

volume 2, issue 2 | spring 2023

# SQUARE 95

HOME



# EDITOR LETTER & ABOUT

When the azalea petals wilt and fall, we think of home. When the humidity marches in, waging war on the city, we think of home. That cardinal's song, too, makes us think of home. When the shadows creep across the floor, we think of home. The honey in our tea makes us think of home. And those eyes, oh, how we think of home.

Home is intrinsic to spring. It is made and unmade, chosen and protected like a lucky trinket. It is this and that, them and us, here and there. We leave and return, over and over again. This issue is dedicated to home in every form it takes.

Thank you to the contributors for your honesty and thoughtfulness. This publication would not be what it is without you. Thank you to Kaitlynn Rainne and Kat Medina, for being the backbone of District. Thank you to Charlotte Beck, for being the driving force behind Square 95, and to the design team for giving life to our words. Thank you to the copy team, for working with such care and diligence on these pieces. Thank you to the readers. I hope this issue makes you think of home, in whatever way it means to you.

Finally, thank you to my Mom, who is the reason I have the privilege of returning to a beautiful, peaceful, and loving home.

Enjoy with care,  
Emma Pilger, chief copy editor

District is the award-winning, editorially independent news source for the Savannah College of Art and Design. Founded in 1995, the publication has evolved to an online format where students create daily multimedia content. District has earned more than 500 awards from organizations including Columbia Scholastic Press Association, Society of Professional Journalists and Associated Collegiate Press. District operates on the passionate belief that educational and inspirational content should be available to all.

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One copy of Square 95 is available free of charge to SCAD students, faculty, staff and the public.

This edition of Square 95's sans serif is Aktiv Grotesk and the serif is Crimson Text. All other typography is hand lettering.

District  
SQUARE 95

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# EDITORS &

Charlotte Beck is a graphic designer and poet from Charlotte, North Carolina. She's the creative director of Square 95, District, and Port City Review. When she's not working, she enjoys listening to music, writing poetry, and reading novels.



**Charlotte Beck, BFA Graphic Design 2024**

Abby is the social media editor for SCAD's student-run newspaper, District. In her work in interior design, she hopes to inspire the senses that surround the word "home," instilling clients with the feeling of belonging somewhere. In her writing, she hopes to do the same.



**Abby Chadwick, BFA Interior Design 2025**



Reem is a graphic designer who is currently a rising senior at SCAD. This is her second issue on the Square 95 team, and she is the current art director of SCAD's fashion publication, the Manor. She has a love for playful and experimental design methods and loves to experiment with different printmaking processes. When she is not designing, she is listening to music, in the printmaking studio, or at an antique store.

**Reem Hinedi, BFA Graphic Design 2024**



Philippe Leung is a photographer pursuing his BFA. His work focuses on capturing the everyday life of people and documenting them in a candid and truthful manner.

**Philippe Leung, BFA Photography 2023**

Grace is a multidisciplinary designer and communicator passionate about creating human experiences with art, learning, and culture. She takes pleasure in discovering new ideas and concepts, and she appreciates the potential of communicating complex messages through thoughtfully crafted and conceptually rich solutions.



**Grace Marcy, BFA Graphic Design 2023**

Madeline is an author, poet, and journalist from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Her works, often inspired by nature, spirituality, and introspection, have been published in Port City Review and The Savannahian. Outside of writing, she enjoys reading, doing yoga, cooking, going on walks, and spending time with loved ones.



**Madeline Marks, BFA Writing 2024**



Fai is, in the simplest terms, an enjoyer of things. When she's not obsessing over art history, K-pop idols, or pirates, she's probably not talking (which is rarely the case). She is a fish girl with stars in her eyes and a love for hot-keys. See more of her work at [faithmccurdy.com](http://faithmccurdy.com).

**Fai McCurdy, BFA Graphic Design 2023**



Eliza Orlic has been writing since she was little with dreams of becoming an author in mind. Everything she does revolves around her dog Reese, and she is currently creating a children's series about their lives together. When not creating, she can be found at K-pop concerts screaming her lungs out and then, of course, writing about it later.

**Eliza Orlic, BFA Writing 2023**



# CONTRIBUTORS

Natalia is a Puerto Rican author and poet, newly exploring journalism and constantly spreading her love of writing and Puerto Rico. Pereira Rodríguez's work often unifies English and Spanish to create more representation for Latines while also telling stories that are as culturally accurate as possible.



**Natalia Pereira Rodríguez, BFA Writing 2023**

Emma Pilger is a writer and editor from Colorado with a passion for creative non-fiction and magazine journalism. Her work is inspired by nature, identity, and community. When she's not writing, she enjoys cooking, birdwatching, and listening to folk music.



**Emma Pilger, BFA Writing 2024**



Born and raised in Belize, Kaitlynne grew up around culture and stories. The fairytales she enjoyed as a young girl, the authentic stories about her heritage, and the people around her all fueled a creative desire to be a storyteller and a writer. In her writing, Kaitlynne explores the complexities of the human experience and the unfailing humanity that lies at the center of it all.

**Kaitlynne Rainne, MFA Writing 2024**

Carlota enjoys creating art that expresses vulnerability. She enjoys creating with different media, such as printmaking, graphic design, embroidery, painting, and photography. Some of her hobbies include screen printing, laying in the park, trying out new restaurants, and watching Gilmore Girls. Check her out her work on [carlotasosa.com](http://carlotasosa.com).



**Carlota Sosa, BFA Graphic Design 2024**



Daisy Rankin is a storyteller and graphic artist, inspired and drawn to the mystical and magical. They believe in creating a world and environment through art that a person can fall into, discovering more about themselves and the world around them. She is currently living in Atlanta and can be found in the botanical gardens with an iced latte and her few fairy friends.

**Daisy Rankin, BFA Graphic Design 2023**

Ashlyn is a vintage fashion enthusiast as well as a collector of knickknacks. When she isn't designing or sketching, she can be found collaging, printmaking, or of course, watching Dirty Dancing starring Patrick Swayze and Jenifer Grey.



**Ashlyn Warner, BFA Graphic Design 2023**



Maggie Wollard strives to create feel-good experiences with all of her work. She believes that the best design should be immersive and have a lasting impact. Motivated by her passion for art and a good cup of coffee, Maggie creates bright and bold work across a variety of mediums that will leave a smile on her audience's face. You can see more of Maggie's work at [maggiewollardesigns.com](http://maggiewollardesigns.com).

**Maggie Wollard, BFA Graphic Design 2024**



Juliette Wood won the Best Writer award in the fourth grade, earning her a Hershey's Bar, some stickers, and a newfound passion in life. She's been writing fiction ever since then, but only after coming to SCAD did she discover her love for nonfiction writing as well.

**Juliette Wood, BFA Writing 2023**



# NATURAL CHILD

Skin, like fresh clay, combs through the tall mountain grass.  
I am swallowed up; I lay down. The silky summer alpine glow lights my  
Earth eyes as I look to the sky,  
tracing frog and cat shapes around the clouds with my little fingers.

Wildflowers illuminate my path. They hear my gentle footsteps. I softly pet  
their petals and whisper my weightless secrets.  
They float through the air with the dandelion pappus  
and land in my knotted, sun-bleached hair.

Soil finds its way under my nails and onto my clothes,  
creeping into my mouth and nostrils.  
Its taste is bitter and old. I wash it away in the stream.

And by the stream, my legs carry me like the current  
down the hill, flying through cottonwoods and juniper bushes  
to the aspen grove, my calves nicked on branches.  
I bleed and persist, bounding with elation in the glory of the noon.

My bare feet are calloused and blistered,  
tough like the trees who are so much older than me.  
They creak and moan, telling me stories of their past,  
sharing their lifeblood with mine. I imagine living a life like theirs. They tell me I'm a sapling  
sprouting from their Earth. I am rooted. And we are one.





BY EMMA PILGER











# HONG KONG 12-2013

*by Philippe Leung*



I LEFT  
A SWEET POTATO  
IN MY  
CURBBOARD  
AND  
WENT HOME  
FOR THE SUMMER

*by Madeline Marks*

And in the warming morning hours, sun shone through gnat wings and lit them like day fireflies. I watched them through glass and they curled like aurora borealis or murmuration. Many become one.

My mother gave me my eyes and the earth gave me my hands. I don't believe I'll ever turn whole; I pick parts of myself from the browned clover beds, nab them from the crosswinds in the kitchen, hang them on a bitter old white clothesline.

This house is new and young. While I was gone, my sweet potato shot roots, stiff and tall, into the air. I wish I could watch it collect sun and dirt and unfold in the ground, slowly, for years and years. I hold it and think of the moon, how if I could pinch it out of the sky and balance it on my nose I could bury the roots and forget.

But I cut my sweet potato and bake it with a sprinkle of brown sugar. And I am full.









# CHLOE

By Juliette Wood

Bella and I used to go frog hunting in our neighborhood. After rain, and especially at night, there would be an abundance of frogs in the grass of neighbors' lawns and sometimes on the street. We'd hear them better on the street; their smooth, flat bellies slapping against the wet road made a hilarious, ridiculously loud sound. These guys were slow jumpers and easy to catch. Usually we'd catch and release five to ten on a good night.

One night, in July of 2015, we caught thirty. A harvest. We counted as we walked down the street. They were roaring and slimy. Probably trying to mate. I don't know. I know that they were singing about *something*. We stacked a few on top of each other and took pictures; how embarrassing for them! They didn't fight us. We found one in the road that had been run over but was still breathing. We thought about breaking its neck or shooting it with a tiny BB gun. We couldn't bring ourselves to do either. We laid him on a patch of clover like we were Mary Oliver or something. He was dead by the time we finished our loop. Poor guy. Our consensus: that's what horniness will do to you — it'll make you jump in front of cars.

That summer we found a couple turtles too, but they were less docile. Sometimes turtles are assholes. They scratch when you pick them up and make this quiet hissing noise. We left them in the ponds. And once we found a possum, or more he found us. He ran out in front of our golf cart. I slammed on brakes; he was fine. Unbothered by it really. I don't think he even noticed that he'd almost been squished. There was a feral cat in our neighborhood for a while that seemed





to be perpetually in heat. She would whine loud in the night and wait outside our window because she could see my cat inside. Eventually she disappeared. Never found out what happened to her.

Once we caught a frog that was so thick and spread out that we couldn't believe it. He covered my whole palm. He may have been the size of a baseball glove. We took pictures like they'd end up in the paper and we put him on my brother's skateboard. We pushed the skateboard back and forth in the driveway. He barely moved, just sort of enjoyed the breeze on his face, I think. We put him inside a cowboy hat. We put him on our shoulders. We came up with a theme song for him and sang it over and over. I think we named him Buck, or Chuck, or Big Buckin' Chuck. Something like that. It may have been *Big Fuckin' Chuck*. Mom told us to put the poor thing back in the grass. It was a difficult, emotional departure. I do think we cried.

I've yet to see a frog as big as Chuck since then. This morning a little guy jumped in front of my feet while I was walking to the car. I hadn't seen a frog in months. I picked him up and he was cold. I closed him in my palms, breathed on him. Aren't they cold-blooded though? Why am I doing this? I put him down in some wet grass away from the cars. I pet him with the back of my hand. My neighbor watched me from her porch. She didn't ask what I was doing.

It didn't matter, I knew what I was doing. Bella would know, too.

It didn't  
matter,  
I knew  
what I  
was doing.





# GOOD GRIEF

BY ASHLYN  
WARNER





all I can think about is Christmas  
 you were walking and talking and laughing  
 you were breathing and taking up space at Christmas  
 Two weeks ago you were just down the street  
 two weeks ago you were in your kitchen  
 I still don't understand

You taught me patience  
 you taught me how to bring tranquility to every situation  
 you taught me anger is useless if you hold onto it forever  
 you taught me to stay on the sunny side



i see you in every thing  
 especially in the spring flowers





I should have been a Better Granddaughter

I know My actions could never Stop The cancer eating away at your body

But I feel responsible for Your pain

I still think you'll be there next CHRISTMAS



it's not fair is it

watching A loved ONE Fade away

slow enough to Rip your HEART out

yet fast enough to feel like you've BEEN robbed

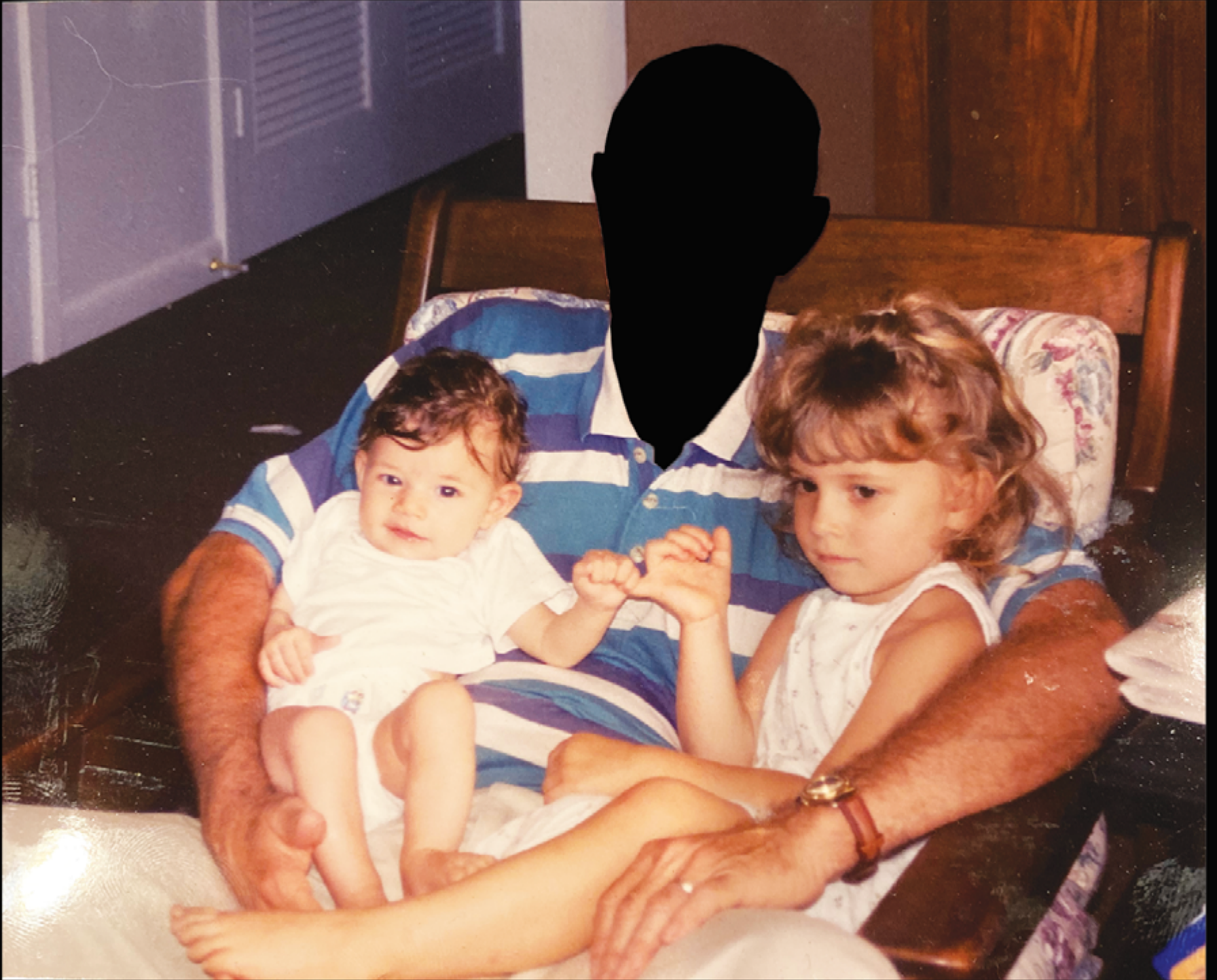
there is NEVER enough TIME to PREPARE for The pain

IT'S not FAIR

it's not FAIR

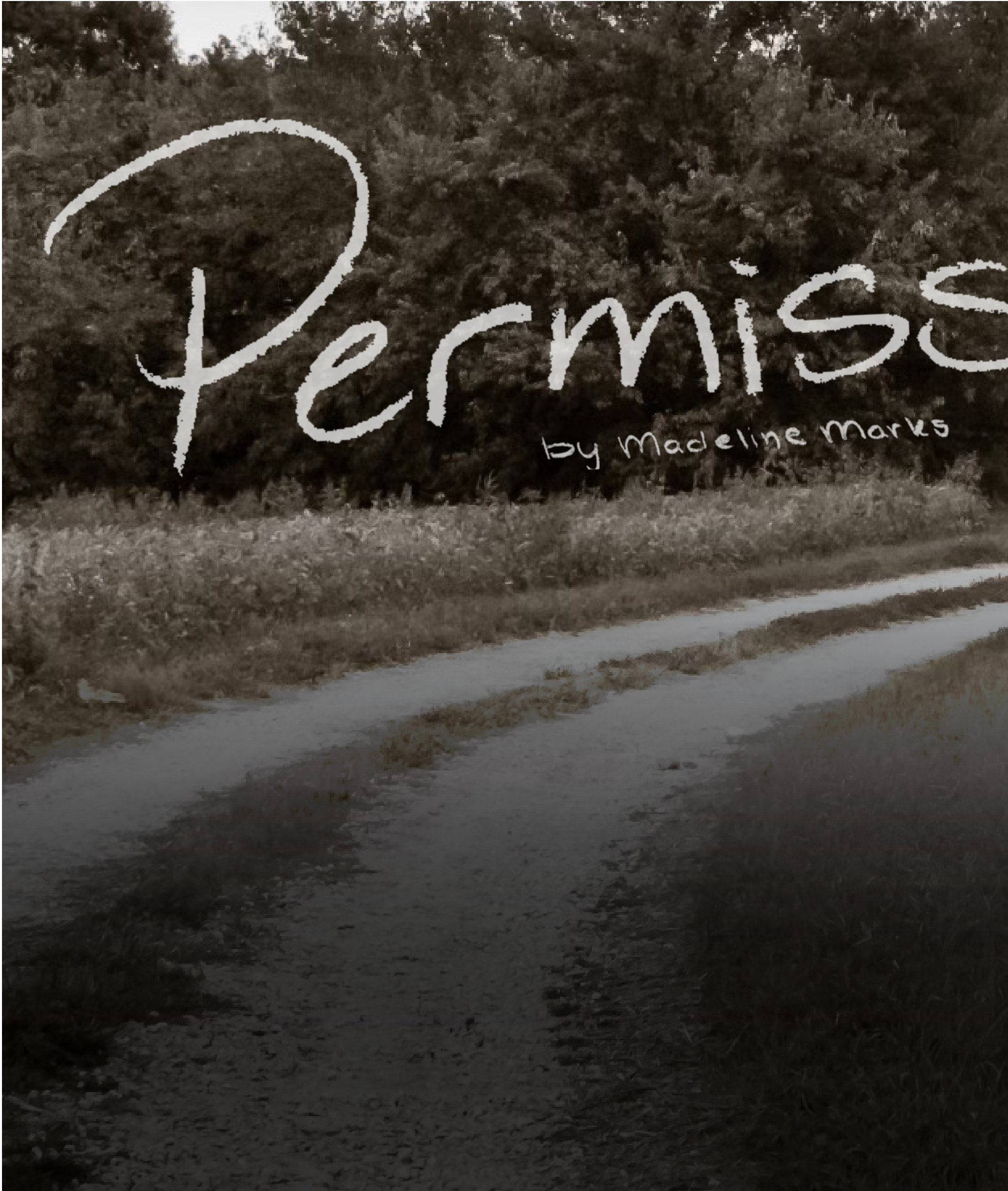
IT'S not FAIR!



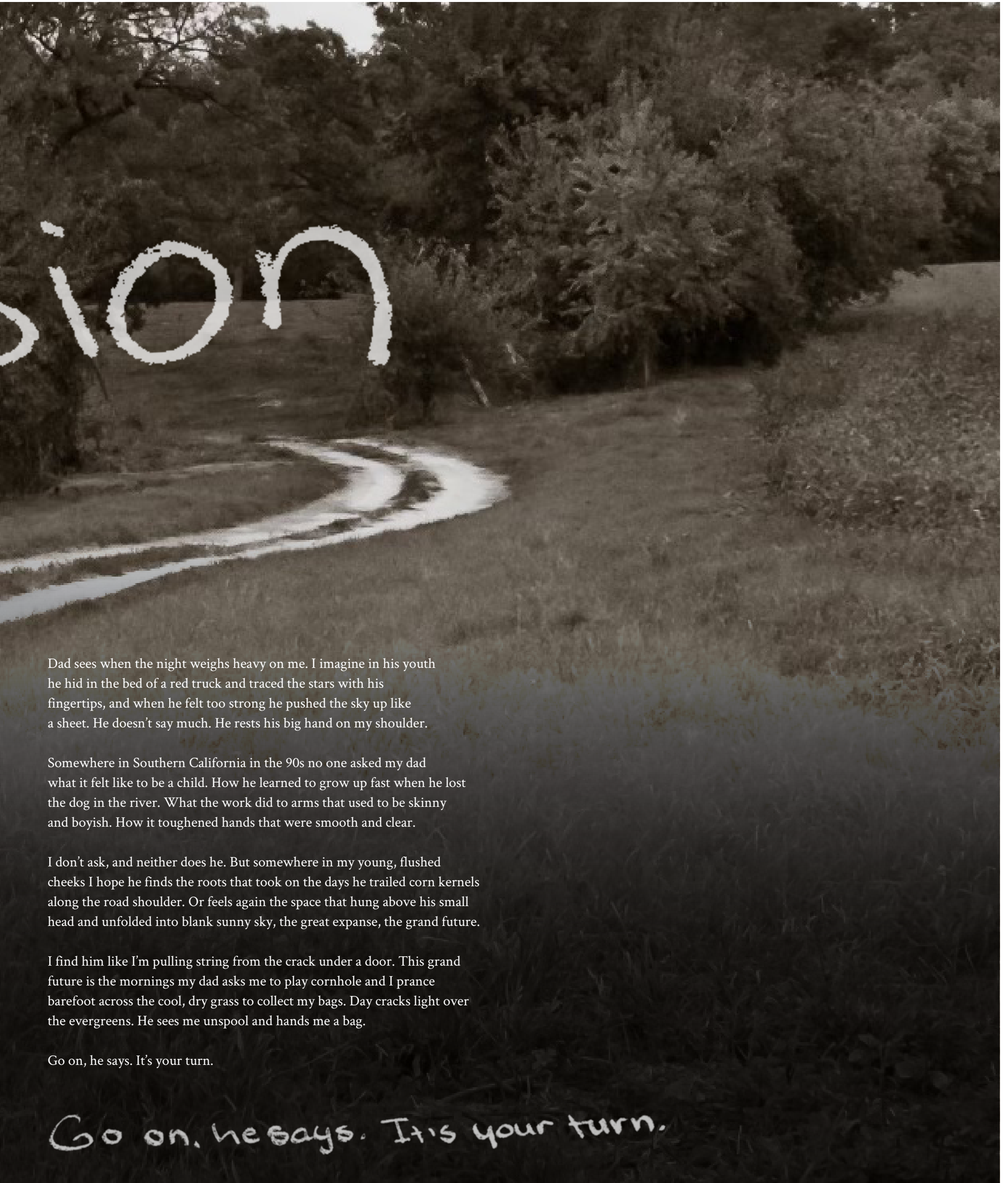


I hope you knew how much i love you









Dad sees when the night weighs heavy on me. I imagine in his youth he hid in the bed of a red truck and traced the stars with his fingertips, and when he felt too strong he pushed the sky up like a sheet. He doesn't say much. He rests his big hand on my shoulder.

Somewhere in Southern California in the 90s no one asked my dad what it felt like to be a child. How he learned to grow up fast when he lost the dog in the river. What the work did to arms that used to be skinny and boyish. How it toughened hands that were smooth and clear.

I don't ask, and neither does he. But somewhere in my young, flushed cheeks I hope he finds the roots that took on the days he trailed corn kernels along the road shoulder. Or feels again the space that hung above his small head and unfolded into blank sunny sky, the great expanse, the grand future.

I find him like I'm pulling string from the crack under a door. This grand future is the mornings my dad asks me to play cornhole and I prance barefoot across the cool, dry grass to collect my bags. Day cracks light over the evergreens. He sees me unspool and hands me a bag.

Go on, he says. It's your turn.

Go on, he says. It's your turn.







# BY ELUZA ORLIC

I have never been rude to sadness. I always let her in. I know her knock on my door better than my own raspy voice. I have never been opposed to such a sound, though I have never turned the handle. She does so herself.

Her bed is made with mine and our tea steams next to one another's as her eyes linger over me. She makes sure my figure is kept — my cheeks caving in, my hair frail to the touch. Her freezing hands soothe my cheeks, ensuring a tear never falls.

Though I allow her to stay, I would never call us close. I know none of her motivations, her hopes, her dreams, what she lives for. I rather not know. She always comes back as if it might be coincidence that she is here, fate. How lovely is my home for a wandering soul to stop in, to live in, to keep.

I once wondered what a life would be without her. A pleasurable smile tugged at my lips until my heartbeat began to quicken and a sweat broke on my skin. A life so free must surely be troublesome. What would I do with overflowing liberty?

Without her, I would become sedentary. Without her, I would be alone. And oh, how I hate the loneliness.



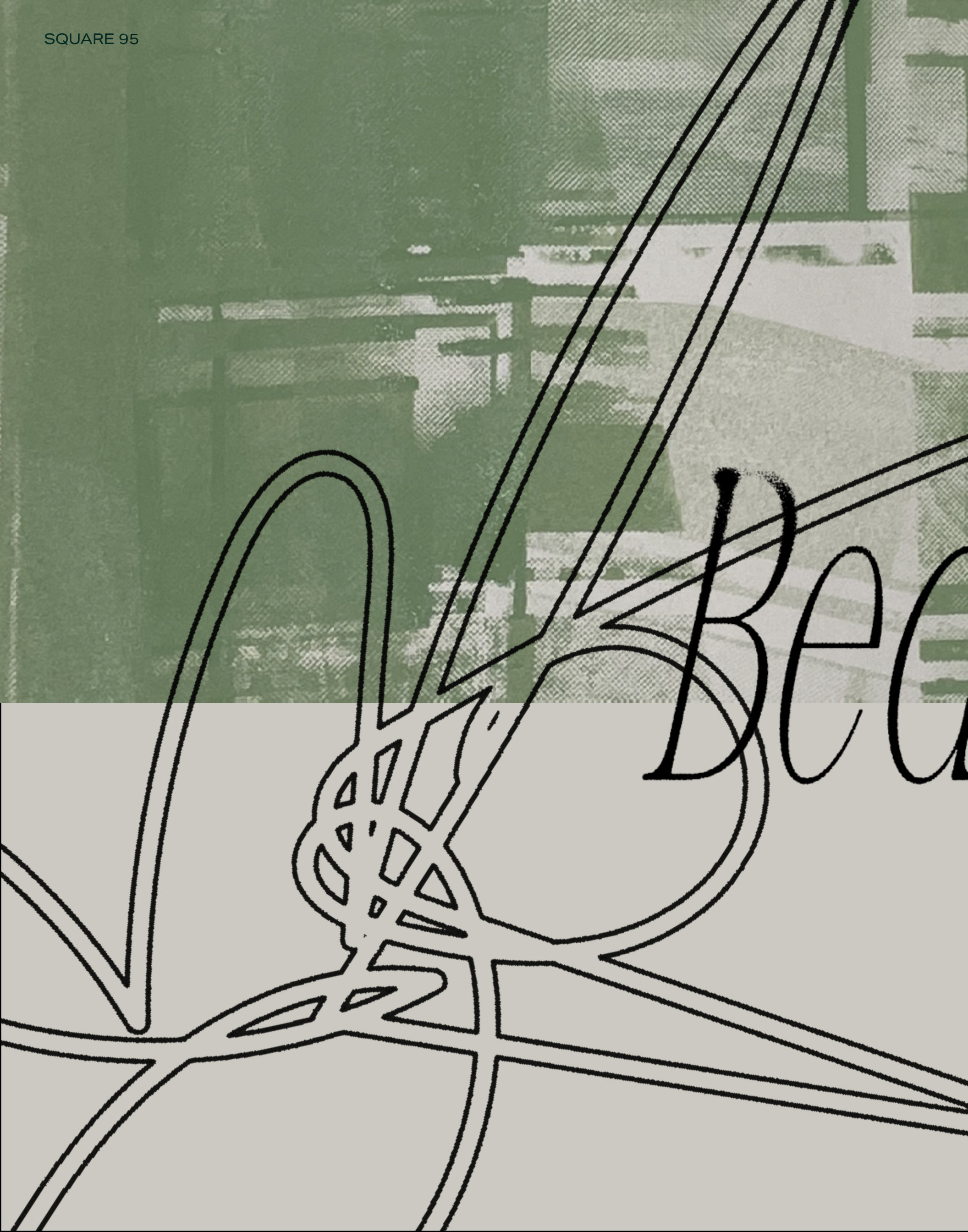
**CHASING  
A PAST**  
*by emma pilger*















# Dreams

By Daisy Rankin

It is thundering here, rocking and rocking the sky, yet it feels so much like a blanket. It is warm and safe. It says, “I am here. I’m rumbling your bones and heating your skin. Go to sleep.”

The roof caves above us like a fort — a sleepover in the forest of dogwoods. The thunder, so high up but so powerful. And us in our fortress of blankets, shaken by every small sound and rumble. All I can do is sit and think of the places I have slept. The people that have laid beside me and those sacred nights drifting off to sleep.

Sleep. Reading in my childhood room. That twin bed. The bright colors dulled by night. Only lamplight brightening my pages. The only time I slept in my own room was when I fell asleep reading.

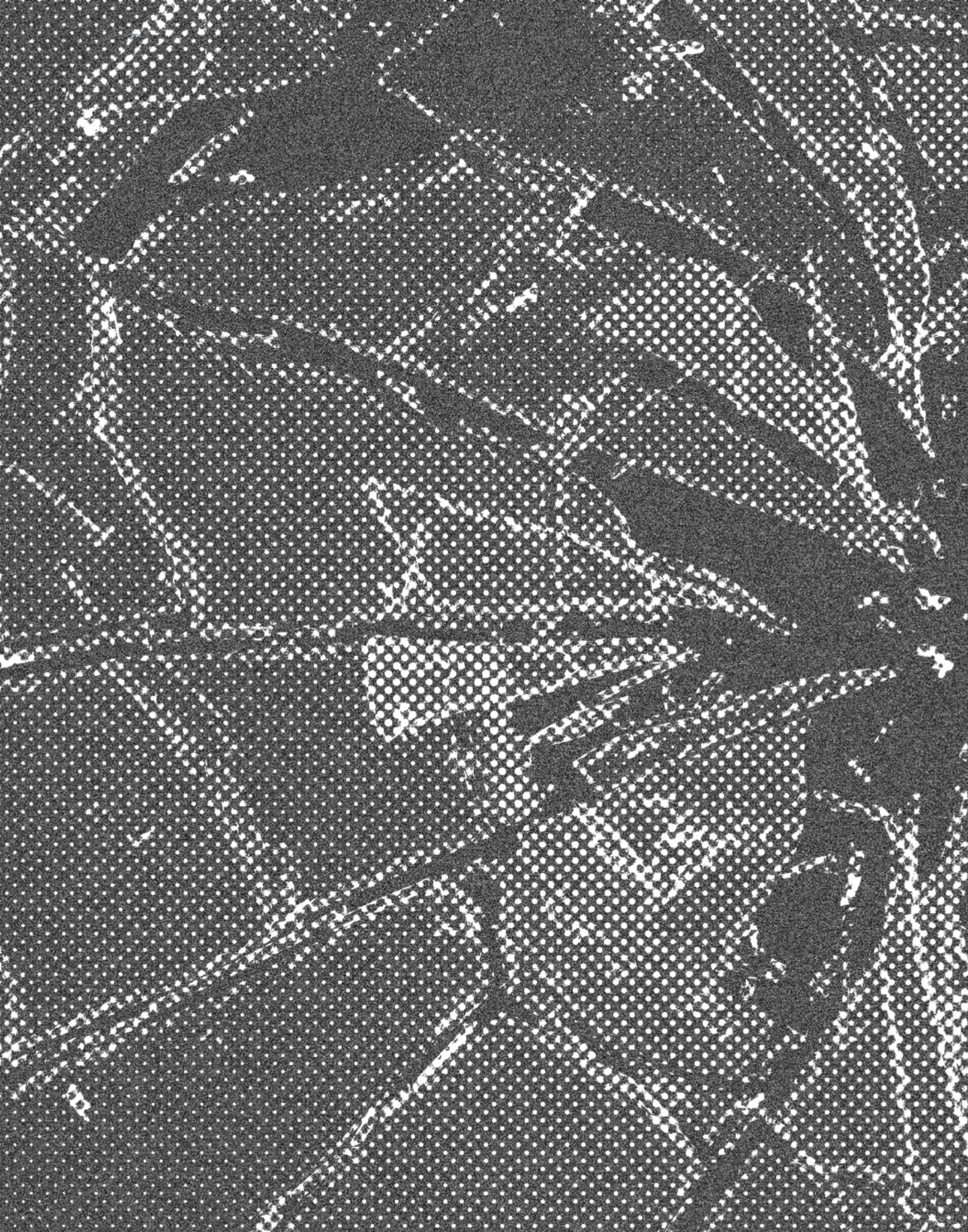
Listening to the radio like my older brother always did. The light of neon green numbers, mumbling the time to me in a hazy stupor. I didn’t know how haunted he was by memories and pain.

Mom reading to me in her bed. Her prayers before we slept. Gentle music. I didn’t know she was doing all

she could to keep it together for us. The sound of that rickety fan in her room, calm, happy. Those pink walls surrounding us. It was always so cold, but we had the fan on. I could hear the TV in the other room — your mom sleeping on the couch. I didn’t know she was unhappy in her marriage and refused to sleep in bed with her husband.

The sound of *his* rickety fan that now tears me up with anxiety. That window I would just stare blankly out of. The tears I had until I could finally wake up. Sometimes I wished the dark would keep me in. I didn’t know what I know now.







# THE BROKEN FOUNDATION

by Kaitlyne Rainne

Though the rubble of what I wanted,  
Lies shattered beneath my feet,  
I can't force my eyes to see the end,  
But as your gentle care wraps me in warmth,  
Your arms holding me one last time,  
The truth burns.  
Whispers of possibilities char the air,  
Your absence choking me like a kerosene-soaked rag,  
I had hoped it would be you,  
Now I'm left with empty hands,  
And a heart that's been unfurled.  
Wishing and hoping we could come  
Running back for more,  
So, I can memorize the sound of your footsteps,  
And feel you hold me just one more time,  
But you're not real,  
The ghost of your potential tangles in my arms.  
I reach out desperately,  
Trying to hang on and clawing to the broken foundation.  
Left huddled on the concrete,  
Wishing and praying that you were the house that became a home.



עשינו  
האנחנו

BY ASHLYN WARNER













# ~ A A R L O S A U S T E A D E S

Esto va para mis favoritos,

Hearing you all laugh because of me is always a compliment, and your accents are a comfort. Learning from and about you is a privilege. Dancing with you, a joy. Mano, we don't miss even one song because it wouldn't be right. En inglés o español, it doesn't matter ... we'll find our rhythm. Así somos. Or rather, that's who I am now, thanks to each of you. Those (and more) are reasons why I love you all.

Because of those, I hope you find the beaches that comfort your soul and all the songs that drown out that silence you avoid. Wherever you may find yourselves, I wish for serene and warm days to accept you for all that makes you, you. May you surround yourselves with people who are lucky to be the reason you smile, who touch your beautiful hearts with a love so strong that an unknown place is more familiar than where you were raised. That you continue to be fulfilled with the things you love.

I can't wait to hear about all of it. Bueno o malo, I'm dying to listen to everything that happens when I'm not around. When you fall in love or find new passions — because that's what being an artist is — I will listen to how they've welcomed who you are becoming. Or if you need to talk about everything that has gone wrong, I'll help you find a new home.

You have been here every time. Con mis sonrisas y mis lágrimas, you have all been an embrace of wonderful and endearing friendships that have grown into some of the people I love most. As you all find those things you call home, quiero que sepan that loving y'all is mine, and I'm taking that home with me a donde sea que vaya.

Un fuerte abrazo,  
Lia

BY  
NATALIA  
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