

THE KALEIDOSCOPE

JOURNAL OF ART & LITERATURE.

EDITORS: DANIELLE MADTSON
RYAN DOWELL

ASSISTANT EDITORS: LINDSEY NEBERGALL
RICH MARKLEY
SAM SHAFER

FACULTY ADVISOR: DOUGLAS OKEY

COVER DESIGN: RYAN DOWELL

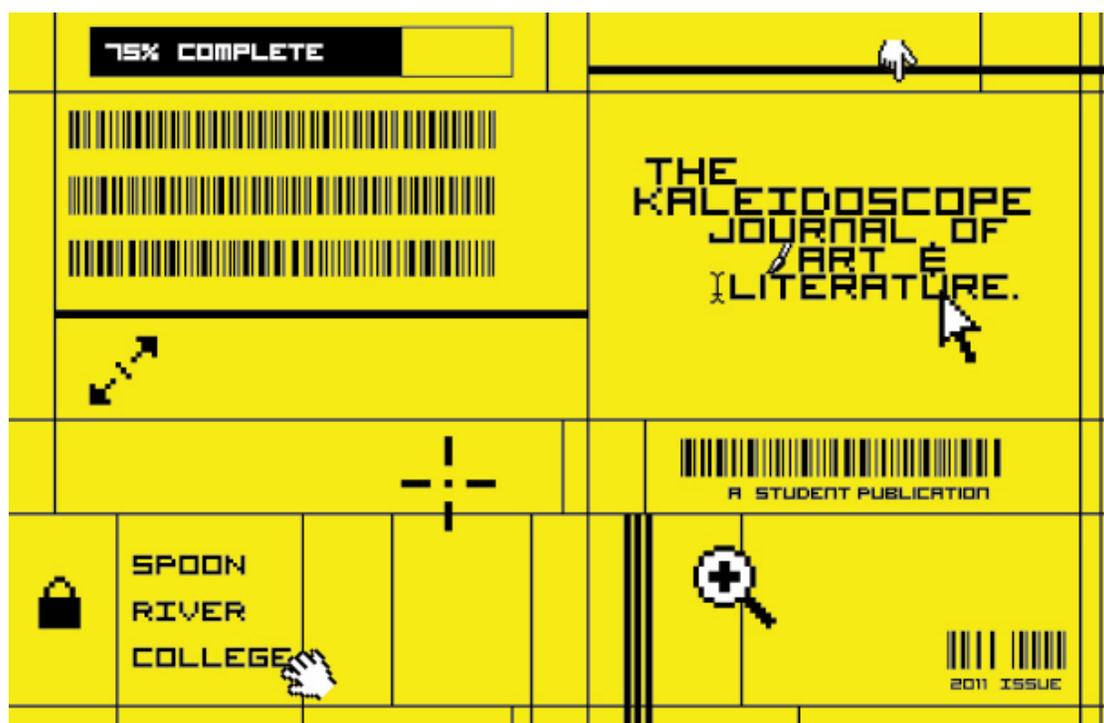


TABLE OF CONTENTS

ALEX OGDEN - 14
DAVID SMAIL - 11
DANIELLE MADTSON - 2,8,11,12,16,17,19,23
GARRY MATHEWS - 5,13
JESSICA DICKINSON - 12,18,30
JOY WHITE - 8
KARA BLACK - 11,17,18,29
LINDSEY NEBERGALL - 28
MATT SALE - 3
MOLLY GLAD - 24
PHILLIP TURNER - 29
RICH MARKLEY - 7,26
RYAN DOWELL - 13,15,19,20,21,22,23,25,27
RYAN LASHBROOK - 22,26
SAM SHAFER - 5,13
STEPHANIE REED - 22,24
SUSIE MATHEWS - 9,21,25
TAYLOR SNOWMAN - 3,4,6,16,17,20
TISHA MARKLEY - 4,5,6,10,16,20,21,25,27

Spoon River College supports the study of the arts through its academic programs and student life activities.

We offer an Associate of Arts and Science degree with related concentration options in:

Art • Communications • Drama • English

These degree programs are transferrable to many Illinois public universities.

For those interested in the growing field of digital media, Spoon River College offers an Associate of Applied Science degree in **Electronic Design** with related certificates in **Web Design** and **Graphic Design**. These options will provide the education and training you need to obtain entry-level positions in these growing career fields. Through the college's student clubs and organizations you can enhance your education in the fine arts, including theatre productions, music ensembles, poetry, art exhibitions and more.

For information about educational opportunities in the arts, talk to a helpful Spoon River College advisor.



www.src.edu
309.649.6400



LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

ALL OF MY LIFE, I HAVE ALWAYS ENJOYED ART IN ITS MANY FORMS. I HAVE ALWAYS FELT THAT THE WORLD WOULD BE MORE BEAUTIFUL WITH LOTS OF BRIGHT COLORS, AND I APPRECIATE EVERYTHING OF BEAUTY IN THIS WORLD. THE KALEIDOSCOPE HAS ALWAYS FASCINATED ME, AND I WAS ANXIOUS TO BECOME A PART OF SOMETHING THAT SHOWCASES ALL OF THE ARTISTIC TALENT THAT SRC STUDENTS POSSESS. I AM PROUD TO HAVE BEEN A PART OF SOMETHING THAT IS SO SPECIAL AT SRC AND I HAVE MET SOME WONDERFUL PEOPLE THAT I WILL MISS WHEN I GRADUATE.

RYAN DOWELL IS SIMPLY AMAZING NOT ONLY AS AN ARTIST, BUT AS A PERSON AS WELL. RYAN AND I BONDED OVER OUR LOVE OF ART AND HE CONTINUES TO INSPIRE ME EVERY DAY. I WILL MISS RYAN THE MOST OUT OF THE PEOPLE I'VE MET AT SRC, BECAUSE HE IS ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS. I COULD NOT ASK FOR A BETTER CO-EDITOR, AND I WISH HIM THE BEST OF LUCK IN ALL OF HIS ENDEAVORS.

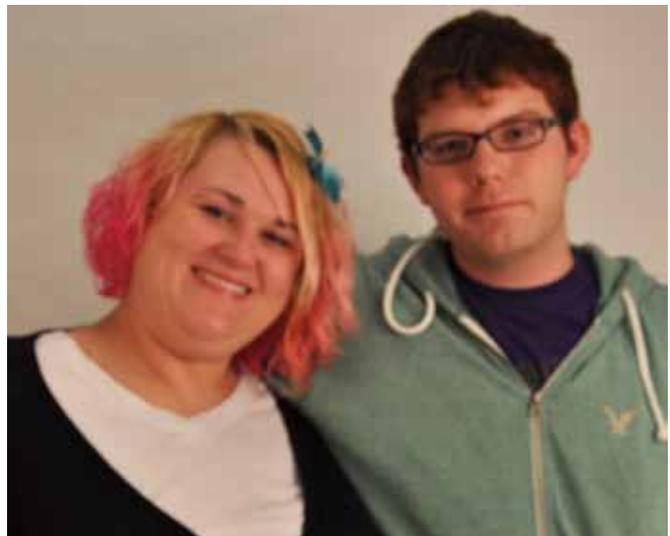
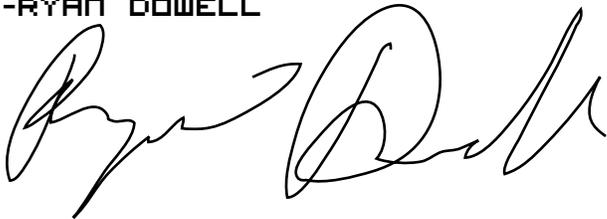
LINDSEY NEBERGALL IS AN AWESOME PERSON WHO APPRECIATES ART AND MUSIC, AND IS ALSO ONE OF MY CLOSEST FRIENDS. SHE IS A RAY OF SUNSHINE ON A CLOUDY DAY, AND HER SMILE BRIGHTENS UP ANY ROOM SHE WALKS INTO. RICH MARKLEY IS EXTREMELY INTELLIGENT AND LOOKS AT THINGS IN A DIFFERENT WAY, WHICH HELPED ME UNDERSTAND MANY ASPECTS IN WAYS I NEVER COULD BEFORE. SAM SHAFER IS ALSO AN AMAZING ARTIST, AND HIS PERSPECTIVE ON ART IS VERY UNIQUE DUE TO HIS CINEMATOGRAPHY BACKGROUND. HE ALWAYS KNOWS WHAT TO SAY OR DO TO MAKE ME SMILE, AND I WILL MISS HIM.

-DANIELLE MADTSON



I FEEL THAT THIS PUBLICATION IS ONE OF THE SHINING EXAMPLES OF THE TALENTED PEOPLE WHO ARE HERE AT SPOON RIVER COLLEGE. THIS MAGAZINE ONLY SHOWCASES SOME OF THE TRIUMPHS OF THESE STUDENTS. EVERY DAY IN THE ART, WRITING, AND DRAMA LABS AND ROOMS YOU CAN JUST SEE CREATIVITY THRIVING IN THESE AMAZING INDIVIDUALS. I'M SO GLAD TO BE A PART OF THIS PUBLICATION WITH SUCH WONDERFUL PEOPLE. DANIELLE IS ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS AND SHE HAS BEEN A MUSE TO ME ARTISTICALLY. SHE BRIGHTENS MY DAYS WITH HER KINDNESS AND ALSO HER AMAZING HAIR. THIS YEAR WE ALSO HAVE TWO NEW ASSISTANT EDITORS TO PASS THE TORCH ONTO NEXT YEAR. LINDSEY NEBERGALL IS ONE OF THE FUNNIEST PEOPLE I HAVE EVER MET AND ALSO ONE OF THE SWEETEST. SHE HAS A KEEN EYE FOR ARTWORK AND WRITING AND I KNOW I SHE'S A RIGHT PICK FOR NEXT YEAR. THE SAME WITH RICH MARKLEY, HE TOO SHARES A KEEN EYE FOR STUDENT WORK AND WAS A GREAT PERSON TO WORK WITH. SAM SHAFER MAY NOT BE COMING BACK TO BE AN EDITOR TO THE MAGAZINE NEXT YEAR BUT HE TOO HAD A KEEN EYE FOR WORK. THIS YEAR'S MAGAZINE IS AWESOME AND I AM VERY PROUD OF ALL THE TALENT IN THESE PAGES. JUST AS VAN GOGH ONCE SAID, "GREAT THINGS ARE DONE BY A SERIES OF SMALL THINGS BROUGHT TOGETHER."

-RYAN DOWELL



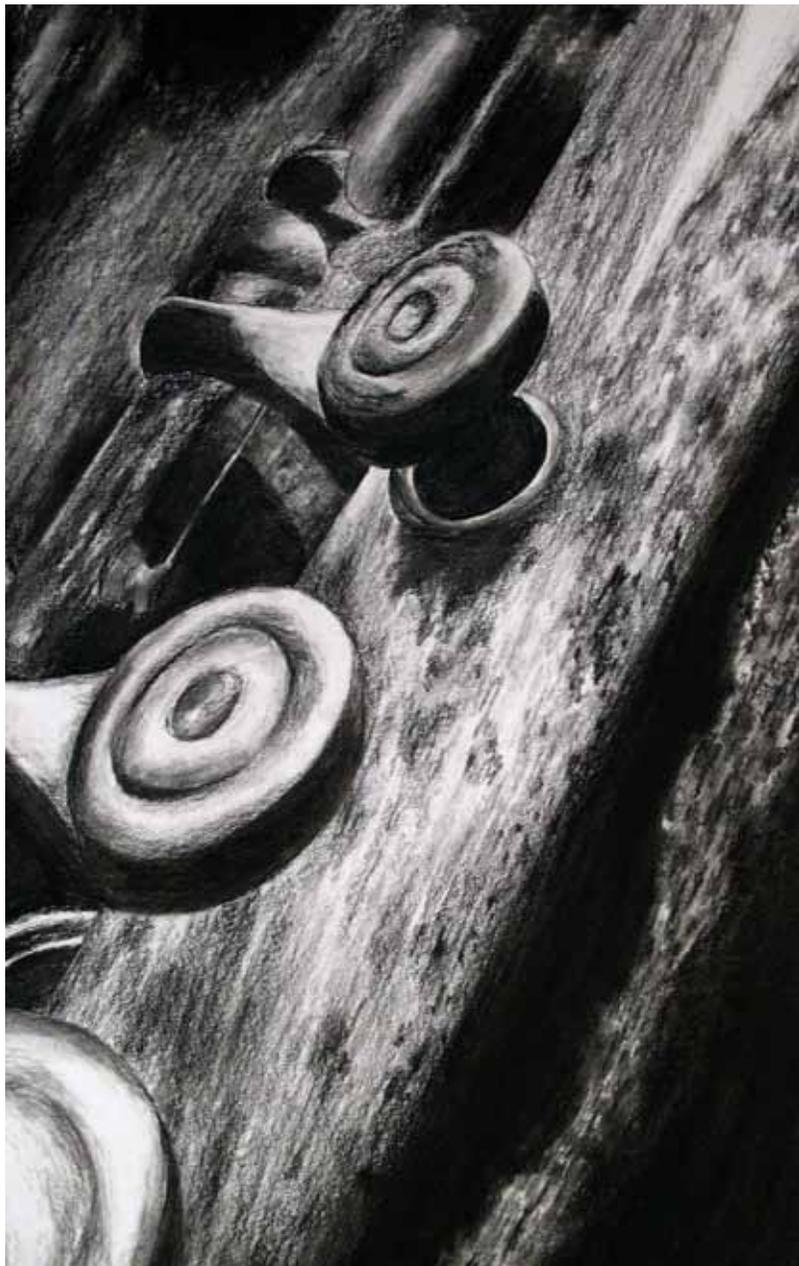


FORGOTTEN MELODY
DANIELLE MADTSON

GONE

MATT SALE

ARE YOU STILL AWAKE?
HE'S GONE NOW, WALKED HOME
SHALL WE DRIVE ALONE?
THE FIREFLIES WILL LIGHT OUR WAY
MORNING NOW, WE CANNOT STAY
BANISHED FROM THE GARDEN
DO NOT LEAVE
LET US PLAY
STILL HERE?
TAKE MY BREAST IN HAND,
TO FEEL
TO HEAL
NO MORE TIME
WE MUST RUN
BUT KEEP AND LAST
THIS TASTE
MY TONGUE
I AM ONE



OLD BUT NOT FORGOTTEN
TAYLOR SNOWMAN



**ALL FOR YOU
TAYLOR SNOWMAN**

**I CAN DO THIS ALONE
TISHA MARKLEY**

DON'T BE JUDGMENTAL
IT'S NOT YOUR PLACE
YOU SHOULDN'T OPINE
ON THE CONCEPT'S FACE

IT ISN'T NUANCE
BUT IT'S TRUTH YET UNKNOWN
YOU KNOW NOT OF BENEATH
SO JUST LET IT ALONE

IT ISN'T YOUR PLACE
THOUGH A SPADE IS A SPADE
YOUR IDEAS ARE YOURS
BUT MY BED IS MADE

THE DREAMS THAT I LABOR
ARE DESPERATE AND CLEAN
AND FROM THEM I SUFFER
BUT KNOWLEDGE IS GLEANED

I'VE WADED AND SHUFFLED
I'VE PLAYED OUT MY HAND
I KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE
I DON'T NEED YOUR HAND

YOU CLAIM TO BE HELPFUL
BUT YOU'RE TRULY JUST EYES
YOU WANT TO SEE FAILURE
WANT TO SEE WHO WILL DIE

YOU PUSH ME, YOU QUESTION
YOU MUST KNOW IT ALL
YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND
I'M NOT UP FROM THIS FALL

I'M STILL ON MY KNEES
AND YOUR GRIN, OBVIOUS
YOUR CONCERN IS FEIGNED
I'M NOT DELIVIOUS

I DON'T LIKE YOUR CANDOR
I DON'T LIKE YOUR TONE
JUST TAKE A STEP BACK
I CAN DO THIS ALONE.

UNIVERSE

TISHA MARKLEY

ISN'T IT INTERESTING
HOW WE'RE ALL SO INTERWINED?
LEFT BEHIND?
YET, CONSIGNED
MUCH MALIGNED
BY STATIC BEAUTY THROUGH THE VEIL.

WE TRUDGE ON, PROMISE ON OUR TAILS,
AS IF WE'VE NO WAY TO PREVAIL.

FASCINATING THAT WE
ALWAYS KNOW WHICH WAY TO GET LOST.
BUT WE'RE BLISSFULLY IGNORANT OF COST.
NO AVENUE WE WON'T EXHAUST.
WE'RE STARDUST, YOU AND ME.

STARDUST WITH A SENTIENT BENT
ANCIENT ALIENS, WE EVOLVED IN HOT, VOLCANIC
VENTS
WE'RE RESILIENT LITTLE LADIES AND GENTS
BUT WE'RE CAUGHT UP IN OUR THIGHS
AND HOW WE LOOK IN EACH OTHERS' EYES.

SUCH CHAOTIC, VIOLENT BEGINNINGS
BUT WE'RE ALWAYS UP FOR EXTRA INNINGS
SUCH A SUPRISE TO ME
THAT ONE COULD EVER DREAM
OF MAKING SOMETHING UP TO DENY THE BIG
BANG

13.7 BILLION YEARS IS NO LIE
BUT WE'RE BACK TO BATTLE CRIES.
GODS AND MONSTERS AND SONS AND GHOSTS
AND VIRGINS WE SHOULD TOAST
AND WINTER DAYS TO MAKE THE MOST
OF WHAT THE FAIRYTALE PERMITTED US TO
HAVE

I LOVE THE UNIVERSE IN YOU
I LOVE THE UNIVERSE IN ME
I LOVE THE UNIVERSE OF EVERYTHING THAT WE
CAN HOPE TO BE.



THE IDEAL MODEL AND SHOPPER
SAM SHAFER



KING TUT
GARRY MATHEWS

YOU WILL DIE

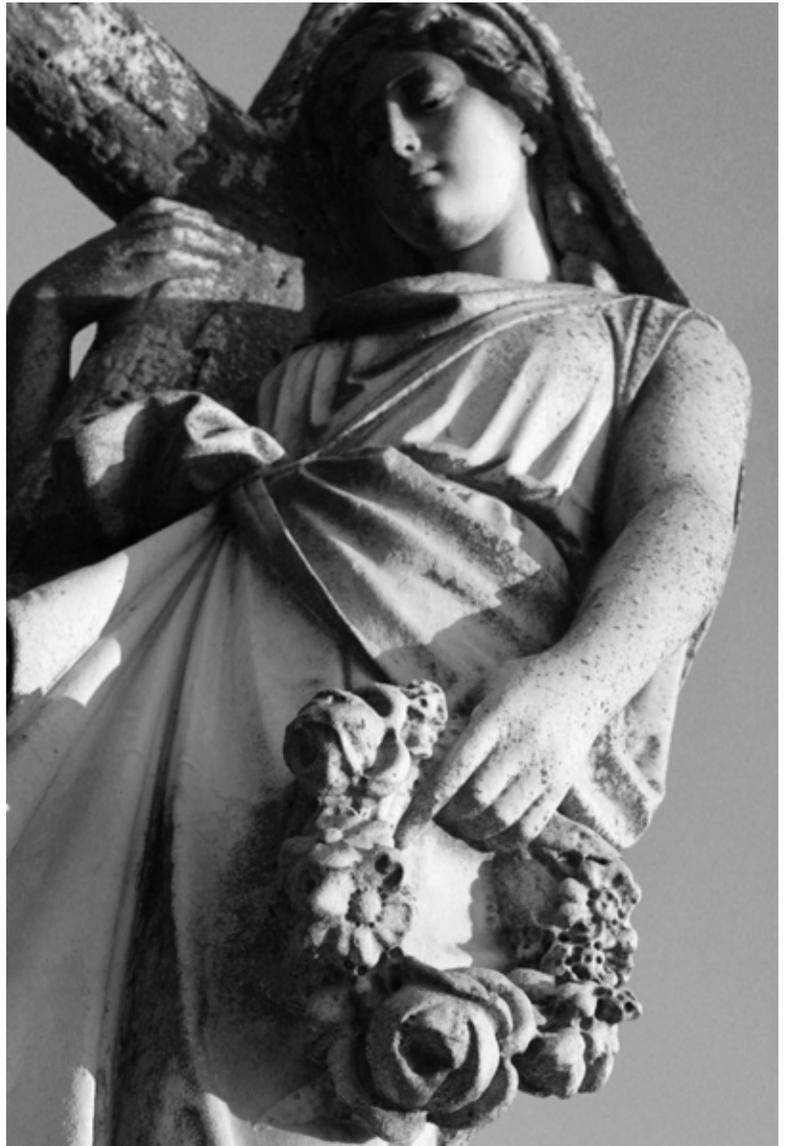
TISHA MARKLEY

WHEN LIFE GETS OVERWHELMING
REMEMBER YOU WILL DIE.
KEEP FIRM IN MIND THAT ALL THIS COULD
PASS ON IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE

HOLD FIRM TO LIFE, THAT'S ALL THERE IS
THERE'S JUST THE HERE AND NOW
A MOMENT'S THOUGHT OF BLEAKNESS
COULD
YOU, WITH HOPE, ENDOW.

REMEMBERING MORTALITY
IS BEST HOW I ENDURE
THE THOUGHTS THAT I CAN TAKE NO
MORE.
IT ANNEALS BUT REMAINS OBSCURE.

NOT MANY CONTEMPLATE THEMSELVES
AS CEASING, ONCE, TO BE.
BUT THE FLEETINGNESS OF LIFE
IS WHAT MAKES IT SWEET, TO ME.



THE LAST TIME
TAYLOR SNOWMAN

LOCKED IN

RICH MARKLEY

YOU FIND YOURSELF AT A PARTY YOU NEVER WANTED TO GO TO IN THE FIRST PLACE, FRIENDS DRAGGING YOU ALONG SO THEY CAN MEET UP WITH SOMETHING THAT MAKES THEIR LITTLE HEART GO PITTER-PAT. WITH A SIGH YOU SKIRT AROUND THE HOUSE, SCURRY-ING AWAY AS THE ROOMS FILL UP WITH BLEACHED WOMEN COVERED IN SO MUCH GLITTER IT WOULD CHOKE TINKERBELL, AND MEN SPORTING TRUCKER HATS THAT ONLY THEY FIND IRONIC. IF THESE PEOPLE MIGHT HAVE BEEN JUST YOUR FRIENDS YOU COULD HAVE SEEN YOURSELF BLENDING IN, THROWING BACK THE RED PLASTIC CUPS WITH THE BEST OF THEM, INSTEAD YOU FIND YOURSELF SLINKING AWAY.

YOU PLACE YOURSELF IN QUIET CORNERS ONLY TO BE CHASED AWAY AS MORE PEOPLE SPILL IN, UNTIL YOUR ONLY CHOICE IS THE LAUNDRY ROOM OR A BATHROOM. AFTER FIGURING OUT WHICH ONE IT IS HAS THE LOCK YOU SWOOP INTO A STARK WHITE BATHROOM AND QUICKLY LOCK THE DOOR BEHIND YOU. LEANING AGAINST THE STURDY DOOR YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES AND TRY TO RELAX FOR A SECOND. BIG PARTIES HAVE NEVER REALLY BEEN YOUR THING AND YOU AREN'T REALLY SURE WHY IT IS YOU SAID YOU WOULD COME TO THIS ONE, OH THAT'S RIGHT BECAUSE THEY ASKED YOU TO.

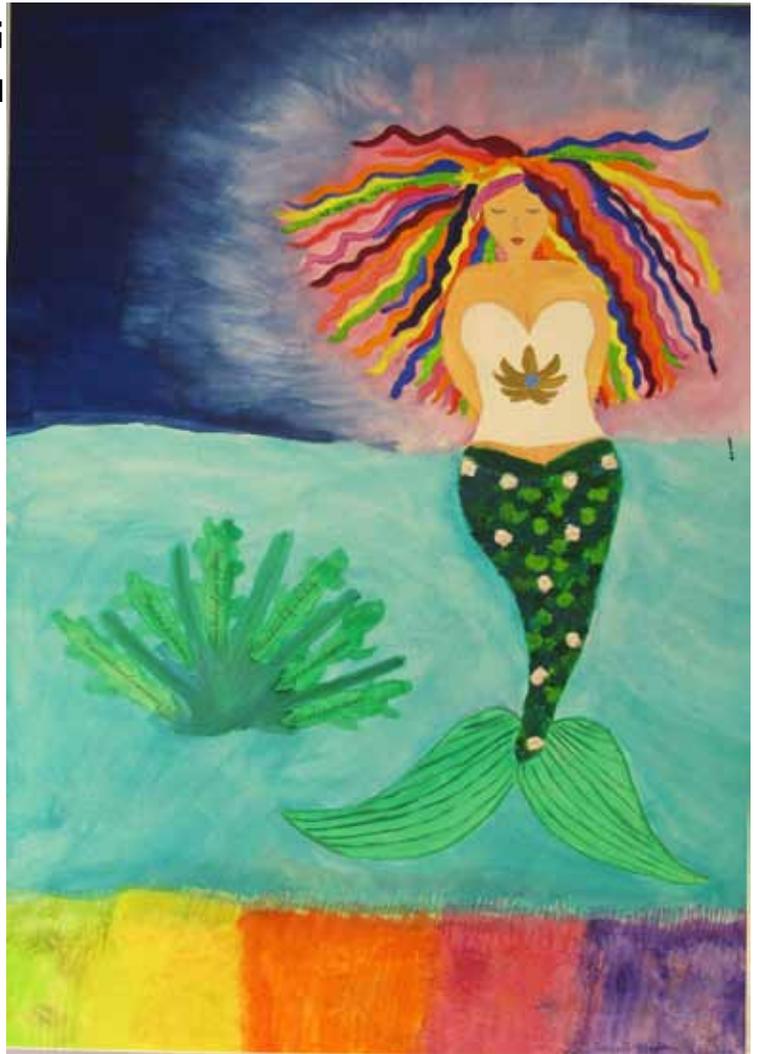
YOU SLIDE TO THE FLOOR, CHUCKLING TO YOURSELF AS YOU REALIZE HOW COMPLETELY RIDICULOUS THE SITUATION IS. YOU CAME TO A PARTY TO SPEND TIME WITH SOMEONE AND YOU'VE LOCKED YOURSELF AWAY FROM EVERYONE, WHAT A BRILLIANT PLAN. STANDING YOU BRUSH YOURSELF OFF A LITTLE, LOOKING AT YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR TO MAKE SURE YOU LOOK PRESENTABLE. A KNOCK ON THE DOOR BREAKS YOU OUT OF YOUR THOUGHTS, YOUR HAND SHOOTING OUT TO IMMEDIATELY SHUT OFF THE LIGHT.

STANDING IN THE DARK YOU WONDER WHY YOU JUST DID THAT, WHO EVER IS OUTSIDE THE DOOR IS GOING TO SEE THE LIGHT FROM UNDER THE DOOR GO OUT AND KNOW SOMEONE IS THERE. ANOTHER WELL THOUGHT OUT PLAN, YOU THINK TO YOURSELF AS YOU REACH FOR THE LIGHT. YOUR HAND COMES IN CONTACT WITH COLD TILE, SLIDING ALONG IT LOOKING FOR THE SWITCH YOU JUST HIT. CONFUSION FLOODS YOUR MIND AS YOU CAN'T SEEM TO FIND IT, THEN FEAR SLOWLY MOUNTING INSIDE YOU AS YOU THE SECONDS TICK PAST. IT IS THEN THAT YOU REALIZE THAT YOU CAN'T EVEN FEEL THE DOOR, JUST PIECE AFTER PIECE OF COLD TILE. YOUR HEART IS THREATENING TO BEAT OUT OF YOUR CHEST AS YOU FLING YOUR WHOLE BODY AGAINST THE WALL, TRYING TO FIND ANY POSSIBLE EXIT.

IN THE BACK OF YOUR MIND YOU CAN'T HELP BUT THINK THAT IN SOME SICK WAY THIS IS WHAT YOU WISHED FOR, YOU CAME TO A PARTY AND MORE THAN ANYTHING YOU WANTED TO BE ALONE. TEARS RUNNING DOWN YOUR CHEEKS AS YOU REALIZE HOW DESPERATELY YOU DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE, YOU WOULD KILL TO HAVE SOMEONE THERE WITH YOU IN THE DARK SO YOU AREN'T ALONE.

"DON'T WORRY, YOU AREN'T," COMES FROM BEHIND YOU IN THE DARKNESS, WARM BREATH TICKLING ACROSS YOUR NECK AS THE DEEP VOICE SPEAKS ALMOST TEASINGLY.

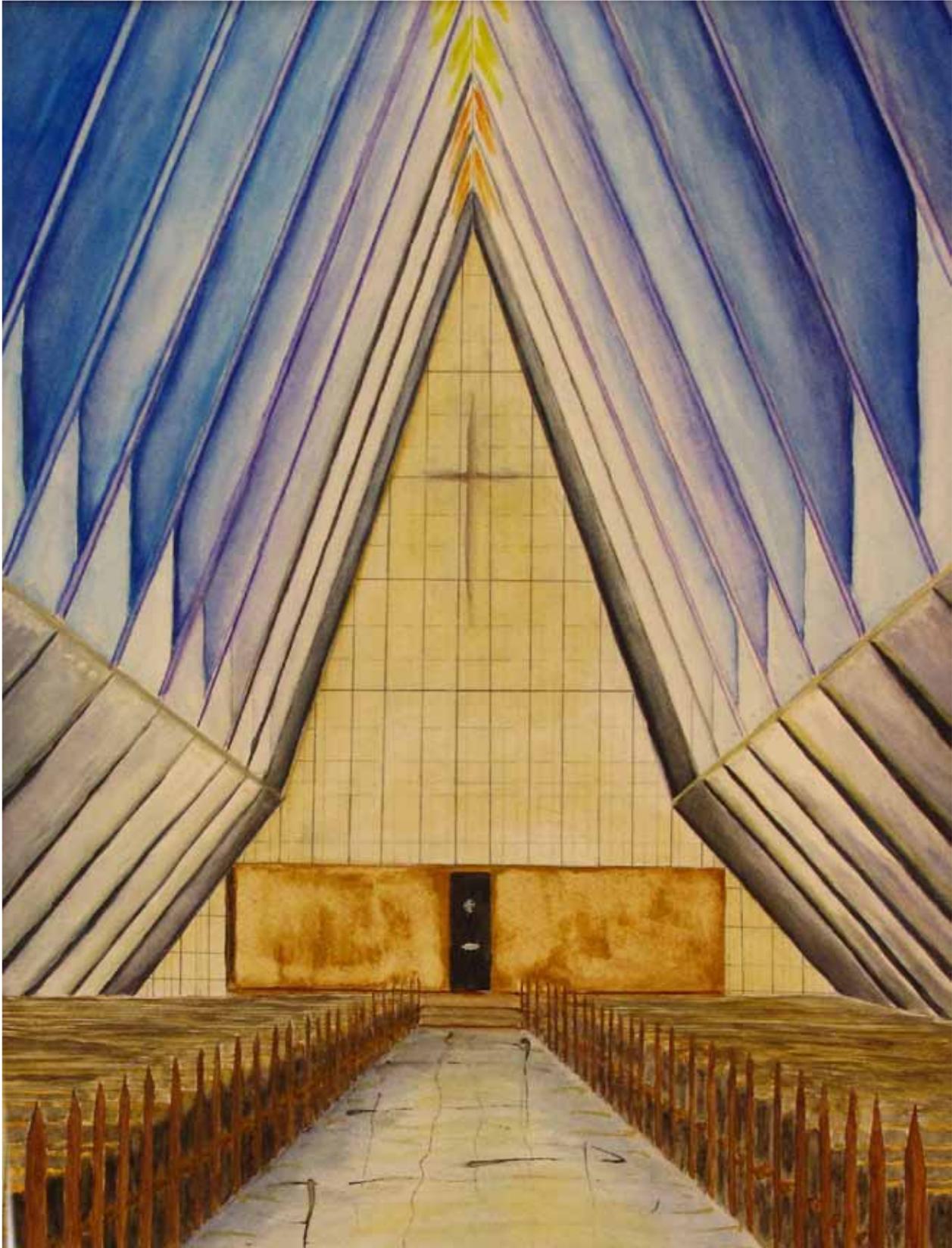
METAMORPHOSIS
DANIELLE MADTSON



THE SHORE
JOY WHITE

WE ALL TREMBLED WITH EXCITEMENT AS WE HEARD THE WEATHERMAN ON THE 9 O'CLOCK NEWS SPEAKING OF THE WEATHER ABOUT TO APPROACH OUR AREA. I WAS 12 YEARS OLD THEN, AND ABOUT TO FACE MY FIRST HURRICANE. I COULD TELL BY THE MORNING GRAYISH-BLACK SKY THAT WHATEVER WAS COMING, WAS HARSH AND BRUTAL. STANDING ON THE PORCH OF THE HOUSE THAT MY GRANDFATHER HAD BUILT FROM HIS EARNINGS IN WORLD WAR II, I FELT SAFE AND SOUND. I LOOKED AHEAD AS A MASSIVE RUSH OF AIR MOVED IN, AND THE SKY'S GRAY COLOR HAD BEGUN TO SWIRL. THE HOUSE WAS BUILT ON A SMALL PIECE OF LAND JUST OFF OF THE RIVER THAT WASN'T VERY FAR FROM THE BAY. I REMEMBER AS A CHILD HOW EVERY FOURTH OF JULY, I WOULD APPRECIATE THAT DAY AND SWIM AS MY ENTIRE FAMILY CELEBRATED WITH A PARTY. THIS HOUSE WAS MORE THAN A BUILDING, IT WAS A MONUMENT OF OUR FAMILY, AND OF GOOD TIMES.

I SUDDENLY HEARD A DOOR SLAM SHUT. I TURNED TO LOOK BEHIND ME, AND I SAW MY COUSIN BRAVING THE WIND AND SMILING. I ALMOST COULD NOT TELL IF HE WAS SMILING OR THE WIND OF THE STORM WAS FORCING A SMILE ON HIM BUT HIS EYES SAID EVERYTHING! HE WAS FEELING THE SAME RUSH OF EXCITEMENT AS I WAS. WE WATCHED AS THE WATER REFLECTED THE BRIGHT GRAY OF THE SKY, AS THE SUN'S LIGHT WAS BARELY SEEN. THOUGH THE WIND WAS LOUD I COULD HEAR MY AUNT'S VOICE CLEAR AS SHE ORDERED US TO COME INSIDE. HER VOICE IS THE KIND THAT IS SWEET AS HONEY BUT COULD BEND STEEL. AS WE RELUCTANTLY HEADED INSIDE, WE COULD HEAR THE BOATS CRUNCHING AGAINST THE DOCK.



AIR FORCE ACADEMY CHAPEL
SUSIE MATHEWS

HEART SLEEVE

TISHA MARKLEY

AS IF I'M GOING TO START WEARING MY
HEART ON MY SLEEVE.
AS IF I'D WALK AROUND SMILING WITH MY
CHEST OPEN WIDE.
I COULD NEVER LET YOU SEE THIS PART
OF ME.
I COULD NEVER LET YOU SEE THE THINGS
I HIDE.

THERE ARE THINGS LOCKED INSIDE ME WITH
WORDS AS THE LOCKS.
YOU CAN TICK ALL THE TUMBLERS BUT
YOU WON'T GET IN.
MY HEART IS STONE COLD AND IT'S HARD
AS A ROCK
AS FAR AS YOU KNOW, AND YOU AREN'T
GETTING IN.

I'D SAY I PREFER HONESTY BUT THAT IS
A LIE
I PREFER IT FROM YOU BUT I WON'T BE
SO KIND
YOU CAN YELL ALL YOU WANT, I'M NOT
GOING TO CRY
I'M TOO HARD MYSELF, I THINK YOU MAY
FIND.

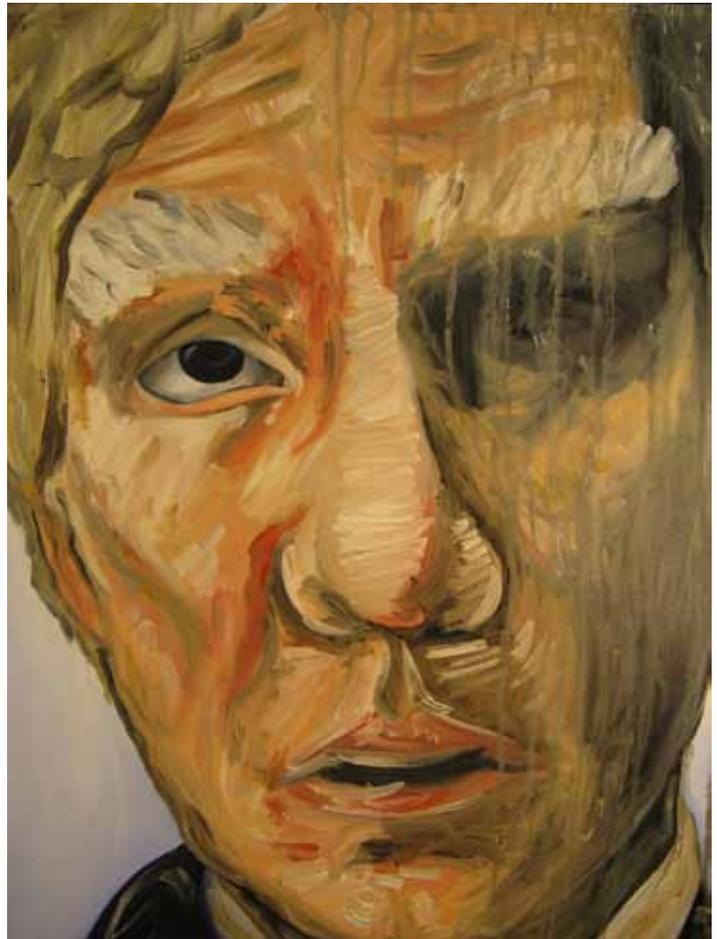
"TO MY GRAVE" IS A STATEMENT I'D LOVE
TO PROFESS
BUT I'M NOT GOOD AT BEING TIGHT-LIPPED
I'M A BOOK LEFT WIDE OPEN WITH SE-
CRETS TO CONFESS

I'M TRYING TO BE WHAT I'VE WANTED TO
BE
FROM THE DAY I LEARNED I COULD DE-
CIDE
BUT TO CHOOSE ISN'T MAKING, I SOON DID
SEE
AND TO MAKE IS TO FIGHT OFF THE TIDE

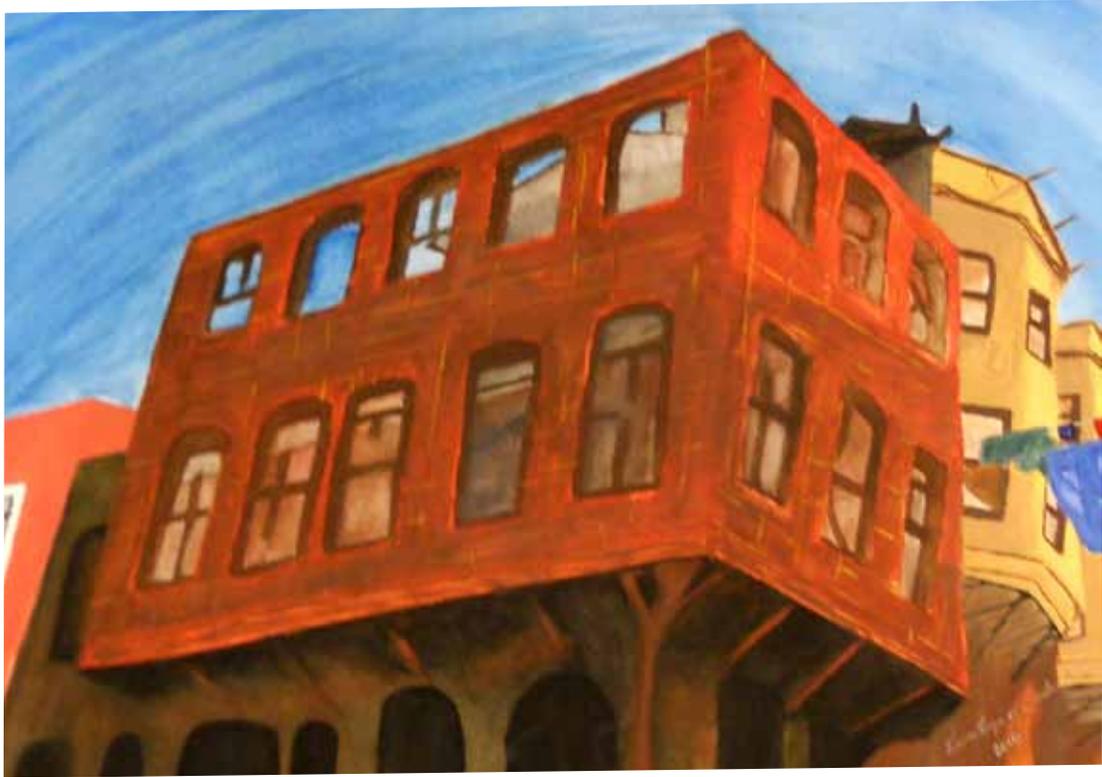
SO PERHAPS MY SLEEVE THE PLACE TO
BE
FOR A FROZEN LITTLE BASTARD LIKE HIM
MAYBE HE'LL GROW AND FEEL AND SEE
AND MAYBE I'LL LEARN TO TRUST HIM
AGAIN.



PLAYTIME
KARRA BLACK



STUDY OF WARHOL
RYAN DOWELL



LOOMING DECAY
KARA BLACK



TREE OF LIFE
DAVID SMAIL



ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL
DANIELLE MADTSON

LOVE BITES
DANIELLE MADTSON



OPEN HEART
JESSICA DICKINSON



LOVE MANIFESTO
DANIELLE MADTSON

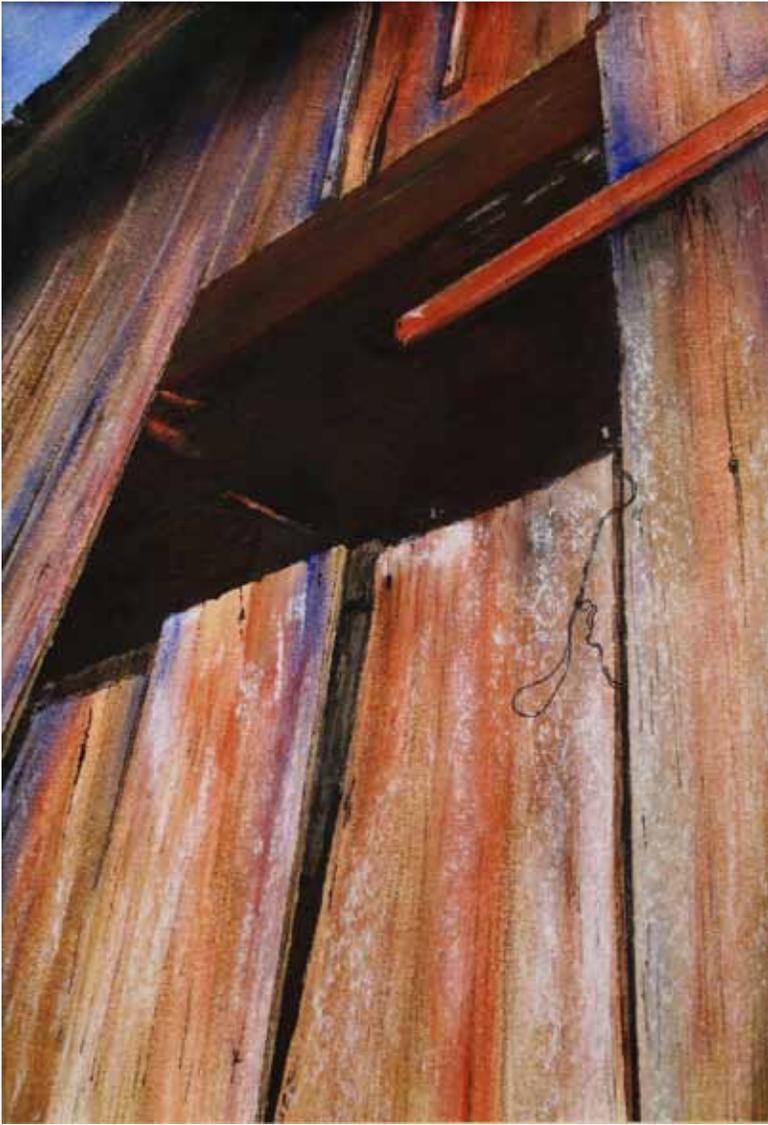
I HOPE SHE MAKES YOU HAPPY
I HOPE SHE MAKES YOU SMILE
I HOPE THAT SHE IS ABLE
TO GO THAT EXTRA MILE.

WE COULD HAVE BEEN SO PHENOMENAL
SO BEAUTIFUL, SO FREE
BUT ALL OF THAT JUST TURNED TO DUST
THE MOMENT YOU DIDN'T PICK ME

I WON'T BE BACK FOR SECONDS
I'VE SEVERED ALL OUR TIES
BECAUSE YOU WERE SO SELFISH
I'M DONE BELIEVING THE LINES

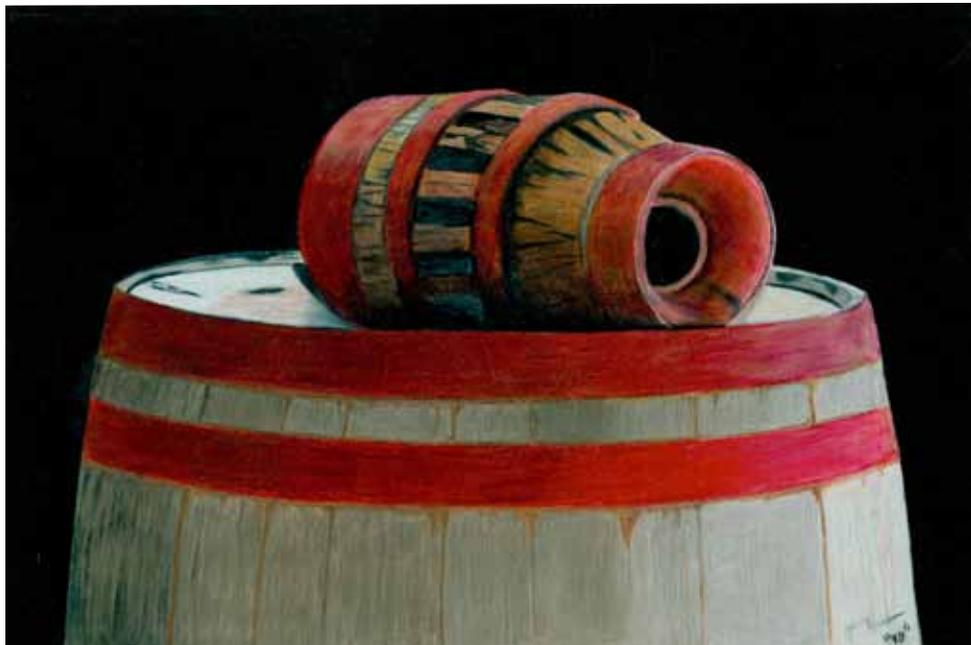
HER FACE LOOKS LIKE A TRAIN WRECK
HER MIND IS EMPTY AND COMPLIANT
SO DIFFERENT FROM ME IN MANY WAYS
I GUESS I'M MORE DEFIANT

ACCEPT ME AS I AM
DON'T EXPECT ME TO CHANGE
BECAUSE THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH ME
I GUESS I WAS JUST OUT OF YOUR RANGE.



JAR OF BROKEN HEARTS
SAM SHAFER

AGED BEAUTY
RYAN DOWELL



ALL THAT REMAINS
GARRY MATHEWS



 SPOON
RIVER
COLLEGE

kaliedoscope

2010-2011

3RD PLACE COVER DESIGN

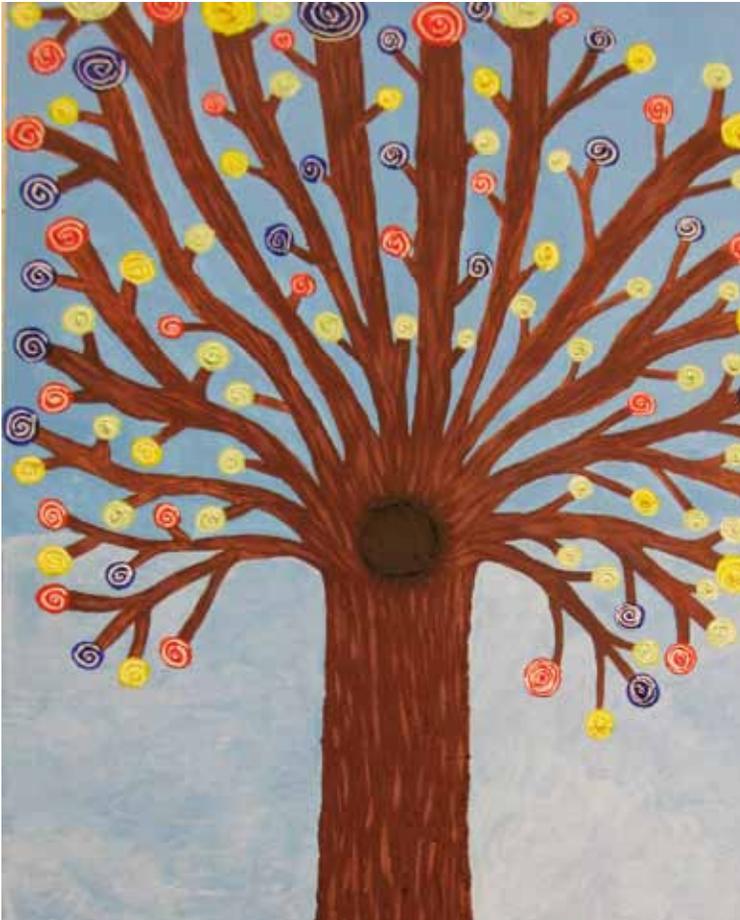
ALEX OGDEN



2ND PLACE COVER DESIGN
RYAN DOWELL

SLEEPING BEAUTY

TISHA MARKLEY



SWEET DREAMS
DANIELLE MADTSON

MY NAME IS SLEEPING BEAUTY.
BETTER KNOWN AS SWEET AURORA.
MY FINGER PRICKED A THORN AND NOW I'M
THROUGH.

I WAIT IN BEDS OF SILK AND VELVET
ON A MAN TO COME AND KISS ME.
IT'S NOT WHAT IT SOUNDS LIKE BUT IT'S
TRUE.

MY HAIR AND MAKE UP, PERFECT, THAT'S A
MUST.
MY DRESS, NO WRINKLES, FITS ME LIKE A
GLOVE.
OUR LOVE IS SUDDEN, UNEXPLORED,
BECAUSE HE WOKE ME HOURS BEFORE
OUR WEDDING DAY, THE DAY HE TOOK THE
CROWN.

MY NAME COULD BE OPHELIA, SO YOU SEE.
EVERY THOUGHT, DECISION, MADE FOR ME.

I AM WRITTEN BY MY HUSBAND,
NOT A HUMAN BEING, AM I?
A DIFFERENT KIND OF JESTER IN HIS
COURT.

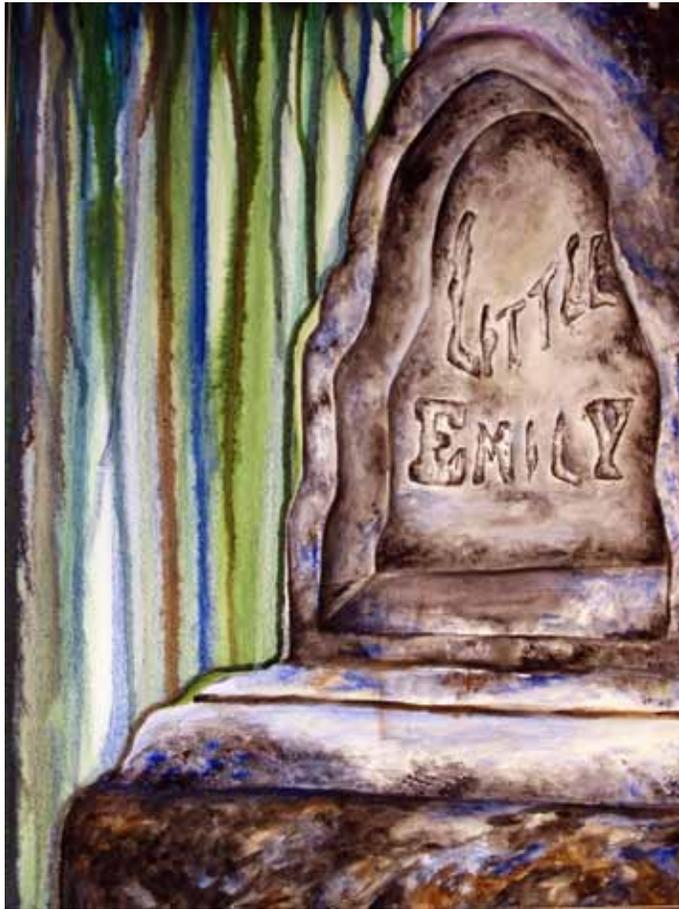
THIS IS ALL THE FREEDOM I HAVE KNOWN.
AND THIS IS ALL THE FREEDOM I WILL
KNOW.

A CROWN ON MEN DENOTES DISTINCTION
ON A WOMAN, JUST EXTINCTION
OF THE FREEDOM JUST, ALONE, TO THINK.

DISNEY TELLS YOU FIRMLY, GIRLS, DON'T
SEE
ALL THE THINGS AHEAD OF YOU AND ME.
JUST KEEP SMILING
DON'T GET WRINKLES!
BAKE HIM COOKIES,
LOTS OF SPRINKLES!
THINKING GIVES YOU FROWN LINES!
DON'T DO THAT!



TRUE BEAUTY
TAYLOR SNOWMAN



PARENT'S WORST NIGHTMARE
TAYLOR SNOWMAN

HARD PILL TO SWALLOW

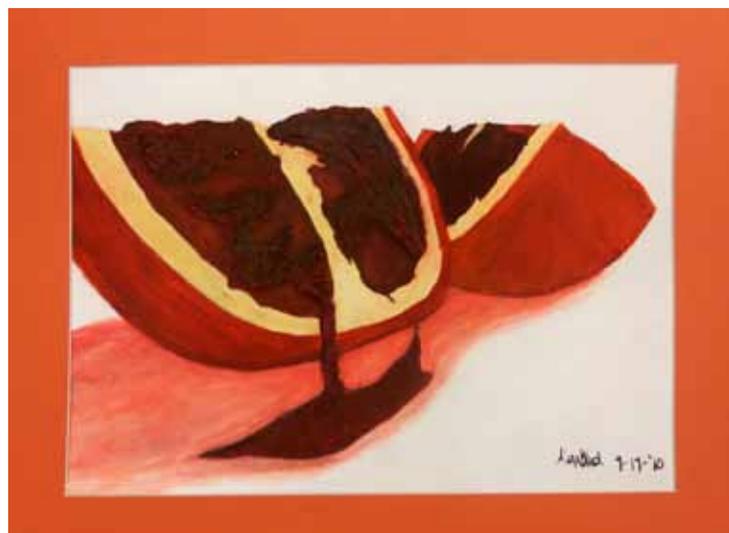
DANIELLE MADTSON

I SAID "I'VE GAVE UP TRYING."
YOU PUSHED MY HAND AWAY
WITH TEARS IN MY EYES, I TRIED AND TRIED
TO THINK OF BETTER DAYS

LIKE WILD FLOWERS IN THE FIELD
AND THE LOVE NOTES ON MY WINDSHIELD
EVERYTHING BECAME SO REAL, SO FAST
AND YET I FEEL LIKE I AM PUT LAST.

SO YOU CAN TAKE EVERYTHING BACK
EVERY EMPTY PROMISE
EVERYTHING THAT YOU LACK
BECAUSE OUR JOURNEY IS NEAR THE END

TRUE COLORS ARE HARD TO HIDE
YOU CONCEAL THEM, AND THEY SHINE FROM
THE INSIDE
I NO LONGER LIKE WHAT I SEE
I FEEL THAT IT IS TIME TO TRULY BE ME



BLOOD ORANGES
KARA BLACK



SELF PORTRAIT
KARA BLACK

DARK SENTINEL
JESSICA DICKINSON

ON PURPLED HORIZON HE TAKE'S QUIET WING
OBSIDIAN SENTINEL, GRAVEN, STOIC AND GRIM,
BELIES HIS PURPOSE AND DOES NOT SING.
A HOVERING TEAR ACROSS THE DIM.
AN OTHERWORLDLY AUSTERE GO-BETWEEN,
ESCORT FOR THE UNROTting, INFINITE REPOSED.
DUSKY SHADOW OF OBSERVED BUT SELDOM SEEN,
UNTIL HE ATTENDS HIS SERVICE, UNOPPOSED.
PRESENT TO PLUCK WITH POISED AND CLEVER BEAK,
THE IMMORTAL SOUL FROM SHELLS RENDERED SILENT.
TAKEN TO DESTINATIONS WE ALL MUST SOMEDAY
SEEK,
BE IT JOYOUS AND INVITING; OR DARK AND VIOLENT.
WE WOULD WANDER WITH INFREQUENCY WHEN WE FLEE
OUR MORTAL COIL, WITHOUT A GUIDE SUCH AS HE.

LESSON LEARNED

DANIELLE MADTSON

A HEART IS SIMPLE, YET COMPLEX
IT BEATS TO KEEP ONE ALIVE
BUT HOW CAN SOMETHING SO RELATIVELY
SIMPLE
CAUSE SO MUCH DESTRUCTION
WHEN BROKEN?

A BROKEN HEART WILL CHANGE YOU
IT WILL HURT EVERY PART OF YOUR BODY
YOU FEEL AS IF YOU WERE ROBBED OF YOUR
IDENTITY
THE PERSON THAT YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE
TURNS OUT TO BE FALSE

I FEEL LIKE I GAVE YOU EVERYTHING
EVERY PART OF ME, EVERYTHING I HAD
INCLUDING MY HEART
AND IT WAS NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU

YOU PREFER ANYONE ELSE BUT ME
AND THIS HAS ALWAYS BLOWN MY MIND
I KNOW I HAVE MY FLAWS
BUT I AM STILL A GOOD PERSON UNDER-
NEATH IT ALL

THIS WAS A LEARNING LESSON FOR ME
A LESSON ON HOW TO GUARD YOUR HEART
AND NOT LET ANYONE IN
THIS HAS BEEN THE HARDEST LESSON OF
ALL.



BITE ME, RUIN ME
RYAN DOWELL

THE LITTLE REVOLUTIONARY TISHA MARKLEY

SHE WATCHED THEM FROM THE SHADOWS,
AS THE MUNDANE COPIES PASSED.
THEY DID NOT SHIFT FROM CAREFUL LINES,
KEPT WALKING 'TIL THE LAST.

NO EYES DIVERTED FROM THE FRONT,
THEIR VIEWS REMAINED UNCHANGED.
SHE SHOOK HER HEAD AND TURNED AWAY,
"A REVOLUTION NEED BE ARRANGED."

SO FROM THE SHADOWED HIDING SPOT,
THE LIST OF DEMANDS UNFURLED
THE LITTLE REVOLUTIONARY'S
SHOT HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD.

SHE CALLED TO THEM WITH FERVOR,
SHE WAVED HER HANDS AND SCREAMED.
HER ARMS DROPPED TO HER SIDES.
"I'M TOO SMALL TO BE SEEN."

SHE BREACHED THE LINES AND CALLED
AGAIN.
THEY MADE A SPACE FOR HER.
SHE MARCHED ALONG AND SEARCHED THE
FACES,
EVERYTHING A BLUR.

AND WHEN SHE BROKE AWAY AGAIN,
HER SPOT WENT ON UNFILLED.
SHE LET THEM PASS WITHOUT A MOVE.
"IT SEEMS I'VE AN ARMY TO BUILD."



PORTRAIT OF KARA
RYAN DOWELL

APHORISM RANT
TISHA MARKLEY

BETTER TO FUCKING LOVE AND LOSE?
WHAT DISGUSTING TRIPE.
THAT BULLSHIT, BRIGHT-SIDE "APHORISM"
EMBODIES MY BIGGEST GRIPE.

HOW IS IT BENEFICIAL
TO HAVE YOUR PSYCHE DESTROYED?
TO ALIENATE YOUR AFFECTIONATE SIDE?
TO FIND, WITH YOUR HEART, THEY HAVE
TOYED?

TO LOVE AND TO LOSE IS TO FALTER
TO BECOME JADED AND HARD BEFORE
LIFE.
TO LOVE AND TO LOSE IS TOO PAINFUL.
TO LOSE, AT ALL, IS A KNIFE.

IMAGINE, FOR ME, THAT YOUR LOVED ONE
YOUR CLOSEST AND DEAREST OF ALL
IS GONE. WELL, ITS BEST THAT YOU HAD
THEM.
CARRY ON, NO USE MOURNING THEIR FALL.

IT'S JUST 'CAUSE YOU WON'T EMBRACE
PAIN
THAT YOU EMBRACE THIS PROVERBIAL
SHIT.
IT'S BETTER YOU FEEL EMOTIONALLY
MAIMED
THAN SAFE AND INFORMED BY MY WIT.



INNER SELF PORTRAIT
RYAN DOWELL



PURPLE FLOWERS
SUSIE MATHEWS



COLD WINTER
RYAN LASHBROOK

NINETEEN YEARS
RYAN DOWELL

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED YOU TO LEAVE ME.
FROM BIRTH TILL THE DAY WE HAD TO FLEE,
ROWS OF BRUISES, BLISTERS FULL OF BLOOD
YOUR BONES CRACKED, THUD.
YOU CAME CRASHING DOWN IN A NIGHT OF TEARS,
THE DAYS BEFORE YOU CREATED ALL OF MY
FEARS.
YOU NEVER KNEW WHAT HAPPENED FROM YOUR
CHOICES,
CRYING OUT IN AN OLDSMOBILE, NOBODY COULD
HEAR OUR VOICES,
YOU CHOSE TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY GIVING IN
TO WHAT YOU WANTED,
ALL THE SCARS WILL NEVER LEAVE, FROM YOUR
BLOOD, UNW

JUST A MEMORY
STEPHANIE REED

THE MEMORY OF YOU IS SO STRONG.
I CAN HARDLY STAND IT.
ANYTHING I SAY, ANYTHING I DO.
IT'S A CURSE, YOU NEVER LEAVING.
THERE ARE TIMES YOU HAVE FADED,
ALMOST TO NOTHING.
THEN YOU CREEP BACK INTO MY MIND.
A FLOOD OF TEARS AND MEMORIES SUR-
ROUNDING ME.
I ALMOST ALWAYS DROWN.
BUT THEN A HAND REACHES FOR ME AND
PULLS ME OUT.
I CAN NEVER TELL IF IT'S GOD OR IF IT'S
SUPERNATURAL.
OR IS IT JUST ME FIGHTING, NOT GIVING
INTO YOU?
IT TOOK ME THIS LONG TO REALIZE THAT
THEY ARE JUST THOUGHTS,
IN MY HEAD.
THINGS THAT ARE UNSETTLED, GOOD AND
BAD, AGED AND RECENT.
AND, YOU,
YOU ARE JUST A MEMORY.



**TOOLS OF THE TRADE
DANIELLE MADTSON**



**SELF PORTRAIT
RYAN DOWELL**



EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

MOLLY GLAD

WASHING MACHINE

STEPHANIE REED

LIFE IS NOT SO SIMPLE WHEN YOU WEAR YOUR
HEART ON YOUR SLEEVE.
THE LONGER IT'S ON THERE, THE MORE IT GETS
WASHED.
ROUND AND ROUND. ROUND AND ROUND.
BACK AND FORTH THROUGH THE SOAPY, SUDSY
HELL.
YOUR HEART COLOUR FADES, AND THE SLEEVES
GET FRAYED.
ONE DAY, YOU FIND YOURSELF WITH ALMOST
NOTHING LEFT OF YOUR HEART THAT'S ON YOUR
SLEEVE.
YOU STARE AT THE TATTERED CLOTH.
WHAT DO YOU DO WITH LITTLE TO NOTHING LEFT?
DO YOU THROW IT AWAY TO BE UNWILLINGLY
WASHED AGAIN?
DO YOU REPAIR IT?
THERE IS ALMOST NO HOPE FOR THIS WORN SOUL.
AH! DO I REMEMBER THE DAYS WHERE MY HEART
WAS IN THE SAME PLACE.

IT TOOK THE BEATINGS JUST LIKE EVERYONE
ELSE'S.
THE BUBBLES WERE ALMOST TOO MUCH FOR ME.
THE CYCLE TOO FAST.
FIREWATER IN TEMPERATURE.
I COULD NOT STAND THE PAIN OF IT NO MORE!
I FOUGHT AGAINST THE MECHANICAL CURRENT TO
REACH THE OFF BUTTON.
OFF, SO I COULD BREATHE AGAIN.
OFF, SO I COULD THINK AGAIN.
OFF, SO I COULD LIVE AGAIN.
IT'S A CONTINUOUS BATTLE.
MAN VERSUS LIFE.
THE MACHINE OF EXCELLENCE.
TO DEFEAT PERFECTION AND ALL ITS FLAWS.
WILL BE THE DAY THE CYCLE STOPS.
THE SUDS SUBSIDE; THE WATER CALM.
YOUR HEART AT REST.

CHILDHOOD'S END

TISHA MARKLEY

I HEREBY AND HENCEFORTH RELINQUISH
THE RESPONSIBILITY OF ADULTHOOD FOR
MY NOSTALGIC MEMORIES OF BEING 8 YEARS OLD

THE CAREFREE DAYS OF A CHILD'S HIGH
FROM JOLT COLA
AND PIXIE STIX
WHILE SITTING IN THE SHADE OF A GREAT TREE

BARE FOOT, POPPING SUMMER-TELLING
TAR BUBBLES ON THE SUN-WARMED STREETS
WITH LAUGHTER BUBBLING FROM OUR MOUTHS.

THINKING THAT EVERYONE IS GOOD AND HONEST.

UNLESS THEY'RE A BOY.

AND EVEN THEN, FORGETTING COOTIES
FOR THE SAKE OF EVADING THE LAVA MONSTER.

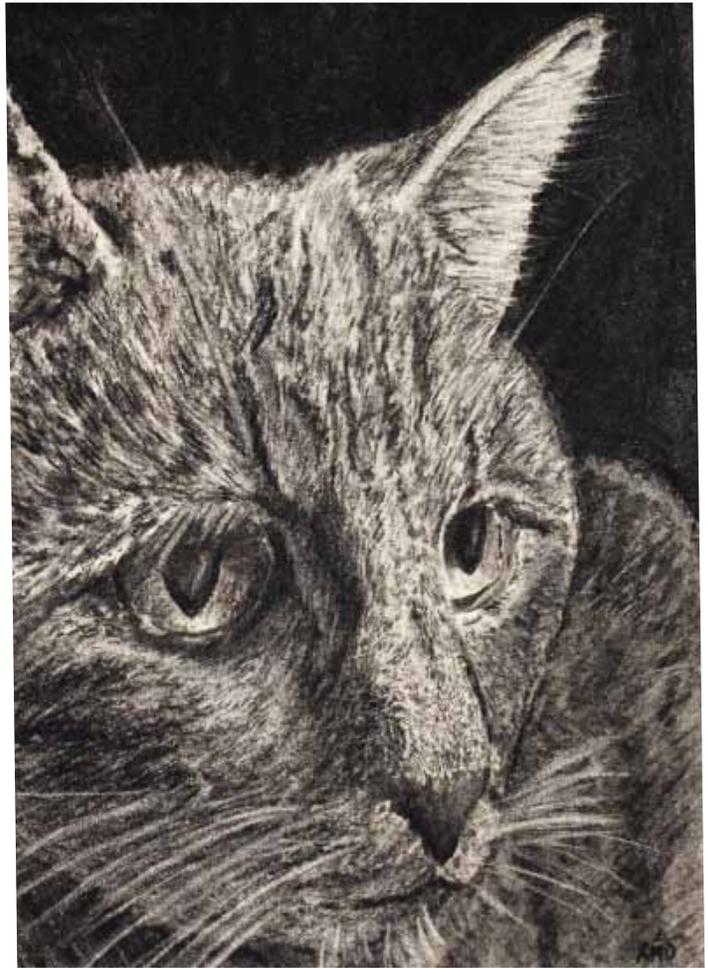
THE DAYS WHEN YOU WEREN'T SCARED
BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T KNOW YOU SHOULD BE.
WHEN JUSTICE AND HONESTY
DIDN'T HAVE SHADES OF GRAY

WHEN TEARS WERE DRIED WITH SUGAR
AND CAFFEINE
AND BAND-AIDS ON SCRAPES
AS YOU RAN BACK INTO THE SUMMER HEAT
TO BE COOLED BY A DRINK FROM THE GARDEN HOSE

SO TAKE MY DEBIT CARD
MY CELL PHONE
MY TUITION BILL.

MY CONCERN FOR THE GLOBAL RATE OF THINGS.

IF YOU NEED ME, I'LL BE BACK IN TIME FOR DINNER.



CARMELLA
RYAN DOWELL



CASTLE
SUSIE MATHEWS



MASK

RYAN LASHBROOK

NIGHTMARE

RICH MARKLEY

YOU'VE WOKEN UP FROM A NIGHTMARE, YOUR HEART RACING, YOUR BREATH QUICKENED, AND YOUR EYES CLOSED TIGHT. YOUR ROOM IS SILENT AND STILL, YOU CAN FEEL YOUR COMFORTER SAFELY COCOONED AROUND YOU. YOU'RE NOT SURE WHAT YOU DREAMED OF BUT YOU KNOW IT WAS ENOUGH TO SCARE YOU SHITLESS AND AS YOU LAY THERE SAFE AND SOUND IN YOUR BED YOU DON'T DARE OPEN YOUR EYES.

"IT WAS ONLY A DREAM," YOU TELL YOURSELF, TRYING TO CALM DOWN, MOUTHING THE WORDS AS IF IT ADDS SOME SORT OF POWER TO THEM.

A CREAKING FLOOR BOARD SHAKES YOU OUT OF YOUR THOUGHTS, COLD CHILLS RUNNING UP YOUR ARMS. ANY DEGREE OF RELAXATION YOU ACHIEVED WAS LOST AS YOUR THOUGHTS TURN TO WHAT COULD HAVE MADE THAT SOUND. AS MUCH AS YOU WANT TO LOOK YOU KEEP YOUR EYES CLOSED AS TIGHTLY TOGETHER AS POSSIBLE, SOMETHING IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD REVERTING TO CHILDHOOD, IF YOU CAN'T SEE IT THEN IT DOESN'T EXIST. SOMETHING IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD IS TELLING YOU THAT IF YOU OPEN YOUR EYES WHATEVER IS IN THE ROOM WILL GET YOU AND ONCE YOU'VE BEEN GOTTEN ALL IS LOST. YOU SUDDENLY CATCH YOURSELF, ALMOST CHUCKLING AS YOU THINK HOW ABSURD THIS IS, THE SOUND WAS PROBABLY JUST A SETTling BOARD, AND NOTHING ELSE. RELAXING YOU SNUGGLE DEEPER INTO YOUR BED WHEN YOU HEAR A SECOND FLOORBOARD CREAK, THIS TIME CLOSER TO YOUR BED.

EVEN THOUGH YOU CAN'T SEE IT YOU CAN FEEL IT DRAWING CLOSER AND CLOSER STILL, THE TENSION BUILDING. YOUR BRAIN RACES WITH POSSIBILITIES AS TO WHO OR WHAT IT COULD BE BUT YOUR MIND COMES UP BLANK, YOU ARE ALONE IN THE HOUSE TONIGHT. WHEN THE FLOOR CREAKS RIGHT NEXT TO YOUR BED YOUR HAND UNDER THE BLANKET GRIPS THE SHEETS HARD, CLAWING AT THE FABRIC IN FEAR.

YOUR BED SINKS DOWN NEXT TO YOUR ARM, AS IF SOMETHING IS SITTING NEXT TO YOU, LOOKING OVER YOU LIKE YOUR MOTHER USED TO DO. YOU FIGHT THE URGE TO LET OUT A SCREAM AS YOU REALIZE THAT IT'S LEANING OVER YOU, WATCHING YOU. YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT TO DO BUT YOU CAN FEEL ITS GAZE DRILLING INTO YOU, AS IF ITS TRYING TO SEE INTO YOUR THOUGHTS. EVERY INCH OF YOUR BODY IS SCREAMING OUT FOR YOU TO REACT IN SOME WAY BUT YOU HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHAT TO DO AND FOR SOME REASON YOU FEEL PARALYZED.

AT SOME POINT IN THE NIGHT YOU PASS OUT, WAKING UP THE NEXT MORNING TO SUN STREAMING YOUR WINDOWS, YOUR SENSES SOMEHOW TOTALLY AWARE. SITTING UP IN BED YOU LOOK AROUND, EVERYTHING IN YOUR ROOM AS YOU LEFT IT. SWINGING YOUR FEET OFF THE EDGE YOU LOOK DOWN CONFUSED, SOMETHING CRUNCHING UNDER YOUR BARE FOOT. EXAMINING CLOSER YOU FIND A SINGLE OAK LEAF, TURNED ORANGE BY THE FALL. YOU BEGIN TO WONDER HOW IT GOT THERE, WALKING TO YOUR WINDOW TO CHECK IF THEY ARE CLOSED. TRAILING OFF ACROSS YOUR YARD YOU SPOT THEM, TRACKS IN THE FALLEN LEAVES LEADING UP TO YOUR HOUSE. AS IF A BOLT OF LIGHTENING SHOOTS THROUGH YOU THE PREVIOUS NIGHT RUNS THROUGH YOUR HEAD.

YOU SEE THOSE "CREATURES" HAVE BEEN WALKING THE EARTH SINCE THE BEGINNING, GOING COMPLETELY UNSEEN. SINCE WE HAVE BEEN ALIVE THEY HAVE CREPT CLOSER TO THE CAMPFIRE, STANDING OVER US AS WE SLEPT, HOPING, WISHING, PRAYING THAT THE PERSON BELOW THEM WOULD OPEN THEIR EYES. THAT'S ALL IT TAKES, A FLUTTER OF YOUR EYELIDS AND ALL HOPE IS LOST AND YOUR VERY BEING IS FIRMLY GRASPED WITHIN THEIR FINGERTIPS. NOW AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU DIDN'T OPEN YOUR EYES.

COMBS

TISHA MARKLEY

I DON'T REALLY THINK THAT HE SEES ME
AS MORE THAN LITTLE TISH, LITTLE GIRL, LITTLE ME
HE'S NOT FILLED WITH DESIRE NOR BITTEN BY INTRIGUE
HE'S NOT DRAWN TO MY MYSTERY, I'M WELL BELOW HIS LEAGUE

BUT AT NIGHT BETWEEN NIGHTMARES
I FIND COMFORT IN SMILES
HIS LOPSIDED GRIN SEEMS TO STRETCH FOR MILES
IT'S NICE TO SEE LOVE IN HIS WISDOM-FILLED EYES
AND I'VE ENERGY FROM THEM IN THE MORNING TO RISE

IT'S ABSURD TO FIND SOLACE IN THE ABSENCE OF THINGS
BY IMAGINING LOVE AND ROMANCE VIA WINGS
IT'S ABSURD TO HOPE SADLY FOR WHAT MUSTN'T BE
IT'S ABSURD, IT'S ABSURD, TO NOT GRANT YOURSELF FREE.



MCDEATH - INSTALLATION

PIECE

RYAN DOWELL

**RICH
TISHA MARKLEY**

YOU'D DO WELL
LITTLE BLANK SHELL
TO SOAK UP ALL THE COLOR

TRY YOUR BEST
TO BEST THE REST
WITH MARKINGS INTERSTELLAR

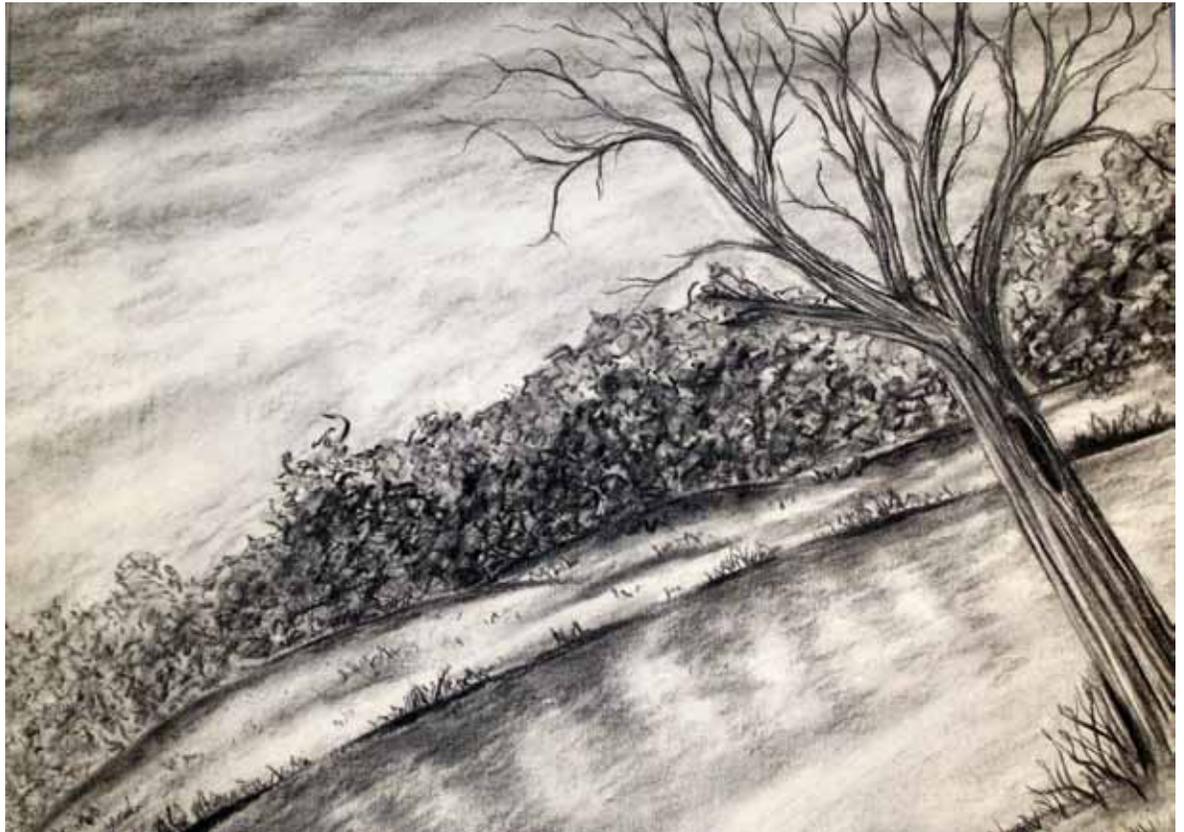
DO WHAT YOU CAN
OUTSHINE THE MAN
OUTSHINE THE GREY OLD MASSES

LET OUT YOUR WORDS
TRANSCEND THE HERDS
BE RICH LIKE DARK MOLASSES

EMPTY NOT THE PAGES
DANCE UPON THEIR TOES
NEVER FEAR, FOR LOVE IS HERE
YOU'VE CAST OFF YOUR OWN WOES

**LOST HOPE
LINDSEY NEBERGALL**

I SEE THE WAY THAT YOU LOOK AT ME
THE TORTURED GIRL INSIDE YOU CAN'T SEE
I SEE MY REFLECTION TO THE SAME AS YOU
HOWEVER YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I GO THRU
FOR YOU TO YELL YOUR THOUGHTS OF HATE
MAKES ME SICK AND PRAY FOR A CLEAN SLATE
JUST WHEN I START TO LET DOWN MY WALL
YOU REMIND ME TO NOT LET IT FALL
I AM ALWAYS GOOD AT HIDING MY PAIN
HOWEVER LAST NIGHT MY TEARS CAME DOWN LIKE RAIN
YOU MAKE ME WISH WE NEVER MET
SADLY I STILL DON'T HATE YOU... YET!



**MEMORIES FROZEN IN TIME
TAYLOR SNOWMAN**

DYING FOR YOU
PHILLIP TURNER

I LIE AWAKE AT NIGHT
AND NO LONGER TRY TO FIGHT
AS I...DRIFT...AWAY

WHAT DID I HAVE TO DO
TO PROVE MYSELF TO YOU
SO THAT YOU MIGHT STAY

YOU'VE PUT ME THROUGH HELL
AND YOU KNOW THIS AS WELL
I'D...DO...ANYTHING

AS A PART OF ME DIES
YOU CAN SEE IT IN MY EYES
WHEN I START TO SING

I NO LONGER WANT TO OR CARE TO
SO GO ON TRY IT, I DARE YOU
I'VE STOPPED MY TRYING, I'M LYING
AND I'M NOT CRYING, I'M DYING FOR YOU

I CAN'T MAKE IT THROUGH THE DAY
WITHOUT HEARING YOU SAY
I WAS NEVER WORTH IT

AND EVERYTIME THAT YOU DO
IT JUST REFLECTS BACK ON YOU
BECAUSE THAT'S ALL BULLSHIT

IT MAY JUST BE SMALL
BUT WHEN I CROSS YOU IN THE HALLS
I NOW CAN SEE

THIS SPECIAL TYPE OF GIRL
WHO I WOULD HAVE GIVEN MY WORLD
WAS NEVER MEANT TO BE

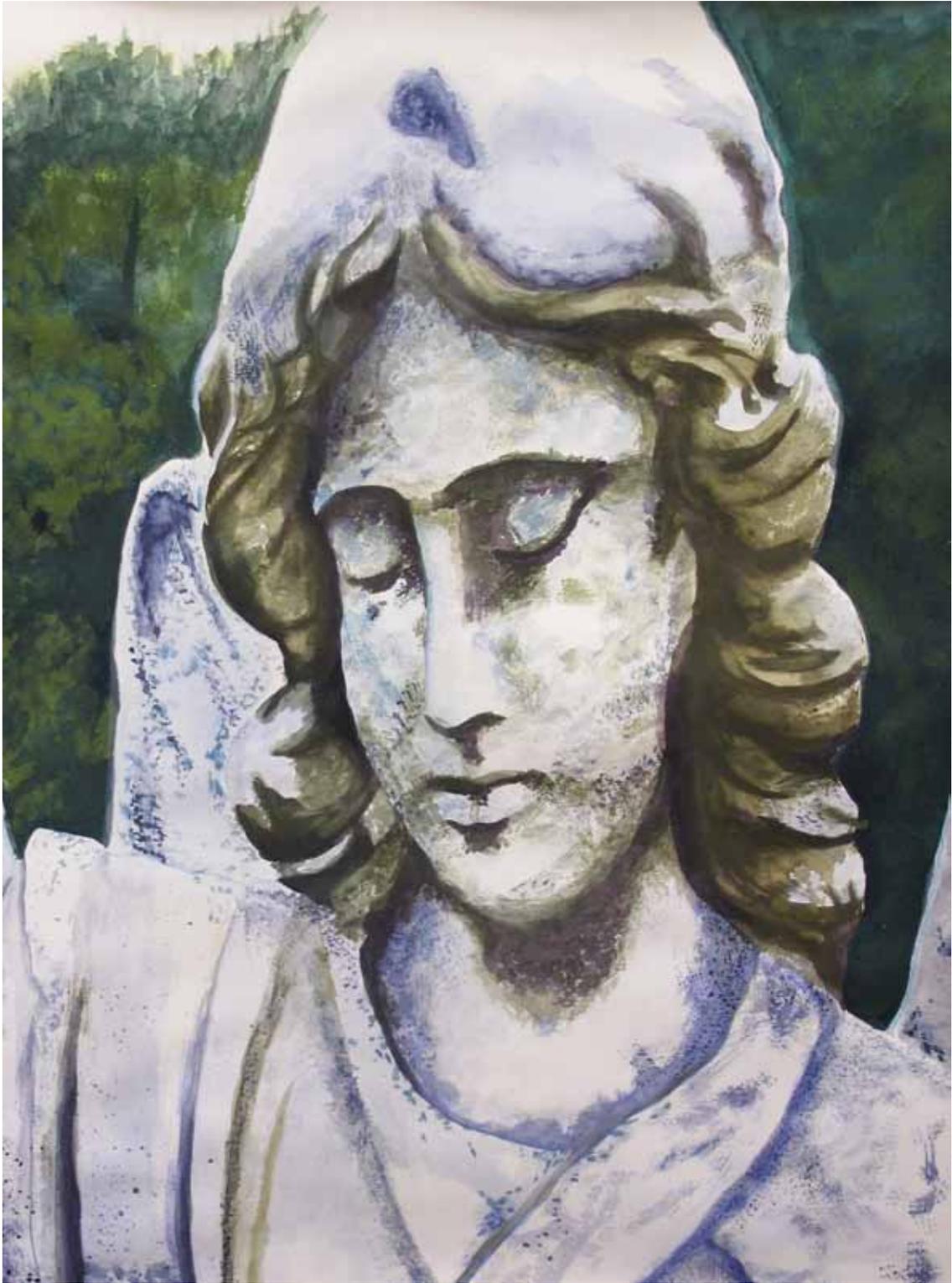
I NO LONGER WANT TO OR CARE TO
SO GO ON TRY IT, I DARE YOU,
I'VE STOPPED MY TRYING, I'M LYING
AND I'M NOT CRYING, I'M DYING FOR YOU

WELL I'VE FALLEN
I'VE CRAWLEN
I'VE STUMBLER MY WAY TO THE EDGE
I'M BEAT UP
I'M CHOKED UP
GOD CAN'T YOU HELP ME FORGET

I NO LONGER WANT TO OR CARE TO
SO GO ON TRY IT, I DARE YOU
I'VE STOPPED MY CRYING, AND TRYING
I'M NOT DYING, I'M LYING FOR YOU.



CROW
KARRA BLACK



SILENT GUARDIAN
JESSICA DICKINSON