and turned down Oak Street. The road here was rougher, specked with potholes and pavement chunks. Where rows of trees hung thick hands over the chipped street, and drenched all in shadow. Hoards of beasts and creatures and aliens stalked the trees and silent corners- I had seen them in video games- and waited for the little warrior.

I was eighteen on a winter morning. The sky was a gray sheet, the color of wet cotton, and spread a certain dull, silver misery. I curled in my bed's warmth, face-down, and pulled the sheets around my exposed neck. I had work at 11- it was 10:00. Only one damn hour. I sat up, heavy still with the grog, and rubbed my sand-thick eyes until I felt tears.

"Gotta go to work!" I shot, and became aware of my lips taking on a hard flatness, and my brows dropped low over strained eyes. I could have snarled. Here I was, all these online statistics assignments, two pages of a biology report to write, this bleak job where everyone just kind of talked dully and formed cliques and seemed to dislike me, and the fierce New England cold which stayed stuck in the air like a bone fracture.

I think I might hate nature today, damn it.

I shuffled into some sweatpants, a shirt, socks, and dribbled down the stairs. My dog sat at the front door, his tan chest puffed straight as a statue, and stared babyishly at me.

He's a sweet little Vizsla with big round puppy eyes and intelligent expressions. I feel warm love for him, but lately that pissy, gray-sheet sky blotted out all that love stuff. My impulse was to sleep.

But as I went to open the fridge I heard his collar jingle as he jumped up and clawed at the door's dry wood.

Agh!

I marched over, snatched up the leash from its basket, then led him out down the ice-slick stone walkway. Outside- and I realized I hadn't gotten a look at it 'till now- the last of a nor'easter fell in a twinkle that could have been dust. One foot of fresh snow disfigured the yard in lumps and hills, and I heard a plow scraping by.

My dog squatted and did his business, and we climbed the stairs and went back in. I then realized I had built up this solid urge in my throat to tear out a scream. It was hot anger, and that pesky gray sheet that filmed over my mind's positivity, like pond gunk over a radar probe. I had work, but I fell onto the couch, asleep without dreams.

I was nineteen, that next winter. About 10:30 PM, dark. I'd been on the couch so long, one thigh hung over the other, that my back made the fabric hot, and my leg's muscle swam in those nasty pins and needles. For the last half hour, I watched a movie with my family, and now it ended, and the TV light disappeared.

"Al-right!" said Dad to my brother. "Let's go bud, time for bed." And they shuffled off- but Dad turned, face scrunched in what might have been a concern. "Anyone else have a bit of a headache?" My mom and sister did, but they would just sleep it off. And my dad and brother turned, slow and stiff with grog, around the corner, and thumped up the stairs. My mom and sister left together into the other kitchen, my

sister stiff and cautious as a glass sculpture on unsteady wheels. And pale as a clam. An hour earlier, she had complained of a headache, then fell asleep on the recliner chair in the corner of the room.

After scrolling through Instagram and laughing dryly on occasion, I decided my eyes were heavy enough to fall blissfully into a deep dark sleep. So I wandered to the kitchen for a bedtime glass of water, and saw my sister leaning against the table, arms straight, hands pressed flat. My mom's hands rested on her shoulders, almost protectively.

But why-

Then- "honey-" said Mom, "honey! Are you o-KAY! WHAT'S GOING-"

Hot fear swarmed sickly through me.

Stay strong.

I stepped up close.

"WHAT'S GO-"

My sister's eyes shot wide, and- and I noticed, slowly first, her body leaning forward. Then faster, until I realized she was falling. All in half a second.

My arms sprung out and caught her shoulders- the deadweight threw me into a shuffle, and braced me in a squat.

My Dad dashed from upstairs- never heard stair thumps so fast- and over. My Mom leaned against the table- she must have wanted to faint- and talked with 9-1-1. Panic stretched like a frozen cry across her face, and I felt my eyes wider than they'd ever been. Dad grabbed my sister's arms, then one of us pulled a chair behind her, and sat her up.

She had fainted, but her eyes were open- pupils dilated, stretched themselves to huge black marbles. We called her name- "can you hear what I'm saying to you?" Moving my mouth felt like making a turkey dance with strings, a choreography of muscle too loose and detached.

By 2:00 AM, I sat up in the hospital bed with a rubbery oxygen mask snug on my face. The flow of oxygen was soft. I sat up, scrolling through my phone. I reminded myself to relax my jaw and eyebrows. Perhaps they still hung with some of that heavy stress.

The firetruck, ambulance, and police officer parked along our driveway and sent dancing light swimming off in the cold night. When they walked in with their bags, some piece of equipment beeped, some alarm- beep-beep-beep- a high squeal.

"What is that?", straining to fix my face and startled muscles into some firm, masculine look. I asked the oldest one there, standing across the kitchen from me. He was short, with a round head; "you guys gotta' get outta here."

As it turned out, our house had been silently filling with carbon monoxide seeping from a busted heating flue for several hours. And we had almost fallen asleep in it. I made the deadly connection dimly on my own, but I asked the older guy: "So- say we fell asleep-" my hands wove around and articulated emptily- "that woulda' been fatal?"

He tucked his lips in and nodded, slow, thoughtful nods- "Yes."

A cold shutter traveled bone-deep, deep down to the spine. But I felt stable, for now.

I took deep breaths of oxygen, and opened my phone's camera to get a look at myself with the funny little mask. I stared, up real close to probe my little specks and details- an eyelash hanging slanted from the lid, the wispy spots of returning beard scruff. And thought my eyes were glassy and wondering, like a puppy's. Or like a baby's.



Gallery





Anne Hopkins



Anne Hopkins



Sherri Acevedo



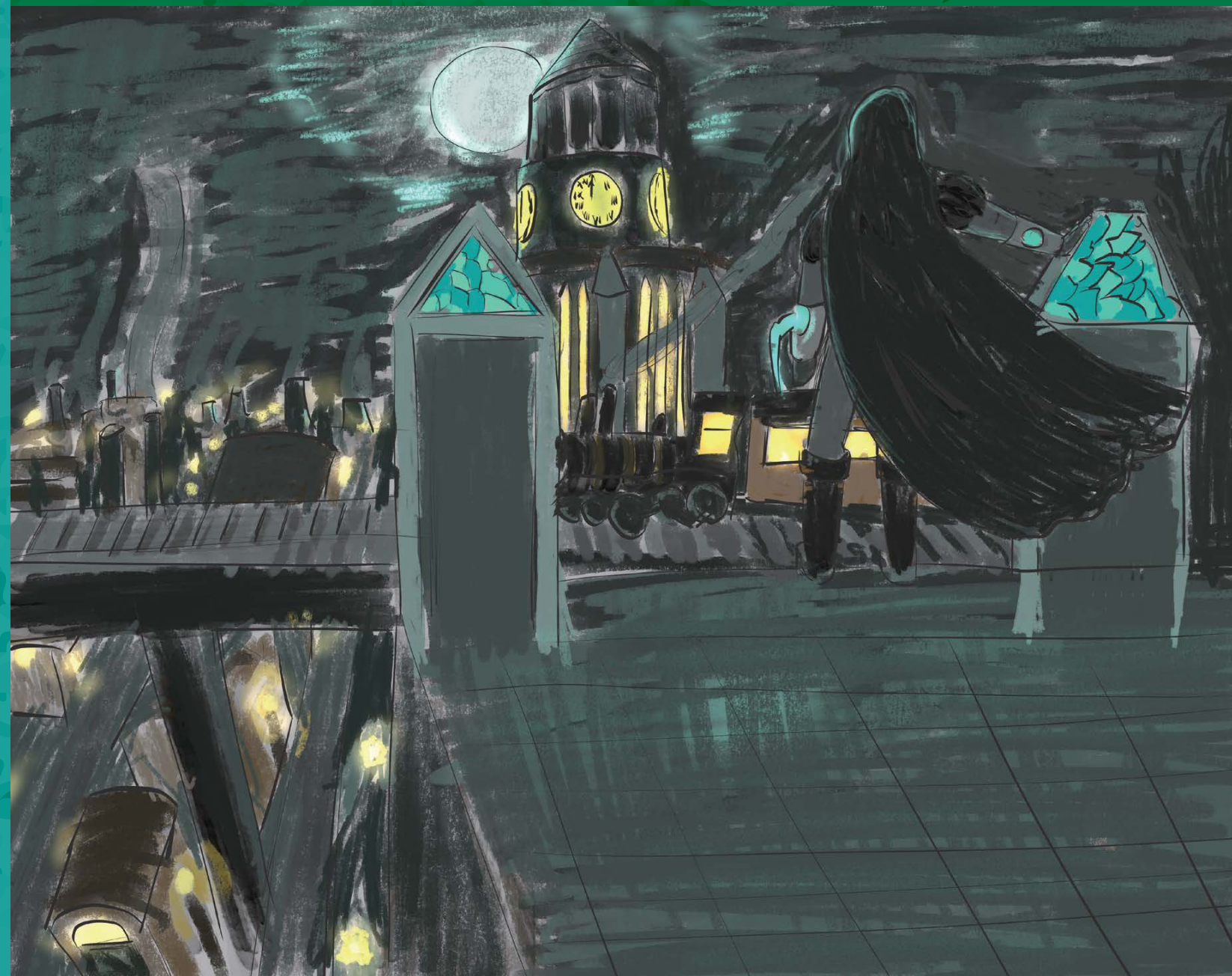
Sherri Acevedo

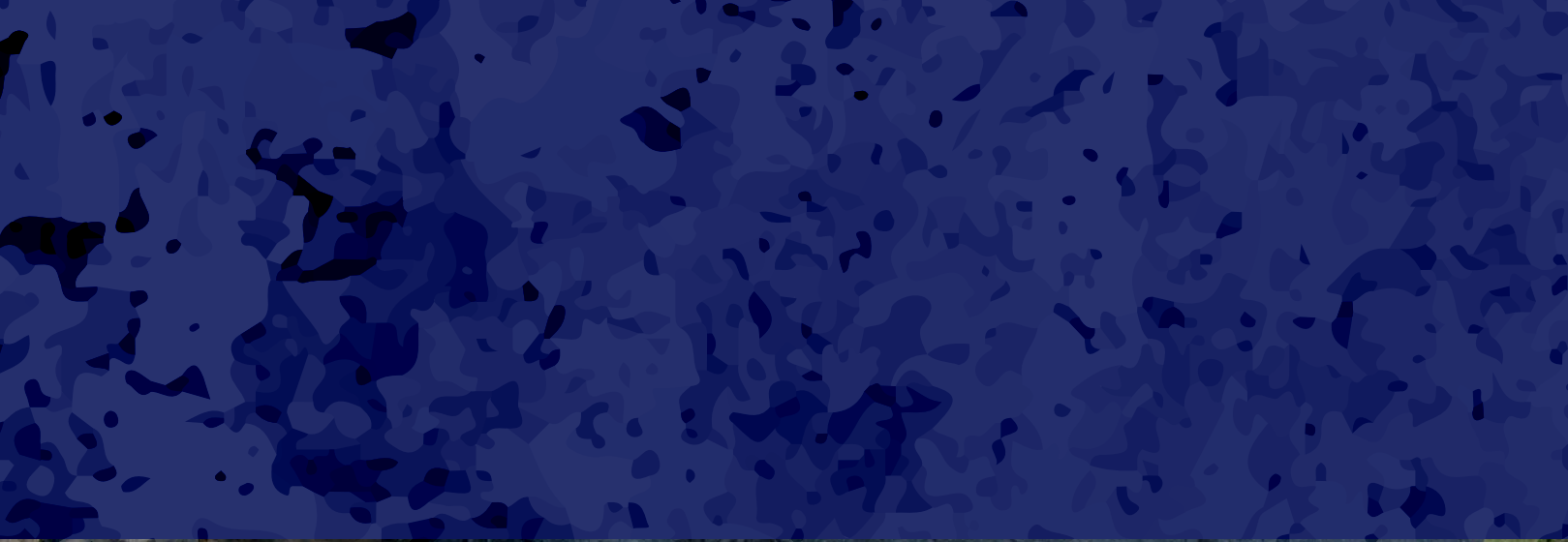


Toni Pavao



Steven DiLeo





Kendall Tobin



Kendall Tobin



Cassandra Kussad





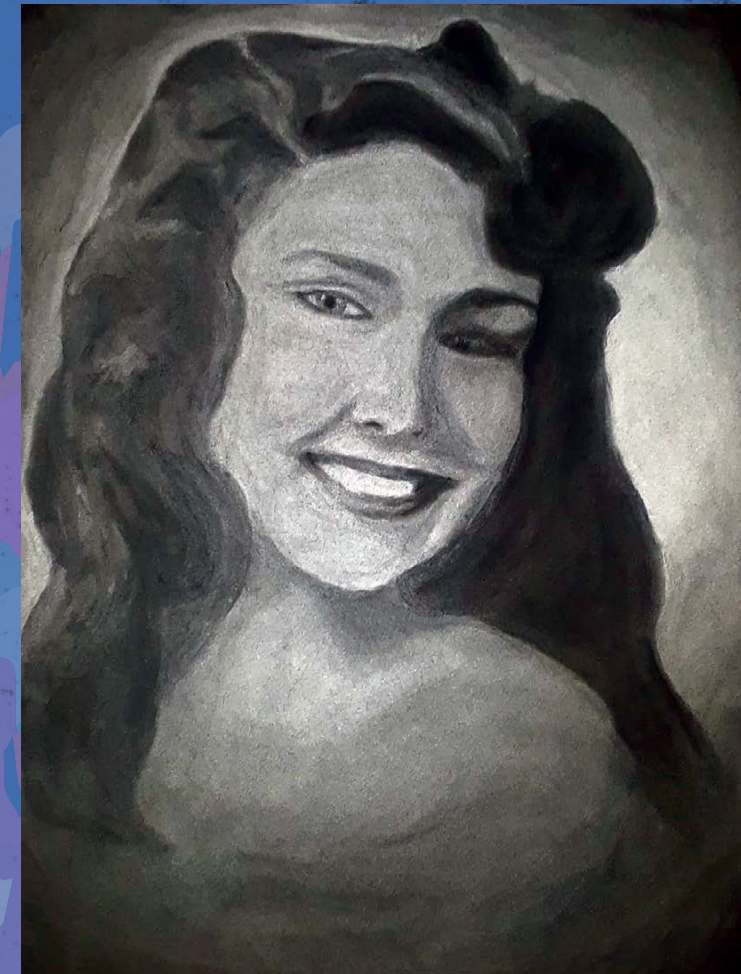
Kendall Tobin



Yomerly Rodriguez



Toni Pavao



Diana Burke



Contributor Bios

SHERRI ACEVEDO's grandmother handed Sherri her film camera at a family wedding and the rest is "herstory." Sherri was a very shy 11-year-old who felt comfortable behind the lens. The camera allows her to share a story with the world.

GABE BALOG is a freshman here at NECC who has recently become very interested in writing after experiencing an ego death/identity crisis in December of 2022. He is generally a quiet person but likes to talk only when talked to, or when he has an idea or a joke to share. He hopes to use his time at NECC for self-discovery before he gets thrust into the real world. He loves movies and books, and his favorite movie is a tie between *Forrest Gump* and *Interstellar*, while his favorite book is *IT* by Stephen King. He is also a huge fan of Stanley Kubrick, who he believes to be extremely misunderstood and underrated as a film director.

DIANA BURKE was, is, and forever will be an NECC English education major and staff member at *Parnassus*. She has been writing poetry for about ten years and drawing for less than one. A girl's gotta have a little range, variety spice of life, blah blah. She is smart but not pretentious, excitable, and eccentric. Her biggest influences are Shakespeare, Dickinson, Wilde, Blondie, and Barbie.

SEAN COWAN is a second-year student at NECC. He enjoys psychology, neuroscience, and writing. When writing, he aims to create immersive, relatable narratives. He believes the best stories establish a base of familiarity and progress towards a more shocking, psychologically rich climax. He finds that short story writing is the most satisfying channel for his imagination and a great stress-reliever.

ALLIYAH CUEVAS is a Psychology major at NECC. She dabbles in different art mediums because there is so much to learn. She loves nature and enjoys spending time with her family.

STEVEN DILEO is an employee of NECC working in the Reprographics and Mail Department. He graduated from UMass Boston as an Art Major in 1983. Now married, a father of four, and grandfather of seven, he is picking up where he left off on his desire to continue the fine arts. His recent artwork, if looked at in the light of his past artwork, shows a progression of themes and technique that he hopes will clearly express beauty both physically and spiritually.



ANNE HOPKINS was born in upstate New York and moved to Massachusetts while a young child. She attended the University of Massachusetts at Lowell where she fell in love with the magic and science of photography. Upon graduation, she worked for many years in a custom black and white lab, in addition to a color lab. With digital photography becoming more and more prevalent she focused her attentions on more traditional materials and in 2009 she discovered a process in which it was possible to lift and transfer the dyes of a c-print, as well as veil and manipulate them. She has continued to explore the possibilities with this process as a means to illustrate the way that our perception and memories are transformed by our own experiences and interpretations. She began using c-print and Fuji Dry Lab prints transferred to objects to explore the relationship between objects and memory. She is affiliated with Soho Photo Gallery in NYC and is an eternal optimist and sees the glass as having plenty.

CASSANDRA KUSSAD is an Art and Design major at NECC. Her interests are sculpting, graphic design, photography, and drawing. Her inspirations often come spontaneously through observing art at museums or online, listening to music, and photographing landscapes and nature.

DANIEL LUDDY is a burnt-out college graduate and an aspiring graphic novelist. Having an imagination that gets the best of him, he attends NECC to put it to rest, giving it the skills to tell the stories it wants to tell through writing and drawing. He is still working at it, and this is one of the steps to get there. Said imagination feeds on a diet of comics, graphic novels, video game narratives, and all else geek related. He could stand to cut some stuff out like anime and YouTube parodies, but gets some classics in like *Dune* and *Space Odyssey* for good measure. With a passion for the humanities and fine arts, Daniel wants to make stories and characters that tell their humanity and growth, exploring territory only creativity can give.

TONI PAVAO is a student at NECC. They like to watch anime and obsess over anime characters. They enjoy cosplaying and finding local conventions to go to. Outside of schoolwork, Toni bothers their siblings and tortures them with the horrible singing. Toni likes to draw. Toni likes to take photos as a hobby too. Sometimes Toni plays on their Nintendo Switch and annoys the Animal Crossing Villagers. Toni does want to let everyone know that they are very nice. Toni lacks sleep and is writing this at 3am, why? Cuz sleep is for the weak. Toni is hoping to go on adventures and tame wild beasts.

YOMERLY RODRIGUEZ is a hardworking, dedicated, and kind person that wants to lend a helping hand whenever possible. She wants to do her best in anything and everything that she must do, and she is reliable when it comes to working in a team. Her family is extremely supportive and loving to her and she is very blessed to have them in her life every day! Yomerly loves to create artwork as well as write in creative ways. From poems to paintings, she loves to have her imagination run wild and let her creative juices flow freely! She tries to make time for everything in life that is important to her, such as her schoolwork, clubs, family, and her peace of mind. She hates letting people down, so she will work sleepless nights to get something important done. Yomerly's daily motivation to keep going is remembering her potential!

SCOTTY SILVA is making poetry to make up for his mommy issues. He thinks there is no meaning to anything he does and that takes form in his writings. Scott's vast vocabulary comes from the many years of calling people bimbos on Xbox. He was raised in Methuen MA, but after his mom committed suicide when he was seven, he moved to Haverhill with his dad. With his father working nights, and a mother dead, he didn't have a steady parental figure. Scott now suffers from more mental illnesses than fingers on his hands. If you asked him about it, he would scoff and say, "I'm collecting them for my college resume."

KENDALL TOBIN is a Liberal Arts major at NECC. She enjoys making an impact on the NECC community through her quirky sense of humor, her eye for photography, art, and the words she writes on a page. She blames Art Club for bringing back her inner artist and appointing her as secretary. In her spare time, Kendall binges Final Fantasy video games and watches funny YouTube videos. Late nights and chocolate keep her sane.

How to Contribute

Submissions to *Parnassus* are limited to active NECC students, staff, and faculty, with two deadlines each school year (fall and spring). We accept submissions in the genres of fiction, poetry, creative non fiction, and various art mediums and photography. Only the best is selected by our well-read staff, so to those potential submitters, please send us your loftiest, freshest, and most delicious of works to hopefully join the heralded ranks of Published *Parnassus* People, a distinguished honor if ever there was one. Entries are read and viewed by the esteemed staff and faculty advisor and are chosen democratically. Deadlines will be announced online and on campus each semester, and *Parnassus* is published once annually at the end of the spring semester, a time we always believe to be so far away, and yet it comes rushing into our faces without fail, every time.

Join our Staff

Also without fail is our need for new recruits into this wild *Parnassus* family. If you find yourself in search of power and imaginary fame, or if you're simply addicted to seeing your name in print, we hope you'll consider offering some of your time to join our staff. Read read read and look look look at all of our amazing submissions each semester and help shape what our next issue will look like - it's fun, and most of our work is done online. Join us, won't you? Contact us for more info.

2022-2023 Staff

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