

# mê tis

## Vol. 8





*The world is a tragedy to those who feel, but a comedy to those who think.*

*-Horace Walpole*

# mê tis Volume VIII

*mê tis* is a compilation of literary and artistic pieces submitted by students, staff, faculty, and alumni of Ivy Tech Community College. All views expressed by the contributors do not necessarily reflect the views of Ivy Tech. In addition, contributors retain the rights to their materials.

"*mê tis*" is Greek for "somebody." The mission of this magazine is to publish new voices from the Ivy Tech community, to provide a public forum for the stories, poems, plays, memoirs, and two-dimensional images of our students, faculty, and staff, because we believe that each one of you is a potential, literary "somebody."

## Advisor

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Dr. Emily Bobo

## Co-Advisors

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Dr. Samantha Levy-Arnold  
Christine Brandel  
R. Joe Betz

## Senior Editor

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Anne Ashley

## Editor

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James Gillie

## Cover Art

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Hallucination Sunglasses

By Lucas Sowders

Special thanks to Ashley Bayer and the contributors, past and present, for helping to create *mê tis*. We look forward to the possibilities that future editions will bring.

For submission guidelines, please visit [www.metislitmag.com](http://www.metislitmag.com).

## Senior Editor

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**Anne Ashley** is a mother of two and working towards her second Associates Degree. She enjoys many forms of art and creative expression, especially the written word and photography. Hobbies are enjoyed with her children and include singing, drawing, painting, and nature walks. Her dream is to be a full-time photographer and writer.

## Editor

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**James Gillie** was an Ivy Tech student.

## Advisor

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**Dr. Emily Bobo** is an Associate Professor of English at Ivy Tech Community College-Bloomington, where she advises the literary magazine and teaches Creative Writing and Poetry. In 2007, she was a featured poet in Lost Horse Press's New Poets' series and is the author of *Fugue*, a short book of poems about a girl and her piano. Dr. Bobo believes in the transformative power of writing to build community and to voice the individual. She treasures her students and their stories.

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*By Roy Waterford*

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## Kali Yuga

Overhead the Iron Cross  
Sits grimly still in blackened skies  
With faces froze in fear and death  
Through iron teeth seep poison breath

The Duke and Prince of the Crimson King  
Fill vessels on a throne of blood  
As children march with prideful eyes  
Cold skin and bones give life to flies

Beyond the stars the lion rises  
Loosening the seal thereof  
Unleashing a Godly roar  
As angels ready vials to pour

The Beast receives a grievous wound  
Transcendental trumpets sound  
The little horn of peace and hate  
Lead multitudes to meet their fate

## Ode to My Lost Barbie

*I kept you so close, Barbie.*

Your pristine plastic hands  
and costume-pink dress would  
spin & wave & dance  
while I smiled from our perfect,  
lollipop love-seat.

*Oh Barbie, where did you go?*

*And where am I now?*

I don't turn the lights on anymore,  
Barbie; they went with you.  
And damnit, my lemonade!  
How did you make it so pink  
and sugary sweet like you  
kept honey in those hands?

I remember when a kid took me  
out of the box & you were waiting  
for me, gazing at my creases.  
My knees bend & pop still  
like they did that day buckling  
when I first saw you, Barbie.  
Now, you've gone

and left the Dream-House empty  
like my insides—  
where you once made my guts go gooey  
and now, I'm not entirely certain,  
please don't tell anybody  
*but I don't think I have any guts—*  
or insides.

Tomorrow Barbie,  
when the sun's at its peak  
I'll wear your favorite tiara.  
Then, I'll tilt the glass windshield  
just right in our Fun N' Sun Corvette  
and melt my face off  
in the faux-leather front seat.

''

,



## The Missing Blanks

The night was clammy, the sky, an unforgettable purple azure. The sky would be forgotten by morning. But, that color, and the night, would last my lifetime. She was sitting there on the bumper of my '53 Chevy pickup. It was a picture. I had no camera, but it was a picture alright. She had severe blond curls. Like she just pulled the curlers out. Round features, not pudgy, just real. Her dark eyelashes went from her cheeks to her forehead. And she moved them with ultimate innocence. She had on a long, white, summer dress. But it could have been cocktails at the Ritz. She rarely spoke to me, but when she did, it was from the heart.

"When are you gonna get us the hell outta here, shitdip? If I tell my brother, he's gonna give you a black eye and take your wallet."

Shirley's brother Lenny was 6'2, had fists the size of milk crates, wore a leather jacket as big as a car cover and had the greasiest DA in town. "Shirley, why are you breakn' my nuts? You know how hard it is to change a tire in the half dark?"

"Just get us outta here, *Dannyboy*."

I felt blood rush to my face. "You know I, I, I don't like to be called that."

"What's the dif? You know we ain't never gonna be together. You gonna start stu, stu, stu, stutterin' now Dannyboy?"

"Why are you bein' that way, Shirley?"

"Look, you been trying to get with me for months, hell, since the 5th grade. Every time I give in and let you take me out, we end up in the stink. I'm done, D-O-N-E."

I started to tell her how beautiful she was when she was quiet, when my hand slipped off the tire iron and my fist went hard into the gravel. I gritted my teeth as the blood broke the surface with a painful sting. "Hey, Shirley, why don't you shut the fuck up?"

"What did you say? What did you just say to me?" But, before she could get out another word, I came down with that tire tool on her head. She dropped off the truck as quietly as if I'd spilled a sack of cotton. I stood there, squeezing the steel, staring down at what I could see of her. Her legs were on the road. Her body was in the weeds, her white dress catching wind and starting to come up on to her chest. I let the tire tool slip out of my hand. When it hit the gravel, I could feel it in my spine. I heard my fathers' voice – the only person that ever called me DB. *What the hell have you done DB? Get your shit tight and get out of there. They'll hang you in Leavenworth if you go to the Sheriff. Get your ass hidin' out somewhere, now!*

I finished changin' the tire out and I left her there. I looked back once in the rear view mirror and she looked like a pale white discarded store mannequin. I squeezed my eyes with one hand as I drove off.

"So let's start again, you penny candy, pencil dick! Where's my little sister?"

"I'm telln' you guys, I let her out of the truck at Dutch Road. She was all fussy about me not taken' her to the drive-in, and she wanted out." Spider had a knife in his hand and Lenny, a small

revolver. I was on the ground at their feet, pretty sure I was gonna meet the maker soon. Lenny gingerly pressed the toe of his boot onto my cheek. Slowly shifting his weight to that leg. It was cold and hard on my face.

"Listen up Danny Blanks, if my baby sister ain't home by supper tonight, it's the end of you. You're gonna meet me at Hiram Tower at 11 o'clock tonight. If Shirl's back, she'll be with me. We're gonna get this story straight. Now, where you meetn' me?"

"Wah, wah, water tower."

"When?"

"Eleven. Eleven, Lenny."

"Spider, get his wallet. Let's go."

I drove around nervously for the next couple hours. Then, it came to me, like the final answer on Twenty One. *Uncle Bobby*. The crowd cheered and clapped into a thunderous roar. No one in my family had seen Uncle Bobby in years. I'd never met him. I asked about him and my father told me he was dead. But I heard grandma once, and knew he was out there. I turned the truck west. There had been a lot of rumors over the years. But one was always consistent; stay away from Branch Creek Road.

The moonlight was bearn' down on me like a spotlight through the trees. I had lost all sense of time and hadn't eaten. My stomach reminded me by shooting a fleeting pain into my bowels that made me wince so hard I nearly veered off into the woods...when I saw it. Unmarked dirt road. *Hello Bobby! Danny Blanks, I'm your kin. No. Uncle Bobby! It's your nephew, Danny. No, no, no. Mr. Blanks? Danny. You don't know me, but I just brained a girl with a tire iron for getn' on my nerves, and I really need a place to stay. Nooooo. Uncle Bobby, I'm your nephew and you're my only chance. That's the one.*

The dirt road was darker than the gravel and seemed to suck all the light from the moon. Just when I thought I may have went too far, I saw the silhouette of a tiny wooden cabin. I parked a good length from the place. I started slowly towards the door – like I was taking back something I didn't steal. The door was ajar. I pushed it ever so slowly and let my eyes follow as it opened into complete darkness. A sweet, dusty, wooden smell hung in the doorway like a curtain. It was the smell that kept sole rights with cabins and wood chests that had been shut up for a long spell. My stomach turned.

I went back to the truck, considered leaving, and grabbed a flashlight from the dash panel. "Hello, Bobby Blanks? Anyone? Hello?" There was a ratty couch on one wall, a rocking chair, small barrel wood stove and some type of animal head on a wall with bib overalls hanging off one horn. There was an interior door, and on a small end table beside the couch was a kerosene lamp and a box of matches. It fired right up. A shadow crouched just over my shoulder, I turned quickly on my heels, and it was gone. My own.

I could see the floor of the cabin now with the pulsating light of the lamp. It was covered with bits of cotton and paper. It was the unmistakable indication of some type of varmint or rodent.

This was not a good sign. I looked towards the interior door. I gave it one last, "Hello, anyone here?" I swung the door open quickly and shoved the lamp in front of me like a pitchfork. There was a dresser and a bed. It looked like there were clothes laid out on the bed. Until I moved closer.

*Jesus, Mary and Joseph.* There were clothes alright, full of bones. The skull looked like one I'd seen in science class, except this one had black hair and dark oily eye sockets. It sure didn't seem to be a recent death. The bones were absent any flesh, and one arm was lying on the floor, near my feet. My legs got warm. It took me a second to realize I was pissing myself.

I backed out of the room and slammed the door hard enough to give myself goose bumps. Turning around, the first thing I laid eyes on was that God forsaken head on the wall. And the overalls. I set the lamp on the end table and began to strip down. I stretched up on one foot and unlooped the bibs. I pulled the first strap up over my shoulder. *Damn. Perfect fit.*

I sat just inside the front door in the rocking chair until the purple azure sky turned burnt orange. When the first white light crept over the hills I saw the letters BB carved crudely into the wood just above the doorway. I smiled. *Now, that's a picture.* I knew I was in the right place. *Rest in peace Uncle Bobby.*

Daniel Blanks, 1963

## **American Giant in the Suburbs**

If I grew to be fifty feet tall, I'd sew pants from parachutes & air balloons. I'd take my rainbow pants and two-step dance down empty streets in the early morning fog. If I were fifty feet tall, I'd want only one eye but a space for two. I'd say I lost it in a bet with a minotaur over his pet pterodactyl and I'd use stolen trampolines for my black eye-patch. I'd get a new patch every day and start every morning hiding in the woods, disguised as a colorful legged tree while the homeowners look around wondering "who would only take the black jumping surface?"

And I would snicker and laugh and try to remain still as they inspect the empty metal loop. I'd take that too but I can't hula-hoop and I don't wear earrings, but maybe I'd craft it into a crown if it were gold. Shoes are easy. Of course, a giant wears slippers made of flat plywood with a few car straps attached. They work like thongs, giant-wood-Jesus-thongs that plop-plop-plop when I walk, but they're still better than finding boulders in between my toes or a toe between two rows of plowed corn husks as I run away, parachute pants swishing, to find an American flag that I can plaster on my naked chest like a tattoo.

## **Return to the End of the World**

I left at dawn for the end of the world  
beyond the decorated houses  
and the municipal waste facility.  
I passed the man in camo outside the asphalt plant.  
Soon the developments began.  
First one, between fields of stunted corn,  
along a smooth road with wide shoulders,  
then one after another,  
new and untouchable,  
edges clear in the yellow light.

When I came to the end,  
everything was the same as before.  
The walls of the plaza were undisturbed  
and the arch empty.  
Through it, the landscape mirrored to the horizon:  
clean structures,  
their parking lots still and waiting.



# Hunger Cry

All winter I have hunted.  
The snow drifts into piles.  
The wind bites my hide.  
All I catch are mouthfuls,  
Snatches of sentences,  
Mostly fur and bone.  
Not enough meat for a wolf.

Poem, sometimes I see you,  
Catch your scent on the wind.  
But you cruelly flee.  
My stomach gnaws itself.  
My muscles sag.  
My ribs poke through my dingy pelt.

But this morning I caught your trail.  
Your tracks betrayed you.  
Now you sprint ahead.  
Poem, I need you.  
Every sinewy stanza,  
Every

Last

Drop

Of

Metaphor.

# The Day I Ate My Dog

The day I ate my dog  
was such a gruesome day.  
It was so weird that afterwards  
I had nothing to say.

Spot was just a puppy.  
He was so tiny, too.  
I swear I did not mean  
to throw him in the stew.

I was holding him  
inside my little hands.  
Running in the kitchen  
'til I knocked over the pans.

I sat down little Spot  
so I could pick them up.  
And then Spot crawled inside  
a little Spot Sized cup.

I picked up the cup  
as I stood by the pot.  
And watched in horror  
as the stew swallowed Spot.

That night as we ate dinner  
mom asked why I did not eat.  
I told her I was not hungry  
and that I did feel weak.

But mom just gave me more  
stew right from the pot.  
And we just ate in silence  
until dad said, "Hey, where's Spot?"

# Superglue

My heart came back in a box. Not a Valentine's box or anything cheesy like that. Just a standard shipping box, dented corner and all. I was surprised to see it sitting on my porch, especially when I saw the return address. I thought I would never hear from Richard again; we broke it off so angrily. I cut open the lid and saw a hand-written note: I'm sorry. Below that was my heart, smashed into little crystalline pieces with a bottle of superglue to the side.

Most guys won't willingly give a girl's heart back. This one guy I dated, Mike, threw my heart into the dumpster behind his apartment. After two hours of searching, I finally fished it out, covered in spaghetti and Chinese take-out. I had to hose it off in my back yard before taking it to the kitchen sink to clean out the crannies. Cleaning pasta sauce out of valves with your fingers is not a good way to spend your Saturday afternoon. So, I put Mike's heart in my compost barrel a couple weeks before tossing it on his front step in a grocery bag. If I know that idiot, he probably thought it was dog dung and threw it away. Honestly, I don't know what I ever saw in that jerk to begin with. He looked too much like Channing Tatum, and I always thought he was a lousy actor to begin with. Plus, his ears stuck out too much.

Anatomy book at my side, I began the process of reconstruction. I used a paint brush to spread the glue, like you would with a broken plate. The aorta went back the easiest, and the chambers seemed pretty self-explanatory. The capillaries were about impossible. Just the slightest twitch threw them out of alignment. It was about like grafting single strands of hair. What I really needed was a precision robot, not superglue. It was just like a guy not to think things through.

But he didn't need to give me anything. Most of the time, guys don't even care if your heart gets mended. Some even stomp on it a bit before they discard it. But not Richard. My heart was in the same condition as when he dropped it. I don't even quite remember what we argued about when it happened. It probably started as one of those minor disagreements that turns into a verbal war. We shot our words like missiles, and by the time it ended, we broke it off completely, red shards scattered on the ground.

Richard was a pretty decent guy. Better than decent, actually. He bought all my family Christmas presents when we had been dating for a little under a year. He let me borrow his car when mine was in the shop for repairs. He helped me look for my cat in the rain. He gave back my heart with superglue.

While my heart finished drying on the counter, I got out my purse and unzipped an inside pocket. I pulled out a small red shard, the piece of his heart I would not let go. Turning it side to side, and watched it gleam in the light. I knew what I had to do. I wrote a short note: Thank you for the superglue. Sorry I kept this so long. I still love you. I slipped it and the shard into a bubble-wrap lined manila envelope.

After I sent the shard on its way, my heart started beating again. It still had scars, still had glue showing in the cracks. But for the first time, it beat strong with hope—hope that Richard might take me back or that I might make my way without him.

# Spooky Ghost

Dave walked from the kitchen to the living room. He looked around for his roommate and immediately found him on the couch clutching a Playstation controller.

"Did you tell Spooky to do the dishes?" Dave asked.

Mike hesitated a moment to slay another digital zombie before offering an answer.

"Nah, I forgot. I'm sure he'll get to it."

Dave let out a brief sigh before heading upstairs. "Spooky, dude, do your fucking dishes!" When Dave yelled like this, Mike called it his "mom voice."

There was the usual answer of "WoOoOoOo, I'll do it LAAAAAAter!" in a ghostly voice coming from upstairs. Spooky always spoke like this. He was really trying to live the role.

The three guys had lived together for a few years. All college-aged, all part-time convenience store workers, and all full-time slackers. Spooky was a horrible roommate, even when he was alive. Spooky was the guy who would make out with his girlfriend for hours in the living room when Mike wanted to watch Game of Thrones. Spooky would borrow Dave's car without asking and leave the gas tank empty. Spooky would eat all the chips and forget to replace them.

Dave finished his walk upstairs and grabbed a clear spray bottle labelled with black marker as "Spooky Repellant." Dave opened Spooky's door without knocking. Dave should have known what he would walk in on. Spooky was lying on his bed with pants and underwear around his ankles. Spooky was mostly transparent, but Dave could still easily make out the sight of Spooky's partially-opaque hand around his partially-opaque privates. Spooky was wearing Mike's headphones plugged into Dave's laptop. The two became detached as the laptop went flying in one direction when Spooky jolted in an attempt to cover himself. The laptop began playing the audio from whatever video Spooky was watching at the time. This was no way to get out of purgatory.

Dave covered his eyes with the spray bottle, despite being unable to see most of what Spooky's semi-transparent penis actually looked like. Most of the time, Spooky just looked like a vague blur in the shape of a man. Spooky pulled his misty-white pants around his misty-white waist. Dave tried talking over the laptop's pornographic yelping.

"Spooky, seriously, you need to do your share of the chores. I'm sick of having to pick up after your fucking mess," Dave was going full-on mom mode.

"DuUuUuUuUudeeee, you can't just bust liliLiNnNnNn hEeEeEeEeEeReeeeee!" Dave didn't know whether or not Spooky talked like a cartoon ghost because he just felt like messing with his living roommates or if he actually was compelled to because of some supernatural law. Either way, Dave was fed up with it.

"I don't care! You don't even pay rent anymore! Far as I'm concerned this is my room, and I don't want you..." Dave briefly struggled for a term to describe what he just saw, "...ghosterbating in MY ROOM."

"I wAsSsSs....maaAAAAKING ECTOPLAAAAAASM!" Spooky offered as a response.

"Do. Your. Dishes. Now." Dave raised the bottle of Spooky repellent and pointed it threateningly at his ghost roommate. "Don't try that excuse again where you say you can't interact with the ethereal world because I JUST saw you surfing for porno on my laptop." The laptop still lay at an awkward angle on the floor, displaying a group of naked women also at awkward angles on their floor. "I swear I will spray you with this holy water. I don't know what it'll even do, but at the very least it'll clean you off. Now get the hell off to the kitchen." Dave did not know if having water blessed by Mike would actually count as holy water, but the threat was still there.

"FiiiiilinNnnNnnNneeee...bUuUuUut I knOoOoOow that isn't hOOOOOOOly wAAAAAATER!" Spooky floated very slowly out of the room with his semitransparent feet a few inches above the ground.

Dave made one final remark as his roommate left the room, "Dude, clean up your ectoplasm. Your sheets are all...crusty."

Dave looked around the room at the disgusting display. Everything was still a mess from when Spooky was still alive. The floor looked like it was made entirely of old clothes and half-empty bags of Doritos. The walls were stark aside from a single poster displaying a woman who was nearly naked aside from two marijuana leaves covering her breasts and a large glass bong covering up her genitals. The room smelled as if a hundred sweaty old gym socks had spent the last two weeks smoking weed. A handheld power drill looked out of place on the ghost's nightstand alongside a short lamp, four Bic lighters of different colors, and about a dozen used tissues. Dave looked uneasily at the power drill, thought briefly about throwing it away, and decided to gather his laptop (still making the occasional "OOH, yeah, right there!" noises) and leave for his own room, closing the door quietly behind him, sneaking one last look at the drill.

Later that night, Mike and Dave were sitting on their couch in the living room, each clutching Playstation controllers and occasionally having a bite of pizza.

"Okay...so...about Spooky. What haven't we tried yet?" Mike asked.

"Well..." Dave looked puzzled and tried to think of an answer for his friend. "The priest wanted \$500, so I think we can rule that out for now. We could put that one on the back burner and come back to it later. We haven't tried holy water because we need to keep threatening him with that so he'll do his damn chores. I heard a rumor that spirits get trapped in the material plane because they have a tie to a specific material object. I was thinking that, maybe, we should try getting rid of the drill. Maybe melt it down or something?"

Mike grew quiet.

Dave looked at the coffee table in front of him, noticing all the bills strewn about and the receipts for groceries. Being a convenience store clerk didn't give much in the way of benefits or pay, and they needed another roommate badly. Dave wondered about exactly how long they could afford to live here with Spooky eating all their food and staying there for free. "Look, Mike, you have to talk about it sometime. At the very least it'll make you feel better, maybe we can think of some way to get Spooky to...you know...move on."

Mike hesitated for a second, then paused the game and set his controller down. He let out a short sigh before getting off the couch and heading to the fridge and grabbing a beer. He saw

Spooky's dishes drying on the counter, still half-dirty. "I don't know...I don't think anything I saw would be useful." Mike twisted off the beer cap and took a long drink.

"Come on, man. Anything might be useful." Dave half-shouted toward the kitchen at his friend.

"Sure." Mike walked back over and took his former place on the couch. "When I found him...well. This is more awkward than anything. He was just wearing his boxers. There was blood everywhere. It was seriously all over. The bed, the floor... I finally figured out what he was doing. I guess he had his fill of weed and beer and tried this thing called trepanation. It's basically where you drill a hole in your head because you're supposed to feel some amazing high. I read that some cultures actually think that's how you can see God or heaven or something. It's this ancient thing. Like, they unearthed Neanderthals with holes in their head from this crap. As you can imagine, most people die from it...fucking Spooky. Dude was always just trying to get fucked up." Mike drank the rest of his beer quickly, staring down at the carpet. "When I found him there, the drill was still running. I guess it was rigor mortis that kept his finger down on the thing's trigger. He was just kind of sitting there in his underwear with blood all over...I couldn't even see his face behind all the red. Then, a couple days later, they had his funeral and the way they put his face back together looked like it was half made of Play-Dough. That was the part that really stuck with me. Then, yeah, you know the rest. He showed up here a few months ago just after the funeral and went right back to smoking weed and leaving his garbage everywhere."

Dave waited patiently for his friend to be done with his story before posing a response. "I guess that, maybe, if we can just get rid of the drill, he can go in peace. I kinda think we should do it together, though. I mean, we were pretty much his only friends. He didn't even really talk to his parents and he hasn't had a girlfriend since about a year before he died. Let's go see if we can deal with it. I don't know if it'll work, but we can at least try it."

Dave got up and beckoned for his friend to come upstairs with him. Mike finished his beer, set it on a coffee table, and followed Dave upstairs. Dave had learned his lesson from before and knocked on Spooky's door. "BegOOOOOONE FROM THIS PLAAAAAAACE!" was Spooky's reply from inside the bedroom.

Dave and Mike looked at each other before Dave turned back to the door to reply. "Spooky. Come on, man, we need to talk."

Spooky opened the door to let his roommates in and went to sit on his bed. Dave and Mike both walked in. Mike spotted a blood stain on the carpet between piles of dirty clothes.

"WhAaAaAt do you wAAAAAAANT?!" Spooky asked in his usual cartoonish ghost voice.

"Spooky, stop it with that Scooby Doo ghost talk. It's really getting on my nerves," Dave said with an annoyed look on his face. Mike stood next to Dave looking uncomfortable.

"Fine. What do you want?" Spooky suddenly dropped the phantom accent without question.

"We just...look, man, we want to help you to...you know...move on. You've been a ghost here for a long time now and we think that maybe you should try to get out of purgatory, or whatever is happening with you. Soon enough the government is going to find out or the Ghostbusters are going to come along and kill you, or something bad is going to happen." Dave looked genuinely

concerned.

"Yeah, I guess. Look, I don't know why I came back like this. I'm not really holding a grudge or anything. I really don't have anything that ties me here...I don't really want to go, though. I like it here. Maybe I haven't really been judged as being evil enough for hell or good enough for heaven. I don't know." The ghost reached for a lighter and a massive glass bong previously hiding behind his bed.

Mike kept glancing at the power drill, still sitting on the nightstand. He finally opened his mouth to speak. "Hey, Spooky...why do you still keep that drill around? Doesn't it, like, freak you out?"

Spooky sat still for a moment, bong resting between his legs. "Well, I don't know. It is kind of morbid, now that you mention it."

Mike nodded. "Dave and I think that if we get rid of it that maybe you'll be able to...rest."

Dave walked over and grabbed the power drill. He looked at it then glanced back and forth between Spooky and Mike. Spooky looked grim, even for a ghost. Dave left the drill on the table and walked back to exit the room, exchanging one last glance at Mike. "Well, we can figure it out later. There's still some pizza left if you want to join us for video games."

Spooky looked up at Dave. "Sure man. I think I've got like five bucks around here somewhere, you know, if you want me to chip in..."

"Don't worry about it, man. Just...do your fucking laundry sometime."





## Concordia: Miscellanea

I've seen my mind fried, flipped sunny side  
in cast iron, Teflon, stainless steel reflections sizzled red hot;

I've broken plates on floors and verbs in the top of my throat:  
shattered promises with images: stuck feelings inside

texts and emails with two character  
emoticons; I've known days as pencil-slashed dates: heard

the sun and moon's florescent hums: felt sky ensnared  
over barbed wire, the future stamped in a manila folder.

I've had thoughts shaken not stirred, freedom swallowed in folded foilies,  
lines on toilets fizzled in spoons,

poison joy flooding the brains  
like Starry Night on Morning Glory;

I've watched lonely snort tears from blue eyed mirrors; known pale-  
skinned scraggly beards who chugged and shot themselves in-

to piss puddled linoleum, 'Jesus healing' institutions,  
and bloody bathroom tiles.

I've seen tired grow pale, bald, cancer eyed:  
watched dirt crush love in a cross

etched box; I've smashed grapes into juice  
and prayed: nibbled saltines and sipped wine wishing a whisper from god,

then envied a girl tonguing hymns  
moving pew to pew in a shabby blue aisle,

glossolalia spewed in hair metal  
screams.

I've had yellow aching, red blistered feet: shuffled from grill to sink, arch to crown  
looking for a measly  
check. I've begged for change with paper

cups and angry letters: slopped pickles into whoppers, and pleas into courts, prayers,  
& fresh faced white men, looking for a payday.

I've deferred a dream to rule in hell:  
found hope in an orphan's paint flecked box; I've heard the Key's

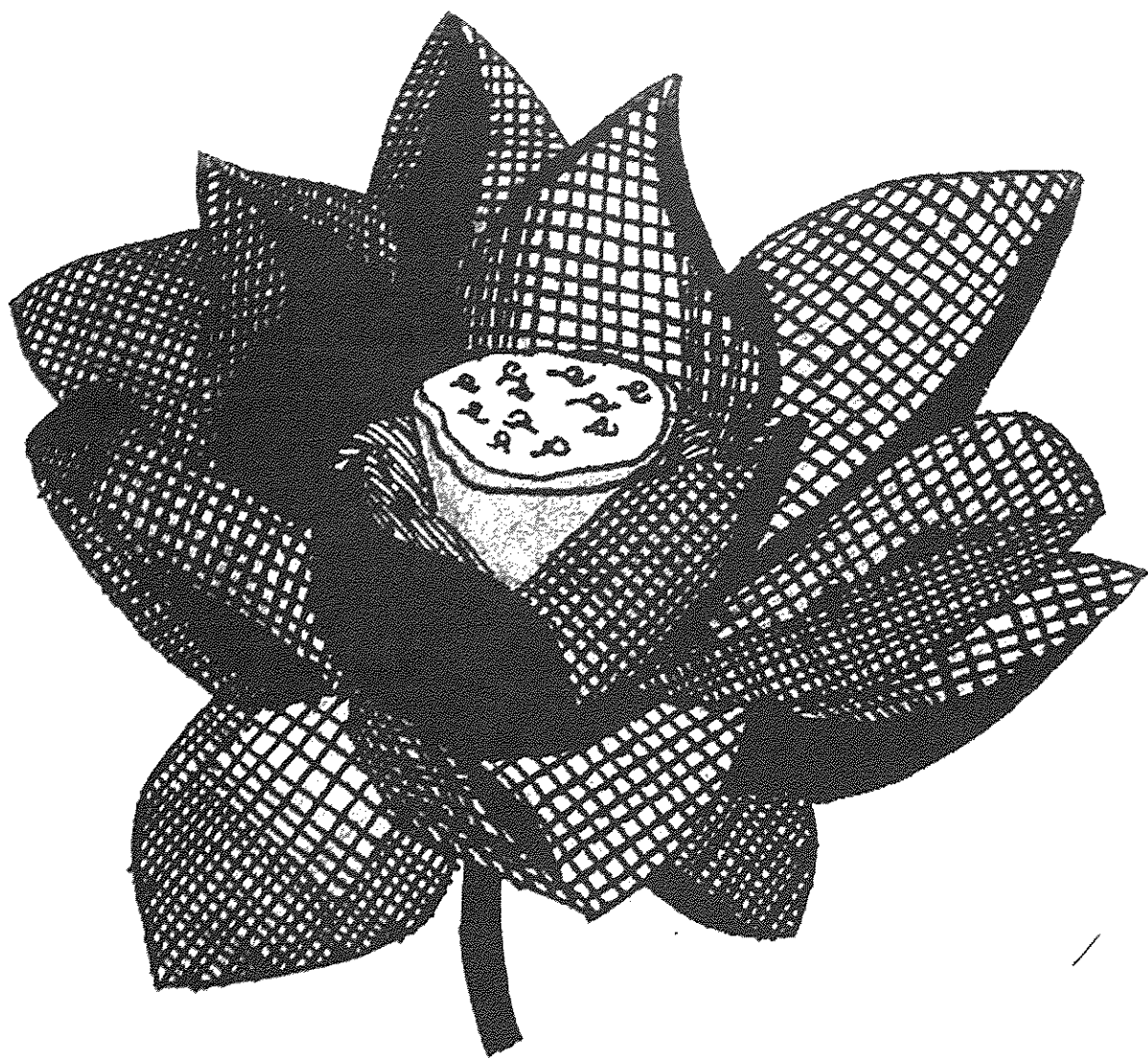
and seen the world She, singing, made and I became the self that was the sea itself;  
I've hushed to hear the wish of paradiso's breeze

flow through porch posts; watched a goldfinch piece  
a nest together one scrap at a time for 40 days and 40 nights;

felt love step on my toes,  
crawl into my lap, curl into my shoulder on a blue yoga mat.

I've found a self in void-lined checks, blue-lined pages,  
powder-lined mirrors, fence-lined skies, smudge-lined syringes,

and *Sublime*-lined nights; I saw the sign  
and snap, crackle, popped my way to the American Dream, a grape withered into wine.



# Windows

## Characters:

**Mark:** a twenty-something man who is nondescript in basically every way. He has brown hair and wears jeans and a neutral-colored t-shirt.

**Joanna:** a twenty-something woman who is just about as nondescript as Mark. She has brown hair and also wears jeans and a neutral-colored t-shirt.

**Ed:** a grizzled engineer with wild, bushy hair and dirty jeans and a dirty football jersey.

**Audience Member:** a member of the audience. He is well-kempt and dressed nicely.

## Setting:

Mark and Joanna's living room. The affordable apartment has beige carpet and white walls. Posters from pop culture movies and music are on the walls. The room has a sofa, a TV, a coffee table, a bookshelf, and an end-table. The room is cluttered but not dirty.

*The story begins with Mark and Joanna sitting on their sofa watching TV.*

**Mark:** I really miss shows like this. I'm so glad Netflix put these up!

**Joanna:** I know, right? I can't believe they ever took *The Wire* off the air, and especially. They just don't make good spy shows anymore.

*Joanna gets up, taking an empty glass off the coffee table.*

**Joanna:** You want some water or anyth-

*Joanna does a double-take, looking right at the audience.*

**Mark:** No, I think I'm good. What're you looking at? What's the matter?

*Joanna stays still, staring at the audience.*

**Mark:** Seriously, Joanna, what's going on?

*Mark tries to look in the same direction as Joanna but he always looks too far left or too far right so as to always be looking at the set rather than the audience.*

**Joanna:** You can't see them? I mean, I couldn't see them a minute ago. I just...just...looked over and there they were. I don't know what happened, I just noticed them! How could I not have noticed

them before?

**Mark:** Joanna, what the hell are you talking about?

**Joanna:** There are people out there! Tons of them! Where did they come from? Mark, look!

*Joanna points at the audience. Mark tries to follow with his gaze but ends up looking in the wrong direction again.*

**Mark:** I can't see anything. It just looks like our apartment.

*Joanna moves over to Mark, grabbing his head and moving it slowly to face the audience. He has a hard time looking right at them, but he eventually starts looking in the right direction, right at the audience.*

**Joanna:** See? Can you see them now?

**Mark:** Yeah, I think...what the hell? You think they can hear us? Why haven't we noticed them before?

**Joanna:** I don't know. I just couldn't look over that way until I did by accident a minute ago. It's like there's a huge hole in our apartment. They're all just...looking at us. They're not even talking. They're just staring at us. Oh, God, ~~do~~ you think other rooms have these?

**Mark:** I don't know...I need to go check.

*Mark leaves the room briefly while Joanna stays near the couch. Mark runs back down.*

**Mark:** They're in the bedroom AND THE BATHROOM. How long could they have been there? I think they were different people, but... Joanna, what the hell is going on?

**Joanna:** You think they're spying on us? Like we have some information they need or something?

**Mark:** I guess, I mean, I guess this is the next step if someone wants to keep tabs on us. I knew my phone was tapped, but Jesus Christ I never thought it would go this far. We need to leave. I can't handle this. I can't live in a place where there are just people watching us like this.

**Audience Member:** It's for your own good!

**Mark:** Holy shit, Joanna, that guy definitely heard us. They can definitely hear us. I heard him; he just responded!

**Joanna:** We'll go next door for a while. Maybe Ed can help us out.

*The two leave, coming back with Ed a minute later. Ed walks over and stares out into the audience. He looks back over at Mark and Joanna.*

**Ed:** I can't believe this shit. I never thought they'd go this far. I been workin' on somethin' for a while now. I think maybe I can give us some privacy back. No tellin' how long they been here, but it's about time they fuckin' left.

*Ed leaves again. Mark and Joanna begin living out a sped-up version of their lives. They eat dinner and talk in hushed whispers, then they go back to trying to watch TV, but during all this they are constantly looking back at the audience. Their night eventually ends and they exit to go to bed. Joanna comes down-stairs in the morning wearing only a towel, then remembers the audience. She looks over at the audience, blushes, starts crying, and exits again the same way she came in. Mark comes down half-dressed and looks angrily toward the audience.*

**Mark:** How can you assholes do this? Seriously you perverted little fuckers, what the hell do you want from us? You seriously expect us to just go on living out our lives like this? You expect Joanna to just do a little striptease for you? You want to just watch us walk around half-naked so you can fucking get off? Do you honestly think we're just going to go about our normal business like you aren't even there? Like I've got some big secret? Huh? Like I'm some huge terrorist that warrants all of you to be on the payroll so you can stare at us all day every day? What the hell gives you the right to do this? This is our HOME! This is where we go to feel safe! This is the only place where we can be ourselves and you're just taking that away from us?? Are you kidding me?

**Audience Member:** It's for your own protection! Anyone you know could want to hurt you! Everyone has their big secrets, and sometimes we need to know them to save the population! Millions of people could be at risk!

**Mark:** I don't give a fuck! This is illegal! This isn't what anyone had in mind when they founded this country! This isn't okay! You're victimizing every single citizen you're doing this to so you can pretend that you're protecting us! You can't claim that it's for our own good if we're all living in fear! Yes, there are evil people out there. There are people who want to hurt us and blow us up and poison us, but it isn't everyone! I've been pulled over twice and I've had a charge for drinking as a minor, so you think that gives you grounds to assume I'm going to shoot the president or nuke New York? You know what? I didn't want to hurt anyone. Now I just want to hurt you.

*Mark goes off screen for a brief period, then comes back with a golf club. He walks out of the set but still on stage, making his way nearer to the audience but his movement becomes more hindered as if moving this way has become difficult. He begins to become visibly frustrated and starts swinging the golf club back and*

*forth towards the audience, still far from hitting anyone or anything. He goes back into his living room and sits down, panting.*

**Mark:** So you know I can't do anything myself, but just you wait, I'll get a lawyer here and I have no doubt the supreme court will come down on you like a typhoon.

*Mark throws the golf club onto the ground angrily, then gets back up off the couch to walk towards the audience again.*

**Mark:** There isn't anything you can do about that. You'll all be thrown in jail. All of you.

**Audience Member:** We've caught hundreds of terrorists just like you. They're all in jail, not us. This is a thankless job but we're keeping you safe. Nobody ever notices the buildings that haven't been hit by planes or the busses that haven't been bombed or the cities that haven't been irradiated, but they're all there, thanks to us. We're the ones you owe your lives to and if you threaten us again like that you'll be the one spending that life in jail!

**Mark:** So now you're just threatening us because we disagree with you? I can't even hurt you! I can't even see your face! You can see every move I make but your face is so dark out there I can't even make out your features! What are you afraid of?! Huh?! You afraid I might watch you back? Why not? Why can't I even see your face if you get to watch me every minute of every day?

**Audience Member:** You want to see me so bad? Fine. Here I am.

*The Audience Member gets up and moves up to the stage lighting so his face is visible.*

**Audience Member:** There! You happy now? Now you can see me like I can see you.

**Mark:** Starting to be an improvement, but answer me this. What's your name?

**Audience Member:** You don't need to know that.

**Mark:** I'd feel a whole lot safer if I did, government man! Isn't that what this is all about?! Isn't this just about making us safe?! Huh?! Isn't this about everyone keeping an eye on us and our neighbors and everyone else just so we can feel safe?! When did you wake up today?

*The Audience Member and Mark begin yelling at the same time. The Audience Member starts talking, but Mark just yells his questions louder.*

**Mark:** What's your home address? What's your work address?

**Audience Member:** You don't need to know that! I know I'm not a terrorist, but we need to know that you're not a terrorist! You can't honestly just expect us to trust everyone, but you need to know that all of this was put into place for a reason so you need to trust us!

**Mark:** No! I don't buy into any of that crap! If you need to know everything about me to trust me, then how the fuck can I trust you when you won't even tell me who you are?! I need to know everything about you that you know about me if we're going to fucking trust each other! When did you wake up this morning?! How much money do you make? WHAT KIND OF SHAMPOO DO YOU USE?! HOW FAT IS YOUR ASS?! HOW BIG IS YOUR DICK?! DOES YOUR WIFE LOOK HOT NAKED?! HUH?! HOW DOES YOUR FUCKING WIFE LOOK IN JUST A TOWEL?!

*Joanna enters again from upstairs, fully clothed. She walks sheepishly over to Mark and rests her hands on his shoulder, then leans in close to whisper something inaudible into his ear, not looking at the audience.*

**Mark (to Joanna):** Are you kidding me? We have to stand up to people like this or they'll just keep doing it forever! We can't just ignore it and expect it to all go away; this is bullshit and they're not going to get away with it! This is illegal and they need to be brought in for it... It's not like anyone else is going to do it. They don't have anyone in the government to stop themselves!

*Joanna whispers again into Mark's ear inaudibly, then walks away back upstairs quietly, still not looking at the audience.*

**Mark (to the Audience Member):** Now you've just got her afraid! You think she feels safe knowing you're here, or just weirded out like you're some pervert with a pair of binoculars pointed right at our bathroom! She wouldn't look at you! She can't live like that! Nobody can! She's going to be afraid for the rest of her life because you're just threatening to arrest us for nothing! No wonder the Brady Bunch was always so fucking happy looking: it's because they were fucking being filmed all the time! You know what she said to me? She said she just doesn't want me to get into trouble; as if I even did anything! Standing up to a fucking bully isn't my idea of terrorism.

**Audience Member:** I don't need this shit. Yeah, okay, we see shit we don't need to see, but it's all so we can protect you.

*Mark goes off-stage towards the front door. He opens the door, grabs a newspaper, and brings it back. He begins flipping through the paper and reading off headlines.*

**Mark:** Protect us?! Well you did a great job protecting... Timothy Michaels. Just 11 years old and he was beaten to death by his father. Did you just fucking sit there and watch?! How about this lady, they couldn't even identify the body. She got shot twice in the back and left in a swamp. Great fucking job protecting her. Real fucking nice. Hey, you know, some guy hit my car in the parking lot a couple weeks ago and broke my taillight, you gonna catch that guy? You gonna catch this murderer? You gonna get the guy who raped my coworker last month? Still no news on that one! Still no fucking justice! Not even a fucking suspect has been rounded up! Still no protection! I can ask you all day what fucking good you are and you'll never give me a good answer. You'll never be able to legitimize this. You'll never be able to undo the fear of being beaten to death or shot or raped or even having our car fucked up in the parking lot, and all you can fucking do is sit there and watch and make us even more afraid of you.

*Mark stands there and waits for a reply.*

**Mark:** Nothing? Just going to keep watching? Just going to sit there and try to prove that we're terrorists? You're doing a great job.

*Mark leaves the room. He heads back upstairs. Just then, Ed walks in the front door and heads toward the audience. Ed points a remote control at the audience. The curtain falls. END.*

# Impossible Ultimatum

My shadow dances in fear,  
Though I stand motionless.  
The home lets out a continuous roar,  
Angry, that it will no longer hold anymore memories  
And soon will be forgotten.  
Boards crack like bones as the roof caves in  
With no regards to the family's cherished possessions  
Turning into coal at the base of the rubble.  
The house is saturated with fire.

A high pitch scream wakes me from its spell.  
I've done this job for thirty years, I know instantly  
What this requires of me.  
I must be courageous, selfless, run in without question.  
But I move not.

I loathe that trapped soul on the second floor.  
What was so important, what object of value could  
Outweigh your own safety?  
Don't you know all earthly things rust and decay?  
Your vain attempt to linger, that one reckless decision.

I curse that scream for what it asks of me.  
Not one I tell you,  
No, not one single ounce of my flesh dares enter that house.  
I know what's right and now I hate myself for it.

As each second passes I realize that my guilty conscience will fan a flame  
Hotter and longer than that old dying house.  
I know the selfish choice will bore a hole in my skull,  
Tormenting me for all of my days.  
But it looks so much better  
Than certain death.

I say this, how dare you.  
How dare you hand me this impossible ultimatum  
And know I would make the right choice.  
It better have been worth it.  
I hope to God it was worth dying for.

## STRAY CAT

Every morning for the past three weeks,  
you left your hunted rodent,

an offering, resting at my house's doorway  
that separates you and me.

My house has no god,  
no need for offerings, gratitude.

I locked you outside my walls,  
but you scaled them until you found a hole.

I called animal control,  
but when I awoke, you were meditating on my chest.

What sort of universe extends  
you,

cat?

And what does it want  
in return?

Show regret when you fall  
from the house ledge,

or that your mind  
is cluttered with forethought.

If you do that,  
then I might let you in.



## Poem 6

Its vines spread out,  
tendrils clinging,  
to the next available support.

Starting as a small plant,  
it next covers the house,  
garage, car.

The power lines, it climbs,  
to disguise itself,  
as the crucified Savior.

Its taproot,  
driving deep into the earth,  
to exhaust its reserves.

Draining the light and life,  
from its surrounding,  
it smothers all.

The kudzu wins,  
and moves on,  
to exploit a new area.

# Saltwater Lungs

Her lungs fill with salt, slowing burning as  
air seeps out through the cracks.  
There's no place for it to relinquish itself.  
No place but the volatile currents  
that are simultaneously still.  
He had once said that it looked like  
the ocean was trapped within her eyes.  
Wild and dark, constantly restless.  
Now she was desperately trying to trap the ocean  
in her own throat.  
One second of hesitation, a miniscule thought of doubt.  
Fingertips break the surface, reaching  
for anything to rewind the last few seconds.  
Going back isn't an option  
not with how far out she swam.  
Light tumbled at the top before but now  
it fades with each inch  
that she sinks.  
Long hair fans out around her as  
that brief moment of panic ebbs away  
into reminiscence.  
The edges bleed into darkness and she smiles  
the kind of smile that used to make his heart wrench.  
It's been far too long since those days  
and she knows that this is right.  
The ever constant dull ache of pain is almost gone  
it isn't going to own her anymore.  
Her lungs are made up of icy water and salt  
but as her bottomless gray eyes linger open  
for one second more  
she feels  
nothing.

## Jellyfish Kill

In late July, our family went to the beach down in Gulf Shores, Alabama, for a four-day trip. We brought along our former babysitter Carolyn — also known as CB — to help entertain our thirteen-year-old sons Yakob and Ayalkbet, and our daughter Gaelle, who was nine.

On the first afternoon of the trip, my husband and I were walking to the beach when he said, “You’d have been so proud of the kids earlier today.”

He told me there was a woman on the beach hunting jellyfish and killing them. He said the kids were all in shock and horrified.

“Gaelle said, ‘That’s mean,’ and Yakob, you could tell he wanted to grab her bucket and scoop them up to take them back out to the water.”

“Good for them,” I said. “How was she killing the jellyfish?”

“She was burying them in the sand.”

I felt a flash of anger.

We continued walking, the white, soft sand was like sugar beneath my feet. Rick pointed out a man scooping jellyfish into a plastic, blue bucket. He was wearing a black bathing suit creasing below his paunch and looked to be in his mid-thirties. While he was bent over, intent on his hunting, I wanted to ask him why he was killing the jellyfish, but I’m not one for confrontation. We moved on. As we walked, I noticed many people snuffing out jellyfish.

“They’re just walking around killing them like they’re swatting at mosquitoes,” Rick mused.

I know jellyfish sting and sometimes this can lead to serious complications, including death. Recently, I saw a show on *Animal Planet* about a family’s home in Arizona having being infested with deadly, bark scorpions. The documentary kept switching from that family’s plight to another family in New Jersey who had battled bed bugs, wiping out their life’s savings in the process.

These matters are complicated, but I believe most imbalance in nature can be traced back to human neglect.

That night after walking along the shore, Rick and I made our way to the boardwalk leading up to the sidewalk by our condominium. I noticed a sign attached to the railing. It read, *Please return my husband’s green Teva sandals. They are the only shoes he has that fit him.*

When we got to the sidewalk, I found a toad sitting there. In the dark, I thought someone would step on it. I tried to pick it up, but it leapt from my hands. Its bumpy, warty, exterior was cool to the touch. I nudged it along into the bushes with my purse.

Over the next couple of days, I noticed even kids were in on the jellyfish killing.

It’s true. There was a vast amount of jellyfish this year on the gulf. The news reported that it was due to winds blowing them to shore. Several people on the beach were complaining of getting stung. Perhaps the jellyfish were acting in retaliation.

Jellyfish remind me of the translucent, tumbling substance found in lava lamps. They are an

anomaly of the sea. They are one of the few organisms that can survive in its increasingly hypoxic waters. They also don't have a brain or central nervous system. Their uniqueness, though, won't save them from their human captors.

After another walk by the beach in the early evening, Rick and I headed back to our condo to check in on CB and the kids. At the end of the boardwalk were two spigots for washing feet clean of sand. Someone had left the water running from one of them. I turned off the valve, wondering how much water had been wasted.

Inside our condo CB was in the kitchen taking stock of things to cook for dinner.

CB has a heart-shaped face and long, black hair.

"Look what we found," she said.

She handed me a plastic cup filled with water. Floating inside was a clear, jelly-like creature shaped like a bottle cap. The edge of its circular form was rimmed in a bluish-green color. It appeared lifeless, but CB assured me it was okay and she and the kids were going to release it back to the sea after dinner.

"Why not now?" I asked. "It might be looking for its mother."

"It's okay, Colleen, it'll live."

"But what if it acclimated to the water temperature in the cup, but the ocean is cold at night?"

"I just want it for a little show and tell time, then we'll send Junior back to the waves with its mom and dad."

I fixed myself a drink, went out on the balcony to relax, and stared out at the ocean. In the distance were inactive oil drilling rigs. Rick had complained earlier about gas prices and how Obama had probably stopped drilling in this area after the oil spill last spring. The silent, steel contraptions looked like implements of war.

While I had seen a couple of dolphins bobbing in the water the first evening of our trip, I thought about how there seemed to be fewer seagulls on the beach than the last time I was at Gulf Shores. The jellyfish were only a symptom of a much larger problem.

That night, our last night of the trip, CB took the kids swimming in the pool. Rick and I ate dinner at a little dive that offered karaoke. Afterward, we went down to the pool to check on the kids. There was music playing. CB, Yakob, Ayalkbet, and Gaelle were all in the pool. I saw the yellow plastic cup with the bottle cap-like fish in it sitting by CB's chair which was piled up with her beach-bag and the kids' towels.

In the corner next to some tables and chairs, a crowd of people were gathered. It was more karaoke. A man was singing, "Welcome to the Jungle," by Guns N' Roses. Rick and I walked around the pool, watching our children swim in the moonlight.

Before leaving, I drew closer to the crowd. I recognized people from the beach and the restaurants on the compound. Their faces shone with sweat; their voices were tinged with alcohol. On our way back, we stopped in the parking lot so I could get a book I'd left in the van. On the pavement near our vehicle, I saw a dried, flattened toad. It appeared to be the same size as my friend from

the night before. I surveyed the nearby cars, SUVs and mini-vans side by side like sentinels. I wondered who had crushed the toad. Had it been one of us? In the distance, I could still hear the karaoke music. This time a man was belting the lyrics to "I'm proud to be an American."

The music began to fade in the distance, but grew louder again with the line, "And I gladly stand up."

The toad seemed even flatter the next morning when we were loading up the van to go home. I could still make out a tiny hand jutting out from his side as if he were hitch-hiking. When we pulled away from the sea-side compound, I thought about the jellyfish, the oil drilling rigs, and the lack of aviary wildlife at the beach. I wondered if the small creature shaped like a bottle-cap had been released in time. I even thought about the missing Teva sandals stolen from a huge pile of shoes and how the planet strains to sustain us.

There is no vacation from that.



# The Music of Sound

Once someone asked me  
What is sound?  
She could not hear.  
I said it is a kind of touch.  
It is the wind you feel outside,  
That rumbling of a freight train.  
It comes, it feels you,  
Makes its way through your skin,  
To your ears.  
It makes these small bones rattle,  
Tippity-tap like Morse code hands.  
It sends waves through channels  
Like snail shells,  
Makes hairs dance  
Like grass in the wind.  
It broadcasts itself with electricity,  
Straight to the brain,  
An infiltrator sending secret code.

But that is not its only power.

Sound can make things shatter,  
Can see right through you,  
Lay your insides bare.  
An earthquake is a sound,  
Leaving smoldering cities in its path.  
It is the first thing infants sense,  
And the last touch before death.

# Contributors

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**Mason Bohall:** Mason Bohall is a student attending the Bloomington Ivy Tech Campus. Impossible Ultimatum is a poem he has been fiddling with for a while and figured it was finally time to send it in.

**Honesty Bunch:** Honesty Bunch has always loved books, and felt the need to write ever since she could make letters. Her other creative interests include sewing, sketching, photography, scrapbooking, and occasionally painting. Her dream is to be a full-time writer with a small plush-toy business on the side. She is currently pursuing a degree in Business Administration at Ivy Tech Bloomington.

**Jason Campbell:** Jason Campbell lives in Bloomington. He currently attends Ivy Tech. He has previously attended IU and Oakland City University. He has had stories published this year in Blood Moon Rising Magazine. He was encouraged to submit his stories after taking a Creative Writing class taught by Christine Brandel, author and head of the English Department at Ivy Tech Bloomington.

**Adam High:** Adam High is a 2014 Ivy Tech-Bloomington graduate of Liberal Arts. He currently resides in Evansville, IN, where he is pursuing a degree in mechanical engineering from the University of Southern Indiana.

**Jonathan Holland:** Jonathan Holland is an Ivy Tech Graduate and employee, and he now attends IU.

**Logan Jefferson:** Logan Jefferson is a student of Ivy Tech who is studying to work as a writer.

**Alex Smith:** Alex Smith works in the tutoring center and teaches Biology at Ivy Tech Community College in Elkhart. He also manages a small vegetable farm and writes poetry in free moments.

**Andrew Quick:** When Andrew Quick first started going to Bloomington's Ivy Tech campus he had no idea what he wanted to do with my life. After three semesters here he has come to no conclusion, but has found more and more that he wants to keep writing. Each semester he has gone out of his way to take English classes and each time he has been amazed at how passionate and encouraging each of his English instructors have been. He would like to thank his instructors Lynn Schoch, Robert Betz, and Emily Bobo all for encouraging him to write.

**Trista Walker:** Trista Walker is currently attending Ivy Tech-Bloomington. She enjoys living in a world of books and writing, and there are constantly ink smudges on her fingers. The world outside of the Midwest calls to her and she looks forward to the day she can go off exploring. As long as there is always a good cup of coffee within reach she is generally content.

**Roy Waterford:** Roy Waterford is a 31 year old father, husband, student, musician, and occasional poet. Waterford is an aspiring farmer, and runs an independent hip hop label, Strong Roots Records, with his wife, Cassidy. He cites attributes his poetic inspiration to his faith and spirituality.

**Colleen Wells:** Colleen Wells writes from Bloomington, IN where she lives with her husband, three children, three dogs, and three cats. She has taught as an adjunct in the English Department at Ivy Tech Bloomington. Colleen has also taken courses in human services and creative writing through Ivy Tech and is working toward certification leading to facilitating therapeutic writing in the community.

**Jeff Grounds:** Jeff Grounds is a Fine Arts student at Ivy Tech in Bloomington. He loves music and art, and enjoys doing both.

**Chase Booe:** Chase Booe is only a person. His tasseled brain when he was alone promised to keep him treading sand.

**Anthony Morrow:** Anthony Morrow is a student at Ivy Tech.

**Lucas Sowders:** Lucas Sowders was born and raised in Bloomington, Indiana. He is a self taught artist that likes to experiment with all mediums. He likes his work to make you think, dream, and feel.

**Katrina Turk:** Keith Romaine likes her art, she thinks.

**Nikkia O'Bannon:** Nikkia O'Bannon submitted a picture of a bug sitting on the edge of a window that had been broken and covered in plastic and duct tape. She felt the tone was so dark and full of potential- she just had to submit it.

**Hannah Clausman:** Hannah Clausman is a freshman at the Bloomington Ivy Tech campus. She is majoring in Fine Arts. She has loved drawing for as long as she can remember and she has been self taught up to this point. She is always looking to expand her horizons and look for new things to learn. She also holds down a part time job as a shift manager at Penn Station. When she is not schooling, working or drawing she enjoys riding horses, fishing, creating digital art, and relaxing in a hammock.

**Irda Sahnaz:** Irda Sahnaz believes on rainy days, it feels lonely without colors.

**Tony Minich:** Tony Minich has taught and tutored numerous subjects at Ivy Tech college. His greatest passions lie in anything creative—including theater, literature, engineering, sculpture, and music. He likes old motorcycles, farm tractors, nuts, cherries, blueberries, being with dogs, nature, meditation, taking things apart, laughter, and friends.



