

University of Detroit Mercy
Department of English
Fall 2022



TAKE A SECOND WITH THIS

A Class Anthology from Stacy Gnall's
Fall 2022 Introduction to Creative Writing

TAKE A SECOND WITH THIS

PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS

Cover image: Banksy, *Girl with Balloon* (2002)
provided by Marsi Aylesha

Back cover image: Hijack, *Puzzled IV* (2020)
provided Sara Shebli

PREFACE

These pages represent the time and incredible talents of students in the Fall 2022 section of ENL 2050: Introduction to Creative Writing at the University of Detroit Mercy.

When brainstorming titles for this anthology, the class filled the board with ideas. The final handful on which they voted were mostly self-reflexive (e.g. “Cozy Class”) or playfully ribbing (e.g. “Just So You Know,” a phrase which, unbeknownst to me, I said quite often when discussing upcoming events and due dates at the top of class).

The title that won out, *Take a Second With This*, also came from an often said quote of mine—specifically, during workshop, just after a new piece was shared aloud and before the floor was opened up for our group conversation. This was an invitation to pause for a quiet moment of intentional focus and care with another’s words, as well as with the words we would use to discuss them.

This notion finds resonance in poet Rita Dove’s assertion that “Poetry is the language at its essence. It’s the bones and the skeleton of the language. It teaches you, if nothing else, how to choose your words.”

If nothing else, I hope that this is the takeaway from this class, that—in creative writing as in life—there is purpose, power, and a vital patience in slowing down, in giving intentional focus and care not only

PREFACE

to others' words but also to our own. In getting to the bones and the skeleton of the language. In pausing. And taking a second with it.

On behalf of the inspiring poets and writers of Fall 2022's ENL 2050, I invite you to *Take a Second With This*.

Stacy Gnall
University of Detroit Mercy

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Nostalgia

Emma Trawally Porta

I often look at my feet to ensure I still exist.

Might I just accept, I am cursed with a
decadent soul.

I was born with something pending I just can't
riddle out,

Melancholy says: hang on to time; but should I
trust pain?

How come I am already this nostalgic at my age?

I can't waste this youth that I hate, please, let
me catch the herd.

I write in memory of what illusion snatched
from me,

So I don't forget, nor forgive, the losses it gifted me.

I just can't wait to see my wrinkled self in
the mirror,

When it is my time to rise, tell me, I'll at least
be wise.

Note: September 15, 2022

Aya Choucair

When I was younger,
my family was happier in a way.
We went on trips and had dinner like a
family would.
We went to Niagara Falls.

My family was happier in a way.
Only 4 hours to get there
To Niagara Falls
We rode in silence, but together.

Only 4 hours to get there.
My siblings were so excited, they went to swim.
We rode in silence but together.
Together, except for Dad.

My siblings were so excited they went to swim.

We went on trips and had dinner like a
family would.
Together, except for dad.
When I was younger.

Orbits Adorn

Brooke Garland

Our orbits aligned in the morning
the way that stars appear in a milky way
how could you ever be more adorning

You came into this space without warning
but I want you to stay
our orbits aligned in the morning

Sweet kiss of cosmos I've been yearning
the way we intertwine like a galactic ballet
how could you ever be more adorning

My past sometimes has us in mourning
You remind me it's okay not to be okay
our orbits aligned in the morning

Wind beneath your wings you're soaring
in the moonlit night display
how could you ever be more adorning

That spark of celestial fire pouring
as your atmosphere surrounds me like this duvet
our orbits aligned in the morning
how could you ever be more adorning

A Pantoum of the Desert

Isaiah Tietz

Desert turkeys circle the sunny skies in search of prey.
From whence came such widespread death?
Heat superseding with zeal, the living water.
The life-fraught nectar, dried like Eden's downfall.

From whence came such widespread death?
The only rivulets come from the tricking sand.
The life-fraught nectar, dried like Eden's downfall.
Nihilistic Desert, nothing can remain.

The only rivulets come from the trickling of sand.
How could civilizations withstand it?
Nihilistic Desert, nothing can remain.
Anasazis, Aztecs quenched by heat and dryness.

How could civilizations withstand it?
This question's a trick: the desert always won.
Anasazis, Aztecs decimated by the heat and dryness.
Futility is evident, nature is impregnable.

An Ode to Black Americans

Alex Stewart

Denaturalize color, the caste, the dream.
Why is race all that is seen?
DNA, where privilege seems to derive.
What shade is equal to the power of flatline?
Hues of beige and brown fructifying into gray.
What if we were all colorblind?

Think of a child's coloring book,
the people pure in pink and purple.
Were those people judged, hated,
or thought of as iniquitous too?

Emmett Till, George Floyd, Tamir Rice.
That's justice, right?



Image Captured by *Sara Shebli*

A Girl on a Trip

Emma Trawally Porta

The girl felt like vomiting and wanted to cry, but she knew she couldn't afford such privilege, as she was already starving and dehydrated. She had been in the same position for hours, curled up, hugging her own legs, forming a halfmoon with her spine. She was trying not to move, not only to not waste energy but because she felt like any additional force would make the small boat crumble. At this point, she didn't really know what was moving anymore, maybe everything was just in her head.

The big older man had told them that they were halfway, so that would probably be what? Three hours maybe? Yes, three hours. If, of course, he wasn't lying.

She had heard a lot about the holy land across the strait. There, where wealth was, where she would have a better future. Future was her only faith at that moment.

Another child started crying next to her while her mother tried to calm him. However, the girl wasn't annoyed, silence would be terrifying. Solitude is terrifying, she thought. An avalanche of clouds started covering the few stars that illuminated the dark, so she tried to calm herself by thinking about warm memories and acquainted whispers. Her mother's voice started projecting into her thoughts, she could almost feel her touch. Don't cry, she thought, don't cry please. She didn't want to start something she couldn't stop.

The boat started shaking even more than before, the weather was getting worse with each second and the waves were hitting them stronger and stronger. The man who was crushing her left braid started shouting, in unison the water strokes, and then another person started crying, but this time it wasn't a child. The girl tried to stay still, but she was now shaking because the water got into the fragile ship and got her wet. Since she got on that inflatable, she couldn't stop picturing an image of herself viewed from above in great distance, a rotten little ship full of people that looked like a minuscule stain in the sea, an error of nature.

She didn't even realize how she fell into the sea and still doesn't remember. But when the girl became aware that she was in the water, she thought about surrender for the first time in her life. It just felt too much that time. Life was too much. When she started drowning, she thought about three things: God, humanity, and love. Then, she thought about Europe and how lucky some people are for being able to live in paradise. Lastly, she thought about how she wished she knew how to swim.

The Hand

Salina Mueller

Outside was dark and rainy,
with only tones of dark gray and blue in the sky,
A bright white light from a flash of lightning
enlightens a museum room
Containing a small canvas painting with a scene
Of a deep and wide river,
seemingly endless, with no land in sight,
And a struggling person fighting
to keep their head above the surface.

A cold, lonely traveler,
seeking refuge from the storm, enters the museum
Pausing to observe the painting
that is briefly showered in bright white light,
Focusing on the desperation of the person in the water.
How depressing, a painting of someone drowning
She thinks, the waves seem so threatening, so powerful...

A tour passes behind her, the guide suddenly noticing
A flash of lightning from the storm outside
and the artwork it illuminated,
Remembers the forgotten painting on the corner of the room
And comments on the message that it signifies—
Hope, relief... even in the midst of such struggle

But how? The traveler looks to the painting again,
This time, a hand catches her eye, reaching to the weary man
Still fighting the waves. She now sees, despite the weariness
In his face— the light, the relief in his eyes
As he reaches out to the strong hand of his rescuer.

How could she not have seen this before, even when it
Was in plain sight? But is that not how life is?

One can see things so differently. It only depends
On what part of the painting one focuses on,
Or what part of the picture life illuminates.

Resilience

Alex Stewart

Summer dreamland delusions
Days riddled with dear dancing delights
On her way to derive her destined degree
Until degradation doomed.
Then delicate maturity was denied by a date
Turning into desires to dodge despair.

Disdain. Domination. Destruction.
Delivering her drug activated rhapsodies
Detaining her dainty dermis
Indebting her to an induced dysphoric
Diurnal course of darkness
Now bonded to newfound damage.

Her mind became her monster, but
she endured.

First and Last Date

Bhavin Patel

Filling my diet, fueled up like a riot,
sitting across from me, she's so quiet
Food so good, restaurant full of bliss,
maybe the night, will bring a kiss
Night looks good, looks pretty bright,
trying to avoid, any type of trite
She might be swiss, avoiding any remiss,
definitely a miss, don't fall into an abyss
Thank you and please, paid the dinner fees,
feel the night breeze, as we walk past the trees
Down the street with a croon, staring at the moon,
what a wonderful night, in the month of June
Giving her my coat as I freeze, only since she asked for
it with a please
Made for the cold like I was tuned,
noise in the air as I walked and crooned
Keeping her safe carrying a pistol,
staring into her neck, which had a crystal
I lit a cigar, instincts of a jaguar,
her smile bright as a star, we walked past a bar
Walking through the street, turning into a listel,
holding her close, hand on my pistol
Started real far, made it to the car,
great music at the bar, from the man playing his guitar
Dangers we eluded, her wondering why I'm transmuted,
I looked at her and felt brooded
Bringing it up slow as it alluded, soon our conversation
became occluded, and just like that
our romance concluded.

Dear Sarah

Ryan Parlante

Dear Sarah,

I hate to do this, but I do not think we should be together anymore. I assume you have seen this coming for a while now, but how could you not? We have been together for just over a year, but after nine months, things took a turn. This is when you explained to me who you talked to. I remember, vividly, the day you told me. We were at your apartment, and things were going great. You told me that you had something important to talk to me about, and the mood shifted. You seemed nervous, which made me nervous. You sat quiet on the couch for a short time, and I could tell you were having trouble getting it out. Finally, you said, "I talk to dead people." I laughed at first because I thought it was a joke, but you didn't laugh. You looked embarrassed. I was confused. You continued to explain further. You told me that when you were alone you would sit quietly and speak to dead people from your past. You went on and on about this thing that you would do, but my mind was a mess. I did not know what to think. I believe you told me this because you hoped that I would accept it or be interested by it. I did not say much for the rest of the night, remember? The days following this conversation I did a lot of thinking. I felt like my perception of you changed that day, but it's only one thing. It wasn't like you killed someone, right? I finally decided that I was still going to give our relationship a chance. Over the next few months, I tried to act like what you are doing is a

PARLANTE

normal thing. I really did. You would casually talk about your conversations with dead people like you were having conversations with coworkers. My stomach turned every time I heard you speak about it. Today, I have finally decided that I have had enough. I cannot get over this one thing, but how can you expect anyone to? At this point, I am convinced you're crazy. I was blinded by love. I gave you way too much time after you told me you talked to dead people. What was I thinking? I guess what I am trying to say is, it's not me, it's you.

Goodbye,
Mike

Your Secret

Hailey Kizy

Remember that thing you did?
I watched how your face fell
When you realized I did.

The way I bit my tongue and hid –
You're the only one who could tell,
'Cause you surely remember that thing you did.

Flashbacks slipped and slid
From memories I wish I could sell.
Oh, how I remember that thing you did –

I yearn to rid
Myself of the dragging ring of a bell
That fill my ears, remembering that thing you did.

My constant quiet tears burn like acid
As I twist and turn and silently scream and yell
During nightmares remembering that thing you did.

Do you wish to forsake and forbid?
Oh, you hid it well,
That thing that you did –
For, I was just a silly little kid.

From the Eyes

Margaret Iwu

A view of life from the eyes of a broke person

A view of life from the eyes of a rich person

A view of life from the eyes of someone who has cancer

A view of life from the eyes of someone who rings the bell because
they are healed from cancer

A view of life from the eyes of someone who is depressed

A view of life from the eyes of someone who dresses to impress

A view of life from the eyes of a dog

A view of life from the eyes of a frog

A view of life from the eyes of a child who wishes to be grown up

A view of life from the eyes of an adult who wishes they could be a
child again

A view of life from the eyes of a medical doctor, nurse, or any
healthcare staff

A view of life from the eyes of a super tall, long-necked, giraffe

A view of life from the eyes of God almighty

A view of life from the eyes of the devil himself

A view of life from the eyes who lived through the holocaust

A view of life from the eyes who are the angels in heaven

A view of life from the eyes who are born into extreme poverty

A view of life from the eyes who have just won the lottery

A view of life from the eyes of a stressed out grad student

A view of life from the eyes of people who are Buddhist

A view of life from the eyes of people who live in Dubai

A view of life from the eyes of people who always tell lies

A view of life from the eyes of a mother who is pregnant

A view of life from the eyes of a dad who just got served life
in prison

A view of life from the eyes of people who are a part of gangs

A view of life from the eyes of citizens who lived in Nagasaki and
heard a big bang

A view of life from the eyes of the dental and medical students who
commit suicide

A view of life from the eyes of Jesus Christ who was crucified



Marc Chagall, *White Crucifixion* (1938)
Image provided by Isaiah Tietz

Jesus Cries

Isaiah Tietz

I Am
The resurrection and the life
Yet with the zeal of sinners
The penury of beggars
They run from my gift of eternity

I die, I shed with endless torrents of blood and water
My life-giving breath, the freely rejected eternal salvation,
As the world burns around me;
The karmic shockwave of the insolence of mankind.

I Am
The resurrection and the life
Yet with the stubbornness of livestock
The viciousness of woodchucks
They flee

Sadness abounding, compounded by the stripes of flogging
I, the son of God, cry out in longing
For the acceptance found in the faith of humankind

You

Carleigh Dillingham

Always running, why are you running?
Being just out of reach.
Never knew you could be this distant.

You were always so cunning.
You are just like a leech.
Always so persistent.

Of course, on the outside you were stunning.
Convinced everyone you were a peach.
Never knew you could be this distant.

I would have ran if I knew you were coming
You have nothing left to teach.
Always so persistent.

I'm no longer succumbing
Enough with your speech
Never knew you could be this distant
Always so persistent

I'm done running.
Your memory can stain like bleach.
YOU were always this distant.
YOU were never so persistent.

Life

Charnay Hatten

Why must the mortal creatures roam around the big green and blue ball?

Why must the squiggly seed meet the clear and white round sphere?

Why must the soft, miniature creatures lay in their home upside down like a chandelier?

Why must they be evicted into a jungle as cold as a beer?

Why must they cry, whine and shed every single tear?

Why must the sticky, tiny creatures speak in a language only their creator knows?

Why must their brains be so absorbent like a sponge that grows?

Why must they be so clingy now but distant after the rain flows?

Why must the hyper creatures be shy or eager on the first day?

Why must they learn, eat, play, learn on their getaway?

Why must they become an awkward cosplay?

Why must their hormones turn into a salty sundae?

Why must their confusion, curiosity and disobedience be underway?

Why should the complex thinkers play themselves in a game of hide and seek?

Why should they bottle up their happiness and be more meek?

Why should they have a whale of a time every week?

Why should they break the bank for more technique?

Why should the mature mammals become more monotone?

Why should others pack a lot on their plates for a milestone?

Why should they volunteer to become someone's forever chaperone?

Why is it okay for these masterpieces to hang up the hat?

Why is it okay for them to go flat?

Why are these unforeseen animations okay?

Because ... life.

Nowhere at all

Josh Otten

Coffee. Burnt. He could smell it, as it splashed into his cup. “Are you all ready to order?” The menu stuck to his finger as he pried it from the plastic tabletop.

“Yes, I’ll have the #3 please.” The diner was hot. Sweat was pooling where the fabric of his shirt collected. Snow fell, silently out the window. “Sausage or bacon?” His boots were melting. “Sausage. Please.” The snow sticking to them turned gray, and brown. Anything but white. “Sausage” he said again. The waitress had already turned to the man sitting across from him. “And for you sir?” His name was Alan. He wore a thick winter coat, a black shirt, black pants. His hair stuck out at odd angles. He thought for a moment, looking at something. Where there was nothing at all. “Sir?” she said again. He kicked Alan under the table. Hard. Alan’s face turned quickly to the server, his eyes staring into her eyes. “I’ll just have a couple pancakes if you would.” His eyes staring into her eyes.

Sausage...

They stepped out of the diner into a gust of wind, snowflakes whirling like dandruff. “How long?” Alan asked. He didn’t answer. Crunching sounds followed them to the car. “Like thirty minutes,” he said.

“What?” vapor spilling from his mouth with the exclamation. “30 minutes” he repeated, patiently. “I wish you wouldn’t do that shit” Alan said, spewing condensation, visibly annoyed. They grunted in tandem as they stepped up into the truck, the bed standing high above the snow.

30 minutes...

The road was streaked with salt, gray and white dribbling across the asphalt. Alan sighed, eyes searching the snow falling, the snow on the ground. A voice droned from the radio, talking about sports. Or politics. Or war. He wasn’t listening. Just, thinking. On the right of the road, telephones stood, tossing the thick black cables between one another like licorice. They drove through field

OTTEN

country, the land flat and clear. It went so far he couldn't see anything on the horizon. The man on the radio laughed, a low, piercing sort of sound. He glanced at Alan, who was looking at nothing. Thinking of something maybe. He looked at the telephone poles in the distance again, following them along the road, hurtling towards them. They seemed to sway, dancing in the dusk. They knew why they were there. On the road. That was surrounded by white, streaked with gray. Alan cleared his throat. "What do you think..." he started, and there was a bang. The car shook, the lights flashed a little brighter. "What the hell did you do?" Alan shouted. The man on the radio was yelling about something. He pulled the car towards the side of the road as the wheels slowed on their own time. They ran over a pop can. They rolled. Passed a deer, its intestines spilling out upon the road, blood mixing with the salt, turning gray. And they kept rolling. For what could have been forever, with the man yelling about sports.

Or war.

Hazard lights flashing, he turned the key. A metal sound, metal rubbing against metal. The engine sputtered and shunted, it spit smoke, gray into the wind and the snow. It said hiss. "Shit!" Alan shouted. The car did not reply. Silence, and a ticking sound. Alan pressed himself into his seat, his eyelids squeezing together. "Well," he said. Evening sun shone through the window, pricking his eyes like tiny and invisible needles. His lips were chapped, he licked them as Alan opened the door. The wind scrambled inside made the empty cans in the cupholders rattle, shaking them like it was

thirsty. “Gonna give it a look,” Alan said. He licked his lips again. They tasted like salt and burnt coffee.

The smoke from the engine was starting to fade, but it was still there, slithering upwards into the sky. He wondered if he could grab it and wind it up, put it back where it belonged. Would it feel like yarn? Maybe puddy. “Pop the hood asshole.” Alan glared at him in the cold. His eyes were gray like the smoke. Maybe they felt like puddy too. Alan popped the hood with a thud. He searched it over. He had no idea. “You got a phone?” Alan asked. He shook his head no. “Shit!” Alan yelled, as he kicked at the snow, sending it back into the air, if just for a moment. He stopped and looked at the sky. The sun falling down into the snow. In the distance, there was a sign. It said mile 365. “I think there was a mechanic off the exit like a mile and a half back” Alan said, after a while.

A long time.

His cheeks were red. The car was cold. He looked at Alan, at the gray of his eyes, staring at him through the windshield. He took off his seatbelt, crumbs stirring, leaping off the fabric. Cellophane squealed as he took the keys, shining in whatever light was left in the day, and opened the door into the wind. The snow stopped.

'Puzzled IV' Unique Street Pop Art on Canvas, 2020

Sara Shebli

I see, you see, we both see
Meant to be solved or resolved
Twisted at each corner
Matching what's meant to remain

But let's face it
Without all the colors
Take it as we see it

It's life and the decisions we make
Making us turn red, then blue
Then yellow, then green
And of course, what we want most of all
White

Don't you remember how we were once perfect
And how those hands started to creep
To slightly turn the undesired
And now it went too far

It simply cannot return
And we've heard it all
Let's declutter and uncomplicate
Okay, why don't we give it a try?

There's some progress, colors aligning
Columns and rows shuffling
All for that perspective
Possibly a change...

But then again
What's meant to be will simply be
And as much as we twist and turn
It will all surface to the core
Vibrant and confused
Waiting to be perfected

Beyond Reach

Marsi Aylesha

inspired by Banksy's *Girl with Balloon*

On this wall, silent like a ghost house
I bleed, shrouding it in ghoulisn grayness
That spreads gradually like an evil stain
To fill your world with a perpetual fog
That knows neither light, nor sound.

In the dark grayness that surrounds me
I feel the warmth of your breath on me
Hot and dry like the summer wind
And hear the dying echoes of your bitter laughter
Like the fading chimes of midnight bells.

And there, in the immutable silence and darkness
A lone hand, feeble but resolute and unswerving
Reaches out, like the claws of the blind seeker
Following the flight of that which once was
They reach out, and grasp onto nothingness.

In this moment, certain truths must be revealed
Uncompromising like the scourge of the midday sun
That whatever that hand reaches out for
Is gone, yet not gone- but just beyond reach
Of that innocent little groping hand.

Eight Exquisite Corpses

A collaborative poem written by students in the Fall 2022 section of ENL 2050 & assembled by Stacy Gnall

1

The sky was a canvas, blue with grey paint slowly expanding.
The clouds of nimbus drank the cerulean hues.
Why would it do that? you ask.
It is because the sky is blue.
It is because it sinks into the floor, seeping into the air,
turning red, turning orange, turning night.

2

I devoured the tangerine, shedding its skin,
drinking it in like I pulled lightning from the air.
Its skin sat there, a lifeless body
afraid of what might be its hobby.
It threw a pan out of the window,
and it landed with a clatter, boom, and pop like a shotgun.
The sound was deafening.
Like a goose asserting its dominance.

3

Love is a theory of lost souls.
But could you ever love someone who danced on a pole,
how she sways and swings of promise?
Beauty. People forget it's a form of art.
Yet, to be beautiful on purpose is a shame.

4

Headless horse-hung horseman, gallop to my gate
of forbidden fruit in a restricted garden.
You are the poisoned I shouldn't have touched.
Yet still I crave the harm you caused,
pelting me with gifts and kisses in the shivering cold.
I don't know if this makes me happy or sad.

5

I'll never forget the first time I went to the zoo.
The screams. The shrieks. The orange and black
stripes of the tiger like a whirlwind.
Horror devoured the group of children.
As if eating a bucket of chicken
could sate this hunger
like no one ever has.

6

Gaunt are the shadows of lost ambition.
They're cast upon the cavern's walls.
But oh well. F it, we ball.
Does anyone really know what it means?
To see the guessed uses of God and feel warmth?
Often, it seems cold and distant, plastered on the horizon.
It doesn't have a phone from Verizon.

7

They did not know him because he was never seen.
He lived in an impossible evergreen
frolicking with the knuckle eaves.
She adjusted her winded hair
and lied down in that beautiful dress,
sprinkled him with cinnamon and ate him like poutine.
Cut! End of scene.

8

You are not welcome here. Trust
that I know your secrets that are stuck
in honey, sweeter than honey,
the taste of whole wheat corn flakes
thick and mealy, worming across my tongue.
This is how we end the semester,
a bunch of poets with no fame.

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHIES

Carleigh Dillingham

Carleigh is a Junior at Detroit Mercy and plans on getting her Master's degree in Developmental Psychology with a minor in Business Administration. She enjoys reading and watching thriller tv shows.

Brooke Garland

Brooke Garland is the author of the poems "Orbits Adorn" and "Good Times." Her writing emerged through her experiences in a creative writing course taught by Professor Stacy Gnall. Garland is a senior undergraduate majoring in Biology at University of Detroit Mercy.

Charnay Hatten

Charnay is a Robotics & Mechatronics Systems Engineering major with a passion for creative writing. Most of her writing includes poems of many styles, such as anaphora and villanelle. One of her latest pieces of writing is the poem "Life."

Margaret Iwu

Margaret, who goes by Margo, is a senior studying Biochemistry in the Honors Program at the University of Detroit Mercy.

Salina Mueller

Salina is a junior at the University of Detroit Mercy, majoring in Biology. She is a Michigan Certified Nurse Assistant and in the 5 year PA program studying to be a Physician Assistant.

Josh Otten

Josh is a freshman English major at Detroit Mercy. He loves sports and writing.

Ryan Parlante

Ryan is from Sutton, Massachusetts. He is in his third year at Detroit Mercy, and currently in the Health Services Administration program. He plans to graduate in the Spring of 2024. From there he is unsure exactly of his future, but he hopes to inspire and help people throughout his life.

Emma Trawally Porta

Emma Trawally Porta was born in Barcelona, Spain. Since she was a child she enjoyed reading and writing, an interest shared by her mother and her grandfather. In high school, she opted for taking humanistic studies and always had ambitions of going abroad to learn English and a different culture. She also plays basketball, which she took interest in from watching her sister. It has allowed her to attend the University of Detroit Mercy to get a degree while participating in the sport. This is her second year in the United States and she looks forward to going back to Spain to spend time with her family and friends. What she likes the most about the U.S. is definitely the people.

Sara Shebli

Born and raised in Dearborn, Michigan, Sara Shebli is currently on a journey, pacing through lanes of memories that composed who she has come to be. As for becoming, she intends to pursue a career in Clinical Psychology, mending the divide that exists between the external and internal—allowing humans to cultivate a warm and welcoming space for sincerity and hope.

Alex Stewart

Alexandra Stewart grew up in Livonia, Michigan. She is currently an honors student at the University of Detroit Mercy, which is where her love for literature was reborn. She is passionate and uses a fictional spin based on real-life experiences when she writes. Alexandra has a bonded, fervent sympathy for those who have experienced trauma and hopes to help people connect with their inner selves while losing the fear of their pasts.



DETROIT MERCY
ENGLISH
READ. WRITE. THINK. DO.