

ERRATO

ERATO

18-19

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“If one tries to think about history, it seems to me - it’s like looking at a range of mountains. And the first time you see them, they look one way. But then time changes, the pattern of light shifts. Maybe you’ve moved slightly, your perspective has changed. The mountains are the same, but they look very different.”

Robert Harris

Dear Reader,

Each year this magazine serves as a snapshot, representing a collection of thoughts, ideas and inspirations from this campus. Throughout the fifty years of this publication, the goal has always been the same - to create a platform for the arts. Yet each year the magazine is completely different. From the content to the design, each cohort of students, staff, and editors weave a myriad of distinctive art pieces to create the final publication that you are now holding in your hands.

As you look through this year's magazine, focus on the layers that have been woven together. The sentiments of the artist are overlaid with the designer's interpretation. And you, the reader, add another thread by viewing it through your own personal lens. The result is a collection of topics, themes and thoughts that become a part of something new - a unique piece created by you.

Art is built from art. Each of us creates a story, and over time, they are all woven together to create a masterpiece. Carry this masterpiece with you. See. Learn. Reflect. Through your experiences in life, revisit this magazine and see how this art has changed.

In the next fifty years, I have no doubt that this platform will continue to expand and blossom. As I leave my mark in Erato's story, it is my turn to step away and reflect on the exquisite piece we all have created together. Thank you all for being a part of my journey, and I thank you for weaving Erato into yours.

With Love,

Gautami Chennur
Editor-In-Chief

EDITOR'S NOTE

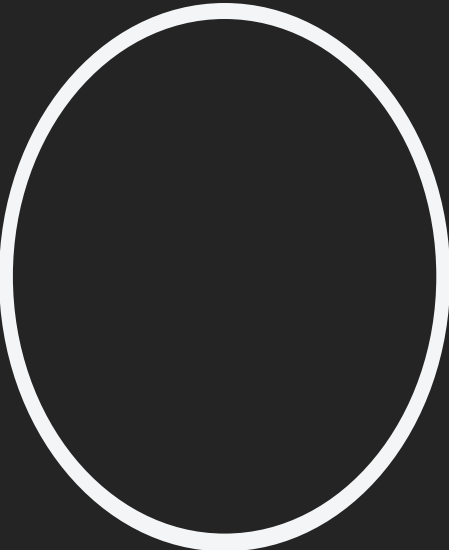
Perspective (left)

Samuel Stewart

A Simple Favor (right)

Sabrina Wilson



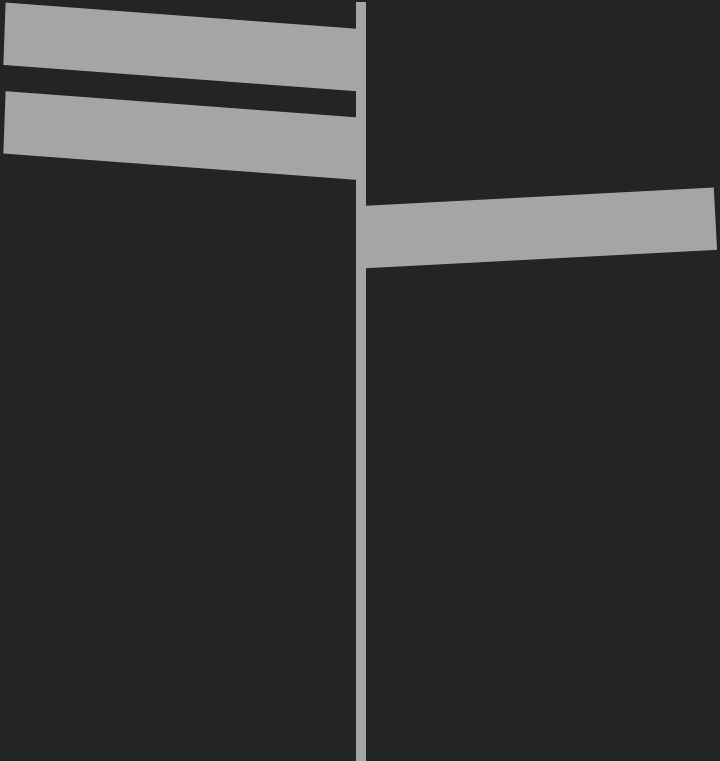
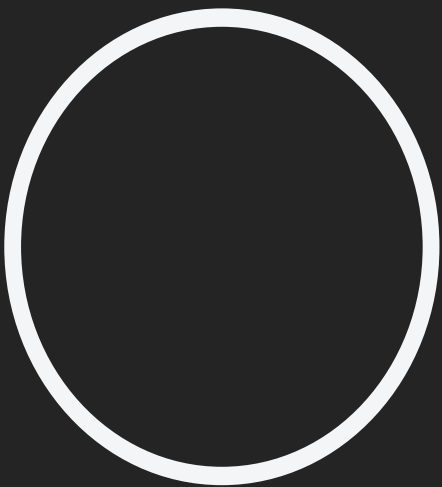


my arms are heavy
against my side
weighed down
by unruly bones

they slip and slide
against each other
dust flurries
invade my veins

they prick and stick
my fingertips
elastic skin
erupting out

if you would like to
help me please
shake off this white
dust all over your gloved
hands take these bones
within your hands and
pull them out for me
please so i can move
again do not be afraid
for me please
take them
out.



Sails on the Water

M.V. Hromiak

The sails of drowning boats are visible above the
murky surface of the green spinach ocean. They

Jumpjump-hop up and down like hungry dolphins,
Making cackling sounds as they splash around
Like when leaves brush against each other.

Such is an aftermath.

The slow, graceful swing of gargantuan necks
Scattered along the horizon frames the pink
Sunset landscape while evening's light gently
Paints the scene; Odysseus' men abandoning
Their subdued vessels and tackling the miles of
Flesh between them, trying to beat back each
Hungry chimera jaw that thrusts and snaps,
Frothing at them, landing blows that cause—

Seeds to fall from each of the hydra's kinked heads.

I shift my legs as I watch from the bench,
Restless.

And, avoiding a dying gorgon's gaze, the
Squirrels jump down off of the trees into the vast
Spinach ocean again, their tails like the sails of
Drowning boats, swaying side to side,

Side to side



Tranquil

Jennifer Ternullo



Radiant (left)

Timothy Ibru

Summer Daze (right)

Rena Li





COMUNIDAD/COMMUNITY

Daniela Rodriguez



Poly Math

Josh Bishop

Mismatched borrowed socks to keep you in-sane (A1)
When A is false, and true is A, so any B unweaves. (B)
¿Qué sientes? No sé. So I refrain. (A2)

She's the minotaur and Theseus, the thread and the maze (A)
Or Ovid, or Virgil. She seems so Dis-Crete. (B)
Mismatched borrowed socks to keep you in-sane. (A1)

Our Fates spins, allots, and - unturned - frays (A)
But Arachne's challengers knot what they seam (B)
¿Qué sientes? No sé. So I refrain. (A2)

Should we look for fleece, apple, bough, or chains (A)
In this webbed silvan scene of parsing trees? (B)
Mismatched borrowed socks to keep you in-sane. (A1)

But can the odd cotton socks comprise with-stain (A)
The Garden path sentence, the problem of Eve? (B)
¿Qué sientes? No sé. So I refrain. (A2)

Neither he nor she can ascertain (A)
Which part of whose heart is worn on which sleeve. (B)
Mismatched borrowed socks to keep you in-sane (A1)
¿Qué sientes? No sé. So I refrain (A2)



More Rose

John Jajeh

From the precipice
A single chance

Thought to reprimand
Maybe for a dance
Take a second glance
Into foreign lands

And she drifts to the sound
Regardless of me
And she lives for the sound
Beyond you and me

Untitled (left)

Andrew Dai

Moss and Icicles (left)

Kenji Bomar

Self Portrait (right)

Tony Wu





A Winter Sonnet

M.V. Hromiak

Winter knocks the breath out of my lungs
In satisfied sigh, a tempestuous bliss;
The bright warm sun through shining trees of bronze
Crisps frozen fruited leaves upon the earth,
And Swans dancing princess' last pavane
Fly overhead, a flurry of white-black snow.
I wonder to where those graceful Swan have gone,
But you, my love, are here with me, I know.
The evening hangs beneath the moon my dear,
And softly does the tempered snowfall rest
A newborn lamb, with warmth in every bleat,
As we two stroll, in arms, through quieted street.
Your pale soft lips remind me of a Dove;
Emitting breaths cooing softly with love.

Swan Lake (right)

Messina Cole



The Tempest

Bryan Ong

*I trust myself to you
because otherwise
I have nowhere else to turn
Is this what you wanted?*

I

Grolux the golem, peaceful as he was, a lonely soul. Born of Exceptional craftsmanship was He. Consider his plight.

Every morn he would travel down his mound to visit the village children.

Every morn the village elders would chase him away with pitchforks and torches. Every night, dejected, he would lick and patch his wounds with inferior clay.

For generations he would visit the children and patch his wounds.

But one day.

As he descended his mound.

He found himself collapsed in a pile of rubble, unable to walk.

And there he watched the children play.

II

It's down the avenue of lights and sin where you can find a raggedy body slumped over in an unfortunate stupor just barely in sight. His fingers stained black and his shoes worn with weariness. Where did he come from? This raggedy man. What has he endured? How many "Poor guy"s and "He's just down on his luck"s have been uttered in his presence, just out of reach. Like a road-side altar that has crumbled. The world works to erode away its own transgressions. This strong man has lived and will live on. Far into the future when the lengths of human corruption have surpassed its indulgences. When countless merchants and concubines and kings have come and gone. When all the prayers have been answered. The lonely man, with bottle in hand, comes and picks up the pieces. To rebuild again. Where is your God in Him?

III

Autumn is my favourite season you know
I love the vibrant colours that seem to decorate the streets just for us
The way the breeze blows just right
Not too warm
Not too cold
Doesn't it invite you to just
appreciate the outdoors every once in a while?

I never asked

But the thing that I like most is
It's the most romantic season.
Did you know that?
Sure, when winter comes, you can cuddle up against your beloved,
But in the fall you can play amongst the leaves
And have a grand ol' time while looking into their eyes.
Isn't that just so wonderful?

I don't really care

Isn't it crazy just how much we share in common?
Just how much this world seems to align with what we want?
Sometimes I just think that
There just has to be someone looking out for us.
Isn't that just too perfect?

I smoked an angel

Mael-Sanh Perrier

I smoked an angel

This one's tender and dark,
She embraces me like Cuban smoke.
I inhale her aromas, I'm sick of
Not knowing what she's trying to say.

Travelling with the clouds,
The moon stares through the vapors, and
Night all around coaxes
My breath to a slow beat.
Thank you for the head rush, but I want it all.
Wrap me tighter, fill my mind with coffee notes
And stars before black skies.

When the scaffoldings disappear,
Everyone else vanishes,
The sun is gone,
At least I've got a smoky halo for company.





Gerp

Stephen Haviland

Lego Man

Grace Oberst

I'm a Lego man, you build me up

ears first, so I can listen to your voice
feet next, so I can walk along side of you
then eyes, so I can see you when we're together
hands, so I can hold yours as you guide me,

just a simple Lego man
with an off-kilter gait, stumbling
upon crooked columns of plastic bricks
stiff stride weighed down by your thoughts

you're off to school, I'm left in a corner
fumbling with unsteady fists
trying to piece together enough blocks for
a heart, so I can begin to feel

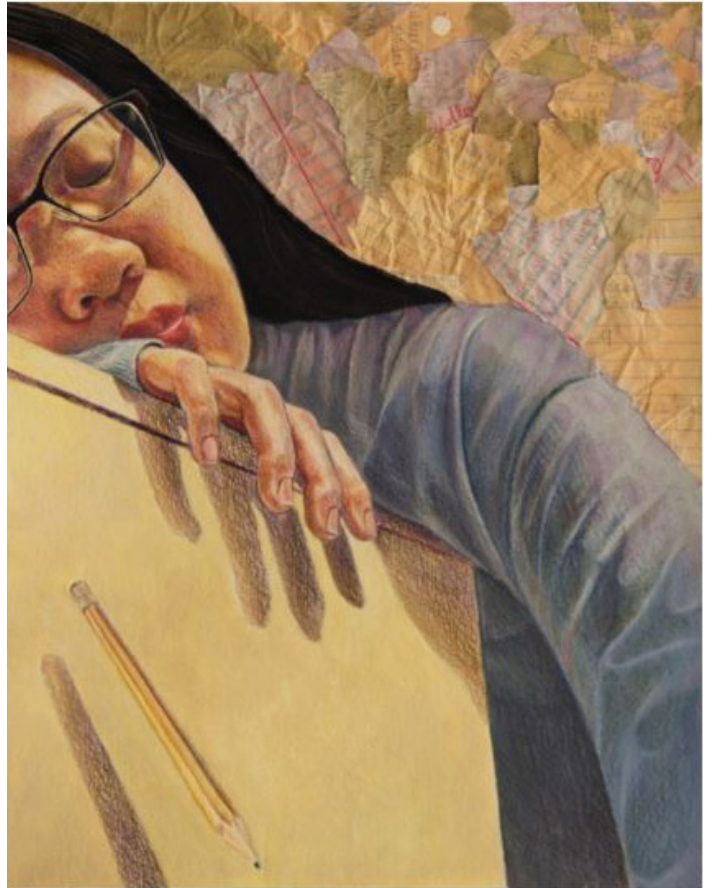
but Legos are not forever
and what you and I build is easily undone
when I no longer suit your fancy,
back to the box in bits I go

I'm a Lego man, you take me apart

My Point of View (right)

Karen Taub





Study Session Series
Michelle Yang





Extended

Caitlyn Seim



Undertow

Sadie Abernathy

there has always been a force pulling at her soul
something deep and primal
it draws her away from safety and sanity
whispering pretty words in her ear
and filling her head with dangerous ideas
she's been kissed by too many silver tongues
they make her knees weak
before they take her to the nearest edge
and tell her to jump
calling it a leap of faith

there has always been a shadow watching over her at night
when she was a child he stood in corners and alleyways
but she's older now
so he extends his hand to offer a dance
and smiles like an old friend

there has always been a desire to burn inside of her
something wild and hungry
a destructive whirlwind dousing bridges in gasoline and handing her the matchbox
but she knows better than her demons these days
so she uses them to light candles and cigarettes
because it's better to set fire to temporary things

there has always been a force pulling at her soul
she stands in the ocean on a quiet morning
balancing on the line between here and there
between a place she can come back from
and a place she can't
between safe and unknown
toes clinging to sand
the waves pushing pulling pushing pulling
but she stands steady
unmoving
because there has always been a force pulling at her soul
but she is a force all her own
and nothing can move her feet once she has planted them



Vinyl Shop

Sandy Xie

The Path

Ansley Fowler

There was once a path,
Plain and worn,
Left behind by wrath,
Found by the torn.

On it I met many:
Young, old, Weak, meek—
And even the bold,
All told never to speak.

There once was a path
Where I met a ruler,
Fair of face with silver hair.
Loved by all, lover of none

On it, I met a romantic
With eyes as unruly as the sea,
Surrounding a splintered heart;
Bound by loss, never to be free.

There once was a path
Where I met a ghost.
Her eyes like mine.
Her fate the same.

And in this land,
On the path they traveled,
I now stand.
Our fates unraveled

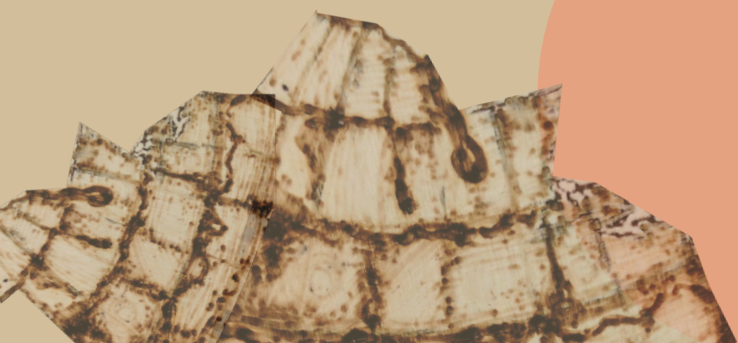


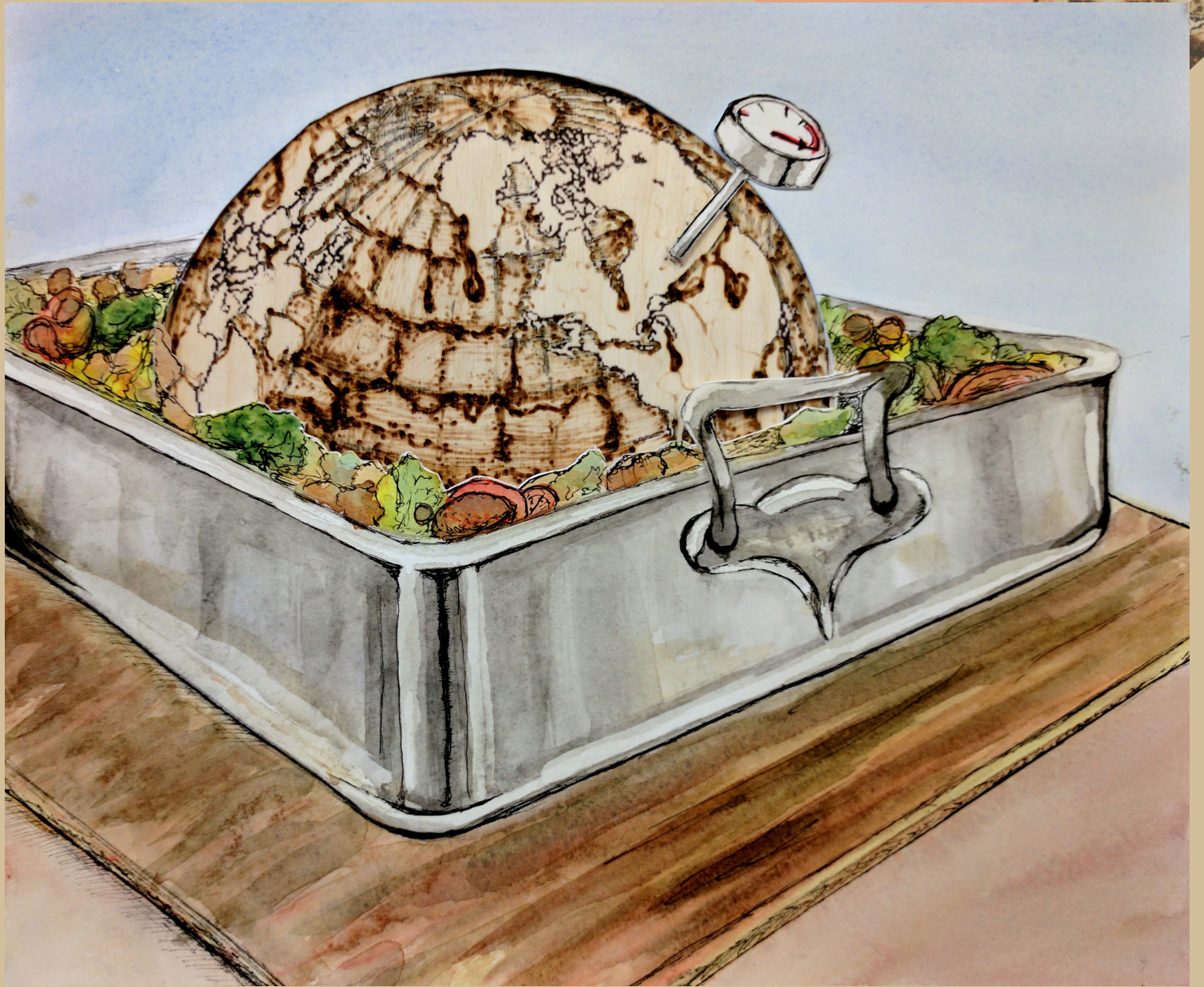
Smooch (left)

Emma Costanza

Preheat to 450 (right)

Grant Marshall







Linda
Laura Sierra



Jazz Player: Saxophone & Jazz Singer: Trumpet
Udaya Lakshmi



A Good Morning

Matthew Dozer

My tentmate calls through A-framed fabric that
it is time for breakfast. cold hands like bricks
falter against the tent's door, until autumn
floods my two-man shelter

With a stream of off-orange leaves, chased by a
nibbling morning breeze. We stack clumps of
battered peanuts on hard bread. We sit together
– one part groggy, two parts pleased.

It is a good
morning.
Birds nearby warble over the
river's rumble. He claims the
birds are happy, and I wonder
why they wouldn't be.

Permanently Closed Restroom (right)

Geoving Gerard



Island

Grace Oberst

Today I sail
uncross uncharted waters, feeling the sting of salty sea breeze
as my boat drifts lazily with the gentle waves
towards the Island.

Today I consider
the inky black storm beckoning me from across the horizon
choppy waters, anxious thoughts, rough winds—
the jagged cracks and tears in my vessel.

Today I remember
that you are still trapped on the Island
with the wild beasts, treacherous jungle, and unforgiving elements:
ourselves, our minds, and our ill-fated thoughts.

Today I ask
for a safe passage, casting out my nets at sea
fishing for your worries and daydreams, but I can only catch driftwood, please
never drift away from me.

Today I hope
to find you on the northern shore, lifting your battered anchor,
ready for a new voyage; I would help you carry
that which has kept you close.

Today I forgive
myself for embarking on this journey, bailing away tirelessly,
this sinking boat of mine who always
carries me.

Today I sail
for me
timidly, daringly, adamantly;
you should, too.



Venice
Shannon Ke



Manipulation, desecration, frustration.

My words are in a Gordian knot, wrapped around my head, tying my tongue and crossing my fingers.

I want to will them to fly from my mouth or hands in the pattern I envision, but clear thoughts condense and dampen my inscriptions.

Revision, decisions, derision

I try to explain all my love and pain, but the words muddle in my stomach and I vomit on my paper, black and white memories spat out haphazardly.

I already feel the criticisms. They fill my mind and my foggy passion disappears and my own assailings rise and shine on all my failures.

Regression, depression, repression, progression.

For the first time, I let my mind continue to try. For the first time, I let my fingers continue to fly. I can't spit beauty and I can't craft my verses but my soul is in ink before me and it feels like the blackness that collected there was dripping from my fingers and marking this paper.

My rage is my catalyst, my sadness will inspire and my heart is now a well.



Rage (left)

Ruby Court

SUBINEDO Y BAJANDO MONTAÑA (right)

Daniela Rodriguez

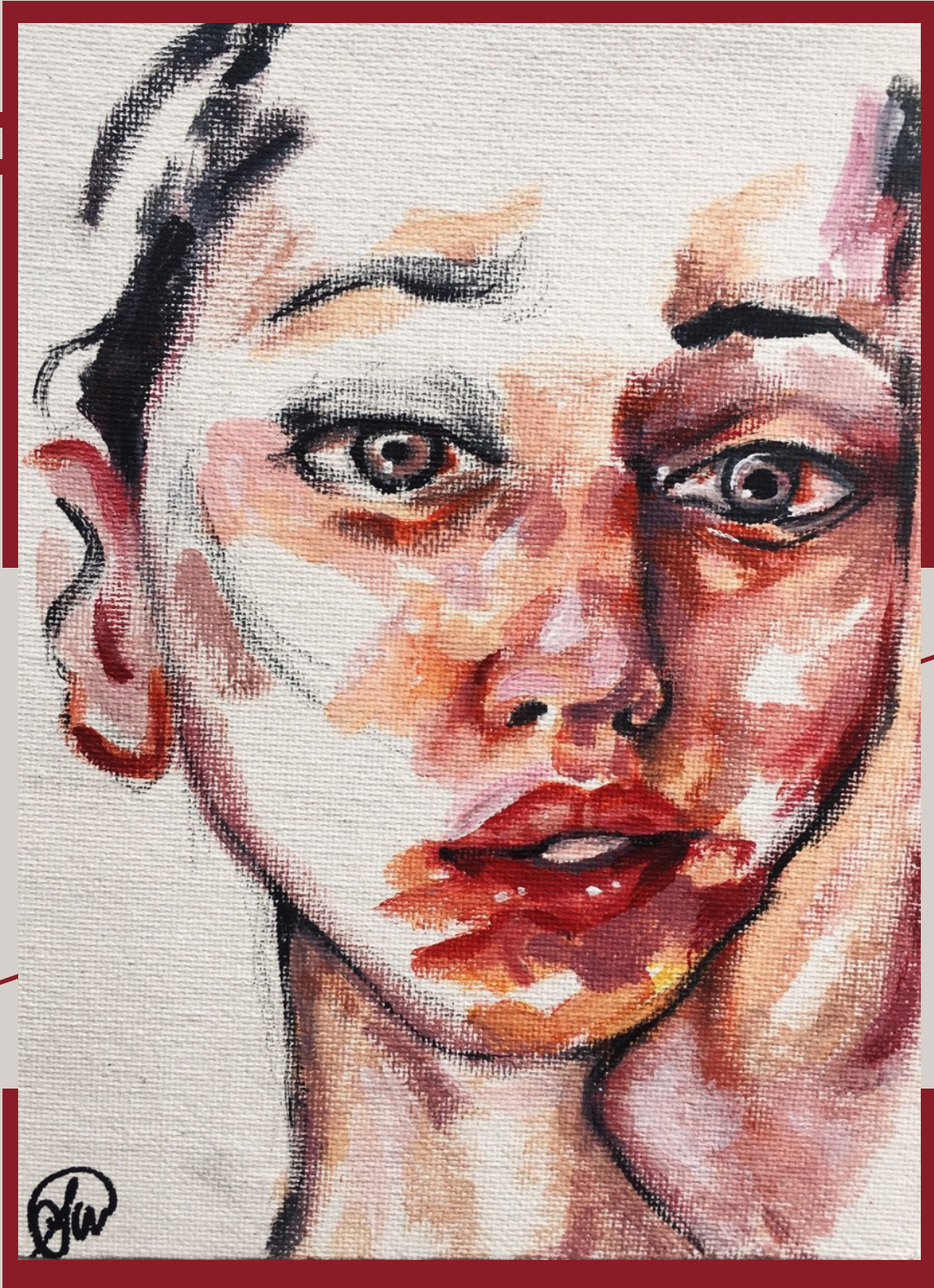


Pioneerspecies

Sadie Abernathy

the smoke starts to clear and she's standing in the ruins
the glass in her hair catches the light from the sun and it's a crown meant only for a rebellion like her
the people are on their knees, dust streaked cheeks and trembling hands
they look to her, the girl with Restlessness pounding at her ribs and Chaos under her skin
"the Gods are dead," they mutter, "this world belongs to her"
she grins with split lips and chipped teeth and the people think "this is what hunger looks like"
and the sun sets
and the sun rises
and Time keeps marching forward endlessly endlessly
the people awaken from sleepless nights and they think "this is the other side of the End"
they think "this is the Epilogue of the Forsaken"
they think "there is nothing left but to live"
the street lamps have teeth and the hills yawn with wide open mouths
ancient trees grow fully formed out of the asphalt
doors refuse to open and dirt roads shift and change unseen
the people turn their fading eyes to the empty heavens
they teach themselves to hear the Stars speak and how to untangle the yesterdaytodaytomorrow of Their stories
creatures made of shadows move silently through the forests and the crumbling buildings
She walks barefoot across the earth, blood staining Her hands and prophecies carved in Her bones
the people are on their knees, fruit in their bellies and magic ringing in their ears
"the Gods are dead," they sing, "this world belongs to Her"





A Battlefield

Stephanie Webster



Boughie Sea Lion Pup

Dmitry Bershadsky

Donkey at the Cabin
Christopher Lindbeck



Cadaver

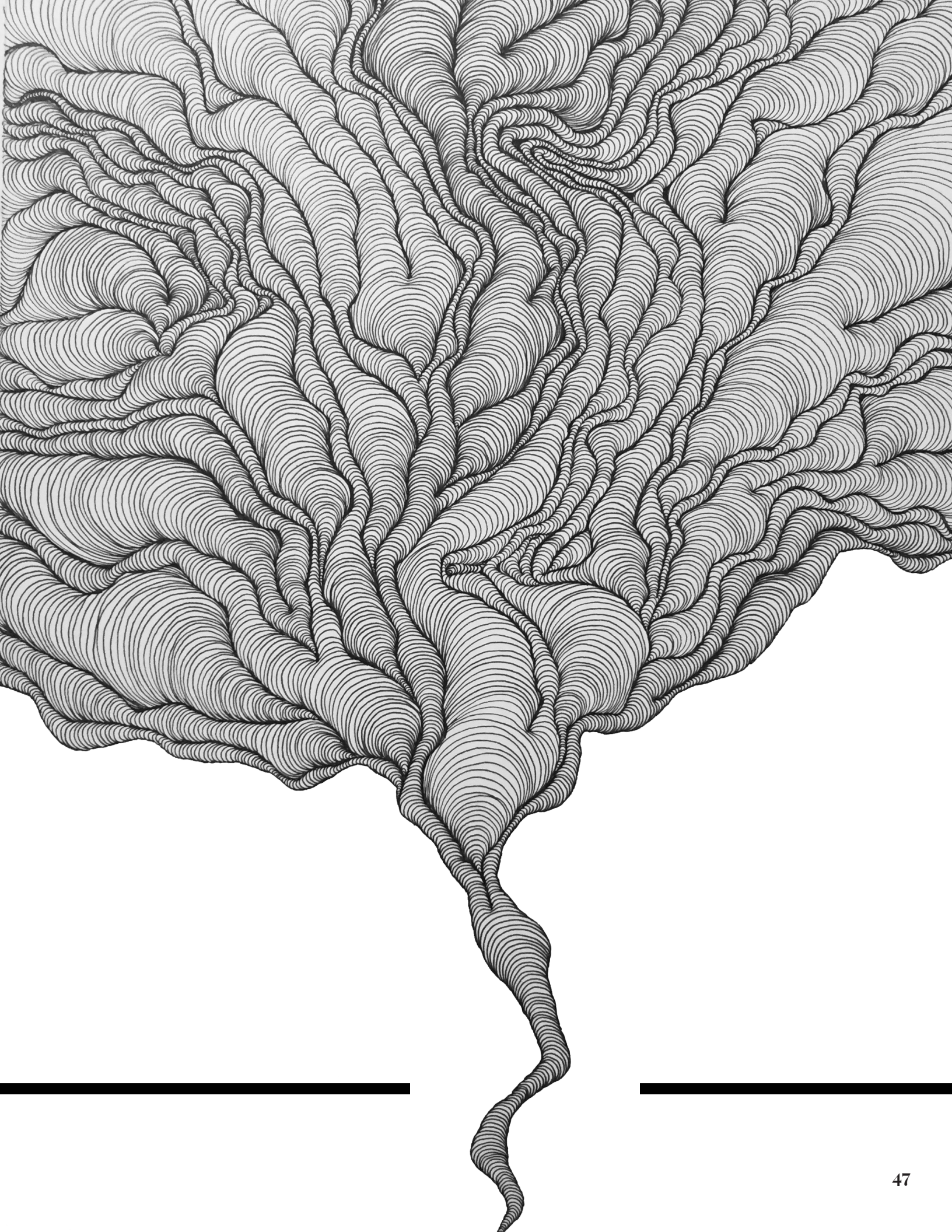
Ruby Court

I need to open my mouth.
Let the moths that have been flying around
In my stomach out.
The atoms have been bouncing off my
walls.
Colliding, gliding, fighting, igniting
Such sparks that I think I'm burning from
The Inside.
I can't breathe.
They're in my throat.
Flapping their ominous grey wings
With eyes that see what I don't and
Hold what I can't.
Carrier pigeons with cries for help
Tied around their ankles,
And bees with the sweetest notes of pollen,
Honey ready to be made in your ears.
But the membrane my cells have created
At the back of my throat is coated in
Self-Preservation.
And the moat in my stomach is filled with
acidic Fear.
My tongue is blue,
That Yellow Ribbon is tied tight,
And I'm shut off.
The Power is out.
They never paid the bill.

Pry open my wired jaw.
Let the sun pour over my lips and light this
Vessel of potential.
Let the rusty cages break apart
And the fluttering feelings fly,
Break the silence and
Speak!
Because I wonder
If I will either explode in a firework of
Fiery, colorful candidness
Or choke on the words
Clogging in my neck,
Splitting my esophagus,
Leaking the toxicity back into my blood
To circulate around my body
And rotting me from the inside
Out.

Arbre (right)

Anna Starr



Orange Slice

M.V. Hromiak

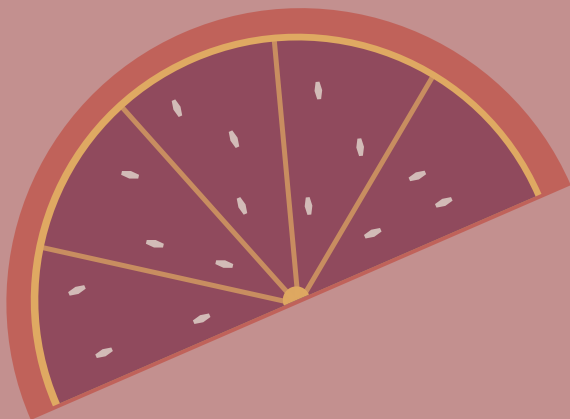
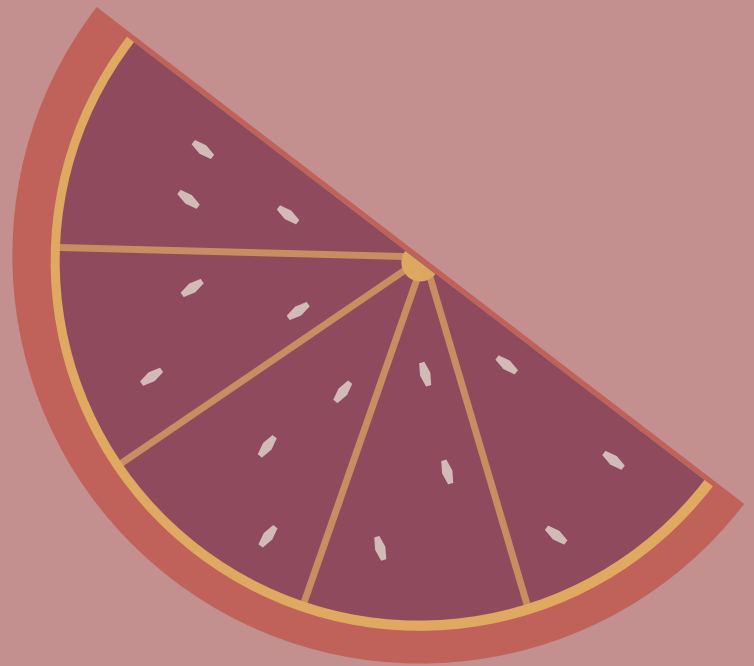
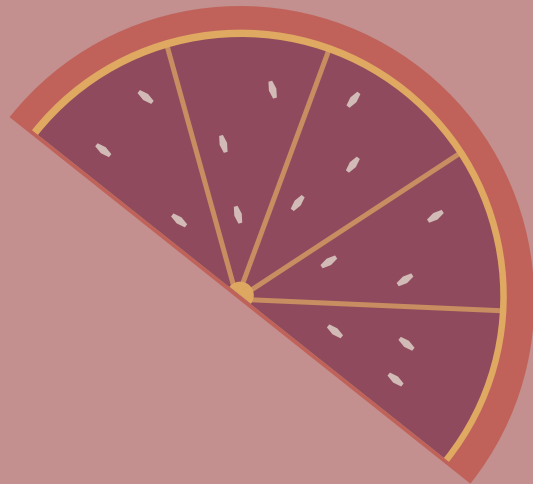
What
is the importance

of a quarter of a dark chocolate orange
sunset

sliced by a warm, white
plane wing

served on the Earth's
horizon

eaten by eyes through an oval
window



Botanical Quartet (right)

Robin Glefke







Green Flash (left)

Christin Unachukwu

Untitled (right)

Nicole Harris

No Happy Endings

Amy McGaughey

I remember fairytales from childhood
Not the sweet ones told as happy bedtime stories
But the originals from years ago
That I would greedily read
With blood and pain and so many going blind
Those were the ones that made sense to me
Not a rustling princess in pink
But a girl whose every step was agony
Though she could not make a sound to scream
To tell the world of her hurt
I fell in love with her lack of happy ending
Because finally someone was telling me
Juvding just
For being a good person
Instead you will suffer and anguish
And sometimes the witch will win
Leaving you alone
Trying to fix your own ache
Because so many of us
Will never have a fairy godmother
To grant our heart's desire
Or a magic tree to watch over us
So we must struggle on the best we can
So I thank those old tales
For telling me the truth
All that time ago
And preparing me for now
Where the good don't win
And all I am is a lonely girl
Watching the witch sail away
With the happy ending I thought
Would be mine

The Lost Bride in New York City

Mishele Ijaz





The City Through Fresh Eyes (left)

Morgan Jacobus

Unsure of Their Dreams (right)

Zachary Ernst



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Sabrina Wilson

John Jajeh

Kate Groce

Josh Bishop

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Cover Artwork: Sparks | Kenji Bomar

