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Editorial

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future rendezvous she would grasp, almost, how great a person she’d left behind. A person no longer there, and in her skin was a woman made tougher by challenge, and stronger by independence. Because I could already feel Ellie flaking off me, piece by piece, with each day a step deeper into the unknown. I had no idea what college and adulthood would make of me, but that was why it made it worth leaving home, the familiar, and Lydia behind. I saw glints of the true Elizabeth shining brighter and brighter, taking over the dull shadows of the old Ellie, who shared the limelight.

Maybe then Lydia would see that what you take for granted runs through your fingers like sand. She’d best be careful. Soon she may not know Donut Boy, either.

EDITORIAL

Sara Bonacum

Where this editorial is printed there used to be a poem. I wrote this poem as a statement of the truth of a situation that I observed in life. I used a word that has been deemed as inappropriate for this publication; however, I did not use it violently or in a degrading way, but merely as a description of the truth. I was given the option of changing my poem, but that would not be the truth. It would be lying to myself, to the situation that the poem represents, and it would be lying to the readers of this journal.

As a writer, the most challenging and yet most essential task is to represent life as we see it in an honest way, using language to color experience, much like any other artist uses a pallet to reach out to us. The issue at hand is not what is or is not moral in art, but which audience it is meant for. Just as many of Picasso’s paintings, presenting nudity or a group of prostitutes on a street corner in France, are totally inappropriate for an audience of children, it is our honor as art-appreciating adults to observe his viewpoints on canvas. We approach these paintings and their subjects with maturity and discretion. This is not limited to Picasso, but applied as well to all forms of artistic expression. As artists, we recognize our audience and offer them the benefit of being mature and open minded. So, if this is the audience, what is art?

In sculpture, music, canvas, or on the written page, art is life as we see it and art is us. Art is how we look closely at the world around us, each other, and ourselves, how we accept what touches us and what offends us, how we love and how we cope, and most of all, how we give back what we are offered in being alive.

It has been my honor to have my art printed alongside the other brave and talented artists here in the Promethean. It makes me sad that my own poem has been pulled from these pages. Now, I feel that the struggle to tell the truth has been intensified, for fear of being judged. I take comfort in the bold work of my fellow students and will continue to be honest. As artists, lovers of life, and defenders of truth, I encourage everybody to use this venue to express yourself and the life given to you by God, rejecting fear and embracing your creativity.