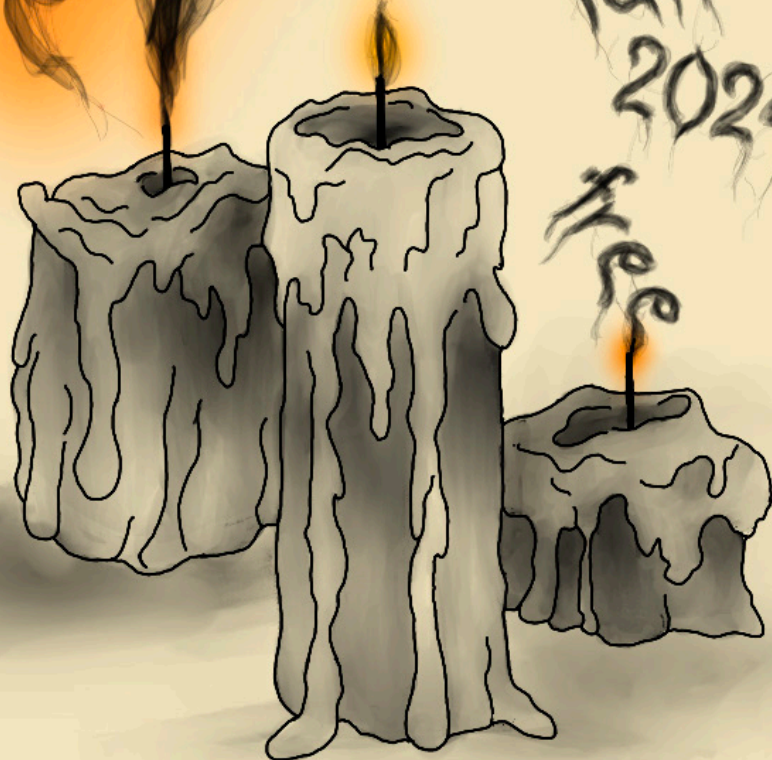


wrfl



Fall  
2024





# RiFLe



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# WRFL'S MISSION

as an FCC-licensed, non-commercial, educational radio station at 88.1 FM in Lexington since March 7, 1988, and a student organization of the University of Kentucky, is to:

## PROVIDE ITS MEMBERS

professional training and guidance in radio operations  
management, program development, and quality  
broadcast performance,

## OFFER ITS LISTENERS

a source of music, news, and other programming  
not regularly found through other media outlets in  
central Kentucky, and

**SUPPORT** arts and music in the Lexington area.

## BECOME A PART OF WRFL

**JOIN WRFL,** WRFL is open to both UK students, faculty,  
and staff. Become a DJ or volunteer today!  
Come to our DisOrientation which occurs at the beginning of every  
semester!

**DONATE  
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OUR MERCH  
STORE!!!**



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# Letter from the General Manager



**To you, the reader,**

Thank you so much for picking up another edition of WRFL's triannual zine, the RiFLe! You know, we heard all of your feedback about the Summer 2024 edition, and as much as everyone loved that issue, the biggest complaint we heard about it was "I really really really wish it was the Fall 2024 edition instead." Well, we hope we have answered your prayers with this new copy you have in your hands right now.

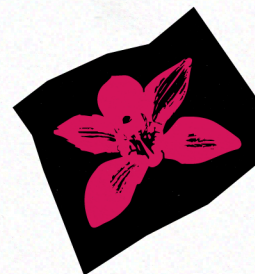
Seriously though, thanks for reading the RiFLe! We hope you enjoy checking out all the wonderful art, writing, and other works made by our amazing Design Director, Haley, as well as any other submissions from WRFLiens and others here in the Lexington community! Without your help, both the RiFLe and WRFL wouldn't be the way it is today! And personally, I like how it is now, so please keep supporting us. Please. :)

By the time this RiFLe is in your hands, WRFL will have already had a crazy semester. We kicked off the Fall 2024 show schedule with so many new shows as well as some long time classics, had the biggest DisOrientation (our triannual training/welcome event) ever, and we've already supported so many cool music events around town!

I say all that to say this... In today's day, which is... \*looks at calendar\* ...October 8th, 2024 as of me writing this, there are plenty of people in the world who make the claim that "radio is dead." I don't know about you, but I think WRFL is living proof that isn't the case at all. Radio is alive and the only way we can continue to keep it alive is for us to keep spreading the word about WRFL and how awesome this radio station really is. If you're a long time WRFL fan, tell a friend about us! If this is your first time reading the RiFLe and hearing about WRFL, then welcome! We hope you continue to support us! And for anyone who is already a WRFLien and has told every

single person in your entire life about us, then, uh, cool. Enjoy the rest of the RiFLe, because I don't have anything else for you to do. (Yet.)

**Enjoy!**  
**Luke Stone**  
**WRFL General Manager**



# Letter from the Design Director

**Hi, it's me again,**

I can't thank you enough for collecting the one and only Fall 2024 RiFLe! I am so lucky that I have yet another chance to curate another edition for YOU, the reader! It's been an honor to continue giving back to the Lexington community and to produce a platform for creative expression.

This RiFLe would not be possible without every submission and contribution from our talented artists and writers who have added their unique touch, making this issue truly special. I hope you find as much joy in reading it as I did in creating it!

I am deeply grateful to everyone who makes the RiFLe possible including the Board of Directors, DJs, listeners, and, most importantly, YOU, the reader! The unconditional support is what keeps this publication alive and growing and I couldn't be more thankful to be in this position. Whether this is your first RiFLe or you're twentieth, I hope this edition offers something that inspires you! So, sit down, settle in, take your time, and get lost in this gorgeous edition of the RiFLe, made just for YOU—the best people in the world obviously, the reader!

**Until Next Time!**  
**Haley Wade**  
**WRFL Design Director**



# MEET THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

## Questions for the board:

1. Position
2. Hometown
3. Your Biggest Hot Take



### LUKE STONE

1. General Manager
2. Lexington, KY
3. Coleslaw is the worst food of all time. Who the fuck likes watery mayonnaise dumped on vegetables

### ANDREW MORTIMER

1. Operations Director
2. Salyersville, KY
3. Mayonnaise is far superior to ketchup in almost every situation.

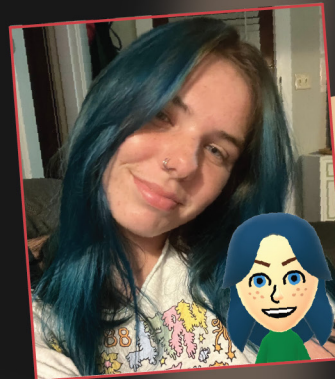
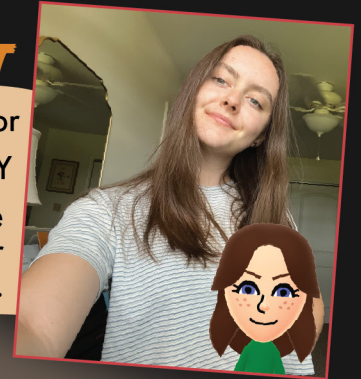


### AIDAN GREENWELL

1. Programming Director
2. Newport, KY
3. Velcro is vastly superior to shoelaces AND YES I KNOW HOW TO TIE MY SHOES!!!

### VALERIE WRIGHT

1. Promotions Director
2. Shelbyville, KY
3. I hate ugs. I am sorry but those shoes are so ugly and you will never catch me in them.



### CAROLINE WEST

1. Community Engagement Director
2. Lexington, KY
3. Fangirls are not as bad as diehard sports fans, but they are treated worse because they're typically women

### HALEY WADE

1. Design Director
2. Atlanta, GA
3. Roblox is one of the best video games







## **WILL MAJORS**

1. Events Director
2. Lexington, KY
3. Acapella is kinda cool



## **REBEKAH NEW**

1. Music Director
2. Beckley, WV
3. people hate on musicals too much. you don't want to see people sing and dance?? do you hate fun????

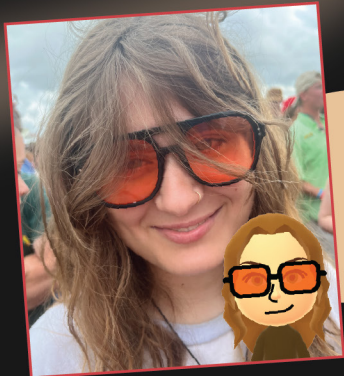
## **JAKE BUTLER**

1. Library Director
2. Lititz, PA
3. Denim on denim is an awesome outfit combo



## **LA'MIYA STARNES**

1. News Director
2. Nashville, TN
3. Hot sauce goes on Nacho Cheese Doritos



## **MADDIE WALLEN**

1. Local Music Director
2. Louisville, KY
3. Sandals with socks rocks?



## **SAM WALLACE-SMITH**

1. Production Director I
2. Lexington, KY
3. Ari Aster sux (he's actually okay just not nearly as good as people think)

## **EVON OLIVER**

1. Membership Director
2. Louisville, KY
3. Good Jazz will change your life

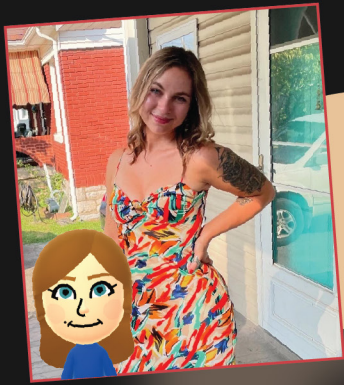


## **GAVIN PROBUS**

1. Production Director II
2. Crestwood, KY
3. I have always kinda secretly liked Spider-Man 3







## MARY CLARK

1. Station Advisor
2. Lexington, KY
3. Myspace was the best social media platform and nothing else will ever compare to it.

## NICOLE GREENE


1. Station Coordinator
2. Lexington, KY
3. I liked Bane more than the Joker in The Dark Knight Trilogy. (Heath Ledger was amazing, but Bane!!!)




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# FALL 2024 PROGRAMMING SCHEDULE

	monday		tuesday		wednesday	
12AM	Manic Pixie Dreams		Matt's Metal Mortuary		turtle in a hat	
2AM			The Shuffle Arc		SideBar	
5AM	afterimage	Better Than Dead Air.	Gone Fishin'		Thrift Store Bins	
7AM	Fun Times		silly rabbit		The B-Sides	
9AM	Democracy Now					
10AM	Semilla Sagrada Radio		The Gray Area		Dave's Deep Dives	
11AM			The Rapids			
12PM	Lukie Goes Green		Easy Tiger		The Humpday Bump!	
2PM	Working Title		The Rhythm Rug		Your Father's Music Program	
4PM	Asleep at the Wheel		Sunflowers & Thunderstorms	A Night of Drum & Bass	Campus Voices	
6PM	GRIDLOCK	Man Without Ties	Here Comes Treble	Inside the Box	The Last Resort	
8PM	The Pacobilly Hour		bag fries		WRFL Live	
10PM	Old School Hip-Hop		BTU	BUGSNOT	houseplants!	In the Works

wrfl.fm/schedule <sup>88.1 FM</sup> **wrfl**

thursday	friday		saturday	sunday	
Radio Rebel	The Egg Carton	Rat Race	Vampire Hours	The Onion Router	
Voyager Golden Records			TONE SHIFT!	Dissident Discord	
Afrodesia	The Cool Pool		members only.	Zoo Station	
Jammin' Bread	Frank & Friends	B'way Buzz	Good Grief	Kentucky Soundscape	
Democracy Now			Unhinged Reality Show	Neverland Ballroom	
Trivial Thursdays	Cim Jramer	to the mountains			
Slow Blink	Love Love Love		Blue Yodel #9	Down the Hatch	
Union Break	Velvet Revolution		Somthing Completely Different	The Locust Hour	
Russian Radio	DTS 3: Dirge of the Charlatans		All Things Heavy!	The World Beat	
The Matterhorn Mix	Phantom Power Double Hour		El Tren Latino	Generations of Jazz	
Live on Hare	Traffic Jams	Giddy Up	WRFL Psychedelicatessen	meowza!	Next Level Radio
The Musical Box	Signal Boost		Serious Moonlite	The Lab	



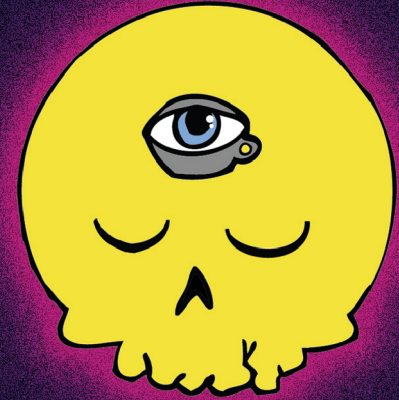
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Fridays 8-10PM

OUTLAW  
ZACH



# DEAD NOT ALIVE



if found, please tune in to  
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88.1 WRFL Lexington



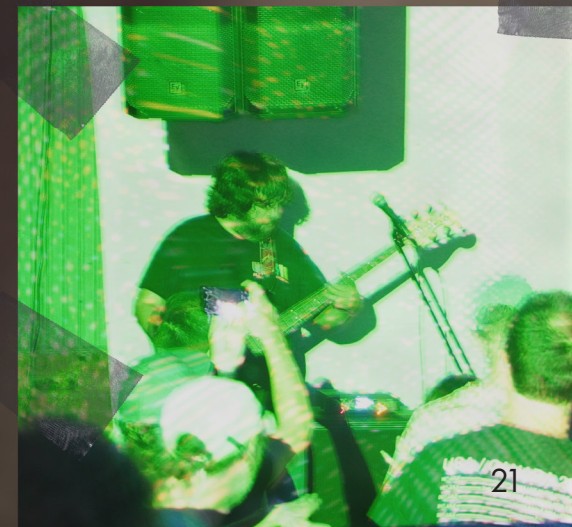
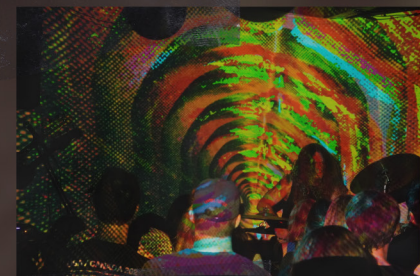
# EXPANSION

## WRFL DAY

WRFL AND EXPANSION  
FESTIVAL HAD A  
COLLABORATION NIGHT  
OF LOCAL LIVE MUSIC AT  
AL'S BAR ON AUGUST 23RD

### FEATURING STATION MAINSTAYS:

SWEET COUNTRY MEAT BOYS.  
DOOMGONG.  
ROUTINE CAFFEINE.  
MOVIEJAIL  
& DJ SETS FROM LUXURY ELITE  
AND WRFL WITH LIVE VISUALS







# Writing Submissions

art by Karl  
@bugwtr



# WHY JOHNNY BLUE SKIES IS THE HERO WE NEEDED, NOT THE HERO WE DESERVED:

## PASSAGE DU DESIR ALBUM REVIEW



by Zach Seybold

From the time I first heard “You Can Have The Crown” off of his debut album, *High Top Mountain*, I’ve considered myself a diehard Sturgill Simpson fan. But sadly, Sturgill Simpson is no longer with us. But in his wake emerges Johnny Blue Skies, a man who walks, talks, and performs eerily similar to Sturgill Simpson.

So why the name change? Well that’s the burning question, that oddly enough, is

answered when you give *Passage Du Desir* a listen. But first, let me give you some context. In 2019, Sturgill Simpson put out his fourth and highly polarizing album *Sound & Fury*. Along with this album came the “A Good Lookin’ Tour,” with Tyler Childers on the undercard. Of course everyone remembers what happened globally in 2019, and the tour was ultimately cut short due to Covid-19. But alas, Sturgill kept plugging along, releasing *Cuttin’ Grass Vol. 1 & Vol. 2* in

2020, with reimagined bluegrass versions of some of his most iconic tunes. Then again in 2021, Sturgill put out a brand new studio album of originals, *The Ballad of Dood & Juanita*, an album he often refers to as an “eastern,” riddled with sounds of mountain/Appalachian music. He again went on tour in support of this album and, wouldn’t you know it, this tour was cut short as well after Simpson tore his vocal cords. This brought forth a dark age for Sturgill Simpson fans, as there were no talks of a new album or tour until the announcement of *Passage Du Desir*, and many fans, myself included, began to come to terms with the idea that we may have heard musically all that we were going to hear from our beloved beloved star. To add to this speculation, Simpson began taking roles in the film industry, notably in *The Righteous Gemstones* and Martin Scorsese’s *Killers of the Flower Moon*, potentially marking a shift from music to film. But at long last, our prayers would be answered.

On June 5th, 2024, it was announced that Sturgill would release a new album, *Passage Du Desir* on July 12th, 2024, under the moniker Johnny Blue Skies, along with the announcement of a new tour supporting the album. For me, this announcement couldn’t have come at a better time. See, for whatever reason, Sturgill Simpson and his music always seem to fall into my lap when I need it most. When I’m feeling down on my luck, I find solace in the songs of *High Top Mountain*, (i.e. “Some Days,” “You Can Have The Crown,” and “Life Ain’t Fair and the World Is Mean”). When I was going through my first real breakup, I had the newly released *Sound & Fury* to turn to. When I’m feeling anxious the wisdom of *A Sailor’s Guide To Earth* guides me through the storm (“All Around You” most especially). When the beloved family dog, Pickle passed on to the green pastures in the sky, low and behold *The Ballad of Dood and Juanita*’s “Sam” was there to soften the blow. When I had a series

of crazy, existential dreams involving space, time, orcas, and omens of future events, what else would randomly pop up in my Spotify Daily Mix then *Metamodern Sounds in Country Music*’s “Just Let Go.” Needless to say, it often feels like Sturgill Simpson’s music was written specifically with me in mind.

This summer, I hit one of my biggest rough patches of my entire life. Characterized by heartbreak, loss, a new quest to find my identity, the neverending battle of finding and securing housing here in Lexington, and overall chronic bad luck, it felt like the light at the end of the tunnel was growing dimmer and dimmer by the day. But out of the darkness emerged *Passage Du Desir*, yet another album that felt like it was written just for me, and all the things that I was (and currently am for that matter) going through in my life. So without any further ado, let’s actually talk about the songs on this album.

The album kicks off with the slow, melancholy, “Swamp of Sadness.” For me, this track serves as a sort of “no wake zone” between the Sturgill Simpson discography, and the new Johnny Blue Skies era. The song is ripe with nautical themes, calling to mind *A Sailor’s Guide to Earth*, and features the accordion, which is reminiscent of The Band’s “When I Paint My Masterpiece.” Lyrically, it sets the album up for a more serious tone than his past work, and speaks of a man drifting at sea, dodging the “sirens” along the way, until the bridge kicks in: “Pull the wax out of my ears, tie me to the mast headlong. My heart’s free of fear, so let me hear that siren song.” This introduces another common theme: facing fear in the face, and embracing the person you really are.

From here, Johnny Blue Skies asks us what “If the Sun Never Rises Again,” which is my personal favorite track on the album. On this track, we’re introduced to the phenomenal guitar playing that seeps throughout *Passage Du Desir*. The track overall has almost a late



70s - early 80s rock feel (think The Eagles and Allman Brothers Band), with percussive bongos and triangles swelling in the background in support of Sturgill's serious guitar riffage. Furthermore, it has what I think is the catchiest chorus he's ever written: "Why can't the dream go on forever? Why can't the night never end? All we need is starlight in our eyes however. What if the sun never rises again?" While lyrically it's a beautifully written love song, the instrumentation and vocal delivery give it an undeniable heartache factor.

The next track, "Scooter Blues" is probably the most polarizing on the album. More excellent guitar work, both acoustic and electric this time, with those same bongos, makes this a bonafide "yacht country" track if I've ever heard one. Of course with this comes comparisons to Jimmy Buffett and Kenny Chesney (which I don't personally see as a bad thing), and in some fans' opinions, feels gimmicky. But on the flipside, I know people who say this is their favorite song on the album, so do with that what you will. Lyrically, it addresses every man's real dream—leaving behind everything you know to make Eggo waffles, scooter around the beaches of Thailand and, I don't know, become part owner of a beach bar? This song is a fun time, and it gives us some more clues into the whole Johnny Blue Skies name change in the chorus: "When people say are you him, I'll say not anymore. With the wind in my hair, I'm gonna scooter my blues away."

And just like that it's time to get serious again. "Jupiter's Faerie" is truly the center point of the album. Clocking in at 7 minutes and 24 seconds, this is a song you need to buckle up for, and maybe even bring along some tissues. It's a slow build, with keys and vocals at the focal point, but the key change at the bridge is quite possibly one of the best moments in Sturgill's discography. The lyrics rip your heart out, showing you Sturgill's side of a romance that ended bitterly, and after

time passed, his former partner's depression took her to her grave. There's nothing I could say here that would do this song justice so I'll leave you with some excerpts of the lyrics. From the chorus: "But today I'm feeling way down here on Earth. Crying tears of love in the light of mourning dawn." and from the bridge: "One more glass of whine for a love so true. Then another and another, for today one just won't do. There's no happy endings, only stories that stop before they're through."

"Who I Am" is up next. Another acoustic-driven track, this song more than any speaks to Sturgill Simpson's new name. To put it briefly, it's all about finding out who you are. Things in life almost never go as planned, and sometimes it feels like you're living a sham. It's okay to not be okay, but don't ignore the beauty that surrounds you. But the good news is, according to Mr. Blue Skies, "they don't ask you what your name is when you get up to Heaven. And thank God, I couldn't tell her if I had to who I am." Oh, and there's a really cool call-and-response guitar part on this one.

This brings us to the groundbreaking "Right Kind of Dream." Sonically it's hard to describe. It's got an undeniable 80s feel to it, calling to mind the likes of Don Henley, Phil Collins, etc. It's a song that you can get up and dance to, which is a rare treat in Sturgill's discography. The subtlety of the keyboards make this song irresistible, but truly it's the violin that is the unsung hero on this one. The lyrics are sincere and earnest, and flow so effortlessly that it feels like they were written all at once in about half an hour (but in a good way). Truly some of the best on the album: "I'll leave my heart so blue out on the doorstep, so when you come home, you can wipe your feet... How I wish that happiness left us scars too, just like you do." "If The Sun

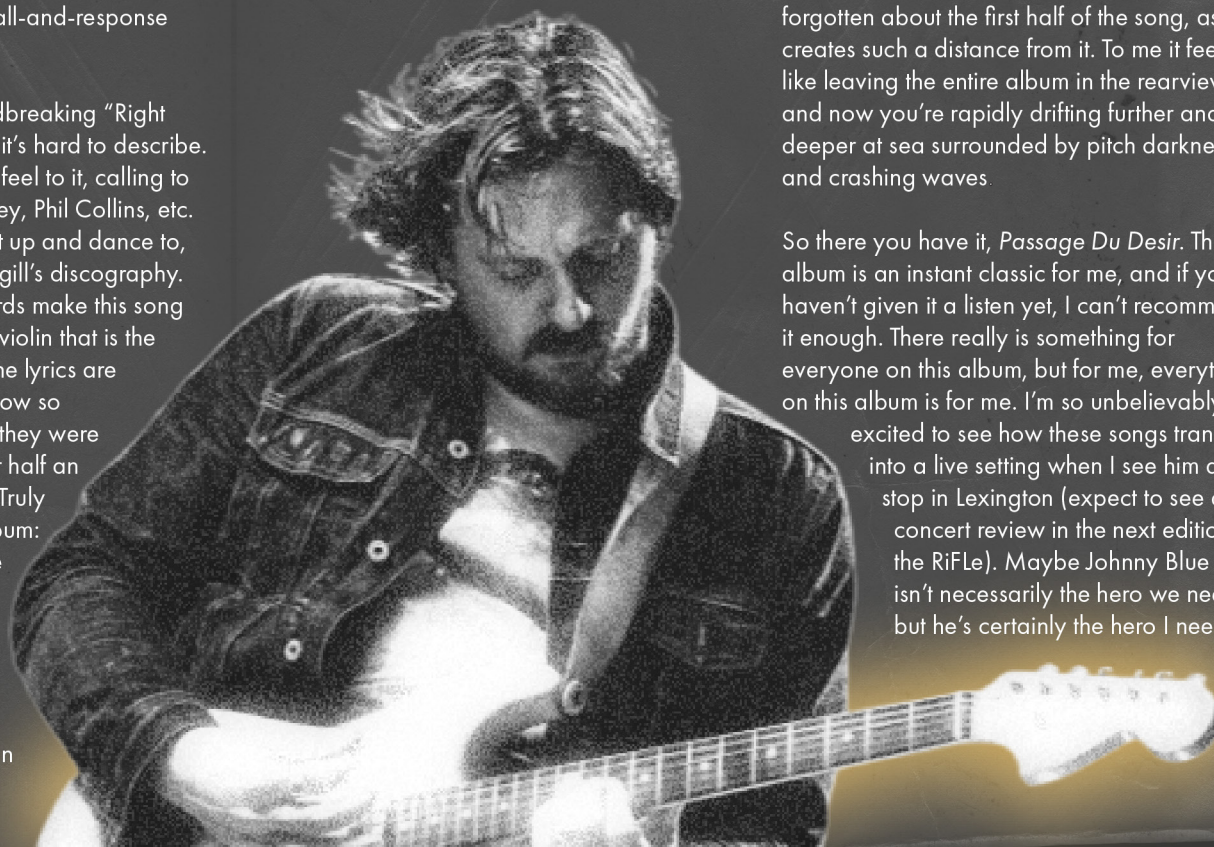
Never Rises Again" is my favorite on the album, but this one follows closely behind it for me.

It's time to go acoustic one last time for "Mint Tea." If we're going by Spotify metrics, this is certainly the "fan favorite," and upon listening it's clear to see why. This track exudes charisma, with absolutely perfect lyric delivery, giving the song an unmatched laid-back feel as Simpson sings out, "So put another bandaid on this bullet wound, pour us both another cup of that mint tea." On the music side of things, it feels like a back porch 2 AM jam session, rife with soul and heart, delivered with utmost care. This one is sure to be a "sitting around the campfire" staple, in a similar vein of J.J. Cale.

Then we arrive at last to "One For The Road," another lengthy epic to round the album out. The track clocks in at 8:55, making it the longest song in Sturgill Simpson's discography, and it doesn't waste a single second of that

run time. But having said that, I do have some controversial opinions about this song. Dare I say, this track for me is actually the weakest from a lyrical perspective, and is the only tune on this album that doesn't have a particular line that sticks with me. This of course is not to discount the track, but by this point in the album I've already heard some of the greatest lyrics to be written in recent memory, and this one just doesn't feel as strong as the others to me. Sonically though, this is without a doubt the best track on the album, maybe even in his entire discography, and this is done in large part by the lengthy instrumental outro that kicks in around the halfway mark. The instrumental section is best described as "progressive country," with so many intricate things at play, centered around Sturgill's greatest guitar solo to date. Lots of fans seem to refer to this track as Sturgill's "Comfortably Numb," and while I agree in sentiment, that really doesn't do the atmosphere created on this one justice. The outro puts you in a trance, and by the final minute, you're likely to have forgotten about the first half of the song, as it creates such a distance from it. To me it feels like leaving the entire album in the rearview, and now you're rapidly drifting further and deeper at sea surrounded by pitch darkness and crashing waves

So there you have it, *Passage Du Desir*. This album is an instant classic for me, and if you haven't given it a listen yet, I can't recommend it enough. There really is something for everyone on this album, but for me, everything on this album is for me. I'm so unbelievably excited to see how these songs translate into a live setting when I see him at his stop in Lexington (expect to see a concert review in the next edition of the RiFLe). Maybe Johnny Blue Skies isn't necessarily the hero we needed, but he's certainly the hero I needed.





# Snapshot of an Idle Mind

by Noah Edgar

There is a rancid smell in the desert. So dry here it makes your skin curl. The sun stands high overhead as if it were a spotlight. The pressure makes us sweat. Air pushes dust particles around. There's a physical quality to it. A sense of really being there which had eluded me until now.

We wrapped our water bottles in olive drab duct tape. I don't know why. Everybody does it, so we did it too. Water drips through slits of tape like open wounds.

"Shit man. How much we got left?"

We were 46 hours into our 48 hour shift, posted up on a rooftop in Ramadi. One hour on the gun, one hour off the gun. One hour on, one hour off. The longer we lay there the weaker our senses; the more we begin to unravel as we're dragged further and further away from ourselves and this distance brings clarity. Gradually we're drawn back to a question: why are we here? Does our being here mean something? It must mean something. It must mean something.

He reaches his hand toward me as if for help. As if to be reeled back.

"Give me the bottle." He takes it from my hand without removing his eye from the scope, without looking at me, and lets the feeling of the water dripping down his fingers linger for a moment before he runs his tongue up the bottle and takes a sip—puts the bottle to his temple.

"Ahh...that's nice."

And this dislodges me. Our minds go to strange places when kept awake. The hour passes and it's my turn on the gun. The day begins to fade. He rolls to his right and I slide into position, slip my eye into the scope. At first there was excitement, but time moves slow behind the gun.

I remember when I was a kid playing war on wooden play structures.

I remember when I was a kid and I still saw stars.

I remember when I was a kid and the feeling of being ready.

He notices my head leaning to the left and kicks my leg.

"Wake the fuck up, dude."

"Reach into my right cargo pocket and grab my dip." I reach out to him and take the can from his hand without removing my eye from the scope and place the dip can on the ground by the right bipod leg, flick the front lip of the can open while placing pressure on the back end with the palm of my hand. I took a fat pinch and stuffed the tobacco in my lip, packed the loose bits in with my tongue.

I have seen the wind. Yes, it is the age-old problem of freedom and will, of retracing my steps and reassessing the array of choices I had. How the choices I had were limited by my lack of cognitive resources. My lack of patience shaping my perspective and my perspective being built on the circumstances that surround me. The voice in my ear hardens and shrinks my consciousness until each lived experience is ranked and lined up single file like soldiers in formation and each moment is crystallized to a life that is now sequential, each step leading to the top of this obstinate present. I must breathe.

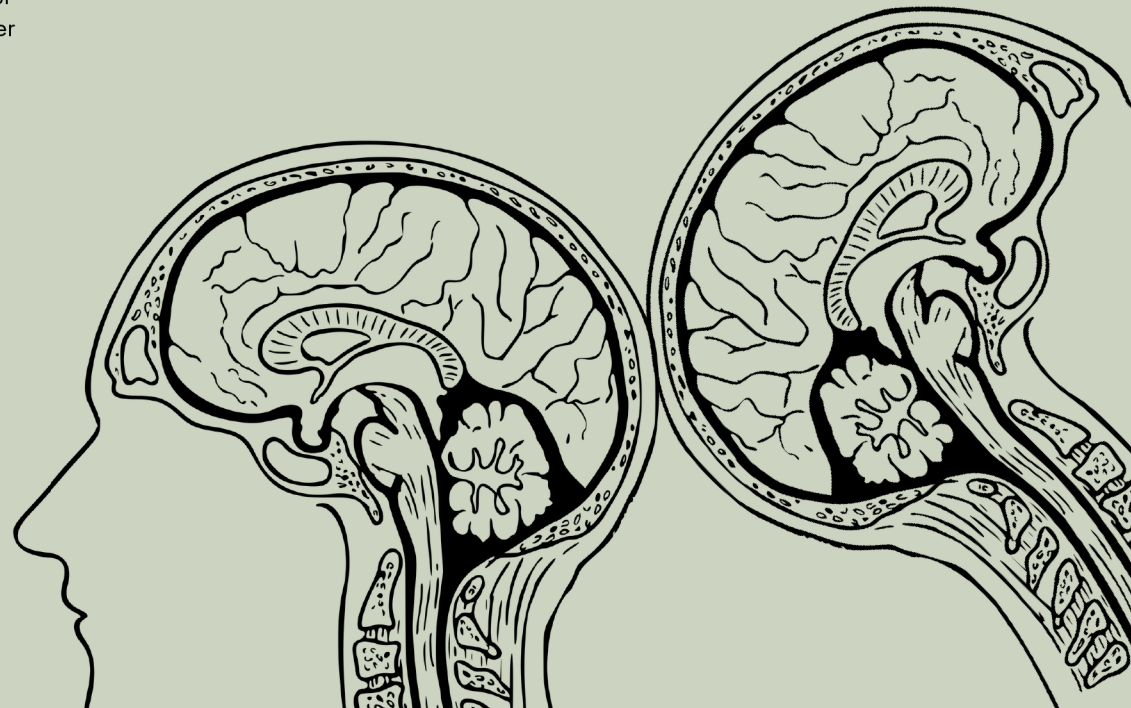
I move my hand off the pistol grip and reach into my left shoulder pocket for a handheld bottle of hand sanitizer and put the nozzle to my nose, take a big huff. My brain begins to tingle.

Through the scope there is a band of locals sifting through buildings, the rubble and debris of history. They walk carefully in their own country. Children kicking bullets buried in dust. Faceless loved ones attached to man's arms.

At twilight the hour moves in slow steps and we've just received word that the patrol squads have retreated back to base. I recognize every second, every crunch of gravel beneath the boot. It's just us and it's quiet so I can hear his breath and his breath keeps me on earth. I seek solace in it. There are slow drags through the nose. I imagine his chest extending, then shrinking. Extending, then shrinking. I loosen my eye socket from the scope, drag my head down so that I'm looking down into myself, roll my neck around, my chin to my chest.

I see a chukar bathing itself in dust as if it were already dead and how I wish I was a chukar bathing itself in dust.

The end of the hour: when everything is slurped down beneath the break of the earth where the ground does not bend. And then nothing.





# Columbia

## Chase Myers

Sun come,  
Sun come.  
Sun over blanket west of men and dreams.  
They hoist their work clothes on invisible wind strings.  
Patchwork heart!  
Patchwork heart!  
Chewing routine like cow feed.  
Dirt roads of soft birthed footprints.  
New and hopeful.  
And singing,  
And singing.

Tan backs to summer light.  
A reunion of limbs offering  
some prayer.  
A chaotic rhythm of play.  
Young. Harmless. Nameless.  
They'll turn aside and declare  
it all pointless.  
Led will fire, my god.  
Mangled growth!  
Mangled growth!  
Doe wasted by the hundreds.  
Cracked honey pots in the  
furnace face.

"It's hell," they declare.  
Still marching.  
Mourned all in this dream.  
Waking dream.

Warm sun with warm skin.  
Divorced from expectation.  
Red sand seas blooming  
mushroom caps of gold.  
Hand kisses the hand and lip kisses lip.  
Met and killed!  
Met and killed!  
Enveloped in the gift of sight.

Westward desire bathes in the  
new blood.  
Staining bodies which retreat  
into dark shells.  
Turning away from all land and love.  
Drowning your lungs forever!  
Drowning your lungs forever!  
Casting a black pool in  
your image.  
Charcoal inventing new diseases  
to thrive in the break  
of separation.

Common man spits on common man.  
Like kings with armies.  
Our sickle harvests dead grain.  
Dead grain!  
Dead grain!

You're dreaming of the west.  
But you must face east  
to see the rising sun.  
Rising sun.  
Rising sun.

# The clock that stopped ticking



## Rachel Lin

Let months dissolve  
With an unforgiving guilt  
Where past remorse  
Shed year through year  
Of life being taken away  
As it turned out

It was only my world  
Who has been frozen in time  
And that's when I knew

That for me,  
The clock stopped ticking

# Reminds me of you

## Sophia Bowden

Kiss me before the shore retreats and the wind blows me back,  
Dance with me through our soulful songbirds in case they stop singing,  
We live within our Garden of Eden.  
Sometimes, here, the moon reminds me of you when she speaks,  
She takes a breath,  
But only can grasp your essence.  
The Moon,  
Of gravity and guidance, the force that all living creatures live through.  
I'm being pulled to you, my moon,  
My ghostwriter, my love, my compass.  
My moon,  
Teach me what it means to be alive, the force and power you hold to control my seas, teach me  
to breathe with the tides, teach me to love.  
Tell me about her again, is she really as beautiful as you say? Tell me about her soul rich with life.  
She takes a breath,  
Cobblestone walls form with perfectly overgrown moss and flowers. They bloom in the spring  
and lay dormant in the winter. The metal gates stay open. Rabbits build nests under the bushes  
inside, eating the fruit from the flowers. The songbirds breathe with the tide. They move together.  
The nests move with the branches through the breeze. The sun stares at the moon before she sets.  
She shines in my sun, and I glimmer in her moonlight.  
They stay beautiful all year round.



# Shocked Silent

Catherine Vincent

12:34 A.M.  
Bark  
Tossing and turning from the room across the hall  
Bark bark  
Headlights float past the window  
Bark bark bark  
The neighboring dog howls in response  
There is a groan from the nearby room  
Annie chooses to speak rather than slumber beneath the stars  
Mom and her sensitive ears suffer through the night because of her

Two days passed  
Mom's attitude has turned cranky, irritable  
Her nights have become long, restless  
Annie is to blame  
Fatigue births schemes anew  
\$30 from her burgundy pocketbook  
A quick trip to Walmart  
One way or another  
She will put an end to her exhaustion

Against my better judgment, I accompany her to the store  
Begging her not to follow through with this purchase  
I plead to her as if she were God  
Practically on my knees  
She throws away the receipt as she snaps at me to be quiet  
Scathingly marvels at how similar Annie and I are  
My tongue turns to stone  
I do not speak again

Annie prances around the yard sporting a red collar  
She stops in front of each of us and licks our palms  
Eagerly waiting for us to scratch her ears and tell her how pretty she looks in maroon  
I am reminded of a bright-eyed girl on her birthday  
Parading around in her new dress for the whole world to see  
Blind in her elation, Annie does not notice the tiny black box sewn into the collar  
Mom is proud of her brilliant idea and patiently watches the sunset

12:13 A.M.  
The dog down the street hurls questions at the sky  
Her golden coat silver beneath the moon, Annie answers for the stars  
*Bark*  
The other dog howls back but is confused when there is no response  
He bays and cries, but the stars stay silent this time  
Faint whines from the yard drift up through my open window  
Haunting my ears, they twist themselves around my heart  
I cry as I fall asleep

The next morning Annie has isolated herself in her doghouse  
Her sorrowful eyes follow our movements while we sit in the yard  
Ignoring the frisbees we toss and the treats we offer  
Mom raves about her peaceful slumber  
Gloating that she solved the problem  
Declaring a broken spirit a wonderful success  
I say nothing as my hands drift up to my neck  
Stone tongue heavy in my mouth  
An imaginary shock collar fastened around my own throat

Life devoid of song and speech is cruelty absolute  
My mother disagrees—  
Barking is not worth her weariness  
Annie does not understand the anger behind Mom's teeth  
How was she to know enthusiasm was wrong?  
She scratches her collar and looks at me  
Brown eyes meeting my own  
I see myself in her sullen gaze  
Twin tongues of stone  
I wonder what my own punishment will look like



**"everything i've ever  
let go of has claw  
marks on it"** *-David Foster Wallace*

## **Jaclyn Okorley**

i allow the idea of goodness to enter my life. of  
change, growth and new experience.

as it's ripped away, my nails dig into the surface,  
permanently marking what was once mine.

i grow hesitant, pessimistic, and nearly shut off to  
the idea of goodness being a possibility for me. i  
label it as realism and self-protection.

it's not enough to keep my nails from digging into  
the surface of whatever glimpse of goodness  
comes my way.

in fact, they claw even deeper into the good,  
positive, beautiful thing that i refused to even  
wish for or expect. once ripped away, it doesn't  
just mark what was once mine. i am marked too.  
my nails are now bloody and broken and unable  
to grab onto anything ever again. and i'm unsure  
if my claws will grow back.

but eventually they do. eventually they grow back  
and i allow myself to hope and want. and the  
cycle begins again.





# Cigar Prayer

Thomas Luke Ruberg

Sonnets,  
Innately romantic  
Spinnings,  
Of clever nothings,  
I can't seem to stop writing.

"You cannot escape them,"  
She says.  
"To write your poems,  
You must lose."  
Maybe that's all you're good for?  
I think.

"Why can't you draw the beautiful stuff.  
Those flowers or whatever those damned yellow  
things are abundant in your mother's eyes."  
He says crudely.  
"Your art is so lined with death,  
war, drowned truth, hopeful violence, burnt rubber,  
poisoned heroes, celebrated villains, the death of  
the state, the tearing of war, rebellion, loss,"  
"Why  
Can't  
You  
Write  
The  
Good  
Stuff."  
He says.

That's all I'm good for  
adventures in a sea of murky symbols  
Drooling down the real  
messy  
Stuff.  
Ending up in a flood of words  
and crooked  
lines  
Outlining a pretentious truth  
And a hungrier  
heart.

Disillusioned sonnets,  
Particular sonnets,  
Crumpled sonnets  
balled up  
in the back pocket  
Of some narrow poet.  
He's looking for fresh meat  
And more ice to slam between  
His jaws.

Dangling truth like a  
Broken pocket watch.  
Bloodshot eyes staring up,  
Fighting his own gut.  
He can't seem to shake his predestination  
No matter how many nights he spends numb  
No matter how many nights he runs to catch the moon like a soft ball  
No matter how many nights the summer sings his fingers on the trigger  
No matter how many nights make his lips turn deep.

He's not proving anything to that old man  
He is the plan  
unfolding  
Without an ounce of resistance.  
Most of us are.  
Sorry sketches for the mighty sky prophets to toil over,  
Make a grand off knowing  
What I spend my loose change on  
And what I think about crooked elections,  
the heart of the boxer  
And the  
Everywhere ripping cordite  
Shooting at  
The scapegoat.  
There selling it off for I the highest bid,  
And serving another dejected dish  
Of leftovers,  
from  
the last hundred.  
We are being played  
Sold out,  
And sonnets won't do anything  
To carve me something pure.



# Collected Haikus Reflecting On The Couch in the WRFL Station

C.J. Jones

Your embrace, old friend  
They say you are tattered, no  
You are my shelter

Surface rough yet soft  
Your cushions like poetry  
My naps like Haikus

My body descends  
Your grey stripes like landing strips  
Making sweet touchdown

Colored like vomit  
With your old foam poking through  
You age like fine wine

A bridge between worlds  
A portal to a dreamscape  
You are like magic

Temptress of slumber  
I will surely miss my class  
I can't close my eyes

Wouldn't sell for much  
They don't make them like you now  
So you are priceless

Upon you I write  
To preserve your likeness now  
For your friends to be

Pleasure to rest on  
Out of the couches I know  
You are the greatest







# Art Submissions

photograph by Nathan Rink

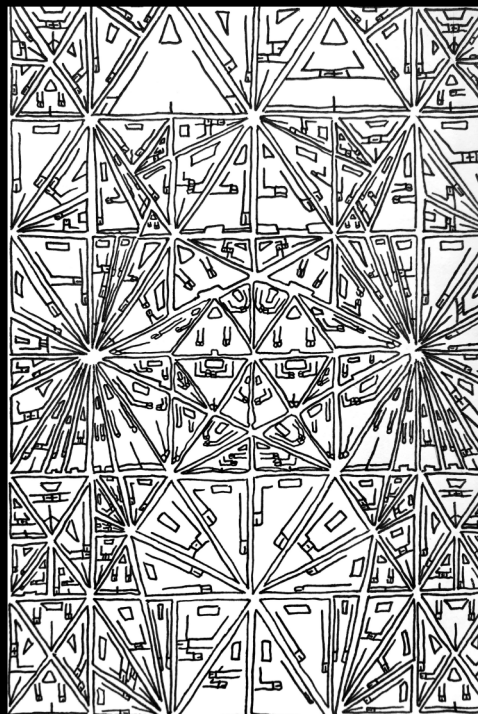




**Ava Xenos**

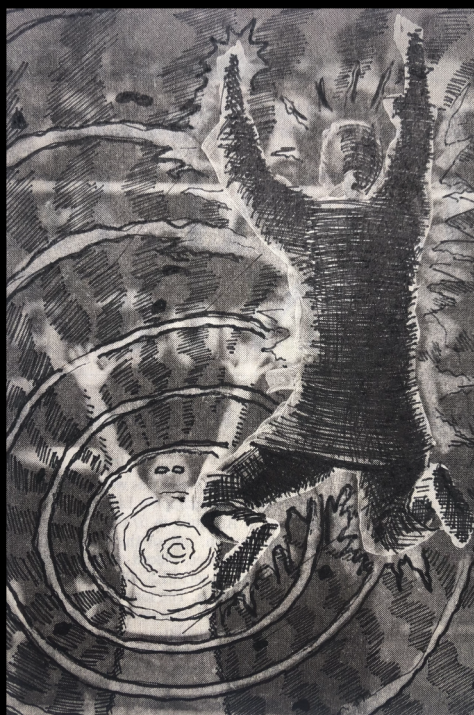






# Abby Bunch

@abbysartstudio



# David Farris



# Cole Ledweg

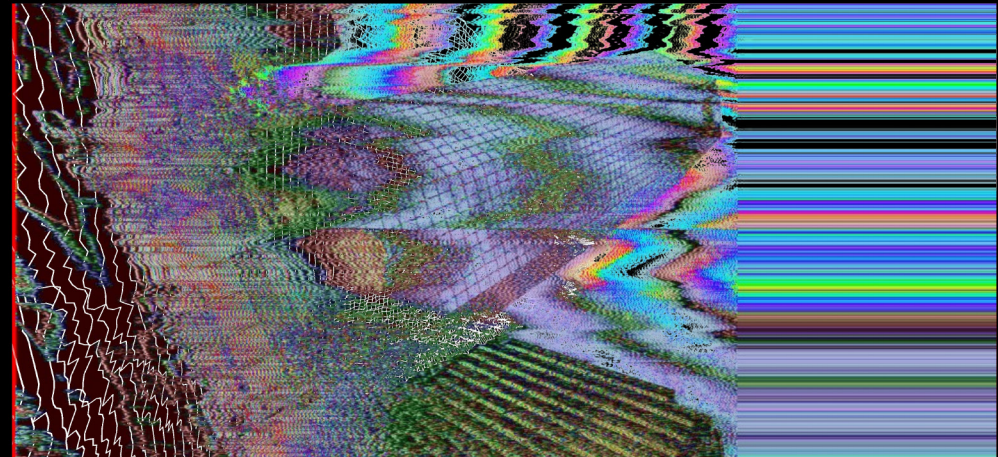
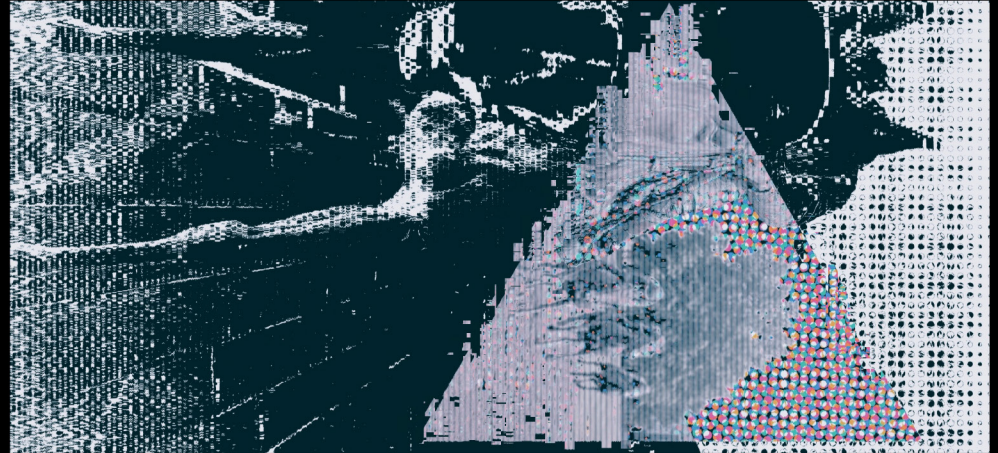
@Coco\_is\_goin\_loco







@stylelessknave



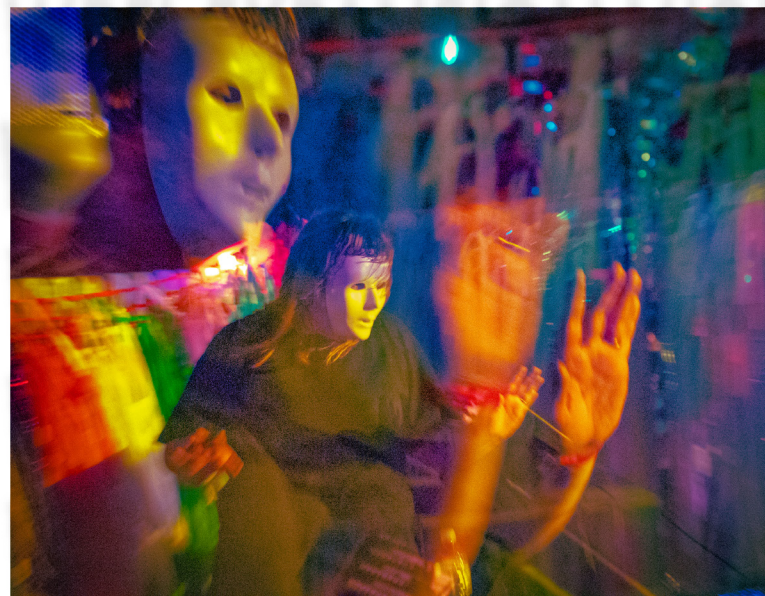
Nathan Rink



# Brian Connors Manke

@bcmanke

*Movie Jail  
photographed  
by Manke*



*Luxury Elite  
photographed by Manke*



# Things Valerie Loves



A collage of four animals against a white background. In the top left is a close-up of a tabby cat's face. In the top right is a donkey's head and front legs, with a small orange rabbit sitting on its back. In the bottom right is a close-up of a dog's head with its mouth open, showing its tongue and teeth. In the bottom center is a small calico cat's face.

52





KO

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by women and  
queer artists

signal boost

with tyler marie  
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[wrfl.fm/signal](http://wrfl.fm/signal)



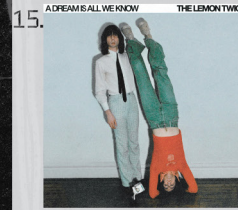
# Most Played Albums in the WRFL Playbox in Fall 2024



*Underdressed at the Symphony*  
Faye Webster



*The Dreaded Laramie*  
Princess Feedback



*A Dream is All We Know*  
The Lemon Twigs



*Bright Future*  
Adrienne Lenker



*Strange Weather*  
Levitation Room



*Tojo Yamamoto*  
Tojo Yamamoto



*Slow Pulp*  
Yard



*The Last Dinner Party*  
Prelude to Ecstasy



*The Land is Inhospitable and So Are We*  
Mitski



*I Saw the TV Glow*  
Various Artists



*Funmaker II*  
Buck the Taxidermist



*Romanticism*  
Hana Vu



*Where we've been, Where we go from here*  
Friko



*There's Always Another Year*  
Luke Stone



*The Sleeveens*  
The Sleeveens



*Bon Voyage*  
LÄZERTÄG



*Spaghetti Junction*  
Routine Caffeine



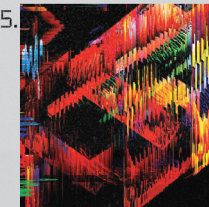
*Tomorrow's Fire*  
Squirrel Flower



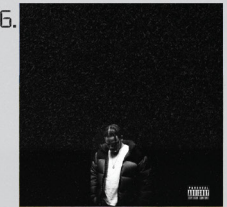
*SUNCAGE*  
SUNCAGE



*Formentera II*  
Metric



*Peace Sign*  
Ride



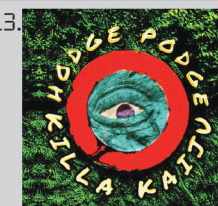
*Ask Me If I Care*  
Fredd C.



*Bananasugarfire*  
Golden Apples



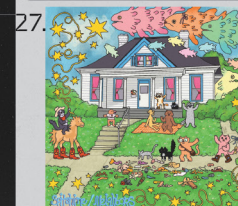
*Javelin*  
Sufjan Stevens



*Hodge Podge*  
KILLA KAIJU



*DREAM BEHEMOTH*  
DOOM GONG



*Spitshine/Neighbors*  
Topsoil



*Outer Spaceways Incorporated*  
Kronos Quartet & Friends Meet Sun Ra



*deconstruct, reconstruct, repeat*  
Naptaker.



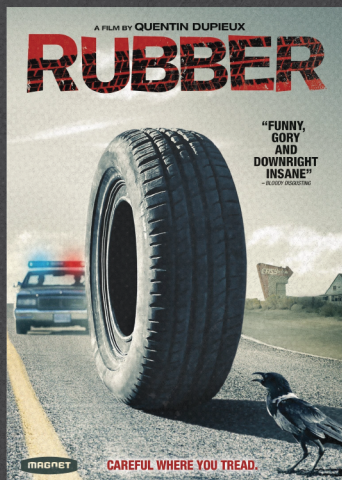
*Tower*  
Kind Skies





*Q: What's a movie that's so bad it's actually good?*

Evon Oliver



## Rubber (2017)

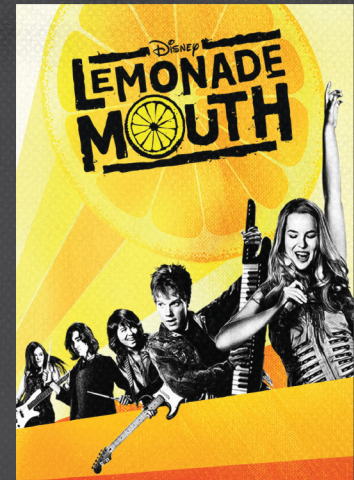
dir. Quentin Dupieux

If you know you know.

## Lemonade Mouth (2011)

dir. Patricia Riggen

Bridget Mendler can do no wrong



Caroline West



Will Majors



## Batman & Robin (1997)

dir. Quentin Dupieux

Clooney Batman could solo the whole MCU #BatCreditCard

## The Happening (2008)

dir. M. Night Shyamalan

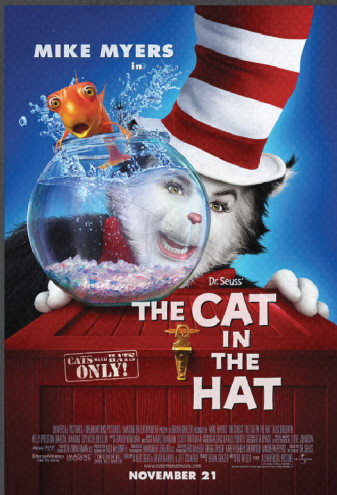


Gavin Probus





Haley Wade



## The Cat in the Hat (2003)

dir. Bo Welch

Yes.

## Real Steel (2011)

dir. Shawn Levy



Jake Butler



## Annette (2021)

dir. Leos Carax

once again, you all just hate musicals and fun.



Rebekah New



## Fateful Findings (2013)

dir. Neil Breen

I have never seen anyone hate laptops as the main character does in this movie.



Andrew Mortimer



## The Fast and the Furious: Tokyo Drift (2006)

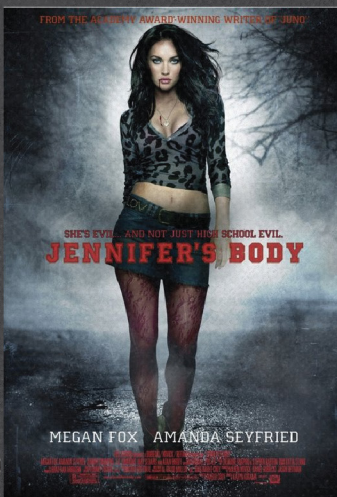
dir. Justin Lin



Maddie Wallen



Nicole Greene

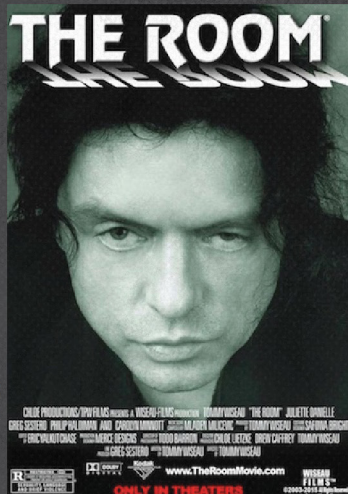


## Jennifer's Body (2009)

dir. Karyn Kusama



Luke Stone



## The Room (2003)

dir. Tommy Wiseau

This is an obvious pick but I don't even care because it's the perfect choice for this. This is a genuinely impressive piece of art in my eyes

## Halloweentown II: Kalabar's Revenge (2001)

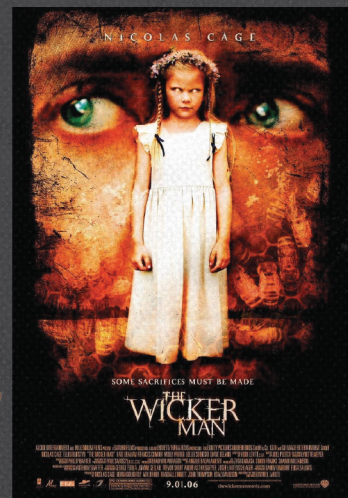
dir. Mary Lambert



Mary Clark



Sam Wallace-Smith



## Wicker Man (2006)

dir. Neil LaBute

## Holes (2003)

dir. Andrew Davis

A movie about young men in a desert prison should actually be sad. However, they make it so hilarious.

Aidan Greenwell



## The Godfather (1972)

dir. Francis Ford Coppola

## Twisters (2024)

dir. Lee Isaac Chung

Twisters because Glenn Powell carried that movie.



La'Miya Starnes



Valerie Wright





Rosin Up Your Bows

It's time for

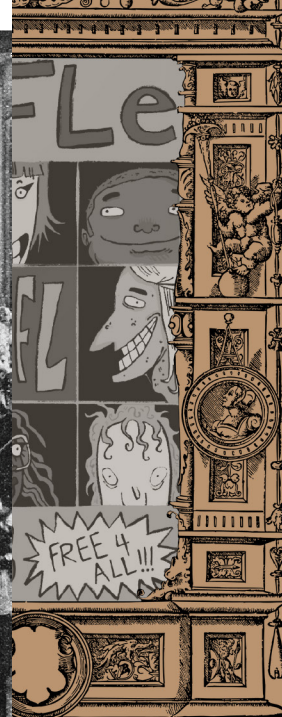
Dave's Deep Dives

Wednesdays 10a-12n

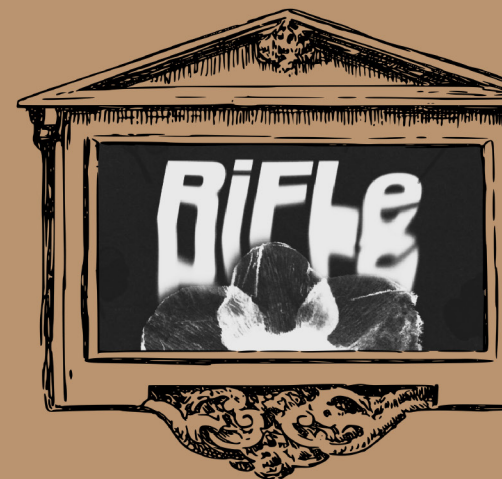
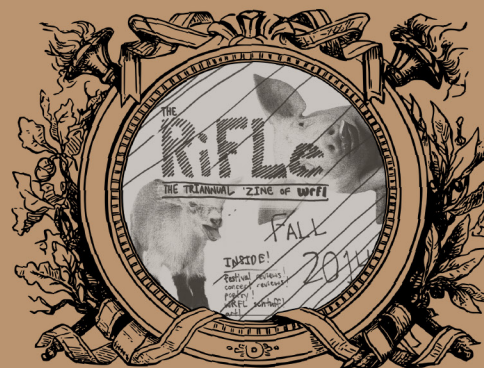
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