The Jefferson Arts Organization was founded primarily to offer Jefferson students the opportunity to express themselves through art. The Jefferson Arts organization focuses on such media as art and photography, writing, and music and supports diverse activities including live readings, art exhibits and musical performances. In addition, the organization publishes *Inside Out*, an annual art and literary journal which showcases photography, paintings, sketches, short stories, poems and essays contributed by Jefferson students. All of these activities are designed to bring more diversity to the Jefferson community; to allow students, faculty and staff the chance to stop and reflect on their daily lives; and to provide a creative outlet from the rigors of school and work.
The tapestry of words and images in this edition of Inside Out touch on the spectrum of human experience. ‘Inside Out’ is indeed an appropriate trope, as the poetry and artistry alternatively turn inward, connecting to soul and passion, and gaze outward, grappling with tragedies and foes. There is a connecting to the wide world around us, celebrating its imagery in high fidelity or abstraction – in cityscape, in countryside, near and distant. We are, at once, observer, reflector, and integrator. Through these pages, we bounce back and forth between constrained and unleashed – starting out with ‘Checkmate’ and ending with ‘Future Memory’ – the swings of the human condition. And laced throughout this folio, there is a celebration of the human body, captured in the beauty of its flow, from contrasting perspectives.

The creativity and insight of our Jefferson students is here on display. As they train for their future crafts – whether in healing, discovering, educating – our students are enriched by exploration of their artistic spirit. To cultivate students as ‘whole people’, co-curricular and extra-curricular activities loom large at Jefferson. Engagement in the arts is critical for both. We draw upon Philadelphia’s rich arts community for this purpose, with material Jefferson ties to iconic cultural institutions such as the Curtis Institute of Music and the Philadelphia Museum of Fine Arts. These activities, along with initiatives such as Inside Out, are part of a conscious push to preserve a sense of play, amidst the intensity of curricular demands. The quote from Carl Jung, the Swiss psychologist, comes to mind: The creation of something new is not accomplished by the intellect but by the play instinct acting from inner necessity. The creative mind plays with the objects it loves.

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**Submission Information**

Inside Out is a presentation of artwork, photography, short stories, poems and essays that is published annually. All full-time and part-time Jefferson students are welcome to submit work and to apply to serve on the magazine’s editorial board. Submissions may be emailed to Dorissa.Bolinski@jefferson.edu. Photographic submissions should be saved as a .jpeg file using the highest resolution possible. Artwork should be photographed from a direct angle, without glare or visible background, and saved in the same manner as photographs. Artists who submit non-photographic material will be given the opportunity to have their accepted pieces professionally photographed by a Jefferson photographer in order to assure the best presentation in the printed magazine.

All submissions will be reviewed anonymously; not all submissions will be printed. Please note that entries will be judged as submitted; Inside Out will not crop, sharpen or otherwise adjust an improperly-saved graphic submission.

Manuscripts (prose, poetry, translations, short plays, etc.) should be submitted in a Word-compatible document, and saved under the name of the piece (or “untitled,” if applicable).

All submissions MUST be accompanied by a separate cover letter document containing the following:

- Author or artist’s name
- Email address and local phone number
- College, department or undergraduate program and year in school
- Genre/medium and title of each submission

Inside Out does not publish anonymous submissions or previously published works. Further submission inquiries may be addressed to JeffersonArts@jefferson.edu.

View the online version of Inside Out at http://www.jefferson.edu/university/campus-life/inside-out.html
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For Vastness’ Sake

Marc McShane

My soul
Is not to be gently laid
at one’s feet,
adorned and beholden,
But it must make a
Great crashing wave of
Thunder.
A bellowing into the vastness
To travel
Back to the beginning
Without a wish
Of echo
Or an ear for it to fall upon.
Dippers
Lost Coast CA, Summer 2014

Ethan Sellers

We sneak down in ink-dark to shoreline cliffs & the old hotel hot-tub guarded by grasses swaying in cool pacific breeze. Like shed snake skin drape our clothes across the painted picket sign warning waders of proper attire & broken glass awaiting the sea’s smoothing. Overhead constellations set your slender frame afire in golden glow so even my goose-bumps flee beside your blaze. Guide me, a finger trailing comet-like away into the night, slipping into waters reflecting speckled starlight like aquatic lightning-bugs bobbing just below our ripples. With knuckles knotted in my hair, your mouth so close I can feel your words against my cheek, you whisper. The sound is lost amid the churning dance of waves & rocks below, but it doesn’t matter. I take your lips in mine & with your breath my lungs ignite.
Tanziyah Muqeem

Danylo I. Holubnyk
Living

Marc McShane

It has come to my attention
That living is an unnatural act
But to survive
Is far too common
to truly fill my days.
And risking what I have made
Becomes my treasured challenge
And new-found right.
Missing You, Rain Dancer

Ethan Sellers

Lancaster’s air is rotund, lazy-Swollen and sweetened
With the scent of corn tassels
And cow manure. Inhale.
Can you still taste the clover,
The honeysuckle? See the wash
Of warm light across tobacco fields?

Remember when we raced
Our old steel-frame bikes
Down Hawk Valley; gears
Clicking like katydids and mouths
River-wide to let the sky
Pool across our tongues—
Dribble from the corners
Of our parted lips? I rode behind
To watch the rhythm of your thighs
As you peddled up-down, up-down;
The fervor of wind like a rain-dance
Through your hair.

The cows know to lie down
Before thunder heads carve
Across the countryside like Spanish bulls
Awash with the angry energy
Of tempest-breath. Pollen swirls
In electric helices around the bull-tide,
Which is really the ministry of storm,
And the crops shiver against the static.

When showers conducted their symphony
Against our bedroom window, we turned up
The music to slow dance. Your feet
Now, it’s silly to dance, but I try anyway.
Me and the ache-radio, we bleed
Through dirges, our love-blues,
Waiting together, arm in arm,
For you to come home.
High Tide

Joshua Cannon

Salt from the brine of the ocean exfoliated my lips.
My ear drums vibrated from screams coming
From one-piece bathing suits and swimming trunks.
Splashing to stay afloat, they were afraid of being taken.

A high tide and strong gravitational pull have no time
For feeble floaters. The ocean’s current catches and
The moon’s gravity pulls the unlucky out to sea
To their aquatic coffin where they’ll feed the ocean.

A mother and father wailed for help, for they had
Lost sight of their baby girl, a feeble floater.
The current and moon decided to give her back,
But 30 chest compressions and two breaths too late.

The water I stood in became frigid as two lifeguards
Pulled the anatomy of the little girl from the ocean
As her soul disconnected itself from the body
That once linked it to our world.
Panic and wet noodles slip through my fingers
When I spot the wall shadow of my sworn enemy.

Sticky and dripping my hands fumble and fly,
Searching for a trap to contain the beast.

The ceramic prison sails to the ground
As I pray that my clumsy hands aim correctly.

Hovering over the cup, I catch my breath on the frigid air,
Neck hairs stand to points cutting my heartstrings.

Recklessly I lift the little cage, bracing myself,
Quickly crushing the monster under my wet fist.

As the blood drips onto the wood floor,
A small laugh escapes my lips.

But only for a moment,
For I know where there is one, there will be more.
Elise Campbell

Untitled

Ellen Poteau

I dreamt of betrayal
Of taking their keys
And for some reason throwing them off a cliff
Into a dark lake far below
And then I stood, caught
And stared over that edge
At the black hole of the end of their existence
And then my own
Not with death
But in life

When I woke up I remembered
They’re still here
Smart, sharp
Bugging the waitress
At dinner last night

But my father’s mother
Across the table –
Once a famous wit
Brain now like Swiss cheese
Has only peevish complaints
She could still drive, she says
With baleful glances at my father
Through the cataracts and glaucoma
Of her darkening, watery eyes.
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