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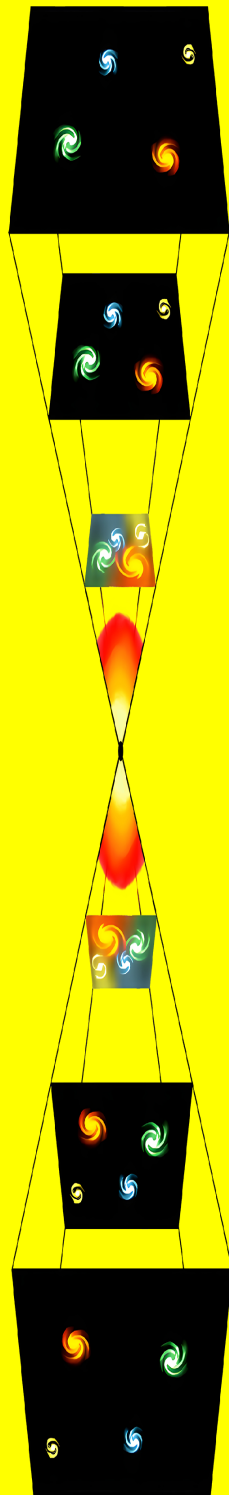
For many of us, we are in the most transitional years of our life. This semester's theme, *In Transit*, refers to our relationship with time and space. We are constantly moving through those vast dimensions, literally when we're walking to class, taking a bus, hoping on the metro, riding a bike, skateboard, scooter, etc. Or more abstractly when we transition from fall semester, to winter break, to spring semester, to summer, and on and on. College make the motion of life through time and space especially loud. We are in a phase of our life with a specific stop that we must get off at, turning our life here into a moment in time. We come from everywhere, and we'll leave for everywhere else. But for these four years or so, our paths collide. And here it really is about the journey. The journey from Elkton Hall to a lovely little house off campus with two cats. The journey across the mall in between classes when thousands of us come together to march boldly forward together through time and space. The journey from the first day of classes to the final final. The journey of watching the seasons melt into each other on our campus.... a reminder that the Earth is moving, and so are we.

With this edition of *Requiem*, we want to reflect on this movement and dig deeper — question where we're going, or even where we've come from. As well as honor this motion and be a testament of our gratitude for this extraordinary opportunity to grow and learn. To explore space and move through time.

Cheers,
Alexa, Diya, and Sofya



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LOOKING AHEAD

by Atem Fontem

I'm sure many of you have heard of the Dead Internet Theory. For the lucky unfamiliar, it's the conspiracy that most of the activity online you see is from bots performing automated actions. Through text-based posting, algorithmic curation, media generation by large language models and the works, it's looking like the Internet (and its experience, more specifically) is in a final frontier, with many people in real life™ generally saying for the worst.

I spent a lot of time this year daydreaming about this theory. Is the quality of humanness at risk of going away forever? I don't know about you or your internet habits, but from a very young age I unfortunately had unrestricted access, exploring seemingly endless communities, wandering in the jungle of chaos, attempting to make sense of what makes people the way that they are, gradually forming my own sense of tastes, values, and identity through lurking, learning, and interacting. It wasn't long before I came to deeply love and respect the intricacies, absurdities, and atrocities of online culture; a clear mirror of the human condition. Incredibly ugly, yet so damn beautiful.

There was another theory I heard about (probably from like a Kurzgesagt video or something) called the Big Bounce hypothesis, in which the Universe as we know it never really started nor will end, rather just cycles through singularity event, expansion, collapse, repeat. The concepts of the Universe and the internet are alike in that they are both human-defined constructs, are infinite and observable in nature, all while still going through everlasting change, endless iteration, epochs and eras. Celestial bodies millions of times larger than the radius of the Sun violently implode, and the Universe persists. I uninstall Twitter for the 3rd time this week, and the internet marches on.

From numerous recent conversations I've had on this topic visualizing the endgame, I personally predict internet culture to die & rebirth again, like a phoenix from the ashes; supernova into stardust and back into a star. This is not baseless. There are signs: skinny jeans are coming back in full force, and I recently saw an iPhone 4 with the OG 2013 Flappy Bird app installed on an eBay listing. Keep your eyes peeled.

In the short term, possibly next decade, another prediction I'm making is that there will be a new industry of companies that offer a service providing you a private suite of nearly identical early 2010s-era versions of social media platforms, heavily moderated by vetted overseas workers for AI-generated content for a subscription (obviously), allowing you to interact with other paying members who signed in **blood** to never post another Charlie Kirk face swap reaction GIF in comment sections. Think about it like a paid **Club Penguin** private server, if you know what that is. Profitting off the power of nostalgia and dissatisfaction of the present has proven to be **lucrative**. Let's get this bread.

Leave a Comment

[2025-10-18 20:22:34] CalebV: i feel like we r reaching a critical point in culture or at least online culture where a lot of ppl r aware of the extractive / addictive ways we interact w the internet n i know a lot of ppl r trying diff strategies to limit / challenge / navigate that reality

[2025-10-22 18:48:32] MalcolmF: maybe a backlash to this growing machine significance will cause a return to physical media

[2025-11-09 16:20:18] EmelyP:


In 10 years, the internet
 would go back to its
 roots and convert itself
 into a cute cat video

[2015-11-09 21:10:47] Ethan: Honestly, I don't think the internet will change too much in the next 10 years. I've been on twitter for almost 10 years now, and while the way people make memes and overall "funny content" because when we think of the internet, memes are the first thing everyone thinks of, obviously- has changed drastically over the last 10 years, and had changed a lot from the last 10 years before that. But, the overarching methodology has stayed the same.

[2025-11-11 10:39:48] AnhC: effective.

Power
لِّلصَّبِّلِصَّبْرُ

[2025-11-13 07:19:32] Alex88: In 10 years I don't think the internet will exist. I imagine it collapsing itself like a dying star... too dense with information, too saturated by replicas of replicas to keep it from collapsing. I can't imagine it forcing itself further into our lives... the boundary between "online" and "real" is already so paper thin. Eventually, the entire edifice will implode and, if we survive, we'll be left standing in the static. We'll blink and look around, realizing we have to decide what it means to be human... Again... without internet. Instagram.



ears.
tent"
eed-
valley

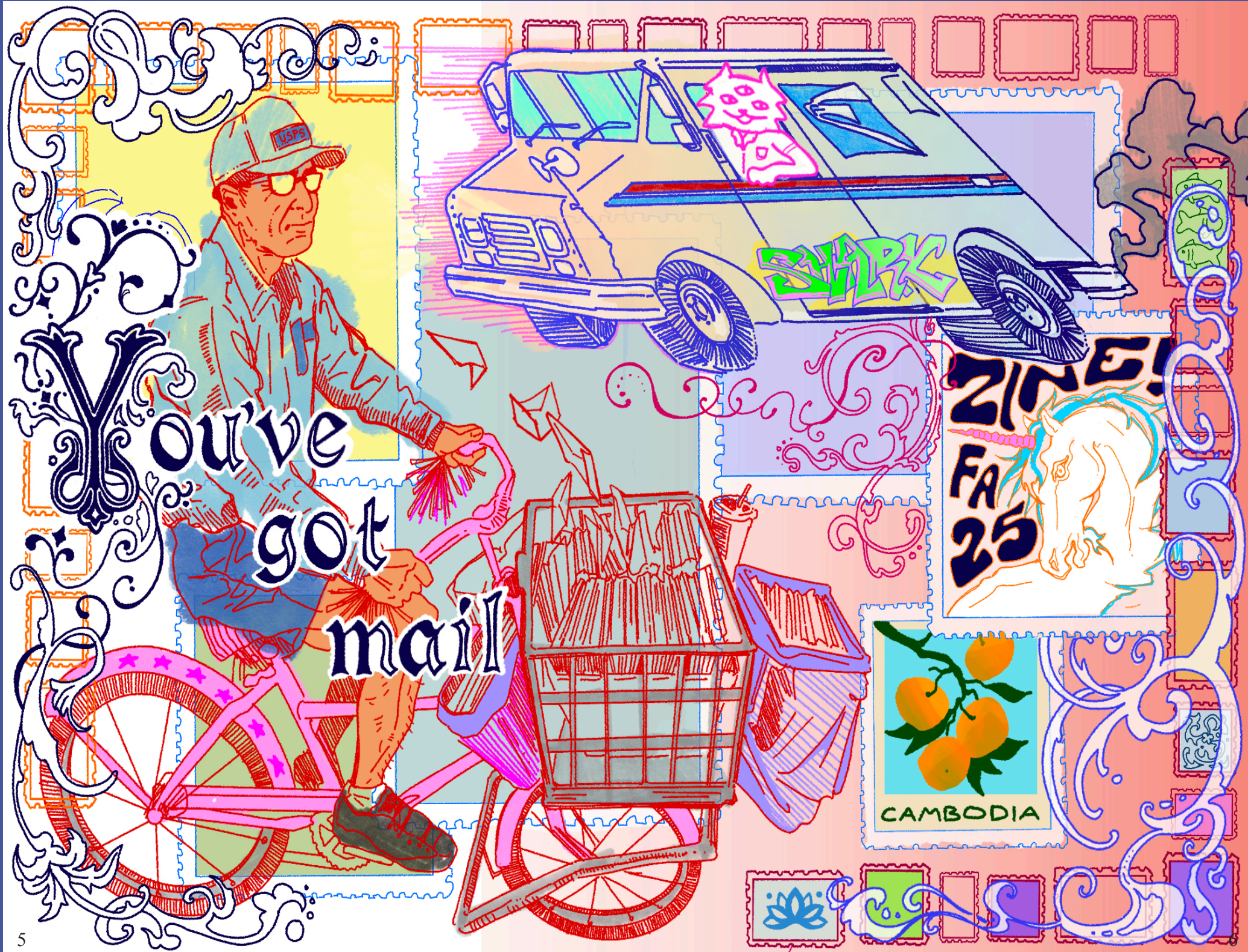
to
read
the

culture
of
n to

Connection lost

Please wait - attempting to reestablish





STUCK

I

When I was younger, my dad and I often tandem-biked the Rock Creek Park trail into Washington, D.C. My family would joke that my pedalling on the second seat did not contribute at all, though I would sporadically pedal with fury. To this day, I still don't know what my pedalling actually contributed. Something in me now tells me not to ever find out the mechanics of that bike, finding my lack of knowledge symbolic.

In awe of trains, taking the metro into D.C. with my family was also an experience that struck curiosity in me. In this spy museum I loved, there were these red tunnels near the ceiling that kids could climb through to see what it was like to truly be a spy. Me being the kid I was, I actually ended up getting lost exploring this elevated maze. I recall seeing my mom and grandma down below me as I pounded on the plastic bubble separating me from them, but they couldn't hear me.

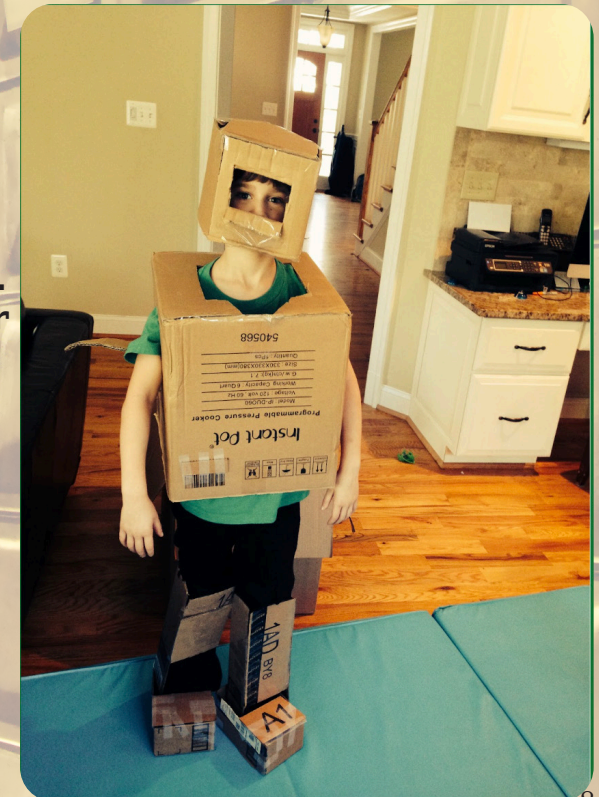
I got stuck in more than a few things as a kid. One time at Silver Diner we had to ask the waiter for scissors because I couldn't get my finger out of the kids lemonade cup. And to this day, my sister and I still disagree on if it was her or my brother who came to save me when I accidentally locked myself in a treasure chest. Don't laugh. I did eventually get out of these tunnels and chests, but sometimes I confuse myself when I try to remember how I felt. I felt relieved once out of whatever contraption I got myself in, but afterward, there's still a part of me feeling I'm missing something. Maybe it's the same part of me looking for symbolism in the tandem bike.

II

"What are you going to do with that?" is a question adults used to ask me when I told them I was studying journalism. I would tell them I was studying journalism "for now." I recently wondered why I told them this. I was on the metro somewhere when I was thinking, considering all the thoughts I've considered somewhere, somewhere where I saw junkyards. Shells of old vehicles I can't let go of float by me, and unlike when I was a kid, the train car now makes me sick.

I've taken the metro back home several times in my first semester here. The actual city of D.C. eludes me as I ride underneath it, changing trains from green to red and head north to my home. I find it funny that the stop that's closest to my house is the one just before the metro comes up from underground.

Being stuck makes you wonder: "is anyone watching me right now?" I used to think if God saw me he would be surprised at the decisions I chose. My decision, no matter how irrational, would fight back at the universe trying to keep me down and in conformity. The sweat deepens into my skin here, feeling sick again, but my decisions are my own.



III

Recently, I brought my bike onto the metro for the first time. This combination of two distinct worlds of transit exploded as a lady almost crashed her electric scooter into my bike when she too entered the car. A bad habit I have is predicting what people will be like before I know them. She had bold piercings, jewelry, and countless beads in her locs: wisdom was my prediction.

She tells me she graduated a few years ago and studied psychology, then asks me what I'm studying. I answer, not adding the "for now."



"Ah. A fellow truthseeker," she says, though she noted that being one will someday get her killed. She's been so captivated with finding the truth lately, she devoured all of the Five Nights at Freddy's content available, in search of what truly happened. I love talking about this stuff, but my bad habit comes to bite me: what does this game have to do with "truthseeking?"

When she finishes, she sighs and looks directly at me. She asks what my "story is." No one's ever asked me that before. I say something random like "life," before deciding to explain that I'm going home to visit my girlfriend for the weekend. I had expected wisdom from her, but where is mine?

The College Park station has left us long ago and we've been in the metro darkness a while. I'm so preoccupied with Five Nights at Freddy's, it's already time to change trains. As I stand up with my bike to get off at my stop, we shake hands. I'm Josh. She says her name is Omni. Omni says something like, "If I ever see you again, I'll know." This is no symbol, Josh, this is human. I switch to the red line and I cling on to my swaying bike all the way. Not too much longer, please.

- a short story by josh hananel

How To Look For a Shooting Star

Look at the sky in College Park, see a light falling from the sky. Chase it until you get to Moynihan Train Hall in New York City. Smuggle yourself onto a train to Toronto. Pay for the ticket before the train workers ask for it. While the adrenaline flows through your veins, start taking pictures of the sunset until you dissolve into the sky.

When you are up high, ask the stars where the shooting star you saw earlier is. They will say that she became a sun far away. At that moment, you will have to wait light years until you can see a glimpse of her brightness.



Subway Diaries

21

It snowed on my birthday, that must be a good sign. Standing on the station platform, the train runs past me into a blur. My bg dropped to the ground. There is still time. Is there still time?



i love you <3

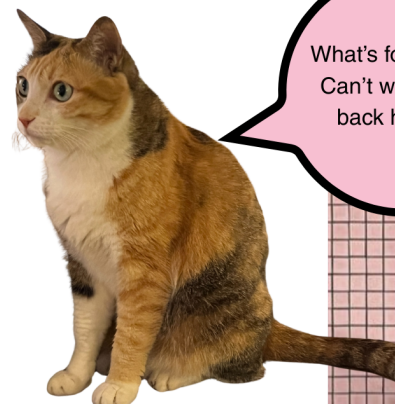
But the characteristic feature of the ridiculous age I was going through—awkward indeed but by no means infertile.

In later life we look at things in a more practical way, in full conformity with the rest of society, but adolescence is the only period in which we learn anything.

Marcel Proust, In Search of Lost Time, Volume II: Within a Budding Grove

Playlist on the train home


1. First Train Home- Imogen Heap
2. Seasons-wave to earth
3. anthems-Charli xcx
4. Cherry-coloured Funk- Cocteau Twins
5. Dreams Tonite-Alvvays



What's for dinner?
Can't wait to get
back home...





 Outside, the mural is unavoidable.

Select a power plan:

- ☒ There is the silhouette of a coppo,
- ☐ painted on the side of a building.

Outside, the pig plays a saxophone on the wall of a tenement.

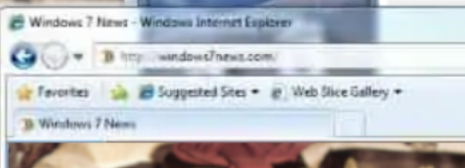


File Download - Security Warning


Outside, on the wall: a cop playing jazz.

 Name: Below him: God, crossed out.
Type: "Repent, the kingdom iz nigh!"
From: overwritten

 "Don't you think God would have saved you already?"
[Welcome to Hell!!!!](#)




AutoPlay


 Look up at the sky,

☐ at the dark shapes of drones hanging there.

Ask yourself:


 is there something sinister in the present?

And then answer: yes

 God is missing from his heaven.

[Nothing is normal on Earth.](#)

User Account Control

 You are in hell, aren't you?
This isn't the future you were promised.

Program name: There was life before flat design.
Publisher: **You're tired of the lifeless minimalism.**
File origin: You ask yourself:

☒ Where did all the creativity go?

[Is this really what the world has to offer you?](#)

there is something sinister in nostalgia. a profound need for a liar. but nothing was ever that good. u were miserable then as u r now. dont trust nostalgia.

- diego henriquez



File:AidenGibneyBankInDC.png

🗨️A

☆

✎

File

File history

File usage



Size of this preview: 800 × 449 pixels. Other resolutions: 320





Childhood Cafe

Location: U Street
Rating: 9/10

The atmosphere is super cute—I'm a sucker for a blue and white color scheme! The baristas will put a very tasteful amount of (housemade!) syrup in your drink, enough to get the flavor, but not enough to overpower the matcha. Their matcha is very rich and smooth. Even my friends that normally don't drink matcha like this place!



M E T R O

M A T C H A



Saku Saku Flakerie

Location: Tenleytown
Rating: 10/10

Their matcha is super rich and flavorful, and the customer service is excellent! They have the cutest cup-sleeves, so of course I had to save one for my junk journal! Such an Instagrammable location.

Blank Street

Location: Dupont Cir
Rating: 7/10

A great place if you're into trying different syrup flavors, and an even better place if you love sweet drinks. Their salted pistachio matcha is quite delicious...that being said, if you're more of a matcha purist, this is not the place for you.



Compass Coffee

Location: College Park
Rating: 6/10

Great if you want a local option, but not great if you want a rich, flavorful matcha. Very watery and difficult to taste the matcha.

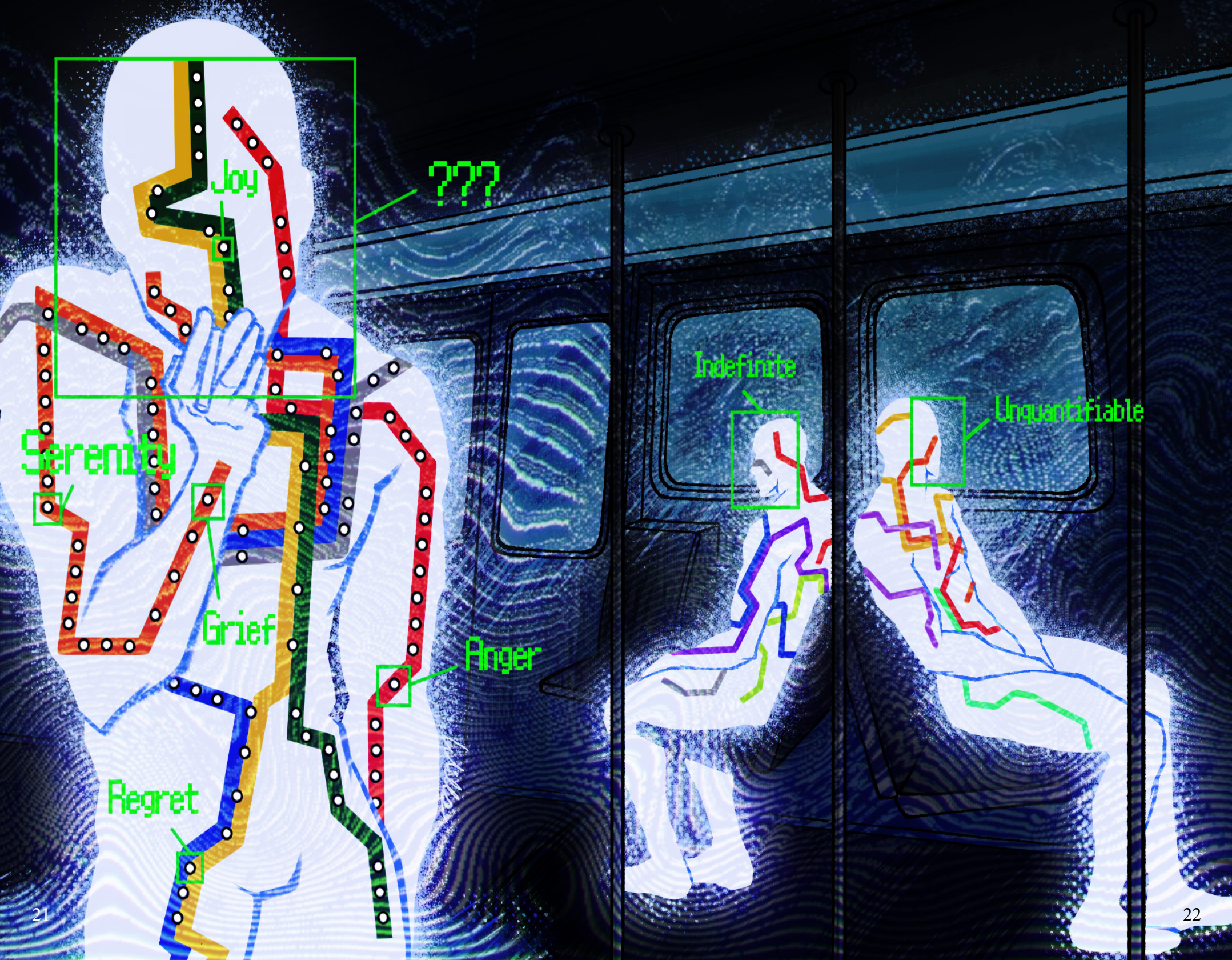
Maman

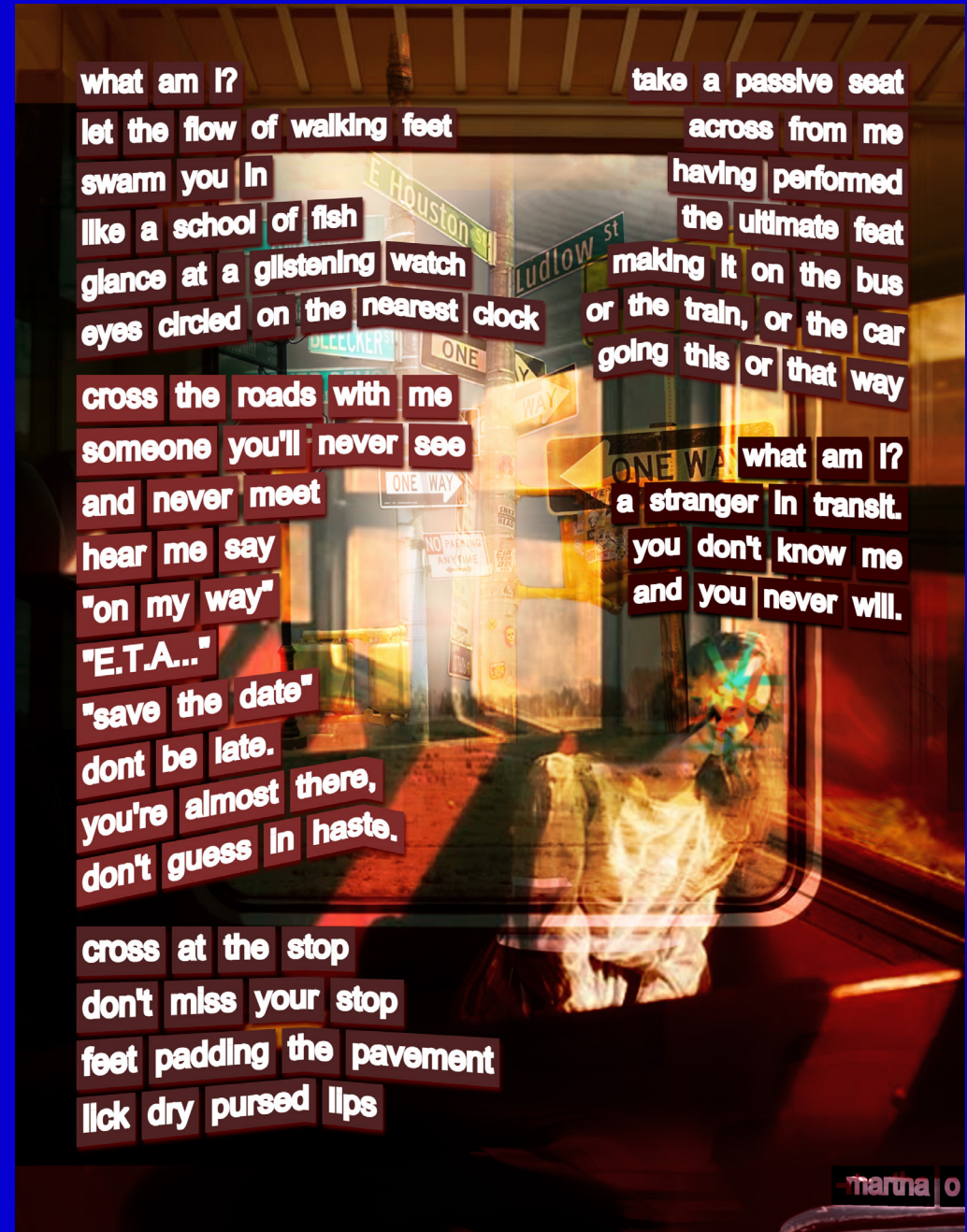
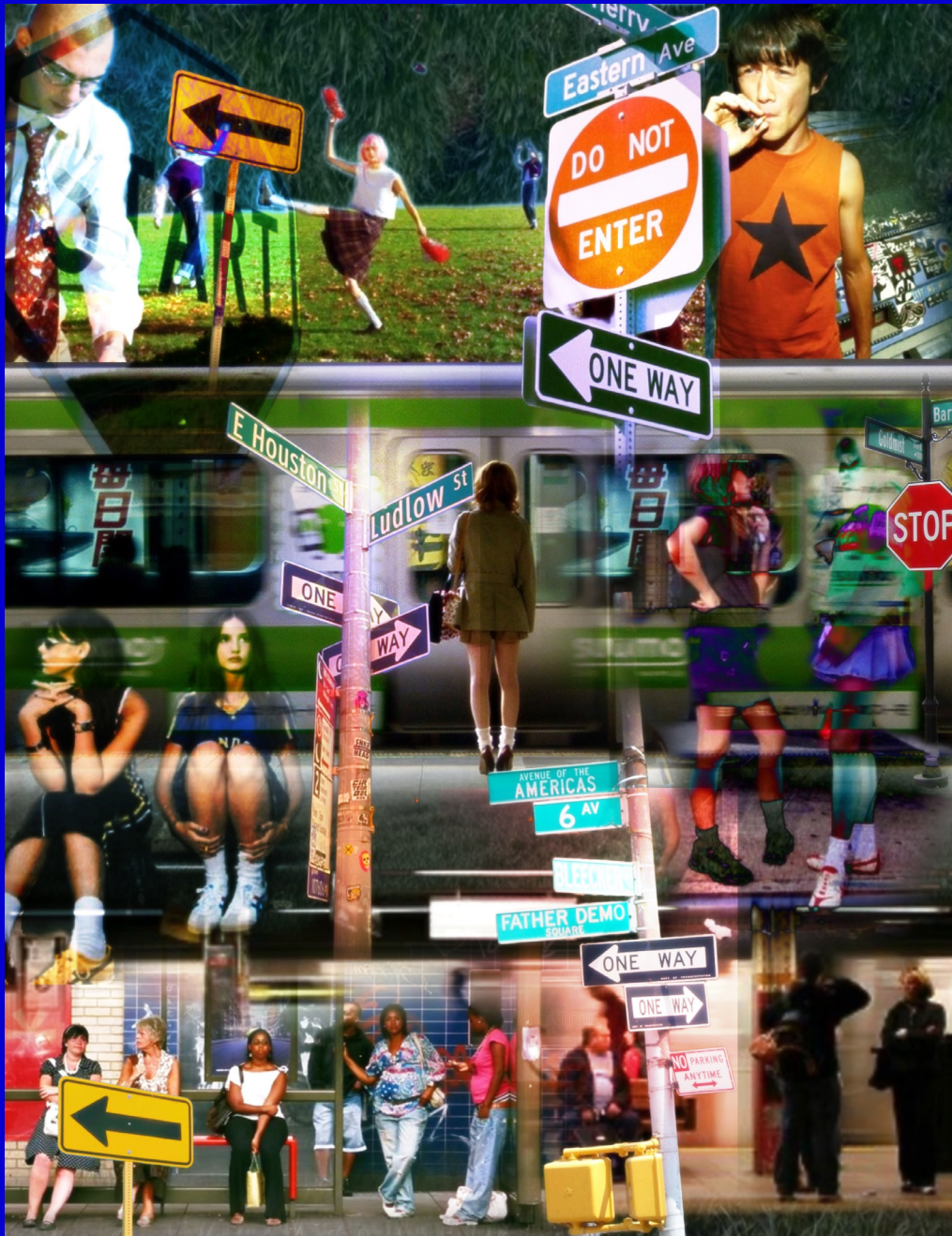
Location: Gallery Place
Rating: 5/10

Very deceiving. Their matcha has a beautiful, vibrant, green color, but after that first sip, you realize it's a milky trick...very aesthetically pleasing cafe, but not for the matcha lovers...

Life Moves In Waves









melise

by

kissing games

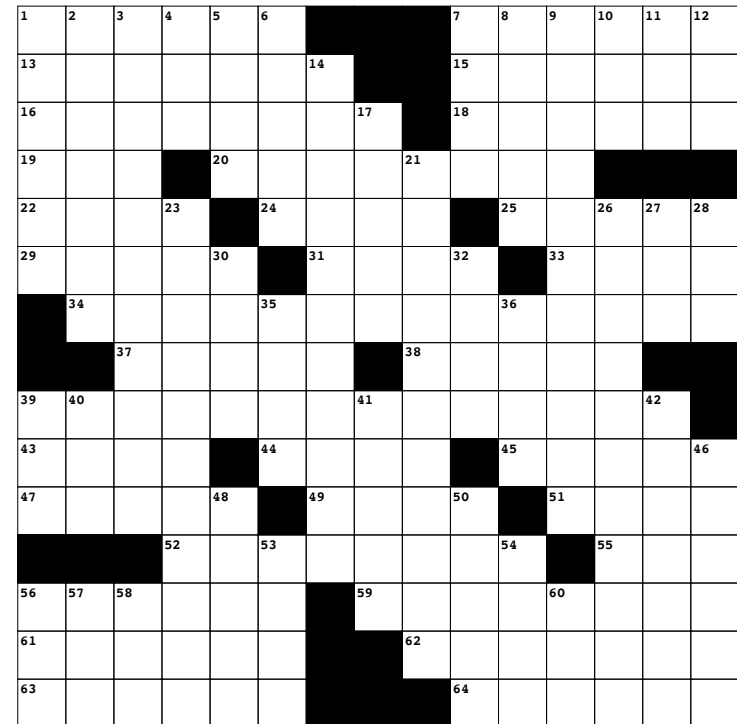
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*

ACROSS

- 1 "finally!"
- 7 nursery rhyme shepherdess who appears in *toy story 4*
- 13 tourist destination found at the US-canada border, casually
- 15 flabbergasted
- 16 instruments that measure electrical currents
- 18 "hallucinogen", "take me apart", "aquaphoria", and "raven" songstress hailing from the DMV
- 19 chinese overwatch hero with ice powers
- 20 where two people who agree may find themselves?
- 22 one, in an introductory maryland german course
- 24 molecule essential to the biological process of translation
- 25 open rooms, like the ones found at stamp
- 29 harry p'tter character & main singer in "the mysterious ticking noise" (fuck jk rowling!)
- 31 boundary-crossing great lake that forms one end of the 13A river
- 33 like many a terp volleyball player
- 34 grammy-winning solange single with the lyrics "i ran around in circles / think i made myself dizzy"
- 37 layer of ice that forms on a metro window
- 38 assessment taught in AP stats
- 39 struts like supermodels anok yai or adut akech at a fashion show
- 43 fictional race in h.g. wells' "the time machine" that is found in the phrase "i cancel oingo boingo!"
- 44 brown, furry japanese mascot with an open red mouth and sawteeth
- 45 valuable storage solutions?
- 47 laundry brand known for fabric softener and "booster beads"
- 49 organ that allows fish to breathe underwater
- 51 ¿qué ____?
- 52 lottery method used to create random pairings between two equal-numbered groupings, NOT (like i first thought) a limb that the flying dutchman from "spongebob" is missing
- 55 mathematical line that goes in one direction infinitely
- 56 toothache medication recommended by kimberly elise to danny glover in the iconic "almost christmas" dinner scene
- 59 putting under, as anesthesia
- 61 add foam darts to a nerf blaster again, for example
- 62 change the mark on an assignment
- 63 greek men-horses known for being man-whores
- 64 canadian online marketplace for indie designers that is pronounced like a synonym for perfume

DOWN

- 1 aaliyah & ashanti, say
- 2 mass media conglomerate with a "person of the year" feature
- 3 phenomenon where a liquid streams out but appears to remain still
- 4 get older
- 5 exams administered by the c*lllege b*ard
- 6 sweet ____ (sugary pick-me-up)
- 7 japanese word for idiot heard in many an anime



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- 8 greek letter that lends its name to a controversial fanfiction genre
- 9 computer graphics technique where an image's colors are switched around
- 10 nigerian-english footballer eberechi whose palindromic first name is igbo for king
- 11 electrifying, limbless fish
- 12 abbr. for behavior demonstrated by a couple making out in mckeldin mall
- 14 term for people on airplanes who splay their wrists out and pretend like they are sitting in a throne
- 17 japanese drummer kawaguchi or japanese pop artist oe whose first name anagrams to siren
- 21 tool used to show something's true colors?
- 23 eliciting happiness, as marie kondo might say
- 26 member of a jamaican religion associated with dreadlocks, marijuana, an old flag of ethiopia, and bob marley
- 27 (of that) same class or kind
- 28 olympic gymnast raisman with a one and a half twisting frontflip > double arabian > front layout floor pass
- 30 biblical father figure in "genesis" whose name is one letter away from the greek god of love
- 32 "____, brute?"
- 35 abbr. next to the founding year of a city, college, or company
- 36 they lay a lot of eggs
- 39 married
- 40 athleisure/yoga brand with a store in georgetown
- 41 radiates (positive energy)
- 42 follows the cardinal rule of improv comedy
- 46 utter your enthusiasm, like girls' generation in a 2009 single
- 48 "y'all come back now, ____?"
- 50 introductory sections to *the diamondback* stories
- 53 nickname for an obsolete car that is sometimes a pejorative aimed at a group of seniors
- 54 astounds, in gay slang
- 56 places for surgery
- 57 criminal law concept mens ____, which translates to "a guilty mind"
- 58 often risqué account for many on X/twitter
- 60 protagonist styles of *boyz in the hood*

crosswords as we know them have been around for a century, and i have gravitated to them recently due to how you can learn an immense depth of knowledge, not only through their answers (called "entries"), but also about the people who make them ("constructors"). i recently started making crosswords because i felt as my experiences, likes, and interests were not represented in crosswords. hopefully with this crossword, you can feel as if yours are represented aswell!

some notes to help you with solving:

- answers should match the tense of the clue, so if the clue is "spinning" the answer could be TWIRLING, not TWIRLED/TWIRLS/TWIRL/etc.
- answers also match the part of speech, so if the clue is "spinning" the answer will be a verb, not a noun/adjective/etc.
- if you see an abbreviation, then the answer is abbreviated. so if the clue is "qty.", the answer could be "AMT.", not AMOUNT.
- clues in quotation marks will ask for a phrase that is the same as the one clued

EYES LIPS FACE

More than cosmetics

They're also categories of piercings!

At a house party or makeshift backyard rave, these shining pieces of facial decor can be spotted on many fashionable individuals.

Piercings have a long standing presence as part of counter culture. They're a signal of youth, rebellion, and politics. A proper chunk of face bling is lets other alternative folks know

"I'm one of you."

Similar to tattoos, showing that you can withstand the pain of getting poked with a needle is a badge of honor. The more you have, the realer the deal you are.

I saw a multitude of piercings the night of Solace's party Pyrexia, each with their own flare; Lip rings, elaborate earring stacks, cartilage and conch piercings, eyebrow bars, septum rings, and my personal favorite: dermals. Dermal are special, as instead of being poked through one end of the skin and out the other, they are held in place with an anchor inserted under the skin (gnarly!).

So, with the catalog provided, the question stands...

Where do YOU want to get POKED?

Catalog

- 1) L.J., 22, @larsjunkshop, earring stack and cartilage
- 2) Jenna, 22, double eyebrow
- 3) Olive, 19, @turnacircae, double lip rings and eyebrow
- 4) Glory, 23, @ratwalla.dg, lip ring
- 5) Rainbow Dash, septum and nose stud
- 6) Ashley, 23, @ratwalla.dg, lip ring
- 7) Emma, 18, @thecosmicgelfing, dangly shell earring
- 8) Deep Courtesy, @deep_courtesy, dermal
- 9) Aiden, 21, @untitledseventyseven, sick Aphex Twin stud
- 10) Chris, 20, @uvwhatuseeinthemirror, eyebrow, dermal and earrings
- 11) Vr, 18, @i.am.heavenly, septum and dermal
- 12) Dion, 22, @camgirlgore, eyebrow, double nose studs and philtrum
- 13) unknown, nose ring
- 14) unknown, triple earring stack
- 15) unknown, nose stud, ring, and septum





HAND ME
MY SHOVEL.
I'M GOING.

@222-antics





The Four Seasons of an Exile (or the Modern Divine Comedy)

Longing for the Mississippi I

I wish the words
Flowed like the
Mississippi to
Say what I must
tell you.

Maybe
Tom Sawyer
Can push me
In the water
So my mind

Will wake to you
As I slowly drown
In Louisiana, near
Your hometown.

Not in water or
in dreams, but in
Your Truth.
I am afraid to swim
Yet you are as
Constant as
Mardi Gras.

Your aura looks
Like jazz
Playing a sunset
On the Gulf.

I miss it dearly
When I am close
To the Big Lakes.

Nothing compares
To you...

Ovidio en Constanza II

Este es el castigo de Augusto
Por un poema y un error
La vida me guiaba y
El amor me entorpecía.

El Senado quedó atrás;
Vivo a la sombra del imperio,
Escribiéndote a las orillas
Del Mar Negro.

Las epístolas que te envío
Por el Danubio, no son solo
Para decirte cuánto te extraño
O plasmar mi amor por ti;

Son para despedirme
Con el dolor que evocan
Las olas de bárbaros
En las colonias.

Añoro los días cuando
La República nos permitía
Escabullirnos en el
Senado para que

Tú y yo promulgáramos
Nuestras leyes
A escondidas.

Pero ahora estamos
Separados por un
César de por medio.
¡Hasta pronto, mi amada!

Ovid in Constanza II

This is the punishment of Augustus
For a poem and a mistake.
Life guided me,
And love hindered me.

The Senate is left behind;
I live in the shadow of the empire,
Writing to you on the shores
Of the Black Sea.

The epistles I send you
Along the Danube are not only
To tell you how much I miss you
Or to stamp my love for you;

They are to bid you farewell
With the pain evoked
By the waves of barbarians
In the colonies.

I long for the days when
The Republic allowed us
To slip away into the
Senate so that

You and I could enact
Our own laws
In secret.

But now we are
Separated by a
Caesar in between.

Farewell, my beloved!

Exile Through Moskva III

Under a scorching sun,
I board the train to the
Chill waters of the Moskva.

Among the people boarding,
Some have green eyes
Like you.

But none have your
Deep emerald gaze
That reminds me of
The jewels at the
Gold museum.

Stop after stop,
My body tries to
Get to the exit.
Not because
I don't want to see
The beam of sunlight
Of your hair.

2

I wish
my tongue could
Coexist with
My pen.

The cold in Moscow,
Might freeze my body,
But it is not enough
To end my journey
Back to you.

While I was in bed,
Listening to life and
Death arguing,
A bright moon
Drawn by you

Lit the path
Amid falling leaves,
To your artistry.

An Exile to Moscow IV

I want to escape
The Syracuse heat
Jump on the train
And hope it takes

Me to Moscow,
To the soft winter
That is your
Warm
Presence.

It was at the
Old Bay where
The spring
Murmured your
Name, a treasure,
That my mind
Caught on time.

When you
Make art,
I can see the
Jade Pearls that
Shine in your eyes
Move with your hand.

Painting on the canvas
And in my soul.
At a time,
My life was
Ending...

I dreamed of your
Dancing hand,
My body held
On to earth
Once more.

My heart aches to
Be in Moscow
With you.

Epilogue

The four seasons
Keep renewing
Our spirit.

When the cycle ends,
Cherished
Memories of
Inspiration
remain.

“TURN THE VOLUME UP”

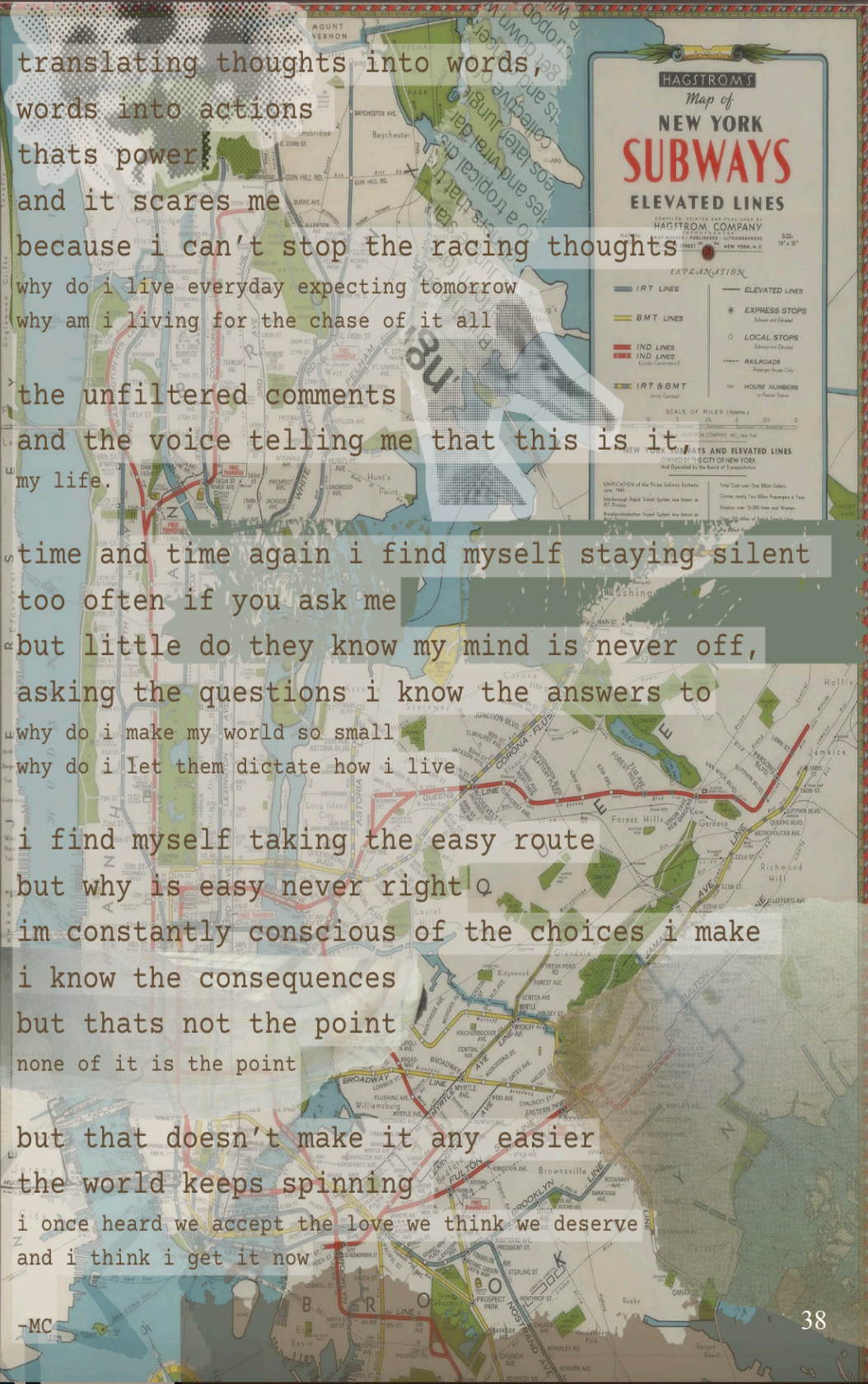
- Zohran Mamdani

translating thoughts into words,
words into actions
that's power
and it scares me
because i can't stop the racing thoughts
why do i live everyday expecting tomorrow
why am i living for the chase of it all
the unfiltered comments
and the voice telling me that this is it,
my life.

time and time again i find myself staying silent
too often if you ask me
but little do they know my mind is never off,
asking the questions i know the answers to
why do i make my world so small
why do i let them dictate how i live

i find myself taking the easy route
but why is easy never right
i'm constantly conscious of the choices i make
i know the consequences
but that's not the point
none of it is the point

but that doesn't make it any easier
the world keeps spinning
i once heard we accept the love we think we deserve
and i think i get it now



Dark Pine Make

The hum of the engine is only so soothing
A look to my left across the avenue
catches only pine trees in my field of view

Despite the condition as of late
of the infrastructure neglected by the state
Islands sprawl out under skyscraping bridges
just close enough to stay within vision

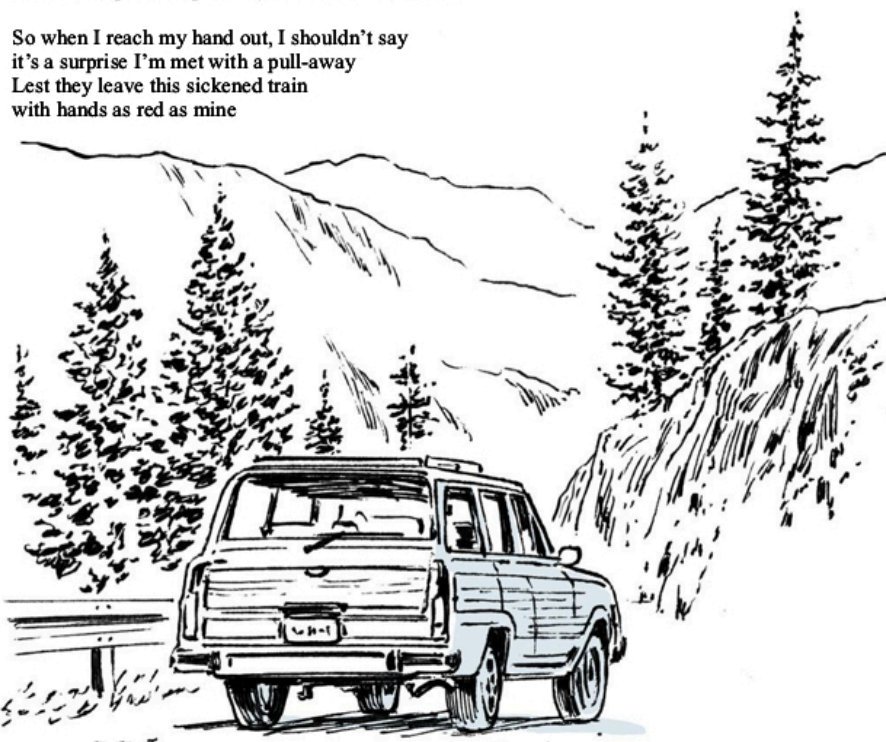
Despite the smoldering summer's heat,
The recoil from touching the bike seat
What else but those tall pines dare tower over
the embankment along the reservoir?

Despite the winter it never snowed,
and while tire chains were left hung up at home
I could not have been more displeased
to see in a barren forest a hint of green

Despite the fact it's been years and years
I try to make sure it passes between the wheels
And this time I won't bother with that glance,
I continue on with my song and dance

Despite all the faces that I meet
I move car to car, yet indiscrete
My hand is forced by nameless people
and out my pocket I pull fingers bloodied by needles

So when I reach my hand out, I shouldn't say
it's a surprise I'm met with a pull-away
Lest they leave this sickened train
with hands as red as mine





Dj sets and a few songs I've made to play in my sets.

WELCOME TO

BALTIMORE

AVENUE

Baltimore Avenue isn't just the biggest street in College Park... it's also the name of the biggest boy band in this town. Jk (but also not really)

Kyle on vocals, Chase on guitar, Wes on bass, and Rogelio on the drums make up the Balt Ave quartet who came together as a band at the beginning of the Fall 2023 semester. I've been their self-proclaimed biggest fan and biggest hater probably ever since their very first show in their backyard circa April 2024, and on a cold, rainy Tuesday night in November 2025, they graciously let me interview them after their show at Quarry House Tavern.

Diya: So what is the Baltimore Avenue origin story?

Wes: We met at the WMUC open house fall 2023

Kyle: And long story short we were walking out of the station, all talking music, and I was like "yo, it'd be really funny if we started a band."

Chase: And here we are.

Diya: That's beautiful. Why Baltimore Avenue? Where did that come from?

Rogelio: Originally it was just a placeholder, but we thought 'lets be meta about it, lets name ourselves after the significant street in College Park, MD.'

Wes: Chase hated it but he made a bet with Kyle that if we won that battle of the bands at Georgetown like a year ago that he would never bring it up again. And he's held true.

Chase: I bite my tongue.



Diya: If yall weren't named Baltimore Avenue, what other street name would you guys name yourselves after?

All four: Adelphi Road.

Diya: How would you guys describe your sound?

Kyle: We argue about this pretty much every time we're ever in a group of people.

Rogelio: I wouldn't even call it an argument, moreso just general confusion as to how do we interpret ourselves, how does the public interpret us.

Kyle: Post-punk, maybe noise, but I feel like we're kind of shifting away from that.

Rogelio: I enjoy post-punk revival...

Wes: That's probably the most accurate.

Diya: Do you think your sound has evolved from the very beginning?

Kyle: Absolutely.

Chase: We started as a shoegaze band...

Rogelio: One of our original songs leaned in the hardcore direction... we were just throwing stuff at the wall, just fully chucking shit at bricks.

Kyle: Our first EP (Static) was very much a combination of influences: bossa nova, hardcore, shoegaze, dream pop, you name it. What we're working on now is much more like focused. I think as artists, we're a lot more cohesive, we're much closer both as friends but also as musicians-

Wes: and lovers

Kyle: so very much more comfortable in our skin.

Diya: You guys started out playing in backyards, basements – I mean the very first show was in yall's backyard and you've played sooo many shows at our house. But now yall are playing in some pretty iconic venues – Ottobar, Songbyrd, now here at Quarry House. What's that transition been like? Do you guys feel different when playing a local house show compared to a venue like here?



Wes: Yeah when we play an actual venue nobody fucking comes because nobody actually knows us.

Rogelio: When we play like Songbyrd and Ottobar, don't get me wrong we're blessed to be there, but it's like.. does no one fuck with us?

Kyle: I will say the house shows obviously do perform better; the house shows we do prefer, because at the end of the day, for us, it's very much more our community.

Wes: The house shows are the real community building.

Chase: It wasn't necessarily a rough transition, but it was a little bit of a weird one because you have like being in a band and then you have actually being in a band. There's some semblance of like it's an operation that you do have to manage a bit

Diya: That last song you guys played, the new one – Rat Club I think? –, it was so so so good. What's the story behind that song and some of the new stuff yall were debuting?

Rogelio: We have a slogan...

Chase: Emo sells.

Wes: If you were to ask me, I think the overall theme of this record we're putting out is about loss. Loss of innocence, existential dread, and like confronting mortality.

Kyle: This is very much a literary album. We have a few working titles; one right now is 'vicissitude.' It basically means to change at a rather frantic pace. I think a lot of the themes have to do with facing the absurd. I've been undergoing a lot of growth in this past year. All of us have, as people, as partners, as citizens of the United States, as students, as musicians. And it'll manifest however it fits.



photos by tim rogers

Diya: The theme of this edition of Requiem is In Transit. It's been really cool to see how people have been interpreting it – so what does in transit mean to yall?

Wes: We called our last record 'static' because, at least for me, that's how I felt. The new record is more about change and growth and dealing with the fact that life keeps moving forward. We call this band Baltimore Avenue because like, it was just there, but -

Diya: But it's always moving!

Wes: Yeah, exactly.

Chase: I think we've all grown up a lot since we started this band. I think all four of us were completely different people when we started. So that's kind of how it speaks to me. When we started this shit I was like 18, 19, and now we're fucking old, washed.

Kyle: I'm graduated man, I got a 9 to 5.

Chase: A lot of it is about loss and change and mortality, but I think a lot of it is about growing up too.

Rogelio: I view in transit as, not to be very head ass about it, but like you see that bus over there? Everybody on that bus could be going to somewhere they hate, somewhere they despise, but they're in transit. It's just about continuing to go forward, even if it's backwards progression; just don't stay stagnant.

Diya: Last question: What's next for Baltimore Avenue?

All four: Albummmm. Writing. Recording.

Wes: Going home.

Kyle: Album before September 2026, that's our one goal. Tour is ambiguous, but theoretical and potential.

Diya: I'll be looking forward!!!

note from diya:
the in transit zine show will be the third requiem show baltimore avenue has played for us. much love to these boys and the support they've consistently shown the zine <3 it's been a pleasure to watch their journey n i can't wait to see where they'll continue to go



*my fav balt ave pic @ their first show when kyle climbed the tree to sing weird fishes and the crowd reached out as if he was jesus. i'll #neverforget

Use Requiem's guide of astrological insight for 2026

Aries ♈ | March 21 to April 19

Try *rawdogg*ing life. Practice patience and dopamine fasting for like 15 minutes a day.

Gemini ♊ | May 21 to June 20

That goal you've been holding off may haunt you. Try taking note of the advice on Instagram Reels instead of saving them into the infamous void of bookmarks.

Virgo ♍ | Aug. 23 to Sept. 22

It's time to be honest with yourself.

Capricorn ♑ | Dec. 22 to Jan. 19

ChatGPT *will* betray you.

Aquarius ♒ | Jan. 20 to Feb. 18

Doom scrolling isn't causing you spiritual psychosis. It's the gym.

Pisces ♓ | Feb. 19 to March 20

Befriend a lesbian. They might help you in the future.

Taurus ♉ | April 20 to May 20

I see a lot of success coming your way, but I also see a lot of opposition. Be careful who you call oomf.

Cancer ♋ | June 21 to July 22

I don't care if your career is deemed professional or not, *do not* choose Sallie Mae

Libra ♎ | Sept. 23 to Oct. 22

Sometimes self care is about going to your PCP.

Sagittarius ♐ | Nov. 22 to Dec. 21

That shirt in your closet you've been trying to style for 2 years isn't going to magically start making sense in your wardrobe. Declutter.

Leo ♌ | July 23 to Aug. 22

Question for the culture: How has "doing it for the plot" ever benefited you?

Scorpio ♏ | Oct. 23 to Nov. 21

Try a fun side hustle. Whether it's OnlyFans, DJing, or furniture flipping.



Language is the bones of a culture. This was told to me often in my childhood, by aunts and uncles, who would use wise words to cut shame into the face of my father. I never learned their language. I was never truly one of them. A part of the family, of course, but of the culture, never. a foreigner to my own family. For this some part of me cursed my father for never teaching me, and later cursed myself for never learning. As close as I was with my father I could never talk to him as he did with his father. I could never access something core to being him. I felt like I could never truly know him.

During the holiday, after arriving at our old home, and seeing the museum of my childhood. I began a conversation with my father. I asked him, "How long has it been since you've returned home?" his eyes asked silently knowing why but he answered "far too long." after a pregnant pause he chuckled "and it's likely too late to go again." His laughing face gave me a familiar tour of his life.

His tough leathery skin from many hard days at work and the well defined laugh lines and crow's feet from many more nights of joy. I smiled sadly, I always hated when he talked as if death was imminent, he was old but, no, not yet. I got to the point "Baba, I want you to tell me some stories." he smiled wider, eyes sparkling "what kind?" "something your father told you." I said trying to stay nonchalant.

"Well there was this one time when—" "No." I interrupted, "don't tell it to me in english" I said, speaking the language of his heart, the thing we share at last. My father tried to meet my eyes, but could not. He looked up with tears forming in his eyes. "My child." he nearly sobbed "I'm sorry."



*Look at them zip and zoom!
Bringing delight and doom!
It's the wonderful...
the terrible...
the ever existential...*

SUB ATOMIC TEAMSTERS

Atomic Teamsters,
you've travelled so far!

Do you remember your very first star?

Atomic Teamsters,
your orders are filled!

By what came before
and not what we willed.

A crash and a bang!

and
star death for star birth.

Glad you saved some

dust
for me and for earth!

Atomic Teamsters,
you can be callous.

You brought all this life
that is brought back to dust.

Your waves and your shakes

may make the world run

But how much life was lost

so I could feel your sun?

Atomic Teamsters,
you've brought too much pain.

You duel in my mind for me to stay sane.

My scars and my failures

my trips and my falls

thank you for the love

that came from them all.

And all these reactions

these orders in chain

sub atomic teamsters

still have full rein.

Dash across my mind

still my need to care.

Enough to forget that

you're always there.

A smile that's new

an embrace that's old

the wealth to buy sweet treats whenever they're sold!

Whilst I fill my wants

I'll look to my needs

I'll rout death and aid those in need!

Atomic Teamsters,
tow fortune to me!

Aid my courage and serenity!

There's something sinister about summer...



But as these eternal days tick by...



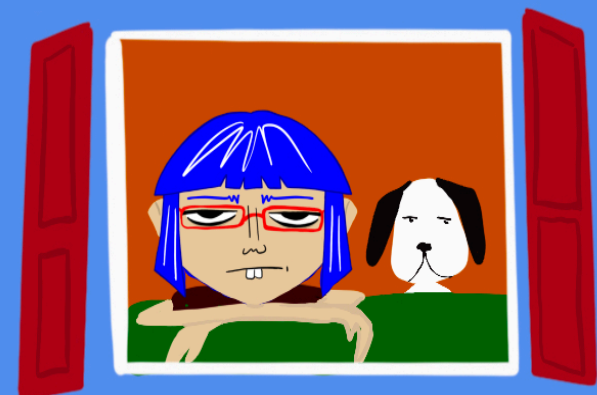
I didn't see it before



It was hiding behind promises of bright long days



My popsicle is melting



And instead of feeling free....

Everything just feels slightly....



Sticky

And sickly sweet popsicles



JDVKTP

**PUNK
BAND
FROM
COLLEGE
PARK
MD**



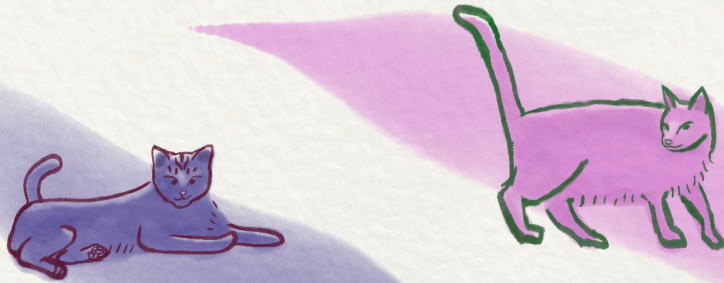
JD VANCE KILLED THE POPE

At the end of last semester, Dustin, Jared and I formed JDVKT after JD Vance was the last person to touch the pope before he passed. Entering sophomore year, we met our singer Finn, a transfer student from Penn State. We have been hard at work writing originals and adding covers to our setlist. I am excited to see where this will take us. -Alyssa (bassist)



Buses, cars, planes, everything that moves, makes me motion sick
I thought the drive back to school would cure me.
Everything that promises arrival starts with nausea
I thought that if I got out of this town, out of this house, that this feeling would go away
The only thing standing in my way was this drive
Four hours to cross a state line,
Four hours to feel like myself again
Four hours and now I am finally here
But the second my feet hit the pavement,
Another car was already waiting,
engine humming like it had been looking for me
Its door swung open and I got in
I reached behind me to grab the seat belt but
Without warning, the driver slammed on the gas
I jerked from left to right, then up and down
I begged from the backseat
"Please, slow down, I get motion sick!"
But the driver only pressed harder
In the rearview mirror an image of familiar eyes looked back at me
Just a flash at first, the longer I looked the more it hurt
It was me
I was driving
Outside the window I saw people I loved lining the roads
Family, friends, stepped out hands raised trying to slow the car down
One by one, the car struck each person sending them flying out of the way
I didn't mean to hurt them, why is she doing this?
Every sharp turn, every curb jumped, left small cracks in the windows beside me
I tried to use my fist to break the glass to escape the backseat
A pair of scissors laid on the ground under the drivers seat
I gripped the scissors and tried to cut the glass
I didn't want to hurt her, but I needed to cope
The car kept going, nearing a brick wall in the distant
This is the end I thought, there is no other way
The cracks in the windows began to catch the light and reflect dancing colors around me
Tears rolled down her face, I knew deep down she didn't want this to be the end.
She just didn't know how to steer away
I lunged forward and grabbed the wheel, forcing her out of the seat.
The car slammed sideways and the tires shrieked
I didn't let go
I climbed into the front seat and slammed on the brakes.
We came to a quick stop
The nausea eased and the world stopped spinning
The wheel is in my hands now
I am still in transit, but now I am the one driving

-motion sickness



LIKE THE STRAY CAT
 I CHEW GRASS
 I ITCH MY NOSE ON ITS BLADES
 AND THEN I WALK ON
 YOU THERE, CAT, CAT WHO REACHES ITS
 SPINE TO HEAVEN
 COME WITH ME.



Can I? Could I? Should I?

I have always drifted,
from station to wagon,
plane to rail,
boat to road.
A lifetime in motion,
yet never moving on.

I know you've outgrown me.
But when did the branches spread?
When did the roots find different soil?
Why am I always the last to feel the seasons change?

Last time I checked,
I was a teenager with time to waste.
Now I am older,
and the horizon is no clearer.
I still don't know the destination.
I only know what went wrong.

Every city I pass through is a city in which you are not.
Every window reflects a face that is not yours.
In a sea of strangers, I still search for your eyes,
You are one constant rest are moving tribes.
My compass is broken as it always points to you.

Every map I read leads back to your city.
Every distant light is yours
guiding me, binding me, warning me, setting me right.

But the tracks are welded in another direction.
The bridge is out. Do I turn back?
Or do I carry you with me?
Not as a destination, but as a relic,
a ticket I cannot discard, luggage I cannot leave.

I will love you, long after your city is a ghost on my horizon.
Long after I have left your mind.
And I will learn, slowly,

what it means to move on.
What it means to move on....

- Lukas K

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19	M	E	I		20	S	A	M	E	P	A	G	E					
22	E	I	N	S		24	T	R	N	A		25	A	T	R	I	A	
29	S	N	A	P	E		31	E	R	I	E		33	T	A	L	L	
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43	E	L	O	I		44	D	O	M	O		45	S	A	F	E	46	S
47	D	O	W	N	Y		49	G	I	L	L		51	P	A	S	A	
				52	G	H	O	S	T	L	E	G		55	R	A	Y	
56	57	58	O	R	A	J	E	L		59	S	E	D	A	T	I	N	G
61	R	E	L	O	A	D				62	R	E	G	R	A	D	E	
63	S	A	T	Y	R	S				64	S	S	E	N	S	E		



← Contributors



- 3 Atem Fontem
- 5 Abby Heng
- 7 Josh Hananel
- 11 Sebastian Suarez (poem) Diya Shah (layout)
- 12 Tiffany Wang
- 13 Diego Henriquez
- 15 Atem Fontem, Aiden Gibney
- 17 Rachel Rao
- 19 Axel Herrera
- 21 Kurt Wills
- 23 Martha Onyilokwu
- 25 Melise
- 27 Lukey / "juxtaquoze"
- 29 Isaac Davis
- 31 Zayan Azom
- 33 Sebastian (poem) Diya Shah (layout)
- 37 Maya Cho
- 39 Chase Francis
- 40 Dana Redderson
- 41 Sarah Welzant
- 42 Various artists, Sofya Kozhukhova (layout)
- 43 Diya Shah
- 47 Devin Etta
- 48 Nalla Aaron Shubaki Diallo
- 49 Christopher Wakhanala
- 51 Alexa Boltax
- 53 Alyssa Luizzi
- 54 Alyssa Luizzi
- 55 Alex Dong
- 56 Alexa Boltax
- 57 Lukas K
- 58 Lukey / "juxtaquoze"
- 59 Alexa Boltax

