

Gold

LOVE
your neighbor

"YOUR BLACK, BROWN, IMMIGRANT,
DISABLED, RELIGIOUSLY DIFFERENT,
LGBTQ, FULLY HUMAN NEIGHBOR"

and BETWEEN

"I've been wond
void that plag
Clear

...to this mood, we wish to call attention to the persistent presence of racism an
...ar to the relationship between racial and economic justice. Racism and economi
...n are distinct but intertwined forces which dehumanize our society. Movement
...thentic justice demands a simultaneous attack on both evils. Our economic
...f its duty to be... those who hunger and thirst for justice's sake, th
...cannot remain silent in the face of social injustices in society and its own
...taged. At times, ...riming that all persons should be
...e desire to main... quo that favors one race and social gr
...of the poor and
Mary Lou Williams



ECONOMIC JU

...ur prisons, the... all being harm... for the grace... racism festers... de that our c... small farm, owning a... ary, and the Blessed S... ous wealth-building... others and Sisters to Us



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*Our music winner is published at rehumanizeintl.org/create-encounter.
Alternatively, you can scan the QR codes below for a direct link.*

MUSIC

1st Place and **Best in Show:**
Love Will Win Out In The End
by Savannah Ackerman



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Reader,

In a world full of dehumanization and violence, art can be a powerful force for rehumanization. The written word has the power to introduce readers to perspectives and life experiences that differ from their own; visual art can shine a light on the margins and illustrate emotion beyond words; and music can reach the heart and inspire listeners to action. Creatives play such an important role in any social movement that hopes to affect real change; the Consistent Life Ethic movement is no different in this regard. As we strive to develop

creative solutions to the many systemic injustices we face, we must uplift and encourage those whose creative endeavors address those injustices.

With that in mind, I am proud to share with you the contributors to this year's edition of *Create | Encounter*.

Yours for peace and every human life,



Maria Oswalt
Creative Director,
Rehumanize International

CREATE | ENCOUNTER

is a special edition of

Life Matters Journal

**Create | Encounter Coordinator
and Editor-in-Chief of
Life Matters Journal**

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**REHUMANIZEINTL.ORG/
CREATE-ENCOUNTER**

This journal is dedicated to the aborted, the bombed, the executed, the euthanized, the abused, the raped, and all other victims of violence, whether that violence is legal or illegal.

We have been told by our society and our culture wars that those of us who oppose these acts of violence must be divided. We have been told to take a lukewarm, halfway attitude toward the victims of violence. We have been told to embrace some with love while endorsing the killing of others.

We reject that conventional attitude, whether it's called Left or Right, and instead embrace a consistent ethic of life toward all victims of violence.

DISCLAIMER

The views presented in this journal do not necessarily represent the views of all members, contributors, or donors. We exist to present a forum for discussion within the Consistent Life Ethic, to promote discourse and present an opportunity for peer-review and dialogue.

Hamartia

by Sarah Burchart
1st Place, Poetry

Steel smiling wide,
drowned in a spare basin till Saturdays.
Charon enters to take his sickle on a voyage again.

Together, they roam the sovereign zone,
passage through the Styx already paid.

The sickle wavers, as if recalling when
his edge collected a better harvest.

He murmurs a tale to himself to get through the rough tide,
weaving and scraping together
what he deems worthy of an Athenian monologue
or being retold on terracotta urns.

Far better to pull up roots now
before a sprout was scorched by Hera's ire
or choked into Zeus' plaything.

He beckons his newest handmaiden Lamia
to bring more poppies to the altar
before Alcmene wakes and weeps.

Artist Statement

Hamartia

I was inspired to write this poem by thinking about how much ancient Greek myth consists of violence passed down through generations and placing the violence of abortion in that same context. Human sacrifice, infanticide, war, and revenge appear as the proposed solutions to the problems of gods and mortals only for cycles of pain to tragically continue. The speaker is so concerned with his own justification that

he doesn't stop to think that the death he enacts will do nothing to curb Zeus' future violence against women or heal Hera's already-present rage. The tragedy is emphasized further with the cameo of Lamia, another victim of the gods who in a happier story might find comfort in confiding with Alcmene but instead becomes an accomplice to death.

The Cycle Won't Stop

by Anastasia Camarca

Honorable Mention, Visual (2D)



Artist Statement

The Cycle Won't Stop

Some activists find that the ultimate solution to suffering is to end the sufferer's life. Whether it is someone in the womb, on death row, or going through immense pain in a hospital, their suffering or existence is too much to overcome. So in order to "ease their pain" they lose whatever chance they have to turn themselves around, or in some cases, are not even given a first chance. Abortion, the death penalty, and euthanasia

only cause more suffering both directly and indirectly. We must put our energy towards solutions that bring real change and provide aid and hope to those who need it most.

Three Weeks Old

by Stephanie Midori Komashin
2nd Place, Visual (2D)



Artist Statement

Three Weeks Old

From statistical data, we know that the majority of human beings who come into existence journey through the zygote, morula, blastocyst, and embryo periods before dying in early miscarriages or abortions; the inverse of this fact is that those of us whose bodies ever make it as far as the anatomical shapes of a newborn with a top-heavy head, a flexible and energetic child, a young adult whose brain has finished developing, or a shorter elderly adult in a hunched posture actually fall within the minority of what most humans have ever looked like.

In the wake of losing my eldest child, Persis 暖安 Komashin, who died by miscarriage after living on this planet with me for approximately three weeks, I wanted to paint a portrait but was, at first, unsure as to how to depict Persis; not only do some people assert that zygotes “don’t even look human” (though they look exactly like all humans do at that age, which is the age at which most human beings have been alive) or that embryos “look like aliens” (though the fictional image of extraterrestrials was merely adapted from what real Earthlings look like), I discovered that, even among pro-life fetal development materials and art, human beings in Carnegie stages 4 through 7 of embryonic development (between the plump morula and the cute 8-week-old embryo whose delicate fingers and toes supposedly look enough “like us” to induce endearing feelings) are often skipped over, rendering mine an extremely rare portrait of a baby at three weeks’ gestation.

Survivor’s bias drastically skews the standard images of the human form into those of a narrow minority, whereby many people overlook and dehumanize those who are small, young, differently-shaped, differently-abled, or labeled as “incompatible with life,” but these categorizations of “small,” “young,” and a predicted “short lifespan” are actually all relative: my concept for this piece is that, just as Persis, while very tiny in the vast space of my uterus and comparatively young, did not experience life as minuscule or alone in the surrounding empty darkness by peacefully focusing on multiplying cells, differentiating them into three layers, & forming the neural tube, we born people are ourselves tiny

within the vastness of the universe and our lifespans are comparatively short (such as in contrast to sponges, corals, clams, or even whales), but rather than feel insignificance or loneliness from the cold expanse of the galaxies, we can peaceably experience light by focusing on what we are doing in the locations where we are with the amount of time that we each have.

I am so proud of my beloved baby for what Persis impressively accomplished long enough to be able to show up on a pregnancy test (Persis’ name means “to split”/“to divide”), and the serene tone of the blue and green color palette correspond to the ateji (phonetically-chosen Chinese characters) for the Japanese pronunciation of the name (碧琉心翠 [Perushisu]), which mean “blue-green,” “lapis lazuli,” “heart/mind,” and “green.”

Some presume that “Abortion is a private matter between a woman and her doctor,” suggest “If you don’t like abortion, don’t get one,” or sincerely wonder, “Why can’t you just mind your own business?,” but legal elective abortion does still impact me — and many others in society — through a ripple effect. I have missed out on the companionship and influence of those who were aborted; I have had to research non-abortifacient contraception options/birthing options/griefcare for baby loss because standard sex ed and medical care didn’t include them; I have been subjected to disparaging comments about my children who died in miscarriage. Additionally, people refer to humans in utero in ways that marginalize my children and their exclusion from regular conversation is normalized; I fear that any future baby I might have who is ectopic or receives an adverse prenatal diagnosis will be dismissed; I worry that any future baby I might have who is born as a micro-preemie will be denied healthcare based on *Planned Parenthood vs. Casey’s* outdated concept of “viability”; I realize that any future baby I might have who is differently-abled may be viewed as burdensome; countless people die in preventable miscarriages and stillbirths from withholding of prenatal care & lack of investment in technological innovation; maternal and infant mortality rates remain embarrassingly poor; and governments and companies rely on abortion access to avoid improving work/life balance for parents or expanding social support services for families.

Oriented

by Kelsey Hazzard
1st Place, Prose

FADE IN:

1 INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

1

BILLY JOHNSON, a vibrant 22-year-old man, pushes his cart down an aisle. He is dressed conservatively in a button-down shirt and slacks. He hums a pleasant tune to himself.

BILLY approaches the meat counter. It has an early 1960s feel. Ground beef is advertised for 45 cents per pound.

The middle-aged BUTCHER stands behind the meat counter, wearing a white coat and a warm smile.

BUTCHER

Morning, Billy! The usual?

BILLY

An extra pound, please.

BUTCHER begins to package the meat. As he works, he notices BILLY's wedding band.

BUTCHER

Hey now! I thought the wedding wasn't until April.

BILLY

(sheepishly)

Ah, well...

(mischievously)

... let's just say good things come to those who don't wait.

BUTCHER slams his hand on the counter approvingly.

BUTCHER

Ya little devil! Congratulations! Give my regards to the new Mrs. Johnson.

BILLY

Yes, sir.

BUTCHER

And when is the baby due?

BILLY

Not until September -- but she's already eating for two.

BUTCHER

(handing BILLY his order)
Let's make it an extra pound and a half.

BILLY

You're a good man.

BILLY strolls away from the meat counter. He passes a YOUNG WOMAN. Her outfit evokes the 1970s. She is wearing a long necklace. She absentmindedly fidgets with her necklace, swinging it from side to side.

BILLY walks past a display of New Coke.

BILLY continues down an aisle. He places a loaf of bread in his cart. WHITE MAN and BLACK MAN walk past BILLY, arguing.

WHITE MAN

If he gets away with murder, it's on Johnnie Cochran's conscience, that's all I'm saying. I mean if he's so innocent, why'd he run? Why'd the cops have to chase down his Bronco?

BLACK MAN

You don't get it, man. The whole system is rigged against Black men in this country. Look at what happened to Rodney King...

The argument fades out of earshot as BILLY makes his way to the checkout line. The register and scanner are modern.

A CLERK is bagging groceries for an ELDERLY WOMAN.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Hello, Billy!

BILLY does not recognize her but tries to make the best of it.

BILLY

Hello, ah, so nice to see you.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Don't you know who I am, Billy?

BILLY shifts his weight awkwardly.

ELDERLY WOMAN

It's me, Carol!

BILLY

Oh yes, of course, Carol! Right,
how have you been?

CLERK has finished bagging ELDERLY WOMAN's groceries.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I've been well. You take care now,
Billy.

ELDERLY WOMAN exits. CLERK begins to scan BILLY's items.

CLERK

You still have no idea who that
was, do you, Billy?

BILLY

Not a clue! God, I hate it when
that happens.

CLERK

Ah, that's just life.

CLERK continues scanning BILLY's groceries. A loud beep sounds
with each scan. The beeps soon form a steady rhythm, unrelated
to the scanning: beep -- beep -- beep --

2 INT. HOSPITAL, PRESENT DAY

2

The sound of a beeping monitor pulsates in the background.
ELDERLY WOMAN sits nervously in a chair. A kind RECEPTIONIST
approaches her.

RECEPTIONIST

Carol Johnson?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Yes?

RECEPTIONIST

Right this way.

RECEPTIONIST leads ELDERLY WOMAN to a door, which opens to:

3 INT. ETHICS COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

3

BUTCHER, YOUNG WOMAN, BLACK MAN, WHITE MAN, and CLERK are all
seated at a conference table. They are doctors and hospital
administrators. BUTCHER sits at the head of the table, wear-
ing his white coat.

YOUNG WOMAN fidgets with her stethoscope, swinging it from side
to side.

CLERK

Mrs. Johnson, please have a seat.

ELDERLY WOMAN sits across from the committee.

BUTCHER

I know this is not an easy conversation to have, but I have to be honest with you. Your husband's condition is deteriorating.

RECEPTIONIST

(stoically)

I know.

YOUNG WOMAN stands up, walks toward ELDERLY WOMAN, and puts a consoling hand on her shoulder.

WHITE MAN

It's time to discuss his quality of life.

BLACK MAN

We have each visited Billy in the past few days. We've done tests, and his brain scans... well, they're difficult to interpret.

WHITE MAN

Respectfully, I disagree. Billy is gone, Mrs. Johnson.

CLERK

If you feel that the time has come to disconnect his feeding tube, no one will judge you. We can sedate him, make sure he feels no pain.

Everyone looks at ELDERLY WOMAN expectantly. She speaks slowly and quietly.

ELDERLY WOMAN

After fifty-seven years together...
I just need some time.

4 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

4

BILLY, now old and grey, reclines in a hospital bed. He is fast asleep. ELDERLY WOMAN sits beside the bed, together with their adult DAUGHTER. They gaze upon BILLY.

DAUGHTER

What do you think, Mom? Is Dad still with us?

FADE TO:

5 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

5

BILLY, again aged 22, lies half-asleep in bed. He cuddles his new wife CAROL, who is also asleep. There is a dirty plate on the nightstand on CAROL's side of the bed.

BILLY gently strokes CAROL's pregnant belly.

9



A Catholic Tribute to Clyde Ross

by Michael Jezewak
1st Place, Visual (2D)

Artist Statement

A Catholic Tribute to Clyde Ross

Clyde Ross, the central figure in Ta-Nehisi Coates's 2014 essay "The Case for Reparations," faced iterations of systemic racism in the 20th century, the most notable of which was redlining. As our nation continues to grapple with the legal and social legacies of racism, this piece seeks to add to that conversation by situating the U.S. racial justice movement within the symbols, witnesses, theologies, and writings of American Christianity, especially Catholicism.

Find close-up photos of this piece at rehumanizeintl.org/create-encounter.



Examining our sinfulness—Christian community, and as a Black man, my lived experience. Only from a place of honesty can we look honestly at past failures, as we move toward healing and reconciliation to acknowledge sinful deeds and their consequences. The truth is that the sins of the Catholic Church have been compounded. ³² In his Papal Bull *Dum Diversas*, Pope Alexander VI granted apostolic permission for Portugal to buy and sell African people for the slave trade in America, including Catholic bishops, friars, and slaveholders; some even owned slaves.



Bloom

by Grace Przywara
2nd Place, Poetry

for Sheryl Grossman

The first time doctors tried to call it off,
I was still being knitted,

and a dropped stitch on one of my genes
looked an awful lot to them like tragedy:

a short, quiet, still life. *Knit on, knit on.*
Like a bud, I grew and grew

and the cancer did, too, and by my bed,
she said, *You know, you don't have to do this*

anymore. It won't take long. And in my softness,
in my smallness, barely conscious,

I asked her to leave the room.
Let me bloom—

I was doubted then and I'll be doubted
again so please don't ask me to doubt myself.

Despite its toil, I love my life:
I'm here to flourish. I'm worth the fight.

Artist Statement

Bloom

“Bloom” is an homage to disability rights activist Sheryl Grossman (1975–2022). I tried to tell this part of her story as succinctly, respectfully, and poetically as I could.



Clothe Our Smallest Citizens

by Sara Leonard

1st Place, Visual (3D)

Artist Statement

Clothe Our Smallest Citizens

This baby doll realistically represents micro preemie babies; its length is 11 inches and weighs one and a half pounds. This is the average height and weight of a preemie baby born at 23-24 weeks gestation age, or 17 weeks early. In many places it is still legal to abort preborn children at this gestation age. Modern medical technology allows on a regular basis for babies born this early to survive and thrive. There is no excuse for the deliberate ending of their lives. They are wholly, irrevocably human and completely compatible with life.

Despite the climbing commonality of these preemies, finding clothing that fits them is near impossible. Babies this size often have to wear doll clothes or handmade clothes, as you can see in Photo 23 these pajamas are the smallest preemie clothing available in our local stores. Perhaps using merely a doll we can change how society looks at these tiny babies and bring awareness and commonality to their needs, such as clothing.

Father's Day

by Nick Sansone

2nd Place, Prose

1 INT. FORD ESCORT (PARKED) -- DAY (2004) 1

ASHLYNN CARMICHAEL (20) opens the door of her used, beat-up 1997 Ford Escort and gets in, slamming it after she does. She appears tense, nervous, shaking in little fits and breathing heavy, labored breaths.

She turns the engine on, quickly lights a cigarette and then unfolds a Post-It note that she sticks to the dashboard. It reads:

LEWIS CARMICHAEL
UAW, President
8000 E Jefferson
Detroit, MI 48214

As Ashlynn puts the car into gear and drives off...

2 INT. HOUSE - MAIN HALLWAY -- NIGHT (1990) 2

SIX-YEAR-OLD ASHLYNN runs through the small, narrow main hallway of this small two-bedroom house in suburban Detroit. She then stops at the entrance to the kitchen, where she sees her MOTHER (20s) SCREAMING into the main house phone, although we cannot hear exactly what she is saying...

3 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM -- DAY (1990) 3

Six-year-old Ashlynn now sits beside her mother in her first-grade classroom. A large banner above the chalkboard reads, "Parents' Day".

While the TEACHER speaks before the class, Ashlynn's eyes notice all of the rest of the STUDENTS sitting next to their MOTHERS and FATHERS while she only has her mother with her...

4 INT. HOUSE - CRAWLSPACE -- NIGHT (1990) 4

Six-year-old Ashlynn plays with her Barbies in a special section of the house's crawlspace created just for her when she accidentally drops a Barbie through an opening in one of the boxes.

She reaches down to grab it and happens to see a small pink journal. Curious, she grabs it and opens it up...

5 INT. FORD ESCORT (DRIVING) -- DAY (2004) 5

Ashlynn is speeding way too fast down a side street, sucking hard on her cigarette, hands gripping the steering wheel tight...

6 INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - CLASSROOM -- DAY (1997) 6

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD ASHLYNN sits at a desk in the middle of the classroom, as a WOMAN wearing a hot pink t-shirt delivers a sex-ed lecture before this seventh-grade class...

7 EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - BACK PARKING LOT -- DAY (1997) 7

Thirteen-year-old Ashlynn and a couple of her FRIENDS move across the parking lot toward the school's athletic complex where a cluster of younger and older students smoke cigarettes.

Ashlynn takes a cigarette from a friend of hers and approaches an OLDER BOY (16) for a light.

8 INT. HOUSE - ASHLYNN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT (1997) 8

Thirteen-year-old Ashlynn lies on her bed, flipping through the same small pink journal she had pulled out of the box in the crawlspace seven years prior. She lands on one particular page.

Over her shoulder, we can see delicate handwriting in purple ink on the page, with phrases such as "I THINK I'M PREGNANT," "I'M SCARED," and "HE SAID HE'D PAY TO TAKE CARE OF IT" noticeable to us.

9 INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY -- NIGHT (1997) 9

Thirteen-year-old Ashlynn walks down the hallway toward the living room, where her mother sits watching President Bill Clinton's State of the Union address.

Her mother looks up as Ashlynn tentatively approaches her...

After a tense moment, Ashlynn drops the small pink journal on the coffee table in front of her mother.

Editor's note: this prose piece has been abbreviated due to limited printing space. The rest of Father's Day is published online at rehumanizeintl.org/create-encounter.

Artist Statement

Father's Day

The initial idea for this short screenplay came from another feature screenplay I'm currently working on, where I created the character of Ashlynn as one of the three main protagonists. While exploring her backstory, I remembered something I've seen printed on signs and buttons, including those sold by Rehumanize International, which is that "Abortion is a Tool of the Patriarchy." From there, everything else came to me

almost immediately. In this screenplay, which takes place primarily in Ashlynn's stream of consciousness as she drives to meet her estranged father for the first time, I seek to capture with no ambiguity or sugarcoating the role of toxic masculinity and patriarchy behind abortion, how women and their unborn children are forced to pay the price, and the trauma that post-abortive women are too often forced to struggle with in silence.



Machine Vision

by David Cordaro

2nd Place, Visual (3D)

Editor's note: there are additional photos of this project and an explanation of the artist's process published online at rehumanizeintl.org/create-encounter.

Artist Statement

Machine Vision

The piece “Virgin and Child with Saints Jerome and Nicholas of Tolentino” was completed by Lorenzo Lotto (Italian (Venetian) around the year 1522. This piece of art beautifully represents the culture of life, specifically the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus, and calls attention to our own personal suffering, life, and death. As a tear falls from the elderly Saint Jerome’s eye, hand to chest and holding the crucified Christ, we see Saint Nicholas of Tolentino, wearing the black habit of the Augustinian Order, holding a lily, a remembrance of death and rebirth. But the most pivotal part of the piece is the Child, alive in human form, sitting atop a casket, something we very rarely see.

With my 3D reproductions of a portion of this piece, I wanted to explore life, birth, and death through the eyes of a Machine; Machine Vision. Much of our lives are spent with machines; computers, iPhones, cars, buildings can even be seen as machines. How do they interpret us, and how do we live with these machines? Each of the six representations take a look at the same portion of the image, replicating them and from there we can draw and take into account many meanings: our multi-faceted lives, perception based on our world-view, how machines can provide life and take it away, and even how time changes us all. This is a bold wake-up to the realities of life, begging each of us to dive deeper to see the full reality of our surroundings, listen to the pleas of others, and embrace our own death.

When I Was Very Little

by Citlalin Ossio
Honorable Mention, Prose

When I was very little and Mami was still a crown princess, my abuelos, the King and Queen, didn't like me. They called me cursed. In fact, so did all in the palace.

But Mami was different; she believed I was a treasure. Her treasure.

When I'd get sad about being called cursed, she would comfort me with songs. Her voice was my favorite sound in the whole world, and when she sang, all my fears and sorrows melted away until I couldn't help but dance. Then we'd dance together, just Mami and me.

Every day the King and Queen would visit us in our secluded palace room. Though they never acknowledged me. They'd tell Mami the kingdom was in ruins, and they needed her help to fix it.

Mami would say, "I will, and I will teach my daughter how to help as well."

"That cursed thing will never inherit my throne," the King would respond, his tone as hard as stone. "And neither will you if you insist on keeping it instead of sending it to Echo Isle as we told you to."

"She is your granddaughter and rightful heir, whether you like it or not," Mami would say, her voice unwavering. "And I will do everything in my power to ensure she has a chance to claim that right. I will never give her up." She was always brave in front of them, standing tall and fearless, but at night she'd cry when she thought I was asleep. She worried about what would happen to me in the future and wondered if it was selfish to keep me with her to inherit a broken kingdom.

I wasn't strong enough to take care of her, so instead, I'd dance to cheer her up. That always dried her tears.

Her cries would turn to laughter, then she'd hug me and say, "The kingdom may be

in shambles but it's still my beloved home. I wish to share it with you. I think you'll love it as much as I do, mi vida."

I'd fall asleep in the safety of her warm embrace as she'd promise to always love and protect me.

When I was older the King and Queen made their usual visit. Only this time, they were accompanied by two royal advisors holding firefly lanterns that cast shadows on their masks of bone.

"Since you will not listen to us," the King said. "Maybe you will listen to the pleas of your people."

The first councilor stepped forward. "Your Highness, you must heed their Majesties' request and break the curse if you wish to rule the kingdom well. We need a monarch like you to lead us to prosperity."

"My daughter is not a curse. I can take care of both my kingdom and her if you'd just help me," said Mami.

"Impossible!" the second councilor shouted, so loud I jumped. Mami soothed me as he continued. "Our duty is to the kingdom."

"This is your last chance," the King said. "If you will not obey us, then you must forfeit your inheritance and leave the palace."

Mami hugged me tight and pleaded with the Queen. "Mamá, please."

Editor's note: this prose piece has been abbreviated due to limited printing space. The rest of When I Was Very Little is published online at rehumanizeintl.org/create-encounter.

Artist Statement

When I Was Very Little

I hope this story illustrates our time in the womb as the first stage in our development and not separate from our life after birth. I hope it shows the unborn as living humans, who feel pain, joy, fear, and love. I hope it comforts parents, those worrying and those mourning, and all those called "cursed" for one reason or another.

Vox Populi

Mortem Laudat

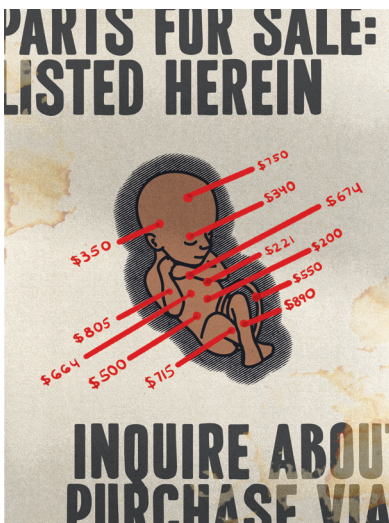
by Cheryl Johnston
Honorable Mention, Poetry

“The body is a precious thing,”
The righteous rebels cry:
“The body is a lovely thing
To kill, to sell, to buy.
Oh, woe to those poor spirits, then,
Who rest among the saints!
They can no longer die nor kill—
Poor slaves! What hard restraints!

“The body is a golden tomb:
Its catacombs of flesh
Will twist and rise and writhe and bloom
To scatter, warm and fresh,
Upon our spirits’ shaking feet,
To bleed its silver seas,
To vomit out the only sword
That mortal hands may seize.”

Parts for Sale

by Sonja Morin
Honorable Mention, Visual (2D)



Artist Statement

Vox Populi Mortem Laudat

The title of this poem translates to “the voice of the people praises death.” It was inspired by a comment on a news website that referred to restrictions on medically assisted dying as “slavery.” The poem expands upon this sentiment to demonstrate the nightmarish, objectifying view of the human body that arises when absolute autonomy, extending even to the freedom to harm ourselves or others, is held up as a societal value.

Artist Statement

Dear Carrie

This poem is essentially a letter to Carrie Buck, the subject of the 1927 Supreme Court case that allowed for the involuntary sterilization of poor people and people with disabilities, reflecting on what her life and legacy mean to me as a disabled woman.

Artist Statement

Parts for Sale

My work, “Parts for Sale”, explores the dehumanization inherent to the harvesting and sale of pre-born bodies by abortion facilities. The format was inspired by 1950s-era newspaper ads, as both a commentary on how aborted fetal parts are advertised to buyers, as well as a callback to the first recorded unethical experimentations on fetal bodies undertaken in 1953. The sanguine marker — indicating the real prices that fetal parts have been advertised for — disrupts the monotone composition of the rest of the piece. Much like diagrams pointing out the profitable parts of machinery, the pre-born in the center of the ad is marked for death, dehumanized for profit.

Dear Carrie

by Sophie Trist

Honorable Mention, Poetry

To the world, you are just a name,
Just a body to be picked apart, violated
Litigated out of humanity.
They called you, your mother Emma, and your newborn daughter Vivian imbeciles.
They said three generations was enough.

Your teachers said you were bright, but they took you out of school so you could do housework.
They punished you for being raped,
For being poor,
For being a girl who was not what they thought a girl should be.
I think of the church ladies' judging words,
Sharp as the justices' cruelty,
Cutting like the doctors' scalpels
And I could weep, Carrie.

I wonder who you were as a girl.
What color was your favorite dress?
What songs did you sing when nobody could hear?
Where did you go to dream?

I hold your tears and your laughter in my heart, Carrie.
We carry you on our national conscience,
A crime we don't speak of,
Don't repent.
Court cases don't speak, but people do.
Women do.
Whether the world wants you or not, Carrie,
You lived on in defiance.
After the violation, you fell in love and got married, built a family.
To every poor woman,
every disabled woman the world tries to throw away,
you are a sister, the icon you should never have had to be.
Your final indictment and battle cry rings in our ears,
More human than any court opinion or treatise.
Toward the end of your life, you said simply, "They done me wrong. They done us all wrong."

Hands Outstretched

by Hilary Beall
*Honorable Mention,
Visual (2D)*



Artist Statement

Hands Outstretched

The piece depicts a faceless man, seated on the ground, shoeless, hands joined together and outstretched, palms facing upward toward the viewer. This work evokes a reckoning of our nation's treatment of the poor, especially in the midst of a pandemic —

do we see the suffering in front of our faces, or do we ignore them? Do others remain faceless, do we turn away and focus inwardly in the face of suffering? This image prompts the viewer to examine their action on behalf of others, or lack thereof.

MST PTSD SUICIDAL IDEATION

by John Evans
*Honorable Mention,
Visual (2D)*



Artist Statement

MST PTSD SUICIDAL IDEATION

During April, of 1972 the Vietnam War raged on. So much happens to a teenage boy, serving with the USMC: Military Sexual Trauma, Spinal Cord Injuries, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, and Suicidal Ideation and Attempts. His life changed forever. This image as PTSD was at its height in later years

demonstrates the chaos and trauma in a Veteran's life. His life may even be threatened. Nearing 50 years later the struggle and suffering continue. Active support to veterans is the best way to say thank-you!

Holy Ground

by Christine Chandler Prater
Honorable Mention, Poetry

Boot bottoms, dusty with holy ground, trampled
Divine abundance desiccated by gulping
greed and inebriated industry

Land watered by war and plowed by gore
Opulence obtained through oppression
Suffering sown as seed

Flags planted instead of freedom
The stolen ground grumbles and beneath it
the blood of stolen bodies groans

Loam—once fertile and fruitful—
now crumbles, as parched and poisoned
as the American church witness

Stewardship forsaken for profit
Creation exploited, embezzled
The plunder hailed as God's bounty

Cultivating dispossession, a mockery
of freedom. We pledge blind allegiance
to truth untold, praise a hidden history

Shoulders proud, hands over hearts
of stone, erecting monuments
where we should be kneeling graveside

Artist Statement

Holy Ground

This poem is a reflection on the poor stewardship and exploitation of creation and humanity for the sake of greed and industry in America.

What Exactly I Would Say

by Mallory Nygard
Honorable Mention, Poetry

How cruel
that I have to imagine
what exactly I would say
to the children
who would hide in my closet
if a man bent on death
and destruction
chooses our school
for his production.

When the lights are flashing
and the speakers are calling
out the final act,
I would close the door
behind me.
I would not let him
find an audience
among us.

I would hold their hands
so fiercely they would leave
with a mark.

“This is the most terrible thing,”
I have rehearsed, “and
you are not alone.”

I would stake the whole
of my life
and theirs
on the weight
of that “and”

Artist Statement

What Exactly I Would Say

Mallory Nygard lives and writes in East Tennessee. Her poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Relief: A Journal of Art and Faith*, *North Dakota Quarterly*, *Ekstasis*, *Amethyst Review*, *Pigeon Parade Quarterly*, and *Ever Eden Literary Journal*. Her first collection of poetry, *Pelican*, was released in 2021.

