

A close-up photograph of a pond lily flower in full bloom, with pale yellow petals and a bright yellow center. The flower is surrounded by several large, round lily pads. The leaves are mostly green, but many show significant signs of aging or damage, with large areas of yellow, orange, and red. A small, dark beetle is perched on one of the green leaves in the upper right quadrant.

# A Century of Voices

Honeycomb Press

*A Century of Voices*

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This journal was produced by graduate students at the University of Baltimore in the MFA Creative Writing & Publishing Arts program as part of the course Publishing Arts: Special Topics – Independent Publishing.

To celebrate University of Baltimore's centennial, this book contains prose, poetry, and art exploring themes of growth, perseverance, identity, and change—whether personal, societal, or historical. 100 words for 100 years!

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# A Century of Voices

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# Editor's Foreword

Welcome to *A Century of Voices*! This one-time publication is the start of a conversation. A conversation begins with a limited selection of words and images; we've asked you for your best 100 words on what a century means to you, and are privileged to publish a total of 14 heart-felt and thought-provoking poems, prose and artwork. We inspect yams and re-focus on clouds transforming. We invoke what made us what we are, and the richness of fathers and mothers. We travel from Hawaii to Bourbon Street, while contemplating related ghosts carrying their own stories, settled behind unfamiliar walls. Language is found and lost, ultimately bringing us nearer to both the familiar and foreign.

With this journal we invite you to engage in this conversation as well, one that is both timeless and unflinching as we confront our current collective reality. Please enjoy this celebration of humanity.

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PROSE

# Red Dirt

*Danielle Takeshita*

Since 1925, the territory of Hawai`i has been home to my family, who hail from ‘The Land of the Rising Sun,’ with their first generation born on this red dirt, American soil. The red seeps deep into everything: paint, wood, clothing and even skin. Where there was opportunity in working the plantations; there was also hardship. Many, not just my family, hailing from the East to the Orchid Isle for a chance to change their destiny, with the hopes of one day returning with fortune. Few returned. A century of stained history has paved the way for my future.





Sometimes everything in your memory comes to life  
*Irina Tall*

# Stone Spirits

*Doug Lambdin*

In 2021, after standing over a century in Irvington, Maryland, the pioneering Gundry Sanitarium was razed to ruins by an arsonist. A Victorian stone structure with high-pointed spires, a setting suited to Mary Poppins as well as “women with nervous disorders.” Five years earlier, it served as the backdrop to a geocache discovered in a hollow stump, between the sanitarium and a secret stack of wooden hives, by my son. Triumphant, he declares, “This place is so cool! Can we go in the building?”

“I don’t think so,” I say.

“What’s in there?”

“Who knows.”

“Ghosts?”

“I wouldn’t doubt it.”

# MMV

## *Cee Pugsley*

This deed says: 1905, but the guy  
who pried asbestos, fingered the wooden tongue-  
and-groove, prodded the spot where a furnace  
once hummed, said, decades older. Still we light  
candles, 1-0-0, we sing in the bathroom, amidst tinny echoes.  
Someone's at the zoo; this new thing called YouTube.  
In Rome, black smoke, then white, like the world  
before color photographs. "Looters" swim  
Bourbon Street. Rosa Parks, gone in her sleep.  
O'Hara was born here; his parents lied  
about when, though, since he was a bastard.

Fire burned records of whatever came before.  
Our slate roof loudly rinsed by premature rain.



Sea Pink

*Katie Hughbanks*

# The Circle Game

*Edward Lee Goldstein*

1925 was a great year for fascists, hate . . . stock market rising. Not so great a year for freedom of speech, peace; rights of women, minorities, and nonbinary queers.

2025 is a great year for fascists, hate . . . oligarchs consolidating wealth. Not so great a year for freedom of speech, peace; rights of women, minorities, and nonbinary queers.

It seems the planet's in "full-circle retrograde," where might makes right on a ship of greed, political corruption, xenophobia, and oligarchical blight. But take heart, without fail, change is coming . . . and Love Shall Prevail.



Looking Back

*Clarissa Cervantes*

# For the Fathers Who Wear Carhartt for Work and Not Fashion

*Colleen S. Harris*

The sunburn is beloved, proof  
of work well done. It slips behind  
his eyes and searches for cool  
waterfalls. It strips him and preaches  
a liturgy of fireplaces. The sunburn  
is a judgment against rasping cotton  
collars and the three hungry mouths  
calling for food and book fair money  
and school trips to the city where lunch  
outside MOMA costs more than  
Friday night London broil for a family  
of five. The scorch will ripen and fade  
into tan, or burst into a confetti of cancer.  
The burn is unyielding, promises  
red tigers he will fight in his sleep.

# How Much I've Learned From the Shape of Yams

*Steven Vincent Horton*

The bread crumbs  
to enlightenment  
are on the path  
right below our feet,  
and we always need  
to remember to look up.  
The clouds are always clouds,  
but their shapes reconfigure  
one moment to the next.  
How silly to ask which is best?



And a man could stand  
before a bin of yams  
for a thousand years  
and never find one  
that is not bent, bowed,  
or terribly misshaped.

Beautiful handwriting  
abhors a straight line.

Switchbacks  
make the path navigable.

A twisted plot  
keeps the candle burning.

Wisdom is not  
the shortest distance  
between two points.



Petal

*Katie Hughbanks*

# All That Came Before Me

*Dagemawit Kebede*

One hundred years.  
Before year one began,  
it had me in mind.  
At the hundredth year,  
I find myself  
woven into a journey.  
I was not there at the start,  
but I've been there all along.  
Every hand raised, student admitted,  
every lesson taught, every stance,  
every walk across the stage,  
every challenge, every change  
—all bore me in mind.  
All that came before me  
allowed for my arrival,  
my existence, my brilliance,  
my resilience.

One hundred years later,  
I call UBalt home.

# Retired Stiffs

*Steven Vincent Horton*

The day after Labor Day,  
retired stiffs,  
let's call them "pre-owned,"  
feel righteously royal.

We forget our infirmities,  
the places we can't reach  
to wipe cleanly, we dismiss  
issues of memory, money,  
mania, and momentum.

As the world trods off to war  
in grades three, seven, and eight,  
wearing a red, plaid uniform,  
lunch buckets heavy  
with cheese sandwiches,

we emeriti set the alarm  
for 5:00 a.m. for a quick,  
septuagenarian Kensho,  
no boulder in the pit  
to push uphill to a paycheck,  
but a sudden flash of memory,  
like a streak into a dark pool.



Resilience

*Clarissa Cervantes*

# No Sabo

*Cristina Flores*

I sit in the kitchen listening to women speak a language I cannot speak, a language that crackles and splatters like hot frying oil. My mother cannot speak it either, but she speaks the language of kitchens and leans over the skillet and flips tortillas with bare fingers the way Mamagrande, who nudges me out, showed her.

Outside the kitchen, I sit with my dad who watches the game, who didn't want me to learn the language he was not allowed to speak at school.

So we sit, not speaking, while the women laugh in a language I cannot speak.

**Danielle Takeshita** grew up in Hawai'i and attended the University of Hawai'i at Hilo, earning her BA and MS. She is currently teaching and traveling in Asia.

**Irina Tall (Novikova)** is an artist, graphic artist, and illustrator. She graduated from the State Academy of Slavic Cultures with a degree in Art, and also has a Bachelor's degree in Design. Her first personal exhibition, "My soul is like a wild hawk" (2002), was held in the museum of Maxim Bagdanovich. In her works, she raises themes of ecology. In 2005, she devoted a series of works to the Chernobyl disaster, drawing on anti-war topics.

**Doug Lambdin** teaches English at Mount St. Joseph High School in Baltimore, Maryland. He has had prose and poetry published in several journals and magazines: *The Baltimore Review*; *Bay to Ocean Journal*; *Smile, Hon! You're in Baltimore*; *The Urbanite*; *The Baltimore Sun*; *The Loch Raven Review*; *Flash Fiction Magazine*; *Poor Yorick*; *Boots N All*; *Snapshots*; *Teacher Magazine*; *Chattels of the Heart*; *Travelers' Impressions*; *The Journal of Pastoral Care & Counseling*; *Modern Haiku*; and in the anthologies *Listening to the Birth of Crystals and A Lovely Place*, *A Fighting Place*, *A Charmer: The Baltimore Anthology*. He is forever in search of the perfect crab cake (don't mind a little filler if there's plenty of lump). And, he is staunchly in the no-sauerkraut-at-Thanksgiving camp.

**Cee Pugsley** lives in Baltimore with their husband and two children. She can often be found volunteering and sneaking zines into little free libraries.



**Katie Hughbanks** (she/her) is a writer, photographer, and teacher whose photography has been published nationally and internationally in more than 60 magazines. She is the author of two chapbooks, *Blackbird Songs* (Prolific Press, 2019) and *It's Time* (Finishing Line Press, 2024). She teaches English and Creative Writing in Louisville, Kentucky.

**Edward Lee Goldstein** lives in Southern California. He is a health educator specializing in forgiveness and what it means to live with Love. He's also an author, poet and artist.

**Clarissa Cervantes** is a researcher photographer. Clarissa's photo gallery and articles include images from all over the world, where she finds inspiration to share her photographs with others through her creative lens. She invites the viewer to question the present, look closer, explore more the array of emotions, and follow the sunlight towards a brighter future.

**Colleen S. Harris** earned her MFA in Writing from Spalding University. A three-time Pushcart Prize nominee, her poetry collections include *The Light Becomes Us* (Main Street Rag, forthcoming 2025), *Babylon Songs* (First Bite Press, forthcoming 2026), *These Terrible Sacraments* (Bellows Ark, 2010; Doubleback, 2019), *The Kentucky Vein* (Punkin House, 2011), *God in My Throat: The Lilith Poems* (Bellows Ark, 2009), and chapbooks *That Reckless Sound* and *Some Assembly Required* (Pork Belly Press, 2014).

**Steven Vincent Horton** has published four books of poems: *The Coffee Date* (2022), *Linguistic Indiscretions* (2022), *Well Now* (2023), *Hot Breath*, and *Hungry Heart* (2024).

**Dagemawit Kebede** is a graduate student in the Global Affairs and Human Security program at the University of Baltimore.

**Cristina Flores** received a BA from the University of Texas and an MA from the University of Vermont. She teaches creative writing at the Muse Writing Center in Norfolk, and her work has appeared in *Hippocampus*, *Pomme Journal*, *Five Minutes*, and *Thin Air*. She currently resides in Portsmouth, Virginia with her husband, two dogs, and four chickens.



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Honeycomb Press commemorates The University of Baltimore's 100th Anniversary with a one-time issue of literature and art. This issue features micro fiction, poetry, and creative non-fiction that explores what 100 years mean (personal, societal, or historical).



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