



Self Portrait  
Amanda Rose

Damaged petals  
Suleyman Rahameto

chicago  
city of broad shoulders  
rough at times  
yet we are all still      roses  
that grew from the      concrete  
like      derrick

youngest mvp  
rookie of the year  
he shown us  
there was nothing to

fear

no matter where you come from  
or how you were raised  
we can still flourish  
even with damaged petals

don't ask me why  
ask me how  
i am the rose  
that grew from  
concrete  
and will

flourish with my damaged petals



Beautiful Immigrants  
Ana Freeberg

open



At a PWI  
Chelsey Mbachu

A wade in the water, wearing no protection,  
alabaster highlighted heads held high.

Beautiful black bodies don't belong here  
can't thrive here, can't thirst for knowledge here.

On the misty mornings, despite an abundant breeze  
the wind won't whisper your name,

can't properly pronounce your name.  
Exist in this exhausting experience,

with stuttering sentences and stumbling steps,  
obviously, overthinking everything.

With slumping shoulders and slipping smiles  
become bog bodies, burdened by your burden.

And still, unbelievably unprotected, acquire unique abilities  
to persevere under persistent pressure, always attempting

to make mothers merry, to be  
first of father's flock.

Last but not least, lest you learn less  
Mumble a mantra, more so a motto:

Black bodies belong here too.

I read a book about me and  
Caught a glimpse of community.  
Humans have always loved seeing our stories reflected back at us:  
Then, it was cave paintings on the wall, now it is IMAX 3D.  
I get my representation from books.  
Hard Cover cradles where ideas are born; words take their first steps and stumble into  
sentences, celebrate their birthdays every chapter, and graduate into stories.  
Each page becomes a mirror  
In a fun house.  
I am coddled by an entourage of my own contorted reflections; The crowd of me leers through  
the smoke and mirrors that have distorted our stories for too long and for once  
I feel seen.  
My Heaven is a library filled with stories I exist in and books free of  
The thought, the feeling, or the word  
Invisible.

Invisible  
Blue Nawa



Missing You From Afar  
Joanna Kwon

wishes for people who are afraid of other languages  
Iya Abdulkarim

i wish you the joy of finally remembering  
that one  
word  
but in the wrong language.  
i wish you the laughter  
that comes out  
tumbling (lol/444/jaja)  
when you understand a joke written in another tongue.  
i wish you the smile when a multilingual song comes on  
and you can sing every  
line.



Role Model  
Thierno Gueye



Nest  
Michael Justin Elue

English Sentence  
Seng Lor

I am so much like  
an english sentence  
ever changing,  
ever shifting,  
To be more,  
grammatically correct.  
To be,  
correct tense  
To be,  
more direct and concise.  
“Young and inexperienced,  
the task seemed easy”.  
I changed this sentence to  
“The task seemed easy  
because I’m young  
and inexperienced”.  
I am young  
and inexperienced,  
my english sentence  
won’t be executed perfectly.  
There will be  
grammatical errors and  
probably places where  
I am stuck in the past,  
even though we are  
in present tense.  
Like a sentence,  
bound to change  
through revision  
and editing.



Wandering  
Yeng Xiong

transatlantic emoji translation  
Iya Abdulkarim

translated from emojis arranged by Boraan Abdulkarim

i witnessed a shooting star on a night as jagged as honey.  
it drips, viscous,  
the same way that leaves fall  
and planets orbit,  
indulging in infinity.  
my world is  
split between two, of pistachios and apple pie.  
if i listen closely, i hear the moon sip her tea;  
i surrender.

the star is both the calm and the storm,  
the blistering burns soaking in cold water  
from the candle intended for comfort.  
the duality hides in the dark.



The Quarry

<https://pages.stolaf.edu/thequarry/>  
@the\_quarry\_mag

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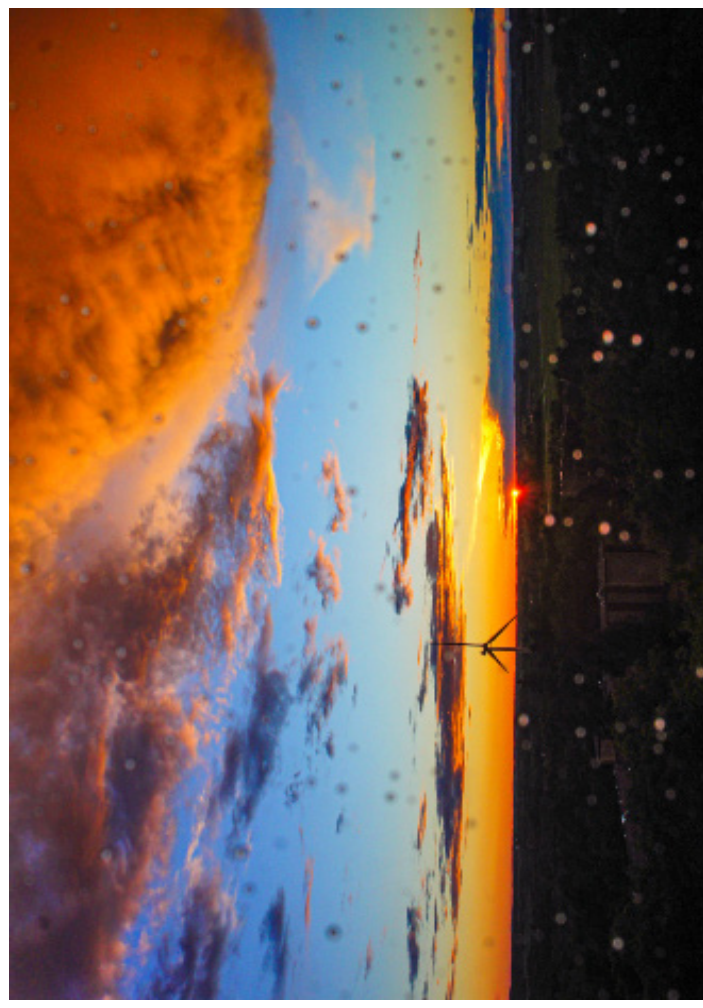
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Sunset on a Rainy Day  
Meg Prapatihong