

[sic] Volume III

April 2010



Ivy Tech Community College
200 Daniels Way
Bloomington, IN 47404

[sic] Volume III

[sic] is a compilation of literary and artistic pieces submitted by students, staff, and faculty of Ivy Tech, as well as members of the community. All views expressed by the contributors do not necessarily reflect the views of Ivy Tech. In addition, contributors retain the rights to their materials.

Faculty Advisors:

Emily Bobo
Christine Brandel
Mark Cassello
Annie Gray

Editors:

Jamie Vaughn
Kyle Clayton

Cover Art:

Dancers, by Madeleine Wing

Layout and Design:

Crystal Crawford
Jessica Keogh
Michaelangelo Bruno
Jenni Renner
Kris Porter
Cathy Herron

Special thanks to Ashley Bayer for helping to create and continue [sic]. Also many thanks go out to contributors and readers past, present, and future. Without you this publication would not be possible.

All submissions for future issues should be sent to ebobo1@ivytech.edu.

Table of Contents

Laura Branam.....	33-35
Christine Brandel.....	10
J. Scott Conyer.....	17, 22, 27, 29-30
Matt Feaster.....	1
Nathaniel Greer.....	5, 6-10, 18-21
Rebecca Hancock.....	16, 26, 27, 36
Kelsey Kirk.....	23-26
Cynthia Long.....	28
Carralyn Owens.....	3-4, 15-16, 31-32
Emmanuel Paige.....	2
Chris Sandage.....	37-40
Benjamin Tomak.....	11-12
Madeleine Wing.....	30
Rachel-Wright Summerton.....	13-14

It makes one hope and believe that a day will come when, in the eye of the law, literary property will be as sacred as whiskey, or any other of the necessities of life. It grieves me to think how far more profound and reverent a respect the law would have for literature if a body could only get drunk on it.

-Mark Twain

Be nobody's darling;
Be an outcast.
Take the contradictions
Of your life
And wrap around
You like a shawl,
To parry stones
To keep you warm.

-Alice Walker



Untitled
Matt Feaster



IMMORTAL VOICE

By Emmanuel Paige

The immortal voice forever speaking
Etched upon the page as if in stone
Whether simple message or hidden meaning
The truth is not but dusty bones

To leave a thought or idea behind
Seems to be man's eternal quest
How they struggle even unto the end of time
A futile and vain attempt at best

But when the voice is strong and true
It speaks across the centuries
A glimpse of the past for the present to peruse
One of life's greatest mysteries

As if the speaker who has long deceased
Has traveled through voids of space and time
Words like quasars from tongues released
Quoting verse from some forgotten rhyme

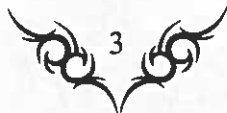




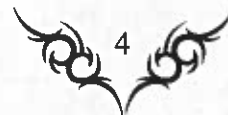
SCARF

By Carralyn Owens

Shit, I've got to get some paper for art class
 Why and the hell is Michaels so damn big
 I strain my neck to see the signs above.
 Partly my fault that I waited so long
 But who can see the small lettering on signs above their heads?
 I search for the nearest associate
Seriously where are these people
This is the perfect time to be a hero
 Well it is Tuesday afternoon
 I push forward and wander the store
 For a bit and find the paper in a random corner
 I wonder why I've been in this corner for about half an hour
 I can't choose
 I keep going back and forth
 I pull up my sleeve to see my watch
 Shit I'm going to be late
 Out the corner of my eye an older lady appears
 My attention turns to her for some reason
 She's wearing an oversized coat with a sweatshirt
 Something strikes me about this woman
 Before she catches me looking at her
 I turn back to the drawing paper
 She talks to me
 "Excuse me," she says
 I think, oh god I don't work here



She says, "Your scarf is so beautiful."
 I reach for my head and touch my scarf.
 I tell her it was a cheap buy, only five bucks.
 She stares at my head. I kinda cower back shyly.
 "You see," she says, "I am going through chemo."
 My eyes find what caught them in the first place, a wig
 "These hats are so hot and that scarf looks
 so light and comfortable."
 I panic and tell her where to find cheap scarves.
 She nods and thanks me and goes on her way
 I frantically chose a random paper,
 I've got to get outta here, this is too deep.
 In the checkout line she is behind me again
 My heart is going out to her.
 I think about how my mom died of cancer ten years ago
 and I remember her battle
 Unconsciously I pull the scarf from my head
 I unravel the scarf and fold it neatly
 I turn to her and I give it to her
 She is stunned and so am I
 She starts crying, I panic
 She hugs me, I freeze
 She tells me that I am an angel
 When she lets go I dart out of the store
 I can't handle public displays of affection
 My heart is warm, my soul on fire
 In my car I smoke a cigarette and cry
 I miss you momma





BLACK INK

By Nathaniel Greer

Gone now, but she left her poems,
 Her collection of delicately scribed green ink prose,
 About masturbation and suicide,
 and the human conditions as worlds collide.
 Odes to painted pretty frames with broke bones beneath
 That scream at the world through flame blackened teeth,
 To Symbolic Rape, To Metaphoric Birth,
 Thoughts on prostitute sex, cost versus worth.
 Rising against grinding down, Raging against wearing thin,
 Yelling into the void, and waiting to be let in.
 Reflections on 3rd world abortions for child whores
 minus choice or chance,
 Words of doomed desperate horny horn-rimmed
 coffee shop romance.
 Investigations of a stone statue's phallic intentions
 Of measuring out vaginal dimensions.
 Exposing the taste of semen, telling the smell of weed,
 Giving Dark visions of love, leaving black feelings of need.
 Poems of parks in the dark lit by electric light sparks,
 Or meat on its feet and fields of wheat beat by the heat,
 And of falling and fucking and fucking and falling, every poem
 an image of fingers grabbing at air, and slipping and tossing and
 turning and sliding and tumbling toward a bottom
 that's not even there.



DEVIL'S NIGHT

By Nathaniel Greer

There were sixteen of us on the roof of the tenement building. I am sure some of the sixteen lived there and others, like me and the priest, had found our way there seeking the safety that comes with elevation and numbers. We had come needing shelter and it had become too dangerous to leave.

Most of the buildings tenants had left the city. Anyone who had a car and could afford to had fled by then. Those that were left were either fighting in the streets or hiding on the rooftops.

We stood on the edge of the roof and stared into the fires that were burning downtown. We could hear the random pops of what the old marine called small arms fire and once had heard a tremendous explosion. During the morning fire trucks and police cars and ambulances raced below us with their sirens on, heading into the city. We saw some of them come back. An ambulance every hour or so, sometimes a police car beaten by rocks or riddled with bullets, and once a fire truck, flame blackened and still smoking. Seeing the fire truck started the fat woman crying again and I thought she would never stop though eventually she did.

By the afternoon the electricity had gone out and the fans had stopped. We sat in lawn chairs and on milk crates and watched the city burn. I guessed that at least four hundred of the little houses were burning by then. We could feel the waves of the heat and smell the stink of it when the wind blew our way. In the sky the clouds were thick and gray but not a drop of rain fell.





I watched the clouds. It seemed to me that they held a simple solution to our problems. A hard rain could kill the fires and the heat and stop the fighting and wash things clean. But the clouds did nothing except hang in the air, thick and gray.

As I watched the clouds the priest sat down next to me on an orange milk crate. He sat with me and watched the sky. His face was flecked with dried blood though I did not know if it was his or some one else's.

"There is no hope there," he said, still looking into the sky.

"No? Why not?" I asked.

"The night winds will break up the cloud cover. In the morning whatever is left will be burnt away by the sun. Tomorrow will be hot."

"Oh," I said, though I was not willing to give up hope of a torrent of cold rain falling on the city and flooding it, putting an end to all of this.

The priest pivoted on the milk crate and faced me. I continued to stare into the clouds and he put his hands on his knees and leaned in towards me.

"Do you believe there is a God?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said. "I never really thought about it much."

The Priest stood and watched the flames for a while. He then turned back to me and said, "For the last twelve years my job was to think about God. You know what I think? That either there is a God or there isn't. So either everything is perfect or nothing is perfect because either it is all part of the divine plan or there is no plan at all. Does that make sense?"

"I suppose it makes as much sense as anything," I said.



On the roof was stacked a small neat pile of split wood and that night we started a fire in a ceramic fire pit. Someone had broken into the penthouse apartment to look for food and had found a package of sausages. We impaled the sausages on long pieces of wire and roasted them over the flames. We ate them and drank warm water from the rooftop spigot. The sky was still covered with the heavy clouds and the fires in the city glowed orange like the embers in our fire pit. Someone said it looked like a photo of hell and I thought they were right.

There was a trio of musicians on the roof with us and after we ate they got out their guitars and began to play. They were Latino and I think the music was flamenco or maybe salsa but they played slow and cautious at first, just staying busy to pass the time. Soon we were all watching them and the music began to pick up tempo. We clapped the rhythm and some people danced and even the fat woman danced with the old marine. Soon we were smiling and we forgot where we were and why we were there.

A young girl with fair hair had come to the roof with the crying fat woman earlier in the day. She had a pale but pretty face and during a break from the music I sat down next to her. She stared into the coals and I looked at her face and tried to think of something to say.

"I saw a policeman killed," she said, without looking up. Her voice was pure southern and I realized I hadn't heard this blonde girl speak all day. "We were downtown and a big group of folks was beating a man in the street. This policeman pulled up and got out of his car and someone on a roof threw a gasoline bomb





down on him. He caught fire all over and ran around in circles, yelping like a puppy. Then he just fell down and burned."

The fat woman put her hands to her face and began crying again and this time I knew there would be no stopping her. The trio played a few more songs but all of the spirit had gone out of it. We were where we were and it couldn't be helped.

Later the marine came and sat by me. He was old and his forearms were a mess of scars and tattoos. He held a finger to his lips and handed me a silver flask.

"Not really enough for two," he said, "but I hate to drink alone."

One of the guitarists was still playing, plucking out a single note melody soft and slow. I took a drink and listened to the music. I took another and handed the flask back to the marine. He took a drink and we sat quiet for a while and then he told me stories of when he'd been a soldier and of places a thousand times worse than this mess. He passed me the flask and I took a small sip this time and handed it back. He told me the fat woman and the blonde girl were prostitutes. I looked at them and saw he was right and wondered how I had not noticed this before.

Most of us slept on the roof that night and in the morning we were woke by a mechanical rumble. We went to the edge of the roof and saw in the street a column of tanks rolling into town. Behind the tanks were hundreds of soldiers in camouflage and helmets all carrying gleaming automatic weapons.

"Those boys are in deep shit now," the marine said and I could hear the pride in his voice. He spit off the roof and yelled at the soldiers to give them hell.

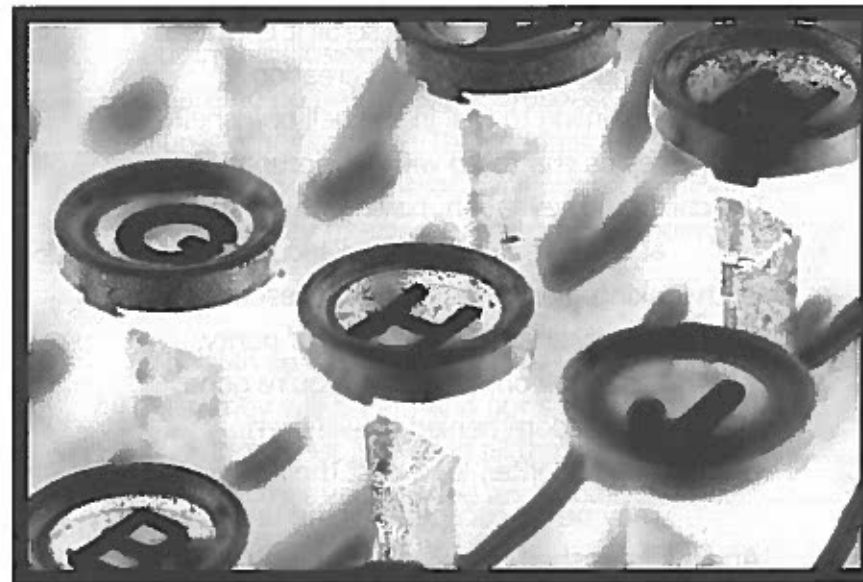
The priest came to watch the soldiers. Already we could hear



an increase in the gunfire downtown. A truck passed by leaving the city. Lying in the bed were burned and bleeding men.

"Maybe there's no God. I can't see how any plan can be worth what's being paid." He said.

I heard the thumping of helicopter rotors and looked to the sky. The clouds were mostly gone, only a few wisps remained. The priest had been right, it was hot and there would be no rain.



Keys

Christine Brandel





AN AFTERLIFE IN THIRDS

By Benjamin Tomak

I

What are we learning, as waters are burning,
to feel just the weight of seclusion?
The tables are turning with statutes concerning
the grandeur of all our illusion.
In time we are bitten; the scroll it is written
and time is as still as creation.
The mainline to Hell in the bell of a shell
leaves us shattered without occupation.
The children, they laugh, having no tainted past,
at a future that holds no security.
With looking-glass eyes and dark restless sighs
they ingest a false meaning of purity.
And as I look on, long after you're gone,
all wisdom denied us will burn.
Our story of laughter, long past the last chapter,
may never escape from the urn.
And if it is slashed, cracked, withered and black
all livelihoods ripen to rotten.
The smell of a grave is all that will save
all the fanfare from being forgotten.



II

The clouds project fear and a fog that surrounds.
And all we can hear are the meaningless sounds.
All of the people have since disappeared
and the feared reappear and they laugh and they sneer.
Upon the remains that concern disappearing,
the table is cold and the vision is nearing
a natural climax; the means to an end,
but in this illusion my conscience won't bend.
Regarding no time, yet the prospect of bending
allures other senses. The senders are sending
a message to god that I will not be lending
A spare key to anyone, stature depending.

III

The thin smoky walls are now lined all filled.
All eyes, they will break, and our souls, we will yield.
For one last illusion is all that will show
of a life that was wasted and, finally, let go.





LINES

By Rachel Wright-Summerton

This is it?
The media circus, the surveys, the debates
The emotional yelling back and forth with my friends
Expensive long distance calls
Hours long debates on the net

A line joining two dots?
An axle connecting two wheels?

Signature
A symbol

Nationalism
Equator
Latitude, longitude
Picket lines
First in line

Hopes, fears, prayers, disappointments
Wars, recessions, depression, nuclear weapons
Unemployment lines, hospitals, morgues,
Education, immigration, borders and walls

Curved, perpendicular lines
A hyphen, dash
Follow the dots



Colored lines
Printed, Xeroxed
Graphite, pencil, charcoal
Vanishing point

White paper
Paper from a tree
Is it recycled?
Are there names missing?
How would I know?
Four judges. Do I like what they are doing in office?
Should we keep them? Do I know them?

The pregnant wail
Unknown name, sex
Weight, height
This is it?
A shot in the dark?
Failed chemo?
An off target missile

The mind warps
Into abstract images

No lines in space
No time
beginning or end
No destination
Infinity





THE HUNT

By Carralyn Owens

Clock is ticking
 Coffee brewing
 Emails checked
 Shower taken
 Clothes ironed
 Hair brushed
 Resumes printed
 Out the door
 At interview early
 Place is packed
 Dozens of hopeful candidates
 A name is called
 Everyone stirs
 A lady gathers her things
 She walks confidently
 Sighs are heard
 Time passes
 Hour later my name's called
 Heart leaps
 Stomach tighten
 I am greeted with a nod
 No smile in sight
 Questions asked
 Answers given

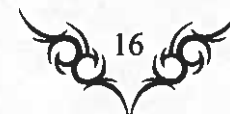


Promises to call
 Lobby has grown in number
 Hope on their face still registers
 Back at home
 Dinner is cooked
 Asleep
 Awake and the clock is still ticking



Untitled

Rebecca Hancock





CODA COMA (SONNET)

By J. Scott Conyer

They sit posed, as statues oft' dare.
Lined up like raisin skinned puppets,
Snuggled in folds and poured into chairs.
Eyes glazed over, they self-talk in snippets.
Soldier-like nurses wage a war,
On dim-lit spaces that reek
Of fluids and endings, mixed in a fervor
To convince ones unease.
This foreign land! A rest home
Of few shadows that lounge and
Flee only time, by altering form.
Then to craggy nooks of faces worn
Sad, attach as witness or stain-
Both mark the coma these seeing eyes



A STORY FOR THE EARTH

By Nathaniel Greer

At seven o'clock sharp he puts his pencil down on the newspaper and then folds the paper in two. He will save the paper and try to finish the crossword tomorrow. He shuts off the lights and takes the key from the cast iron Burroughs register. He goes out the front, turns and locks the deadbolt. He checks the locks on the bay and starts his walk home. He has been doing this for over four decades.

At home she will be in the little shop out in the garage closing up. She will have waited all day for a client to come, needing a cut or perm or shampoo set, and at seven o'clock she will lock the deadbolt and she will sweep the floor even if she hadn't seen a soul all day.

Work used to back up and he would be kept well past his preferred closing time but things had changed. Now it easier to leave at seven. Now there is a new place out on the interstate and it has twelve bright bays lit by rows of fluorescent bulbs and it has ten-minute oil changes. Now it is easy to close at seven and he knows he could close earlier if he wanted but the time has always been seven and he doesn't want to change it.

He always checks the locks. Even though the sales don't add up to the cost of the light bill, and the place isn't worth enough to try and sell, he still has his tools. He has his tools and in the tools is the power of opportunity, so there is that.

As he walks home he wonders if he is the only mechanic in





the free world without a car. He doesn't mind. The thought of it makes him laugh and he likes to laugh. His father had said laughing is free and he always remembered that.

He sees that there is a red apple hanging from a tree in a front yard. It is near the sidewalk and he reaches up and twists it from the branch. It is early for apples and this one is still small but otherwise perfect. He wonders if he will ever get too old to rob an orchard and this makes him laugh.

He looks at the house with the apple tree in its front yard. The house is dark and its yard is overgrown. He thinks maybe the house is abandoned. Recently the town seems empty to him. Empty except for her. Sometimes he feels like they are the last people living there. Sometimes he feels like they are the last people on Earth. He puts the perfect apple in the pocket of his coveralls. He doesn't feel like laughing anymore.

This empty place makes him worry. He is worried that soon he will be gone and she will be gone and no one will know their story. He is worried that no one will know about her dancing the night he won the Rodeo. Her moving like an angel and beautiful with her dark eyes and holding him close and kissing his lips and asking if all West Texas cowboys were such awful dancers and him telling her he is from Montgomery County. And they had laughed because she had come all the way from Alabama to fall in love with a West Texas cowboy from Montgomery.

He doesn't like the idea of the world not knowing about how she had danced like an angel. It seems too special to just be forgotten. He doesn't like it but his people are all gone into the world. They all had new addresses and were in the ground or in



the wind, so there was nothing he could do. And if he did have someone to tell the story to why would they care and what would they do with it?

He is home and they sit at the small table in the parlor. She asks about business and he tells her that there were no customers today. She stares at his blue coveralls and wonders how he can get so oily not doing a damn thing. They sit in silence. She asks why he doesn't say anything and he shrugs his shoulders.

She looks across the table at him. She looks at his bulb of a nose with its broken veins and thinks he has always been a silly looking son of a bitch. When he was young he had bright, rosy cheeks and his hair was a mess of cowlicks and curls and to beat it all he had that big bulb nose. He had always been a silly looking son of a bitch.

But not in the Arena. Not with a horse under him. There with his legs locked tight, pushing his feet down into the stirrups, his left hand holding the rigging and his right in the air. The horse violently rearing and bucking and at the sound of the horn he is off the horse and he throws his Stetson hat into the stands and he knows he's won because nobody has ever rode a horse like that, not in West Texas or anywhere else, and then, there in that moment, he is a picture of a man.

She thinks of the wild cowboy he was and then looks at the greasy mechanic sitting across from her now. She can't hardly credit it. She stands up and walks to the wall where the portrait of her mother hangs. She looks at the picture and begins to cry.

They are like this for a long while. He is patient but finally says he guesses the only thing in the kitchen is the flies. She sniffles





and tells him he has guessed right. He pulls the perfect apple from his pocket and shows it to her. The apple is enough. They are old now and don't eat much.

They go to the kitchen and she fills two jelly jars with ice and whiskey. They go out the back door and sit on the cement step. He unfolds his claspknife and cuts the perfect apple into slices and lays them out on the spot between them. They eat the apple and drink whiskey and watch the sunset and then fireflies come out.

They are quiet and he is thinking of how everything just silently slipped passed. Life is like water over a dam his father had said and now he thinks he knows what this means. The town is empty, the people are all gone, the garage is worthless. She can't dance like an angel and he won't ever be a West Texas Cowboy from Montgomery again. His trophies, tokens, mementos and memories are all lost, either misplaced or burnt to ash when the old home had been struck by lightning years ago. He is thinking he had held it all in his hand and now it was all gone.

She scoots close and puts her arms around him and rests her head on his shoulder. She begins singing an old gospel song about the soul flying away and her voice is low and sweet and almost a whisper. Her singing is usually a joy to him but tonight it makes him feel lonely. They watch the far-off flashes of heat lightning. The breeze is warm and the night is calm. He says it seems like in this whole world there would be at least one thing a man could hold on to.



IN THE POCKETS OF OLD COATS

By J. Scott Conyer

An unfinished list of sentence fragments-
Curled and cross-veined with many wrinkles
Found safe in a state of hibernation.
Entombed in the linen, like an elder
Scroll that contains the secrets to every
Recipe the Egyptians embalmed with.
But no such treasure is herewith contained,
Inside the pockets where hands retreated
From so many long ago winter chills.
'Tis only a scrappy list of someone's
Broken thoughts and 'things-to-do'.
A scrap like so many others that nestle-
Awaiting the archaeologist wearer
To show them the light of day.





THE BREAKFAST THAT CHANGED MY LIFE

By Kelsey Kirk

It was a warm, sunny morning on May 14, 2004, in downtown Baghdad, Iraq. This morning was no different from the one before it. The sun was out burning the haze off the land. The temperature was already seventy-five degrees in the shade.

I was a combat medic (healthcare specialist is what the recruiter called it) with E. Company, 115th Forward Support Battalion, 1st Brigade Combat Team, of the 1st Cavalry Division of the United States Army. What that means for all of the civilians is that I was a medic in a medical company in the army. I had been "in country" for about two months. The first month was hard with all the hurry up and waiting of military life. Once we had finally gotten to our Forward Operating Base (FOB), we had set up a Battalion Aid Station that consisted of a treatment area (emergency room/clinic), a patient hold (recovery/ICU), a small lab, and x-ray.

I worked night shift, 20:00 to 08:00 (8:00 p.m. to 8:00 a.m.) in the patient hold. As part of my duty, I had to deliver breakfast from the chow hall (fine dining establishment) to the wounded and sick soldiers in the patient hold. Newhart (I called him Bob, but his first name was Aaron), my counterpart in the treatment area, had the same duty, so at 06:00 (6:00 a.m.) we would meet outside and walk the five hundred yards to the chow hall. The smell of burning trash and tires combined with sulfur made our noses twinge when we first stepped out. We talked about mem-



ories of home, how our shift had gone and whatever else crossed our minds as we walked with our weapons at the mandatory "ready position."

We would enjoy breakfast in a giant white tent that reminded me of the circus, and then get the trays as we left. We got our trays and sat down to eat. We were watching CNN on the big screen televisions strategically placed around the dining area and laughing about a joke I had told him (which I won't repeat in the presence of ladies), when in the distance I heard an explosion. We both raised our heads to listen. I was not too worried because we were in a combat zone and had become familiar with "booms" in the distance. As we began discussing the meaning of life, another explosion went off, this one closer.

I looked over at Newhart. "Mortars," I said under my breath, waiting for the sound of another one.

"What do we do?" Newhart whispered so no one else would hear him.

For those that do not know what a mortar is, it is an explosive shell fired from a tube. In the war movies, you hear a whistle; someone will yell "*INCOMING!*" and everyone hits the dirt. The insurgents (bad guys) would mount one of these tubes in the back of a truck, launch a few mortars at us, and then drive off. Not only did they sneak around like that, but they would take the tails off the mortars to keep them from whistling. There would be no warning until "boom!" A spotter would watch the mortars hit and tell the ones firing how to adjust the tube to zero in on their target, if they had one. I called this process "walking them in."

Maybe they're done," I said, as I took one more bite of my





Cocoa Krispies. I was pulling the spoon out of my mouth when a mortar exploded approximately seventy-five feet away. We were facing each other when we landed under the table.

"They are walking them in on us and I don't think this table, nor the tent, will be enough protection," I said. Newhart just looked at me like a deer in headlights.

"Follow me!" I yelled as I grabbed my weapon and ran out the back door. We crouched behind a small corner made of sandbags. There was another sudden explosion in the chow hall toward the middle of the tent. The dedicated medic part of me wanted to run back in and see how many were hurt, but the wiser part told me to wait until after the mortars stopped. Thirty seconds of silence was all I could take. I ran back into the dining facility to find thirty people on the ground, tables and chairs in disarray, and a hole in the roof.

"I'll go get help!" Newhart shouted and ran out the door before I could stop him.

I had to start triaging patients. Triage is sorting out the patients' wounds and making sure the worst ones are treated first. As I was barking orders at soldiers to dress their buddies' wounds and telling a Colonel to hold a guy's legs up so he would not go into shock, I saw a young, blond-headed man lying face down on the floor. This whole time I am cussing Newhart in the back of my mind for running off on me. I ran over to the blond young man and rolled him gently onto his back. I saw that he was breathing and his eyes were open. I looked down his body and noticed a hole in his gray P.T. (physical training) shirt, which was now turning crimson, just below his collarbone. He looked at me



with the most piercing blue eyes I have ever seen. I swear that he looked right into my soul.

He said, "Doc, I can't feel my legs. Why can't I feel my legs, Doc?" I knew that a fragment had gone into his shoulder and was in his spinal cord, or worse, had severed it. I put my hand on his bleeding wound to apply pressure. As we waited for help to bring a backboard and stretcher, I knew that I would never be the same.



Untitled

Rebecca Hancock





CANVAS OF ENCOURAGEMENT

By Rebecca Hancock

The blank canvas filled with empty strokes,
the painter hangs down his head to cry.
Too harsh of a swing and the pendulum broke,
as it falls you watch time fly.
While a sense of loss hushes the flock,
one scream rings through all the land.
You were sent here to mend the clock,
and return the brush to the painters' hand.

STINGING PAINT

By J. Scott Conyer

All of the pretties are fussing with the business
Of getting themselves in powdered order.
Whenever the needles of steely boughs prick
Their so finely made up calling- card drama masks,
A seepage of clear fakery spills in the extraction
Of the glinting lances. Nothing that a little touch-up
Can't fix, the dainties are durable in any case.



FALL

By Cynthia Long

Remembering the days of old, when father raked the leaves of
Golden yellow, brown, and orange.

Jumping into the crisp pile, I tossed them all about as my father
raked them on top of me.

I would creep out from under the pile, with leaves hanging in
my hair and clothing.

I'd then stomp on them just to hear the leaves crunch.

What a wonderful season. What a wonderful reason
Just to play in the leaves.





THE SHAWL, IN THE LAND OF FURIES

By J. Scott Conyer

Furies we bid follow the small puffs
of woodland smoke,
In a place where cottony clouds give rides
in the absence of magic carpets.
I picked up some stems to weave you
a shawl of changing colors-
You hid a face that wanted to cry at these
unsuspecting moments.
But until the earthy smell that you
were born with leaves you,
As a hunting hound does, I too will do,
and I'll follow clouds as
They follow you. Past dales of wicker trickery,
over the next hill or even
In my memory. Even as a whimsical bidding of
single purpose snakes
Its cold squeeze through the intentions that
always get away from me,
Will I remember what I started out hoping
to have happen?
Or, will those furies that bedevil and move
the springs that share their
Wet- and nourish the goose-bumps on your
skin that I play connect the dots
With...will they find me before I find you?



In a lighted place with pillars lining and
cherubic tunes piped from
An aerie, you and I from there twine
your chestnut main into a
Life line. Then, as now, a braid will anchor
our wrists and umbilical our fever.



Dancers

Madeleine Wing





JUST BE

By Carralyn Owens

Do not discard me
 I am still beautiful
 Yes I am black
 Skin as deep and dark as oceans seas
 I am fat
 Yes I said it
 I am still beautiful
 My curves add dimension
 I stand nude in the mirror
 And find individuality
 I am not to be picked over
 By thin nothingness
 I see beauty in me
 I see beauty in you
 Don't cross me outta of your mind
 I have wonders yet to be found
 I am well read
 I am dynamic
 I understand what the world has
 But can you not see what I see
 Call me crazy
 Call me obese
 Chase those girls with exposed pelvic bones
 Enjoy their rib cages



And pointy fingers
 I guess you are just not what I am looking for
 No love lost
 As a matter of fact
 Hand me your plate of home cooking
 I bet they don't know to use whole milk for alfredo sauce
 Oh she doesn't know how to cook
 She only cooks "healthy" food that leaves you hungry
 So you come here
 Smile in my round face asking for a real meal
 Well a real meal comes from a real woman
 I say nothing of your lack of , well hmmm
 I thought you were better than this madness
 Ashamed to admit your love of me to friends
 So I guess you thought I'd cry
 I guess you thought I'd starve myself
 So you would want to parade me in public
 I don't care to be a trophy
 A being without a soul sitting on a self
 I don't need admirers
 I don't need an audience to just be
 Just be
 When will you learn to just be





THE GREEN GLASS HEART

An Irish Faerytale

By Lauren Branam

Darkness floated around me like gossamer. Stars glittered in the clear sky, winking like fireflies. A cricket chirped at me, and I chirped back. Impatient, I wiggled my toes and practiced changing them green. Anxiously, I turned back toward the door. I would have been with my classmates if not for Welkn. He was my favorite instructor. A thief himself, Welkn always allowed us to bend the rules. Instructors didn't have favorite students, since we would all "turn out wrong anyway," but if he did, I think it would have been me. I was the boldest. I climbed furthest on the spindly tree. I swam deepest in the lakes. I went closest to the humans. I think Welkn liked that.

The door swung wide, catching me on the elbow and waking me from my daydreams. Welkn's silhouette blocked the doorway, a tiny bundle grasped in his wiry arms. I bounced to my feet.

"Here, take this." Welkn thrust the bundle at me and scampered up a tree. The bundle was warm and soft, wrapped in rough sheep wool. Before I could get a good look at it, Welkn was beside me again, tugging at my hood. "Come on, come on. Not much time." He led the way up a hill, away from the door. We danced our way through the underbrush, scurrying like ground squirrels.

"This is the way to the human village!" I cried. "Are we thieving tonight?"

Welkn, usually mischievous about thieving, did not smile.



Looking down, he sighed. "In a way, Nika. In a way."

"What'll we take this time? Milk? Eggs? Toenails?" I bubbled. Welkn shook his head.

"Just wait. You'll see."



At the tree line, we stopped. Ahead lay the human village. Welkn led us deftly through the streets.

At a small cottage, we halted. A carelessly un-shuttered window was our door. I followed Welkn to a larger room. Two beds and one small crib took up most of the space. Creeping over to the beds, I peered at the people.

There was one young couple and one old.

"Welkn, are we going to Elfshot one of the old humans? I've been practicing my archery, and I'm really good—"

"Hhsst! No. We're not going to Elfshot anyone. Come here."

I tiptoed to his side. Peeking inside the crib, I saw a tiny, pink baby. A small gasp escaped me. It was the first human baby I'd ever seen, and it fascinated me. Looking over at Welkn, I saw troubled lines creasing his forehead.

"Welkn, what's wrong?" I couldn't remember when I'd seen him upset. He sighed.

"I'm sad, Nika. I love thieving, but I only enjoy taking things that are easily replaced. Milk, eggs, toenails, humans get those things back easy. But children..." He stared at the infant.

"We're doing a Change, aren't we?" I asked as realization dawned. Most fairies weren't bothered by Changes, but, like Welkn, I disliked the idea. "Why? Why do we have to do this?"





Welkn looked up, his eyes dulled to a cold grey. "The Lady ordered it. She wants this human child, and this sidhe," he waved a hand at the bundle. "is already half-human."

Before I could speak, Welkn snatched the sidhe baby and traded her with the human. Handing me the child, he hesitated. I saw him reach into his jacket pocket and pull out something shiny.

"What's that?" I queried. He smiled.

"My little trick. I always leave one, to help the humans figure things out, like." Welkn stretched out his hand. Dangling from it, on a gold chain, was a green glass heart, and I recognized it as a Sidhe Jewels, a thing that humans could not make, and most would recognize. "It's my trick on The Lady."

Jumping down, he tugged on my hood and we hurried from the house. Sighing, the baby shifted in my arms.

"What's her name?" I wondered aloud.

"Her name?" Welkn turned to me. "Eistir."



Untitled

Rebecca Hancock





THE OLD WOMAN AND THE BOX

By Chris Sandage

"To Churchill Downs, please." The old woman said as she took her seat in the rear of the cab, setting a large package next to her.

"Are you crazy? It's Derby day; we won't be able to get close!" The driver replied.

"I'm not crazy." She thought.

"Just get as close as you can, dearie." She replied soothingly. "And you'll need to hurry please, I'm on a tight schedule."

"Whatever you say, ma'am." As the cab roared to life, she noted that he was in his early twenties and didn't have the decency to shave his face or keep his hair neat. "So you like the horses, huh?"

"I despise the smelly and unreliable beasts actually. Wretched creatures."

"I've been known to in the past." She said.

"Well, I hope you don't throw too much cash to the ponies today."

The woman smiled graciously. "I won't be lectured by you, you dull witted sphincter. I should find some way to bring you to the track with me."

When the cab reached the Downs, the cabbie showed his usefulness by successfully negotiating past the parking police and security officers to a spot right outside Gate 11. Wonderful.

"Won't you escort an old lady in?" She cooed.



"I really can't, they'll tow me for sure."

"Impish coward."

"Okay, but won't you wait here for me? I promise I'll only be a few minutes."

"I'll do what I can, ma'am, but no promises."

"Flippant trash-heap."

The lines to get into the races were long, but the woman had time. She found herself surrounded and nauseated by the forsaken slime of the gene pool. Smokers. Mexicans. Coloreds. Security was tight as she passed the checkpoint. No frisking. No metal detectors. The policeman just smiled and let her pass.

"It's just a sweet old lady, That mucus sac of a policeman must think. 'Look how kind her smile and demeanor are; there's no way she'll cause any trouble. I only need to worry about shoplifters and drunken carousers, not sweet old ladies. Sweet old ladies don't gamble their rent money away on a long-shot. Even if they did, sweet old ladies don't become malcontents about it. They don't allow it to consume them with the blackest hatred for the racetrack, for the horses, or for the drunken carousers. Even if they did, sweet old ladies certainly don't know how to build bombs as a means of exacting vengeance; and if they did they would never actually plant such a thing at the track.'"

She pushed her way to the spot she had decided and could barely hear her own thoughts over the dense crowds. If her knowledge of demolitions served her correctly, she could leave the package in a spot on the grandstand that would cause a chain reaction that would collapse two-thirds of the stands—leaving debris and horrified human filth all over the racetrack. It would





be a Derby no one would forget—possibly the last Derby. She casually set the package next to a fat man with his fat children stuffing themselves with corn dogs. Maybe it was Baudelaire that said something to the effect of: "Stomach churning chaos is the essence of beauty." The timer was already set to go off just as the horses were released for the day's final race: the repugnant Kentucky Derby. The horses would fly into a frenzy from the resounding package. They would throw their riders—inconsolable—trampling the pond scum of the infield. Then the drunken wretches would panic themselves; trampling one another to death. She hoped to make it home on time to see it all on the telly.

The cab driver waited where she had left him where she found him arguing with a flashlight wielding man in an orange vest.

"See! I told you she was coming right back." The cabbie said to the man in the ridiculous vest. Now a little concerned that her face would be recognized, the woman quickly slipped into her pet cab and shrouded herself with a newspaper. The fool cabbie argued for several minutes more, tallied about in the trunk far too long, then finally climbed back into his cab—flustered—to drive her home. When he got her lost in traffic, it became apparent the she would miss the race, and possibly *Golden Girls* as well.

"I should kill him, he could point me out in a lineup; I sure won't spend the rest of my days in prison."

"Could you put on the radio, sweetie? I'd like to hear the results of the race." He flipped it on at her word.

"...seconds away from the one hundred fifty fifth running of the Kentucky Derby here at HISTORIC Churchill Downs..."



"We just came from there, why didn't you just watch it in person?"

"I should definitely kill him. But how? A heel to the cranium? My purse strap around his neck? Hmmm..."

"I...just needed to deliver a package." Rummaging about for something sharp in her purse. "I didn't want to get caught in the crowds."

"Oh, you were delivering that? I guess I should have told you."

"Told me what?" Her voice turned to ash.

"Well, a guy ran up after you got in the cab. Said you'd forgot your bag next to him; that he called out to you but you couldn't hear."

"He didn't..."

"No, don't worry, he brought it back; I stuck it in the trunk for you. You didn't look comfortable sitting next to that bulky thing on the way over. I'll take you back over." She grasped for the doors, but she'd sealed herself in.

"THEEEY'RE off and away!" The police report would later say that the old woman absorbed the bulk of the explosion with the cab driver flying out the windshield. He miraculously suffered minor injuries, quit the cab beat, and ended up in law school. As for the old woman, let's just say she witnessed her stomach churning chaos and didn't end up in prison after all.





CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

listed alphabetically by last name

Lauren Branam

I am a native-born Hoosier from the Bloomington area. This year I will graduate high school and next fall attend college. I plan to earn a degree in something that will benefit my writing, and go on to write novels. I also enjoy acting and have been in several stage productions, as well as home-made movies.

Christine Brandel

I'm from the Midwest of America and the East Midlands of England. I'm an assistant professor in English at Ivy Tech-Bloomington. I write to survive but take photographs purely for enjoyment.

J. Scott Conyer

Born in Indianapolis, I'm a single parent majoring in Psychology and English. My interests are reading and writing. I specifically enjoy the challenge of poetry and the wisdom found in history. I am also a committed martial artist, completing the requirements for my second black belt, and I hold rank in an additional six separate disciplines.



Matt Feaster

I was born in Bloomington, but I was raised in Whiteland, Indiana. For the most part I taught myself how to draw, but I would like to say thanks to my art teacher at Whiteland Community High School, Mr. Hadley. He really left the gates open for me to be creative. I did most of my artwork in my other classes. Art is what I love to do and the rest is just for entertainment. I feel that most of the world has forgotten that these are our lives. People can do anything that they want to and the pressures of society, to do well, should be regarded more as guidelines and suggestions. The real reward in life is doing things that you love, and, if only one person pats you on the back and says "good job," then it's a success.

Nathaniel Greer

Clay Greer is the only child of a nun who was raped while serving as a Nurse in a hospital for the criminally insane. She was locked in one night and the inmates hid her for months. Nine months later Clay was born. He is the bastard son of a thousand maniacs. Also, he is married with three children and enjoys Olympic Curling.





Rebecca Hancock

My name is Rebecca L. Hancock. I am from Ellettsville, IN. I am a happily married mother of one very beautiful daughter and we are pregnant with our second child. My husband and I are really into the arts, reading, writing, photography and making short films. We are on the cusp of becoming small business owners. For a little added adventure, we take in and find housing for foreign exchange students who are temporarily in the country for High School exchange programs. We are very active in our community and in our church. Our life is a wonderful, busy and rewarding journey. We would not have it any other way.

Kelsey Kirk

My name is Kelsey Kirk. I grew up in Orleans, Indiana. I am seeking a degree from Ivy Tech in Respiratory Care.



Cynthia Long

I'm originally from Columbus, Indiana. My major is Dual Library Science/History masters degree. I have written a book called *Memories of My Grandfather*. I love history and have a huge genealogy tree on Ancestry.com with 15,000 pictures and 800 stories and 200 legal documents. For more information about my book visit my website:

<http://walkerthewalker.googlepages.com/home>

Carralyn Owens

My name is Carralyn Owens but I go by Carra. I aspire to be a writer and painter. I live for the moment so I can capture unfiltered realistic human emotion for my work. I hope you enjoy!





Emmanuel Paige

I was born February 18, 1970 in Aberdeen, Washington. I lived in Alaska for about 10 years and I now reside in Martinsville, Indiana. I'm currently attending college at Ivy Tech and working toward an Associate in Applied Science degree with a major concentration in computer programming. After I graduate I will be moving back to the Pacific Northwest where I will continue my education and hopefully find a job in the field of information and technology. I have been writing fiction and poetry since I was 15 years old, which is more than half of my life, and have always loved the magic of a well told story.

Chris Sandage

Chris Sandage is a current Ivy Tech student.



Benjamin Tomak

My name is Benjamin Curtis Tomak. I am 30 years old and grew up in Martinsville, IN. I have just transferred to Indiana State University from Ivy Tech and I am a history/education major. I am studying to be a teacher and plan to attend graduate school. My ultimate goal is to be a college history professor. I love to travel and have been to 35 states, which may or may not be interesting.

Madeleine Wing

I was born and raised in California and have lived in New York , Texas and Tokyo, Japan. Currently I reside in Bloomington, where I am a homemaker and artist. At 52 years of age, I continue to be fascinated by the mysteries of life.



