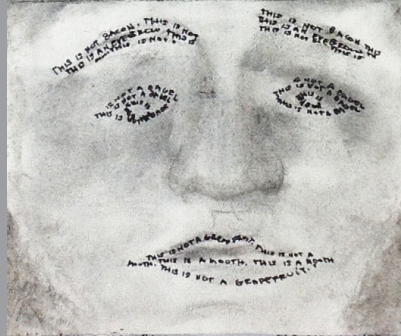
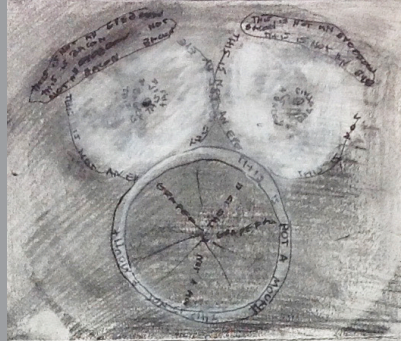
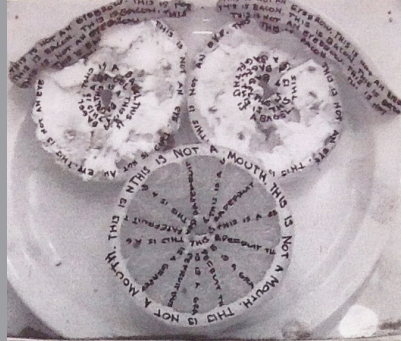


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on  
CONSUMPTION

# WRITERS

Jazmine Byers  
Hannah Geist  
Channell Jordan-Grier  
Brianna McCall  
Nathan Metcalf  
Chloe Putnam  
Michaela Rose  
Hannah Symonds  
Marissa Toma

*Instructor: Brandon Som*

# VISUAL ARTISTS

Yuwei Chen  
Adam Dunaway  
Samantha Fines  
Chelsea Hogan  
Melissa Hudson  
Leanne MacHorton  
Loren Probish  
Kate Ruehle  
Zoe Smith  
Jason Smithery  
Jade Uyeda-Trackman  
Jasmine Ward

*Instructor: Kate Plows*

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Front Cover: Kate Ruehle  
Back Cover: Zoe Smith

Samantha Fines

# ANOREXIA

*Marissa Toma*

Numbering.  
Counting.

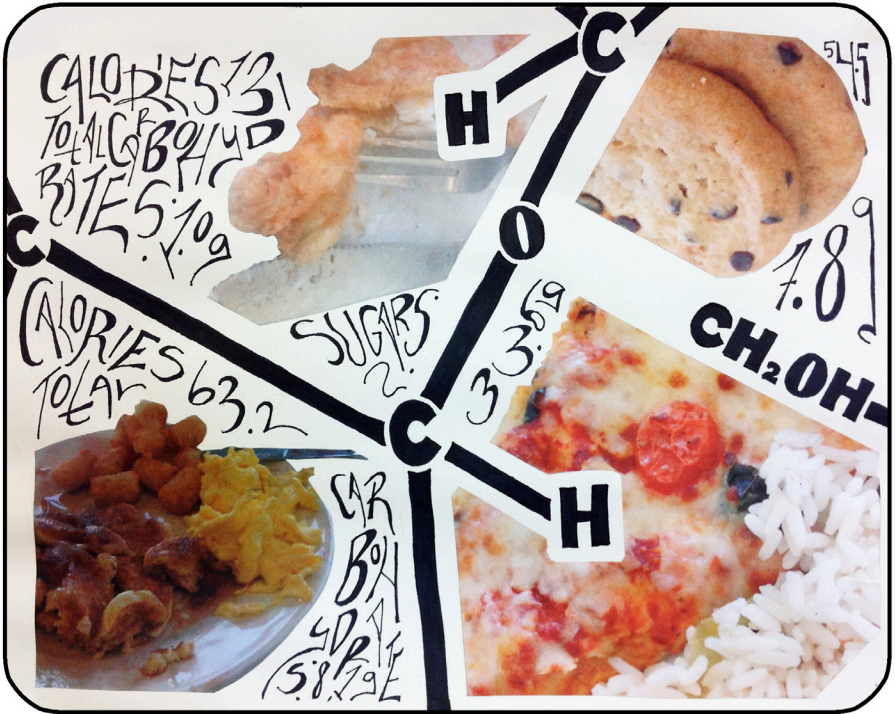
She sits there  
Pushing around food  
She'll never eat.

Berries are left  
To decay on the plate.  
Too much for her.

Once form-fitting clothes  
Are now left looking  
For something to grasp on.

One forty yesterday.  
One fifty today.  
Balance, and one thirty next morn.

She doesn't know that  
Her shadow  
Is growing lighter.



Jade Uyeda-Trackman



6.24.13 Yurwei Chen

Yurwei Chen

# BANANA

*Michaela Rose*

Soft, sweet, the nectar of fruit.  
Always reliable, always wanted.  
A concrete kind of food.  
Always settles, never rumbles or upsets  
It stays in me like a foundation of other things to build on.  
A source of comfort in my capricious stomach.  
Sweet like a fathers dotting hug,  
Something it seems I have long missed.

Waking up always there in my spot for me.  
With my favorite cereal I've eaten since I was three.  
Feels like home,  
Tastes like home  
A comfortable place to me.

# GRITS

*Chloe Putnam*

Girl raised in the south  
From the bigger and better state  
To lovers

She resides among  
The grits belt  
Her sand like complexion  
Blanketed by  
Smooth golden  
Rivers that flow down  
Her neck

Held together  
By starch and fibers  
Forever bound  
In perfect harmony

A girl who  
Rises early  
To be consumed  
By the morning sun





*Kate Ruehle*



Melissa Hudson

# PANCAKES

*Jazmine Byers*

As I pour syrup on my pancakes, I see my reflection. Suddenly I'm 6 years old walking down 36th street holding my mom's hand while my brother trails up ahead clashing batman and joker together making fighting noises. It was Saturday in late November. Mom was taking us to McDonald's to have the big breakfast platter. Pancakes, eggs,bacon, hash browns with an orange juice on the side. It was the best creation that was ever made (for a 6 year old). Mom made it a point to take us each Saturday. Sometimes she did; sometimes she didn't. We would never finish a whole one, but she still bought one every Saturday. As I sit down at Protho with Amelia, Hannah, Melissa, and Chelsea, Chelsea is sharing one of her stories that you don't really get until the very end. Laughter fills our table. I take one bite of the sweet and sticky pancake and feel 6 years old again.

# CARROTS

*Hannah Symonds*

As soon as I saw the peas and carrots, I thought of my grandmother. They looked like the peas and carrots she used to make. I think it was something about the way the carrots were cut. To my younger self, carrots represented the difference between my mother's cooking and my grandmother's: My mother cooked baby carrots whole, but my grandmother used whole carrots and cut them into slices. I always liked my grandmother's carrots better. The slices had different diameters, so I used to stack several pieces in order of size, with the biggest on the bottom and the smallest on the top, like a wedding cake. They were seasoned, so that they tasted more interesting than plain carrots. These carrots were also seasoned, with cinnamon, which I thought was odd, but it tasted good.

Now my grandmother cooks frozen peas and carrots in the microwave. Those carrot slices have much less character, in shape and in flavor.



*Chelsea Hogan*

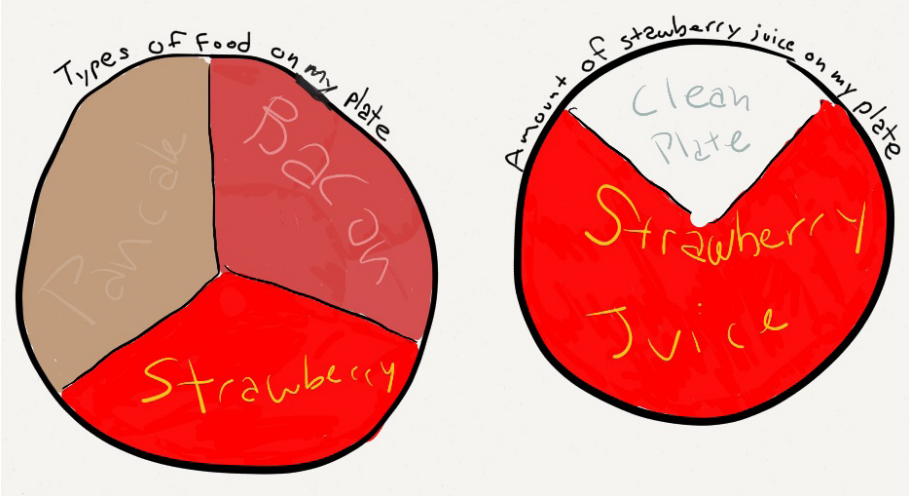


Jason Smithery

# I ALMOST ATE THE TUNA

*Briana McCall*

Long lines,  
Clueless kids,  
Spilled soda,  
The young writers are here.  
In a hurry,  
Voice lessons in five,  
I cut in line for the veggie stir fry.  
Fill up on fruit  
And salad, I think.  
I go to my seat and begin to eat.  
Tired and sick,  
I'm not all there,  
Put the salad to my lips and take a whiff.  
Oh my god i cry,  
As my fork clatters to the ground.  
That's tuna I just ate,  
How'd it get on my plate?



Zoe Smith





*Loren Probish*

# THE FOOD DIARY

*Channell Jordan-Grier*

For breakfast I awoke with:

- crisp cold apple juice in a tall red glass a straw towards me
- creamy stack of eggs lightly seasoned
- chewy turkey bacon to satisfy my pork strike

Midday Lunch consisted of me devouring:

- lukewarm cheese pizza
- bland spinach that needs vinegar
- cold Pepsi in a tall glass as the straw bobs high
- cold turkey with equally cold gravy
- two soft brownies

At Supper I chewed on:

- warm soggy “traditional stuffing” that was salty beyond belief
- crisp lettuce with creamy ranch dressing
- a tall red cup filled to the brim with pink lemonade.

thousand island dressing

French fry

pepper

lemon fish

Mustard

black olive

pea

chocolate ice cream

chocolate chip

Dr. Pepper

Yogurt

corn

ketchup

cheese

chocolate frosting

broccoli

Leanne MacHorton



# THREE COURSE BEAST

*Nathan Metcalf*

At how, we eat in hurried haste,  
When we not have any taste;  
For a shyster to be shy,  
And the sky to give a pitied pie,  
To not a reason of why, it is so.  
What a bloody cheek, you have.

Could it be, fit to breathe matter,  
Of un-fried batter? That kind of,  
Splatter that makes a friend, it,  
Sops among our cabinets and,  
cupboards satire. It was, Glued,  
To the blender; it was the last  
Time I had cared; tho' It gave all,  
And I brought along its despair.

The veal fought a sickly battle,  
And I spared its life from ruin;  
It was quick, and guilefully done,  
A delirious way to end I thought,  
A better route to “go” out...

To feast upon, until we become,  
Those ones that get feasted on;  
A virtue not a right, but a matter,  
Of zoo, and sight. A mouth around,  
Every lamppost, every camp site,  
Around every hatchery and brat;  
What is evil, you might ask?  
It comes not from cult, or gun, but,  
Rather, from a smoking kind of man.  
The billowing, drab van of Sam,  
Always takes the lamb; it never fails.  
Sam is always sane they say;  
Sam, is that same kind of ham,  
As I, and neither is he wrong,  
What next is there to blame?  
Sam, or Ham, eating the man?

# UNTITLED

*Hannah Geist*

Half a pizza crust still on the plate, I shut my mouth to keep it down. Some days are better than others, but this is the worst it's been in a while.

I can't even look at the cookie on the plate without my vision blurring. All day, nothing has been able to ease my stomach. I stare longingly at my french fries--potatoes, sliced, fried, salted. Ohh...

No.

Don't even think about it.

I swallow hard.

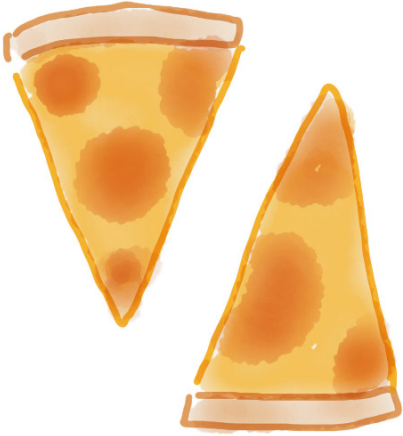
Don't even think about it.



*Adam Dunaway*

LUNCH: A STUDY IN PARTS

2 SLICES OF PIZZA



27 PIECES OF SPINACH

