

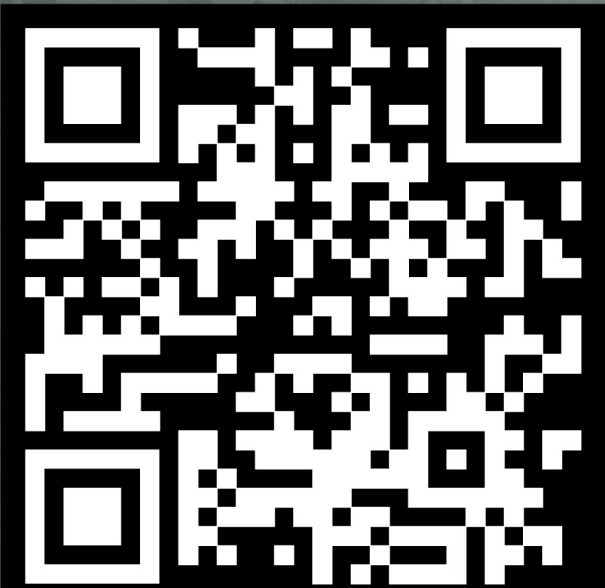
88.1fm
wrfi

RIFLE

fall 2025 • free for all



RiFLe



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wrfl.fm



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wrfl



@WRFL



@wrfl88.1



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wrfl881

WRFL'S MISSION STATEMENT

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

PROVIDE ITS MEMBERS

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

OFFER ITS LISTENERS

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

SUPPORT

arts & music in the Lexington area.

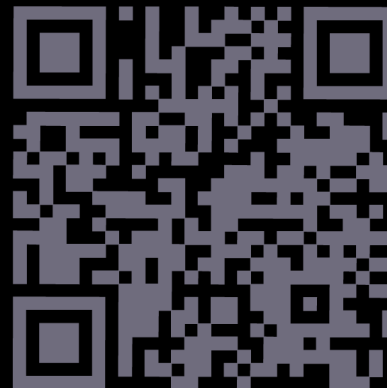
BECOME A PART OF WRFL

JOIN WRFL,

WRFL is open to community members
& UK students, faculty, & staff.
Become a DJ or volunteer today!



**CHECK OUT
OUR GIFT
SHOP**



**DONATE
TO WRFL**

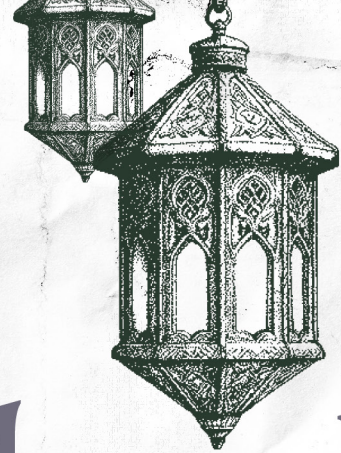


Table Of Contents

LETTER FROM THE GENERAL MANAGER.....	6
LETTER FROM THE DESIGN DIRECTOR.....	7
MEET THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.....	8
PROGRAMMING SCHEDULE FALL '25.....	16

WRITING SUBMISSIONS.....	18
ART SUBMISSIONS.....	36
MOST PLAYED ALBUMS IN THE WRFL PLAYBOX IN FALL 2025.....	50
FILM CLUB.....	54





LETTER FROM THE GENERAL MANAGER

Hey everyone!

The time has really flown by. I hope everyone is having a fantastic October! The leaves are changing, the weather is...still really hot, and we have some amazing things going on here in the station! We are currently working on a lot of different events for you all to enjoy (Like Birthday Bash and the Halloween Show at the time of writing, so stay tuned for that), a slew of both brand new and revived retro WRFL merchandise, and, as always, high-quality, 24/7 alternative music on your only alternative left. The following pages contain some of the very best art, writing, and photography that the students and community members here at UK and in Lexington have to offer! Check out our merch, get some stickers, take some pictures, submit to the RiFLe!

Keep It All The Way To The Left :)

Aidan Greenwell

WRFL General Manager



LETTER FROM THE DESIGN DIRECTOR

Hi readers!

Welcome to the new edition of the Fall 2025 RiFLe!! I'm so thrilled it is already here and able to be read through for all who cherish this publication like I do. It feels wonderful to be back in Lexington and to see everyone again while curating this new edition of the RiFLe. Every time I return, I'm reminded of how much creativity, uniqueness, and dedication this community holds.

The RiFLe has always been a reflection of the arts and music of WRFL and Lexington. Every piece in this issue carries that from the writing and photography to the art and design. I'm so grateful to everyone who contributed time and efforts out of their day towards submitting or supporting in some way. I honestly can't thank you enough, because without you all I wouldn't be able to curate this zine! Now, made just for YOU, the readers, enjoy and break into this new enchanting RiFLe filled with surprises and meaning on every page!

Until Next Semester!

Haley Wade

WRFL Design Director

M E E T Y L F R W O G C P T J H B O A R D F U V D I R E C T O R S



Aidan Greenwell

POSITION: General Manager
HOMETOWN: Newport, KY
IF YOU COULD SWAP BODIES WITH SOMEONE FOR A DAY: Luke Nichols from the Outdoor Boys. Dudes badass

Evon Oliver

POSITION: Programming Director
HOMETOWN: Louisville, KY
IF YOU COULD SWAP BODIES WITH SOMEONE FOR A DAY: Anybody that can do a backflip



Jake Butler

POSITION: Operations Director
HOMETOWN: Lititz, PA
IF YOU COULD SWAP BODIES WITH SOMEONE FOR A DAY: Indiana Jones

Valerie Wright

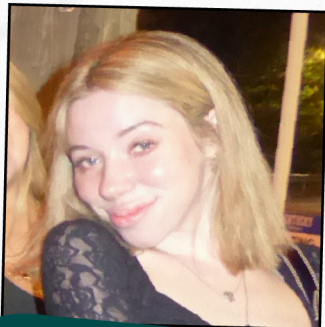
POSITION: Promotions Director
HOMETOWN: Shelbyville, KY
IF YOU COULD SWAP BODIES WITH SOMEONE FOR A DAY: Simone Biles because I have always wanted to do a back flip





Caroline West

POSITION: Community Engagement Director
HOMETOWN: Lexington, KY
IF YOU COULD SWAP BODIES WITH SOMEONE FOR A DAY: Snoopy



Haley Wade

POSITION: Design Director
HOMETOWN: Atlanta, GA
IF YOU COULD SWAP BODIES WITH SOMEONE FOR A DAY: The Rock

Maddie Wallen

POSITION: Local Music Director
HOMETOWN: Louisville, KY
IF YOU COULD SWAP BODIES WITH SOMEONE FOR A DAY: Nardwuar



Adara Norman

POSITION: Media Director
HOMETOWN: Shelbyville, KY
IF YOU COULD SWAP BODIES WITH SOMEONE FOR A DAY: Bella Swan



Will Majors

POSITION: Events Director
HOMETOWN: Lexington, KY
IF YOU COULD SWAP BODIES WITH SOMEONE FOR A DAY: Raheem Sterling

CJ Jones

POSITION: Membership Director
HOMETOWN: Louisville, KY
IF YOU COULD SWAP BODIES WITH SOMEONE FOR A DAY: Toby Fox



Emmy Wells

POSITION: Library Director
HOMETOWN: Louisville, KY
IF YOU COULD SWAP BODIES WITH SOMEONE FOR A DAY: My cat

Abby Bullock

POSITION: Music Director
HOMETOWN: Columbia, KY
IF YOU COULD SWAP BODIES WITH SOMEONE FOR A DAY: Pete the Cat





Nolia Williams

POSITION: News Director
HOMETOWN: Owensboro, KY
IF YOU COULD SWAP BODIES WITH SOMEONE FOR A DAY: Joan Didion circa 1968



Gavin Probus

POSITION: Production Director
HOMETOWN: Crestwood, KY
IF YOU COULD SWAP BODIES WITH SOMEONE FOR A DAY: Batman



Mary Clark

POSITION: Station Advisor
HOMETOWN: Lexington, KY
IF YOU COULD SWAP BODIES WITH SOMEONE FOR A DAY: Missy from Mannequin Pussy



Nicole Greene

POSITION: Station Coordinator
HOMETOWN: Lexington, KY
IF YOU COULD SWAP BODIES WITH SOMEONE FOR A DAY: Lebron James

Calm qualified werewolves.
 Clam qualified werewolves.
 Radio claw swim level queef.
 Leafworm weaved ice quills.
 Airwave quell disco elf mew.
 Saw queer owl film lace dive.
 Cleaves quailed filmer wow.
 Quail fire came weld vowels.
 Wildfowl ease camel quiver.
 Wallflower maquis deceive.
 Coequal farewell midwives.
 We caved mellow qualifiers.
 Lowlifer waved mice squeal.
 Medevacs wallow life quire.
 Medevac swallow liquefier.
 Qualm fail iced werewolves.
 Equivocal feller swam wide.
 Clique radio fem wave swell.
 Llama wolf we receive squid.

We love u WRFL.

- sQecial media



iykyk

WHEEL FM
WHEEL
A POP MUSIC MIXTAP
SATURDAYS, TEN - MIDNIGHT

PROGRAMMING SCHEDULE FALL 25'

WRFL.FM/SCHEDULE

	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN
12 AM	Matt's Metal Mortuary	The Egg Carton imprint?	Donut Shock! You're left too!	Radio Rebel The Locust Hour	Rhythm, Beats & Rhymes Live From The Crawlspace	120 Minutes	Dissident Discord
2 AM	Medium Ice Tea	The Jobba Jam	Counter Culture	Candy Bowl	Manic Pixie Dreams	Black Moon Lilith Bedroom Community	Needle Knows Best
5 AM	Under the Rug	SideBar	Algorithm Indie	the Flip-Side	sd_card 	The Dream Machine	Distinctive Quantum
7 AM	Zoo Station	Afrodesia	The B-Sides	Better Than Dead Air. Discontinuity	Frank & Friends Jammin' Bread	savepoint.	the OASIS
9 AM	Democracy Now!	Democracy Now!	Democracy Now!	Democracy Now!	Democracy Now!	Unhinged Reality Show	Neverland Ballroom
10 AM	Semilla Sagrada Radio		Dave's Deep Dives	Trivial Thursdays	The Lunar Lounge		
12 pm	Gone Fishin' Kim's Corner	Easy Tiger	the Rapids Crack in the Wall	Slow Blink	Love Love Love	Blue Yodel #9	Down the Hatch A Walk In The Park
2 pm	Velvet Haze Snot Rocket	GreenTalks Environmentally Sound	Your Father's Music Program	The Middle Ground The Shuffle Arc	Velvet Revolution	Something Completely Different	Fun Times
4 pm	Asleep at the Wheel	Campus Voices	Man Without Ties It's a Date!	Russian Radio	to the mountains Cim Jramer	Good Grief	The World Beat
6 pm	Melophilia Nightclub Ponderings	houseplants!	The Last Resort	The Matterhorn Mix	Phantom Power Double Hour	El Tren Latino	Generations of Jazz
8 pm	The Pacobilly Hour	Here Comes Treble Inside the Box	WRFL Live	Juniper's Jams Coming at You Live	Japan Jams Giddy Up	WRFL Psychedelicatessen	Next Level Radio
10 pm	Old School Hip-Hop	BTU BTW	BUGSNOT	The Musical Box	The Cool Pool	Serious Moonlite with Brandon Costello	The Lab

WRITING SUBMISSIONS

photograph by Madeleine Walworth
titled: Adlee IV, from "Aura" series
@daun.artwork

CO-HEADLINER & CAMBRIA: A CONCERT RETROSPECTIVE

Stephen Hicks

Coheed & Cambria were my favorite band for a solid three years. I blasted the volume whenever the video for "A Favor House Atlantic" came on MTV the summer of 2004. It's weird, thinking back, that a song could sing "good eye sniper! I shoot, you run!" and nobody thought twice about it. It's like we all understood it was written from the POV of a villain character and all their lyrics tell this wacky sci-fi saga like Rush, plus it was so catchy they could get away with it. Either that or nobody cared since Coheed were never that big.

But I loved them. Their 2002 debut *Second Stage Turbine Blade* had some great songwriting despite the shoddy production, but their 2003 sophomore *In Keeping Secrets of Silent Earth: 3* is still a 10/10. No skips. They've played the 8-minute title track at every concert for the last 20+ years for good reason: MAN YOUR OWN JACKHAMMER!

Here's the thing: idk what the fuck any of their lyrics mean. I could have logged onto their fan club message board, Cobalt & Calcium, or tried to snag a copy of *The Amory Wars* comic book (which were very limited and in high demand back then) to understand any of the story. I know Cambria is the mom and Coheed is the dad who gets

stung by a radioactive dragonfly. Truth be told, I honestly didn't care. I just really liked the songs. They made me feel the intended feelings and that was enough for this guy. It's like opera, except instead of the Viking lady, it was dear Claudio.

Claudio Sanchez was the man. This portly nerd and his big, billowy hair was to be my Elvis, my new rock god. His vocal delivery was almost cartoonish (the word "burn" would turn into "bur-hoo-wurn"), but he was such an electric performer it gave him a quirky charm. Grounding him was lead guitarist Travis Stever who I don't think gets enough credit. Sure, Claudio is the mastermind blah blah blah, but underneath all that high-concept frenzy were Travis's tight, memorable melodies and for that, we salute, but anyway...

September 2005, I begged my mom to drive me to two different stores to find their third CD *Good Apollo, I'm Burning Star IV, Volume One: From Fear Through the Eyes of Madness* the day it came out and it, too, is still a 10/10 masterpiece. It sounded like their *At the Drive-In*-type of prog rock but now with a big ol' major label budget. That red IV album cover = iconic. When "Welcome Home" premiered on Myspace, us fans knew it was

special, though it sucks that it took 3 years to become a "hit" (or as close to a mainstream success as they'd ever get).

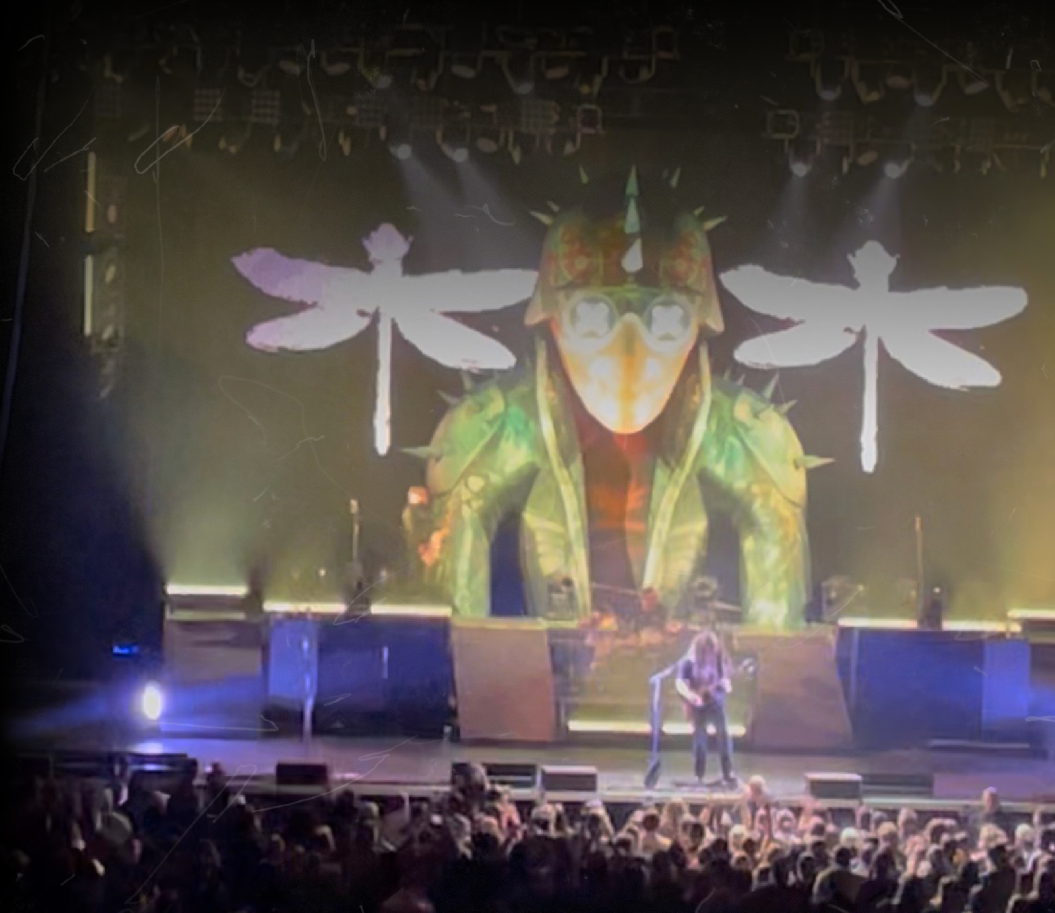
Don't get me wrong, it was an indie darling, but once the song got used in a commercial for the incredibly popular video game *Rock Band*, the band was already promoting their next album. 2007's *No World For Tomorrow* saw them struggling to figure out how to market themselves. It was less space-emo and more muscle rock eager to be played on the radio next to Avenged Sevenfold. It was so awkward hearing my beloved dorks try to write stripper metal. They also switched out the production duo they had on the first 3 albums with the guy who does Foo Fighters records (which explains why Taylor Hawkins plays drums on it RIP).

Coheed are not The Foo's; that's not why I liked them. And that album cover couldn't

have been more unoriginal. They would continue this identity crisis for the next 7 albums, my least favorite being this year's *The Father of Make Believe*.

So here I am, May 22, 2025, two decades later, watching my proverbial Fat Elvis in a half-empty Rupp Arena. I looked up the setlist for this tour and they're only playing four songs from those first three albums and not even mercifully peppered throughout. Nope, gotta sit through seven new songs that fit their new giant inflatable skeleton butt rock gimmick, then a cover of Danzig's "Mother," THEN I finally get to sing "Good Eye Sniper!" At least the surplus of empty chairs means I get to move to sit in a more cushioned seat a few rows up from the one I bought.

Oh well, Mastodon was still cool.



WRFL ALUMNI SPOTLIGHT:

Sami Ibrahim of "The Album" w/ Street Intellect

CJ Jones

My first encounter with Sami Ibrahim was a complete accident. My original plans for the day were to make a quick stop by sQecial Media to grab a small gift for my girlfriend, when I caught a glimpse at the open door leading to the building's basement. I had heard about the hip-hop and soul-oriented record store that shared its building space with sQecial and the Korean restaurant next door, but I always made my trips to CD Central and sQecial in between my late morning classes, so I was never late enough to catch Sami's shop opening up at 2PM. Except for this fateful day. The sounds of the instrumental to the Wu-Tang Clan's iconic hit single "C.R.E.A.M." hovered up the staircase, enticing me like the fragrance of a freshly-baked pie on a window sill may attract a mischievous cartoon animal. I froze in my tracks and realized, within my heart (and within my wallet), that today was the day I was going to go down those stairs and spend a lot of money.

When I first entered The Album, I was greeted with a big friendly grin and a dap by perhaps the nicest individual in the world that was ever on the other side of a cash register, Sami Ibrahim. Right off the bat, he greeted me and made me feel welcome to his store in a way that just felt so genuine, nothing like those canned robotic niceties you get served with at places like Chick-Fil-a. I felt

seen. I told him I was new to his store, but a big fan of hip-hop, and Sami gave me some of his backstory, along with some very detailed personal music recommendations of his. In an era of depersonalized and digitized self-checkout stores where you could do laps around the aisles for hours without anyone even acknowledging your existence, stores like The Album are the definition of rare gems. Once you meet Sami, you know him, and he knows you. Everytime you come back in, he'll greet you like an old friend. He will remember your name, and, arguably even better, he will remember your favorite artists and favorite genres, and is always jumping at the chance to special order your favorite tunes to the shop for you. In the course of some of our conversations that we had while I was browsing through his shop, Sami told me that he and Tommy Mizla (of WRFL's Old School Hip-Hop show) used to be roommates when they both went to UK together in the '90s. However, I didn't know that Sami used to host his very own hip-hop show on WRFL until I saw his name in a super-old RiFle program guide. Having just finished up my interview with Tommy Mizla himself (which you should definitely go read if you end up enjoying this one), I knew that I wanted to reach out to Sami and chronicle his story, in order to make our grand portrait of WRFL and its history just a little bit more more detailed.



So, on the evening of Thursday, July 24, 2025, I walked over to The Album and asked Sami if he wanted to do an interview with me. I apologized for my forwardness, and assured him that we could schedule out a good timeframe to do the interview, perhaps when he wasn't singlehandedly managing his business. He just smiled and said, "Let's do it right now." I felt a surge of admiration come on for his willingness to put up with my shit, and we carried out an (in my opinion) amazing and incredibly enlightening interview right across the register, stopping at occasional intervals so he could help whatever customers required assistance.

Author's Note: This interview has been edited and paraphrased at certain points for the sake of brevity and clarity. My questions will be labeled as **CJ** and Sami's answers will be labeled as **SI**. This is not an endorsement of The Album nor an official statement on behalf of WRFL itself, but rather the personal opinions and life experience of the interviewer and the interviewee respectively.

CJ: Hi Sami! Thanks again for doing this. It really means a lot. **So could you start off by telling us a little bit about yourself?**

SI: Yeah, no problem! My name is Sami Ibrahim. I'm the owner of my own record store called The Album on 371 South Limestone Street. I went to UK back in '92 after finishing at Henry Clay High School. I was born in Chicago originally. I got a wife, three kids, four cats, and I love music, as you can tell, but I also like travelling and collecting hip-hop cassette tapes, and I'm sadly addicted to YouTube.

CJ: How'd you end up living in Lexington?

SI: We moved overseas to Kuwait when I was a kid after my father got a job in the oil industry, and we lived there for ten years. Then we moved back to Chicago for a few months before my older brother started going

to UK. So I wound up transferring and going to Henry Clay, then to UK. So both of my brothers ended up going to UK along with me!

CJ: When did you start getting involved with WRFL, and what kind of stuff did you do while you were involved with the station?

SI: I worked at WRFL from '95 to '99. At first I was the assistant to the music director, then I became the hip-hop music director, and then finally I became the actual music director. I also had a hip-hop show called Street Intellect. It was a nighttime show, I think it was like...from 9PM to midnight, or from like 11 PM to 2AM. It kind of changed. You know?

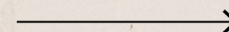
CJ: Awesome, awesome. **So did you get started with this place during your time at the station or was that a post-graduation project of yours?**

SI: That was after WRFL. I first opened up my own shop in 1999.

CJ: Oh, cool, was that here? [I point to the ground for emphasis]

SI: This is actually the second location. The first location was called Sami's Music, and we opened up in January of 1999 right over where the Local Taco is. After I graduated from UK and left WRFL, I got some money for a loan—I forgot how much, maybe \$10,000 or so—and I opened up my own store. That was my first location, and we were there for five years. But rent got really outrageous, and the landlord over there was really greedy, so we moved to this spot in 2005. sQecial Media is our landlord now. They're awesome. Good people.

To read the full article, scan the QR code to read the blog post on our website!



MOVIE REVIEW:

Nouvelle Vague (2025) FRAMING THE NEW WAVE FLÂNEUR

Elizabeth Kneibert

In *Nouvelle Vague*, Linklater embarks in a flattering fellowship to the French New Wave—strolling through Parisian streets, cafes, hotels, and theaters after the iconic sunglasses himself: Jean-Luc Godard. As an homage to the creation of *Breathless*, Linklater's film shows us that any avant-garde aspiration can be achieved with a thousand cigarettes and undiagnosed ADHD.

Truly, any cinephile will find a masturbatory pleasure in the horde of New Wave auteurs that appear in *Nouvelle Vague*—Varda, Bresson, Truffaut, Cocteau, etc. Since the film literally announces them by name via static portrait shots, they're hard to miss. Still, at the film's North American premiere at the Telluride Film Festival, an erudite murmuring of "Mm" arose from the crowd at any given portrait shot—signaling sacred knowledge of the New Wave nobility. After the screening, my comrade from the

student symposium offered what I may claim to be a very insightful and nuanced evaluation of the film: "It's like *The Avengers* for film snobs."

It was my intrigue, as I'm sure it is for anticipatory viewers, if *Nouvelle Vague*'s thematic exaltation of Godard's *Breathless* was reciprocated in the form. Surely, it would be sacrilegious if Linklater strove to overshadow Godard, but does *Nouvelle Vague* truly present a low brow style in regards to such a high brow spirit? Whereas Linklater's *Nouvelle Vague* sold to Netflix for \$4 million—a domestic outlay unheard of for a French-language movie—Godard was flying by the seat of his pants while making *Breathless*. The utter deficiency of *Breathless*' production budget necessitated the formal and cinematographic experimentation that has enshrined it to its present acclaim. Godard was simply problem solving.



DIRECTOR: RICHARD LINKLATER
WRITER: RICHARD LINKLATER
GENRE: COMEDY/DRAMA

LANGUAGE: FRENCH/ENGLISH
RUNTIME: 1H 46M
RATED: 

The frivolity of French New Wave cinema, as Godard's *Breathless* demonstrates, appears in its uninhibited form—eschewing conventions and continuity for a spectorial consciousness of everyday impressions and passing influences. Embracing the ebb and flow of reality rather than the rigidity of genre conventions, Godard emulates a filmic flâneur. Neologized in France during the 19th-century, Charles Baudelaire theorized the flâneur as a dilettante observer, an urbanite explorer, and a scholar of the streets. In the 1950s, the flâneur was renewed by French Situationists, who attached the role to a practice of *dérive*—an active, creative, and revolutionary participation in urban environments and the experiences therein. If the *dérive* technique thrives off of rapid movement through a variety of urban contexts, then one might readily use the term to describe Godard himself.

This is the spirit with which Linklater

composes *Nouvelle Vague*; encased between frames, Godard's guerrilla approach of film-making never quite meets the eyeline of Linklater's lighthearted gaze. In one self-conscious scene, a continuity supervisor reprimands Godard (played by Guillaume Marbeck) for his utter neglect to match the eyelines in successive shots. Indeed, Godard's sunglasses stagnantly obstruct his eyes throughout the duration of *Nouvelle Vague*—though there's a "Chekhov's gun" element to them that makes you expect, and hope, for a cliché revelation. Linklater keeps to the flâneur's observational distance; denying the audience an intellectual inspection of Godard and delighting in the tongue-in-cheek triviality that created *Breathless*.

Nouvelle Vague will be released October 31 in select U.S. theaters and on Netflix in the U.S. on November 14.

MOVIE REVIEW:

Mr. Klein (1976)

Maxwell Reams

Mr. Klein is a 1976 film by Joseph Losey that drops a bucket of cold water on you at the beginning, then slowly fills up the tank around you until you're fully submerged. Set during WW2 in Paris, we follow Robert Klein, an art collector profiting off of Jewish people as they flee the country. Suddenly, Mr. Klein has to prove his identity to the police because there is someone else that shares his name: a Jewish man. Now racing against the clock, Mr. Klein searches for clues all around the city to find this mystery doppelgänger. Will he find him in time and prove his identity, or will the looming shadow swallow him whole?

When I first watched this, all I knew about the movie was that it stars Alain Delon and that it was a mystery/thriller. I had forgotten that the Germans occupied France from 1940 to 1944. Since the movie is set in 1942, they already had control of the country. But with that context in mind, instead of showing how the Germans were slowly taking over, it showed just how far their reach extended in French society — from the cold, anti-Semitic physical exams to the anti-Semitic entertainment shows, even down to Nazi generals walking around Evil was in the heart of France. And for the most part, Robert Klein was alright with that. Robert Klein was a self-made man, living in a luxurious apartment filled to the brim with paintings. He made money advising people on what to purchase at auction houses, taking advantage of Jewish

DIRECTOR: JOSEPH LOSEY
WRITER: JOSEPH LOSEY
GENRE: CRIME/MYSTERY
LANGUAGE: FRENCH
RUNTIME: 2H 3M
RATED: PG



individuals selling valuables as they tried to escape. He was fine with how the government was treating Jewish people because he benefitted greatly from these laws.

It's only when he starts to feel the subjugation and stress from the police himself does he start to become uncomfortable. By the end of the movie, he's treated just like the Jewish people that he profited from. It doesn't matter who are, be it how wealthy you are or what connections you have, fascism will lead to your downfall.

If I haven't said it yet, I absolutely loved this movie. The slow-burn of the film greatly enhances the unease brought on, making the seemingly slow pace all the more cruel.

One shot that I really liked was the POV shot at the estate out in the country, I found it to be quite unsettling. Secluded far out in the countryside, both we and Mr. Klein pass by the lifeless, staring eyes of marble busts and paintings as we enter this massive estate. As the classical music gets louder the deeper in we go, we come to an entertainment room where we're met with the stares of wealthy elites. The Mr. Klein we see is not the Robert Klein they're expecting, and he has no idea what to expect.

I also loved how Mr. Klein's obsessive desire and need to find the other RK was very tragic in the classical sense — he had every opportunity to get out, but because of his obsession to clear his name, he couldn't help but run right into the maw of danger and uncertainty. The climax of the film is jaw-dropping, and will leave you sitting there in the dark.

Blue

Bella Phelps

Brilliance,
the kind that breaks
(like glass)
under your tongue
Piercing you
I see it
in your eyes,
You must know
the girl is sick
pale
tired tragic
(look at her hands shake)
she is trying
to keep up
spilling stories
across
empty
voids
rhythms
between her teeth
Remember—
skinned knees, calloused hands
You are only
dying
whispering to Time
(Pathetic)
Your dream is fleeing
catch it
before you break
the glass
(sharp things cut deeply—
the shallow reminds us of the sting)

ANGRY WORDS

Trinity Bohannon

angry words
preached
by an illiterate nation

a felon's falsified documents
his stolen inspiration

not creative enough
to spread our own hate
can't think for ourselves
we copy to create

banned books and burnt cities
children learn in lockdowns
bullied for what they like
crucified for who they love

theres not enough
teachers to educate a world
blinded by entertainment's bliss

raise your hand to speak

up in the front—boys
pull on the little girl's hair
she told him to stop
he chose to ignore
the baby

is crying
sirens blare in the streets
silence
the music is still playing
an endless game
of tag

you're it

PIZZA FOR TANKA JAHARI

Catherine Vincent

I do not care for
eternal life; Heaven is
unfathomable.
How can I look forward to
forever? Life exhausts me.

Give me peace in death
for there is but one Heaven,
one eternal life,
I could ever want, and it
lies not within God's Kingdom.

To me, Heaven is
eating pizza and drinking
watermelon margs
on the couch with my roommates
while we write silly poems.

The brand new season
of The Boys finally dropped.
Shocking plot twists and
creatively gruesome kills
will never start to feel old.

Like a thunderstorm,
Spencer's rumbling purrs provide
perfect ambience.
He yawns. We are overcome
with sentimentality.

He's adorable!
We rush to snap a photo,
and although we sit
together, we send the new
Spencer pics to our group chat.

Our Sal Vulcano
flag resides in the corner.
His drunken, half-dazed
eyes and languid expression
observe our camaraderie.

Eternal life means
nothing if it is not this.

It is not with God,
but with my friends, who showed me
the joy in being alive.

The Farm (for Mom)

John Vance

I wonder if my dreams of your summer
are anything like your own:
calves muscling in muck for a bucket of milk,
grasshoppers chirring in tallgrass,
clouds weaving and unweaving across the sky
in meanings made and remade.

I can only imagine the sleepy cows lowing
in the fly-specked predawn gloom,
the tobacco stripping sticky hell but then—
toes squishing the bottom
of the cool, breeze-skimmed pond.

I don't make it out to that farm very often,
and when I do, it is usually winter,
earth frozen numb, cornstalk stubs
in rows like soldiers waiting

for a war that is already over.
But in my dream of your dream
it is always summer, sometimes
at twilight, where day and night move
through each other and the stars'
movements are conducted
in arrangement unnameable
and I come into being
in the twilight of that farm,
where you are already waiting
on the porch swing hanging between
the trees, and you smile back
silently because there are no words
for this chorus of cicadas,
where everything unneeded
drowns in their singing.

Inspired by Thomas Wolfe's You Can't Go Home Again
Thank you, Mr. B

Leaving Home: In Hindsight

Henry White

They say you can never return home:
the universe moves on in your absence.
A new world is built without you.

Can't turn around—only look back.
Time is a one way street:
There's no behind once you submerge in the beyond.

I've forsaken my past—refuse to look back.
It seems to have a way of following me,
no matter how hard I run.

I wish I'd thought about where to go next.
Though it'd be nice to be lost, I know where I am.
No future in my peripheral vision—only fear in hindsight.
Nowhere is not a place to call home.

Sprinting down the street, it all looks the same.
I know I can't outrun my shadow.

If I were to look away, perhaps I'd see what lies ahead.
To end this, I need to learn to live with her.

hooked by guilt

Ivy Luhring

you don't know how you ended up here,
back pressed against uneven concrete and the
faint splashing of fish just feet away from the dock.

you don't know why you can't move.

and the voice of the girl you've known since eighth
grade runs through your veins as she stands above
you. you don't understand why you feel so
frustrated. and although nobody has ever known you
like she does, she can't figure it out either.

your head twitches, scraping against the
rough rock. you keep thinking about that
dream she had and how it all keeps going back
to the same emptiness that's always eaten at you.

that fear and that pain and that hunger.
always craving *more*. it's rash, but you wish
you were less, nothing at all. wish you weren't ever
anything so the guilt never sunk its teeth into
tender flesh.

you realize guilt is the only thing keeping you.

she calls you that night. and for once someone
else's thoughts fill the air. you cry. because you
always cry. always feel, mourn, want. you whisper
back like it's a secret to be heard, a promise
you never thought you'd have to speak.

has she ever felt this helpless when she's looked
at you? has he? has anyone ever felt so useless?

the words you know you're supposed to say are
clawing up your throat but they die before they
escape your lips. you are shaking and embarrassed
but you love so deeply. feel, mourn, want.

you remind yourself of the truths you know.

you are the universe dripping from your own tongue
the rocks pressed beneath your palms.
the crack of light in thunderstorms.
you are everything beautiful. everything ugly.
everything that has existed.

she makes a joke as if her pain hasn't just
changed how you view the world

guilt bites again.

Vellichor

Sunny Hensler

I can't explain,
although, I feel-
The isles of dust
and paper ripe with age,
it feels as though I've been here before
I finger through a book,
yellowed and crumbling,
and I'm nostalgic for a tale I haven't read
These covers contain more stories
than they portray,
and I can't help but wonder wistfully
about the words between the lines
and the fingerprints on the pages

SMILE

Christy Brown

Smile you fool, be merry and of good cheer.
No one wants you around here.
So perk up and change your face.
Stop feeling the horror of the human race.
We want happy people, so better do your best.
Or we'll fire your ass just like the rest.
Who couldn't get the picture, who couldn't keep it close to the vest.
So get happy, and do it quick.
That face you wear, it makes us sick.
Shape up you little freak, better pull up your shoes.
Better change your attitude, better watch what you think.
Your depression doesn't help us, it just pulls down our rank.
So what if you feel stuck, so what if you feel half-dead.
You could always feel half alive instead.
Look, we care about you, honest we do.
We want you to be happy, we wouldn't lie, it's true!
We care about you, just like we said.
But if you don't start getting happy, you're better off dead.

Holler

Jordan Hall

I.

I have seen the greatest minds of my home destroyed by
disease, rotting in the dark, deceived,
dragging themselves through uncared streets
looking for their daily fix,
mindless zombies scratching to quench that
unending void with the bliss of white rock,
who pay poor mind to tattered brown brick as they sit
on repeating porches with pipes or needles staring
at the night sky as they enjoy floating across the top,
who stagger, twitch, stare, tweak, scratch,
as time dissolves before their eyes
returning them back to their green hell,
who weren't always continuously craving
something to help them navigate duplicate domiciles
padded through authoritarian ruled streets,
who didn't always worry about stashing away their poisons
when the gestapo came to search,
who only had to worry if they would rob them of
mother-given jewelry or loose coin,
who once felt that sense of pride for escaping
their old home hells with scars to bear,
who now relive their own performance of those long-gone
days where they saw men and women of unknown origin
staggering across what was once their home.

II.

I have seen boys and girls rise with me through school
only to end up captive to this place,
who end up as apparitions on detention center sites
ordered to pose against the white walls,
who were taught "abstain, abstain, abstain"
as they now weep with swollen bellies destined to deliver
to a place they feel does not deserve another victim,
who become shackled to their endless balls and chains
while they step-up to sole machine that takes in the youth
and churns out broken elders,
who never know that they cannot rise
out of the crater dug,
who never know that those meat machines'
only plan is to keep you exactly where you are,
who never know that they are reenacting the same
song-and-dance that their ancestors did years
before,
who covered themselves in black dust so they could return
to their cloned neighborhoods in authoritarian streets,
who were kept still by companies with promises of credit
while they lined up the final nail.

III.

I have seen far too many minds remain clueless
to the words they speak or the things they teach
or the shepherds they follow,
who decide that their children will be raised under
the splintering cross,
who grab their babies' brains and present them
to the church tribunal as they poke, prod, peel, plant,
who's children grow to reflect (a talent these people fear!) on the
facets of life
they figure are engraved into every body,
who's children learned about justice and love for all from the
church
only to see that it doesn't stand for those preached values.
It has always been these people who shower love onto their
slave masters
as they reminisce on the times that coal saved them all,
who do not know that their ancestors worked only
to provide for a family barely scraping by,
who do not know that their ancestors held no pride
for making their master's rich,
who do not seem to know that their shattered roads and dead
green
was put here by the "mistakes" those companies made,
These minds do not remember their ancestors
who battled at Blair against paid mercenaries who blew
apart brains
and sent bodies erupting,
They do not remember those who rose up
to fight for a change in treatment, to be listened to
by the walls that kept them there,
They cannot think for themselves so they latch onto
whatever golden calf promises to be as stubborn as they
are,
whatever golden calf hates like they do,
whatever golden calf judges like they do,
They cannot stand to hear their children cry out
for change, to be listened to by
those whose minds stay in cages.
They sit there in wait while suckling on their rose gold calf
yearning for everyone to be run off
Until the values their land once pioneered,
Until the verdant gaps, gorges, canyons, and rocks,
Until the youth who desire something greater,
...
Then,
Until it is just them

From A Window Seat

Nolia Williams

8/27/25

It is 6:48 a.m. and I am traveling on an airplane at a cruising altitude of 37,000 feet, watching the Midwest crawl beneath me through the fog. I am on my way to Minneapolis to try and outrun time.

It is almost dawn, and my grandmother is going to die. I watch the edge of the horizon growing lighter, city lights flickering through the clouds, and my thoughts turn toward the passage of time, the turning of the Earth. This is nothing out of the ordinary. I am constantly dwelling on the passage of time. The subject has permanently implanted itself in my spirit as a lens through which I observe my life.

Sometimes I succeed at pushing it down, if only for a little while, and the endless dwelling simply becomes a persistent undercurrent beneath my thoughts. I am aware of its presence and can feel its

movement, but I am able to turn my face away from it until the water begins to rise again.

As the clouds change shape, they begin to resemble a snowy landscape — glittering ice caps drifting across the Atlantic. I imagine I am in Norway, standing on the coast of Stavanger and gazing out across the frozen water under the pale pink and golden midnight sun. My grandmother never got to visit Norway, nor did her mother ever return. We spoke about it many times. Stavanger's harbor and the ocean. What the woods would have smelled like. If the snow tasted different than Minnesota's.

I imagine I am standing on the coast. I imagine my grandmother standing there as a young woman. I imagine the centuries of women I resemble who stood on the coast of Jelsa's quiet bay and gazed out into the unknown. What troubled them? What

undercurrent ran through their mind and swept them away? Did they think about time? Did it undo them?

I feel that I am standing on a precipice. The rest of my life is just beyond, just out of reach, and I feel its watchful eyes, yet I cannot see it. I know what is waiting when I land.

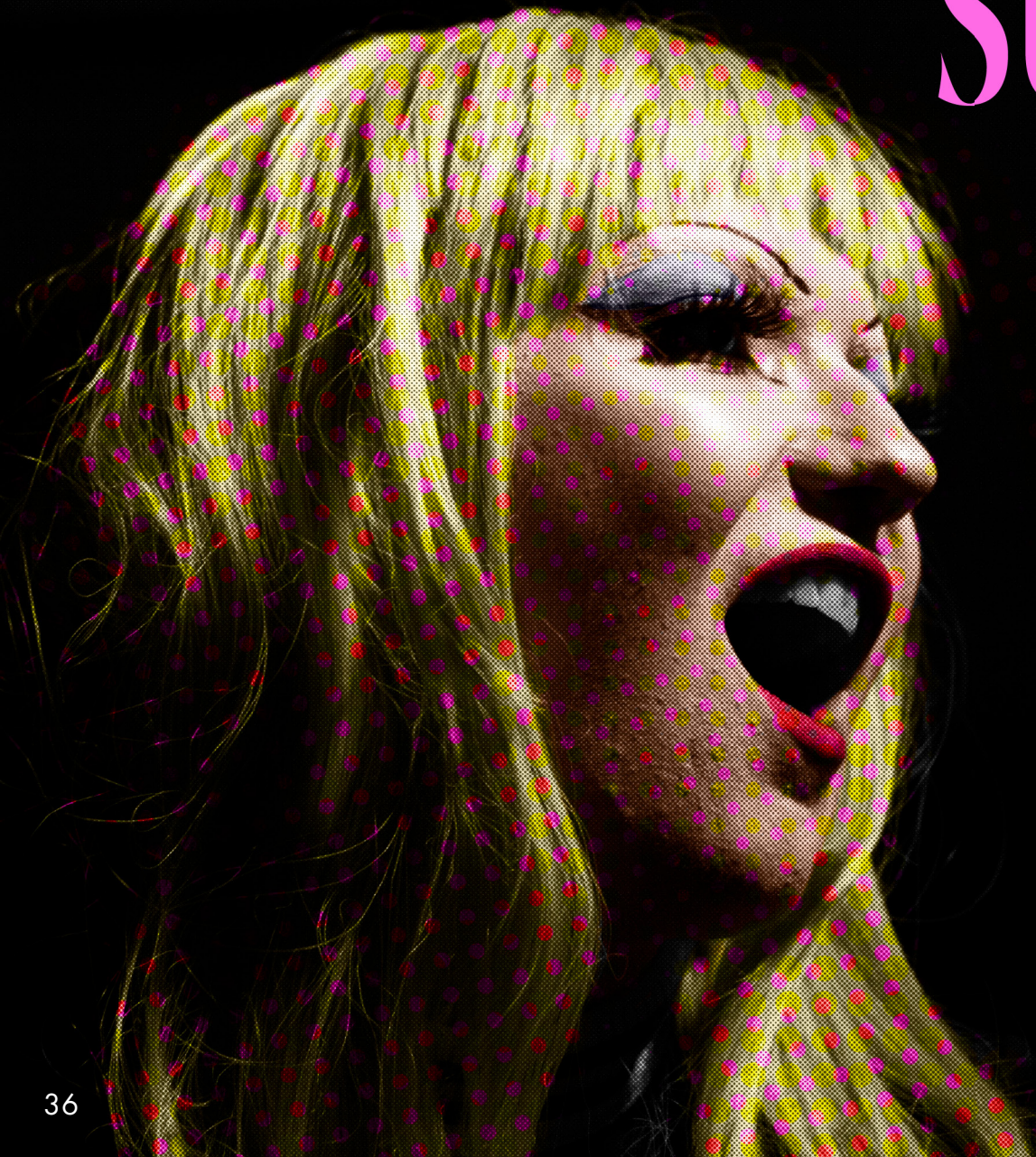
Tens of thousands of miles above the ground, I do not have to face reality. I am between time zones. I am standing on clouds looking at Norway. I am back in the woods of my childhood where my father is still alive, and his cheeks are red and there are snowflakes in his mustache. Where my dog is bounding across the icy lake and I can still smell her thick, black and white mane when I bury my face in it. Where my mother's hair is still brown and her face clear of age, where my grandfather is alive and my grandmother's mind is untouched by age and disease, everyone is untouched by age and I am still a

child, I do not know grief yet, I just know the woods and the lake and my father's warm hands and the way my grandmother's hair feels when I brush it and my grandfather's widow's peak and my mother's bright blue eyes and the way the loons sound on the water at dusk. Sacred relics on my altar of frozen time.

Yet even in my dreams I can sense time stirring beneath the sleepy ground.

The plane is beginning its descent now, the clouds begin to thin, and lakes and farmland come into view. Minnesota looms. The last hollyhocks of the season will have already withered, and I am afraid she will be dead by the time I land. Time does not slow. Time does not stop. When I come home in a few days the world will hold a void in the shape of someone very dear to me. And time will continue to pass.

ART SUBMISSIONS



art submission by C.B. Mutt
titled: Béla Vu, Lexington and Elsewhere

Bradford Wilburn

@nocovercharge

pictured: Monkeyshit



pictured: jarley yung



pictured: mammoth cave



pictured: Idiot Glee



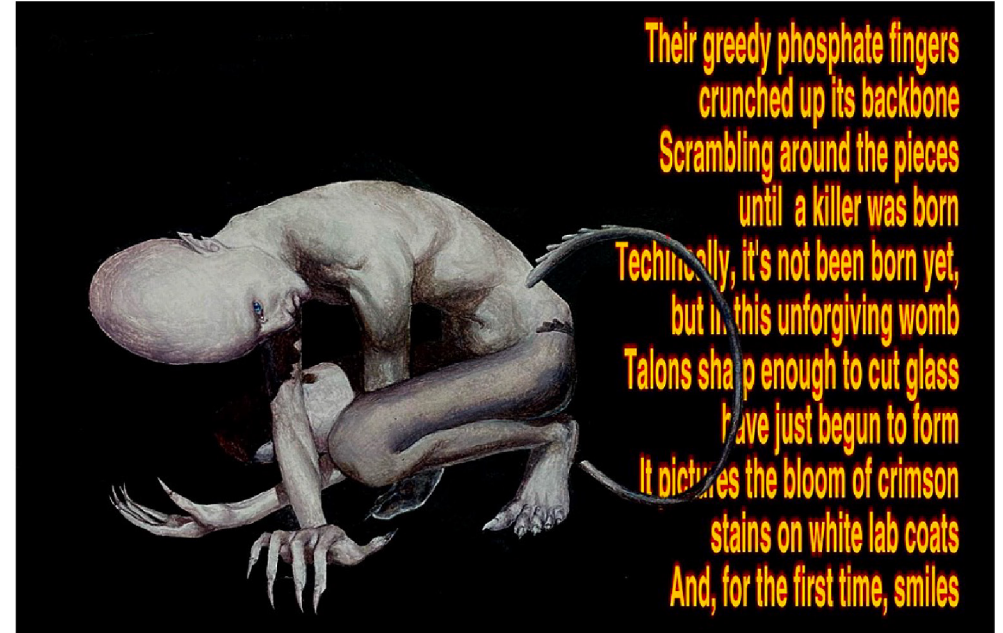
pictured: k.vincident



pictured: Lace



Anabel Canedo



titled: Genesis

Marissa Talbert



Ava Xenos





Brian Connors Manke

@bcmanke

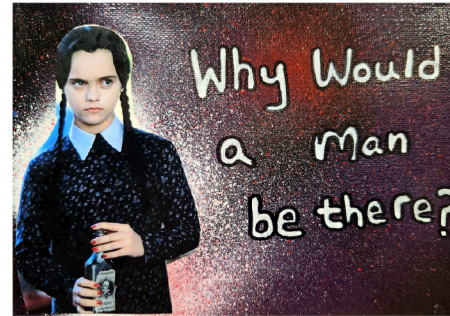


Ivy Luhring

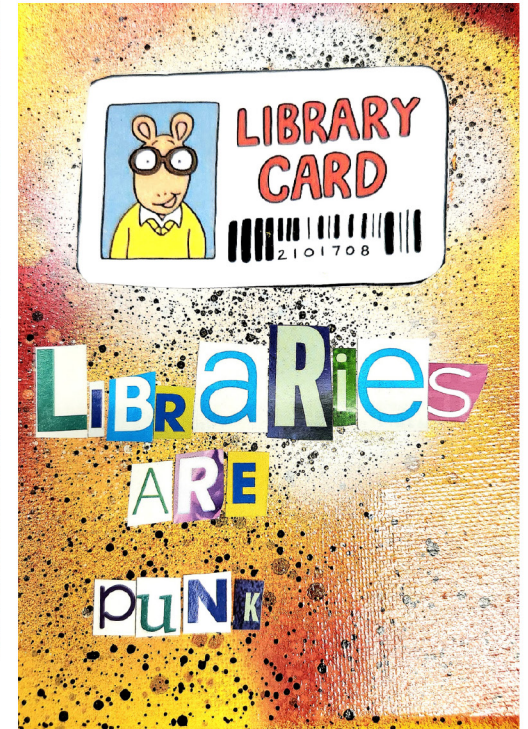


Chelsea Adams

@c.adams.art

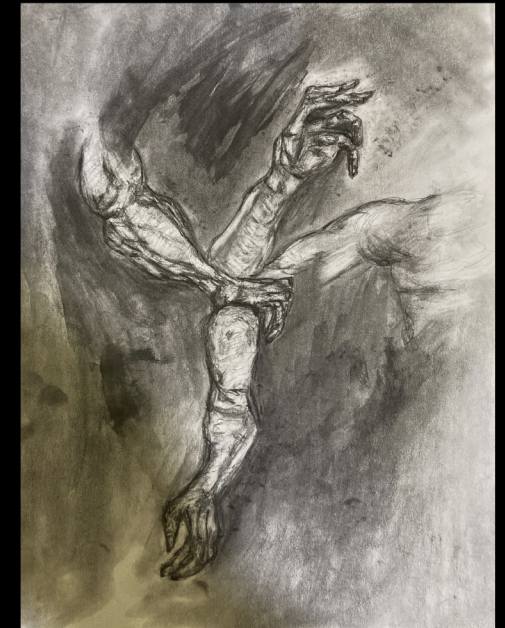


mixed media on canvas



Christopher Folio

Hands and Arms
graphite on 8.5 x 11 paper



Madeleine Walworth

@daun.artwork



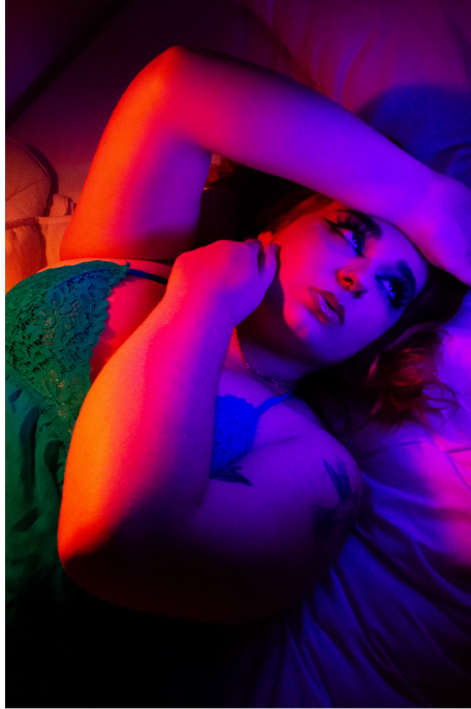
Santa Hat Charcoal Study



Peyton



"Chameleon" Digital Illustration



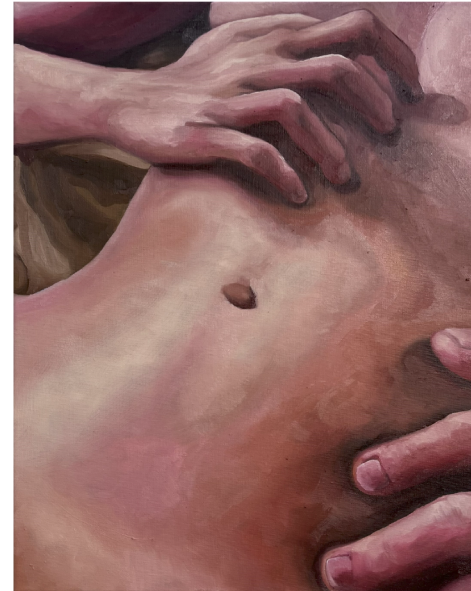
Syd III, from "Aura" series



Exhaustion



Lupus, from "Abortion is Healthcare" series



Preeclampsia & HG,
from "Abortion is Healthcare" series



Liver Disease,
from "Abortion is Healthcare" series

Adelaide Long

@mornin_marmalade



Beatrice Dougherty

@beat_rice7890



10-NOON EVERY THURSDAY!

Trivial
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WWW.TRIVIALTHURSDAYS.COM

Join WRFL lifer **Mick Jeffries**, chatting with a cadre of Lex-centric guests each week for two hours of *#allthethings*. It's all about community builders, do-gooders, artists, musicians, educators, and extraordinary geeks, nerds, and beloved kooks ...

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Most Played Albums in the WRFL Playbox in Fall 2025



1. Moisturizer
Wet Leg



2. If You Asked For A Picture
Blondshell



3. People In The Daytime
People In The Daytime



4. Sign EP
Bedford



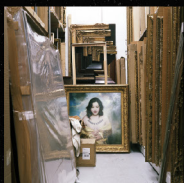
5. Medium For A Short Time
Ciggy Tuna



6. Qualifying Miles
We Are Scientists



7. Phantom Island
King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard



8. Forever Is A Feeling
Lucy Dacus



9. Chemical Solution to a Spiritual Problem
Bodaggit



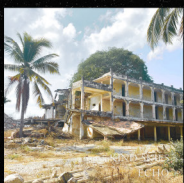
10. Patience, Moonbeam
Great Grandpa



11. Clarity of Cal
Vulfpeck



12. Tomorrow Comes Crashing
Smut



14. Country Star EP
L.I.P.S.



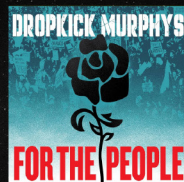
15. Diving For A Prize
Sea Lemon



16. Missed Hits
Bart and the Brats



17. For Melancholy Brunettes (& sad women)
Japanese Breakfast



18. For The People
Dropkick Murphys



19. From the Hills
Monterey



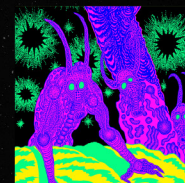
20. Different Talking
Frankie Cosmos



21. Headlights
Alex G



22. Singapore Dreaming
Subsonic Eye



23. ABOMINATION REVEALED AT LAST
Osees



24. Safe EP
NewDad



25. Nostalgia
Mother Mother



26. Precipice
Indigo De Souza



27. Mortal Primetime
Sunflower Bean



28. This Heat is Slowly Killing Me
Aunt Katrina



29. Adagio
Σtella



30. In Our Fields
Tigers in Cairo

WRFL'S WORLD BEAT



Music from Anywhere
and Everybody

Sunday 4-6 pm

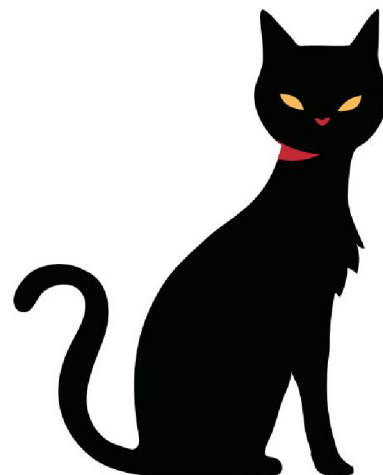
wrfl 88.1 / wrfl.fm

Needle drops at 10 PM EST

Mondays on 88.1 WRFL.fm

OLD SCHOOL HIP-HOP MIXED LIVE!

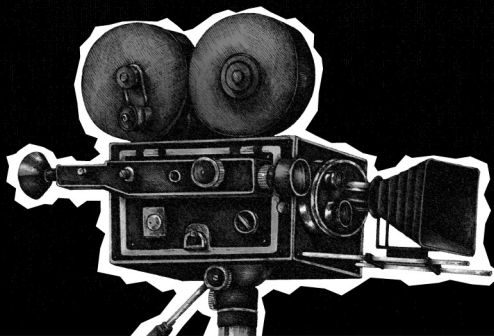
SLOW BLINK
PURR-FECT INDIE POP



DAVID KING
THURSDAYS AT NOON

88.1 FM
wrfl

Film Club



Q: Which follow-up movie, whether a sequel, third, or fourth installment is better than the original?

CJ Jones

Puss in Boots: The Last Wish (2022)

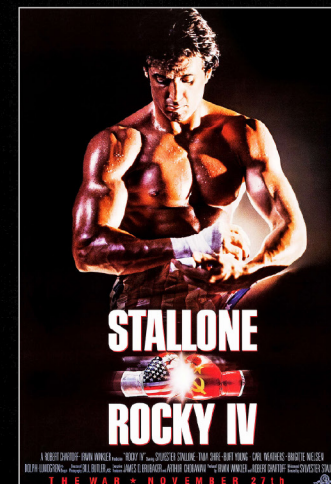
DIRECTOR: Joel Crawford, Januel Mercado
GENRE: Family/Comedy/Adventure
RUNTIME: 1H 42M
RATED: **PG**



Maddie Wallen

Rocky IV (1985)

DIRECTOR: Sylvester Stallone
GENRE: Drama
RUNTIME: 1H 31M
RATED: **PG**

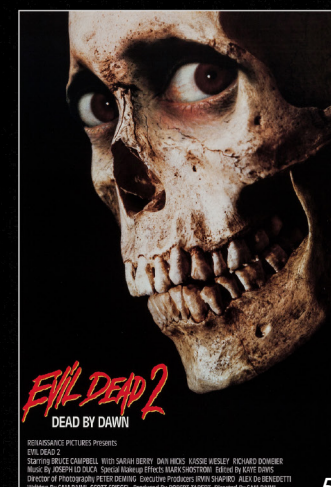


Gavin Probus *Pearl* (2022)

DIRECTOR: Ti West
GENRE: Horror/Drama
RUNTIME: 1H 43M
RATED: **R**

Jake Butler *Evil Dead II* (1987)

DIRECTOR: Sam Raimi
GENRE: Horror/Comedy
RUNTIME: 1H 24M
RATED: **R**





Emmy Wells

Diary of a Wimpy Kid: Rodrick Rules (2011)

DIRECTOR: David Bowers
 GENRE: Family/Comedy
 RUNTIME: 1H 39M
 RATED: **PG**

Adara Norman

Iron Man 2 (2010)

DIRECTOR: Jon Favreau
 GENRE: Action/Sci-fi
 RUNTIME: 2H 4M
 RATED: **PG-13**



Caroline West

Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban (2004)

DIRECTOR: Alfonso Cuarón
 GENRE: Family/Fantasy
 RUNTIME: 2H 22M
 RATED: **PG**



Mary Clark

Lord of the Rings: Return of the King (2003)

DIRECTOR: Peter Jackson
 GENRE: Fantasy/Adventure
 RUNTIME: 4H 13M
 RATED: **PG-13**



Valerie Wright & Abby Bullock

Shrek 2 (2004)

DIRECTOR: Andrew Adamson, Kelly Asbury, Conrad Vernon
 GENRE: Family/Comedy
 RUNTIME: 1H 33M
 RATED: **PG**

Aidan Greenwell

Surf's Up 2: WaveMania (2016)

DIRECTOR: Henry Yu
 GENRE: Family/Comedy
 RUNTIME: 1H 24M
 RATED: **PG**





Haley Wade

The Hunger Games: Catching Fire (2013)

DIRECTOR: Francis Lawrence
 GENRE: Action/Sci-fi
 RUNTIME: 2H 26M
 RATED: **PG-13**

Evon Oliver

Star Wars: Episode III - Revenge of the Sith (2005)

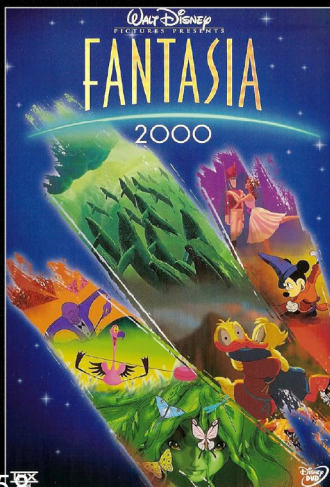
DIRECTOR: George Lucas
 GENRE: Action/Sci-fi
 RUNTIME: 2H 20M
 RATED: **PG-13**



Will Majors

Fantasia 2000 (2000)

DIRECTOR: James Algar, Gaëtan Brizzi,
 Paul Brizzi
 GENRE: Family/Musical
 RUNTIME: 1H 15M
 RATED: **G**



**UNHINGED
 REALITY
 SHOW**
88.1 FM 3 SATURDAY NINE AM TO NOON

THE PSYCHEDELICATESSEN

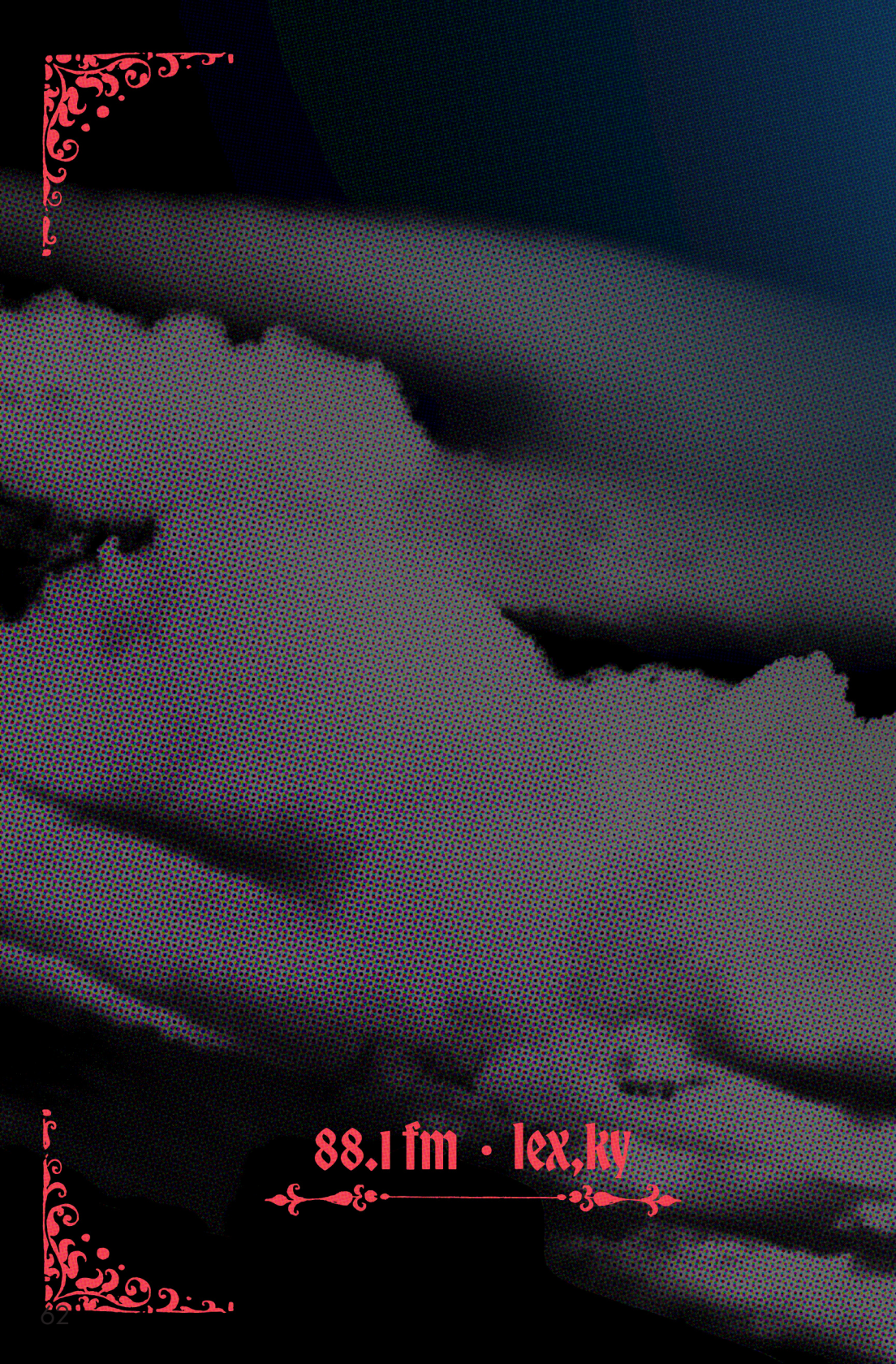


SATURDAY 8-10 PM
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Thank You
For Reading
The RiFLe!!



WRFL ♥ YOU!!



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