

Lake Erie Echoes



Cover by Megan Meeker

SPRING 2025

Produced and Presented by the Lake Erie Creative Writing Club

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NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

This magazine is meant as a way to get the ideas and stories in our heads out into the world, and to provide the student body with an opportunity to read works from their peers.

This publication accepts submissions of poetry, fiction, nonfiction, visual art, and photography. Your submission could be featured in our publication run.

If you are at all interested, please submit your work for consideration.

You can submit any works, or questions you may have about how your submissions will be used, to cwc@lec.edu from September 1 to April 1.

You can also get in contact with the editor directly at nwhite@lec.edu.

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CONTENT WARNING

Many of our submissions contain heavy themes.

These topics or descriptions are not necessarily suitable for all audiences.

It is important we allow these authors the freedom to express themselves without fear of ridicule or censorship.

Reader discretion is advised.

27 OF 31.

by Emily Kasiewicz

Someday, when I'm older, I'll give more of myself to the mornings. I'll wake up early to run more, to read more, to enjoy the days more.

By then, I'll have a porch where nature can join me for coffee, so the honeybees can swarm my berries, and I won't worry about the sting any longer than I should.

The day will be long enough, and I will not worry about the night until it comes.

But this January, I continue to wait for my great flood. I march through the snow waist-deep and let the cold turn my fingers blue.

I take communion with the sting and let it melt my mascara like candle wax.

I think the early nights of heavy winter know me better than I like to admit.

But the heaviness of the darkness feels a lot like a hug when it consumes you right, so for now,

I'll let it crush me.

MASS

by Nathan White

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 I sit and ask
Sometime at the
Mass, why might God,
Good Lord as He,
Call such abject
Cruelty love? | 5 I, who have lied,
And will cheat, and
May yet steal, how
Am I, as child
Of His, to match

This virtue, that
Angel song which
6 Carries great men
To Heaven and
Casts lesser to
Hell? I cry out

For an answer, | In anger, that
Such cruel love
Can only e'er
Be explain'd in
Dead men's words that
Reach back too long,

To older than
We remember.
9 Still I thank the
Father, he can
Only answer
As he was built. |
| 3 And reading this
Script, of YHWH
Into God in
To Jesus in
To the back of
This Book's cover | 7 Any answer,
But the priest bows
His head, and points
At the Good Book
I Hold, that crook'd

Finger that e'er
Profanes the sin,
And tells me "You
Are yet lost, my
Child." And I clutch
8 The Book tighter, | It was jest to
Ever think that,
Someone like me
Could find meaning
In God, for He
Will mean naught to
Those without guilt. |
| 4 I ask Him what,
If at all, I'm
To glean from this?
Simple man I
Am, not fit for
Robes, oaths, and vows | | |

IPHIGENIA TO KING AGAMEMNON

by Mackenzie Meeker


Father, my father, King Agamemnon
Why have you slit my pearly throat?
My innocent blood coats my bridal clothes.
The mortal body crumpled on the pyre;
My young soul ascends into the fire.

Mother, your wife, the Queen, Clytemnestra
Feathered me in kisses and glittering Jewels.
Oh, how mother and I were jolly fools.
Mother with her gentle fingers braiding my hair.
Weaving in words of a Hera prayer.

I was to be married to the strong warrior Achilles.
What an honor for a young girl of only thirteen.
The wedding was on a glistening beach, yet
The water was still and bleak.
The hefty war boat that homed your men;
How stagnant the sails had been.

Achilles, my husband, was nowhere to be found.
My young blue eyes met the body of a sharp blade.
My mother cried my name;
Iphigenia, Iphigenia, Iphigenia.
The wind, once stagnant, had begun to make haste.
How the bleached white sails began to race.

You lunged at me with only a glance,
You pierced my throat;
the blade burned my flesh.
Father, my father, King Agamemnon
Why have you slit my pearly throat?




A WIFE'S DUTY TO SERVE HER HUSBAND

by Mackenzie Meeker

Heart-broken Clytemnestra.
You heard that the war was over.
Yet, the news did nothing to mend your heart.
Your husband, Agamemnon survived the war, but
He would not survive your harboring anger.

The servants heated the bath,
Peppered with incense and flower petals.
You pushed the servants out, you claimed
That it was a wife's duty to serve her husband.
In reality, it was your hunger for revenge.

Agamemnon, cocky and wrongfully confident.
He lowered himself into the bath.
Your dagger hidden among the rags and perfume oils.
You saw your chance as Agamenmnon closed his eyes.
You raised the dagger with Iphigenia in your mind.



UNTITLED

by Kairi Hutchinson

The spark

The **spark** is **back**

I can't run

You can only escape with it

IT WANTS

IT NEEDS

— TO TAKE ME

I have to give in

I need to feel wanted

I need to feel craved

I want to escape from reality

LAKESHORE VIEW

Photograph by Amelia Shirk





PETALS AND PROMISES

by Kairi Hutchinson

YOU promised me...

YOU would **NEVER** leave me

YOU made me promise **NEVER** to lie, yell, or snap

YOU made me promise to tell...

YOU when I wasn't okay

YOU made me promise..

COVER YOURSELF

YOU made me hate **MYSELF**

YOU took my spark **AWAY** from me

YOU ran away with... **MY HEART** like a **COWARD!!!**

YOU acted like everything was **FINE— BUT WAS IT!!!**

NOW, look your watching me be happy with someone else

The feelings I once had are gone

-BUT sometimes they come crawling back

THE CONCEPT OF MORTALITY

by Emily Nagle

If we do not ever die
then we shall never experience the vivid colors.

If we know we'll never die,
we'll never feel the intense push
to experience
Now!

The colors would fade.

If we never needed to experience life
before the end

Would we ever feel it entirely at all?

I WISH A POET WOULD LOVE ME

by Emily Nagle

People think my poems are about someone I love.

They are

But not in the way you may think.

They are about

The love I give to myself.

Not a man or a woman.

But all the things I would love to hear from one.

IF HEARTACHE WERE AN HEIRLOOM

by Emily Nagle

The pain in my heart has been handed down.
From mother to daughter.
From father to son.
Over and over and over.

I only ever wanted to be a mom.
But I reconsider when I recall Our heirloom.
We do not hand down pretty rings or middle names.
We do not pass on a wisdom or artwork,
to the next generation.
Unfortunately, it has always been scars handed down
along with the weight of them.
Divorce papers.
Empty promises.
Bruises and excuses.

I refuse to continue the pattern.
I will not continue the tradition.
If that means I must hold my
Mother's
Father's
Grandmother's
and Uncle's heartache
til it breaks me.
Then I must.
I refuse to pass this one down.

PIECED TOGETHER

Artwork by Lainey Davis





PETALS AND PROMISES

by Emily Nagle

I once bloomed
like a flower in all her beauty,
when you loved me.

The sun shined,
the birds sang;
the air was warm.

Now all my petals have wilted,
the cold has crept in.
Frozen,
they fall.

Every promise of love you made,
You take
Away like they are not my life line.

The promises you must have forgotten,
the ones I can't
are left behind
like my petals.

Now I am left a thorny spine.

VELVET MORNING

by Owen Borczuch

It was warm. The sheets hold me to my bed like chains. I don't want to get up. The soft glow of the sun peeks through my blinds. The birds call me from outside. They bid me to rip away those which do as their name intends. Rising from my confinement, I tug at those which block my view, yet not too harsh as to pull them down completely. I am met with ecstasy as my eyes behold a wondrous sight.

Warmed, not only by the sun's bright, comforting rays, but also by a sight which I wish to see over and over again. My mind wonders. I feel as though I am standing on a world of dreams, where a new sun has come to greet me. I wish to fly to meet it, yet I know that I am unable, as even if I could fly, I would burn far too quickly to embrace that which I love. So here I stand, unable to fly. Relying only on my sight to see this true velvet morning in all its glory.

JOURNEY

Artwork by Lainey Davis



THE EDGE KNOWS NO MASTER

by Emily Kasiewicz

And if the boy hesitates?

If his sword waivers, bright and trembling above your chest?

Here is where you lacerate your writing.

Here is where the meaning spills like entrails,
where love splits open like a gut wound, steaming in the cold.

Fire licks the ribs of burning ships,
the pyre crackles, the silver gleam of his belt catches the light-
This is where you split yourself wide to make room for the ruin.

And when the blade finally falls,

It is not the war that drives him.

Not vengeance.

Not wrath.

His eyes - your eyes - are a mirror of hunger.

It was love that cut you down.

No one warned me.

There were no war stories to share the commiseration.
No one said that love was a wound I would beg to keep open.

That I would press my fingers inside and call it devotion.

You will never let go.

You will never be satiated.

You will be skinned and gutted, and still, you will love.

THE EDGE KNOWS NO MASTER

Love is the body, broken and pleading.
Love is the grip on the hilt, the gasp before the plunge.

Because we do not love gently.
We love as the boy loves his sword.
We love as the sword loves the blood it spills.

I love you like a fist loves the break.
Like knuckles split raw, like lungs that scream for air and remain
denied. I love you like the tendon loves the tear,
like the wound loves the salt,
like the battlefield loves the bodies left behind.

I love you like the sword loves the heat of the kill,
like the sharp edge loves the softness of the skin.
I love you like the cut loves the moment before the pain sets in,
like the throat loves the kiss of steel.

I never wanted love.
I called it a sickness, a corruption of the marrow.
I said I would rather take a sword to the throat than let myself love.
But now, I feed myself to the blade willingly.
I choose this exquisite, gutting devotion.


Even knowing love does not end, that it only consumes
Even knowing I will be split open and emptied
Still, I crawl forward on broken hands just to reach you.

THE EDGE KNOWS NO MASTER

Love is feral.

It is claws and teeth,
bruises blooming like rot spreading through spoiled meat.
It is something I cannot stop, something I cannot quiet.
It is the unsheathing, the swing, the bright red arc.

It is the blade drinking deep,
the body bowing under its final prayer.



I never wanted love.

I fought it.

I swore I would sooner die with a blade pulsing against my throat.

But now-

I bare my throat, grip the hilt, and guide the blade myself. And I will
die

grinning, knowing I was yours.

ABCISSION

by Nicholas Kurtz

My dear petals, you lie so sweetly

Your looming hilt as you said, “Don’ t be sour.”

Your grasp I remember distinctly

And now my petals lie, I am forever deflowered

COLLEGE HALL FROM THE PATH

Photograph by Angelina Tas



BREATH OF FRESH AIR

by AJ Cloutier

The Wind—

It talks to me.

The Breeze—

It haunts me.

The Scene—

So daunting.

Yet, synchronously,

So serene,

So calming.

Filled with passion,

Filled with wanting

For a day

That it stops taunting.

ADVENTURE TIME

~IN MEMORY OF MY SWEET BOY, JAKE THE DOG~

by AJ Cloutier

His wet nose grazes closely above the greenery.
It twitches, and I can hear him sniffing around.
And when he's finally done in that spot,
He begins to move ahead while I follow close behind.

And soon enough, we stop again.
Whether that be for
Some kind of pole
Or a fire hydrant
Or even some grass only a few steps away from the previous
patch he had just smelled.

I stop again.
And wait as this big ball of living fur who I'm responsible for
Worries only about whatever thing he's smelling

ADVENTURE TIME

And as I am standing by him
It daunts over me,
What is so captivating about whatever he's able to smell?
Does he enjoy it?
Or are some of the smells gross or strange,
But his curious nose can't help itself?

He has thoughts I will never know
And a voice I will never understand. . .
But his wagging tail
And the cute jumps in the air that he does for such a big
dog
And the snores I fall asleep to like a lullaby
Makes me want to wait
As long as he wants me to.

If that means he can get to enjoy some part of the sad life I
believe I've given him
During these sunny days
While he's there right with me,
Waiting won't be an issue.

BREATHING SKY

by AJ Cloutier

If the sky ever shined bronze before night,
You'd be the first one I'd find and show.

Because it's the color of your eyes.

"Isn't it so beautiful?" I'd tell you.

Even God would know you're worth exhibiting to the world.

But every other time,

Every other time we go outside,

With the sky scoped over our heads,

Stained azure,

Scattered in a cacophony of cotton balls,

Filled with organs of that which bleed on depressing days,

I still find it beautiful

Because it reminds me of you.

It doesn't have to be bronze.

Even blue, I'll still think of you.

ANOTHER CHANCE

by AJ Cloutier

Light pounds.
Bright and blinding.
Pressure drives me out
Of the warmth that once was my home.
A place where I was grown.

But I'm thrown into new smells,
New sounds.
I can hear my own voice crying.
But I'm in no pain.
I'm in a new home.

Actions cannot convey.
Words cannot deceive.
But a new way of life
Brings the hand that once fed
Closer to me.
And once again,
I can breathe.

ABOUT THE STAFF

Name: Mackenzie Meeker

Year: Senior

Position: President/Magazine Editor

A Little About Me: I love writing poetry and I have recently gotten into writing short stories. I hope to publish a poetry book someday about my grandfather, who has inspired me and given me the courage to make my voice known. When I am not writing, I teach English at my current student teaching placement, at Fairport Harbor High School. My class of eighth graders are funny and a joy to talk to. I dedicate everything I put out in this magazine to my grandfather, who I wish was here to see it.



Name: Emily Kasiewicz

Year: Freshman

Position: Vice President

A Little About Me: I dedicate my life to the sciences, but it is literature that makes this life worth living for me. As a nursing and biology major, I immerse myself in research, drawn to the precision of the natural world - but it is within my writing that I truly exist. For too long, I have hesitated to call myself a poet, though poetry has always been my most intimate way of making sense of the world. Now, I embrace it fully, writing not to refine but to reveal: to explore the raw, unspoken spaces between knowledge and feeling, between what we understand and what we simply experience.

ABOUT THE STAFF

Name: Nathan White

Year: Junior

Position: Magazine Composition/Editor in Chief

A Little About Me: I write less frequently than I edit, but I love to do both! People say I'm an "old soul", which means I like Werthers Originals. I enjoy playing fighting games and reading mystery novels. In my spare time, I like to hike and bird watch, and my favorite bird is the mourning dove.



Name: Kairi Hutchinson

Year: Freshman

Position: Secretary

A Little About Me: I originate my life around helping others while forgetting about myself. I tend to write about things that haunt me that do not want to leave me alone. I write about my past to help me grieve through my challenges. I am currently in the Pre-Vet program with Honors and STEM scholarships.

ABOUT THE STAFF

Name: Nicholas Kurtz

Year: Freshman

Position: Treasurer

A Little About Me: I am a Special Education major with a Mild to Moderate focus. I love to write, sew, and cook. I usually write about whatever I feel like writing about. I am always willing to listen to other's thoughts and ideas. :)



Name: Emily Nagle

Year: Senior

Position: Member

A Little About Me: I am a finance and marketing major. I write anytime I feel any emotion for more than a moment. Writing has been my comfort for as long as I can remember. When I'm not writing I enjoy chatting over a nice cup of coffee.

ABOUT THE STAFF

Name: AJ Cloutier

Year: Freshman

Position: Member

A Little About Me: I am a Criminal Justice Major minoring in English. My hobbies are playing video games, watching shows/movies, drawing, reading, listening to music, and writing poems and stories. In short, I love the art of storytelling in all its different mediums. Some of my favorite shows are “Bojack Horseman,” “Fleabag,” and “Orange is the New Black.” One of my favorite movies is “Everything, Everywhere, All at Once” and a game’s story that has impacted my life tremendously is “Doki Doki Literature Club!”



Name: Owen Borczuch

Year: Freshman

Position: Freshman

A Little About Me: I am an Environmental Science Major. While I do not write all the time, I enjoy it when I do, although more often than not I am displeased with the result.

