

Continuum

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The Perseverance Issue



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AUTHORS



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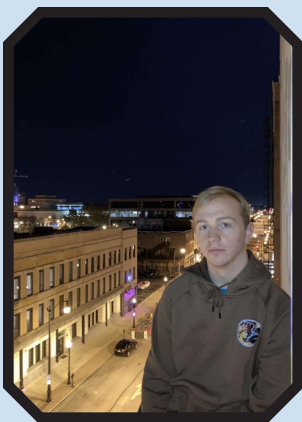
Karina Bueno is a freshman studying social work. She feels a passion for photography in abandoned places and seeks to capture the unique moments and places in life.



Katelyn Cavanaugh is from Nortonville, Kentucky, and she plays on the UIS women's soccer team. Katelyn is majoring in exercise science and plans to attend graduate school to become a physical therapist. She enjoys working out, reading, journaling, cooking healthy meals, and listening to music.



Alan Terrazas is a freshman biology major on the pre-medical career path. Born in 2004 in Aurora, Illinois, Alan has not stopped feeling his curiosity. When he is not feeling adventurous, he enjoys building with LEGOs while a sitcom plays in the background.



Carter Coryell is a 19-year-old college freshman currently studying criminology and criminal justice.

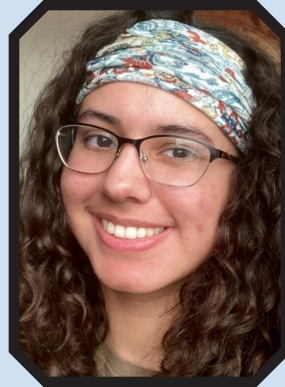


Piper Schrepferman is a freshman on the UIS women's tennis team, and she is studying exercise science. Piper has lived in Elburn, Illinois her entire life.

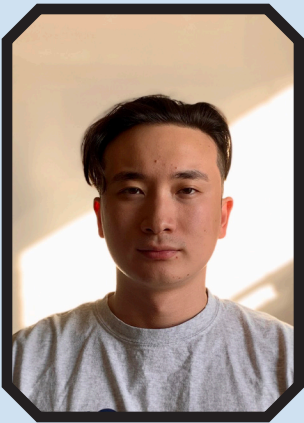
EDITORS



Bre Scott is an English major and is also pursuing a minor in women and gender studies. They are a sophomore, which makes this their fourth semester in CAP. Also, Bre is a CAP Studios tutor as well as a CAP student worker.



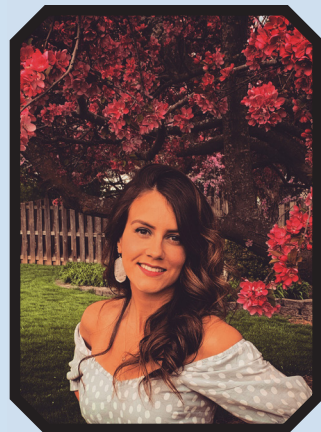
Charlotte Medina is a sophomore student in CAP. She is majoring in Information Systems Security and minoring in Management Information Systems.



Damir Tamir, a junior at UIS, is an international student from Kazakhstan studying computer science. As a non-native speaker, he started learning English in high school and is still learning it to this day. Damir's involvement with *Continuum* is one of his favorite ways to give back to the community.



Molly Harms is a sophomore majoring in public policy and political science. Outside *Continuum*, she's involved in the Student Government Association, Violet Margin literary journal, and the CAP peer mentoring program.



Erica Mooney is a graduate student at UIS, and she is working toward her master's degree in school counseling. Erica enjoys outdoor activities, reading, writing, and spoiling her two cats.



PERSEVERANCE: THE KEY TO SUCCESS

BY CARMEN LLOPIS

To me, this picture serves as a clear representation of perseverance. Perseverance involves the way we face obstacles by not allowing them to define us or prevent us from progressing. Especially in sports, perseverance is the key to success and growth as a well-rounded athlete. I have always been very competitive and sought to find new challenges not only within sports but also in life. Tennis probably falls into the category of one of the most mentally tough sports, so players must continue pushing even when they think they cannot do it anymore. Occasionally, someone may need to take initiative and lead the team with the purpose of guiding the group to victory. This gratifying feeling has shaped my identity today; it extends beyond the game. Mistakes and failures do not limit or overcome truly successful athletes, and these individuals will use difficulties to their advantage and further develop athletically. Perseverance differentiates good from best.





TO THE TOP

BY KATELYN CAVANAUGH

In the picture below, viewers can see me in the ocean. This image relates to perseverance because I am rising above life obstacles that have challenged me or tried to drown me. As the photo shows, I am ascending from the bottom of the ocean, which represents a place where I am struggling. This place can relate to the beginning of college when I came into an unfamiliar environment with different faces and new routines. The stress, anxiety, and uncomfortable situations I was dealing with made me feel like my life was out of control. When I am swimming toward the surface to catch a breath, I am fighting to conquer any hurdles life throws in my direction. I feel accomplished whenever I reach the top, recognizing that I continued to work hard to achieve my goal and achieve more than I thought was possible. Ultimately, the fresh air serves as a goalpost where I can finally breathe and realize my determination, patience, and dedication led to a positive outcome.

NATURE PERSEVERES

BY KARINA BUENO



One of the best examples of perseverance is nature itself. The beauty of nature is that it will always find a way to flourish despite its circumstances. No matter what structures or obstacles present themselves, in the end, nature will overcome them and grow stronger than ever. This photo was taken in an abandoned prison in Illinois.

GO STARS: A STORY OF PERSEVERANCE

BY PIPER SCHREPFERMAN

Perseverance embodies countless forms depending on the individual. For me, perseverance means giving my entire effort and overcoming obstacles until I meet my final objective and accomplish everything I hoped to achieve. The photograph above depicts the moment following the winning point of my first collegiate tennis match. The drive, focus, and determination that resulted from years of pushing myself and practicing to the best of my ability led me to this success. I overcame many challenges in the process; I battled numerous injuries such as a back fracture, degenerative discs, and even tennis elbow—all of which can debilitate players of this sport. I was feeling pain during the time this photo captures but knew my team needed me in order for us to win. My parents instilled perseverance and strength in me at a young age, and I thank these qualities for helping me attain my goals. I have always wanted to arrive at this place in my athletic career, and I could not have done it without these attributes related to perseverance.



PERSEVERANCE: A SERIES

BY CARTER CORYELL

I wrote this series while either enduring or remembering struggles in my life. Writing enabled me to convey thoughts and feelings in a way I never could previously, and I found it therapeutic. It helped me continue to embrace the parts of life that make every day worth living. I used to feel uncomfortable with people knowing my emotions, but now I can share this series with anyone. It feels freeing.

“FRIENDS”

Who are you?
Well I am me
Maybe that is all I'll ever be
Well I like you
I like me too
You do?

“OBSESSION”

Me and you
Through and through
The dawn is bright and blue
So blue
I think I am in love with you
Me too
Me too?
I drive and drive
All through the night
To see my love
My light
My sky
They do no same
No no not ever
They make my mind so black and blue
So blue
It isn't love
When I'm not there
The feeling is nowhere
No where?
It's not enough to her I swear
They swear they need me there

Up and up
I think it's love
They swear it's there
I swear

However
They need not understand my state
They need not understand my pain
They swear
They swear
They swear
Where are my needs?
They're under daisies
Never to be seen
Then where are theirs?
They're always in
My sun
My moon
My sky
As if it's glass
You would see through
I do see through
Well I see you
But you see you as well
The dusk has come
It has?
The sky is dark enough

“CONNECTION”

May one day be as sweet as this
May one night be as long,
Full of bliss
As two wholes become halves
And two lovers twine
What does it truly mean to someone's mine?

My mind is coiled
Ready to reminisce
Lost in thought
I toss and twist
As sweet becomes sour
And some kisses miss

No bliss is here
But it's not lost as is
Or as we remain
We are still the same
Those two halves
Suddenly urge to be wholes again

As we indulge
In backhanded thoughts of our love
Our trust must shine
We'll be soon to find
That it may never shine the same
again

Again
Again
Why would we repeat such a vicious
twist?

Let's begin again
And start anew
To me and you it's nothing new

We as two
Completed by who you were
And who I was
When your grass was greener
Than mine ever had been for me
And now it's withered
Just one word
And four words
Is all it took to buckle you

"BREATHE"

Work
It seems to me
That that's my week
All I ever do
I'm in I swipe
Then 9 to 5
I'm out the same time
5 days a week
For the rest of time
For at least the rest of mine

The days they stretch
The nights regress
I never seem to dream or sleep
This is why

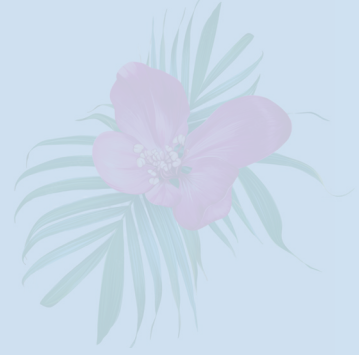
this is how
I ended up so down
I used to dream
I used to sing
Find joy in the little things
But now
I wake
I eat
I pray
And everyday
Nothing's the same
But nothing ever changes

I hear them clear
They clink and stir
The frothy air
They shriek and scream
5 days a week
They fill my dreams with gears
They're all I hear
For years and years
These friends of mine
cry and cry
The difference is I'm paid for mine

"SERENDIPITY"

A solitary state
So alone
And so connected
Intertwined into the deepest
These depths of mine
What is it to say I have no peace of mind?
An opposing force
Hidden in recesses
Of an independent mind
It can see itself
And it sees me
Who are you to say who I am to me?

It weighs heavy on my mental states
Their own sovereignty strained
It does not press
It does not push
The deaf of life
It and me, we are a team
It's just as much a part of me
As this thing I am is meant to be



EIGHTEEN

BY ANONYMOUS

Disclaimer: This poem contains sensitive material some readers may find triggering.

I've just turned eighteen
And I'm already tired of all the battles
That've happened over my rights

Saying that something not yet born
is worth more than my life,
That my life span is for someone else to decide
I don't get that control.

I can tell you now
I'd take a gun to my head
Over creating a life I did not choose to make.
I might just be eighteen but...

People say that I should die
Over having a surgery that would
Save my life, that would
Save my mind.

People getting in my face
Saying that having a surgery is
some immoral decision,
Well,
I value my sanity far more than your opinion,
And a bundle of cells, that can't survive
without feeding off my body.

And these old white men
Are holding on to their seats with vice grips,
Nice power trip.

Ripping away our rights,
from right beneath us
These fires are spreading.

And they keep waving this book in my face
Saying 'life begins at conception'
Well,
I'm not Christian,
Stop yelling verses at me,
I don't care.

It shouldn't be a crime to
not want to be a mother.

It shouldn't be a crime to
not want to be a mother.

It shouldn't be a crime to
not want to destroy my mind.

It shouldn't be a crime to
not want to destroy my body.


I'm only eighteen,
I might not be afraid to die,
but I've got so much more
I want to live for.

I composed "Eighteen" in reaction to new laws against reproductive rights in Texas. The poem serves as a window into my mental state at the time, and I wrote it in a moment of frustration and anger over my own helplessness and the lack of respect lawmakers give my body in this country. Forcing citizens to undergo surgery to sacrifice body parts for others, not compensating these individuals in any way for doing so, and requiring them to pay for the procedure proves extremely unethical. The war on reproductive rights means people with uteruses cannot obtain complete healthcare, and it must end.

THAT MOMENT ONWARD

BY ALAN TERRAZAS

This poem alludes to a surgery I underwent about two and a half years ago. Prior to the procedure, the medical practitioners mentioned an immense list of all the potential side effects that could occur afterwards. From the moment I awoke to the end of my stay at the hospital, my quick recovery and the absence of any major complications shocked the doctors. I use my rapid healing as motivation to continue progressing because I have a second chance at life.



I opened my eyes and was blinded by the lights
My mouth hurt, as if I ate a few sour Mike and Ike's.
I couldn't talk.
I couldn't walk.

All of a sudden, the noise stopped flowing in the room.
They said I succeeded in escaping a potential doom.
My throat was dry.
I wanted to cry.

Wondering if it would ever be the same,
I practiced walking from doorframe to doorframe.
I could barely start to eat.
I could barely feel complete.

Years later, I am feeling much better.
I'm taller, and onto something greater.
Something greater than mars,
or maybe past the stars

I like to look at the past, to see what I surpassed.
'Cause from that moment onward,
I became driven to keep pushing forward.