

Ellipsis



Art & Literary Magazine

2019

A Letter from the Editor

Ellipsis

The 2019 addition of Ellipsis is a collection of stories. As many of our pieces illustrate, every individual has something worth telling.

Previously known as Arthology, 2019 was a year of change for the literary magazine. With new editors, new staff, a new name, and a new look, the team worked toward creating a publication that encompasses a variety of voices from individuals that, when put together, make up the Villanova community.

I would first like to thank my co-editors. Thank you for your ideas, without them we would not grow.

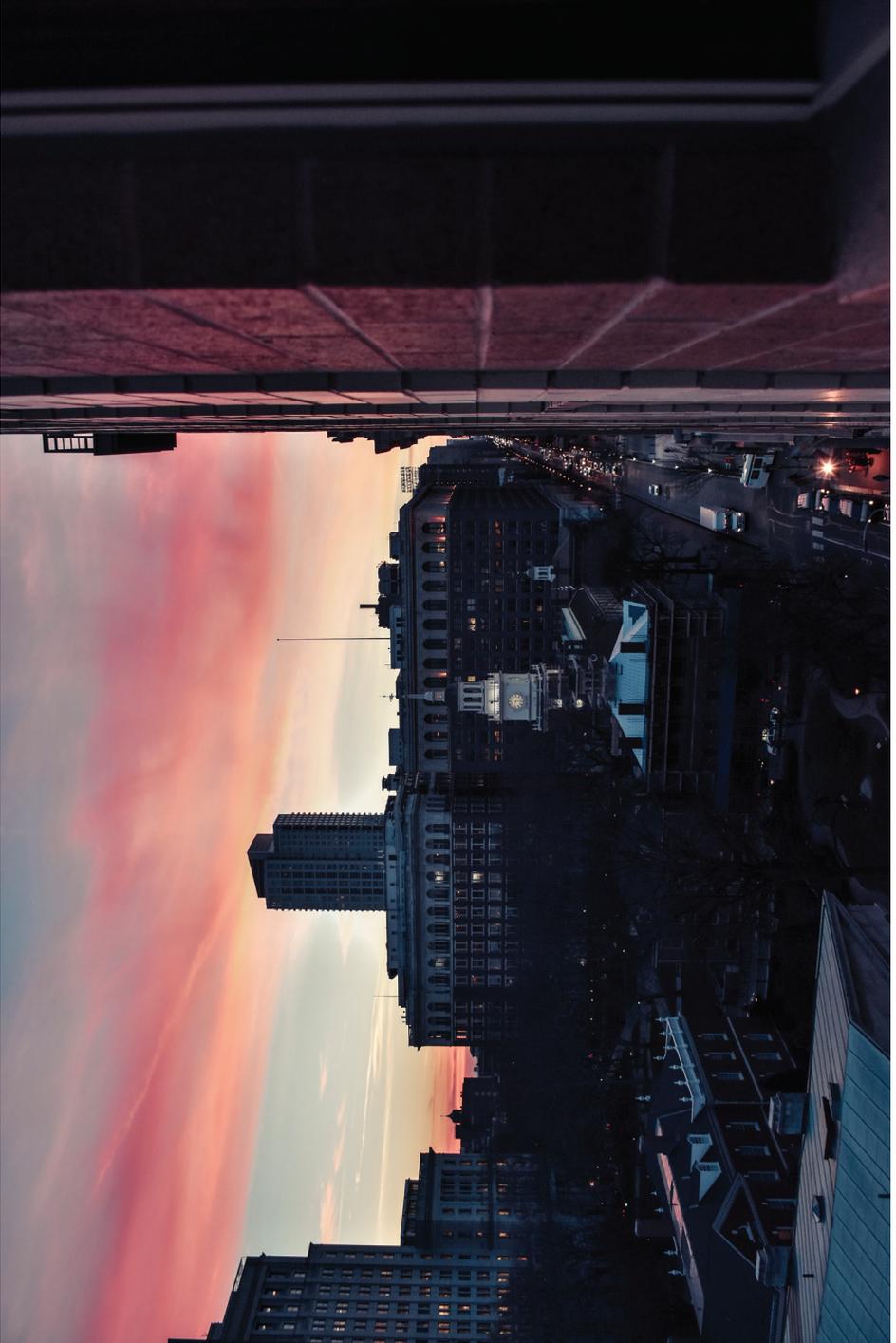
I would also like to thank Kate Szumanski, our faculty advisor, and John Gebhart of Graphic Services for guiding me through this process.

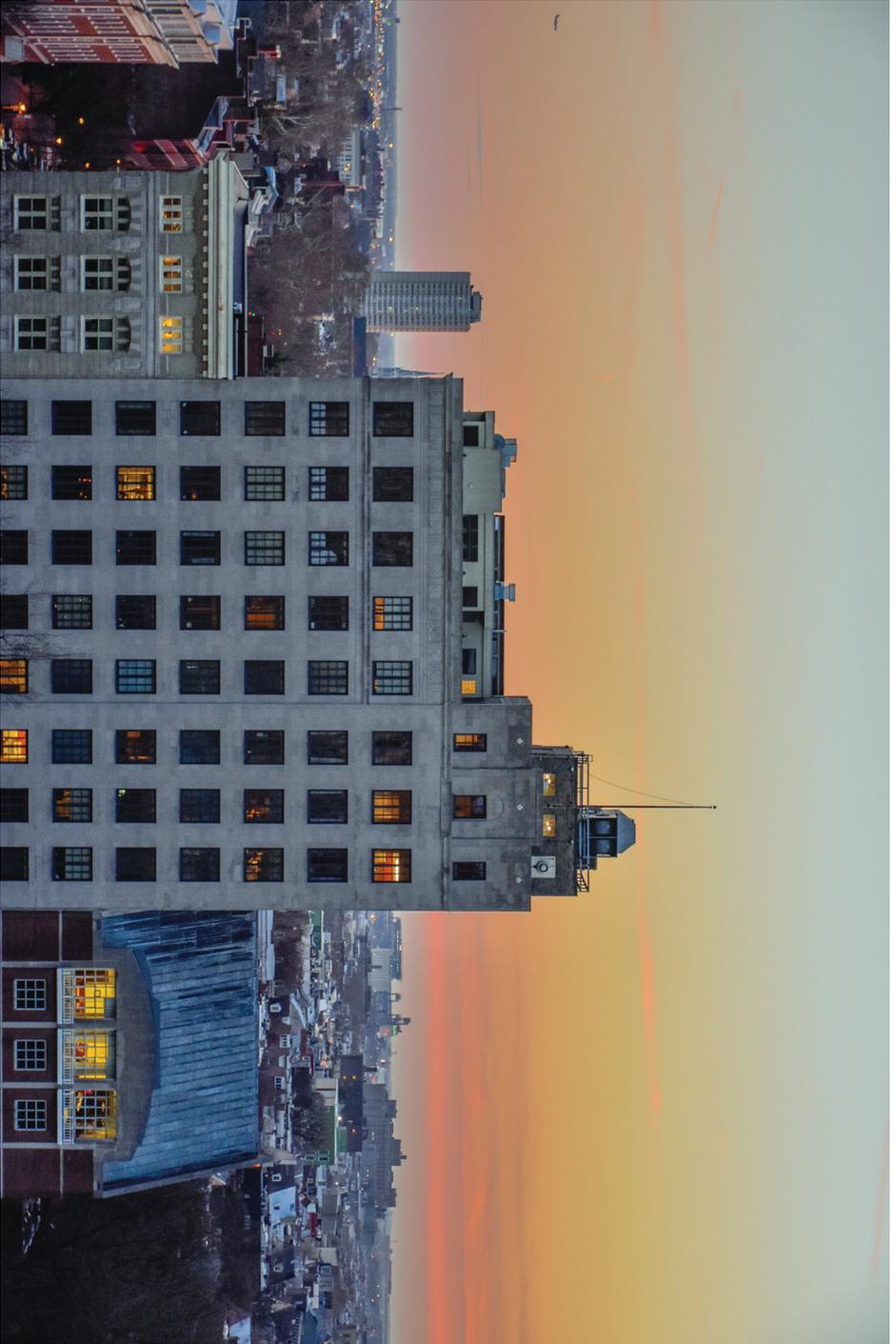
Finally, thank you to those who submitted. Your words and images bring life to the magazine, and we are so grateful for having even a piece of your story.

Tia Parisi

Untitled

Charlie Fox





Untitled
Charlie Fox

Rain Day

Zoe Mendel

we took a walk, and ended up in a field of mostly weeds.

I picked the ones I could,
the ones with little blue and yellow flowers
and the ones with pretty leaves.

we danced around in the field, enjoying the wide open space, even though
it was barren and rough.

the sky was light grey, no blue showing through the lightly colored but
dense cloud layer.

I felt a raindrop on my arm,
so small,
so soft.

I grinned and spread both arms out, begging the rain to come down and
play. as if it understood me, the sky sent down more little drops, until there
was a healthy sprinkle all around me.

she asked, “should we go in?”

I closed my eyes, “you go if you want, I want to enjoy this.”

and she stayed.

more and more little drops came down, until the sky became dark and
rumbled menacingly. the sweet little drops were replaced with thick ones,
and lightning zipped through the dark clouds like an angry fist.

we started walking home as the
rain
picked
up,

and then the
wind
picked
up.

that's when we sprinted. the wind was pushing us back,

and sheets of warm rain blew at us full force.

and we shrieked with joy and breathlessness as we ran through the storm,
screaming at the tops of our lungs.

we made it to the commons, and students who stayed dry snickered at our
soaked state.

the air conditioning chilled us both and we laughed at the rain from in-
doors.

our shoes held more water than the titanic and we looked like we had
drowned faster than jack and rose,

but we were smiling and dancing and running through the commons,

trying to see if we could make it out again.



Untitled
Theodore Hovivian



Untitled
Charlie Fox

Untitled
Alexandra Penzi



P.O.L.
Connor Williams

If ever I should free myself
Of this sweet addiction
Let my heart remain a slave to yours
To shield you from the heat of day
And drive the rain out from the night

Let me stay bound to your laugh
A prisoner of your love
Always running
Toward the freedom of your captivity

Peanut Butter Body

Tia Parisi

Bent over herself,
Her stomach falling between her legs,
A mother bows down to a pregnancy test
As her daughter watches from her seat on the ceramic countertop.

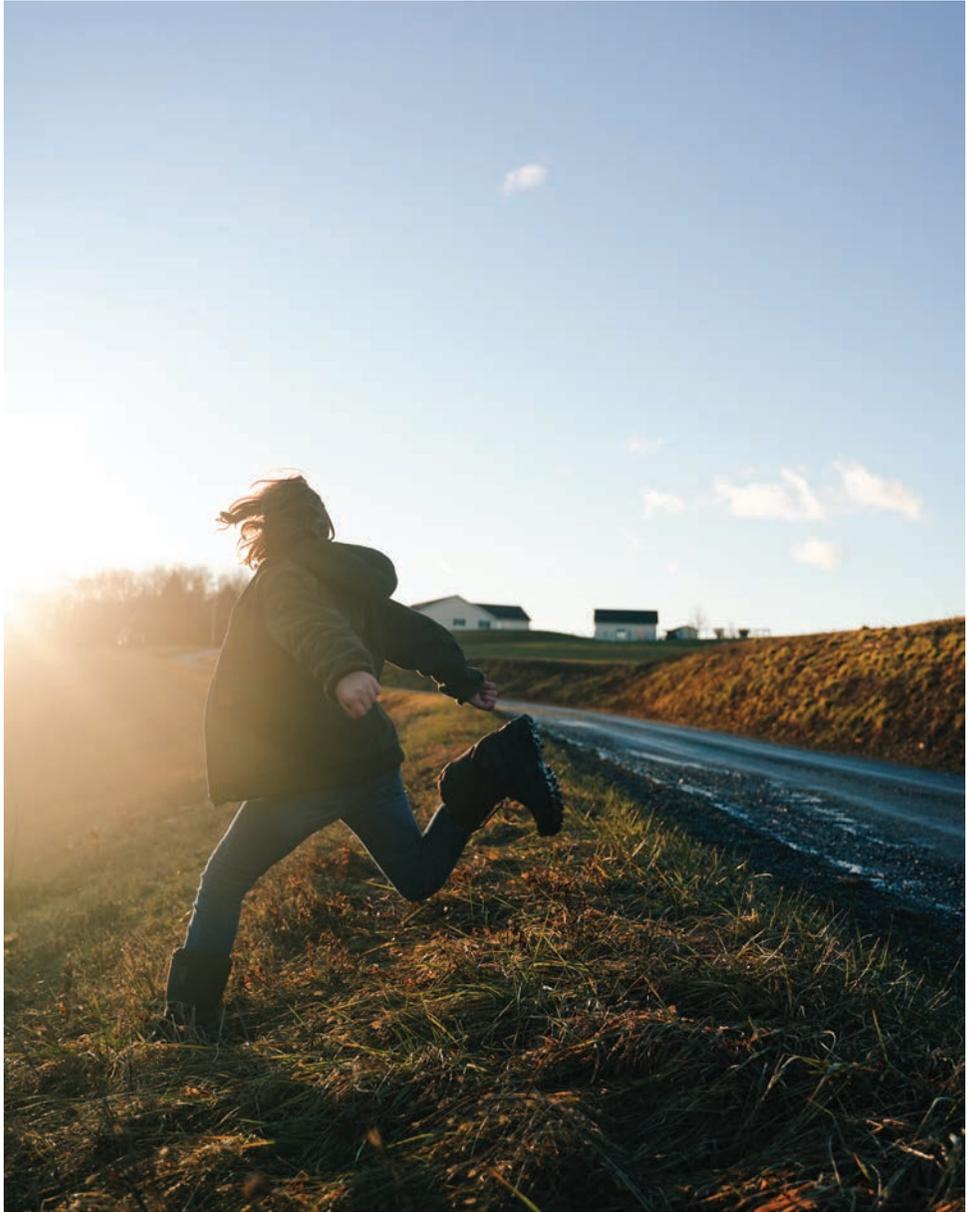
Knees crunched to her chest,
Her back beginning to succumb to soiled posture,
The daughter thinks about the sandwich in her hand,
And how it will taste best if she eats the crust first.

Legs holding a possibility,
The mother rises from her seat
To plant a piece of plastic on the countertop
Next to the girl who, just eight years ago, manifested herself in two pink
lines

Where, now, she only sees one.

“Let me try,” the daughter insists,
Because she knows that if her mother can defy the odds
By not being a mother
The daughter must equally have the power
To grow her own sister
In a body meant for peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

Morgan Sun
Noah Seng DeLong



Foreign Lips

Connor Williams

As the dying twilight sun slips through my window
I find myself wrapped in new arms
Greeted by foreign lips
That lay a trail of fading kisses 'round my neck

As cold as the first snowfall
They land
And color me red

Her lips search my skin
Uncovering the old scars
Carving the new
Building a map that doesn't belong to her

Because with each snowflake my mind drifts to you
I find you in memory
Untouched
Unblemished
And hopelessly unreachable

Though your kisses have long since passed into myth
You still command the tides of my heart
The swell and retreat of my waves
To bring me to eager shores or jagged death
Is but an unspoken word upon your lips

And deep within the heart of night
Where no lover dares let his queries wander
I ask if ever I'll escape your grip
Liberated from wanton shackles
That weigh heavy on my heart

And so I accept my sentence
And let her hands spread the tears across my face
Bathing me in nostalgia

I can only wonder if somewhere
You're lying in a similar bed
Wrapped in new arms
Wishing they were mine

Are you missing my touch?
And my familiar heat

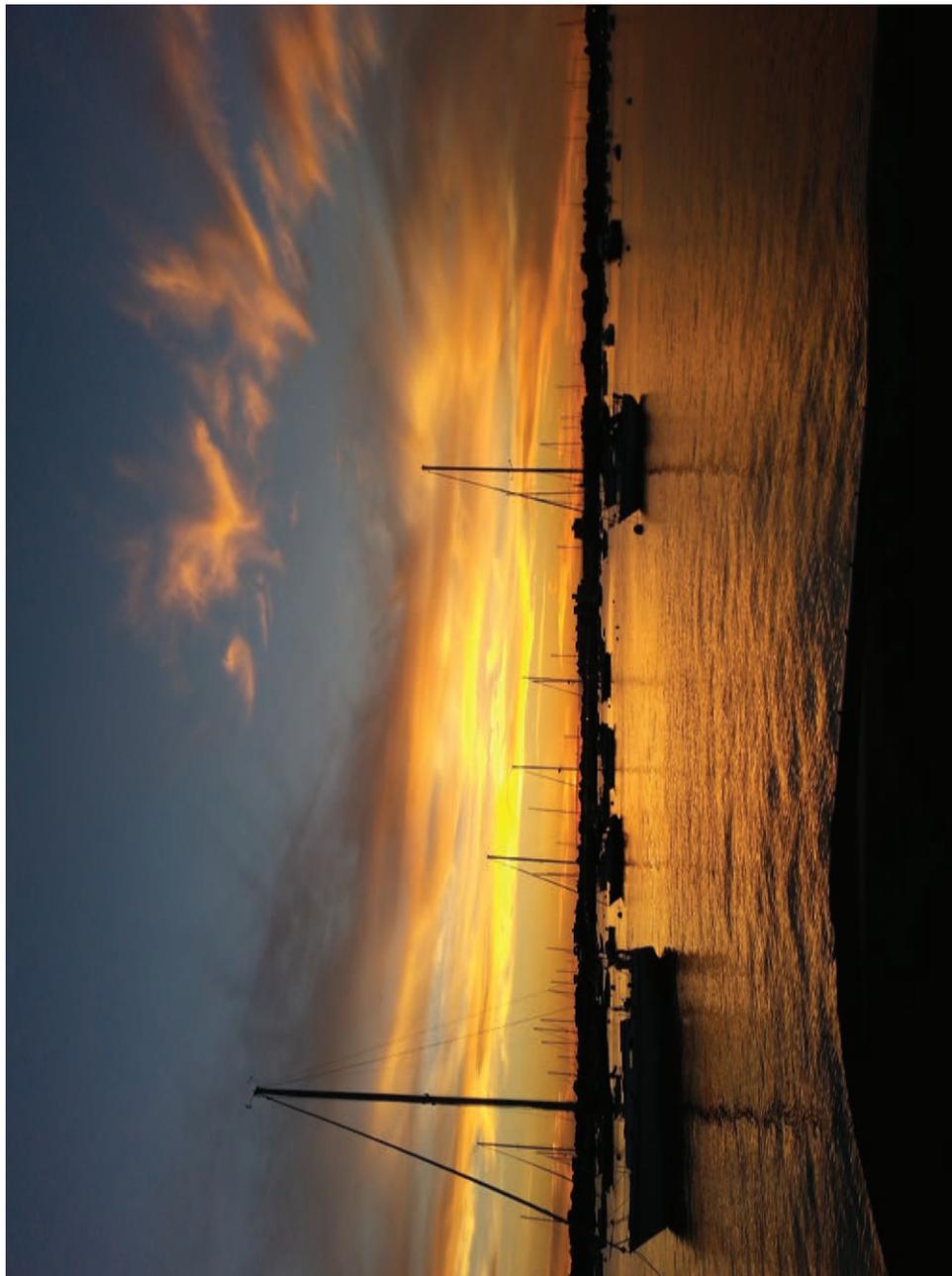
Are you missing my fingertips?
Running their way through your soft dark hair

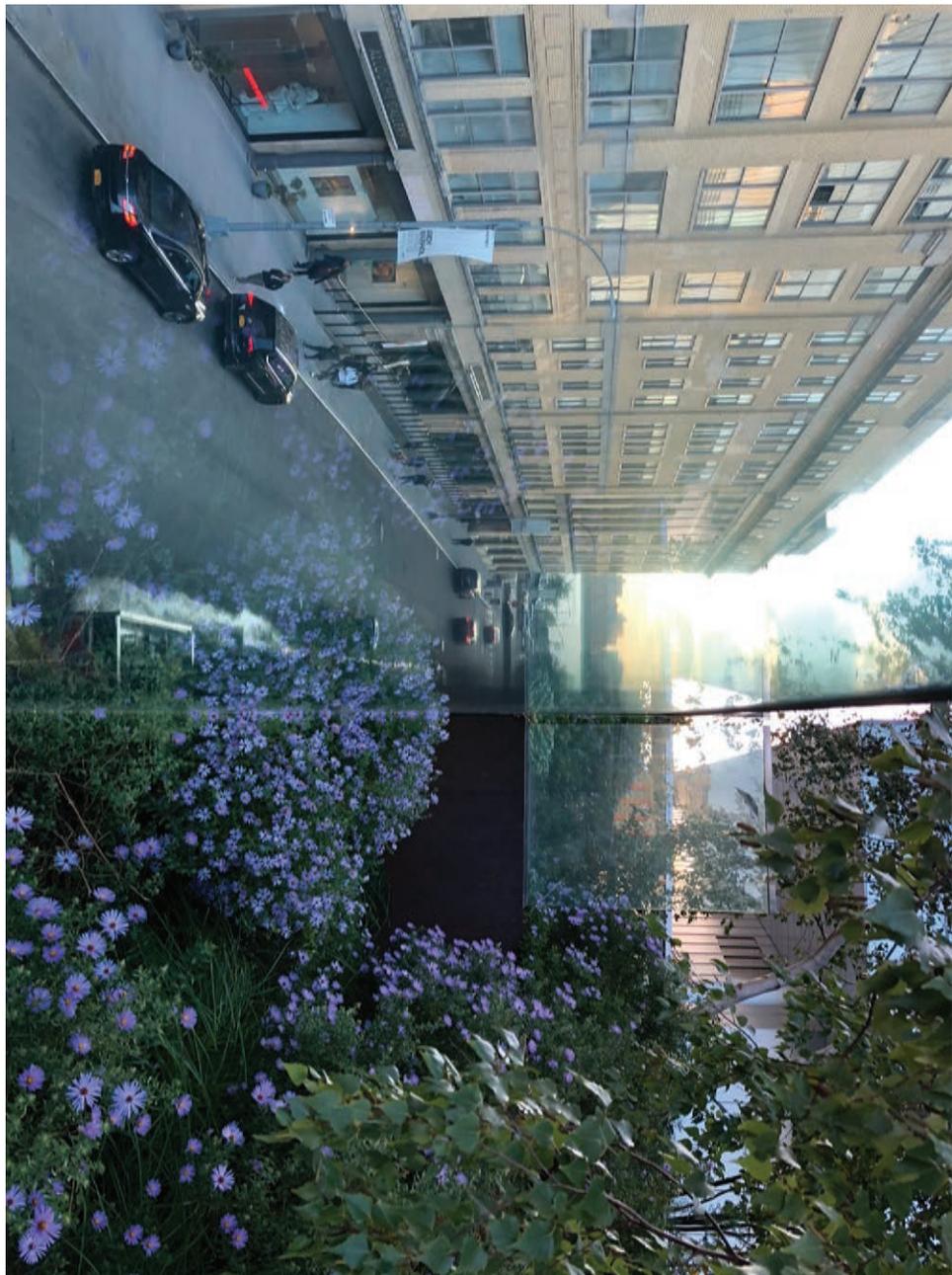
Are you missing the safety of my embrace?
Or my love

Are you missing my love?

Harbor Sunset

Tucker Atkinson





Untitled
Theodore Hovivian

Untitled
Alexandra Penzi



Untitled

Yacina Williams

what do you do when you lose something that made you feel safe?
do you replace it with a drug ? Or maybe a place?
There's no easy replacement for someone who put a smile on your face,
Who's arms gave you a comfort you couldn't replace,
No blanket or jacket could make you feel as warm,
as the engulfment around you from your lover's arms,



Last December, I started The QOL Project as no more than an extension of the conversations I was already having with the people that defined my day to day life. For me, there is no greater feeling than learning something new about a person, and the entire process behind the project is structured to introduce the best parts of individuals to the world. I think it has the potential to bring Villanova students closer and to breakthrough the mundane details of social media. Every decision I have made for the project has been very trial and error so far, and I am very excited to watch where it goes.

- Grant Carter

Kate McMahon

“I’m an open book in a society that doesn’t like to read. ‘It’s cool’. That is what most people say, but it’s lonely. I really admire people like that who show up for others. I feel like- especially at school, especially- people are in a constant competition to show off who is busiest. Who has the most on their plate? I have learned you gotta meet people where they are but also don’t cross oceans for people who won’t cross ponds for you. They are competing ideas.”





Hamilton Tree

“Even though life sometimes seems like a dark tunnel, having the right people around you will remind you of the light at the end. The little positive moments and parts of people are like a bunch of puzzle pieces- when they all come together they’ll show me who I’m meant to be. I have a keen eye for finding the positive parts in people and time. What I want for my future is to help others have a similar outlook. Find the little moments, they will make you, and show that everyone has a place.”

Cac Williams

“I have been working on being as positive as possible; laugh as much as I can every day. I think if you focus on only the bad things, it only gets worse. There is sunlight in everything to be found. If you’re positive, it radiates. It can really affect people around you, and vice versa. Complaining to friends does not spread positivity. It used to be - in HS - that I wanted to make everyone happy, at any cost, including changing myself for those people, ultimately for their satisfaction. Now I have chilled out in that respect, and I have much more of a backbone.”



QOL Project Shares Stories From New Perspective

Ashley Park

The Quality of Life Project, more commonly known as the QOL Project, was started by Grant Carter, a sophomore at Villanova University, as a social media project that aims to share students' stories and provide a platform to express thoughts.

Carter describes the QOL project as all about having something to say.

Starting on Instagram in December 2018, the QOL Project has featured over 40 people. Anyone can be featured by reaching out via Instagram DM or personally asking Carter.

"It's just a way of chronologizing where people are in life," Carter said. "People have a lot to share looking back on where they have been, where they are, or where they will be."

Carter noticed that there were faces in his own friend group that he did not really know much about. Taking inspiration from Instagrammer @robs10kfriends whose goal is to meet 10,000 people and share their stories on his Instagram account, Carter started the QOL Project to learn more about people and hear about what they had to say.

"I thought it was such a cool project to have something to center your creative and social life around," Carter said. "I've always really liked planning big things like that, and it was a new means of expression."

Carter met Megan Amico, a sophomore at Villanova University and partner of the QOL Project, at the beginning of last fall semester. They started to reflect on the everyday mannerisms we see and do ourselves when running into friends: asking them how they are doing.

Amico credits Carter for turning this idea into an actual project and using Instagram as a means of sharing what people had to say and wanted to share about themselves with others.

“Grant is someone who genuinely cares about giving people a platform to really say something about the world, allowing for a deeper connection with someone you might not have had that with,” Amico said. “He genuinely cares about hearing people’s stories.”

According to Carter, the goal has been and continues to be about meeting people and letting the conversation flow and lead itself.

“It’s always a very surface level answer and small lens way of looking at how you’re doing,” Amico said. “We started using different phrases to ask how you were doing like ‘how are you doing as a person’ and ‘how is your life going,’ trying to evoke different answers. We started asking ‘how is your quality of life’ and settled on that because to us, how is your quality of life is not asking how you are doing right now, but how are you feeling despite what you are feeling in this present moment.”

The QOL Project is different from other similar projects like the Humans of NY because it is more of an interview process that shares holistic stories about people you know and see around campus, Carter said.

Rather than focusing on the individual’s life story, the project allows people to say whatever they want, inviting them to share how their quality of life is or what has made their life what it currently is.

“There are no questions being asked,” Amico said. “There are no rules. What do you want to say? What do you want to tell people?”

The project aims to share with its followers the different sides to the familiar faces they see from a distance.

“I think part of the QOL project is being shamelessly yourself and not being afraid of showing those sides of you that you wouldn’t normally put forward in a normal interaction,” Amico said. “I think the reason the QOL

concept really resonated with me was that it went against the grain of every day surface level interaction.”

Carter refers to the QOL Project as his “creative compromise of sorts,” as it has given him the platform to challenge himself to do something outside of schoolwork. Neither Grant nor Amico fear the future of the QOL Project as they are simply going with the flow with no set plan, leaving the end goal as open as possible. The QOL Project has been taking a new direction every day, using a trial and error method more or less to grow the project.

“It’s all about the individual stories than a singular objective,” Carter said. “Meeting all these people in a way more meaningful level has been so rewarding.”

They plan on taking the project to as many people as possible.

“As long as people have things to share and want to share with us, it will keep going,” Amico said. “If people have stuff to share, it will just keep going up and up.”

Untitled
Ashley Park



Snowfall in Yardley

Connor Williams

I sit down in the coffee shop
And listen
As an entire history becomes mingled with the smell of mocha
A life I've missed rolled out in front of me
And I become keenly aware of my absence

The girl sitting across from me
Who I knew through Jungle Gyms and Nap Time
Is a girl no longer
And whatever childhood we knew has been folded up and tucked away
Beneath the footprints of this town

Clearly our youth was slippery
And these years misplaced far too easily
So I fill the gap
Trying to fit myself into her stories
And spin memories that never happened

But this history is not my own
And this place never raised me
This is her world
Even if our Cradles did knock here

So when the waitress brings our check
On this sleepy Sunday morning
The girl asks if we can sit a while longer

And as so many Winters have come and gone without me
I let this one stay a while
And peer out the window
Watching snow paint the world I left behind

Untitled
Charlie Fox



Untitled

Yacina Williams

Holding 2.(point)15lbs of me in your arms, you promised you would never hurt me

You held me as I cried, stayed by our side when I was sick in the hospital
I was so small in your built arms and you kept it that way.

My first recollection of your outburst was when I was just starting to remember

You promised to shield my eyes from the things you didn't want me to see
You broke my heart before anyone else could

And maybe that's why I put up with more than I should

I hold all of this pain inside of me like a scream I'm afraid to let out
afraid it'll be too loud

afraid it'll pierce the ears of those I did not want to hear it

Untitled
Alexandra Penzi





Untitled
Ashley Park

Untitled

Ashley Park



My Mother's Restless Slumber

Nora Manosa

Why are you so tired, Mama?
Is it because you stayed up
Emptying and replacing buckets holding the storm that seeped into this house?

Is it because the world expects you to live freely
Without work to fulfill the cracks within your concealed heart.

Could you not find rest
While your hands ache
From past years of folding boxes
That will hold treasures we will never touch

Why are you so tired, Mama?
Is it because the people here
Fear the waves of your words
The humming in your throat
As you speak to your sister of the loneliness?

Is it because not one,
but three men whispered honey into you ears
Planted their seeds
And left when April's buds began to bloom

Are you worried us three mangos
Will spoil in this new land?

Have you tried not wondering if some man
Has branded the bodies you took 9 months to make,
The lives you spend your entire life to protect

Do your wrinkles on your face from laughs
Heard on your islands
Felt under the Filipino sun
Keep you awake in the loud darkness

Mama, did you not sleep
While your brothers and sisters that stayed on the islands call your name
When famine makes a home in their stomachs

Why are you so tired, Mama?

Did you try counting the blessings

That they tell you to be grateful for
For breathing, plates of stale rice
For cold water that they tell you “you could also boil”

They say the world is yours, Mama.
Are you tired from walking miles
Trying to find the piece with your name on it?

Maybe you dream, Mama.
Of the life you actually deserve.
Where you're beautiful to yourself again
You have what you need
Where you finally have peace

Are you relieved, Mama?
After taking hours just to share a meal with me
Seeing my friends from school visit our home
Enjoying the life you wanted for me

Is your body tired, Mama?
From standing at the edge of comfort
Battling demons behind your eyes
Beating off those trying to take you sooner

Is your soul recharging, Mama?
After you've given every shattered face
A place to call home under your leaky roof

Why are you so tired, Mama?
I wonder
As you lay next to me
Your thin brows permanently furrowed
Your mouth slightly open
Letting warm breaths soothing the thoughts keeping me awake

I'm tired too, Mama.
But I haven't learned to sleep like you.

Untitled
Christopher Bondoc





Untitled
Christopher Bondoc

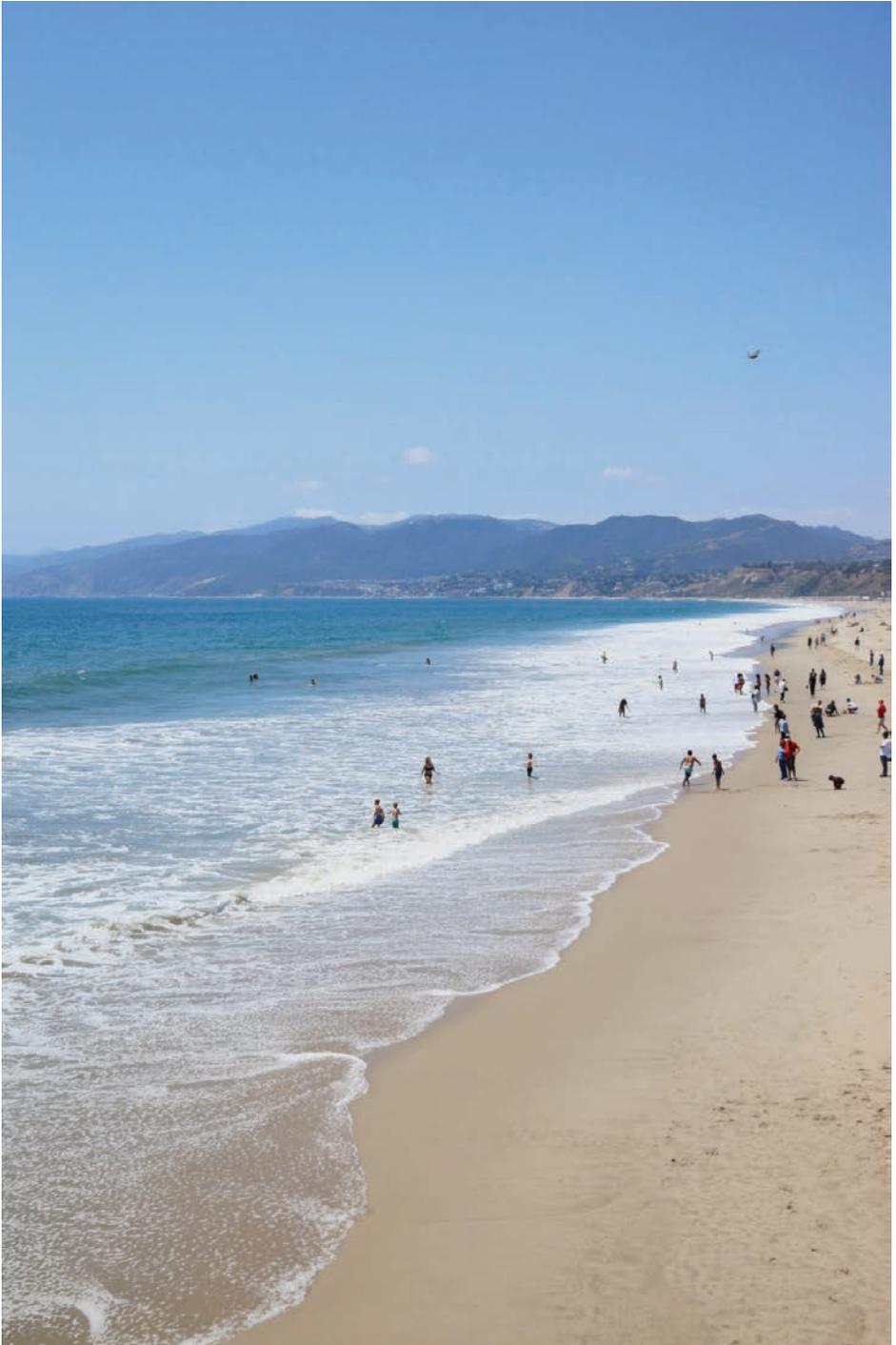
Involvement Fair Poem

Written by the students of the Villanova Involvement Fair

Shea butter squirts
Like waves of sand
On the purple beach
The waves crash
Butter turned blue
Room temperature water
Grooving in a colorful hue
Ice cream melts on my tongue
Quietly.
No. Too fast.
Slow down bruh.
No faster
Stop. Hammer time.
No faster
RIP Harambe
Live forever but die fast
Road work ahead
Uhh yeah, I sure hope it does
It's never over
The rain should come soon
It is too hot
French fry grease
Sweet potato
Yo bro you tryna do equestrian club?
No bro what's that?
My little pony
Twinkle twinkle little star
Way up 2 billion miles from Mars
How I wonder what you are
I love ping pong...
You know what speaks
Freedom of speech
Yeet

Untitled

Ashley Park



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