THE WOOVE
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“Love Letter to Sleep”

My elusive lover
You flit between my waking dreams
As the sun slowly rises in the east

I lay in bed
Wishing it was you who held me close
But when I roll over
There is no one but me and my anxiety
My sole companion in the darkness of the night

Silent screams of frustration build in my chest &
Anxiety keeps a vice grip around lungs
Each breath a battle
While my mind feels numb

What have I done
To earn your scorn
Nighttime was once a
Time of serene solitude

Why must I lie alone

Nothing but velvet darkness in the dead of night &
My thoughts rattling around in my empty brain
But like
I can't sleep
and like
I wonder why
but then like
I know why

I can't sleep
because I think
of you
when I
close my eyes
Waiting

I’ve been asleep all my life, dreaming of the next day or the next month or the next year, dreaming of all the things I’ll never do or say or see or feel, dreaming of what it’d be like to be the person I’d always wished I could be, or be with, waiting for my life to begin like one counts the cracks in the ceiling while waiting to doze off at night.
When I woke up it felt like fear
like love细分.
I won't though
I've got angels so
allow like water flow go
above fear like blood thinned.

When I wake it's like knowing
It's slow like growing
and I'm never going back.
The places I've been remain the same
but inside I know that I have changed
and I'm not coming back.
I'm not waking up from this night
It's strange it feels just like daylight

Smile with tears from ear to ear and face towards the sun.
From east to west across the sky the stars did run
while to the moon was up before the light begun.

-Sable
Daylight

I. sleep still in your voice
    skin between us now
    muscular but soft

    my light touch
    tracing your jawline
    under the softest threads

    our arms wake
    with a gentle stir.
    Sunday, 7:02 a.m.

II. your arms sculpted and stark
    against my skin, dark
    we entangle in synchronous rhythm

    bare chest
    steady breath
    rise and fall

    pull me closer.

Ray

I just threw up my netherest soul:
    through my open mouth poured
    my mother’s guilt and grey-blue eyes and
    Van Morrison’s Moondance,

    my father’s stoic smile and tight wallet
    hating the Grateful Dead.

    Losing myself piecemeal.
    I’m afraid to eat lunch alone
    like it’s middle school again.

    There on the ground,
    I poke the sick stuff of psyche
    and something escapes.
Close ur legs
Close ur eyes
You slut
Go to sleep