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Change



A CONSORTIUM OF NEW VOICES

Kalliope

Nothing is absolute. Everything changes, everything moves, everything revolves, everything flies and goes away. ~ Frida Kahlo

From the Editor Darrell King

Change is such a personal topic. No matter who you are, change is an ever-present reality of life that causes you to continually push forward and be the best person that you can be. Unfortunately, change is not always for the better, and this causes people to fear it.

The inspiration for this issue of *Kalliope* came to me at a time when I could not be going through a more difficult change in my life, and as such I found it important to focus on exploring what change meant to me and seeing what it meant to others who have gone through changes of their own.



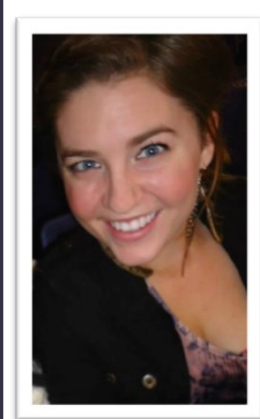
Change is an inevitable aspect of life, and I want this issue to celebrate the many aspects of change that we all go through. The

loss of a loved one, personal and physical growth, cultural shifts, overcoming obstacles; these things are temporary, as is our lifetime.

Rather than fighting what life hands us, find a way to accept it and move on.

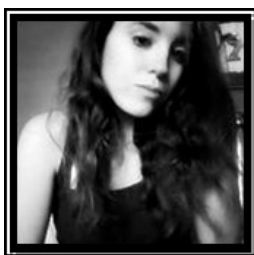
I have enjoyed every minute of putting this issue together and I hope that you will find something in here that allows you to accept the many changes that you will experience in your life, or to overcome the many changes you may be struggling to overcome right now. There's so much to see and to experience in the world if we're willing to make the change.

Interns' Bios



A junior studying English Literature at ASU, **Elyse Hertfelder's** interests in reading and writing has brought her to become a bibliophile of epic proportions.

J. R. R. Tolkien, Shakespeare, and Jane Austen are writers that inspire her. Her love of all that is literary fuels her hope to become an author and book editor one day. After taking Technical Editing, she was eager to try her hand at desktop publishing for *Kalliope*.



Jennifer Matica currently attends the Arizona State University Tempe campus as a

senior majoring in English Literature. Although she enjoys spending both study and leisure time reading, her passion remains in writing. Inspired by the outstanding writer of the Beat generation Jack Kerouac and confessional poet Sylvia Plath, she found the confidence derived from the ever-changing landscape in literature to seek out her own future in writing. Jennifer is now working towards furthering her



career experience in editing and publishing.

Darrell King is a junior English Literature major

minoring in Film and Media Studies at Arizona State University. His love for books has inspired him to pursue a career in publishing as an editor. After graduation, he hopes to move to New York to work at one of the big publishing houses. He has bigger dreams than he knows what to do with and hopes to travel the world some day to view all the wonders in it and chasing what life has to offer. For now, he is content with

Cooties, Am I Right?

Elyse Hertfelder

We've all been there; it is the one thing no one can escape and the single most embarrassing time of our lives: puberty. It's the ultimate physical change and it revels in the awkwardness it brings. No one can escape the emotional, self-conscious, and immensely unsatisfying torture you feel when you realize your body is changing and there is literally nothing you can do about it. Voices begin cracking, breasts begin to develop at the wrong time, and our bodies become more aware of each other.

Before I was a teenager, my mother tried telling me what physical changes I would go through to become a "woman." Of course, all I could think about was, *is there a difference? I'm a girl, she's a girl; I just get taller, right?* Wrong. Life doesn't make things that simple, so of

course I had to go through the acne, the awkward body shape, maturing in some ways more than my other female classmates, and to top it all off, I had braces.

I noticed the boys, too, and they didn't have it any easier. Most were too tall for their liking, and their voices were either too high or

too low; there was never a happy medium. But I saw how they got stronger year after year and began to gain confidence in themselves; I wanted to feel that way, too. I noticed how their presence in school changed, and their physical maturity made them a different person entirely. I wanted to be confident in my body as well.

Puberty was hard. For me,

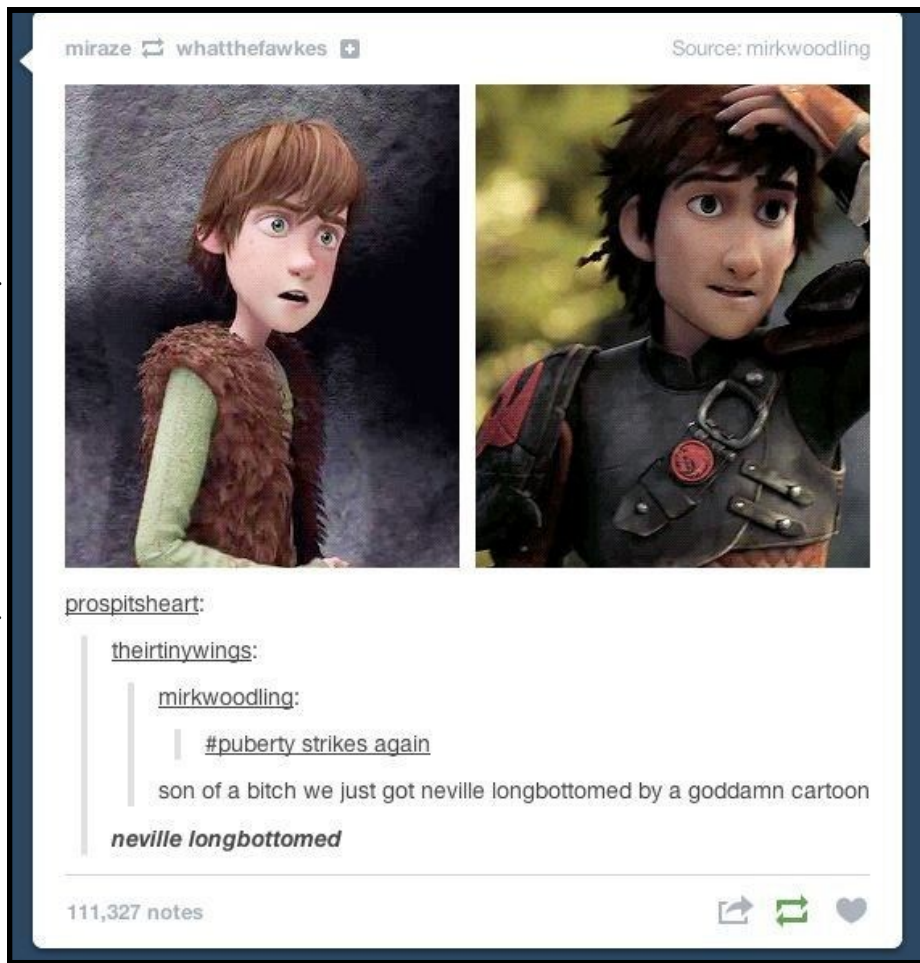
same things and knew that, one day in the near or distant future; we would all be able to look back at the time when we were all emotional and physical wrecks. Because, essentially, from the ages of 12-15, that's what we all were.

Our bodies were changing, hormones were raging, and we started to notice, really notice, each other for the first time. The attention. The attraction. The flirtation. We all began to realize there was more to life than sports and school. Out of all the gawkiness, puberty brought us one good thing: the ability to see past each other's physical changes. We matured emotionally and knew life could only get better.

Puberty isn't something we can choose to go through, nor would we ever voluntarily do it either, but we can admire it. It changes us in the most drastic ways, giving us the sometimes traumatic experiences and making us new

person. We enter the cocoon of fragile body images and emotional states and emerge confident individuals with a new perspective on life. Puberty is forced upon us, but it's up to us to make the best of it once it's over.

On the plus side, cooties are out; commence the ogling y'all.



First Person: Oil and Water

Kate Vrijmoet, Seattle Artist

My

mission has always been to set the stage for viewers to have an experience they might not otherwise have. The deepest satisfaction I receive is in sharing my work. The work I create is not a painting—it's an experience, even when the physical form manifests as a painting.

I use the tools of classical painting to provoke emotions in my audience they might more often associate with theater. I feel that paintings can be engulfing and involving. My aim is an extremely high impact experience for the viewer.

The true work of art, Kandinsky observed, detaches itself from the artist and takes on its own life, becoming an independent being animated with spiritual breath. In my work, I do not so much accede to this as seek it. Art connects us. It tells us we're human, we're like each other, we feel. It's my mission as a person and my job as an artist to bring about situations through art where this can happen. Art teaches us something about the world we live in: we must reach out to others, digging deeper reaps rewards, and we share the human condition.

In these paintings, water represents the physical



“I cannot, of course, come back. Not to this. Never.” ~ Kate Vrijmoet

manifestation of the aural. They are about sound and how our brains process sound. My goal is that you hear the paintings. One way to accomplish this is scale. The paintings are large. Another way is with color. Psychological studies have begun to show us that certain colors can trigger or encourage certain subconscious responses.

Perhaps the most significant factor is our brain functions. In experiments on mirror neurons, fMRI imaging of the right frontal cortex shows increased activity with the key finding being that we're affected by motivation. *What I see you do and your motivation behind it, affects me on a neurological level.* Mental imagery has the same effect; it

triggers what we know about the world in our mirror neurons.

When I carry this a step further and place it in the realm of art, it suggests art stimulates you because a “functional link exists between my brain and yours.” When you look at the images of the underwater scenes your brain, your cognitive unconscious

stimulates those parts of your brain that tell you what you know to be true about being under water. In this case, sound is such a big part of being under water that the premotor cortex, where sound is associated, is dominant. Since our brains are not good at multi-tasking, it has to decide which area receives the stronger signals—the occipital lobe, which is primarily responsible for eyesight, or the premotor cortex? I posit that the images are processed in the ventral premotor cortex.

All of the titles come from poetry. Poetry, like fine art, reminds us we're human, we're connected, we're like each other. Poetry is aural—poems need to be spoken. I've described the water as the physical manifestation of the aural—in other words, the depiction of a silent scream.

To stay apprised of my upcoming exhibits, visit my website at katevrijmoet.com.

Five Things That Children Change

Andrae Smith

For any parent, having kids changes everything. Children uproot your life and the lives of those around you, including your older children. Your sleep, your cleanliness, and your sanity are challenged. But what if you're not the parent?

I was fifteen years old when my mom had another baby. Other adults around me seemingly followed suit and suddenly there were kids everywhere! Truthfully, I never



knew what to expect from having children around. It turns out that most of what we hear has some truth, but the most important changes are the ones that affect us on a more personal level.

From my perspective, for new parents or young adults expecting a new child in their life, here are five things *you* can expect to see change in you once they arrive:

Emotions

You get soft — No, really! Kids have a way of making you experience your emotions more fully. When you spend enough time with them looking up at you, saucer eyed and innocent, you'll become attached before you know it.

Realizations

Once in your care, you

realize that kids are little people who are just learning how the world works. They need to be protected, loved, and understood. And you begin to see all children this way, not just your own.

Self-Perception

After you realize that you are someone else's caregiver and role model, suddenly it matters what people think of you. It matters that you have something to give when the kid comes around. You begin to own your new role with pride and accept that you're a part of something more than yourself: a family.

Patience

Above all else, children teach us patience. Children will try your patience so much and yet you will still respond with compassion.

Your patience transfers into interactions with other people as well. It becomes easier to relate to people outside of yourself.

Perspective

Lastly, continual exposure to children make you want to live as fully as they do. Kids around you will bring out your inner child so that you can look at the world with wonder and see magic in everyday places. You start to appreciate the people and things you took for granted.

Having children changes more than the lives of the parents; it affects every member in the family in various ways.

The topics I've listed are five of the seemingly endless changes you can expect once children come into your life, but you'll never know just how much they'll change you, until they do.

Seasons Change

Jennifer Mata

The changing seasons often bring celebration and renewal. Everything from a refreshing defrost from the ice of winter to the excitement that keeps us up before summer vacation signals that we are changing seasons. While most people adapt to these changes with few hardships (other than allergies) others experience the onset of certain seasons as a major cause of concern.

The National Alliance on Mental Illness (NAMI) classifies Seasonal Affective

Disorder (SAD) as a specific mood disorder often characterized by major depressive episodes. The most common seasons for symptoms of SAD occur during winter and summer, although the seasonal onset varies by person. SAD is generally diagnosed in a person who has suffered from other mental illnesses including major depression and bipolar disorder, although not all symptoms of either illness have to be present in order to garner a SAD diagnosis.

What Are the Symptoms?

The most common symptoms of SAD are:

Winter: Depression; hopelessness; lethargy; loss of interest; appetite change (usually weight gain) and oversleeping.

Summer: Insomnia, appetite change (usually weight loss); irritability; agitation; and anxiety.



What is “Reverse SAD”?

Since the majority of those afflicted with SAD experience winter depression (or often mania, if Bipolar), the small percentage of those who experience depression or other symptoms during the summer are classified as “Reverse SAD” sufferers. SAD is generally diagnosed to those in winter who suffer from the lack of light between sunrise and sundown, which disrupts the body’s circadian rhythm. Reverse SAD, however, can often cause a sense of heaviness and depression due to the overwhelming heat or days of too much sun. Additional stress of summertime responsibilities can further add to the burden of the summertime blues.

How Is It Treated?

There are a myriad of ways to treat SAD, but each method is unique to the sufferer. The most popular method of treatment is the

use of a light box, which works exactly like it sounds. The light box mimics sunlight by increasing the percentage of light directly hitting the individual’s eyes, which aids in elevated mood. It’s recommended to sit in front of the light box for at least 30 minutes each morning to stimulate mood. Additional methods include cognitive-behavioral or talk therapy, which employs various tactical methods for combating symptoms of SAD, and antidepressants to stabilize mood; often all three of these methods are used in conjunction with one another.

Do I Have SAD?

Spring, Summer, Winter, and Fall: every season brings the joys of tradition with the changing of the leaves. If you feel yourself having more bad days than not during these cycles, talk to your doctor about your symptoms. You deserve to celebrate change, not fear it.

Change's Coming. Energy Vampires Beware.

Shavawn M. Berry

Maybe if you live on a mountain top in a monastery where the inhabitants have taken an oath of silence, you are not feeling the waves of heavy, sticky energy slamming into us right now.

Maybe.

But if you are a mere mortal, you are feeling it. Big time. It's been tough out there. I've been working at home -- with the exception of one day of meetings up at school -- but even so I felt like I was swimming with sharks who wanted to gnaw my limbs down to little nubbins. I felt like someone was managing to cook me on the stove top. I had a session with an energy healer I've been working with for the past decade, and after she'd removed all my "cooties" (her term), I felt infinitely better.

How is it that so few people know how to cope with change? Since change is the only constant in life, how can it undo such a large swath of the populace?

It is difficult to hold your own space -- even when surrounded by others who are doing their own spiritual work. When you are simply out at the store or walking across a parking lot filled with average Americans, it can be terrifying.

People who've been shrugging off their inner work are now running around like salivating zombies hoping to find someone -- anyone -- to "make them feel better." I call them energy vampires.

You know who I am talking about. They are the people who make your inner voice start to scream in terror: Get out! Get out of here! NOW!

The thing is, it is futile to think you can suck your way through the world forever.

Chubacabras and suckubus-types you are on notice. Unfortunately, no one else can do your spiritual work for you. That's on your "to-do" list. There is no option to slave it out to others or slough it off for another day.



The reason the energy is so crazy right now is because we are up to our asses in spiritual alligators. We need to get it together. Putting it off -- or thinking that some other generation will handle it -- is complete and utter bullshit.

So, how do we handle these high maintenance folks?

My advice, only spend time around people who you know are walking their walk and doing their own work. Listen to your life.

When you feel a creeping sense of dread when you consider having dinner with someone who is a so-called friend, pay attention to that feeling. For godsakes!

Recognize that if something makes you feel bad, it is a signal that you should stop doing it or get the hell out of there. Do not focus on things that are futile, like changing the minds of Tea Party members or skin heads or others who are intent on returning to the 1950s. You are whistling Dixie in the dark, if you do.

P r o t e c t yourself. Protect your spiritual life.

Energy vampires are easy to recognize: they make you feel tired, angry, sad, and useless. They're like poop in a punch bowl. They wipe you out. Typically, they attack you for something you say in passing that they take offense at. Or they needle you until you lose it. If someone is getting on your last nerve, they are an energy vampire. They are scanning for an opening -- for any sort of vulnerability -- so they can suck you dry.

And as much as they would love for you to save them by letting them suck up all your life force, they will never be filled by doing so.

They could eat up the entire world's population, and they'd still want more. They are the rapacious members of our society for whom no amount of money or stuff is ever enough. They could cut down every tree, pollute every river, use every person -- and still they'd be starving. More. More. For people who don't want to do their inner work, nothing you give them will ever be enough.

8 Ways Technology is Transforming Your Life

Matt Behnken

Change isn't always easy, but it happens anyway, especially in technology. I have compiled a short list of changes in technology that I believe will affect all of us.

8. Volume Down

Gone are the days of losing your clunky remotes. After acquiring the new Xbox One gaming console, concepts of voice control are no longer a thing of the future. At first, my family was skeptical of the console's voice control technology, but after almost 3 months, we have no idea where the actual remotes are. Now all I have to do is utter a simple "volume down" and sure enough, my television quiets down.

7. Welcome to the Cloud

Compact Disks (CDs) used to be the primary way data was transferred between computers, and before that, we used floppy discs. Remember when discs were actually "floppy"? In recent years, people utilized USB sticks to bring pictures and files around, until cloud storage and readily available internet access made sure that USB sticks are quickly becoming obsolete. Do people even still use USB drives? They'll be a novelty item by the end of this year.

6. Ditch Cable

Founded in 1999, Netflix has become a worldwide phenomenon! Online media streaming seems to be the way of the future, with low costs and higher quality than most cable and satellite television plans. Other less conventional companies are stealing market share like Amazon Prime and Hulu. Why hasn't subscription cable disappeared yet then? Average costs for these services are around \$10 per month.

How does that compare to your cable bill, assuming you still have one?

5. Location Sharing

Let's not get too technical here, but right now, your cell phone only uses your location when you ask it to. Soon it will be using our location at all times. Of course privacy is a real concern, but think about the conveniences this feature will provide you with 24/7 location sharing being the standard as early as next year!



4. eTherapy

Breakthrough.com has more than 900 certified therapists ready to video-chat with patients 24/7. Patients no longer have to travel to an office and wait to be seen. Think about having an entire session in under an hour. In 2011, the NY Times said "In 3 years this will take off like a rocket." How does that make you feel?

3. 3D Printing

We're not talking paper here people! If you haven't heard about the 3D printing craze, expect to hear about it soon. Imagine the conveniences 3-D printing could bring to your home; before you go out to dinner you can print a new cell phone case that matches your outfit in about an hour. Don't expect to be limited to cell phone cases, though. Imagine printing a

pair of shoes to wear later that day. That's right, real shoes! Currently, these printers are selling for as little as \$1200. Perhaps in a few years, there will be a 3-D printer in most homes.

2. Facebook's Decline

Social networks follow the same popularity pattern as infectious diseases, and Facebook's fate is in similar jeopardy. Like the plague, most people became infected and then it slowly disappeared. Young people are using the site less. I know many of us will miss the constant pictures of babies and drab quotes about love and friendship. What do you think will be the next big website? Conversely, their revenue numbers are up and more than 1 million people still log-on at least once a month. I give Facebook 5 more years before it's no longer the social networking powerhouse.

1. EEEEEerrSCREEbeeeeeepppp

Do you remember the sound of dial up Internet? The Internet sure has changed a lot over the past few decades since personal computing was first introduced. Technology has gotten better, speeds have gotten faster, and service is cheaper. Current ISPs charge around \$50 a month for 12Mbps. Mbps? Look it up. In 1995, AOL Internet access was \$9.95 plus about \$3 per hour of use for 56kbps. If you don't know how slow that is, imagine the Internet moving about as slow as a snail. Google and AT&T both recently announced Gigabit Internet speeds for residential customers coming this year. That is nearly 1000 Megabits per second, almost 19,000 times faster than the 'ol AOL dial-up in 1995. Can you think of anything else 19,000 times better than it used to be?

Changing Everything

Chanapa Tantibanchachai

Change is inevitable. At nearly twenty-two years old, I've never found something to be more achingly true.

Looking back, the most heartbreaking, earth-shattering changes in my life have always been the ones that have the biggest impact. Perhaps that's

the way it's supposed to be. Is it really such unpleasant reality? Maybe, as humans, we *need* those kinds of changes to shake us to our very cores, to catapult us into another level of self-reflection, wisdom, and understanding.

I got out of a long-term relationship because of religious differences. His world became much narrower as I sought to expand mine. For a long time, I conformed to his conservative ideals and was unaware that I was stunting my own growth. I didn't take time to form my own opinions on so many aspects of life during our relationship. I let him take the wheel.

What I didn't understand, however, was the unfairness of how much my life was subject to change, when his did not seem to change at all. When he left me, he simply grew stronger in his faith and his community. Further affirming his convictions, he received full support from his community. As for me? I was at a complete loss. It was more than just the loss of the relationship. I



be a beautiful thing, especially when it comes in such an unwanted form. It forces us to reevaluate our lives, our decisions, and our very existence with such ugliness and obligation, making it impossible for us to ignore such an urging need for

also, for a time, lost who I was. Without this person, who was I and what did I believe in? In the absence of such a strong influence, life left me with the task of rediscovering myself.

Of course, hearts are broken every day. This is nothing new, and my tale of tear-stained pillows and late nights listening to Adele for company is not unique. I understood this when it happened.

Why did this happen to me? Why did I have to change, and why was this catalyzed by such a painful event? It seemed as though he didn't have to change at all.

Now I see that change can

"It's never the changes we want that change everything."

—
Junot Diaz

introspection.

It becomes easy to fall in line with your habits, believing that the world consists of only black and white and no shades of gray. Is it not easier to have a foundation laid for you, a path set for you, with your only role being to obey? After all, it's safe; it's comforting.

But I don't want that. That's not me. This life is messy and our world is messy, so who are we to demand simplicity and tidiness by narrowing our very existence? We *need* change more than anything else. It's biologically engrained in us to change. We change to exist, and more importantly, we change to thrive.

Fast-forward to nearly a year later. I have never been so sure of who I am and what I stand for in my life.

For the longest time, I fixated on the painful accuracy of Diaz's quote. The change I never wanted changed everything. Now, I couldn't be happier than I am now.

I didn't want these changes and yet they came to me anyway.

Time

Elyse Hertfelder

Time is our overlord. Our futile attempts of changing it are just that, unresponsive and useless. Time has no remorse, never looks back, and regrets nothing. It's easy, letting time rule us. Letting it cling to our consciousness and remind us every day what we have to do. It can overtake us with bewilderment and worry, but letting it do so is our choice.

Time allows for change in the best and worst ways; spiritual,

physical, and mental. In a moment, anything can change, and allowing ourselves to let it happen expands our ability to open us up to that change. Sometimes, we don't have a choice but to accept what has changed us, and time helps us cope with that reality.

The decisions we make are what ultimately change us, and only then, while we are making those decisions, are we the rulers of time. There may be deadlines, but the choices we make are for us, not

for time. We can be the selfish creatures that take time to decide something that could potentially change our lives. We take it, and give nothing back. Finally, we are the overlords of time.

We are allowed to be the rulers of our lives and take pride in our decisions that change us the most. Over time, we determine our future, and it can't take that away from us. In all honesty, everything we are is because of time, but it is our decision as to where it takes us.



“What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us.” ~ Ralph Waldo Emerson

Spring Into Perspective

Jennifer Mata

I look back on my life in disbelief; so much has changed. I recall that old familiar saying “the only constant in life is change” and stopping to acknowledge this on a daily basis rarely happens. However, there are moments when we are struck by how different our lives have become, for better or worse.

Our childhoods change us. As children, we look up to our guardians, the bearers of knowledge, to learn how to live. They teach us how to love, how to laugh, and how to clean our rooms before we end up grounded. They teach us how to sense danger and how to protect ourselves. If we’re lucky, they’ll teach the secret recipe for our favorite holiday green bean casserole.

Our education changes us. As we grow older, we learn in classrooms, but often we learn much more than any teacher could plan,

simply by interacting with the world around us. We study history, we search for knowledge in the news, and we read books about everything we’re interested in. We notice the perils of the world, but we are enthralled by the sheer goodness in it as well.

Our work environment changes us. The onset of individual responsibility in late adolescence finds us grasping at the straws of the workforce, where the dreaded talk about “paying your own bills” is a bit harder than we’d imagined. We learn about the importance of our appearance and our attitude, and we learn about the fulfillment in hard work.

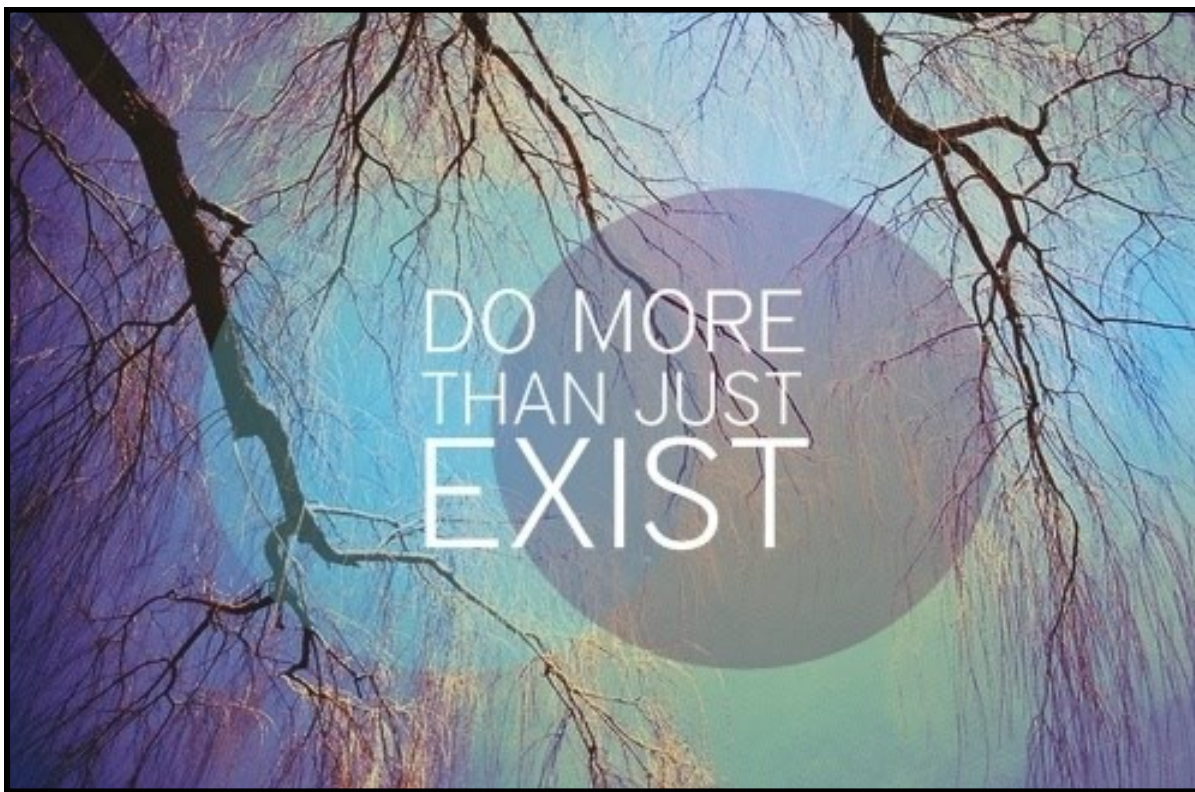
People change us. We make friends and lose friends. We find lovers and soul mates and sometimes get married. Not all of us. But daily interactions with people from every sort of lifestyle push us to find more people with whom we

can connect and create a lasting bond.

Tragedy changes us. Maybe we lose a parent or a sibling and our world stops. Maybe we play witness to an unspeakable event that, in a heartbeat, costs the lives of thousands. Or we witness an accident on a freeway. Or we hear about children and pets left unloved and unwanted, abandoned to wander in the streets.

Our whole world changes us. We learn to care for others in peril, to lean on our loved ones through the darkest moments, and we are always different when we come out the other side. We were different people last night before bed than we are in the morning when the sun rises.

The joy of constant change is in never knowing what or when it will happen next, but embracing it when it comes, no matter what it might be.



Kirtan Kriya: A Meditation to Change Your Life

Kim Blake

In recent years, yoga has overtaken western culture. The process of physical meditation of the mind and body has erupted as a key to a healthier world; however, it serves more purposes than working towards a better bikini body. It can strengthen the mind, grant clarity, aid in overcoming obstacles, and give one inner peace.

In 2006, I went through 200 hours of Kundalini Yoga teacher training. It was, at times, hell; at other times, blissful hours of yoga and meditation for six months. It pissed me off; it changed my life.

Kirtan Kriya is also known to improve the brain functionality of people who are experiencing stress, brain fog, or Alzheimer's disease. The Alzheimer's Research and Prevention Foundation (ARPF) funds research on how doing a simple 12-minute version of Kirtan Kriya improves those

with the disease. SPEC scans have been used in research on Alzheimer patients brains before doing the meditation and after doing it, showing obvious improvement from one scan to the other. Blood and memory tests have shown the same improvements in the brain of Alzheimer patients who practice Kirtan Kriya.

Kirtan Kriya has been shown to improve memory, relieve depression, enhance brain blood flow, improve brain chemistry, as well as improving sleep.


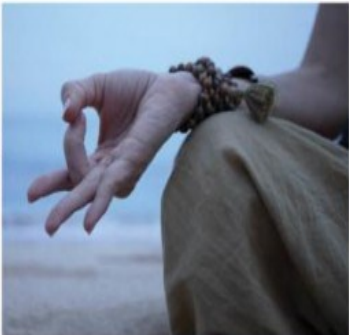
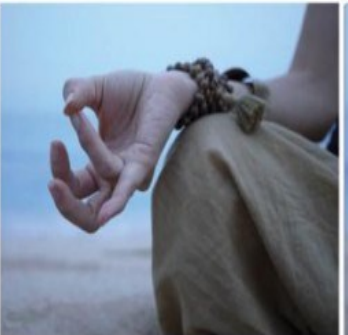





In 2012, I was in great need of clearing out the energetic ties I still had to a particular man from my past. I decided to commit to 90 days of Kirtan Kriya in hopes his energy, his memory inside my brain, would be cleared. I had done it many times in the past, but this time I was doing it daily for 31 minutes in order to clear my attachment to something that was no longer serving me. In my

teacher training class, it was taught that Kirtan Kriya was the best way to get over a broken heart, especially if you were a woman. Needless-to-say, I have practically mastered this meditation.

Research has found that Kirtan Kriya works because it uses more than one part of the brain at the same time by using both mantra (sound), mudra (hand position) and eye position. Your eyes are closed and focused behind closed eyelids at the third eye point in the middle of your brow just above the root of your nose (almost the middle of your forehead). You will feel the tug of your optic nerve as you focus your closed eyes at this point. By chanting or singing each sound the tip of the tongue strikes the upper pallet of the mouth stimulating the 84 acupuncture points.

[Click here](#) for detailed instructions on how to meditate using Kirtan Kriya.

guideline for MUDRA

			
SAA 	TAA 	NAA 	MAA 
JUPITER FINGER <i>index finger to thumb</i>	SATURN FINGER <i>middle finger to thumb</i>	SUN FINGER <i>ring finger to thumb</i>	MERCURY FINGER <i>pinkie finger to thumb, then again with the index finger</i>

The Lessons Loss Teaches

Darrell King

It can be said that the only constant in life is change, and yet I find that concept to be highly misleading. Change is an outcome of the actions of people and of nature, whether intentional or not, that spur the transitions which keep our lives from growing stale.

And while changes can be subtle, they are numerous and immeasurable and come barging in to our lives without our permission only to wreak havoc and flip our world upside down.

Hidden in plain sight, loss is one of those misunderstood changes in human lives. It is all at once an inconvenience, a thousand little heartbreaks, and a chance to move forward to seek new reasons for existing and to explore a world wherein the things we once loved no longer exist.

Loss is a simple, trivial thing. One moment you have something, and the next you don't. For many, loss is an indescribable feeling.

It's the panic of being unable to find your keys when you're running late for work. It's the confusion of looking for your glasses only to realize that you're wearing them on your face. And it's the pain of realizing that a loved one is never coming back.

Not everything that is lost can be found.

Your keys turn up in the fridge behind the orange juice you drank out of the carton this morning because you didn't have time to grab a glass. Your glasses appear magically on your face when you scratch your head deep in thought about where they might be. But that lost loved one? That one will never be the same.



a way of uprooting everything you know about the world. Imagining living in a world without that person is something that is inconceivable, and yet life goes on. We grieve and we reflect and we pull ourselves together to fashion some semblance of normalcy while we try to figure out how we're going to continue with our lives

now that we can no longer see or speak with that person again. Their absence shakes us to our cores and it is something that you never entirely forget about.

Not a day goes by that you won't miss them.

Experiencing loss is natural. It is a change that often serves as a turning point in our lives and is an essential part of what makes us human. Whether your loss is as trivial as not being able to find your keys or as serious as losing a family member to a deadly disease, those losses have ways of leaving imprints in your heart. They are the missing connections that bind us to the world around us, and yet they free

you up to discover a world of possibilities we once would never have considered.

Change is an outcome of the actions of people and of nature, whether intentional or not, that spur the transitions which keep our lives from growing stale. Loss happens. What matters is what you make of it.

Many people have come and gone from my life. I have moved away, or vice versa. I have drifted apart as my interests changed. I have cut out people who set bad examples or encouraged me to do things that I didn't want to do. And I have had loved ones ripped away from me.

The loss of a loved one has

Contributors' Bios



Kim Blake happens to have blue hair and is old enough to be your mother.

Chanapa Tantibanchachai is currently in the accelerated Biology and Society BS/MS program. She hopes to combine her academic training in the sciences and her passion for writing and editing to become a science writer or editor. Aside from school and working at the Arizona Foundation for Women, she loves to cook, read



classic Russian literature (Dostoevsky is her favorite), and travel.

Melissa Rebuth is a young woman with a big spirit, and even bigger dreams. Melissa is graduating from ASU with a bachelor's degree in English Literature and hopes to become a published author in the very near future. When she is not writing, she is either thinking about writing, or reading.



Andrae Smith is a sophomore at ASU, studying English Literature with a minor in French. He has also been studying creative writing independently in hopes of someday



publishing. After graduating, Andrae looks forward to beginning his career teaching English and writing.

Shavawn M. Berry, Managing Editor, is also a writer and a poet. Her work is forthcoming or has appeared in *The Anjana Network*, *Be You Media Group*, *The Good Men Project*, *The Huffington Post*, *Journey of the Heart – Women's Spiritual Poetry*, *Black Fox Literary Magazine*, *Olentangy Review*, *Rebelle Society*, *Vagina – The Zine*, *Poet Lore*, *The Cancer Poetry Project 2*, *Ebsco Poetry database*, *Westview*, *California*

Quarterly, *Synapse*, *Poetry Seattle*, *Blue Mountain Arts*, *North*



Atlantic Review, and *Concho River Review*, to name a few. She teaches writing and editing fulltime at Arizona State University. Her blog, *Falling Into Wonderland*, has thousands of readers throughout the world. *Kalliope* has been a labor of love for her.



Matt Behnken is a 31-year-old student who has spent most of his adult life changing careers. He's been a restaurant manager, a pizza delivery driver, a used car salesman, a technical support agent, a corporate trainer and much more. He would like to finish his interdisciplinary degree in Business and Informatics and become a data management programmer. Technology is a passion of his and software coding is one of his favorite past-times.

The Secret Life of Trees

Melissa Rebuth

Always growing, always changing, always beautiful.

Spring blossoms.

A warm sun rises, budding with new life. Every branch blossoms freckled with green, with life; life that slowly develops and blooms into lavish leaves and bold flowers.

The chill of winter's gone. Trees stretch their stiff limbs, wiggle their fingers, grow.

Their once naked branches and cold bark are now sheathed in glowing life. Life produces more life; life that breathes, life that grows, and life that inevitably changes.

Summer offers

stability. It's time for life to dance without fear or the worry of change. Summer is life lived. Summer is heat; warmth, like a mother's love. It's a kiss on the cheek. A heartbeat. A breath whispering, "I love you." Warmth that beats down on the tree is absorbed deep into its roots, providing energy, providing life.

Autumn

changes everything.

Stability and serenity will slowly evaporate into the setting summer sun. Leaves change color, shrivel in their dance with death; they will soon crunch under foot, then crumble, and perhaps seed, trying to find a new home. Desperately searching for a home. The hushed howls of the wind sweep the leaves further and further until they are lost. Lost into the ground, into the earth, and absorbed by the very roots that produced them.

Winter.

Dreary, and lacking the sun needed for life. For growth. The world gets darker



during winter. No green, only gray, only darkness. Trees huddle and aim for peace within themselves. Winter is the darkest time of life; ice nips the trees with chill, yet they still stand; alone and cold, they still stand. Their bark grows fragile, it loses its luster in the darkness, their beauty takes a different, starker tone.

Even in winter, they have hope, for every year their life comes back; their luster, their

green leaves, the feeling of new sap rising.

Spring. A warm sun rises, budding with new life. Returning to bring happiness. Returning to bring lavish life and bold flowers. Always returning.

Change is inevitable. Winter is inevitable, natural.

And yet, spring always returns.

It's a Big World: Go See It

Shavawn M. Berry



I saw this open letter (all italicized portions of this piece) from Henry Rollins on Facebook.

I beg young people to travel. If you don't have a passport, get one. Take a summer, get a backpack and go to Delhi, go to Saigon, go to Bangkok, go to Kenya...

I was reminded of the value of travel when young -- how my own experiences tore me open and changed me -- made me realize that I was a tiny microcosm in a big world full of people and wonder and sorrow and challenge. I saw how my passport -- just showing the cover of an American passport -- allowed me free passage from country to country in Europe when those with darker skin or less

desirable places of origin had their belongings torn apart with obvious suspicion.

Granted, the ease with which I traveled may be due to the fact that it was thirty years ago. Pre-Lockerbie and underwear bombers and the generalized rage that has grown like a cancer around the globe. But even then, I saw life on earth completely differently as a result of seeing how different people were treated or mistreated. I started to care about human rights, women's rights, politics, and social problems. I started to see that not every woman was as fortunate or blessed as I was.

Have your mind blown, eat interesting food, dig some interesting people, have an adventure, be

careful.

And I realize now, that traveling the world at the age of 18 was one of the best things I ever did for myself.

Instead of starting college wide-eyed and fresh from high school, I got a job waiting tables and saved my tips for six months.

Then I got on a Pan Am jet and flew to London where I lived for four and a half months. After that, I traveled throughout Britain for a month, and then crossed the channel and went to Western Europe. From the southern tip of Italy, I took a ferry to Greece. After a week there, I boarded a train through Yugoslavia into Venice, Italy. I finally trekked back to London through the Port of Calais to fly back to the States two weeks later.

Come back and you're going to see your

country differently, you're like. It's not what Tom Friedman writes about, president differently, no I'm sorry. matter who it is.

I was in London when Margaret Thatcher became Prime Minister. I was there as garbage piled up and petrol workers went out on strike. I was there while IRA bombs routinely went off in tube stations. I saw how desperate people were -- for work, for dignity, for a chance at a better life.

Music, culture, food, water.

I stayed in a YWCA in central London for \$35 a week.

There was a communal bathroom with a claw foot tub.

Showering involved standing in a few lukewarm streams of water. There was a small heater in my room.

It cost five pence to turn it on for five minutes. If I was cold -- which I was a lot that winter -- I had to go to a common room (where there was one old TV and some chairs) and sit there -- or pay to heat up my little room. It was about 5 feet across and ten feet long. It had a twin bed and a wooden chair. I ate too much white bread and butter. Too much fried food. Too much dessert. But I was happy -- living with girls from Australia and New Zealand and Nigeria and South Africa. There were girls from the north of England, from France, from Germany.

Your showers will become shorter. You're going to get a sense of what globalization looks

I loved looking into the faces of those young women and asking them questions about life. They, in turn, asked me if people in the U.S. still used covered wagons. I told them they needed to stop watching so much *Little House on the Prairie*. We ate crisps and drank orange shandy. They knew much more about the American political system than I did. Those girls -- those worldly young women -- made me value education. In lots of ways, my journey toward teaching for a living began at Goldsmith House in Regents Park,

You're going to see that global climate change is very real. And that for some people, their day consists of walking for 12 miles for four buckets of water.

~ Henry Rollins

Mornington Crescent, London all those years ago.

I remember being thirsty for hours because I boarded a train in Athens without changing any of my currency. I had no Yugoslavian money, so I had to get by with bread, cheese, a few oranges and warm mineral water. When the train pulled into Belgrade twenty eight hours later, I got off to fill that empty bottle with water. A young man helped me. For that, he expected sexual favors. Luckily, several women wearing dark head scarves and dresses pulled me into their train compartment when I re-boarded the train for Venice. Six of

us -- four older women from Yugoslavia, a young Swiss woman with pigtails, and I -- shared the compartment. Those women screamed at that young man and shooed him away. Again and again on that trip, I experienced the kindness and protection of total strangers.

And so there are lessons that you can't get out of a book that are waiting for you at the other end of the flight. A lot of people -- Americans and Europeans -- come back and go, "Ohhhhhhhh." And the light bulb goes on.

Yes, for me, that light went on thirty years ago.

Travel. Funky-walk-about-get-your-hands-dirty-experience-the-local-color kind of travel should be a prerequisite for life as an adult.

Once you see those faces and hear their stories, you are changed. Once you experience the profound kindness, strangeness, hopefulness, and even the understandable fears of the other, you can never again think about any living person as being less important than you are.

You know they are just like you.

(I gratefully acknowledge [this piece](#) was previously published on *Rebelle Society* on September 30, 2013.)

You've Changed

Darrell King

You've changed. They're just two simple words and yet they hold such negative connotations. More often than not, when someone tells you that you've changed, the idea is that you've become something that they don't like anymore. You've outgrown whatever mold they've grown to know you as and now that you're not you anymore, they have to take the time to reassess who you are so that they can fit you in to a new mold, a new category.

But people are meant to change, right? Our experiences reflect the person that we are. They affect us in ways that don't touch others and shape us to become the person that we're meant to be, whether for the good or the bad. It is human nature. We live, we do, we become. We can't be expected to stay the same for the entirety of our lives. It's unrealistic.

Imagine staying in the

same physical state for your entire life. You'd never age, and you'd look exactly the same until the day you die. While for some, this sounds like a good thing, it negates from the concept of aging and withholds the humility that we often associate with growing older. Why? We don't see ourselves growing. We see ourselves in our ideal state of being and fear the realities of growth.

The same could be said of our mentality. If we were to forever remain in our current mental states, what would become of us? Life events change us. They grant us perspective, show us how growth is necessary for pushing forward in a society that continues to change at an alarming pace, and give us periods of reflection that we normally wouldn't notice.

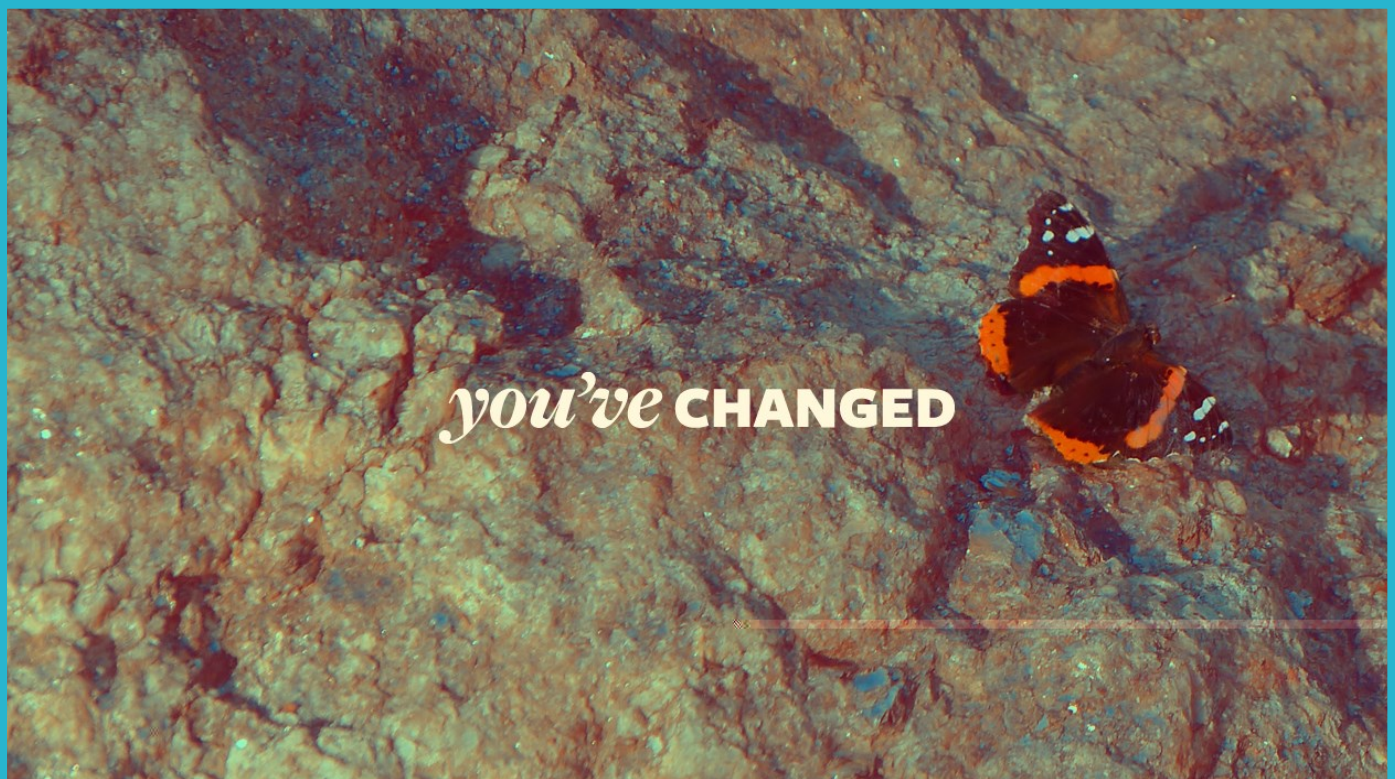
There is no reason for us to fear the changes within ourselves or within others. It is the natural

progression of our lives that we evolve into stronger, more aware people. It is important that we gain new perspective from our experiences and see the world for what it is with clear sight.

And yet we are stunted by two simple words.

Perhaps the unfamiliarity shocks us most. As we grow, we only see ourselves at face value and disregard the person that we used to be. Who were you a week ago? A year? Ten years? The graduations of change in our lives are measurable. We can quantify them by reflecting on our past; we will never be the person that we were as early as yesterday because we are constantly changing, both physically and mentally. Our cells will never be as young as they once were, and our minds will never be as naïve.

It should come as no surprise to anyone that people



change. The problem, then, is in the direction that people change. We are expected to grow and evolve through our experiences, so are others. The difference being that others suspect that we have changed in ways that no longer fit what they accept to fit their ideas of who we are. Their changes have pushed them in a direction that your mutual interests are no longer parallel and instead become perpendicular conflicts that intersect with each other.

We must learn to accept change within ourselves and within others. Expecting everything to remain the same is illogical and unrealistic. Many people hold on to the past as a means of protecting themselves from the changes they fear in the world and in themselves. Holding on to the past keeps you from experiencing the present fully, and that is why the realization of

change becomes such a negative concept.

Of course, being told that you've changed doesn't always have to have negative implications. For some, being told that you've changed brings positive affirmations that their efforts are working for whatever it is that they're hoping to achieve; recovering from depression, growing healthier, becoming more successful, etc. Recognition for our efforts is an empowering reward that pushes many people to continue putting in the effort to actively seek change.

In the end, what it comes down to is a matter of acceptance. By accepting the person you've become, little things such as being told "you've changed" no longer hold power over you. And that is empowering.

Seek change in every aspect of your life that you can. Find ways

to improve yourself that make you happy and allow yourself the space to grow. Remember that change is a natural part of life that everyone goes through and experiences differently. For some, change is a frightening concept that makes them uncomfortable and draws up unsavory feelings. The best way to live your life, however, is to remember that it is your life. The changes you make within yourself are for you, and if others find fault in those changes, then that is their prerogative.

You will always be exactly who you are meant to be by being yourself and living your life. Changing yourself to fit in with the expectations of those around you diminishes the person you're meant to be. If it's such a big deal to them that "you've changed," then maybe they're not worth your time.

You've changed, so what?

“If you desire to make a difference in the world, you must be different from the world.”

Elaine S. Dalton

Last Words

Shavawn M. Berry, Managing Editor

I tend to trust my gut and go wherever I am directed. I know better than to question or second guess it. It will never steer me wrong.

Kalliope has been a happy accident in my life, and a sweet one. Five years ago, some students approached me about starting an online magazine that would provide them with the opportunity to work with me and learn desktop publishing, writing, editing, and document design. I thought at the time that I would mentor them, and once they graduated, that would be that. I expected a three-month, one-semester commitment.

Instead, it turned into five years of mentoring and teaching, watching interns come and go, while creating 35 issues of the magazine. During that time, each student who joined me for a semester learned new skills and came into their own as writers and editors. The magazine became my

vehicle for featuring new voices and pouring light into the world. Along the way, I was changed by the luminous, curious, bright kids who interned with me. I sent them off with such a sense of pride in their accomplishments and a feeling that doing what I was doing made a difference in their lives.

However, this Spring I sensed that my time as a mentor for *Kalliope* was coming to a close. I enjoyed every minute of my time

magazine — mostly Arizona State students — but also friends, fellow scribes, fiction writers, poets, journalists and arts writers. Your voices have made the magazine work. I also want to thank all of my beautiful student interns, as well as the students in my technical editing courses who've written and edited for the magazine since 2011.

I can't overlook the support of Ruby Macksoud, the Internship Coordinator in the English Department at ASU, either. She sent me such wonderful young people to mentor. Writing this is bittersweet. I am excited to see what's next for me as a writer, editor, teacher, mentor, and creativity coach. I have many projects percolating and awaiting my full attention. There are things I promised myself I'd complete and other things I want to experiment with to see what I find out. I want to learn and grow and venture out into

It's been a joyous and beautiful ride.



Kalliope: Beautiful Voiced

unexplored territory.

Right now, I'm closing one door and awaiting instructions. I am certain that whatever's next will be the exact experience that I most need to build the life I want to live.

I am happy that I accepted the challenge set out for me by those ambitious young women in 2009. I had no idea what was in store. It has been glorious, challenging, hilarious, [and sometimes] difficult work, but



ultimately it has been extremely satisfying. We started something from nothing. We put ourselves out into the world. We took an idea — a magazine that focused on 'good news' — and added a little light to life on earth.

I am so grateful I got to ride shotgun. Whew!

It's been a joyous and beautiful ride.

Much of the pain in life comes from having a life plan that you've fallen in love with, and when it doesn't work out, you become angry that you now have to pursue a new life plan. If you want to tame your inner demons, you must not become too attached to any particular life plan, and remain open to there being an even better, happier life plan.

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KALLIOPE A CONSORTIUM OF NEW VOICES

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