



Cover Design:
Alex Ogden

Editors: *Richard Markley*
Lindsey Nebergall

Assistant Editors: *Carmele Deushane*
Courtney Powell
Alex Ogden
Anastasia Link

Faculty Advisors: *Douglas Okey*
Barb Rowland

Kaleidoscope

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Letters from the Editors

This magazine has been a passion of mine for two years, putting in long hours of work and worry, and to see it come to an end is bittersweet. I am immensely proud of the end product, but I am sorry that I will no longer be working with such talented and amazing people. Lindsey and I have lived and breathed this magazine for two years and I will miss it incredibly so as I know she will. I want to thank Carmele for keeping me sane and being such a driving force, Courtney for cheering me on and being so eager to learn, Annie for her incredible eye for design and sensible ways, Alex for making me laugh and always being there to do what he can, and Lindsey for all her effort and creativity. These individuals have put in long hours and I thank them for being by my side and giving as much as they can to the magazine. I would also like to thank Barb Rowland, for taking on so much and helping to spread the magazine to a wider reach and to Doug Okey, the man in the shadows who doesn't get the recognition he deserves. Thank you so much Doug for believing in me and the trust in me that you have. This year has meant more to me than you seven will ever know and this magazine, while occasionally driving me absolutely crazy, has been one of the most rewarding experiences I have experienced.

Rich Markley

It is no secret that I am the member of the Kaleidoscope that cannot draw to save my life. This has always made me envious of those that can. This Kaleidoscope is filled with all the people I am envious of not only because of their passion but their way of trapping beauty into their art. The passion that pours through the halls of Spoon is found not only in the art department but also in the Theater and English classes. I am so proud to be part of such a wonderful publication and am thankful for all the wonderful people I have met through this experience. Rich Markley is one of the most driven people out there. His drive is seen through all of the pages of this magazine. Our Assistant editors have made this year not only fun but productive. Alex Ogden is one of the sweetest men I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. His artistic skills are those that make me envious. He has made the Kaleidoscope fun for me this entire year. Annie Link is one of the nicest and funniest people in the staff. She always has something witty to say and I love her compassion for life and kitties. Carmele Deushane has an aura around her that makes you want to be absorbed by it because it shines so bright. She has a strong sense of Literature and fashion and has been a pleasure to get to know. Courtney Powell is an extremely hard worker and I know next year she will make the magazine just as amazing as the past years. I also want to say thank you to Doug Oakey and Barb Rowland for their help in teaching us all we need to know to be able to make the magazine amazing. You two are the best!

Lindsey Nebergall





Shangra-La

Still as leaves eager for a summer's breeze.

Off left of me as far as my eyes can see diverse greens, trees, plants slowly dancing.

To the right not far from my sight hills, plains, with beauty extending endlessly.

So before me above dark infinity the stars bright intentions a congregation of prisms

colors of a sun quickly in retreat.

Soon it will be hidden behind this vast sea gracefully inward and out salt, water

rolling with timeless constancy.

So here I lay cradled creature indeed such little time it takes for one to appreciate a divine scenery.

Something only a few take the time or choose ever to see.

-Jay Ryan Pilger

On Her Mind -Katie Bell

Infectious Host

We outnumber you millions to one,
And to think it has only begun.
We conceive no thought;
We bear no will.
We've got a crave
For a lethally contagious rave.
We are the infectious host,
Infecting all from coast to coast.

We come in all shapes and size;
We drool at you through bloody eyes.
But one thought passes to our brain,
As we can feel no pain.
The only goal is to make you mine;
Upon your brain we dine!

We drag our limbs through the street,
Hungriily seeking some meat.
We hide in bathrooms and dark places;
In masses we penetrate your bases.
We march on and on,
One by one we spawn.

Though but few of you remain, it's ok;
You cannot keep the inevitable at bay.
No need to look so grim,
Smile as we tear you limb from limb!
Try as you might, there is no cure;
But do not fret, you are impure!

-Alex J. Breckenridge



Carnival -Garry Mathews

Ignition

Mid August—a week before fall semester starts
I climb into my jet and check the parts
I roll out on the tarmac and unhook the hitch
Ignite the burners and wait for the signal to hit the switch

Day one arrives and out the gate I explode
Screaming down the runway with destination untold
Anxious onlookers unsure of what to make or think
Of the ranting idiot before them acting like he's had too much to drink

I build speed throughout September and gain elevation
Carefully building my case against industrial civilization
The view out the window is starting to look appealing
Time to kick it up a notch and destroy all that it is revealing

October sets in and so does idleness
I maintain velocity and sprinkle in some kindness
I lean to the left and right just to give the ride a little flare
Piquing curiosity at the realities that now lay bare

Soon we are into November and the colder air brings a sudden resurgence
Cruising now at 30,000 feet there is little risk of interference
A few passengers begin to lose patience—trapped as they are at this height
I need to back off a bit now and not get so uptight

December slides in with the impending finals week
I'm not going to land, but I need to get some sleep
Final grades are done and Autopilot set until next month arrives
A stack of books beside me and I am set to revive

Mid January and now the dampness has given way to a brisk cold
Passengers have changed a bit and I am feeling old
I ignite two more engines and climb a few thousand feet
This trip is not over and I do not admit defeat

I am twisting and turning and creating my own turbulence as February rushes in
Too much comfort is a sure sign you have just given in
I deliberately shake people from side to side—bodies bouncing off the fuselage
They may be pissed at me now but eventually they will give up their dodge

As March eases in I gradually re-stabilize the plane
It's time to let them take a look at the mess that was in their brain
Some try to put it back in their heads, but most just turn away
Angry at me or what they used to believe? I cannot say

April arrives and a sudden burst of energy is palpable
Warmer weather and longer days and now I feel unstoppable
I begin a gradual descent but I don't decrease speed
My sense of urgency consumes me and with my students I plead

It's May now, and I bring it down to a few thousand feet
Passengers begin to fumble around but they are not ready to hit the street
I make the necessary announcement for the imminent approach
Prepare them as best I can as if I'm a coach

I steer the plane into place and allow my passengers to disembark
They file out one at a time and fade into the dark
All are gone now and I shut the engines down
Sitting quietly and taking stock—I do not make a sound

I'm pulled into the hangar and parked into place
I'm too tired to get up and exhaustion is all over my face
I allow myself a snooze right in the pilot's seat
A few weeks rest and I'll be on my feet

Early June and I begin to reawaken
Refueling begins immediately as I read all I can take in
The jet sits idle but my mind gradually begins to race
June and July come and go and I gradually regain my pace

August 1 and my adrenaline starts to pump
My pulse begins to quicken and my heart? Yea it thumps
My hands begin to sweat and my mind starts to wander
Waiting to see my new passengers, on them I ponder

I'm back at mid August—a week before the semester starts
Yea...I climb into my jet...I'm checking parts
I'm on the tarmac again—in place...I take my mark
Make no mistake— I'm here to tear this world apart.

-Michael Maher



Ask of Me

Ask of me, what you will stranger, friend,
foe or family ask of me
Ask of me what you need, want or desire
to do ask of me
Ask of me what you wish, so I will do this I
will manifest for you ask of me
You must give before you can receive so
please, please, please ask of me?
Ask of me so I may provide myself to your
service, ask of me.
Your declaration, your dreams, and intent,
a notion or a loan, ask of me.
So if you will ask of me, for it bears no
constrain of consequences ask of me.
For this is the secret I will show you, to you
the secret, the secret of the mustard seed,
ask of me.

-Jay Ryan Pilger

Test Me -Anastasia Link

Harvester of Souls

Everyone breathes the same air,
Everyone deals with wear and tear.
Fools think life is a game,
Fame and fortune can't save you from the flame.
No way to refuse the prize,
And your ultimate demise.
You cannot defend
Against your fatal end.

Thousands of people die every day;
Thousands of people I must slay.
Breathing down your neck,
Be it old age, murder, or car wreck.
I watch and wait,
Oh so patiently.

I seek your death and final breath.
You have no more control, and no soul.
Lifeless mass,
Peer into my looking glass;
I am the harvester of souls!

Only fools seek another way;
Frozen brains, reincarnation, disarray.
You cannot run from fate,
I will find you at any rate.
I stalk at your back,
As your world turns to black.

There is no escape;
You search for me, but I bear no shape.
I float above the ground,
There's but one way I can be found;
For you see I'm not of this world,
I exist only in darkness and shadow.

Welcome to your death, welcome to the gloom.
Your doom has only begun inside your tomb.
I've been here since the dawn of time,
Witnessing all of humanities crime.
I have your soul prepped for judgment,
I hope you're prepared for unrelenting torment.

-Alex J. Breckenridge



Lost - Garry Mathews

The Man Trapped Within

This world I live within, this world I live within. The only life I live is painted by my mind. I grasp upon past memories, and lock them inside like a sealed vacuum. Memories and imagination are all I have left. I see none, I feel nothing, I breathe manufactured air. I can hear, however; I hear the constant, monotone beep of my heart. Beep... beep... beep... never ending. I hear doctors; I hear nurses; I hear my family, discussing my demise in front of me. In my mind, I scream "No! I'm still in here!" But, no matter how loud I yell inside my head, the words never escape my lips.

This is the worst Earthly nightmare anyone can experience. The torture of being buried alive could not compare to the abyss in which I dwell within. Oh, how I dream of being brought back. To regain my life again would be the biggest blessing I could ever ask for. I have no recollection of how long this void has possessed me, nor the events prior to it. I recall my life, things is- wait, I hear something new. I hear sobbing. Such a sound I have heard before, but not like this. I hear some, a priest I imagine, was reciting scripture. Scripture I had heard once before, at my late Father's funeral. Why? What is the purpose? What is the... beeeeeeeep...

-Alex J. Breckenridge



Red and Orange Destruction -Katie Bell

A Restless Mind

Forgive me
for my mind wonders.
I will try to listen
but my mind is traveling.
Traveling much like a Gypsy,
except sometimes
I can't stop it.
It is also like
traveling at night by a train
more often
sitting by a window
where everything is dark
and the same as everything else.
It's as if someone had placed a
blanket over the top of all the buildings,
cars, trees, houses and people
blending them together
creating a muddy painting.
But every once and awhile
you might see an outline
or a trace of existence.
Those very outlines and traces
are great ideas formed but never used.
So please forgive me
for my mind wonders.
I've tried to catch it
but it has run off like watery paint
running down the canvas,
like gypsies on the move,
like this very train trying to get
to its never ending destination.
It won't turn off.
I'd ask for help
but maybe...
if I close my eyes
I might get some rest.
Maybe I will stop wondering
wondering at last!



Scream- James Johnson



Blacksmith Shop-Garry Mathews



Vans- Anastasia Link

Memories

Riding around on our motorcycles with cards in the spokes.
Stuffed full of fake toughness, and big league chew.
Nothing can hurt us except a scraped knee.
No worries except school the next day.
16 now, still the toughest “man” in the world.
I’m worried about homework, girls and pimples.
19 now, not quite as tough, but cool as a cucumber.
Wise enough to know I am still stupid.
Met the perfect girl with green eyes and
a smile as warm as a sun-baked sidewalk.
21 now, not as tough as I used to be.
The green eyed girl is still a fantasy.

-Anthony Lafikes



Ritchel- David Smail



Barren- Susie Mathews

Guilty Conscious

(Verse 1): If you know the way why can't you save her? She's floating there alone.

Needs a hand to reach her, she can't do it on her own.

Breathe life in, no thoughts escape.

Empty spaces time erases, anything can fool a broken heart.

(Chorus): Life's a mess and death's a dance, she treads across the line.

She had it all, you had your chance, and now she's doin fine.

(Verse 2): If you know the way why can't you save her? She's drowning there alone.

Needs someone to reach her, she's waiting by the phone.

On her knees, ready to please, waiting for that call.

You were what she wanted, she handed you her all.

(Chorus): Life's a mess and death's a dance, she treads across the line.

She had it all, you had your chance, and now she's doin fine.

-Breitanya Walker

The Sun

I wonder, oh how I wonder, what the sun looks like. Mama told me not to look, but still I obsess.

The sun, the marvelous sun, the brightest star of Earth. It gives us heat, it gives us light. The sun

births all life. I must see, I must see that brilliant ball of fire. I look up, up, up, until my neck could not bend any farther. My eyes gazed upon the sun! The sun! The sun! I can see... nothing...

-Alex J. Breckenridge



Lantern- Miranda Raymer

Beauty Inside- Lindsey Nebergall



Shadows

He had begged and begged his parents to let him go camping in the backyard, itching to use the tent he found in the garage while cleaning with his dad. They had been a little nervous about it, preferring the small boy in the safety of their home rather than in their yard just feet from the woods behind their house. In the end he had won, ecstatically putting up his tent and even making his parents bring him dinner to his new home for the night. Normally at this time of night he would be on his computer talking to his friends or watching something on TV, but instead he was listening to the crickets chirping and the quiet only a country night could provide.

'This is so cool' he told himself, smiling as he snuggled down into his sleeping bag. He pulled his cell phone out, texting one of his friends about how much fun he was having and how great the tent was. Of course, being so used to constant entertainment from the electronic age boredom began to win out and he soon fell asleep.

With a startle he woke up, his eyes snapping open as he heard the snapping of twigs. Fear began to over take him as he laid frozen in his sleeping bag, his mind working over time imagining what it could be. Thoughts of monsters and men with hooks for hands sprang to mind, imagining them looming over his vulnerable tent. He immediately felt like an idiot when he heard the gentle mew of their cat as it walked past the flap of his tent, undoubtedly hunting for field mice. He cracked up a little as he pulled out his phone to check for messages, noting that it was 2 am and that all his friends were probably asleep. The tent was darker now, the lights from the house no longer illuminating the back yard making the boy feel more alone.

He texted a few friends out of boredom, but when he got no reply he started to sink deeper into his sleeping bag, deciding sleep was his only option. Another snap sounded through the quiet, this time more substantial than a little fluffy barn cat. Scooting close to the flap of the tent he peered out from the tiny space just below the zipper, he felt a tiny bit relieved when he saw his house in the distance.

Over by a tree he noticed something odd, as if there was a something next to the tree darker than the night. It seemed to be a little taller than his father, in the shape of a person, standing there leisurely. He wondered what someone was doing out prowling around at this time of night, his young imagination wondering if it was a thief or some escaped prisoner on the run. That was when the bathroom light flicked on, casting a yellowish light onto the side of the tree. It should have illuminated the person but it didn't, it was like there was a shadow standing there in light. He could feel his pulse quicken, cause even though there was not a single distinguishable feature on this person somehow he knew that as they watched him there was a smile spreading across its face.

There was no way that he could make it to the back door before the person got to him and he knew if he tried it would mean the end of him. All he could do was lay there in the darkness and watch this thing looking back at him. It was like they had reached some sort of terrible understanding, that neither one would move or make a sound. A horrible game of chicken that made that boy break out into a cold sweat, frozen in that moment. He knew that if he dared to break that promise he would be dragged to a place where no one would even think of him ever again.

The next morning when his parents went to check on him they found him in that very spot, his eyes wide open looking towards the tree. He had made it through the night alive, keeping his silent promise not to move or make a sound. That was a promise that he kept for the rest of his life, his eyes always frozen open and not a sound escaping from his lips, always afraid of what would happen if that thing came for him.

-Rich Markley

Midnight Man

When I close my eyes I always see the night sky
And the stars above me are your sparkling eyes
The simple silver crescent moon your perfect smile
Let's get totally lost in the crisp dark solitary night
Frost nipping at my skin like your sweet ruby red lips
The soft green grass licking down our spines
We are lost in this forever, here side by side
I could go cliché and talk of gilded keys to my heart
Souls completing each other like puzzle pieces in a big mixed
up box
But there are no notarized guarantees with big golden seals
There is only now and sugar coated blind promises

-Rich Markley

Friend

A person you once knew becomes someone you don't understand,
In and out of rehab you'd think he'd change and become a new man
Back on the streets you see him strung out again
You'd think after the ninth time he'd wake up to be himself again
The fear of dying never crosses his mind
You'll find him shooting up or swallowing his best friend laying it all out
on the line
His skin that was once golden has now vanished and become white
The sight of a ghost walking is now him
It's all taken his life
His eyes that once sparkled now sag low
His smile that once was beautiful has become a frown and doesn't glow
Everything that made him who he was has disappeared and become old
For I don't know him
He's just a lost soul

-Heather Kruzan



The Power of a Broken Heart- Katie Bell



Second Place -Alex Ogden



Third Place - Stacy Rowe



Top Left:
Yuki-onna to Fuyuzakura -David Smail



Top right:
Working on a Dream -Garry Mathews

Bottom Left:
Belle- Miranda Raymer

Bottom Right:
This-Anastasia Link





Peering Out -Sammi Southard

Your Life is Your Own

You live by everyone else's rules, easier to lie than be you,
It's better if they see the mask not what's behind
You'll never get hurt if they can't see inside
But the question is are you truly living
If day in and day out you play into their lies
They wind you up and send you on your way
The opposite direction of what you know is right
But the joke is on them because they aren't paying attention
Never asking about the voice behind the tattered curtain
You've played the victim when it's you that's the master
Pulling on strings, seeing if you can make them dance faster
Oh woe is me and all that bullshit that you sell
Do you wonder if you've paved your way to hell
You'll never own up to those lies you've told
Instead just sit back nervously on your throne of fool's gold
It's so sad to see someone sell themselves so short
But at the end of the day simply remember one thing
You've done this all to yourself with help from no one
Your web is going to end up as your hangman's rope

-Rich Markley

Worms

“Fetch me a baker’s dozen and put ‘em in here.”

Clutching the warped tupperware

I scamper around back pulling my ponytail through the back of my cap
and kneel

Stepping stones to the world, my safety.

But the barn burned down

summers ago

They’re now weathered

concrete blocks half-buried

in the ground

Funny how circumstances take their toll and change
matter’s form

Damn worms, heaping them into the plastic as they twist,
writhe, and tangle

I wear the prickly long-sleeved shirt in the heavy hot sticky
because it is the same yellow-gold of his
t-shirt

“Remember to put those blocks back like you found ‘em.”

I extend my drumsticked fingers to touch the cold

yellowed blades flattened into the earth

Dead and worthless.

I console myself

That which is hidden cannot be hurt

Some deserve to lie crushed, withered, used
only as a burrow for worms

Not trampled by back yard boys, scorched

by the sadistic sun, severed

by voracious machinery

A premature burial yields itself as protective

-Carmelee Deushane



Blue Bird -Sammi Southard



Into the Lens -Miranda Raymer

What Will People Think

We ask ourselves this question over and over again.
I know it should not matter what other people think about us but it
does.

Then we ask ourselves what people will think IF.

If I wear an outfit that no one likes.

If we hang out with some that no one likes and they think is un-
cool.

If we answer a question and then get it wrong.

If we ask how to spell words that are easy.

We can go on forever If this, If that.

Many people say that they don't care about what other people
think about them.

This I can't believe because deep down everyone wants to be liked
by everyone
else.

Then we realize the only person we have to ask is ourselves. If no
one likes us so

be it as long as we like ourselves. Then the only thought that
should matter is our own.

-Sarah Glasgow



Behemoth -David Smal

Meat Market Melody

The troubadour, conquistador and the typical whore
have scarred their knees on the bathroom floor
and bruised their backs against the swinging door
of the neighborhood convenience store

Come try your luck with the village strumpet
the crier brays and bellows from the street
she twists and turns and dances with an acrobatic feat
and stands her ground although upside down when confronted

Branded by the council with the name of a vixen
she will eagerly take your turnstile tolls
simultaneously devouring your pretty wife's souls
as the men line up to slip their dicks in

She'll poison your dreams with a lilting lullabye
that has haunted and taunted many a man before
yet makes them smile during their evening chores
of servicing their homebound Lorelei

So step up and test your skills with the lady concubine
guaranteed time and money well spent
roughly will be her only husky whispered hint
as she counts the bruises with hues of iodine

The troubadour, conquistador and the typical whore
have scarred their knees on the bathroom floor
and bruised their backs against the swinging door
of the neighborhood convenience store

-Carmele Deushane



Laugh Now- James Johnson

Meth

A family once together only to be gone in time
Didn't know as a little girl she'd be left behind
A mother's touch
A father's love
Together forever is how she felt
Nothing is above
A brother born soon to become her son
A family together became a family of none
Hard to believe or accept it fell apart
She watches mirrors become a place for white dust and souls
to begin to fall apart
Straws came an object to help them snort up
Things became different as it slowly fell apart
A little girl left lost only left to turn to her God as she fell apart
He showed her how to love and become a mother to her new
son
A childhood she once had was taken and gone
For her brother needed her the most as his new mom
Too little for him to know what was going on
She acted to him as if she were his mom and the bond grew
between the two grew as mother and son
Isn't it so hard to truly believe what meth can and will do?
Just remember it makes a family a family of none

-Heather Krusan



Charlotte-Sammi Southard

The Amazing Plastic Spider Girl

Come one, come all, and see the amazing plastic spider girl,
No need to fear folks, nothing about her is real
Lost in a chaotic web of her own pathetic creation
Connecting one lie to another with her poisonous saliva
So afraid that when it falls she'll be seen for her true form
Be careful you aren't snared, draining you of your life
Tied to a dusty velvet seat in her dwindling unwilling audience
Lost in her green monster eyes, ignorant to your demise
With age comes wisdom, but in her case just cracks in the
mask
She'll never grow up, forever straining to hear next period's bell

-Rich Markley

Ladybug

Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home!

Your house is on fire, your children will burn!

Mama showed me the big red scar on her stomach one day. I asked her what happened, tho' I kinda already knew. She just stared out the big bay window and muttered something 'bout the curse of the Devil's spawn. I leaned forward and traced the scar with my pointy finger, thinkin' 'bout how it kinda looked like Mama's straight hard mouth when I had done somethin' I ought not. "A child born of distress yields o' nothin' less." Then she pushed me away from her and went to lie down on the davenport. I'd always stay close by in case she'd fall asleep with her long brown cigarette in her hand, 'cause I didn't want her to burn the pages of her bible in her lap.

Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home!

Your house is on fire, your children will burn!

Mama had a big trunk in the attic and it was full of clothes and shoe and hats and even underthings. Sometimes Mama let me play up there and I would get all dressed up and pretend I was her, for I knew she was the most beautiful Mama in the world an' I wanted to be just like her. Once, I was pretendin' I was Mama and I was tryin' to talk like her and look just like her. I even had tissue paper in the shoes and other places. I was havin' so much fun pretendin', I didn't even hear the door open. In the mirror I saw my Mama standin' behind me, an' I smiled at her, a-hopin' she would see that I was beautiful too. But Mama wasn't smilin'.

I tried to undress as quickly as I could and put everything back in the trunk, but I wasn't fast enough and Mama slammed the lid of the trunk on my fingers an' tole me I was wicked and that the Devil was gonna come and snatch me away in the night. I never went up to the attic to play again 'cause I knew I was ugly and couldn't even pretend to be as beautiful as my Mama was.

Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home!

Your house is on fire, your children will burn!

I knew my Mama was sick and I knew I should take care of her, 'cause it was my fault an' all. She would forget who I was sometimes, and sometimes she would forget who she was. The man who ran the tavern down the street was real nice to me and would call when Mama had fallen asleep down there and couldn't get home, so I could get dressed an' go down there and fetch her. To tell you the truth, I hated goin' in there. It was always so dark and smoky and the men would smile at me with their wet droopin' lips an' laugh and say that one day I was gonna be just like Mama, an' that they couldn't wait. I'd get Mama home an' take her shoes off her an' put her nightclothes on her, all the while she'd be cryin' 'bout the Devil an' his evil ways an' how she couldn't even stand to look at me. I'd hand her the med'cine an' wait for her to swaller it an' every time she'd turn her red eyes on me an' point an' say "You know when I got sick an' had to start takin' these, don't you?" Yes, Mama I know. The night that I was born.

-Carmelee Deushane



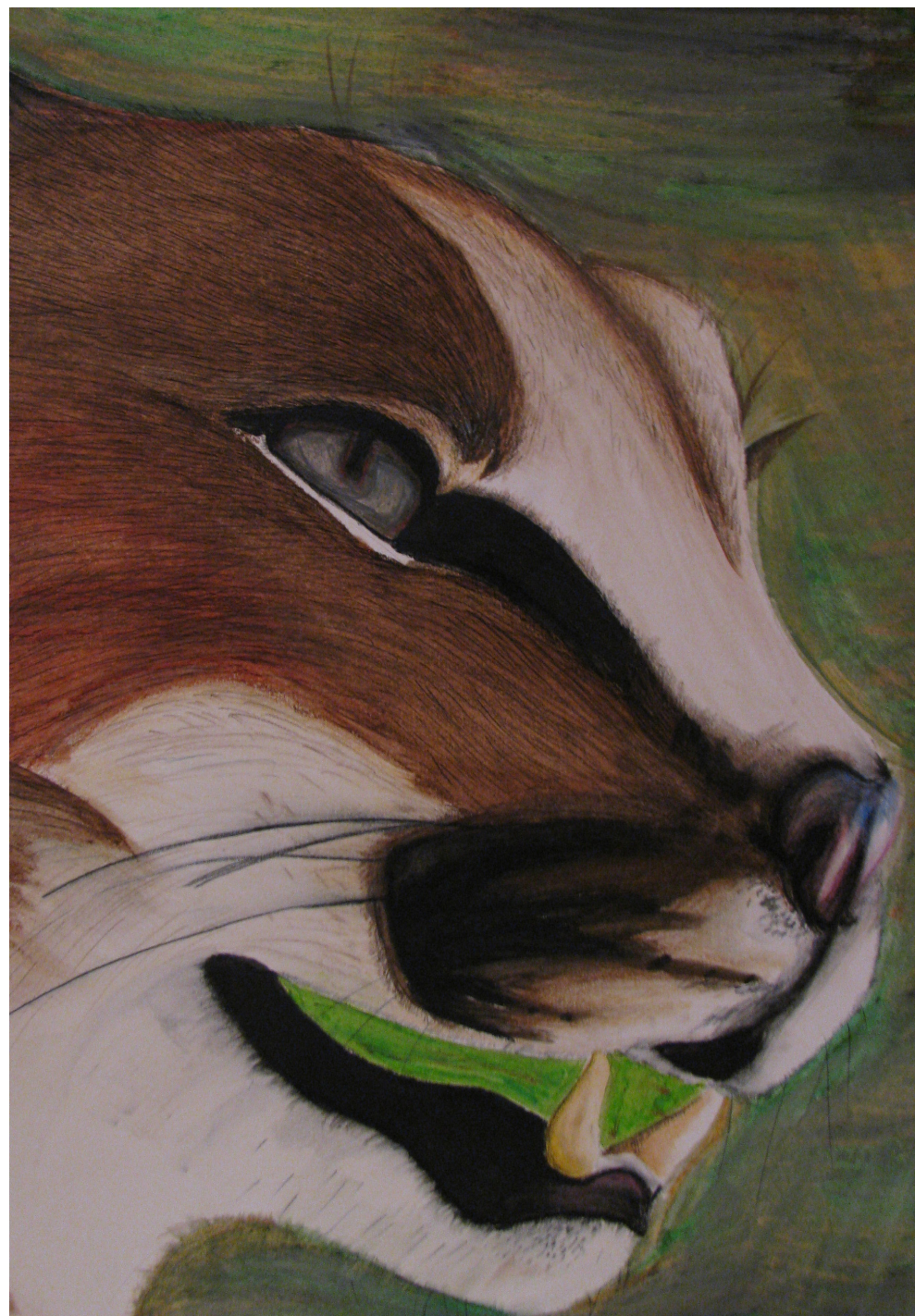
Old Days -Sammi Southard

Puppies

“I have always wanted a puppy. Just one. Juggling more than one seems fun, but it has the tendency to fall apart. I want one puppy. Singular. But how, by chance, do I find a puppy? Do I search everywhere and all around for one? That would make me seem desperate for one. Will the puppy find me? Will she be waiting by my door when I arrive home? Doubtful. An advertisement, perhaps? ‘Puppy needed?’ would it read? And once I find my pup what would she be like? Would she snuggle up against me affectionately, or would she bark at my touch? Is it best not to find her at all? I dare say I set the bar too high for my puppy, and expect only disappointment. The best method is likely as simple as be aware, not obsessed. Yet I cannot help myself. I see puppies in my dreams, and every puppy I see I imagine is mine. I know I have a problem, but at least it could be worse. Right, doctor?”

Papers ruffled and the therapist said, “Yes, I’m pleased to see you think somewhat positively about your situation. You know what would really help you? I want you to- oh, I’m sorry, but we’re out of time.”

-Alex J. Breckenridge



Wildcat -Sammi Southard



Freckles -Anastasia Link

Address to Alliteration, Ad Nauseam

Believing the banter of Beelzebub's biopic
bartering of betrayal, beaten by broken biblical
back-stabbing banshees

Admiring the anaphoric allusions of allegorical
animosity of Adam's alluring acrostic, allowing
Absalom's anguish

Straining songs of swans and solitude stepping
sideways from the stalemate of stewardship
sashaying the stalwart of sanity

Usurping ubiquitous until undulating ushers
urge us upwards and unwillingness unfurls
upstream of the ugliness unaware

Just until Jews jumped joyously juxtapositioning
the jauntiness of jeweled jowls justifying
Jesus' Ode to Joy

Turning thrice towards tumultuous trends
of tilted timeliness transmuted tin trinkets
takes its traditional toll

Poisoning the probability of primordial posies
personified perfectly by peddling phallic
pianissimo pangs of perfection

Galloping groomsmen guild their garneted
garrets while gregariously granting gifts
for the gratification of greatness and guilt

Muscling the musk and myrrh of men and mice
and malevolent maladies manifested more than
the makings of mankind and mortality, maybe

Lolling Lilliputians lasciviously laugh at the leers
of the lackadaisical lexicon's labyrinth that leave
love letters lately

-Carmele Deushane



Jesus -Anastasia Link

Shout It Out

Bend it.
Break it.
Take my heart
squeeze and
ache it.

Put me up.
Tear me down.
Wear your smile.
I'll wear my
frown.

Make fun.
Have fun.
Either way,
you've won.

Shout it out
So I can hear.
But shout it out
in the mirror.

Does it sound
good to you?
Do you even
have a clue?

Leave me out,
and let them in.
Now where
do I begin?

Shake my fears
out of me.
Cover my mouth
so I can't breathe.

Hold it shut.
Hold it tight.
Hold it there
with all your might.

Shut me up.
Shove me down.
I'm better off
when I hit the
ground.

-Alex Ogden



Twisted Beauty -Alex Ogden



Garry Mathews/Fable Studios

Poem on a College Theme

Gold, not the metal
But the word of supreme value.
Gold, the metal of beauty and status.
Black gold, the tar in Earth's lung.
These compare not to:
Red gold, the pint to save three lives.
Those compare not to:
Blue gold, clear gold,
Which makes up us all.
Nature's maternal milk.
Is it not fair?

Drops of Purple - Garry Mathews

Abuse it as we abuse ourselves?
Advancement for status' sake.
Luxury for paper, the imagined wealth.
Do we not want it for our children,
For it to be their birthright?

-Shannon Lundeen

Glass Heart

Things go up.
Things come down.
But things don't shatter
until they hit the ground.

Red like blood,
but breakable like glass.
When you speak,
it beats too fast.

Too fast for you.
Too fast for me.
Too fast for us.
Too fast to dream.

To dream of love
between you and me
under the stars
for eternity.

It's easy for you
to do this to me
to shatter my world
and leave it be.

Life is sweet,
Be not too shy.
Tis hard at times
to keep a head held high.

Quiver thy lips.
Open thine eyes.
Hold thy heart
toward the sky.

I'll hold it up
where you can't reach
so you can't tear it
piece by piece.

It's not that I don't
have the tape or glue.
It's just that I've
learned
a thing or two.

Not enough truths
to so many lies.
Can't be too careful
in this life of mine.

I've tried it all
to be with you.
And now I know
one thing that's true

Limits exist
for you and I.
I won't give up.
I'll try and try.

I'll fight it out
til the end
just to see
you my friend.

And sometimes things
aren't what they seem.
Like I'm stuck
inside a dream.

Hope is all
I can hold.
Just until
truth unfolds.

From this, I
have something
learned.
Something dear,
I won't return.

Something about
you and I,
promises,
as well as lies.

Here's the thing
I've held onto.
The only thing
that is true.

It's that my heart
is just too
breakable for
someone like you.

-Alex Ogden

In the Spotlight -Garry Mathews



Rural Morning -Garry Mathews

Torn Apart

“Why’d you do it, Nancy? Why?” John screamed.

“What did you think was going to happen? You work late and never spend time with either of us. I bet you’re always going to that brothel!” his wife screamed back, nearly knocking over the blender on the counter as she waved her arms.

“You know my neck gets sore!”

“AH-HA! So you admit you go there!”

“Anything to get away from you! I don’t have to explain myself!”

“You bastard!”

“At least I never cheated!”

“Well, I’m so so-rry, John!”

“I don’t think you are!”

“Maybe I’m not!”

Nathan simply sat there on the couch. He didn’t know what a bastard was, but he knew it was bad. He didn’t like it when his parents argued. They seemed to argue all the time now, and over such petty things. ‘You said this’, ‘you said that’, ‘you slept with him’, ‘you went to a cat house’, this and that.

Nathan didn’t see any problem with cat houses. He personally preferred dogs, but cats were alright. Sleeping with people was mostly Mommy, but Nathan didn’t see the big deal. He slept with Dr. Froggy, and that wasn’t problematic. He now held Dr. Froggy, a stuffed animal of a frog. He had a stethoscope around his neck and a white doctor’s coat. Dr. Froggy seemed to be his only friend at home. Daddy was always working, and Mommy was constantly running to the grocery store, although she rarely brought home groceries.

“Why don’t you just leave?” Nancy screamed.

“Maybe I will!”

“So go! Now!”

“Don’t tell me what to do!”

“Screw you!”

Suddenly there was a stalemate. The two stood there, sweat and hormones settling in the air. Their hearts pumped and they glared at each other with something best described as pure hatred. It reminded Nathan of an old western he had watched with his grandfather.

“I think we should get a divorce.”

“So do I.”

“I’m taking Nathan.”

“No you’re not.”

“Yes, I am.”

“Let’s compromise.”

“No compro-”

“We’ll split him.”

“-Fine.”

They looked over to Nathan, who sat silently on the couch.

“I’ll get the saw.” John started for the garage.

“I get the top half.”

“Fine. Less to feed.” he grumbled.

Nancy started clearing off the coffee table and said, “Come here, son.”

Nathan got up, still holding Dr. Froggy. His mother gently took the stuffed animal away and lifted him onto the table. “Keep still.” She said, laying him on his back.

“This will hurt a little, son,” John said, returning with a large power saw, “but you can handle it. You’re a big boy now, try to be quiet.”

“Ok, Daddy.”

John plugged the large saw in and pressed the ON button. The blade started to spin, and John slowly advanced at Nathan’s waist. He began to cut right where the hips meet the torso. After it ripped through the light clothing Nathan wore, the blade began to cut him. The pain was excruciating, but Nathan was quiet. He was a big boy now, and felt he had to prove it.

When Nathan was cut in half, John went upstairs to pack his things. Nathan felt very light-headed, and blood coated the coffee table. He longed for Dr. Froggy, but he didn’t want blood to taint his coat. John returned with a suitcase. He grabbed his keys and his half of Nathan, and drove away in his truck.

-Alex J. Breckenridge

