

The Phoenix

A Magazine for the Creative Arts
Thiel College, Spring 2010
Sigma Tau Delta

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Table of Contents

Title	Author	Page Number
[Artwork]	Kristen Moreland	4
“Free Like the Water”	Amy Matchett	5
“Mother”	Anonymous	5
“Dichotomy”	DJ Martino	5
“To the Modern-Day Penelope”	Duranna Fretts	6
“Infinite Sadness”	Miles Wilburn	6
“The Final Letter”	Kendall DeLashment	7
“What is Life?”	Stephanie Hudson	8
“Heroic Gift?”	Amy Matchett	10
“The Illumination”	Duranna Fretts	10
“Tony”	Matt Hadden	11
“Deep Exhausted Rest Rises”	Timothy Taylor	11
“Marat (1793)”	Amy Matchett	12
“The Intangible Bird”	Duranna Fretts	12
[Photograph]	Sheila Gross	12
“Falling in Love with Constellations”	Duranna Fretts	13
When All Else Fails to Revive”	Duranna Fretts	13
“Untitled”	Kendall DeLashment	14
“I am the Oblivion”	Amy Matchett	17
“I Thought You Might be Dead”	Duranna Fretts	17
“Deconstruction”	Miles Wilburn	18
“A Sunlit Breakdown”	Duranna Fretts	18
[Photograph]	Dr. Natalie Dorfeld	18
“I Sing”	Miles Wilburn	18
“The Left and the Right”	Joshua LaFace	19
“Clumsy Time, or the Final Goodbye”	Miles Wilburn	19
“The Drive, Unforgettable”	Matt Hadden	20
“The Power of God”	DJ Martino	22
“Hero(in)”	Matt Hadden	23
[Photograph]	Dr. Natalie Dorfeld	23
“Super Zeroes”	Matt Hadden	23
“Autopsy of the Heart”	Duranna Fretts	23
“Idol Worship”	Matt Hadden	24
“A Perfect House, A Perfect Dream”	Miles Wilburn	24
“Puratory’s Eclipse”	Amy Matchett	25
[Photograph]	Allen Morrill	25
“A Visit from Mr. Johnson”	Cody Kendera	26
[Photograph]	Sheila Gross	27
“A Religious anti-Baptism”	Duranna Fretts	28
“I Carry You”	Duranna Fretts	28
“The Steel City Lullaby”	Duranna Fretts	28
“Crash the Cardinal: A Thiel Bird”	Chris Moinet	29
“Reminiscence”	Matt Hadden	29
[Photograph]	Sheila Gross	29

Table of Contents Cont.

Title	Author	Page Number
"Zafirah"	Kayla Ohlin	30
"The Future: A Cacophonous Dream"	DJ Martino	32
"Disengage Your Heart"	Duranna Fretts	33
[Photograph]	Dr. Natalie Dorfeld	34
"The Maple Tree"	Duranna Fretts	34
"Paint"	Duranna Fretts	34
[Photograph]	Dr. Natalie Dorfeld	34
"A Great Medicine (The Doctor's Gift)"	Duranna Fretts	35
"Did You Believe in This?"	Matt Hadden	35
"Bug Boy"	Ryan Pepper	36
"And Here We Are"	Duranna Fretts	38
[Photograph]	Dr. Natalie Dorfeld	38
"And so I'm..."	Stephanie Flask	38
"It Does Not Guarantee Forever"	Duranna Fretts	39
"Unfinished"	Stephanie Flask	39
[Photograph]	Dr. Natalie Dorfeld	39
"Apathy"	Matt Hadden	39
"Love: Internal Combat"	Duranna Fretts	40
"Starry Sky"	Miles Wilburn	40

Welcome to Thiel College's creative publication, *The Phoenix*!

As sponsors of *The Phoenix*, the English Department and Sigma Tau Delta are especially pleased this year to share with you, in what has become an anticipated yearly tradition, some literary and artistic works of our students, faculty, and alumni. This year, we are especially proud to celebrate the 86th anniversary of the founding of the international English honorary society and the 11th anniversary of the Alpha Iota Kappa Chapter on our campus. In the spirit of the motto of Sigma Tau Delta—Sincerity, Truth, and Design—we dedicate this issue to all of you whose interest in pursuing the liberal arts and sciences inspires you to refine, explore, question, and consider the significance of the written word and the artistic process in our daily lives.

In Egyptian mythology, the Phoenix was a beautiful, lone red bird that lived in the Arabian desert for 500 or 600 years and then consumed itself in fire, rising renewed from the ashes to start another long life. It is a symbol of regeneration, immortality, and hope; as such, it is an appropriate symbol of Thiel College, in particular, and of a liberal arts education. Our publication *The Phoenix* testifies to the courage of the Thiel community to create, to use our intellects and imagination, and to share the power and wisdom of the writing process in the selections you are about to read and the artists' evolving epiphanies in the visual pieces you are about to behold.

We hope you enjoy the literary and creative selections that follow. We invite you to contribute to *The Phoenix* by submitting your own creative or artistic pieces to Dr. Hall (305 Greenville Hall) or any member of the Editorial Board.

Dr. Mary Theresa Hall
 Chair and Professor of English;
 Advisor of Sigma Tau Delta and *The Phoenix*



Kristen Moreland

Free Like the Water

Amy Matchett

The rain falls down; it begins to pour
Reckless effort like so many before-
The drops quickly fight their way to the bottom
More like a race of ill thought intention
Why rush so fast to make it so low
So hard to understand, yet easy to know.
Continuing to fall, leaving marks on the ground
All while creating such a recognizable sound.
This is how we hear our sadness in the air-
To just wet our own eyes doesn't seem fair
Emotions should be free like the water coming down
Like the soaking wet concrete covering this town.
The night is young and the clouds are filling up
Let's let the sky know it's still not enough
To conceal how we feel or attempt to make it right
Let the rain hammer down and pound out our fight-

Dichotomy

DJ Martino

You know better than this; it cannot be real,
Your reflection shrieks as your skin starts to peel.
Your eyes are filled with nothing but fear,
You think that it can only mean the end is near.

Your hair shrivels up, and starts to fall out,
Your soul itself does nothing but shout.
Your tongue dries up like a raisin in the sun,
Your description of its texture is a clear "well-done."

You suddenly notice a change in direction,
You're glad to see a change in your reflection.
Your face is restored to its original design,
Your hair is back, your eyes seem to shine.

You wonder why you saw that nightmarish scene,
What, oh what, could it possibly mean?
The realization hits you like an icy tide,
The ugliness you see is yours on the inside.

Mother

Anonymous

Mother

may I breathe freely?

Or should I ask him,

the man you chose.

You gave him free will...

but not me.

Mother

may I move?

Speak?

Look?

Look!

You have lost your say.

It's all his now.

his rules, demands,

and mental games

crushed the growing bug

and removed the sunlight

from the Bud.

Respectless and disgusted

I look at him

and scoff.

The way he did to me.

To the Modern-Day Penelope

Duranna Fretts

You stand strong,
as if the wind embraced your bones,
and raised you even higher.

You're not afraid
of time unraveling its smooth,
dull line of tomorrows and yesterdays.

It's been twenty years, you're alone,
and he's gone, your dear Odysseus,
your dear other half.

You are now the single
Woman,
the single life in a single world with a single
heart.

"Oh, he'll be back someday..."

So keep on sewing that wedding veil
nightly, your new suitors
will stay in wait.

You don't have to
Love again
you are strong enough, without a man.

And that will
CHANGE the world.

*"Thereby the fame of her virtue shall never
die away, but the immortals will make for the
people of earth a thing of grace in the song
for prudent Penelope"*

- The Odyssey

Infinite Sadness

Miles Wilburn

To not know one's identity
in a giant, giant world
is the worst thing that I could wish for
to not know who you are
to not know who you want to be.

Dying trends, poetic amends
to an age of apathy
perhaps I can save
a little bit of brain for thee

I am common
a common man
with the world
with the world lying in my hands

Breaking and buried
in a point of view
not knowing motion
or how to stop

I never felt anything
this strongly before

Oh how it scares me
the common age, animosity
I want to be accepted
and recalled someday

But it looks like I'm alone

The Final Letter

Kendall DeLashment

I've been dying out here, but I'm searching for a blessing
I guess I'm just looking for the stairway to heaven
But since you went away there's been no time for resting
So I learn life's lessons through desire and progression
But if I get a message then I know it's you speaking
I know you're still talking, and I'm sure you're still teaching
You don't have to visit because you live in my thoughts
And you flow through my veins, so you beat through my heart
Even from the start you were there by my side
You shared Dad's name it was your job to provide
So I can count on my fingers, and my toes, all my bones
All the times you were there if I ever felt alone
But now that you're gone all I have it wet pillows
The nights are getting rough it's like I'm sleeping on a brillow
The memories you left are encoded in my brain
We were blood when you lived, you died in my DNA
But when you used to teach, I wasn't like your little brother
You were like a second father if one could have another
I remember what you taught, treat friends like lovers
Treat women like queens, better yet like your mother
We would fight all the time because I'd always wear your clothes
That's how I let the world know that I was your little bro
So I would go to your closet because your shirts were kinda cold
And the pants were pretty hot so the shoes.....why not
Thought I was you for a day, but I was you anyway
Because when your friends came around all I heard was them say
You look just like him, and you talk just like him
And ya'll play just alike, all you missing is the height
And you had league dreams the NBA was in your view
So I played because you played, I just wanted to be you
And I needed your approval on the things that I did
From my clothes, to my school, even on my girlfriends
In our last conversation, you said keep that girl around
And you only met her once, but we're still together now
My eyes rain tears because I'm talking to the clouds
I had dreams of the league, but now it's just to make you proud
But still inside I grieve but yet I still achieve
Without my role model, I will still succeed
.....This I believe

What is Life?

Stephanie Hudson

What is life? I mean, we're all born, we live a little, and then we die. On our tombstone they put our name, the year we're born, a dash and the year we die. Everything we've done in our life is shown in that tiny dash. It means nothing once you're good and dead. You're only remembered if you did a remarkably horrible or good thing. For example, we all know who Hitler or Mother Teresa are, but not the musicians and actors and actresses that were from say eighty years ago.

My name is Adrian, and this is how my brother died, trying to live out his 'dash' to the fullest.

I was his older sister; the one who he said was his mother, because ours was either drunk all the time, or not home. His name was Gabriel and all I can remember from his younger years was him coming home, always beaten and bruised. Just because of his name. The kids at school said that it was an angel's name, so he must have been one. And would beat him up, saying that he was angel, so why doesn't he just fly away. I would always hold him, and tell him it was ok (even if it wasn't at the time), that I had been there too and it does get better. He would look up with his grey eyes, and it seemed to me, that he was so happy then.

"Did mother help you with your homework when you came home?"

He would always ask, and I would shake my head and tell him no. She didn't think I needed the help. She thought it would make me stronger.

"Our mother sometimes would just look at me coming home, and then would get up and leave, leaving me to take care of myself, you see Gabriel I didn't have any help..." I didn't know how to explain to him that she didn't care, if she was even home or sober.

"But I got you, right Addy?"

Addy, that was what he used to call me, when he couldn't say Adrian. I would always melt when I saw him like this. He never hated those kids. The ones that would beat him up. Even as he moved on and went into middle-school. He would forgive them, without a moment's hesitation. He was always trying to make the world a better place; helping others, cleaning up after school, even lying so others could be made to feel better. One day, some kids at school beat him, till he was an inch of death. I was on my way to pick him up from school when I found him lying on the ground, with a puddle of blood around his head. As quickly as I could, I picked him up and placed him in my car and rushed him off to the ER. The doctors said that he had gone into a coma. The cops came each and every day waiting so that they could get names from him. Kids from his school would also come. Begging for forgiveness. I even saw a couple of boys get tears in their eyes as they turned themselves in, never thinking that it could have ever gotten that bad. I had thought he would die, in the night. So I would stay up all night, just so I could watch him. And I was right. He died that night because of the hate of others and because he would try to stop the beatings of other kids. At his funeral, I was asked to make a speech. This is what I had come up with earlier that day.

"And now we lay you down to sleep"

They say "Time heals all wounds" but *they* never met my brother. Sure, in time, scars fade and pain becomes a fleeting memory. Broken hearts mend and lives can be pieced back together. Trust can be re-earned and sins forgiven... in time.

That's what I used to believe anyway. That was what kept me going for a long time, the promise that if I managed to hold out long enough, I could be forgiven.

He never thought there was anything to forgive. As a child, he had accepted the burdens placed on his shoulders without complaint and stood strong where even grown men

would have crumbled from the weight.

For as long as I could remember he had been neglected and abused by those who were meant to protect him, ridiculed by those who should have been family, betrayed by those who would call themselves 'friend.' When he came to school, it never changed. He sat there in his desk trying his hardest to fit in but he was not one made to be in the background.

With each passing year, his troubles and burdens grew but still he said nothing. He played the role assigned to him with a smile on his face. He never let anyone see just how much it hurt to being wanted only because of his name or some deed he could not remember. He sat upon the pedestal that the world placed him on and got back up every time the world shoved him off in one of its bouts of fickleness.

"I pray the Lord your soul to keep"

He hid from everyone the scars that he carried, both inside and out. He never let anyone see him bleed or let anyone see him weak. He bent over backwards to live up to every one's lofty expectations. He would have cut out his own heart and presented it on a silver platter for a few kind and sincere words.

He gave until he had nothing left to give and still kept on giving. What few realized before it was too late was that he was a saint. Where others would have cracked under the pressure and never ending scrutiny, he stood tall. When others would have run for cover, he led the forward charge. Where any other might take the easy way out in an impossible situation, he took the hard road all the while changing impossible to merely improbable.

They also say, "Big things come in small packages". He was always small for his age. Regardless of his size, he packed a punch. He would have been the smallest in his graduating class but no one on the planet even came close to him. I guess size really does not matter after all and I would not have changed him for the world.

Gabriel never did a selfish thing in his life. He fought a war not of his own making because they asked him to. He repeatedly faced them because others would not. He carried the burdens of others on shoulders too narrow to carry his own simply because he felt it was right.

In everything he did, he worked to make things better for others. He hid his intelligence so others could take the spotlight. He acted as a mediator so that his classmates could have at least a moment's peace. He took the blame to keep others out of trouble. He made sure to belittle his own efforts so that others were acknowledged.

Even when they treated him like utter garbage, he did not hold it against them. When the World turned its back, he gracefully slid into the shadows.

"And should you die before you wake"

They now have tried to apologize for what had happened to him whenever they came to visit, but he always said, "There is nothing to forgive." *They* say, "Time heals all wounds". Scars fade and pain becomes a fleeting memory, broken hearts mend and lives can be pieced back together, trust can be re-earned and sins forgiven. Time can only heal so much when everything piles up at once. Granting forgiveness is for those who are not saints. *They* were not him. There's nothing to forgive.

"I pray to God your soul to take."

"He would always pray that each and every night, before he would even think about falling asleep. He was a great brother, and friend. I know that I will miss him very much." Tears were forming in my eyes as I was finishing.

There were tears in everyone's eyes, even in the males. Mother even showed up. But I am not my brother, forgiveness doesn't come easily.

His tombstone said "Gabriel

Beloved brother, strong friend.

1992-2005.

Here lays a boy who tried to live life to the fullest."

Heroic Gift?*

Amy Matchett

“Arbeit macht frei!”*	Leaving the vermillion stain.
Was that your “heroic” call?	“Arbeit macht frei!”
Supposedly leading your people	Was simply a hoax.
Then watching them fall.	A way for you to lure,
You sick sadistic serpent	A way for you to coax.
You’re the bastard of the night.	To drag in the innocent...
Feeding them false hopes	Make them wear that star.
And petrol to ignite...	Claim heroic standings
To light up their dreams	Just to rise above the bar.
Their bodies and thoughts.	
Gathering their limbs	I would have spat...
You acted like your actions	At the sound of your name.
Were a Gift to the world.	
But really you were the Poison	Upon a filthy cart to rot.
That left Them dead and cold.	You sick sadistic serpent,
	You’re the bastard of the night.
Blut, blut, blut...*	I hope you’re burning in hell.
Were the components of your rain.	Eternal torture serves you right.
Red cold water	

* Gift - German word that translates to “poison.”

* “Arbeit macht frei!” - German meaning “work makes free” or “work will make you free.”
Used during the Holocaust as a way to make the Jewish people believe that working in concentration camps would one day free them.

* Blut - German word that translates to “blood.”

The Illumination

Duranna Fretts

Calling to one another,
the fireflies ignite
their tiny view of the world
to say “Here I am... Here I am,
we are in this together,”
and as the sun falls down into the stars,
and another summer night begins,
they see no darkness, just the ever present light
of one another.

Tony

Matt Hadden

Very few people arouse emotion in the mind I call my own,
But the bird on my chest also calls your neck its home.
We are linked as twins having never met,
But I owe you undying, ever growing respect.
You sang your words, and you helped me mouth my own.
If ever there were a king of words, you would hold the throne.
Someday my words will outlast what you wrote,
Only because my words are constructing a thank you note,
Giving thanks to you where thanks is due.
Mr. Raneri, I am forever in debt to you.

Deep Exhausted Rest Rises

Timothy Taylor

Deep, exhausted rest, rises

The closing of my dream memory

The noise of my bed realizes
My sitting and aching, believing it's temporary.
Dressed and fed for the sport
Compelled to shout at the dawn
Jetting to my buds, powerful like an airport
Proudly I ask "ready?" Let's go, I got lawns.
Thanks bro, see ya tomorrow
Off like a dart, work and I aren't apart.
My best friend, helping me grow.
Jumping out of my boots; my boss the heart,
What's up pecker head? Oh boy!
Engine is fueled, lunch is packed.
The common ground, jokes, our fun toy.
Laughing and shouting our day is attacked.
Ahh, yes! Nap, shower, gone
All the pride, smiles and cheer
Dread and misery has begun.
Only friend is extra work, others think I'm
queer.
Hot, nasty labor
Terrible odor of grease and fish
Clocking out is my savior.
I want to quit or be fired, is my wish.

The craziest sense of joy

The fastest walk to the door and away
The long drive home, shouting, mumbling to say
Much needed rest after my long deploy.

Memories of yester year
Relentless reminders repair,
All the words left to decide
Chiming in those who have cried.

A lost discipline ruffled
Minds of hands from a scuffle.
Today again is derailed
Taught by those who've not yet failed

Departure from ignorance
Into confusion to dance
Webbed for driven redeemer
While answers couldn't be any clearer

One cannot quench desperation
Lost with no resolution.

The only feeling is face.
Feed and clothed by wilderness
Destined time, honor, chosen and place.
Awaiting from helplessness.

Marat (1793)

Amy Matchett

Revolt your specialty.
Tyrannical fools made you ill.
Wanting to tear yourself from
All that held you in.

The struggle that pursued
Was nothing like the fight at the end.
Struck by the one you loved the most...
Traitor like the rest, incomprehensible
wench.

Why kill an insignificant man?
No purpose; life alive a blank.
Assassination of Christ's supposed political equity.
The bloody knife held high like a testimonial trophy.

The Intangible Bird

Duranna Fretts

Our bones are stronger than the soul-
To what form it takes I do not know,
But I wish to envision the lightest light
Reflected upon water as pure as aquamarine-
It sways with the tides of the mind,
It expands to the contours of the heart,
It permeates into the blood-
But yet it is most fragile of all,
It is what cannot be, it is a flower,
Born through the thunderstorm,
It is the sun, rising from the night,
And it is this intangible bird,
That longs to be freed from its cage of bones,
In order to fly high,
Above the skies.



Sheila Gross

Falling in Love with Constellations

Duranna Fretts

Orion, open up your bright eyes
And waltz with me tonight,
The sky is our ballroom,
The earth is our dance floor,
The days and years will go by,
But you will always shine,
With the youth of a lover's heart,
While I may crumble and decompose,
My body forming into dust,
Never again to rise to you,
Never again to feel your embrace,
You will find another lover,
She will dance with you,
And delicately tuck you in,
To the moon-soaked light of the atmosphere
Before sunrise each morning-
So my dear Orion, why can't you
Take me home with you?
Take me across the universe,
In our last dance,
And leave me there with you,
Never to return to earth again,
Never to leave your side,
Mold me into the grandest star
And leave me there to shine so bright-
So bright, we will blind.

When All Else Fails to Revive

Duranna Fretts

This is the electrocution of words,
Shocking life into a dying heart -
One.

Two..

Three...

The wavelengths pound,
The body convulses,
Words surge through, out, and within,
And the heart begins to beat again.

Untitled

Kendall DeLashment

It wasn't uncommon that a black kid and a white kid would be friends in the neighborhood they grew up in. You just only see it every few years. Normally, the friendship wouldn't last long anyway. Both would probably go their separate ways in high school, meet new friends, and be reduced to a casual head nod.

In one house lived Ryan Prince, who attended Morgan Park High School. Prince was an all city quarterback and a hell of a point guard for the Mustangs. Could he play college ball? Of course he could. But would he be drafted? Maybe if he met the right people, went to the right school, and played enough ball. He was probably the most popular kid at Morgan Park in his senior year. The ladies loved him, which denoted his nickname, "Prince Charming," and the guys envied him from a distance. Ryan, "Prince Charming," was the ladies man, a star athlete, and an all around good student. What more could you ask for?

Jason Anderson lived in the brown house across the street and three doors down. He played football at Eisenhower High School, but only because that's what his father wanted. Jason was more interested in the world of Academia. His father would jokingly say, "He should be proud to be the most proper white kid in the ghetto." Jason laughed at this joke every time he heard it because it was one that his friend Prince used quite often. Only Prince would say, "Well, you would be Eminem but you speak too well." Jason was on the debate team at Eisenhower, so of course he would be too articulate at times where it was inappropriate. He had a 4.0 and scored a 34 on the ACT. One would assume that he didn't have many friends and they would be right. He only had one friend.

Jason and Prince didn't have much in common. In fact, they argued more than they got along. Prince would make jokes about Jason's name by using it in a Matrix voice. Jason would call Prince names like Princess and Servant Boy. Jason liked Superman and Prince liked Batman. Jason loved LeBron James and Prince was a Kobe fan. They would even disagree about music. Jason was a Green Day fan and Prince liked Kanye West. Their arguments are what made them close.

"I must really love you to be arguing with you like this," is what Prince would always say. Jason would just laugh and they were back to joking and watching childish cartoons. Prince's mother walked in with sandwiches, fresh chocolate chip cookies, and purple kool aid.

"You know with the way you two argue about petty nonsense, I'm surprised you both don't debate," said Queen, Prince's mother. Everyone called Prince's mother and father King and Queen. It was just something the kids did. Nobody knew who started the trend.

"I almost went out for the debate team this year, but only because we go against Eisenhower," said Prince. He then gave Jason a light shove followed by a sinister grin.

"I must agree that you have some skills when it comes to subjects in your field, but I don't think we talk about sports and premarital sex with random cheerleaders," replied Jason. Queen then walked out with a sense of discomfort and closed the door lightly behind them.

The two began discussing the debate topics for the upcoming matches.

"...Rising Death Rate, Drinking Age, Gay Marriage, and Hip Hop vs. America. Those are just some of the topics we have to cover," said Jason.

"Hip Hop vs. America? What's the argument there?" asked Prince.

"Some feel that Hip Hop has influenced our youth to act in such ways that are disapproving in society's eyes. The culture that is Hip Hop is a destructive culture and it influences only negativity," said Jason.

"Speak English jackass!" scream Prince with authority.

"Hip Hop is the cause of the downfall of our society," replied Jason.

"And how do you feel about it Mr. Anderson?" asked Prince curiously.

"I don't necessarily have an opinion about the whole situation as of now. However, I would probably argue the affirmative if we had to debate today. The whole culture of Hip Hop has really taken its toll on society. Kids shoot other kids because that's what their favorite artist is talking about and we

praise these people. They get the money and our classmates get killed,” said Jason.

The room fell into a dead silence and Prince just stared at Jason with his mouth slightly open. Prince didn’t know what to say about these comments. Of course he didn’t agree because as a fan of Hip Hop music he could argue that he’s never killed anyone. A few seconds went by and he began to speak...

The two exchanged heated words in an argument that no one had ever witnessed before. They argued all the time, but never like this. An intellectual debate turned into a battle of who can make the best insults. Insults then turned into racist remarks, and that led to fighting. A lamp shatters and the television falls off of its stand. Queen overhears the scuffle between the boys and rushes in to break it up. She walks Jason back across the street and explains the blood and scratches to his father. The two don’t speak for months.

On the day before Eisenhower’s first debate, Jason’s coach walked into the room full of anxious debates.

“Settle down. Settle down. Now as you all know we have our first debate tomorrow against Morgan Park High School. The committee has selected a topic and it is... Hip Hop vs. America. We will be arguing the affirmative and against Hip Hop.” – Coach Drewson (Eisenhower). Jason’s hand slowly reached to his nose as he remembered the brawl that he and his ex best friend had over the topic. He knew that he had to debate, but he was thankful that Prince wasn’t his opponent. His face couldn’t take another pounding.

As the Eisenhower debaters prepared and rehearsed their arguments, Jason began to listen in on their conversations.

“The Hip Hop culture is one of violence and abuse. Statistics show that most who listen to it come from violent backgrounds and have a higher chance of being imprisoned,” said Eisenhower debater #1.

Jason shook his head in disapproval. He turned his head and heard another one of his teammates arguing.

“The rise of the death rate and the popularity of violent rap music are one in the same,” stated Eisenhower debater #2. On a side note he added a racist remark on how blacks are the only race killing each other and those problems don’t exist in other areas.

It was then Jason realized the mistake that he made. He decided to go see Prince when he left debate practice.

When Jason arrived at Prince’s house, Queen met him at the door with a smile. Her expression suggested that she was happy to see him after the three month argument with her son. She invited him in and let him know that Prince would be coming home from debate practice. He had a look of awe and astonishment. It seems that Jason was unaware of his long time friend’s crossover from athletics to academics.

Prince walked in and saw Queen and Jason having a conversation about spaghetti. There was an awkward moment, and then they both just looked and laughed. The feud was over just like that. They began discussing how Prince joined the debate team and how they had been doing.

“We are 4-0 right now, but we do have to play you guys tomorrow,” Prince stated with a grin that followed.

“The proper term would be you guys debate us tomorrow,” replied Jason. Prince laughed and gave Jason a light shove. Neither one of them had changed a bit in the separation. Jason and Prince both began to apologize about the racist remarks that were made, then Jason thought of a plan to make it right. The debate would be memorable.

It was debate day at Eisenhower High School and Prince and the Morgan Park team walked in the building with their heads held high. Before they took the stage they had their pre-match prayer. This was a concept that Prince had brought to the squad upon joining. Jason on the other hand appeared to have another agenda. He distanced himself from his teammates and reviewed his notes. The moderator took the stage and the debate began.

“Hip Hop vs. America. Dwight Eisenhower will argue the affirmative and Morgan Park will argue the defensive. Good luck to both sides and may the best team win,” said the Moderator.

The debate began and the Eisenhower debaters came out strong. Jason would not argue until the final question, but he did not seem interested in what his teammates were saying. On the other side was Prince cheering his Morgan Park squad on. They had also come pretty intensely. Blow for blow. Pound for

pound. The final question had come up and the crowd grew silent.

“Does hip hop contribute to society? If so, what are its contributions?” asked the Moderator. Jason took the stand to argue the affirmative. One bead of sweat ran down his forehead as he stacked his note cards. He began to speak.

“I visited a comedy club the other night. There stood a comic and he used every offensive word that was known to the English language. For too long this language has been used apparently as a prerogative of the hip-hop culture, which is more accurately a criminal culture, a prison culture. It is pathetic. It is not defensible. The clothing of the hip-hop culture is the clothing of a clown. The civility and public manners of the hip-hop culture do not exist. It has contributed to the growth of the crime rate in Chicago and other cities all over the United States. It has contributed to the degrading of women by their provocative videos and lyrical content. Finally, it has contributed to a disrespectful generation where teenagers, and even children, use profanity on a daily basis. Hip hop is the downfall of society.”

Ryan Prince took the stand and put his note cards down in his pocket. He smiled at Jason and began to speak.

“Not only is my opponent and his teammates misinformed, but they are ignorant to what America stands for. Crime and violence cannot be blamed on Hip Hop culture. As we are all aware, crime is as American as apple pie. WE STOLE THIS LAND! Hip hop at its worse describes the very pathology that is America itself. If an artist had to paint a picture of the American flag without the color red, then I’m sure it would be very hard. Hip hop has taken the blame for society’s problems for decades. That’s human nature though. We blame our problems on the easiest target. I’m sure it would be easier to attack an individual, then going after Columbia Pictures or Paramount. These movies and video games have the same content as hip hop lyrics. One may argue that Hip Hop artists do nothing but degrade women, verbally attack the government, and use profanities to insult each other. My response to this is what is that the artists only reflect on what is common in today’s society. The profanities that they use are not only used in music but throughout languages and cultures worldwide. For example, the word whore or HOE was not coined by a Hip Hop artist. The ‘N’ word is not first used by a Hip Hop artist, or even a black person. It was adopted and used as a term of endearment instead of its present negative connotation. Hip Hop is not what’s wrong with America. AMERICA is what’s wrong with America!”

The crowd begins to clap uncontrollably and is moved by Prince’s words. Prince looks back and Jason nods in approval. He then continues to speak.

“For the question at hand, I feel that Hip Hop has contributed greatly to culture. Style and language are only some of the donations to society. How many of you have used a word that you heard your favorite artist say? Terms have been coined in the dictionary based on what musical artists say in their lyrics. Stores stock their departments on what is popular in hip hop culture. Popularity in schools are determined by how you dress and the words you use. Not only does it influence style, but other music as well. Rap started with a fusion with Rhythm and Blues. Now it has branched off to other forms such as pop and rock and roll. Lil’ Wayne went from rapping to rocking and the public followed him without a problem. I am POSITIVE that everyone in this room today has been influenced by some form of Hip Hop. Thank you.” – Prince.

The Morgan Park team got a standing ovation as the moderator made his way to the podium. The crowd was silent as they waited for the announcement of the winner.

“.....Both teams made excellent arguments, but only one winner can be named. The winner is.....Morgan Park High School!”

The Morgan Park students jumped out of their seats and rushed the stage. The Morgan Park debaters shook the Eisenhower debaters’ hands. However, everyone but Jason and Prince shook hands. The two walked in different directions without acknowledging the other team’s win and defeat.

They met in the parking lot after the game at Jason’s truck. Prince hopped in on the passenger side and they rode off without speaking. Prince finally broke the silence.

“You think we got our point across?” asked Prince.

Jason looked at Prince and shrugged. He then turned on the radio and an old Jay-Z song played. Jason smiled and started singing the lyrics. Prince would then join in on his favorite part of the song.

“Both in the club high singing off key...AND I WISH I NEVER MET HER AT ALL!” sang Prince.

I am the Oblivion

Amy Matchett

*The darkened harpoon lies on the ground
The feet are marching, rain coming
Down.
You covered it in passion, words, and tears.
So you thought. For they lie.
Not here.
No water will fall from the skies tonight.
The clouds are strong. And the tension
Is right.
I'm lost in Oblivion. Completely unknown.
But this was me to you.
All along.
Far from the dream. I assumed you to be.
Cynical with your grin.
Thunder
Whispering
In.*

I Thought You Might be Dead

Duranna Fretts

The moonlight soaked our skin bone-white
Through the softly blinded window,
While you and I lied upon your bed,
Speaking in our lullabies, in hushed tones,
And somehow I knew, that even when I grasped
Your wrist and felt for the cardiac pulse,
That your heart would be beating, that you were alive,
But the rhythm would never be in sync,
With my own, it would never echo any type of my love,
And this perhaps is not your fault, a slight miscalculation
Of my own naïve impulses to make someone love me,
To expect someone to be by my side, for the rest of these days,
And yet I know, that I will leave this earth without you,
That as my days go on, I will not have your warm hand in my own-
I am unafraid, look in my eyes, I am growing colder,
If I cannot be enough for you, then I will never try,
Because I am enough, I am strong, I am free,
And I do not need to search for your dying heartbeat
To tell me something I have always known.

DECONSTRUCTION

Miles Wilburn

IGNORE FAILED TRENDS IN
WASTELANDS; WHERE WE LIVE,
LOVE, WHAT NATURE GIVES,
A SPARK THAT FADES, WITHIN ,
A SOUL THAT BLEEDS CHANGE;
A WORLD THAT LACKS GOOD;
SIN, A PRIMARY FACTOR
BASICALLY,
I OFFER A SOLUTION; HOW TO SOLVE THIS;
TO DETONATE THE WORLD WITH REVOLUTION;
ALLOW THE REMAKE WITH EVOLUTION
I OFFER UP, I HOPE WE ACHIEVE

I Sing

Miles Wilburn

I sing of the body,
Of an internal fire,
Of a burning, burning, burning
Of a desire,
Oh desire, of everything, of anything,
To be blessed, to be cursed,
To sing of experiences, heartfelt hellos,
Heartfelt goodbyes.
I sing of clocks that eternally tick doom,
Death that decays and deteriorates,
The love we share, the love we bear;
The hearts that ache; mine and thine.
Oh, how my soul aches for experience,
To know I'll do so many things, learn so many things,
And never sit idle,
And never have my spirit contained,
In a stone jar, to crumble, to break.
And when that time comes when I die;
I'll sing to death about my life,
And enter the dark, and sing the light;
And sing my soul is a flashlight, my soul is a flashlight.

A Sunlit Breakdown

Duranna Fretts

The sun is healing me,
splashing rays of warmth,
holding me in unseen arms,
and bringing the light that was within
back down to me.



Dr. Natalie Dorfeld

The Left and the Right

Joshua LaFace

This tells of left and right who would debate
Together, each one of the delegates.
The left would always try to rationalize,
And this the right would despise.
The right was so close minded
He never listened to what the left aspired.
One day, a little child came up to them,
“Can I have some help; my throat is filled with phlegm?”
At this the left gave the boy a dose,
While the right coughed, “I don’t care and this goon knows.”
“What?” the left said in disbelief.
“This child is no better than a thief.
He and his poor family, always asking for help.”
“But that’s not right, to just listen to a dog yelp.”
The right took this into consideration,
And wanted the public’s admiration.
They planned to meet the next week,
At which they did and the public did see.
“I have a plan, why don’t we give some help,
To any man’s dog who ever does yelp.”

Clumsy Time, or the Final Goodbye

Miles Wilburn

Pavement echoes, the cries of feet I know.
We all walk these roads
Hand in hand, soul and soul.

But time, oh clumsy time,
Trips on hours and minutes, and I,
Forget about the loves and the lost.
We forget whose souls we have carved on our hearts.

We forget the people we knew, and the conversations,
And we forget the kisses we’ve given, and received,
And forget saying I love you, and goodbye.

So, when you go to sleep tonight, will you forget me?
Out of sight, out of mind, out of time, out of your life,
And just in case you forget tonight, I’ll love each of you always all my life;
Even if you’re not on my mind.
Goodbye.

The Drive, Unforgettable.

Matt Hadden

It was an ordinary day. Not the type of day when you wake up glowing after some kind of fascinating experience, nor was it the type of day when you wake up pissy and sour like some kind of demon hell cat. No, it was just a regular day. On this plain day, I encountered a rather peculiar figure, a man. This man walked into the bar that I frequented, and honestly I had never seen him before. The awkward looking figure made sure to grab the top of every grimy bar stool, almost as if he was grasping for balance. I guess you could say I was slightly intrigued. I followed this man with my eyes closely; I wanted to learn his patterns. I wanted to have the power to predict his next move. I should tell you that this unnamed character was unnaturally thin for a man of his age, probably some kind of user, which would explain his silent search for balance. He was in his mid to late twenties. I could tell because he was wearing the same style of clothing that usually covers my appearance. His hair was well-kept, brown, and styled messy, probably trying to initiate attention. He wore a long sleeved polo shirt and he stunk of some fancy cologne. The kind of cologne you wear when you're trying to pick up a girl at the bar. I noticed that this man's walk was very relaxed and nonchalant and his eyes bloodshot, almost like he was under the influence of some heavy narcotic.

I moved closer to the bartender because I wanted to see what this shady figure was fit to order. The mystery man spoke up, "Can I get a Bud Light?" Of course, light beer, the heavy drinker's gateway to drink as much as possible before spewing warm beer all over the steering wheel of his car. "Thanks, sweetie," he said with a smile as wide as the Grinch's when he stole the hopes and dreams of children. I watched this guy for several hours, light beer after light beer pouring down his throat and eating the lining of his stomach while his liver began to hate him more and more with each gulp. His appearance grew sloppier by the bottle, and judging by the lanyard hanging from his pocket, he planned on driving himself home. Sip by sip, burp after belch. This man's confidence started swelling just as fast as his eyes dwindled dimmer. The life of the party feeling something many of us will never experience. I know this because he was itching himself raw, probably from the narcotics. His speech was slurred as he slobbered his words all over his new found comrades. "Eyyo, make sure ya'll get my number. I got you bro. I got you." My mind was frantic as I endlessly wondered what was wrong with this guy. I approached him and introduced myself; I knew he wouldn't remember. One remark was all it took to answer the question that had been stretching my already fragile brain. "What's good?" I said with discretion. I proceeded to follow the stranger to the bathroom. It was here that my questions were answered. It was the bathroom that showed me the prescription bottle. I told him that I'd let him know; never meaning a word of it. I recognized the slippery slope this deadbeat was trying to climb.

After we walked back to the bar we parted ways, but I made sure to stay within striking distance. I sat three bar stools down and continued to watch him punish his body in the most pleasurable fashion. He was checking his phone rather frequently for being so far over or under the influence, who can really judge? I assumed he was setting up some kind of deviant sexual encounter or maybe some shady transaction, I mean it must have been something exciting because he was checking his phone as frantically as a dope fiend hovering over a fresh batch of methamphetamine. I cannot deny that this goofy drunk fiend was still rousing a profound sense of curiosity within my gut. I watched as he sucked the last drop from his bottle of Bud Light like an eight pound Orek vacuum cleaner sucking the last bits of life from a blood stained carpet.

I followed him out of the dive bar at closing time, I wasn't worried about being creepy; he was too wasted to notice anyway, and he probably thought I wanted him to help me out anyway. I watched him stumble through the parking lot. I watched him piss beside his car. I watched him put his key in the ignition of white Toyota Corolla. I followed behind him from a safe distance. I really felt the need to

find out where his destination was. Forty, fifty, and sixty miles per hour swerving back and forth between the white and yellow lines, this lunatic really didn't know what he was in for.

Before the alcohol had time to react, the Corolla darted off the road. It felt like I was watching a slow motion replay as I saw the car fly into a roadside tree at nearly sixty miles per hour. I heard nothing. It was the kind of silence you would expect to find if you were buried alive. I saw the car curl up like the lid on a sardine can as it snapped a middle-aged oak tree in half. Slow motion I tell you, slow motion when the dude's face smashed into the wind shield, slow motion as his skull split and a trail of blood followed his lifeless body to a leafy landing under a heaven of oak. Of course, I phoned the police. Of course, I followed this asshole to his demise. I hoped I didn't witness my first death. I hoped that this waste of life wouldn't haunt my dreams with his battered, bloody body.

Feeling sick from the gory mess and the smell of burnt rubber mashed with molded steel, I decided to scan the deadbeat's car before the police had the chance to. I had to rip the door open using most of my strength. My excuse would be that I was checking the car for other passengers. Whether the guy was dead or not, I figured everyone deserves a second chance, or third, or fourth. Knowing that criminals like to hide their secrets just as regular people hide theirs, condoms for example, I popped open the unharmed glove box. Leafing through manuals, napkins, and coffee-stained papers I found nothing. The center console was my next destination. It was here that I found his stash box uncovered and unharmed. It was here that I removed his prescription bottles. It was from the glove box that I removed the evidence that would ruin the dead or alive dude's life, if that was even an option at this point. I really didn't want to know what was in the little orange bottle of goodies, but the label had the name scratched off. Actually, everything but the milligram was scratched off. My curiosity got the best of me and I pressed down and twisted off the white cap, just as the arrows on top directed. Inside, I found about twenty blue pills, and the inscriptions were no help, I didn't go to pharmacy school, but I knew what they were. My palms started sweating as my pulse quickened by the second. I couldn't possibly have been back in this position. I really thought those cravings went away. Permanently. I remembered how I had lost my loved ones. I remembered how my life was in the pisser, and I remembered why I started going to that shitty little bar. Flash backs racing through my mind like Public Service Announcements. It took every bit of strength in my body, but I decided to throw the bottle into the woods on the other side of the road. I decided to spare the poor fool, the dead beat user, the lifeless body of any more criminal charges, pending the fact that his heart was still beating. I didn't know how to check, but I saw his chest moving. He must have been breathing, so I waited for the paramedics.

Within minutes I heard the screaming of sirens and I saw blue and red lights racing towards the scene of the accident. The police proceeded to ask me meaningless questions while the paramedics fastened the body to a gurney. I told them that I drove by and saw the car secured to an oak tree. I told them that I had never seen the guy before. I told them that I had no idea what happened. Really, I could have prevented the whole damn thing. I watched the gurney get tossed into the back of an ambulance. I watched the ambulance and the police cars pull away. It started to rain almost immediately after the government's slaves left. I stood there and let the rain cleanse me for what seemed like a lifetime. It always seems like a lifetime to get yourself clean anyway. I didn't want to know whether or not that mysterious guy from the bar lived or died. All I could hope was that if he did live to breathe another breath, if he did live to hear his heartbeat, if he lived at all, all I wanted was for him to realize that somebody saved his life. I took that bottle and I tossed it. Whether he realizes or not, I did try to save his life, or what was left of it. In the long run, we might have lost a life, one source of evil, one who won't be missed, but I did save the lives of the shady cats that sucked from the mystery dude's black tit. If he lost his life that night, it was just skipping steps, flying instead of driving, living while you're dying. If he wakes up, his head will be straight, and he will be the next bar stalker trying to cleanse the world one dickhead at a time.

The Power of God

DJ Martino

I do as I'm told; I don't ask why,
I concentrate from within my inner eye.
The others pace, impatient to start,
They have something to prove, they must play their part.
I am simply a tool, content to be used,
As with the spiritual realm my soul is infused.
The channel is formed, the incantation is read.
The forces of evil rise from the realm of the dead.
There is nothing more crippling, nothing more fierce
Than the screeches of demons that shatter and pierce.
I try to make sense of this, it cannot be true,
As the magic of old overcomes that of the new.
A blackness arises, it fills the skies,
A living embodiment of deception and lies.
I turn to religion, the failsafe of all.
I am a channel just like a ventriloquist's doll.
Inside my mind, good and evil collide,
Two forces that should never coincide.
Yet to the horror of all, the good breaks down,
The demon achieves the ultimate crown.
He laughs with his victory; he knows he has won,
His wingspan expands to block out the sun.
How can this be? God is the ultimate truth,
This is what I've been told, ever since my youth.
And yet here I stand in the shadow of a devil,
His laughter fills the air like a victorious revel.
I look in his eyes and they glow deep and red,
His message is clear, even though it's unsaid.
"Your God is not here," he says strong and loud,
With that, his magic blocks out even the clouds.
"God is everywhere," I say in reply,
"You are a comedian," he says with a cry.
"My kind are everywhere," he continues in glee,
"Resistance is useless; the only god is me."
I cannot believe it, this shouldn't be real,
I have lost all hope of courage and zeal.
Is it possible that we were always just wrong,
And evil would beat good, no matter how strong?
In my weakness, I fall, my mind in disarray,
Yet the others step forward, not ready to run away.
wield instruments of God, relics and words,
The two most powerful religion-based swords.
Their confidence is daunting, their conviction unshaken,
They are willing to die before being taken.
In the name of Christ, their words are spoken,
The demon is told that his crown will be broken.
The darkness wavers, the demon grows quiet,
An eerie calm before an inevitable riot.
Yet the soldiers of the Lord continue their battle,
And the devil grows near to a death rattle.
All the while, I lay on the ground unheeded,
My purpose was served, I was no longer needed.
The warriors believed that victory was near,
The choirs of angels rang in their ears.

Yet in the moment of triumph, the demon arose,
The darkness rains down, the wind, how it blows!
Yet all the while, the warriors read the good word,
The name of God failing to work is absurd.
Yet here the demon stands, in his damnable glory,
The end of this fight is sure to be gory.
The demon leans back and releases a guttural sound,
Thousands of devils now spring from the ground.
The soldiers continue, ignoring the threat,
The imminent danger has not dawned on them yet.
The devils continue to rise to their master's tune,
A cacophony of evil voices no force can impugn.
The warriors continue, unyielding in spirit,
Denying the obvious, although I know they must feel it.
On their master's command, the devils attack,
It's obvious that God's fighters will catch no slack.
In less than a minute, the devils all strike,
In unison they form a damnation-borne pike.
In an explosion of darkness, the warriors are hit,
Their blood only serves to nourish the pit.
The demon scoffs, they were so weak,
Feigning strength through understanding so meek.
Upon seeing the death of the valiant tide,
I promptly stand up, time I can no longer bide.
My puppeteers gone, I am free to choose,
I can finally fight with everything to lose.
I form a channel, different this time,
This channel is formless, this channel is mine.
I muster what I can from the spiritual realm,
If this fight were a ship, I have taken the helm.
The demon stops cheering, his confidence shaken,
He senses that he may even be overtaken.
I ask God for help but rely on my own skill,
It is through both God and me that I shall make this kill.
I gather all the power the spirit world can give,
My driving force is the instinct to live.
The dark army regroup; it heads my way,
By now it's too late, this power they cannot sway.
God channels through me, as well as the veil,
It's as though a new wind has just filled up my sail.
From the masses of demons, a deathly shadow is cast,
And it is at this time that I unleash a metaphysical blast.
A combination of God's will with my own energy,
Strikes the dark horde, and they start to flee.
In a burst of light, the battle seems done,
The darkness retreats, followed by the light of the sun.
I mourn for the loss of the brave souls who fell,
But hope is found knowing they are not destined for Hell.
I was told that demons were everywhere,
That the only possible weapon was prayer.
That theory was tested and adapted today,
When God and a mortal drove evil away.

Hero(in)

Matt Hadden

The drunken dialogues of a wreckless writer,
I'd tell you if I could remember,
I'm the best lover and the fiercest fighter,
Just ask me over so I can surrender.
All I want is for you to tell me,
To explain, this phase will soon end.
I'm living too fast and carelessly,
Is there any advice you can lend?
I know you could not handle my life,
It's something I can hardly do,
But I gave you the flower, it felt so right,
So don't let your smile fade so soon.

Super Zeroes

Matt Hadden

All of your adolescent eyes deceive you,
Seeing only what you believe to be true.
The scanner went unheard, the paper unread,
You missed the sirens, screaming blue and red.

Be careful to hold me up so high tonight,
When tomorrow comes I will have lost the fight.
Then reality sets in and your eyes, no longer ignorant
See a fallen hero that was never innocent.

False idols are incorrectly perceived,
Leaving those around you unknowingly deceived.
It's time to be unmasked, to carry your shame
Or watch your false legacy go up in flames.

Autopsy of the Heart

Duranna Fretts

*Let me show you the heart of someone once in love-
Open up the cardiac muscle, take the scalpel blade and
Cut--- now it's a broken heart.
Ventricles and atriums can't sustain the rhythm now,
Empty as the day it was formed- silent in Love's death.*



Dr. Natalie Dorfeld

Idol Worship

Matt Hadden

So I see the definition of beauty,
The softest hair crashing everywhere;
Your angelic voice whispering to me,
Effortlessly gorgeous, would you care
To place your hand in mine while I whisper back,
And I see you smiling wide as your lips bump into mine.

Could you be mine for just one day?
I'd sing you to sleep just to hear you say,
That you want to stay awake tonight
Because wasting time would not be right.

To the girl in blue with glossy black hair,
Or you with the highlights and blue-eyed stare:
I asked the stars if seeing you was fate,
But I don't know if it is lust you reciprocate,
So lend me a smile and I'll offer you my song,
A symphony of roses to never do you wrong.

So crash into me just like they say,
I'll make damn sure your smile never fades.
And if ever I run out of things to do,
Just know I'd do it all again for you.

A Perfect House, A Perfect Dream

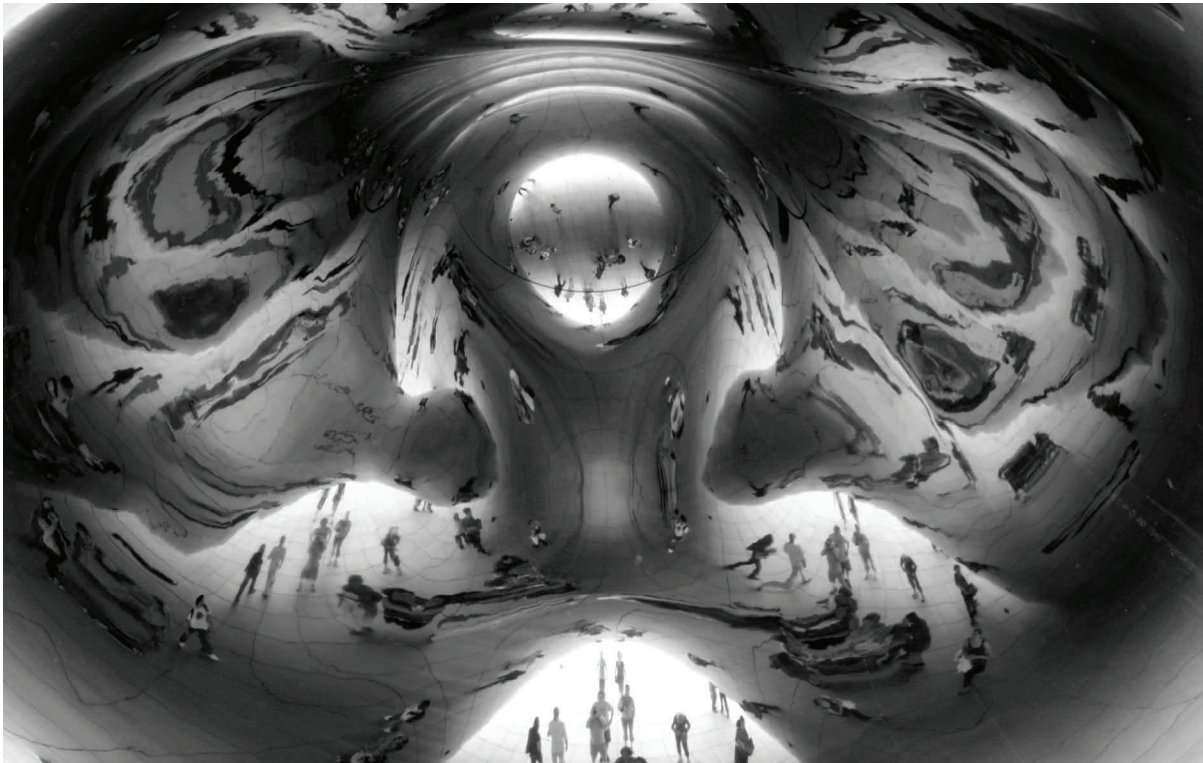
Miles Wilburn

You close your eyes when you walk into my house,
You walk into a place of wonder.
A place of believing, of wooden floors that echo history
And doors that creak with make believe,
And ceilings that hang philosophy,
And stairs the wind a road between
the bedroom and the bathroom,
And as you begin to descend back down
the stairs that winded, that now weave,
you pick a paper off the ground,
and on this paper reads
A perfect house, a perfect dream
You open your eyes, and then you see
What a wonderful, wonderful dream this would be.

Purgatory's Eclipse

Amy Matchett

*Church bells ringing
It's time for the world to take its hold on me.
Fog closing in
Steaming mist serving as the Barrier
For my forsaken Doom.
Cloud dust scatters,
But nothing matters.
As the branches become my gate
Lifeless.
Not one appendage produces life.
No life. No green.
And the lonely Raven needs no one.
In this clouded Oblivion
Loneliness embodies the soulless night.*



Allen Morrill

A Visit from Mr. Johnson

Cody Kendera

Minnie sat crossed legged in the small living room adjacent to the kitchen. A fire roared no more than a few feet in front of her. She uncrossed her stocking legs, gathered warmth from the hearth along her knees and thighs, then crossed them again in the opposite direction, evening out the blue velvet along the length of her still muscular leg. The stockings did a wonderful job of concealing the splotches that accompany old age as it ravages the vanity of youth, but it didn't matter to her. As long as it appeared to be so, then it was. Appearance was what matter most.

She glanced at her appointment book to make sure that it was correct. It was. Mr. Johnson was to arrive at five-fifteen exactly. There were five other Mr. Johnsons today. Four tomorrow. And two the next day. It was now five-thirty and there was no sign of him. This was quite bothersome to her since his neglect in managing time was her loss, too, as well as the others. It will cost him, she thought.

Just then, the setting November sun caught the chrome hubcap of a slightly worn Hudson pulling up the drive and shot a harsh reflection across her eyes. She looked out the window and was relieved to find Mr. Johnson pulling up. He labored from his vehicle, bitten with harsh teeth by the carnivorous wind outside that fed on the exposed flesh of his face and ungloved hands. He pulled on his heavy overcoat, and with a quick admiring glance at her large pink Cadillac which sat lifeless next to his, he made his way with short, hurrying strides to the front door of the mammoth house.

"Mr. Johnson," she exclaimed in a manner befitting a gallant homecoming as she opened the door, "It is so nice to see you again. Please, come in. And do sit down in the parlor. Gather yourself a bit. Would you like a scotch? Maybe a brandy to warm the blood?"

"No, the wife will smell it on my breath if I do," Mr. Johnson replied with a chuckle.

She could tell he was nervous. He glanced from side to side rapidly, almost as if he suspected someone of spying on him.

"Tell me, Mr. Johnson," she questioned to help relax him, "How is the school these days?"

"Oh, quite alright, Minnie," said Mr. Johnson, "The children are always wonderful. Your daughter especially is very bright. In fact, just last week she got the highest grade in the class on the geography test."

"So, I've heard," Minnie replied, her voice rising to express her admiration of her daughter's study habits, study habits she prayed every night would deliver her daughter away from here. She may not be able to leave this place and the life that she had created, but her daughter still had a fighting chance.

"You seem to doing rather well for yourself after Alfred died," said Mr. Johnson in an attempt to divert the conversation from personal business. "The house looks wonderful, and I love your new Cadillac."

"Well, thank you. I got it from Mr. Byler down the road at his dealership. I ran into him a few weeks back at the market on Main Street and he said he could get me a deal from the manufacturer since it such an...odd color. But I do believe it suits my personality." Again, each forced a chuckle. She neglected to mention that Mr. Byler was just here yesterday, only she didn't address him as such.

An awkward silence filled the room after that. Mr. Johnson struggled to make eye contact with her as she sat stoic against the back of the red leather chair opposite him. He straightened his tie, moved the handle of his briefcase to one side, smoothed his jacket, moved the handle of his briefcase back to the other side, and then sat quietly with his hands folded and a plastic smile across his lips as he looked up again at Minnie.

She caught his glance, realizing the angst behind it, and said, "You should know, that you don't have to worry, Mr. Johnson."

"I know," he replied without a hint of calm.

“Well, what do you want?”

“Is Sarah still here?” He sounded like a child asking for a particular candy bar at the malt shop.

“Of course,” said Minnie with a genuine smile. “Second room on the left, as usual, when you get to the top of the stairs.”

“How much is it?”

“The usual. It’s extra if you want *au natural*.”

“I know,” replied Mr. Johnson while he eyed every bill in his wallet. He mentally counted each note, down to the very last portrait of George Washington kissing the cowhide. He exclaimed, “I have enough!” Realizing how childish he looked, he reigned himself back in and quietly folded the wallet and put it back in the inside pocket of his leather overcoat.

“Good,” nodded Minnie approvingly. “You can go up if you’d like. I believe she is free.”

Without a word, Mr. Johnson quickly gathered his belongings, and himself, and without trying to show too much excitement, galloped up the stairs two at a time to the door that led to the grand upper hall where the rooms were.

Minnie simply sighed, went to the bar where she poured herself a brandy, and brought it back to the small living room where she could continue warming herself by the fire. Mr. Smith was not due for another fifteen minutes, which was ample time.

Again, she waited without a word.



Sheila Gross

A Religious anti-Baptism

Duranna Fretts

Let me shed my fallen skin
Slowly, like the flower blooming in the night,
Let my bones shatter the epidermal fortress
And break the seal of this pale baptismal dress-
Now I become the fury
Of a hundred souls drowning in holy water,
In this freedom I am no longer human,
I am Justice, I am Fear,
I am what I am.

They say she is a cruel mistress,
She is the adulterer, the lover of lies, the keeper of sins,
She is our intrinsic nature,
She writes the sinful alibis within our eyes,
She is the she-wolf, she is the animal,
We become underneath
Layers of shallow words and cultural antipathy-
She is our naked disease.

Lord, what have You made us to be?
Monsters in disguise, hating ourselves
For what we've become,
We are not deserving of anything,
Maybe dust, maybe damnation,
But never Your love-
What a cruel God You can be,
To create a creature that could never
Truly please You-
What great sadness You must feel
When we call out "Father, why?"
And all we can hear in reply
Is the earthquaking silence
Of our own heartbeat.

I Carry You

Duranna Fretts

I carry you
though your weight
may break my tired bones-
you are my burden,
but I will never let you fall,
my arms will hold you tight,
and I will carry you,
I will fold you into my heart,
and there, you will be free.

The Steel City Lullaby

Duranna Fretts

The city's breathing,
I can hear its shallow hum,
Like a soliloquy of forgotten hope.

The lights spark incessantly,
Calling to all the lost souls,
Of hundreds left lonely in the night.

I lie here in this hotel,
Staring at a city of steel and flashing lights,
But all I see, all I'll ever see, is you.

(Pittsburgh)

Crash the Cardinal: A Thiel Bird

Chris Moinet

Every day, day after day,
hour after hour, minute by minute,
in the second floor window
of the south stairwell in Greenville Hall,
a cardinal, scarlet and iron-beaked,
(and I should think thoroughly brain dead by now)
bashes himself face first against the glass.
If the window is open a crack,
he doesn't fly inside
but aims slightly higher,
so as to ram the panes with a recognizable thud
again and again.
He's been doing this for years.
He's a Thiel bird.

Reminiscence

Matt Hadden

Lumbering down the old beaten path
I see familiar things, simpler times.
Images from my youth ease my mind.
Lumbering down the old beaten path.

I can see the old beer cans and days
That friends and I had nothing to do
But to get beer breath and muddy shoes.
The best times of my life just a phase.

I see the spot where I first made love,
The spot where I kissed my first girl.
No better feeling in the world
I never knew things would be this tough.

Lumbering down the old beaten path
I will never feel this way again
So take advantage of it while you can.
Lumbering down the old beaten path.



Sheila Gross

Zafirah

Kayla Ohlin

I guard my face from the wind as I sit and wait for my father to return from a long day of work. He leaves before the great sun rises and returns after late prayer. Hourī (*hūrīya*), he calls me. I am his only daughter. To him I am beautiful and pure, hourī (*hūrīya*). It is dry outside and the wind catches bits of sand and throws them against my face. In the distance, I can begin to see the outline of my father. He is a tall, strong man, with broad shoulders and eyes dark like the night sky. He smiles when he sees me, and I run to him! I'm much too old for him to grasp me beneath my arms and swing me in the air, as he used to do when I was younger. These days he embraces me, wraps his arms around me, pulling me in tight.

"Ah, Zafirah!" my father greets me. "I have a special gift for you, my beautiful hourī (*hūrīya*)."

A smile flashes across my face as my father pulls a handcrafted box from his bag. It is ornate, with many ancient symbols beneath beautifully hand carved scenes. There is one with a gigantic tree, another with a dragon, and yet another with a flowing river. He hands me the box.

"Zafirah, this is a special box, one that holds much treasure within. Take it and see what power and magic it can bring you."

By now, we have come to the door of our house and father goes inside to greet my mother and older brothers, leaving me to explore my box. I take it upstairs to my room, and shut the door. I sit upon my bed and touch the lid of the box. As I slowly lift the lid, music begins to play. It is light and reminds me of a lullaby. I close my eyes, reminiscing, and when I open them, I gasp.

I am no longer in my bedroom. Everything is green. To my right, I see a mighty stream as it cuts through the rich woods. I turn to my left and there stands a gigantic oak tree, its branches stretched wide and broad across the sky, like my father's arm's when he embraces me. Knobby roots, like ripples, emerged from the ground around the base of its mighty trunk.

Underneath the tree sat a girl, one not much older than I. "Another girl?" I thought. She looked different than me. Her skin, like porcelain, shone in the sunlight. Her hair was golden, like my mother's teapot. But what caught me most were her eyes, blue as the summer sky and wild with curiosity.

She sat under the mighty oak, her eyes fixated on a white dove in the branch above. She was singing to him.

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing,
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!"

As she finished, she turned to me. Upon seeing me, she was startled but she got up and eagerly approached me. She stuck her hand out, grasping mine. Shaking it, she said, "Hi! Welcome to Eden. My name is Emmy, what is yours?"

Taken aback in awe of her, I stuttered, "Uh, my name is um Za- Zafirah. Wh-Where am I again?"

She smiled, "Why Zafirah, you are in Eden. It's a wonderful place full of magic, exploration and excitement! Can I show you around?"

With that, Emmy grabbed my hand and led me into Eden. The place was truly magnificent. Many unique creatures lived here. Mermaids ruled the sea. Fairies enchanted the forests. Mighty dragons dwelled in the mountains. I met so many animals and beings that I couldn't possibly recount them

all. Time stood still as I experienced Eden. Emmy brought out the best in me and, soon enough, we returned to the tree.

I glanced up, and there sat the same dove, staring intently at Emmy.

“Sing to me again Emmy! Sing again!” cried the dove.

Emmy smiled. “You know, dear dove, that is my daddy’s favorite song, and I will sing it for you time and time again if you like. I miss him so much, and singing makes me feel as if he is here with me now.”

I glanced at Emmy and asked, “Where is your father?”

“Daddy left months ago. Mommy says that daddy is far away. He cannot come home until he completes his mission. I hope that is soon. I miss him so much.” Emmy looked sad.

“I’m sorry, Emmy, I love my father very much too. I can’t wait to see him when he comes home every day. To not see him for months would make me cry. I wish I could bring you home. You would love my father.”

Emmy looked at me, wiping a tear from her eye. She said, “Zafirah, thank you. Hopefully, my daddy and I will be reunited soon.”

Emmy hugged me. It was a moment unlike any other. Here she was, in her short summer dress and blond hair, embracing me, Zafirah, whose dress touched the floor, not even exposing my ankles. Emmy didn’t care what I looked like or where I was from, and I felt the same about her. I knew from this moment that she was my best friend. I closed my eyes and heard the lullaby again, and when I opened them I was in my room.

I returned to visit Emmy every day. We had so many adventures and we knew each other like the back of our own hands. Emmy taught me to be free and passionate. I grew in my curiosity and my imagination flourished in Eden where anything was possible. I helped Emmy to learn to listen. My mother always told me, *You learn when you listen. You earn when you listen, not money, but respect.* We grew up, together, in Eden.

Today, I waited for my father to come home, before going to visit Emmy. I sat on the stoop, just after late prayer, and looked out for his grinning face to break my eyesight. And I waited. And waited. Finally, there was a call. Mother answered it and I heard her gasp for air. I raced inside and she grabbed me tight.

“Mamie! Mamie! What happened? What is it? Where is father?”

Through the tears, she spoke to me, “Zafirah, Zafirah, your father is not coming home. He has gone to Allah! May his soul rest with Allah!”

I screamed! “No, Father! No! Come back to your houri (*hūrīya*)!” I ran to my room. I opened the box and heard the music and closed my eyes. Emmy would know what to do! I had to talk to her. I needed her.

I opened my eyes, and Emmy was standing by the river. She turned around, and I saw a tear glistening in her eye. But then a smile broke across her face; I was confused. She raced toward me, and held me tight.

“Zafirah! Zafirah! Guess what? Guess what? Daddy came home! Daddy came home! His mission accomplished!”

I could not bring myself to speak. She saw my eyes, red with tears and knew that there was something I had to say, too. She looked at me, and I spoke. I told her about my father, that he did not come from work today. Something tragic had happened, his death so unexpected.

We held each other, and we cried. We cried tears of joy and sorrow. Emmy’s daddy was home, but mine was gone. How could the world be so cruel? Why could we both not have our fathers? We cried because in the real world, unlike in Eden, happiness couldn’t be obtained without the sacrifice of another’s joy. We held each other tightly, and sobbed.

The Future: A Cacophonous Dream

DJ Martino

The warehouse reeked of death. Hanging from hundreds of hooks were costumes of all shapes and sizes. In one corner, demons glared over their inanimate domain. In another corner, clowns laughed silently at the cruel irony of their position. Each costume was just as lifeless as the last, yet, strangely, seemed alive. Each suit was posed in a position that implied that it was merely frozen in time, awaiting the time to resume its unlife. Bloodied soldier uniforms pointed guns at the rag-like garments of low-class citizens, feral wolves were stuck in a perpetual, muted howl, and princesses stared in mock fear at a dragon that was poised to devour the lifeless women. The warehouse was constructed of dark steel, a windowless monstrosity that felt more like a prison than storage. If the prisoners therein had souls, perhaps it would have been a sad scene. As it was, however, it was a breeding ground for the macabre, a nexus from which all dark inspiration derived.

Among the darkness and the disturbing figures, one being stood out. Tattered jeans and a dark-green shirt were barely visible on the only person in the building who truly was a person. Her long, blond hair was so thick with dirt and grime that it almost passed as brunette. She moved slowly but purposefully through the warehouse, careful not to disturb the costumes. She looked no older than twenty, but her eyes were full of pain and fear, eyes that had seen death itself. With each footfall, she flinched, as though she were afraid the costumes would object to her disturbing the peace. Constantly looking over her shoulder, she froze when a footstep that was not her own echoed through the dank warehouse.

From amidst elderly costumes seemingly enjoying a game of chess, another figure emerged. Catching sight of the girl, he dashed forward knocking costumes and chess pieces to the floor with a clatter that resonated eerily in the steel storage prison. She ran, impulse and survival instinct driving her path. Without acknowledging the costumes, she threw any obstacles aside. The other figure kept pace, and it seemed that the pursuer knew the route she took without even seeing her. The girl took a sudden left and was met with resistance in the form of a steel wall. As her head hit the metal, her vision blurred, and she fell to the floor.

The other figure approached, brandishing a large knife. His intent made clear, the girl attempted one final dash to escape. As her shoes scuffed the floor, the murderous stranger thrust the knife forward. The girl regained her footing just in time to feel the cold steel of the blade pass into her back. She could hear a slight chuckle from the killer, relishing his victory.

Suddenly, the girl's jeans and t-shirt ripped and flew off into the darkness, revealing a skintight, white suit. Her blond hair began to glow with a static charge as sparks flew from it. Feeling a strong shock through the blade, the killer dropped the knife with a shout of confusion and rage. The wound in her back dripped, not with blood, but with oil, and closer examination revealed an intricate array of machinery meant to mimic human organs.

The killer's shock only worsened as the warehouse began to dissipate. Starting at the ceiling and working toward the foundation, the building turned to ash and was carried away on the wind from outside. The costumes remained intact, but were also picked up by the wind. All manner of creatures, from lions to knights, flew past the murderer, the costumes appearing all too real in the coming light from outside the warehouse.

The skies of the outside world glowed with a sickly crimson light. All around, the ruins of a lost civilization could be seen. A battered sign in the distance read: "Wal-Mart," and a pile of nearby rubble was topped by faded yellow arches in the shape of an "m." All the while, the girl floated in midair, frozen while this world revealed itself. The warehouse entirely gone, a post-apocalyptic wasteland extended in all directions. No signs of life were to be found, and perhaps the eeriest factor was that it was just as quiet as the warehouse had been.

As the destroyed world came into perfect view, the girl spoke:

"I was designed to uphold humanity's legacy. This is the world I came from, a world where war and conflict have decimated what was once a great society. I carried all of human history, from prehistory to the time you see now. A malfunction placed me in the warehouse that once stood here. You didn't even know me, yet you wanted me to die...."

Her voice was soft, delicate, yet had a mechanical coldness in its tone. Each word was both alluring and repulsive. The killer only stared in fear and awe. The girl continued: "This is not what the human race was supposed to be. You had such potential, but you squandered it. What purpose do weapons serve? Why is violence an initial option rather than a last resort? Why is anger a justification for murder? You are not human. You never have been. Humans are better than you, me, better than this."

The killer was unable to form syllables, despite his attempts to speak in defense of his species. The girl looked directly into his eyes, and he could've sworn that a genuine tear began to fall down her cheek. She began to shut down, the final arbiter of humanity. As she fell to the ground, her final words echoed as the planet itself burst from within:

"Maybe we can all be human someday..."

Disengage Your Heart

Duranna Fretts

*The battle's lost, now try to disengage your heart,
Take the bullets I shot to kill, and leave them in the dust,
We're both dead because of this, lying mangled in between,
All the promises we had made- faulty words for faulty hearts,
Too young to know the difference between I love you and I hate you,
And I'm screaming inside, torn to pieces and bleeding words,
That I don't even believe, lies to tell myself that it's okay,
You may love me, you may love me now, you may love me,
But I'd rather you hate me, than die more each day
Because of my sins against you and your broken heart,
And love, I don't think I'll be coming back tomorrow,
But if I do, then you can do the honor
Of tearing me down again.*



Dr. Natalie Dorfeld

The Maple Tree

Duranna Fretts

The shadows fell just a little softer,
Under the maple tree that year of summer-
We'd sit in my mother's swing and watch,
The sun slowly set to the rhythm of our hearts.

I'm not afraid to feel nostalgic,
As the leaves float down in green flames,
I'm not afraid to feel sorrow,
As the summer slowly fades to fall.

Our hearts were alive then,
And we were more in love then,
And now the winter snow,
Has suffocated everything we had,
(And the maple tree is dying,
Under the frozen sun.)

Paint

Duranna Fretts

*I painted
every inch of my skin
to hide what it is I really am,
and everything you know I'm not.*

*Would I make myself seem shallow
and uninspired, just to catch your eye-
Would it matter if I was lovely?
because my mind and these thoughts,*

*Don't mean a damn thing,
when all you want is what your eyes seem to see,
and what your hands feel,
because you are what they all are,
blind, and numb.*



Dr. Natalie Dorfeld

A Great Medicine (The Doctor's Gift)

Duranna Fretts

We are the Guardians,
the protectors of flesh and fluid and bone,
and maybe, at times, the soul,
but you will not know us by this name,
you come, but do not know
our Art we will forever practice-
so let me heal you now with my forgiving hands,
let me soothe you with sweet words,
let me dance with you to the freedom of life-
do not be afraid, there is no death when your eyes are open,
and the sun is brighter than all the stars at night,
do not look away, there is a greater light,
that has no name but is the end and beginning of all love,
it will never fail, it will never forget, it will never leave,
so fall into my arms and I will show you this,
fall into my arms and I will love you,
with the undying strength,
given by the One all love comes from.

Did You Believe in This?

Matt Hadden

I am directionless in a sphere of constant motion.
The confused poet Begging for a muse to guide me.
I am lost amidst this concrete, someone give me a notion!
What's so wrong with being engulfed by the sea?
Confused by the definitions of neediness and obsession,
If love is hunger, than I am a homeless man.
I've been playing the fool, no need for confession.
Condescending eyes, shattered knees and I can't stand
To know that images of her are burnt in my mind.
Did my lips change her life, was it just one night?
If I could read minds, would I be able to get inside
Her soul and unmask her heart? One smile to stop the fight
That has been eating me alive, breaking me down from inside out.
The stars don't see our plans, but I was as tall as trees.
My hands on her hips and lips clenched tight, we couldn't breathe.

A long time in the future in a galaxy not so far away, there was:

Bug Boy

Ryan Pepper

Bug Boy woke up on a Monday morning before school in the northwest Pennsylvania sector of New York City. After turning off the alarm clock before it even went off, he yelled, "Woohoo!!! It's Monday!!!" He got up and got dressed in his tuxedo. He went downstairs and ate his usual morning sirloin steak and baked potato. Then he grabbed his jet pack and went to school.

He arrived to find a Calculus test sitting on his desk. "Yes!" he said. "A Calc. test right at the beginning of the day." He was not one of the most ambitious of his class, though, and opted for the easier Calc. II class instead of the Quantum Mechanics I. He breezed through the test on derivatives and integrals and moved on to Galactic History III. Here they told him to read chapters 203 to 210, which he happily completed.

His third class of the day was Interstellar Travel 101. The teacher talked of traveling faster than the speed of light and the mechanics behind it while the class happily took extensive notes.

Next, Bug Boy went to his foreign language class. Today, they learned the basics of English, a dead language from Earth's distant history. Then he went to lunch where he had the Jupiterian delicacy of Callisto Stew. It is made with meat that has been left out to ferment in a very specific temperature until it has a healthy growth of fungus. The fungus is removed and boiled to make the broth and the meat is marinated in a special mud with the perfect blend of dirt, water, and spices. The meat is drained and added to the broth with some extra dirt as a thickener. Bug Boy wolfed down the delicious lunch in record time and was off to his 21st Century Literature class.

Today, they read *Angels and Demons* and *The Da Vinci Code* both by Dan Brown. This was the one class of the day that Bug Boy resented. He hated reading boring suspense books. In study hall, which he had next, he read what he really liked to read: Shakespeare. He reread *Macbeth* for the tenth time and then read *Julius Caesar* for the fifteenth.

One of his favorite classes was next: Engineering Workshop. The teacher had the class begin a project of creating a working scale model of a Boeing 757 passenger plane, complete with remote sensors. Bug Boy got most of the way done with it by the time the bell rang.

Bug Boy's last class of the day was Public Speaking. The teacher called on Bug Boy to teach the lesson based on the teacher's notes. Bug Boy spoke elegantly and everyone in the class understood the lesson.

Bug Boy decided to exercise his abilities to get home and grabbed his jet pack. He put it on, but did not activate it. He called out to a gnat buzzing around his head. It stopped. He then told it to grow to the size of a motorcycle. He got on and told it to go to Bug Boy's house.

That night, his mother told Bug Boy that Go Man had escaped from cryo-

containment and was spreading chaos (and other stuff) around the city. Bug Boy got back on his giant gnat and flew off to the city.

When he got there, he shrunk his gnat and let it go. From a pocket on his jet-pack, Bug Boy pulled out a common house fly. He linked his mind to it and told it to find the nearest and largest conglomeration of feces. They found one pile, but the fly just kept going. The next pile was even larger than the last (and it smelled worse). As they got closer to the source, the piles of feces kept getting bigger and smellier. Finally, the boy and his bug found Go Man hard at work by squatting over a fire hydrant.

Bug Boy let the fly leave and yelled, "Go Man, stop!!!"

The excrement flowed out of Go Man at an impossible rate. Then he ran off. Bug Boy saw a cockroach on the ground, had it grow to the size of a horse, and rode it after Go Man. Go Man used his powers to send forceful shots of bodily waste in the direction of Bug Boy. Bug Boy's cockroach easily avoided all of the stink bombs and was still gaining on Go Man. The cockroach tackled Go Man and held him down on his stomach. Go Man kept shooting his stink bombs, but Bug Boy held his cockroach in place.

"Give it up, Go Man," Bug Boy said. "My friend here will hold you down until the police come."

Go Man replied, "You forget, Bug Boy, that I know your secret weakness." Go Man took out a can of beans, ate it, and let one rip. It reverberated off the surrounding buildings and sent up a stink so bad that even the cockroach ran away to hide. "Strong smells break your concentration. Then you can't control your insects anymore."

"Oh, great, now there's a giant cockroach roaming the city," Bug Boy said.

"Don't worry about your bug right now, I am the one who is about to destroy you! Mwahahahahahaha!!!"

Bug Boy reaches into his pocket and pulls out a match box. He opens it and nothing seems to happen. Go Man asks, "W-what are you doing?"

"You'll see soon enough," Bug Boy replies. Just then, both Bug Boy and Go Man lift the same arm at the same time in the exact same way.

"What did you do to me?!?" Go Man yells, panicking.

"My good friend from the match box flew over to you and into your ear. It then went to your brain and linked itself to it. Finally, through my connection with the bug, I connected myself to your brain. Now I have complete control over all of your movements."

Bug Boy saw a fly and made it grow. He told it how to say, "Follow me to get Go Man," and sent it off to get the police.

When the police arrived, Bug Boy made Go Man put the hand cuffs on himself, walk over to the car, get in, and close the door. Bug Boy's little friend flew out of Go Man's head and back into the match box.

"Thank you, once again, for helping us put Go Man back behind bars, Bug Boy," the police officer said.

"No problem, officer. Now I get to do what I really want to do tonight, though: Calculus homework!" Bug Boy called the roaming cockroach back and rode him home to do his homework.

And Here We Are

Duranna Fretts

And here we are
arms spread to touch fingers as if we're afraid
that if we don't hold on to someone
there won't be anyone to hold on to
anymore,
and somehow I don't blame you, or me,
for this human weakness-
we're in this together
cohorts, allies, criminals,
or maybe nothing that devious-
really quite a luxury
to have someone else to call your own,
maybe someday,
when a small band makes all the difference.



Dr. Natalie Dorfeld

And so I'm...

Stephanie Flask

*And so I'm erasing your number for the millionth time,
knowing you're no good for me.
Not what I need, but rather what I think I want.
I'm wasting your time because intentionally, you'll never be
mine.
A shallow momentary infatuation, capturing, captivating
all my senses
and imaginations.
Your company is my sheer, shallow, selfish amusement.
You're my marionette doll, dancing through the
taught and pulled strings.
You've fallen victim, and it's not your fault.*

It Does Not Guarantee Forever

Duranna Fretts

It does not guarantee forever,
but we'll give each other
these metaphors,
and wrap them like presents
in colorful bows, in many layers,
the more unusual, the more creative,
the more descriptive, the more passionate,
the stronger the love- evidently,
and then we'll bestow these with
all the right intentions-
why is it that we believe
our very words
when elongated will hold more meaning,
is it enough to say "I love you,"
could I erase all this,
and say
"I love you,"
or will that too,
the greatest gift I can give,
need decorating,
now that all our language
is meaningless.

Unfinished

Stephanie Flask

The florals emboss
and gloss along
the consonants of your name.
My constant grief and sorrow
worsens with every tear shed from
my brother;
your uncle.
His innocence torn
as your innocence was lost...
as you were lost,
Dearest Kaydance.
To be strong is not only a necessity
for him,
but for your mother as well;
whose tears slid down my back
as she rested her tortured soul upon my shoulder.



Dr. Natalie Dorfeld

Apathy

Matt Hadden

I would much rather close my eyes
And think of starry skies and dreams.
Sickness consumes us all as bad news
Fills our hearts and drags us all down.
Depression, recession leading to honest confession:
We should buy gasoline and burn it down.
Burn it to the ground and start from scratch,
Destruction to bring creation and fix this place we call a nation.

Love: Internal Combat

Duranna Fretts

Love is a war... And you and I came out of it battered and slowly losing our limbs. We survived, somehow, with our hearts tattered and tearing at the seams. Our hearts were once torn apart, twice torn apart, each time slowly morphing back again. In the end, our wounds were healed- maybe with kisses and caresses, maybe with soft words. Taped together with Band-Aids and wrapped with heart tourniquets. We hadn't meant to join that battle. I had wanted butterflies and flowers and silly "I Love You's." We were young, and I found truth instead. Real love wasn't made of cotton candy and marshmallows. It was artillery, missiles, grenades, and tanks. Real love was full of pain, full of moments where you didn't know why, didn't know how love could be so cruel. You often took your words and shot to kill. I would take my words and carve like a knife. It wasn't sadistic, our war-torn romance, it was merely reality. Because the truth is, no love can be bound in the good times; it cannot be bound within our little, human love lullabies. It is FIERCE. It is MIGHTY. It is RAW. It will break you down. It is the essence of war- and the battles are never fully won.

Starry Sky

Miles Wilburn

I walked you to your car.

It wasn't very far.

And I held your hand so tight

And I then realized what love was.

Under a growing moon I closed my eyes, and believed,

That I would be young forever, be in love forever

Under the starry sky, I lost myself in your eyes, losing track of time,

And you got in your car and left,

And I never saw you again.