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★ PRISM '08

PRISM 2008

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Artist's Guild

A journal of art and literature featuring work by students, staff,
faculty, and alumni of Lawrence Technological University.

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A Note from the Editors

A prism is defined as a medium that changes the appearance of what is viewed through it. The same can be said of this collection of works included in "Prism." This collection of short stories, poetry, drawings, graphics, and photographs is contributed by students, faculty and alumni of Lawrence Technological University.

Prism was founded in 1978 by then-student and later faculty member at LTU, Paula Stofer. Prism was only printed for two years until Dr. Melinda Weinstein, with generous backing from the College of Arts and Sciences, resurrected the dormant Prism in 2000. Since then, every year has led to a more refined collection. The Artists' Guild continuously strives to expand its presence on campus and evoke creative ideas from the students.

We would like to sincerely thank the College of Arts and Sciences and the Department of Humanities, Social Sciences and Communications for their support. Additionally, give special thanks to Sofia Lulgjuraj and Sara Lamers for their guidance in completing the finished Prism. Also, thanks to all the contributors for their inspiring pieces.

Enjoy.

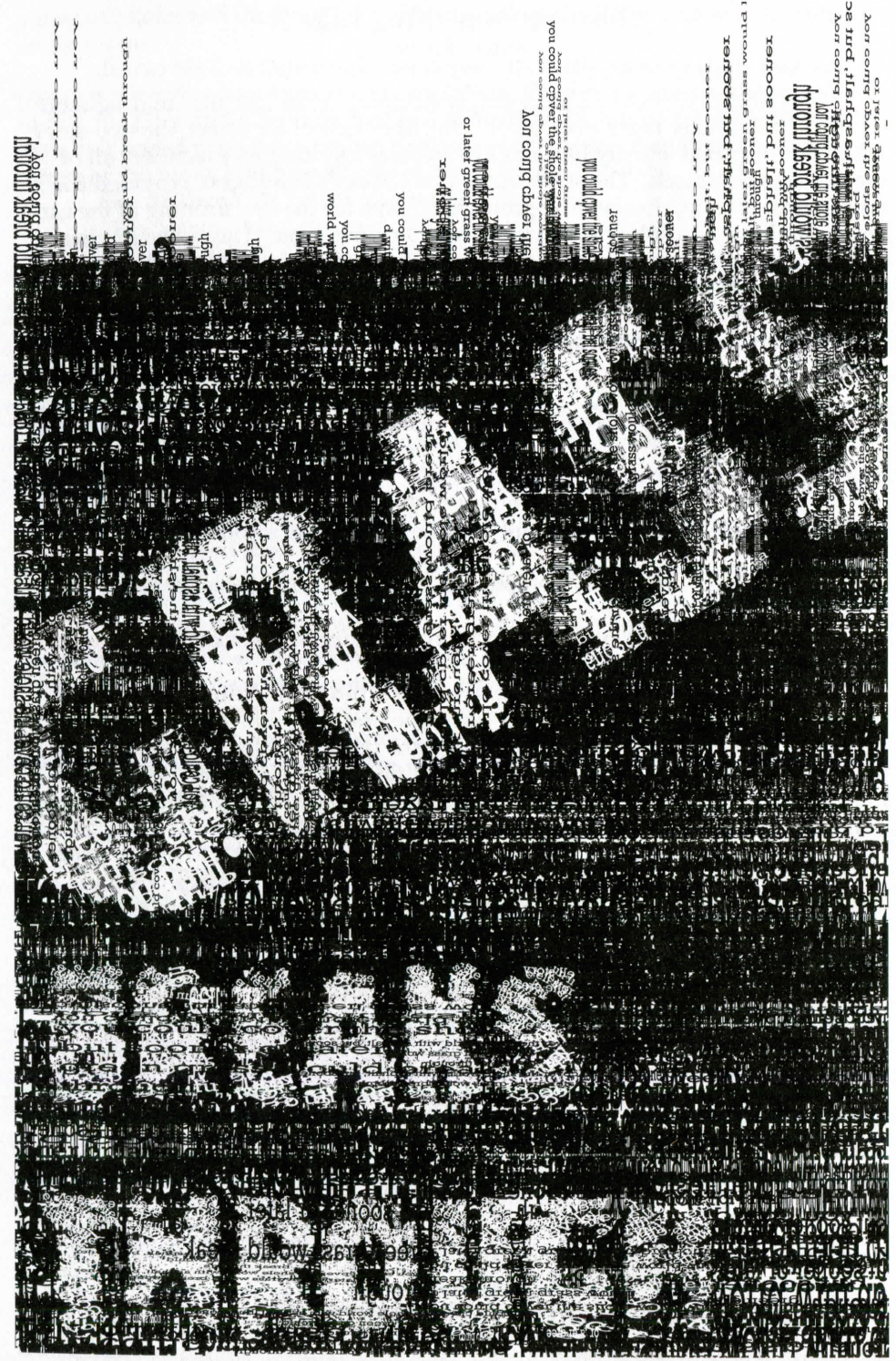
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Editor's Quote

It is human nature to want to exchange ideas, and I believe that, at bottom, every artist wants no more than to tell the world what he has to say.

- M. C. Escher



Text

Love or Something Like it

Jeffrey Rayburn

A single car moved on the empty suburban road just after midnight on a calm, chilly Friday night in October. On either side of the street, the two-story white houses stood silently like a line of soldiers awaiting an execution; all of them were pitch black. The streetlamps and the car's headlights provided the only source of light. Everything grew quiet, save for the low droning of the car's engine and the wind blowing leaves across the pavement. The car was being driven by a young good-looking teenager. His girlfriend sat in the passenger seat. Both of them showed no signs of being tired. She played with a strand of her long blonde hair and smiled softly in his direction. Her eyes were intent on his sexy dimples and single mole on his cheek. He kept his eyes firmly on the road.

He looks so hot sitting in the dark like that, she thought.

"So, James, do you want to come inside when we get there?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said, "Won't your parents be sleeping?" He did not take his eyes off the road or the dark houses.

"No silly. They have been out of town visiting my grandma all week. I have the whole place to myself until Sunday. I told you so on Tuesday after practice."

"Oh right," he said while looking at her briefly. "I guess I wasn't listening clearly."

She lowered her eyebrows and scrunched up her face in brief puzzlement then pulled at her hair.

It wasn't the first time she noticed something odd going on about him. She remembered the day last month when she first saw him. James was a new student at school and when in his presence she felt something that seemed to lift her off her feet. She took notice of everything about him, from his chiseled muscles bulging under his tank top to the sexy mole on his right cheek and the perfectly curved nose between his adorable brown eyes.

She so wanted him to take notice of her, but he seemed to be the sweet yet quiet type around the girls. He mostly hung out with the guys. He had joined the football team during his first week and made friends with some of the players instantly; he especially became close friends with quarterback Charlie Hobbs. She was ecstatic when she heard that James was on the team because she was assistant head cheerleader and the cheerleaders always had their practices on the football field near the football players' practice.

A few weeks ago she finally asked him out after practice before the football team hit the showers. He responded with a nervous "okay," but Kelli figured it was probably because she seemed to come on a bit strong. After that week, she really began to believe the relationship would last. However, all last week, particularly on their date at the movies last Saturday, he seemed to pay less attention to her and always looked very uncomfortable whenever she spoke to him.

James finally reached her house and pulled into the driveway. As he turned off the engine, she asked again.

"So then, do you want to come in?"

She noticed a quick bit of hesitation in his face; then he said "Sure."

They hopped out of his new silver Honda Civic and started up the driveway. It was such a cold night that, even with their sweaters and school athletic jackets on, they shivered immensely. She took her jangling keys from her

purse and unlocked the front door. She flicked on the lights and led him into the living room.

It was his first time inside her house. It clearly showed signs that she was using her newfound freedom to its fullest. Pillows lay askew on the sofa and on the floor and a layer of dust had formed on the coffee table. A deep red yoga mat rested peacefully against the back wall; not far from the mat, in the corner of the room, laid a small pile of dirty clothes.

She followed his line of vision to the clothes.

"Oh, ignore that," she said. "So, do you want a drink?"

"Okay, I guess."

She went to the kitchen while he slumped down on the sofa.

God, he thought as she left, *I can't keep this up. She'll find out soon if I'm not careful. Relax! She'll be back any moment.* He straightened up on the sofa and took a couple deep breaths.

She returned a minute later with two glasses filled to the brim with a light, clear liquid.

"Vodka," she giggled as she passed him a glass and sat down right next to him. "I got it from my dad's liquor cabinet. I thought it would be awesome for such an occasion."

"Cool."

They clicked their glasses together with a heartily spoken "cheers" and took a couple sips in silence. When they set their drinks down on the table, she spoke again.

"Can you believe we've been going out for only three weeks? It feels like we have been together for years. I still can't believe that we are already high school seniors. Only seven months until graduation."

"Yeah, it is cool."

"And wasn't tonight's game the most suspenseful one yet? I mean, there we were. The score was ten to seven. We were ahead by only three. The Cougars had the ball and were on fourth down with only a minute left in the game. Both sides of the stands were going crazy!"

"Yeah, it was pretty intense..." he said.

"And then you and Charlie tackled the quarterback before he could even throw the pass." She continued as if she didn't hear him.

"And we won the final play-off game," he finished.

"You sure did! And isn't this the first time our team has gotten to the state district finals in years?"

"I think so."

"You guys have been awesome this season," she declared.

"You've been pretty good too, Ms. Head Cheerleader."

"Oh, thank you, my devoted fan base," she giggled.

They laughed together as they both leaned back a little on the sofa.

"Seriously though," she went on, "you and Charlie must have gone bonkers after the game."

"Yeah, all the guys were going nuts," he smiled slightly. "After the game, Charlie and I were whooping and slapping each other on the back. We kept cheering while we changed out of our uniforms and even when we hit the showers..."

He trailed off suddenly and looked down at his feet. She could not help noticing he made the same face that he had made not too long ago when she had asked him to come inside her house – the uneasiness, the uncertainty, the inability to look into her blue eyes.

They took a few more sips of Vodka in silence. He stared into space a little; he was deep in thought again.

That was close, he thought.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said instantly.

He's been like this all week, she thought. *What is going on with him?*

Kelli had tried to confront him on their relationship since last Saturday, but they had mid-term exams to study for and she didn't have any time to spend alone with him all week.

What is it he is keeping from me? she wondered.

She looked away from him for a minute to contemplate her next question, tugging at another strand of her hair the entire time.

I need him to prove his love, she thought.

"So...do you want to do it?"

"I don't know."

"Come on. It's the perfect opportunity. My parents are out of town, we have the place to ourselves, we're both 18, and you just won the most awesome game of the season.

He shrugged and swiped his hand through his short nut-brown hair.

"You're doing it again," she said.

"Doing what again?"

"Putting your hand through your hair. It's what you do around me when you're nervous."

"I'm not nervous. I just don't know if it's the right time."

"Oh honestly," she said, "You're just like that guy Mark in that movie."

"What movie?"

"What do you mean 'What movie'? The one we went to see last Saturday. It was called 'Love or Something Like it.' Ring a bell?"

"I know it. I just didn't know which movie with a character named Mark you were talking about."

"Mark was that guy Kirk's best friend who had the opportunity to sleep with the woman he adored, but backed out because he realized he wanted to be with his best girl friend."

There, she thought. *That should get him to spill.*

He looked away from her and drank some more Vodka. His glass was almost empty.

Damn, she thought. *It's time for me to be direct!*

"Do you love me?" she asked him

"Of course I do," he said, looking back into her eyes.

"I've been wondering lately if you actually do 100% love me."

"I do!"

"Are you seeing another girl? Is it that whore Stacey Rogers?"

"No, of course not. I love you, Kelli."

"Well, you don't act like you do. Like at that movie, it took you quite a while before you finally put your arm around my shoulder."

"I didn't want to make you feel like I was going too fast."

"Of course you weren't going too fast," she laughed. "A girl loves it when her boyfriend puts his arm around her shoulder and holds her snugly."

"I guess I wasn't thinking."

"You always seem to not think well when you're with me. I also noticed that you weren't looking at the movie during that scene where that girl tempts that guy Mark by showing her boobs."

Fuck, she knows something, he thought. *Think of something fast.*

"I didn't want you to think I liked her boobs better."

"That's very sweet of you, James, but it doesn't bother me if you look at a woman's boobs in a movie. She's not a real girl. When will you ever see her?"

"I suppose I didn't think."

"There you go 'not thinking' again," she snapped. She grabbed her cup from the table and downed the rest of her drink in one gulp.

"I have to go to the bathroom," she said, setting her glass back on the musty table.

She scurried off toward the hall where the bathroom was. He continued sitting and stared at his feet.

Shit, he thought. *I have to tell her the truth! No, she might tell someone! His face felt flushed; a tear squeezed its way out of his left eye.*

He glanced around the room and noticed a dark blue picture frame on the table next to the sofa. He reached out to grab it and brought it close to his face. He saw a four-year-old girl with short blonde hair laughing between a smiling young couple he suspected were her parents. An articulate fairytale castle stood peacefully in the background behind them.

Disneyworld, he thought. *I've never been there. She looks so happy.* He set the picture back down on the table and glanced over at the red yoga mat.

She is so beautiful and hard-working. She doesn't deserve to be lied to! He sat back on the sofa and thought about what he was going to do; all the while, he kept glancing back furtively at the doorway for Kelli's return.

I could tell her and make her promise not to tell anyone. But what if she gets angry at me and blabs to her friends for revenge? Even if she were to be understanding, she might accidentally slip to one of her friends. Then the whole school will find out within a few hours and my life will be ruined.

He slammed his fists into the side of the sofa. *Fuck, I'm screwed.* He looked quickly over to the doorway to see if Kelli would run in wondering what the noise was. But the doorway and hallway still stood silent.

He looked back one more time at the picture in the blue frame. Then he stood up from the sofa and scooped up the overstuffed pillows from the floor. Placing them back nice and straight on the sofa, he gave them a few whacks to fluff them up. He made a move to sit back down, but instead took notice of his long-sleeve jacket that he still had on. He rolled up his right arm into his sleeve, bent down by the coffee table, and proceeded to wipe away the small layer of dust with the abandoned sleeve.

Kelli stood breathing heavily in front of the white marble sink. Hot water tumbled down from the faucet. She cupped some water in her hands and splashed it onto her face. She reached over the sink and ripped the pink towel from the towel ring and rubbed it hard over her face. Throwing the towel down to the floor, she stared hard into the mirror.

My god, what is wrong with me? Am I not beautiful?

The girl looking back at her from the mirror seemed to be beautiful. There were her small sea-blue eyes and her slightly curved nose. There were her smooth pink lips and straight white teeth. There was the small scar on her neck that was there since she fell off her bike when she was ten.

It can't be the scar, she thought. *Maybe it's my hair!*

She grabbed the hairbrush from the edge of the sink and ran it several times through her shoulder-length hair.

No, that's not it either! He just doesn't like ME!

She dropped the brush to the floor, grabbed both edges of the sink and broke down. She walked dizzily over and sat down on the edge of the white tub where she continued to cry. She did not know how much time had passed as she cried; it seemed like ages. She thought about how her friends would react when she told them about it on the phone tomorrow. They would comfort her, but she wouldn't be able to get over it for a while.

No, she thought. She stood up from the tub, grabbed a couple Kleenexes from the box on top of the toilet and dabbed at the tears.

There is still a chance.

Fifteen minutes had passed since Kelli left for the bathroom and she returned to find James seemingly relaxed, sitting back on the sofa. He turned to look at her as she walked in and smiled slightly. As she sat back down next to him, she noticed something different. She took a quick glance around the room. The pillows were back on the couch, the coffee table was shining in the lamplight, and the pile of dirty clothes was gone.

"You cleaned up a bit," she said in a flat, expressionless voice.

"Yeah," he said not looking at her, "I straightened up the pillows, took the clothes to the laundry room for you, and..."

He stopped suddenly when he looked at her finally and noticed that her face was as red as the lonely yoga mat and her cheeks contained streaks of what were unmistakably dried-up tears.

"Kelli, are you okay?" he asked with utmost sincerity.

She didn't answer. She looked at him carefully, studied him. Finally she spoke.

"Kiss me."

"What?"

"Prove that you love me and kiss me."

He leaned forward and kissed her.

"No, I mean reeaally kiss me," she said. He leaned forward once more and kissed her harder with his mouth open; his tongue slid in and out of her mouth, rubbing against her perfectly aligned teeth.

The whole time kissing her, he had the same image firmly planted in his mind. Charlie Hobbs stood in the middle of the locker room wearing nothing but tight jeans. Sweat was pouring down his tanned biceps and hard abs. His short chestnut hair was wet and the slick bangs dripped down his forehead. There seemed to be a light glow coming from his olive eyes. He reached down to unbuckle his jeans while running his tongue over both of his small pouting lips, wetting them.

James did not stop until about a minute went by. Finally, he and Kelli straightened up.

"See, I love you. I kissed you."

Idiot, stop saying that to her, he thought.

"Only because I told you to."

"What do you want from me then?"

"Isn't it obvious? I want you to stay here tonight with me. I know you might be scared because it's your first time. It's okay. It's my first time too. We'll go slow and take it easy. Even if we make mistakes, we'll just laugh over it and keep going because I love you and you love me, don't you think so?"

He could not speak after that pronouncement.

Shit, he thought, *does she know? Is she trying to goad me into telling, or does she really love me? Tell her now and get her to promise not to tell. No, it might get out;*

I can't take that chance. Maybe it can wait a different night. No, I can't keep this going. She's too good...

He stood up from the sofa.

"I just remembered that I have an important appointment tomorrow morning," he said, "I'll call you tomorrow, okay?"

She could not answer. She just stared at him hard as if trying to see right through him.

That's it then. He doesn't love me. That was all she could think at that moment.

He staggered over to the hallway to the front door. He looked back at her sitting on the couch. To him, she looked like a puppy that had just been taken away from its owner.

I'm so sorry, Kelli, he thought. He opened the door and stepped out into the cold darkness of night, where the white houses still stood silent.

To the Other Side of Wisconsin

Pamela Sharkey

I drive along
Strapped to the seat
The roadway turning
Quick and swerving

Tucked into the landscape
Away from the pavement
Billboards in the distance catch my eye
I watch as they roll on by

My spine has compressed in route
I see myself clamped in a vice
I kick my shoes aside
With bare feet I will drive

Eyes sting while they're open
Each lash is a weight
Mouth opens to yawn
I hope to be there by dawn

Preparing for Winter

James Gliwa

Walking outside on a late November day
sporting jeans, t-shirt, and sandals,
and sipping on some hot cider from my coffee mug,
the leaves with their brilliant shades of
crimson, orange, and gold
sometimes containing a thin slice of lime
weren't there to dazzle the eyes.
That theatrical light
show I so often look for
performing outside my window.

The only trees that appear to be affected
are the black locust trees who
seem to be too excited
as if they could not wait
for the season
standing out amongst the green
by bursting into flames
of yellow.

Two squirrels scurry
searching for the right place
to bury a food supply
for the winter.
The sun grins towards them
illuminating the acorns underneath
the ancient oak whose arms sag
as if it has knowledge of the weight
it will soon bear.

A College Contemplation

Alex Popovich

Things to remember,
I have forgot,
Prices to pay,
But debts I have naught.

I am Prometheus trapped on a mountain,
I am Puck scheming a new prank,
I am the prisoner and the rebel,
I am successes and failure,
I am steadfast and lazy.

I am the College Student.

The top of the class.
The dropout.

Life is an eternal anomaly,
In the void of choice—infinity,
But here, all is a point—centralized,
Do or die, watching are all eyes.

Sadder is the starting bid based on the perceived pillars.
The glitz masking shop class doorways.
The perfect scam, the inarguable loop-hole,
The orchestrates of knowledge, the high institutes of learning.

A sham of the practical:
Only building blocks and theoretical

Within this bitterness I can't stress enough
The importance of the learned unimportance.

For what good would come of trading away real knowledge if knowledge is
power?

Despite all this; the time, money, hardening of heart,
Life never gets any easier or harder.
Seemingly only the weight of the world is lifted
From heavy shoulders when the backpack is finally discarded.

Summer Portent (from *The Hoffman Saga*)

Betty Stover

The summer that Brother put the stick of dynamite in the outhouse was the summer that came to be known as "The Draught of 1892." It didn't rain from May to September and it was so hot that the women left off wearing petticoats under their dresses—even Aunt Marie. I was ten and Brother was twelve and I told him that it was a stupid idea, but he told me that I was just a kid and to stop pesterin' him if I didn't want to help. I had a proprietorial attitude toward Brother though and didn't want him to think I was afraid. He'd get that scornful look on his face that made his eyes darker and puckered up his chin and nose when he was mad at me. So I helped him.

I held the blue stick of dynamite tightly while he wound the specially waxed twine around one end of it. Then he carefully lowered it into the dark deep hole of the outhouse seat until it touched bottom. We trailed the twine twenty feet into the lilac bushes and I crouched down while he lit the match. We watched the smoldering sparks sizzle up the twine, making it look like a snake on fire. Suddenly Brother stood up and ran to the door of the outhouse. I hollered at him, "Wattya doin'?" I knew my voice was screeching.

"Hush. I wanna see what it looks like."

"But you'll be blown up!"

"The dynamite ain't that strong."

The smoldering sparks kept moving up the twine leaving a limp black tail of burnt dust. I watched with my mouth open as it neared the door. I held my breath. Brother followed it inside and stood over the hole looking down. Then there was a loud boom and I closed my eyes.

All the birds seemed to swoosh up in the air crying and fluttering around at once, blending with the noise of the explosion. The noise seemed to go on and on, echoing with the birds' cries.

When it was still I began to smell the most awful stink. It seemed to come on in waves with the heat of the air. I turned around and ran through a gap in the bushes away from the smell. I looked over my shoulder and saw Brother running out the door, covered with brown slime, trying to wipe his eyes and his mouth but only managing to spread the muck around.

"Come on to the pond," I yelled at him.

In a croaky voice he said that he couldn't open his eyes so I ran back and grabbed him by the sleeve and raced to the pond in the field beyond the run-in-shed. As soon as I got the gate open he ran down to the edge and dove in, shoes and all. I could still smell the awful stench and, looking down, saw that the muck was all over my sleeve and the side of my dress, so I dove in too.

The water was cool and sweet and I was barefoot so I could kick easily and get over to Brother in the middle of the pond.

"Wow! What a stink!"

He was laughing now and we started horsing around. Then we saw Daddy Brown running down the hill toward us. In the distance, with her skirts raised so high that her white knickers showed, Aunt Marie came in a sort of prancing run, lifting her knees up high. Behind her was Bingy, with her muslin dress bellowing so that it looked as if she were flying toward us on an umbrella.

Daddy Brown stood on the edge of the pond with his hands on his hips looking stern and puzzled at the same time. Aunt Marie and Bingy came up and stood on either side of him.

"Come out of there this instant!" Aunt Marie's voice was shrill with a sing-song elongation about the vowels that made the words wrap around our bobbing heads. It was her fiercest voice and signaled the amount of trouble we were in.

"I told you it was a stupid idea."

Brother ignored me and we paddled toward the bank and our doom.

End of Muskrat Pond

Photograph: Digital Image with IR Filter
Scott Schneider

A Bump in the Day

James Gliwa

You pull up to the Detroit border stop
four cars in front of you,
four cars and a gate guard
your way back into the country where
you've grown up, seem
like angry hounds ready to sniff
out any intruders.
You've done this so many times, yet
your breathing is still heavy
and your heart is pumping fast.
What do you have to hide though?

Three cars left.

Is it the fear of being pulled over
for seemingly endless hours and
waiting in that room where not even
a whisper is uttered, nor eyes stare
Or maybe it's having a magnifying glass inspecting
every crumb, pebble, and thread
in the car you forgot to clean
last Monday. Dog hairs wrap
the seats like shag rug.
Maybe not that bad,
but it will certainly get cleaned tomorrow.

Two cars now remain in front of you.

Most likely, or to some degree,
it's dealing with the border patrol.
Needing to deal with a person
who won't smile nor make conversation.
Their tone is like parents scolding
their teenager for being out past curfew.
You know it's their job but still ...
that attitude could ruin the rest of your day.
Stomach knots,
hands clammy with sweat,
lists of what else needs
to be done today
flood the mind.
One lone car remains.

You turn off
your favorite punk rock
band's latest song.
Oh, and no sunglasses!
Open the back window too just in case.
You're up!

Passport's ready.
That lady at CVS really
didn't do justice with
that photo.
Breathe.

You slowly pull up to the booth.
"Citizenship?" says a khaki uniformed
woman in the booth.
"U.S.," you reply back
"Where you headed?"
Her lips form a straight line.
Chocolate hair drips
showing under her hat slightly.
"Back to college," you say.
You receive a barking question.
"Are you carrying any alcohol, tobacco, or firearms?"
"No"
"Proceed." She slightly curves her lips.

You can breathe again.

Throwing Out Echoes

Jordan Scenna

If I know one thing, it's that learning something "the hard way" is the only worthwhile way of learning anything at all, especially when learning about the fragility of friendship. I had recently moved in to a small, two-bedroom house with a friend of mine called Thornbury. It was one of those homes that one might lovingly refer to as a "humble abode." It had tiny rooms, unsuitable for any acceptable way of living. There was a musty, cramped bathroom, the kind where moisture constantly gathers along the ever-widening cracks in the ceiling. There was, in fact, a very spacious basement, but it was so frighteningly unfinished that it was more likely to be used as a medieval torture chamber than a laundry or storage facility. Nevertheless, we called the place home, or more accurately, we called it "The Monkey House," due to the fact that the previous tenants had been two-foot tall monkeys with multi-colored hair and quiet dispositions. These stuffed animals had been there when we moved in and we decided to let them stay, it being winter, and because the neighborhood shelter had a strict policy against homeless inanimate primates. We hung them on our living room walls between the windows. This was their territory, their trees to climb, their branches to swing from. They gripped the dust stained blinds with their soft paws and refused to let go. They covered the entire color spectrum. One of them was red with orange whiskers. Another one was blanketed in black, except for the eyes, a mythical blue of a blood that has never tasted air. Sometimes Thornbury and I would sit with them in our living room.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a real monkey," Thornbury would say. I would shake my head up and down, humoring him,

"Yes, it certainly would."

On the day I turned twenty-one years old, I celebrated with Thornbury. He congratulated me with thick smiles and slaps on the back. We devoured every hidden measure found inside the hollows of a pair of over-sized conga drums. The drums belonged to Thornbury, but he was generous in a way and gladly shared with me. I guess he didn't want to hear the percussions alone. We decided to make collages out of old magazines and newspapers that were lying around the house. We entertained the thought of going out and having a drink, to spend the day in a more traditional manner, but that thought soon gave way to another, and another, and then soon we were again cutting and pasting, tearing and taping. We dedicated our work to each other. Our friendship was strong, and we spent many hours sitting across from each other without uttering a single word, thoroughly enjoying each other's company. After a long and comforting silence, Thornbury spoke. "I got a monkey."

"What was that?" I asked, not even lifting my head from a two-year old issue of *Vice* magazine

"I bought a monkey yesterday, a real one." I looked up at my friend and swatted a fly that had landed stealthily on top of his head.

"Sure you did," I mused. Thornbury sprang to his feet with an energy I seldom witnessed from him, almost turning the small card table we were using as our work space on its back.

"Come," he said. "Let me show you."

The small, minute monkey didn't notice Thornbury slide open his bedroom door. He didn't notice us tip-toe into the room. He didn't even notice when we crept up and stood, glaring at him from behind. He didn't notice because he was shitting on Thornbury's bed. "I'll clean that crap up later,"

Thornbury said. I stood there in utter shock, in complete amazement, in absolute astonishment. My friend had bought a monkey. A real one. A real live monkey is what my friend had bought, and now that monkey was throwing its own feces at the stuffed monkeys that already inhabited our home. The shit splashed against the walls, defiling the stuffed monkeys' modest, but proud community.

"I think he's displaying his dominance over the herd," Thornbury said.

"Herd?" I queried

"Or maybe he's marking his territory."

"I believe they were here first," I replied. "It's actually their territory."

"I don't think that matters much to him," Thornbury said. "He must be the alpha monkey."

For the next six months we lived harmoniously with Monkey. That was his name, "Monkey." We grew (especially Thornbury) to love him as we would a pet, or a son or daughter. He did the things we did. He watched T.V. with us. He didn't get hooked on the nature channels like we had expected, but instead he favored Lifetime. He enjoyed movies and videogames. He even ate at the dinner table. Once I tried to feed him bananas and Monkey simply waved them away with his paw.

Thornbury saw this and chimed in. "He said he won't eat bananas because it's a stereotype placed on him and perpetuated by his human oppressors."

"We don't oppress him," I said, quite indignantly, only to stop in mid-sentence to inquire of my friend "He said that, did he? I began to question my good friend's sensibility.

"He's also getting lonely," Thornbury alleged. "He needs a mate."

"Let me guess," I said. "a primate."

That night I had a dream, a disturbing dream that had me sit straight up in bed with such ferocity that it nearly gave me good posture. I dreamt that Monkey was attempting to turn Thornbury against me. He told Thornbury that I plotted to expel him from the household while Thornbury was away. He accused me of verbally abusing him, calling him a filthy and foul little ape. This infuriated Thornbury, who now loved Monkey and valued his companionship moreso than mine. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "These are vicious lies Monkey, and you know it," I screamed. Just then Monkey let out an awful hiss and lunged at me. His lips curled back exposing his man-like incisors. But suddenly, the dream's scene changed, and now we were in the middle of a gladiatorial arena, locked in mortal combat. Monkey and I were facing each other in full armor. I could see nothing of him except his reddened monkey eyes, full of hate and bloodlust. He hissed again, and now he was armed with a spiked mace which he started swinging above his head with tremendous force. I looked about the arena, and to my surprise, instead of the bloodthirsty human spectators I thought would be watching this duel, I only saw monkeys, apes, and chimpanzees. They were cheering us on, demanding that there be blood spilled. Monkey advanced on me, going in for the kill, the guts and the glory, but it was then that I awoke, confused and saturated with fear.

That evening I returned home from work as I always did. It had been a typical day on the job, one of seemingly endless repetition and nausea. Two weeks had passed since Thornbury had procured a mate for our undersized friend and just like a man Monkey had been neglecting his male friends and to spend more and more "quality" time with his new girlfriend. I took my shoes off at the door and hung my coat in the front closet. The place was still, and an

awkward silence tightened its stranglehold over my temperament. I moved through the rooms, sluggish and in anticipation of a crippling boredom. I thought I was alone. But as soon as I parked myself in front of the television, loud exotic sounds leaked out from Thornbury's bedroom. I listened to the high-pitched oooing and ahhhing that attacked me from every direction. The noise invaded my eardrums, encouraging me to claw at my ears, the sound broken only by my growing curiosity. I opened the bedroom door carefully, and the potent, overpowering smell of copulating monkey funk rushed up to my nose alerting the contents of my stomach of an impending emergency and advising an evacuation.

"They're trying to have a baby," Thornbury explained.

Through pinched nostrils I replied, "But I'm too young to be a grandpa."

Thornbury had not set out to be a monkey farmer, he just sort of fell into it head first with his eyes closed. Monkey had made babies, and then he made more babies, and then eventually he made some more. Thornbury would keep most of them, others he would sell to people as pets. He cornered the market. If you wanted a monkey, you couldn't simply go to the store and get one, and they didn't litter the streets like cats. So Thornbury made a fine living off of raising and breeding monkeys. But when I came home from work, I had to fight for everything. I had to fight my way to my room, wading through enormous assemblies of monkeys. I had to battle for the food in the refrigerator and in the cupboards. I had to fight for my friend's attention. I even had to wait in line to use the bathroom. Thornbury had taught the monkeys to shower because he was tired of bathing them himself. It was quite astounding, actually. The monkeys would enter the shower four or five at a time and clean themselves with soap and shampoo. The vain ones applied conditioners and scented bath oils; they would then dry off with my towels. "No more picking lice off of each other's backs like a bunch of undignified primates," Thornbury would yell.

It was all getting to be too much for me. I fought with Thornbury over the fate of them all. I wanted them to go. They were taking over the household. They were everywhere, in every room, every nook; even the crannies were occupied with bipeds. They were becoming a strain on our friendship. Thornbury couldn't bear the thought of parting with the monkeys. They were now his closest friends. He didn't mind the overcrowding. He didn't mind the smell. He didn't even mind the binge drinking. Oh yeah, the monkeys had started to drink. It was harmless at first. We'd give them sips of beer and watch as they stumbled around running into walls and furniture. It was funny. But soon some of them started grabbing beers out of the fridge themselves, and their tolerance grew. It grew so much that they moved on to hard liquor. Let me just say that nothing is more irritating than to have to wait in line for the shower with a monkey who's hammered on gin. You're standing there patiently, and the monkey's slapping your ass and insulting your physique. It's embarrassing. I decided then and there to deliver Thornbury an ultimatum. Either the monkeys go, or I do.

I thought that I had seen everything, but that evening when I returned home from work I was blown away. I saw Thornbury lying on the couch while Monkey sat at an adjacent desk listening to him blather on about our disintegrating friendship. "We just don't see eye to eye anymore, Monkey. It's like we're not even the same species."

Monkey stretched his slender monkey arms up over his head and let out a profound yawn, as if to say he was already privy to what Thornbury was

saying.

I interrupted the session. "That's it man, you've finally lost it haven't you? I can't take this shit anymore, either the monkeys go or I do."

Thornbury rose to his feet, planting them firmly on the shag carpet.

"We've already decided bro," he said. "We all want you to leave."

My eyes burning with rage ignited like they had been doused with gasoline. I lunged at Monkey, growling and screaming obscenities. I grabbed him by the shoulders and we tumbled to the ground. We exchanged blows. I caught him square on the chin with a nasty left hook and he went down. I started to drop down on him, but I was jumped from behind. I had three more monkeys on my back pulling me to the ground and pummeling my head and abdomen. I was defeated. Eight monkeys hoisted me up on my feet. I could barely stand and I was bleeding heavily from my nose and lips.

"I'm sorry," Thornbury said. "But it's time for you to leave." With my arms and legs restrained by fourteen monkeys, Monkey slowly walked over to me.

"OOOOOOO," Monkey said and gave me a few parting shots in my gut.

I was tossed out onto the street without my belongings. They didn't even let me get my coat and it was well below freezing outside. I couldn't believe what happened. I had lost my dearest friend to a bunch of miserable apes.

A Strange Situation

Jordan Scenna

"I'm going to put some tea on. Would you like a cup?"
The man met her eyes and a thin smile spread outward, his cheeks pulling his lips in opposite directions. "Coffee would be better."
"Black?" she asked
"Milk and sugar would be great, if you've got it."
"Of course," she said. "But would you mind the baby while I'm in the kitchen? I'm just the slightest bit over protective."
"Of course," he said. "Aren't you just the portrait of the worrisome mother? The Mona Lisa of languish."
With her head cocked to one side, she raised her eyebrows at him and grinned.
"Now I remember why I said yes to going out with you."
"And why was that?" he asked
"Your endearing sense of humor."
Flattered, the man paused and bathed himself in the compliment.
"Well," he replied, "I wouldn't have thought that to be the reason."
"Then why would I?" she asked.
"Pity of course."
The woman laughed and strolled into the kitchen.

The baby, the man thought, couldn't have been more than two years old, although he could hardly tell. He wasn't very good at relating organic relationships and time. He thought he had been with Mary for six months, but for all he knew it might have been six days. The child was young, but not a "baby" as Mary called him. He was sitting in his play area, reenacting a massive auto accident between his fire truck and cement mixer.

"I hope the paramedics are better drivers," the man said.

The child looked up with a sudden jerk of his head, as if the man's words had shaken him right out of his imagination. The kid began to cry. He let go of the fire truck and the cement mixer and hung his head between his shoulders.

"Don't cry," said the man.

The child continued his melodic sob. The man stood up and walked over to the child's play area. He unbuttoned his suit coat and sat down right in front of the boy.

"I know why you're crying," he said. "You think that your mother has left you all alone with a complete stranger and she's never coming back. And now you have no one to take care of you and to love you for all time. But let me reassure you; your mother will never leave you. Even though she's gone, she is still with you. You are a constant for her. You have taken over her thoughts and corrupted her memory to the point where she can faintly remember a time in her own life without you. For her, you are forever."

The man could hear the kettle's charmed whistle wafting out of the kitchen. The woman followed carrying two cups of coffee. The baby stopped crying.

"How's my little darling?" she asked. "I hope he wasn't giving you any trouble."

"Not at all," the man said. "We were both just missing you, that's all."

"Two sweethearts in my home," she said. "I can barely stand it. Oh, but I forgot the sugar. I'll be right back."

The woman disappeared into the kitchen once more, and once more, the child started to weep.

"Don't cry," said the man. "I know what it is. You think I'm going to break your mother's heart, just like all the others. You think I'm going to use her until I get my fill and then be rid of her. You think I will abandon her, leaving her to loneliness. Then she will blame you and resent you for it. But let me calm you down sweetheart. I am ascending towards love with your mother. She is sweet and kind and nurturing. She will love me almost as much as she loves you."

The woman walked back into the room and set a tray down on the living room table.

"I hope you two are playing nice," she said.

The baby stopped crying.

"For sure," the man replied. "No one was injured in the car wreck. Your son is a merciful deity.

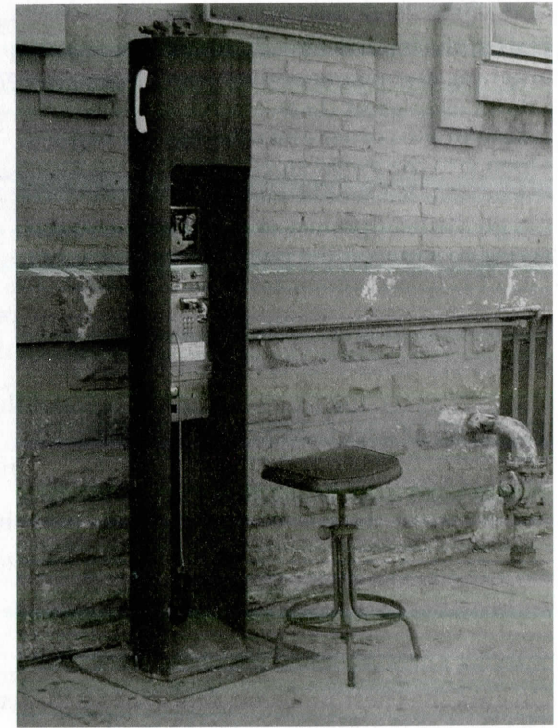
"He just loves those toy cars," she said. "Oh, but I forgot the milk. I'll be right back."

As soon as the mother left the room the child began to cry, all of his tears pooling on the hardwood between his thighs. The man put one hand on the child's leg and looked down into his reflection. Then he looked up and met the child's eyes.

"Don't cry," he said.

You think I am your father's replacement. You loved him, didn't you? He was there when you were born, but you know he is not here now, and nonetheless, you await his return. Let me tell you son, I am not and will never be your real father, but I can love you all the same. I can be your best friend. Instead of scolding you for the things you do wrong, I will teach you right away the things that are right. I will be there as you grow older. I will be there to talk to you when you uncover your own unique pain. I will be a constant shoulder on which to cry."

The man rose and took his seat on the couch. And just before the mother returned, the baby stopped crying.



Phone Booth

Photograph
Brandon Spencer

Game 7

Tom Kruszewski

Sick and nervous on this huge night,
I'm cranking the radio on my way to the rink.
Two nights ago we lost in overtime.
We would have won the series, and the title.

The fog lurks above the ice,
as the cold air freezes my nostrils.
Half of the team is already in the locker room,
laughing and joking as they dress.
I don't even greet them when I walk in,
sitting in the corner and opening my bag.
Open it to the sweet smell of sweat,
the aroma that would make anyone else faint.
On go the headphones and I go into a zone,
trying to focus on the game ahead.
I can't help but remember how close we came
until they scored, sliding the puck under my pad.

This is the biggest night of your lives boys.
Coach is never one for the motivational speech.
That is all he says to us before he leaves.
My stomach twists and groans; it hurts.
Where is my cup, I can't find my damn cup.
But of course, the side pocket, the same place it always is.

Cup and pants, socks, lace up the skates,
strap on the pads, each buckle in the right hole.

Let's go boys, it's game time.
On goes the chest protector, followed by the jersey.
The crest of this family owns the front,
the number 35 on the back.
Blocker and trapper, right and left hands,
finally the mask, complete.

Leading the team onto the ice,
a clamoring crowd fills the stands.
I glide into my crease, between the pipes, I tap the posts.
My heart waits for the puck to be dropped.

Passed Down

Robert Lange

The day she was born I was brought to her side.
A teddy bear worth \$10.95.
My fur was a shiny brown, and my head held high.
My polished onyx eyes reflected her smile.

Every night I was beside her in the crib
Offering love as she cradled me in her arms.
During the day I watched her build with blocks
She would carry me around wherever she went.

No one ever came over, so she talked to her toys
whispering the romance of dolls into my stubby ears,
until she met a girl from down the street.
I sat on the bed as they played house together.

As a teen she became a beauty.
Long blonde hair that flooded to her waist
Pink sulky lips made sure she got her way.
I am sure the boys flocked to be at her side.

Over the years my fur became worn
I was missing half my smile
The thread of my life torn loose.
I sat on a shelf next to her dusty diploma.

Now she lived outside my view.
Her room was just a place to sleep,
until the day she brought Him over.
I heard sweet whispers as they lay between her sheets.

The day her daughter was born I was brought to her side.
A teddy bear worth a lifetime of memories.
My fur was a dull brown, and my head sagged.
One eye lost in the past, the other reflected her smile.

Beginning to End

Jordan Scenna

Inside the waiting room the smell of sterilized metal and sick children grabbed hold of Stanley's attention and followed him to his seat next to the three month old issues of *People* and *Time*. The odor left a thin film of saliva across the roof of his mouth which he dabbed at with his tongue, tasting it. He thought the place could use some kind of air freshener to cover up the stink of disease and human decay. Maybe some of that potpourri stuff the wife lets simmer for hours on top of their gas stove. He picked up one of the magazines and turned the pages frantically, not bothering to browse the articles or glance at the pictures. He also bounced his knee, so fast in fact that it drew curious stares from the other patients. They must have thought he was going for the record. Stanley hated waiting rooms, but he knew he wouldn't have to wait long. He couldn't wait. He knew his appointment would be a priority. Stanley was nervous about the results of the tests; more precisely speaking, he was panicked. He felt something wrong going on inside of him. His bones cracked with every step. He thought he was losing cartilage the same way that a car leaks oil. At work they had to move him into the office at the front of the site because he couldn't carry the forty pound bags of mortar without getting winded. He had to stay inside and take care of the company's payroll. Stanley thought of this as he sat impatiently in the waiting room; his heartbeat quickened with every breath. Just then a nurse swung open the door that led to the examination rooms. She had thick wrists and a soft, nurturing smile. She glanced down at her clipboard and called out, "Stanley Rogers, the doctor will see you now."

Stanley paced the length of the exam room in nothing but his T-shirt and underwear. The nurse had instructed him to get undressed and have a seat, so that's what he did. But he couldn't sit still. There was too much to worry about; too much at stake. The doctor walked into the room, his flippant gait radiating nonchalance.

"Hello Stan, how are you feeling today?"

"No way Doc, not today. Today you call me by my last name when you tell me that I'm going to die. If you're going to tell me that I have one week to live and I better start making the most of it, that I better start making up for all the lost time, the wasted time, then I want you to be professional about it."

"You want me to call you Mr. Rogers?"

"Yes Sir."

"Stan, we've known each other for years. We played little league together, remember?"

"Yeah, of course I remember. I was the pitcher and you were the catcher. You told me what kind of pitch to throw. You told me when I needed to settle down and relax. You told me when I had nothing left and it was time to come out. And now James, I mean Dr. Goodcourage, I want you to call me Mr. Rogers when you give me these test results."

"Well, I'm not really sure about something."

"About what James? The results! They're bad, I know it. I can see it in your eyes. You can't hide nothing from me."

"Wait a minute Stan."

"It's cancer, isn't it Doc? Alzheimer's maybe?"

"Well, you do seem to be losing your mind."

"I got MS, don't I Doc? High blood pressure and cholesterol levels

through the roof? I got dark red splotches on the back of my neck where I can't see 'em and some of those asymmetrical moles I heard about. Give it to me straight James. No riddles, no fancy medical jargon, just lay it on me. What were the test results James? Jesus Christ, what aren't you sure about?"

"I'm not sure, Mr. Rogers, whether or not it's a wonderful day in your neighborhood."

Stan slumped down on the examination table shaking his head, his hands clasped together at his knees.

"This isn't the time to joke around James. This is my life we're talking about."

"Stan, the tests all came back negative. Negative for cancer. Negative for MS. You don't have Lou Gehrig's disease or spinal meningitis. However. . ."

"I knew it, here it comes. My death sentence."

"Stan, you have a minor case of arthritis. You need to incorporate more calcium in your diet."

"That's it? That's all there is? What about the aches and the pains? The back problems and the shortness of breath? The office at work?"

"You're getting old, just like everyone else."

"So I'm not going to die?"

"Stan, we are all dying."

Lost Respite

Chad Manna

And as the smoke exits my nose,
the residue a mix of buttery and nutty flavour,
it becomes clearer.

The Euler coefficients of the Fourier series...
Each coefficient is inextricably wrought,
dependent on the others
to form the beauty that is the completed series.

The augmented coefficient matrix...
By theorem, an infinite number of ways to solve,
by theorem, only one correct solution.

Sometimes I wish I were still out on the back porch,
where I could think.

I could light up a cigar and just think.
I could plan.
I could slowly inhale this poison,
while planning my entire life.

Taylor series representation...
Man can encompass multiple terms
that gradually, eventually, coagulate
to a finite or infinite sum.

The Theorem of Stokes...
Its lengthy, bombastic progression
ultimately yielding the generalized
Fundamental Theorem of Calculus.

The.....

And then my respite is over.
No more
the thoughts
that carry me away.

Highway Crossing

Robert Lange

The squirrel raises his nose and sniffs the polluted air.
Across the concrete desert lies a green park.
Sitting on a dying branch he can see a spark of heaven,
full of tall silver maples and gardens of daffodils.
Robins hop along the bank of a crystal blue pond.

Giant metal beasts patrol across the deadly abyss.
Just off the curb is a smear of fur,
he squeaks and his paws twitch.
The squirrel climbs down the tree
perplexed by the foul spray of an orange cross.
Once on the ground, he pounces toward the edge of the road.
Like a prisoner trying to escape
the squirrel waits until the duty switch of the guards.
Scampering across the hot asphalt,
without incident he gets to the opposing median.

As if he hit their beehive with a stick
the agitated metal beasts once again flash by.
Hungry predators circling their prey.
He darts back and forth
heart beating rapidly

Sprint for the park
Angry horns
squealing tires
narrowly missing his tail!
Blindly leaping the last few feet
he tumbles into the grass

Looking around, he finds a tree to call home.

Bum Simple

Jordan Scenna

Finding his way to the lunch counter, he's bum simple, from bald head to open
toe

Tattered shirt

Tattered jeans

Split seams and one shoe-string.

He tells the man behind the counter, "I ain't got no dough but can you spare a
little food?"

How 'bout some catfish to go?"

And then the "Hey man getta job man outta the way man, hey what's that smell
man?"

Lunch counter guy armed to the teeth with a half accurate counterside street
preach

"Don't you know that children are starving overseas?"

"I know that and I'm sorry but I'm hungry so feed me please."

"Don't you know our troops are dying in foreign streets?"

"I know that and I'm sorry but my best friend Warren he just O.D.'ed last week."

"Can't you feel the rest of the world's terrible pain and anguish?"

"I can and I'm sorry but right now brother all I need is a sandwich."

Finding his way under the long leaf palm tree, he's bum simple,

With a sandwich tucked inside his grocery basket.

He's got dinner now and an old cassette player

Worn well from too much use

And sounds of old school blues grooves

While bits of bread are picked between hard popping guitar licks

And the weight of the world simmers uncomfortably on back burners

Cause for now he's fed fat and full watching ocean waves

A playground for oblivious children

Who know nothing of starving in city streets

Or dying, unjustly, for your country.

Back in the Day

Chad Manna

To have lived in the 1970's
would have been better than best.

The colored dance floor,
each tile
a square of vivid rainbow.

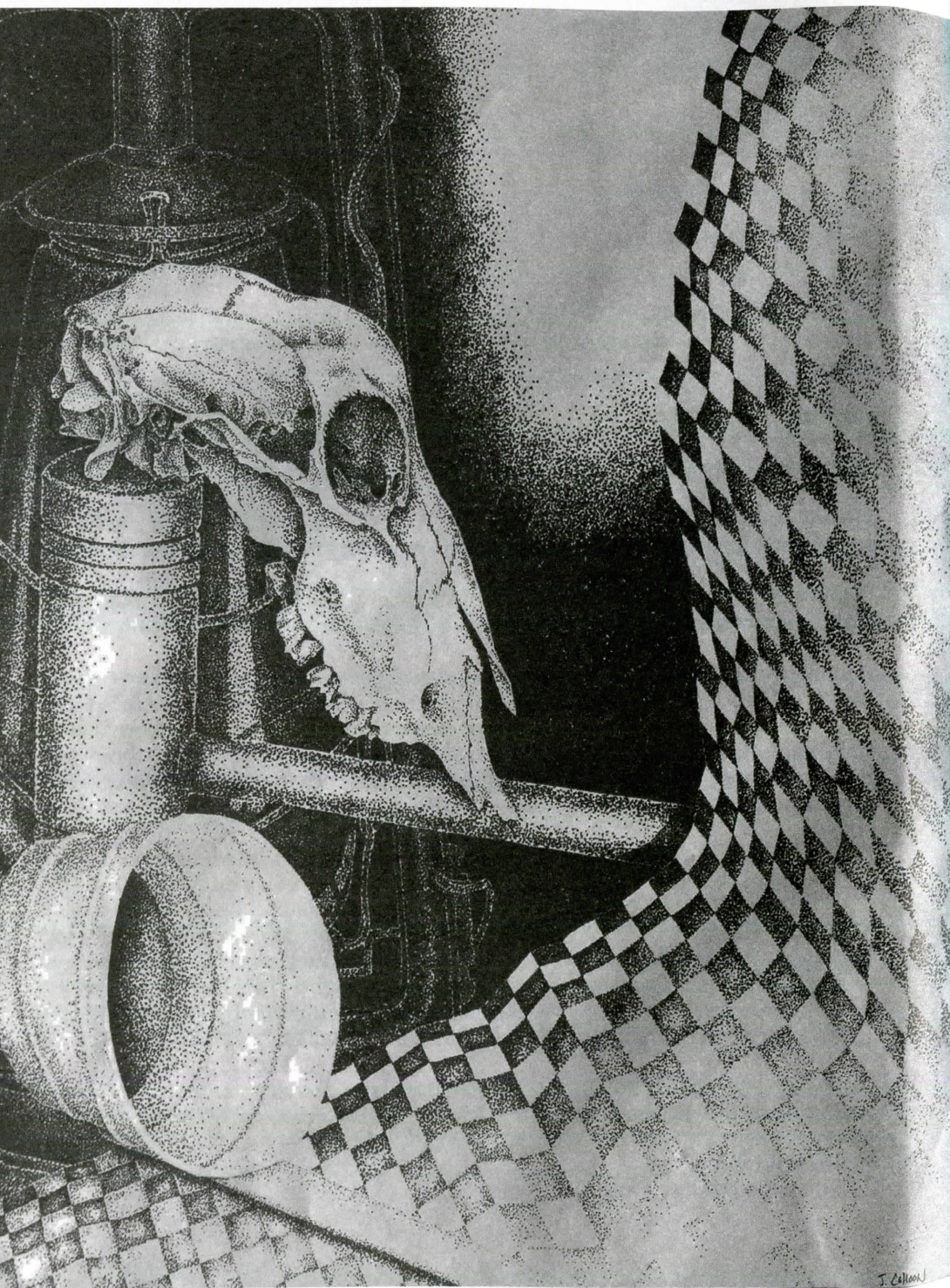
My leisure suit -
Jacket, vest and pants,
all white.
The shirt,
jet black,
perfectly matching
slicked-back hair
and heeled dance boots.

Heavy, pungent cigar smoke,
liquid confidence
tasting of sweet cranberries,
sound emanating from every speaker,
from every corner,
you feel the music,
flowing through you,
like liquid silk.

The Tango Hustle,
that close dance for two,
passion and lust
shown
in the movement of hips,
the touching of lips.

The Latin Hustle
in perfect synchronization
with the others,
that glorious rhythm,
felt by every person in line.

Radiating confidence and
gaiety
like a spotlight
and that spotlight's on *me*.



Untitled 06

Ink

Jennifer Cohoon

Grocery Store Blues

Ian Carolan

My cart wobbles madly as I push it around the grocery store,
the rickety wheels squeaking like mice.
I swing down the peanut butter aisle.
Jesus there are a lot of different kinds of peanut butter here.
Standing silently one by one like soldiers wearing different uniforms.

I notice the face of a woman further down the aisle,
screwed tight in concentration.
Jif or Peter Pan, creamy or smooth,
creamy or smooth, Jif or Peter Pan?
Will this be the hardest decision she makes today?
Well at least until the cereal aisle.

Does she have any idea what's going on in the world?
She's smartly dressed,
sharp glasses, expensive handbag, stylish heels.
Standing there she obsesses over which frozen yogurt to buy,
when millions scream for a piece of bread and a drink of clean water.
But does she –
Oh wow look at that a new flavor of iced tea I should try that
– care, no. She probably never even considers it.

Spice Rack

Jordan Scenna

You know you're getting old when you get a kick ass spice rack for your birthday. The girlfriend gave it to you. She overheard you making some inane comment about your present spice rack, and she took that as a verbal cue to go out and get you a container for your thyme, cinnamon, and all sorts of little crumbs you wouldn't dare put on your "thaw and maw" beef stroganoff. The stroganoff is fine the way it is and so is the old spice rack. It still holds the spices. The girlfriend is always finding little ways to update your life. "You need a new car or I'm leaving. You need a new computer or I'm leaving. Your spice rack is dogshit. Your phone doesn't unlock the secrets of the universe or get the internet, so I'm leaving."

You know you're getting old when you change who you are so your girlfriend won't leave you. You'll tuck in your shirt; you'll stand up straight; you'll watch your language; you won't go out; you'll check in; you'll call ahead; you'll cut your hair; you'll keep it clean; you'll forget your friends; you'll change your priorities; you'll write things down; you'll let it slide; you'll be a man. Whatever it takes.

You know when you really know when you're getting old? When you start running out of options.

A Paper Plate Target

Pamela Sharkey

The first time I fired Dad's gun,
a 12 gauge shotgun, he loaded it.
He shoved a paper plate into the branches of an overgrown bush
in lieu of a proper target.

I'd rather shoot clay pigeons, skeet, more of a challenge.
Like real game that soars across the fall sky and stops,
as if it hit an invisible wall that hangs from the clouds,
then plunges into the autumn marsh.

I'd line up the orange disc in the sights of the gun,
and watch as it burst in the air.
Shattered clay would fly each way as graceful as it did when intact,
the gun still raised to my eye, still pointing at the sky.

My left arm shook as I held the heavy barrel.
One eye squinting more than the other,
finger over the trigger,
eyes on the target, steady aim, shoot.

When the ball bearings exploded away from their shell,
maybe three spread far enough astray and tore through the very edge of the
plate.

The force of just so few ripping through drove the plate further back
into the branches that quivered as they too were hit.

The kick threw the gun back into my shoulder
forcing my foot to step back into a cloud the scent of gun powder.
I picked my head up, lowered the sizzling gun.
I had missed the plate.

Building a Fire

Robert Lange

I lick my finger
cold sensations tell me what to do.
Moderate wind from the west,
I need to build a pyramid.

Stacking pine logs into a tetrahedron,
my eyes dart along the ground for twigs.
Pecking the ground like a bird
I pick up leaves and sticks.

Handful of leaves
Bundle of sticks
This fallen birch bark will burn good...

In and out of the woods
I return to drop off my loot.
Satisfied, I pile the leaves under the base
Birch thrown on top of the sticks.

With one click of the lighter
fire pours around the wood.
Smell of pine waffles in the smoke
hisses like air from a tire
crackles like gravel under a moving car.

Sitting down I stare into the flame.

Alone in the woods millennia from home
the stresses from work rise away with the heat.
Watching this creature of my creation
she dances orange in the moonlight.
I feel the spirits of cavemen
patting my back in approval.

to smile

M. Weisgerber

i was told that god can be found in the rain
but the more i watched, the more it made me cry
i mean, what kind of faith can a person have anyways
in a world where murder roams free

i figured that it might help to stare past the blood thirst, past the sky, up to the
stars
to pretend and fake so that I mind not
the iron beasts that claw at my ribcage
there is something sweet about it

the rain, i mean
sheets and sheets that beat a fury of foamy white
because numbness often feels like that
it makes you want to stick a bar,

a rod of iron through that soft spot on your neck
where the spine joins the skull
where hair starts to grow feebly upward
to reach back and feel the prickled skin, pull it taunt

plunge deep until you feel it
bite your fingers till you need it, love
found in the simple bloodlust you tried to ignore
as it trickles down your windowsill, down into the storm gutter

the sound of a smile found in the dilatation of a pupil
it swells before you strike, I swear it
watch close
close your eyes, bite your lip, and end it



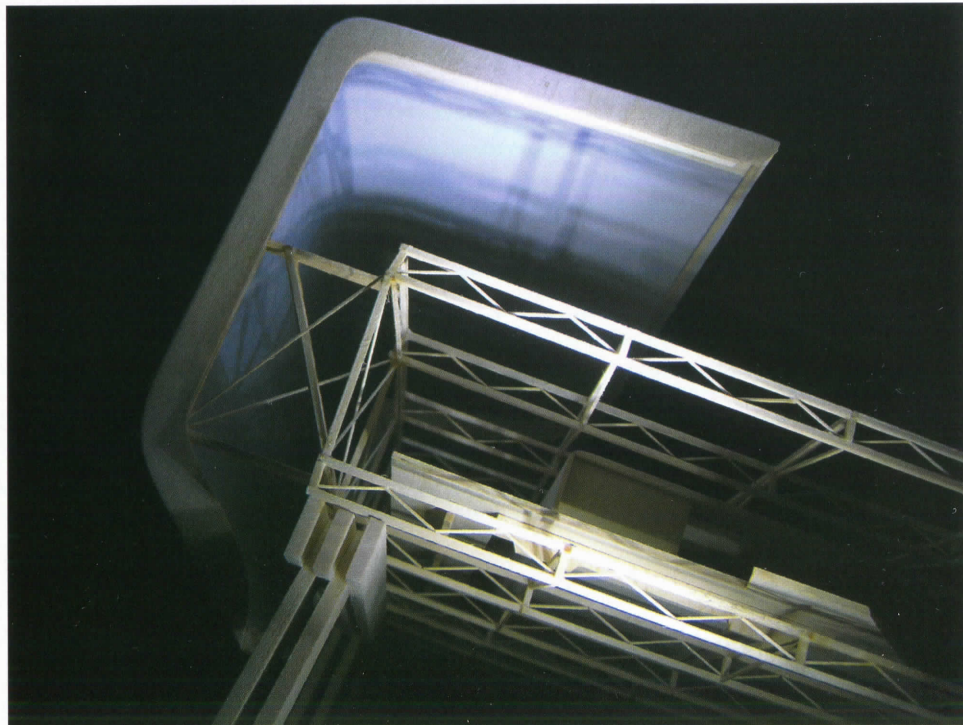
Tongue Lashing

Photograph

Donald Livingston



Untitled
Jose Paredes



Introspection
Physical Model



Still Life
Goache Paint
Nathan Mattson



Untitled Madness
Acrylic on Canvas
Brandon Spencer



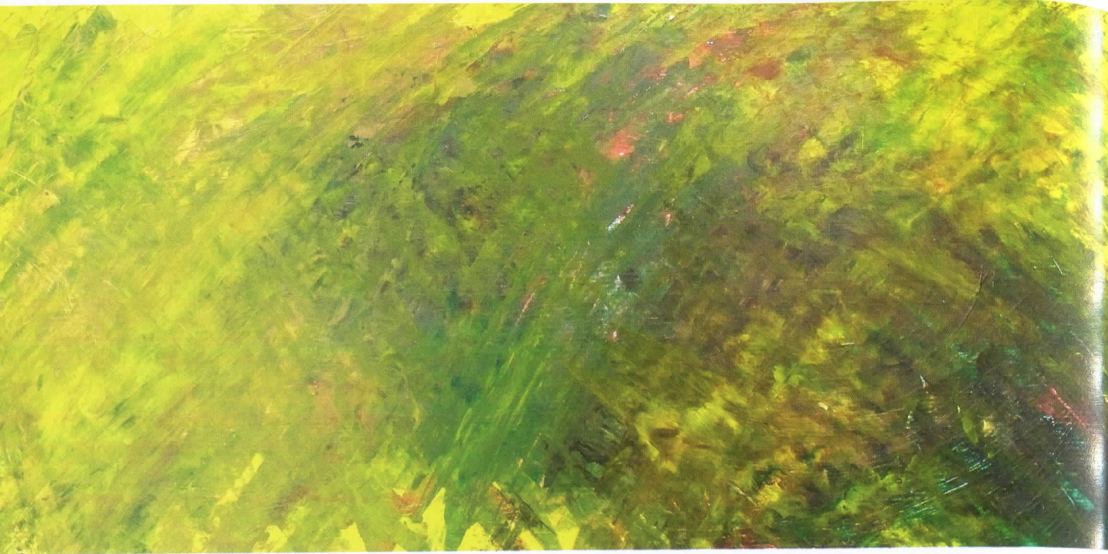
Glacier Bay National Park
Photograph
Joyce McKissen



Untitled 4
Jose Paredes



Untitled 08
Acrylic on Canvas
Jennifer Gibson



I've Been Over this Ground Before
32" x16" Acrylic on Board
Sofia Lulgjuraj



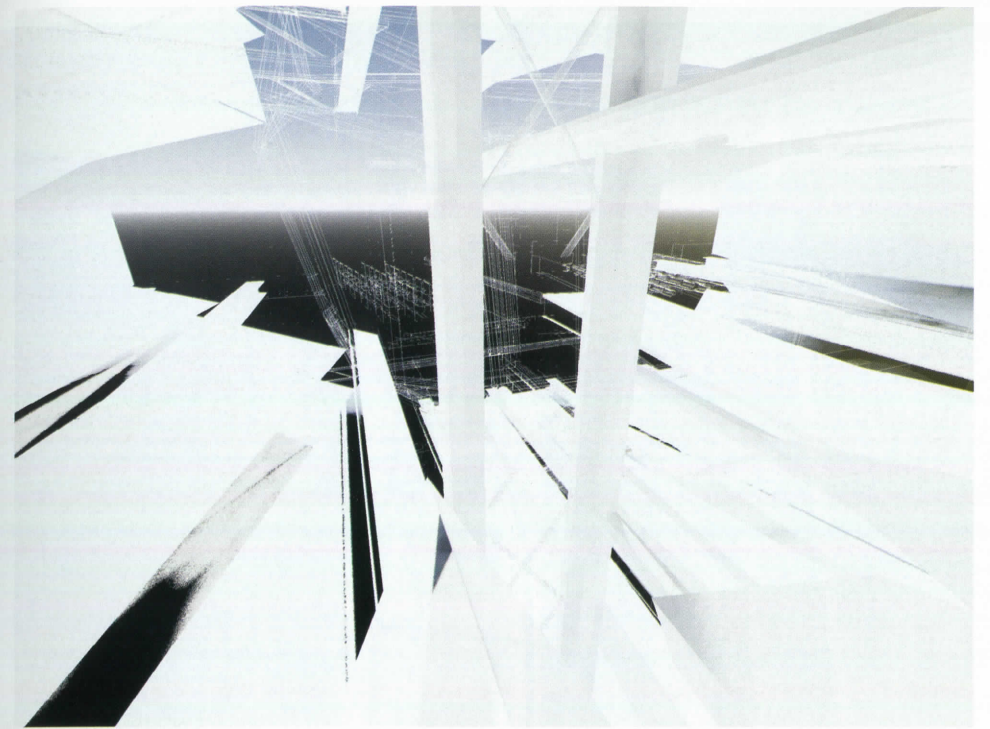
Standing Out in the Crowd
Photograph
Ronald Livingston



Untitled 03
Photograph
Tracy McGhee



Untitled 07
Acrylic on Canvas
Jennifer Gleason



Extrospection
Altered Photograph (Digital Manipulation)
Nathan Shobe



Untitled 03



Perception



Untitled 5

Glory at Dusk
Photograph
Ronald Livingston



is Abstract
otograph
onald Livingston



A Need For Change

James Gliwa

Mmmmm. . . I can taste it on my lips already. The melted cheese, pepperoni, green peppers and onions – pizza we ordered yesterday from La Bella's. Generally I just eat at work, but Karen forgot to buy the lunch meat again and I partly want to see how business is doing today. Karen works out of our basement as a hair dresser and receives a mediocre number of regular customers to support her trade. I suggested advertising to get her name out, but she doesn't think I know anything about starting my own business; after all I'm just an accountant.

After I unlock the side door to the kitchen, I throw my keys through the air. They sound a protest of their marriage with the kitchen counter. The fridge is the only thing in my sight. I fumble through different drawers and shove objects to the sides looking for those slices.

"What are you looking for?" Karen calls from the living room.

"That pizza from yesterday," I reply, still shuffling a pickle jar to the back of the fridge.

"There are two slices left in the bottom right drawer!" she says, not budging from the living room.

After turning on the oven to 400 degrees, I place the pizza on a tray, set the timer for 15 minutes, and cross the kitchen to peer into the living room. The TV is turned on to Oprah and the AC is on full blast. She lies on the couch with her hand outstretched to touch the coffee table which holds a glass with a little Coca-Cola. I know it isn't just Coke in that glass. Jake plays off to the side of the couch with Hot Wheels and blocks.

"You should go to Tops and pick up sandwich meat sometime today," I say, waking her from her television trance.

She turns her head to look up at me and says, "Yeah, I'll get to it later."

"Why isn't Jake at preschool right now, didn't you take him to preschool?" I ask, staring at her with a concerned face.

"Oh, well he didn't really feel like going," she replies as she turns back to the TV.

"Karen, you have to be more responsible. What's going to happen when he goes to kindergarten? Is he going to become a high school dropout?" I yell, trying to get her to face me again.

"Okay, okay," she waves her hand backwards as if to shoo me away. "I went to the mall and got Jake some new tennis shoes," she says, then mumbles "and a new dress."

"A new dress! Why would you need a new dress! You agreed to help cut down our spending," I move away from the doorway closer to the couch. "We need to start reducing our bills not creating new ones. The credit cards are almost maxed out."

Hearing this, she perches herself up from the couch to reply "Yeah, well maybe I needed something for me, something to cheer me up."

I throw my hands up in the air and exclaim "You don't see me buying a new wood chipper or car whenever I'm in a bad mood!"

"Oh whatever David!" says Karen, wrenching her head back toward the TV.

I turn my attention to Jake sitting on the floor. "How'd you like the mall little Bud?"



Surreal

Photograph with Cyano-Type Filter

Elsida Konackiu

Jake looks up from his blocks, squinting with a sullen look and replies "Mommy yelled at me."

"She yelled at you?" My face twists into disbelief. *Was she actually enforcing rules? "What happened?"*

"Oh, it was nothing. He was just being a bad boy," Karen says.

"What did he do?" I ask curiously.

"He wasn't following my directions when I was trying on the dress."

"What do you mean?" I say.

"Well I didn't want him in the changing room because that could be very damaging for a child his age. So I told him to sit outside the room in a chair and he didn't."

I walk in front of the TV and yell, "So you lost him again! He's only four. Of course he's not going to obey instructions well."

"Okay, Okay. Maybe next time I'll have him turn around in the changing room," she says as she wags her hand sideways.

Ding! The timer rings for the pizza. I stomp back into the kitchen letting the tiles absorb some of my rage. I grab the oven mitt to the right of the stove and then open the door. After pulling the slices off the pan, I place them onto a plate. I walk to the living room and relax in one of the arm chairs with the lines of steam slowly trailing the plate in my right hand and a glass of Pepsi in my left.

"So have you been going to your sessions with Dr. Vanderhausen?"

"Yes, but I don't see them helping very much. I still feel a longing and it's a waste of our money. Have you seen how much she charges?" Karen turns around to stare right at me. Her eyes pierce right through me.

I stare at her for a minute, trying to think of what to say and then reply "Well you promised you'd go for the family. Let's see how it continues; it may just break your habit."

"Okay, I'll try for us... and for Jake," Karen says with a glance that reveals a little fear in her eyes.

Sighing I look up to see the television. The news commentator is discussing the immigrants sneaking into the country. *We have to deal with this too much in Arizona.* Something that always gets me heated up. "I'm glad they're actually protecting the borders better these days. Serves them right for trying to get into the country and taking good jobs Americans could be doing."

"They're just trying to find a better way of life for their family. Wouldn't you care enough about your family to find them a better life?" Karen barks back.

"Care about my family.... you should be talking." I finish the pizza and get up to put my glass and the plate in the sink.

I grab my keys and head out to the Jeep Grand Cherokee. *I'll get some coffee for work from Starbucks.* I stop at a corner a couple of blocks from work and walk into the coffee shop. "Hmm...I guess I'm in the mood for a latte," I say to the cashier.

"What was that señor?" replies the cashier.

"I would like a latte," I repeat. *You should be able to speak my language if you work here.* His nametag has "Ángel" written on it.

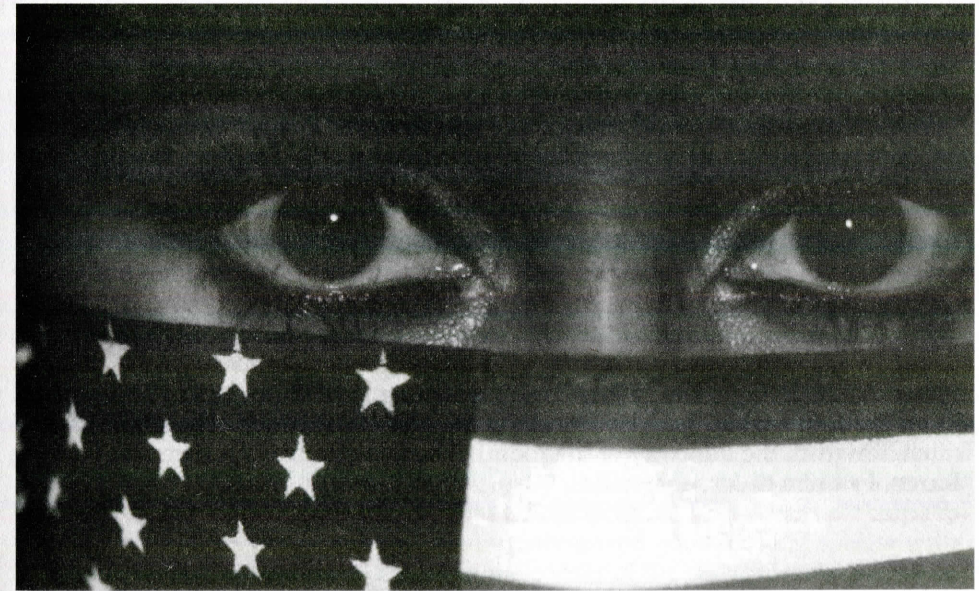
"Si señor," replies Ángel. He goes through the ritual of frothing the milk, brewing the espresso beans, and adding cream.

I grab the coffee from him and say, "You should learn to speak complete English so that people can understand you better. You're in America." Ángel doesn't say anything but glances away and retreats to do some other work. So I leave the building.

I see some homeless people as I drive down Viking Boulevard,

immigrants holding signs saying "Work for money." *What gives them the right to invade our country? And then there are those politicians who just want to grant them full rights. Why should they be granted citizenship ahead of all the other immigrants? Why?* I reach the intersection of Boston State Road and Peach Street and am only four blocks from work. At this particular intersection there is no red light, only a stop sign on Peach.

Near this crossroads, a green Ford Contour pulls out in front of me. *What the fuck? Is this idiot crazy?* Time slows as the screeching of the tires pulls me into a different dimension. Fifty feet, then ten, three, two, one. My Jeep plows right into the Contour, and the side windows of it explode hitting my windshield much like pouring rain or maybe even hail. My head jolts back and forth between the steering wheel and headrest, yet the airbags don't go off. The Jeep had hit the Contour broadside and spun it sideways. I clench and release my hands and wiggle my legs. *Everything seems to be okay. Someone is going to pay for this damage.*



I step five feet away from my Jeep and fall. I glance back at my car to assess the damage. It's in decent shape other than the hood being kinked up toward the sky and the bumper and grill having some kind of imprints from the other car. It'll probably still drive. By this time three cars have stopped and someone has called the police. A large guy lifts me to my feet and walks me away from the cars. I look back to see a woman, the driver of the Contour, crawling over the center console toward the passenger door. The driver's side door of the car looks like it is too mangled to open by hand. I can hear the sirens in the distance. Another man runs toward the Contour to help as the woman inside who frantically throws the passenger door open and screams "Por favor Dios, por favor!" I regain my footing and pull away from the guy who is helping me.

The woman is wearing some type of waitress uniform, like from Denny's

or something of the sort. She peers through the rear window and continues talking in Spanish, but much faster this time. The man helps the woman pry open the back door. Her hair is long and black with slight waves and much of her skin is a glowing tan, but her face looks as if it has been painted white. Tears channel down her face. The man tugs a little girl who is about eight years old from the back seat. The girl has a bright red band adorning her arm where the seat belt has rested. As the girl cries hysterically, she grabs a hold of her mother's waist. *What else is in the car? Why is he reaching across the seat.* A small crowd begins to grow. Then a loud scream rises above the crowd to the heavens. The Spanish woman reaches over to help the man. They gently pull out a car seat and lay it on the grass next to the car. The side of the car seat is crushed inwards slightly. I push people aside and see a little boy about four years old slumping over in the seat. Only one eye is open and he gazes up at his mother's fearful eyes. A small drip of blood comes from his head, and he lets out a gasping "Mamá."

"The ambulance will be here in 15 minutes," shouts a woman who is busy helping the little girl.

Someone in the audience murmurs, "That might be too long."

"Ángel, Ángel, me miras!" The mother clenches the boy closer. She was sobbing so hard her eyes started twitching uncontrollably.

What can I do? I don't have a car to take them, and it may be worse to move him. The paramedics arrive much faster than anticipated. They get to work on him right away.

I hold the frantic mother so the medical personnel can save the boy, but then the child's body goes limp and the paramedics pull out the paddles. Again the mother screams and yells, "Ángel!" She then turns around and hugs me, weeping madly. I stay with her for a couple more hours.

The police give me a lift back to my house since I can't get a hold of Karen. I walk into the house, lay my keys on the kitchen counter top and make my way to the living room. Karen is still watching the T.V., a glass of Smirnoff sits on the coffee table. Jake lay asleep on the arm of the couch. For a minute I watch him from the doorway of the room. Then, taking in a deep breath, I say, "Karen, I want a divorce."

Enlisting

Ian Carolan

A desolate stone city rises out of the desert; sand whips across my face, sweat stinging my eyes; my gear blends into the surrounding desert and with my comrades, but doesn't breathe in this scorching wasteland. I scan the street with my unit, searching for anything out of the norm. "Why do you think the streets are so dead guys?" No answer. "Guys? Guys? Where the fuck is everyone?" I stand there alone. *What happened, they were just here.* I frantically look for my friends, but instead see an Iraqi man walking out of a bank across the street. He spots me and freezes in place.

I run toward him and ask "Sir, what is going on here?" He says something in Arabic.

"Shit, you don't speak English do you?" *Great what now?* I decide to walk back to base. As I turn away from the man I feel as if I have been hit by a car. I've been shot. *Thank god for flap jackets.* On instinct I turn, pull out my rifle and fire at the man behind me; the bullet strikes him in the throat. He immediately falls to the ground. The blood in his throat makes it sound like he is gurgling mouthwash. A scream comes from the bank where I first saw the man, and a little boy runs toward the body. He falls to his knees onto the street and shakes the man who must be his father. I have to look away. My knees tremble and I feel sick. When I look back the boy is holding his father's gun and it is trained on my forehead. *That gun looks far too big in this little boy's hands.* The muzzle flashes. The bullet explodes out of the barrel.

"Fuck!" I sit up in bed, and my fingers trace my forehead. It is warm where the bullet would have penetrated. I have sweated through the sheets of my bed. It is dawn and my room is dimly lit by the rising sun coming through the blinds of the solitary window. Posters of my favorite bands clutter the walls - Pearl Jam and the Beatles rest prominently next to my bed. Today is the day I am going to the recruitment office downtown to enlist, but what the hell was that dream all about?

A month ago joining up seemed like such a great idea; of course Nate and Ken didn't think so, but they didn't really understand. Nate and Ken are my best friends, my only friends really. That whole week an Army recruiter came to our high school, an almost stereotypical square-jawed good looking soldier with a "yes sir, no sir" appearance. He sat in the corner of the cafeteria at a card table with an Army banner fastened to the front. The school year was almost up, and he was clearly trying to convince the unconvinced.

Nate, Ken, and I were at our normal table on the fringe of the cafeteria. As one of the losers with no real plans lined up for next year I thought it might be a good idea to talk to him. We were sitting close enough to the table to hear the sarge talk to some of the interested individuals, and he seemed to have his spiel down cold. Structure, brotherhood, adventure, free college, room for advancement and whatnot. I told Nate and Ken that I was going to talk to him.

"Why would you want to do that?" asked Nate.

"Yeah he sounds like a used car salesman," Ken added.

"What the hell else am I supposed to do with my life? I have okay grades, but I'm sure as shit not going to get any scholarships, and my mom certainly can't afford to pay for me to go to college. I work at Burger King, and to be honest that's as far as I ever see myself getting at this point." I felt my face flush and shifted uncomfortably in my seat.

"Jesus, that's bleak, man. Maybe you should talk to him," said Ken. He

had a smirk on his face, and he moved a long strand of blonde hair away from his eyes. I always thought he looked ridiculous with that long blonde hair, but no one could ever convince him to cut it. He just didn't get it. His dad is loaded and he can do whatever he wants. He has pretty good grades and got into his first choice for college – Michigan State. His dad was paying for everything; it was enough to make me sick.

"Damn, Tom, you're like Costanza. The episode where George tells that girl at Monk's that he's unemployed and lives with his mother. You should say what you just said to us to some girl and see if you can pick her up. Like George did. See if she finds you refreshingly honest," said Nate. "You should just start doing the opposite of all of your instincts."

Nate and Ken laughed hysterically. Nate's loud laugh carried throughout the cafeteria and drew a few bemused looks. Nate looked like he was about twenty-five. He was huge, not just tall but fat too. I thought about making fun of his Grizzly Adams beard, but then thought better of it.

I let out a fake sarcastic laugh. "Wow, thanks guys. I can always count on you for support." I got up and went to talk to the recruiter.

I introduced myself, and he told me his name was Sergeant Holcombe. He had a very firm handshake. I tried to return the same pressure but failed miserably. He launched into his spiel. I already knew it but listened again anyway. I asked him some questions about what it was like to be in the Army. "How long is the commitment?" I asked.

"Well, to be honest it depends on a number of factors, but at least two years," Holcombe responded. He attempted a smile, but it seemed forced, like he was out of practice.

"Would I see any action? Have you ever seen any?" I asked. I felt like I had gotten too personal with the second half of the question, but he didn't seem to mind.

"Well because of the ongoing War on Terror you would likely be in combat operations overseas," Holcombe said. He seemed to notice my apprehension and added, "I joined the Army when I was your age, and I truly believe it saved my life." He rubbed the medals on the left side of his jacket. "The Army gave me structure when I had none. I have never personally been in combat, but let me tell you, you don't have to worry. The Army will provide you with all the training you need to succeed. In combat and in life."

He had great answers for everything. He was really selling me and he could tell he probably had me. The bell had rung while we were talking and the cafeteria had cleared out. Ken and Nate had gone as well. Holcombe and I were the only two left he gave me some literature and his card and told me I could call him if I had any questions.

The next few days I felt great. I was sure the Army was the place for me. What Holcombe said really made sense to me, and I was glad I talked to him. My future finally seemed set. Then the dreams began. Little Iraqi children orphaned by my hands. Blown off arms and legs. I was shot so many times in these nightmares, I couldn't remember a time when I dreamed of anything else.

I push my sheet off and try to suppress the latest bad dream from my mind. I throw on a pair of worn jeans and my *Stripes* t-shirt with Bill Murray standing in for Uncle Sam. I walk down the hall to the kitchen. My mom is standing next to the oven stirring some eggs in a black skillet. She's a slight woman with thin hair. She is dressed in black slacks and a white blouse. She is a secretary at Rite Logistics Trucking Company in the next town over. She hears

me come in and without turning away from the eggs says, "Good morning Tom."

"That smells good." I pull out a chair and take a seat at the table. She scoops some eggs out of the skillet and slops them onto a plate with some toast. She makes a plate for herself, brings the food to the table and sits down.

"So today's the day, huh?" She smiles at me and takes a bite of her eggs.

"Yeah, that's right. Ken and Nate are going to be here soon. They want to walk down to the office with me."

"Good. You shouldn't be alone while walking to the recruiter's office," she says. "I am so proud of you, Tommy." The way she looks at me I know she is. "You know your father would have been so proud of you too." She takes a sharp breath, and her pale green eyes mist over for a moment. My dad died in a car wreck when I was too young to remember him. She usually doesn't get emotional anymore when she talks about him. "I know it hasn't been easy for you, but you really have grown up into an amazing young man. Most kids your age haven't gone through nearly as much as you have." She wipes a tear from her eye. "I wish I could have made enough money so you wouldn't have to do this and could go to college like Ken, but I know you're doing the best thing you can for your future."

"Stop. You did the best you could. That's just the way things are." Ken's new Camry flashes through my mind; *It's not her fault* I have to tell myself. Damn, I wish we had that kind of money. I grin. "Besides I'll be fine no matter what. I'm 'amazing,' you said it yourself."

She laughs. "Well you certainly don't suffer from a lack of confidence." She gets up and clears the table.

There is a knock at the door, and I can see Ken and Nate through the window. I get up and pull the door open. Ken walks into the kitchen; Nate nearly has to duck as he walks through the doorway and joins Ken.

"Hello boys, how are you doing today?" asks my mom.

"Just fine Tom's mom," says Ken.

"Just as much of a smart ass as always, I see." She smiles. "How about you, Nate?"

"Oh not too bad Ms. Whitten. I hope the day is finding you well."

I can't help but laugh at his false earnestness. My mom says "See, Ken? Why can't you be a gentleman like Nate?"

"Alright, alright. If the pleasantries have ended we should probably get going guys," I say. Ken and Nate walk outside, and I hug my mom goodbye.

"I love you, Tom. Good luck."

"I love you too, Mom. See you tonight." With that I walk outside to join my friends.

We stand there for a moment as if waiting for a cue. The neighbor kid Sam rides by the front of the house on his bike and waves to us. We give an obligatory wave back.

"Well I guess it's time to go. It's a bit of long walk," I say.

"Yeah, I guess so," says Ken. "I figured I should just let you know now that me and Nate are going to try to convince you the entire way to the recruitment office that you're making a huge mistake." He and Nate walk down the front porch steps without looking at me.

"I wouldn't expect any less," I say as I follow them down the steps. Ken hadn't been joking and they unfold their case against my joining the Army.

"You realize you're a complete pussy, and I mean that in a good way. You couldn't kill anyone," says Nate. "Remember that time you went hunting with me and my dad?"

"Yeah," I can see where this is going and start to walk faster.

"You must have had three or four chances to kill that deer and you couldn't do it. You're just too good of a person. If you couldn't even kill a deer how can you kill some random Iraqi guy?" His confident smile, which I can just barely see through his beard, says that there is no way to refute this piece of evidence.

"Well, I like deer more than I like people." I say and Ken laughs, forgetting his goal for a moment. "Okay you might be right," I continue. "I couldn't kill anyone right now, but you've seen *Full Metal Jacket*. Anyone can be made into a killer."

Ken looks past me to Nate. "Shit, Nate. He might be right," Ken says. "He is very Mathew Modine-like. I can see him in Baghdad with a peace sign on one side of his helmet and 'Born to Kill' on the other." Ken looks back at me. "But seriously, man, Nate's right. You're no killer, and that's a good thing." I have rarely heard such sincerity in Ken's voice.

He quickly recovers from this bout of sincerity and says, "More importantly than all that, how are you supposed to get laid in Iraq? You can't even get laid here. It will never happen in a conservative Muslim country." He and Nate can't stop laughing.

"Shut the hell up. I do just fine."

"You can't even tell if the girls over there are hot. All you can see is their eyes," says Ken. "It's either that or some butch Army chick who's more of man than you will ever be."

"Okay, okay. You got me there. It will be a dry spell for a few years," I say.

"I think you mean a continuation of the current dry spell. You better bring some lotion buddy," Ken chuckles. I punch him in the arm.

Nate steps over a stick. He is walking in the grass because the sidewalk is not wide enough to accommodate the three of us. He asks, "Why do you want to join the Army anyway? Do you even believe what they're doing over there?"

I have to think for a second. I'm not sure what to say. "It's not like I really want to. It's not like it's something I've always dreamed of doing."

"Then why do it?" asks Ken.

"I feel like it's the only way to make something of myself. I don't want to work at Burger King for the rest of my life. I would rather get my head blown off by some insurgent than waste away." They seem taken aback by this. "Nate, you should understand that. Do you really want to work in the factory with your dad for the rest of your life?"

Nate stiffens and stops walking. "What? My dad's not good enough for you? Are you saying he wasted his life?"

"You know that's not what I mean. I think your dad is great. It's just that I want to choose my future. I may not know what that is right now, but I know it isn't at a factory, and it sure as hell isn't at BK." I look back to Nate to make sure no offense has been taken. He seems to cool down, and we continue to walk downtown to the recruitment office.

"Well that might be the 'why,' but I still don't think that you even support this war, which makes it a really fucking stupid idea to enlist," says Nate, who is clearly still stinging a bit from my remark.

"No, I don't agree with what is going on. Does anyone really agree with it anymore? I mean, it's a fucking travesty, but they're using me to get what they want, and I am going to start using them to get what I want."

"Listen to yourself. What kind of person would that make you? You're

better than that. You don't need them," said Nate.

We don't say anything after this. We just walk down the sidewalk in an awkward silence. We get to Main Street a few minutes later and walk down the left side of the street toward the recruitment office.

The office is a modest brown brick building. A white sign with *Army Recruitment Office* in green letters hangs above the building's glass door. Ken and Nate say they will wait outside for me.

I pull open the heavy door and walk into the office. The room is pretty drab. The walls are made of white cinder blocks. There are a few black plastic seats and a faded green couch worn from thousands of nervous recruits. The office doesn't make the army look nearly as exciting as the commercials do. However, there are posters of those ad campaigns hanging on the walls. *Be All That You Can Be In The Arm; An Army of One; Strength For Now, Strength For Later; Army Strong*. All the posters look like they could be for the next Hollywood action blockbuster.

Sergeant Holcombe sits at a large metal desk toward the back of the room. His uniform looks heavily starched and uncomfortable. He motions for me to sit in the chair across from his desk. "Good morning Mr. Whitten. How are you today?"

I shake his hand and he smashes it once again. "Um, not too bad sir." I try to avoid wincing.

"So you're here today to officially enlist, is that right?"

I nod.

"Well, I have gotten all of the forms together. All that is left is for you to sign them." He reaches into one of his desk drawers and pulls out a clipboard with several forms attached. He hands me the clipboard and a pen and shows me where to sign.

As I hold the clipboard it feels like it turns to lead. My hands sweat and the pen slips through my fingers onto the floor. I put the clipboard on the desk and spin the chair around to pick up the pen. My stomach feels queasy. I look out the window. Nate and Ken look in on me. I look back out at them. We are separated by only a few feet and a sheet of glass but it feels like we are miles away from each other.

Is this really what I want? There is no turning back once I sign my name to that paper. I think back to the walk over here. Nate and Ken have always been there for me. Even if I sign this they will support me, even though they disagree. The brothers I never had. Their arguments about this make sense. I had nothing to refute them with. The whole way over all of my answers felt fake. They want what is best for me, just like I want what is best for them. No one's opinion means more to me than theirs. Those dreams have to mean something too. I can't kill somebody I don't know, let alone for a cause I don't believe in. How could my dad be proud of me if I did that, made another kid go through the same thing I did growing up? I'm a better person than that, right?

I pick up the pen and drop it onto the clipboard. I know what I have to do.

"I can't fucking do this," I blurt out. The knots in my stomach untie. It feels like the only honest thing I have said the whole morning.

"What did you just say, Mr. Whitten?" Holcombe loses his composure for a moment.

"I can't do this. I'm sorry Sergeant Holcombe," All of the extra weight dissipates.

"Tom, you're making a huge mistake." He regains his firm, ultra-

professional demeanor.

"I don't think I am"

"How did you arrive at this decision?" asks Holcombe.

"Ask them." I point to my friends. I can tell by the way Holcombe looks at me that just as he could tell when he hooked me a month ago, he realizes he lost me forever.

"You'll never be anything without us," says Holcombe.

"I don't think that is true." I push the chair back, and it screeches as it slides over the tile floor. I stand, walk out of the office and into the fresh air.

"Antiphates' Strapping Daughters"

for Susan

Katherine Charbeneau

We have done this our lives long,
Chunk clunk swing clunk
Expertly stacking the sawn logs.

The giant ash had fallen,
Death-knelled first by marauding foreign invaders
And then our Father's steady chainsaw.

Those shimmering beetles bore
Through thirty-five years of steadfast
Shadiness (we counted the rings as cicadas droned above us,
Sawing the summer air)

So, moving amid the lumber,
Gnawing effortlessly, chips flying,
The sun warmed to our nostrils the powerful scent of
Wood in summer

Seasons spent hauling
Cord after cord of hardwood
To fuel winter's fires.

And we were again Antiphates' strapping daughters¹,
Not a word between us
As we bent to the task at hand.

1. From Fagles' translation of Homer's Odyssey



Lakeshore

Digital Photography
Elsida Konackiu

You

Maryanne DeThomasis

Share with me your thoughts and dreams,
Your heresy kisses and a slice of your
Lemon meringue pie.
Tell me your goals and intentions,
Who you are behind those deep brown eyes
And what you dream to accomplish.
Share with me the last glass of milk and cookies,
And lie with me on a blanket to watch
The shooting stars whisk by.
Tell me your cooking secrets with enthusiasm,
For I want to know the Emeril within you.
Share with me your fears
Like a child left alone,
For I want to hear what your beating heart desires.
Tell me the days you achieved the scars on your body,
For I will try to understand the pain only God can
Truly comprehend.
Sing to me like a kid's Christmas choir
For I want to hear the melodies
In your voice.
Can we dance under the stars and
Walk the beach in Florida?
I wait patiently for that day to come.

Adolescence

Jeffrey Rayburn

My mother tells me she dreamed of a meadow.
She tells me it stretched out for kilometers around,
and it had long silky grass that was greener than a pickled toad.
It contained a myriad of colorful flowers that
resembled rainbows cast down opposite the sky.
They smelled more refreshing & intoxicating than
the most expensive French perfume.
The animals that played there could be heard for acres around:
the birds sang their duet with the humble wind,
the rabbits and fawns clopped their feet to the drum section and
the crickets unleashed their spirits through the strings.
The sun shined down from directly above,
as if God had told the angels to set the spotlight on the one place
that truly accepted the dove—the international symbol of peace.

I tell her "It was just a dream. This is life!"
She replies, "Well, sometimes a dream and life can be one in the same."
I shake my head and my eyebrows lower down to meet my eyes.
"A dream is just what people seek when they get sick and tired of life;
they can't be the same."
She smiles slightly down at me and her eyes, which now appear bigger,
seem to be telling a story with no ending.
"You are at that age, aren't you? Maybe when you are older, you'll under-"
—She trails off and walks away to the kitchen to start dinner.

"At what age?" I blurt out while following her.
She does not answer, but reaches up to take the pots from the top cabinet.
What age does she mean? I'm a 12 year old boy;
I will soon be attending a larger school, making new friends,
sprouting bundles of hair in new places, and acquiring a new voice that
is two octaves lower than the one I have now.

"What do you mean I'll understand when I'm older?" My shrill voice echoes
throughout the kitchen. "I understand perfectly right now!"
"Life and dreams are like a loving couple who have disagreeing opinions and,
instead of working out their differences, call off their relationship."
She continues to pretend she doesn't hear a single word,
though I know she can, and begins to boil water on the stove.

I love my mother; don't think ill of me.
She has always been good and caring to me since I was known
to her as "little sweet pea;"
but what could she know about dreams?
She spends her life working in a law firm.

Not Who I Was

Carrie Rasak

Static Cling

"Jenny," she calls urgently. "Jenny, I need you." I go to her and she's
lying on the floor crying, looking up at me and calling me a liar, a whore, it's *all*
my fault. It's always my fault. It was my fault an hour ago when she scratched at
her mosquito bite until it bled, it was my fault three days ago when she slipped
in the shower and hit her head, it was my fault when she forgot to come home
last week, and it was my fault that she met me in the first place.

It's my fault, but I cradle her chin in my hand and try to calm her down:
"It's okay, Cait, please be okay, please stop crying, Cait, *Cait!*"

And then suddenly Cait is on the ground, not moving, and suddenly I'm
the one dissolving into tears.

A question of Identity

Sometimes when I'm lying next to Cait late at night (or on the couch if
Cait's in one of her moods again) I think about who I am. My name is Jennifer
Crown. I am twenty three years old. I'm going to graduate from university
in five weeks, and I have no idea what I am going to do when this happens.
I majored in Psychology, but I don't know if I can handle everyone else's
problems, their burdens. Cait is more than enough.

Cait. It hurts to think her name.

I met Cait when I was twenty. She had just turned twenty five, and was
very single and very drunk. One thing led to another, and though usually the
people you meet in those situations are in and out of your life, she stuck, and
we've been together ever since. For better or worse? I don't know. She has done
so much for me, and to me, and yet as I lie here...

As I lie here my lips form around another name that starts with an M.
M...e... but then I stop, frozen, unable to breathe. What's happening to me?
Who is this other, unknown person invading my thoughts?

One phone call

And the paramedics come. They are here before I hang up the phone.
I hear one of them say "She's alive, but barely," and I burst into tears again. I
manage to choke out the words "I want to ride along," because if I do not ride
along, I am certain that I will not see her again.

My tears have blinded me. I can't see anything in front of me: it's just one
big blur. Fortunately, one of the paramedics takes my arm and leads me outside.
Cait is still unconscious and I am still sobbing. The ride to the hospital is eternal,
or maybe only ten minutes.

We are separated

In the waiting room, I pace and fret while ignoring everyone else doing
the same thing. It is another eternity before a doctor comes to speak to me.
"Jennifer Crown?"

I step forward, feeling as though everyone else's eyes are on me. In the
back of my mind a voice calls me Melanie, but I close my eyes and shake my

head vigorously to be rid of it. Everyone else thinks I am acting this way because of Cait, and they look vaguely sympathetic combined with a jealous rage that I am getting news and they are not.

"I'm Jenny," I say, and wince: Cait is the only person allowed to call me that. "Jennifer," I correct myself.

"Ms. Crown, your friend is going to be fine." I inwardly sigh about the usage of the word "friend" – Cait is far more than a friend — but the doctor continues: "Physically, that is. She ingested a bottle of sleeping pills and washed it down with quite a bit of tequila."

I stare at him stupidly, blankly. What is he saying?

"Ms. Crown, it appears that she did this intentionally," says the doctor. "Were you aware of any mental problems your friend may have had?"

I nod miserably. Of course I knew, but I never thought it would come to this. I try to tell him that much, but it comes out as gibberish because my voice is shaking and I am trying not to cry again. Thankfully, the doctor understands, puts his hand on my elbow, reassures me that it isn't my fault. But of course, it is.

I'm not allowed to see her

At first, I torture myself with questions: what will happen when we finally do meet again?

But when she's taken out of intensive care, I'm allowed to visit her. Her eyes are cold. They do not change expression when she sees me: if anything, she is colder.

"I'm sorry," I tell her. "I love you," I plead. Cait ignores me, keeps her eyes on the wall. I go up to the chair by her bed and sit with her for an hour. Not once during that time does Cait say a word to me, and when I try to hold her hand she jerks it back like I'd tried to bite her. I don't know what has happened, but I refuse to believe that she doesn't love me anymore. I keep telling myself that it isn't my fault, but there must have been something I could have done, should have done—anything to keep her out of here.

Searching

The basement is littered with old photo albums, records, tools that rusted out ten years ago. I am not sure what I'm looking for, but that *thing* in the back of my mind continues to insist that my name is actually Melanie Lierston, and that I am not at all who I believed I was. I want to ignore it, but it has been getting stronger, particularly during my visits with Cait.

Cait is still ignoring me, except for the last time I went to see her. I was talking about something inconsequential and *Melanie* slipped out of my mouth before I knew what happened. Cait visibly jerked, and when I lifted my eyebrow to say *tell me more* she clammed up and turned so that she was lying on her side, away from me. I thought I was going crazy, but on the way back home, something clicked.

Despite the fact that everything in this house is *ours*, I feel as though I am trespassing as I search through folders and pictures, hoping to find something—anything.

Certificate of Death

I find a death certificate from a woman named Melanie Rose Lierston. She was killed three years ago, at the age of twenty years old. She died in a car accident.

Interestingly, the date on the death certificate is the same date that Cait and I met.

Then I find a medical bill, and it makes my blood turn cold.

It's for a woman named Jennifer Crown. She has a notice of hospital discharge from the same day.

There is an entire folder marked "Jenny" in crude black marker. I leaf through it and see pictures of Jennifer Crown—not me, but we could have passed for sisters, because we looked so similar.

I can't believe it—who am I? Am I one of these women? Am I neither?

Confrontation

I bring the papers with me the next day to Cait. When she tries to avoid me, I plant myself in front of her and take her face in my hands, forcing her to look at me. "Who am I?" I scream at her. "Which one of these girls died and which one lived?"

Cait does not speak for a long time, but finally she tells me in a deadpan voice:

"Your name is Melanie Lierston. You were involved in a car accident with Jennifer Crown three years ago. Both of you were in critical condition. She died, and you lived."

I sputter, but Cait talks over me, this story coming out in a burst:

"I loved Jenny. You wouldn't understand anything about love, though, would you? Because you never loved me like she did. Jenny was perfect and Jenny was everything and I needed her. You took her away from me, but you were so much like her and you couldn't remember anything and for a long time, you were her. Melanie died that day, yes, but Jenny lived. I suppose at the back of my mind I knew you weren't truly her," she added, "But the illusion was enough."

"And now?" I ask her. "Is it enough that you stripped me of who I was? Is it enough that I've been living a lie these last few years? Why did you do this to yourself, Cait?"

Cait has clammed up again. In exasperation, I throw the papers across the room and turn and leave. I don't know if I'll go back.

Playing the same game

All this time later, when I lie in bed at night and try to remember who I am, I still have trouble making my lips form each syllable. I freeze momentarily after each letter.

In the back of my mind, I always wonder: am I really better off?

Conniving

Gonzalo Munevar

I led my horse to water by the river's edge,
my old horse, as weary and tired as my soul,
and there she appeared, the fairest maiden
these knight's eyes have ever feasted on

Handsome knight you are, she said
and brave and earnest, too
know that I have been
naked in this water hole
not long before your arrival
know that the river has foamed
across my bosom and played
where your lips now hope to quench
their deepest thirst
know, my dearest knight,
she said with bright red lips
and the clearest eyes of blue,
know that fate has robbed you
for you cannot be true
But why? I almost whimpered
But why, my fairest lady?
I have just met you and ready to die I am for you
fate is twice the criminal
if it is to steal from me your trust
my heart beats firm and my hand holds steady
for true I am to my fairest lady

Your heart means well,
my handsome knight
but your eyes caress the pretty flowers
that happen by the side of your road
and your clever songs
unlock their petals
and make them offer you their nectar
Now you mean well,
my handsome knight,
but you are you and there is no helping it

Distress as great I had never known
how could my fairest lady
the prettiest
the most perceptive
not see that her hair of gold
was the very treasure
I'd always dreamed of finding
at the end of my rainbow?

No, no, said her voice most lovely
you can set my charms on fire
and ring laughter
in my time of sadness
but fate has robbed you
for you cannot be true

I had not known her an hour earlier
but my heart was already cleansed
of foreign longings
and lascivious takings
knee bent deep in the river's pebbles
that had perhaps been graced by the lucky foam

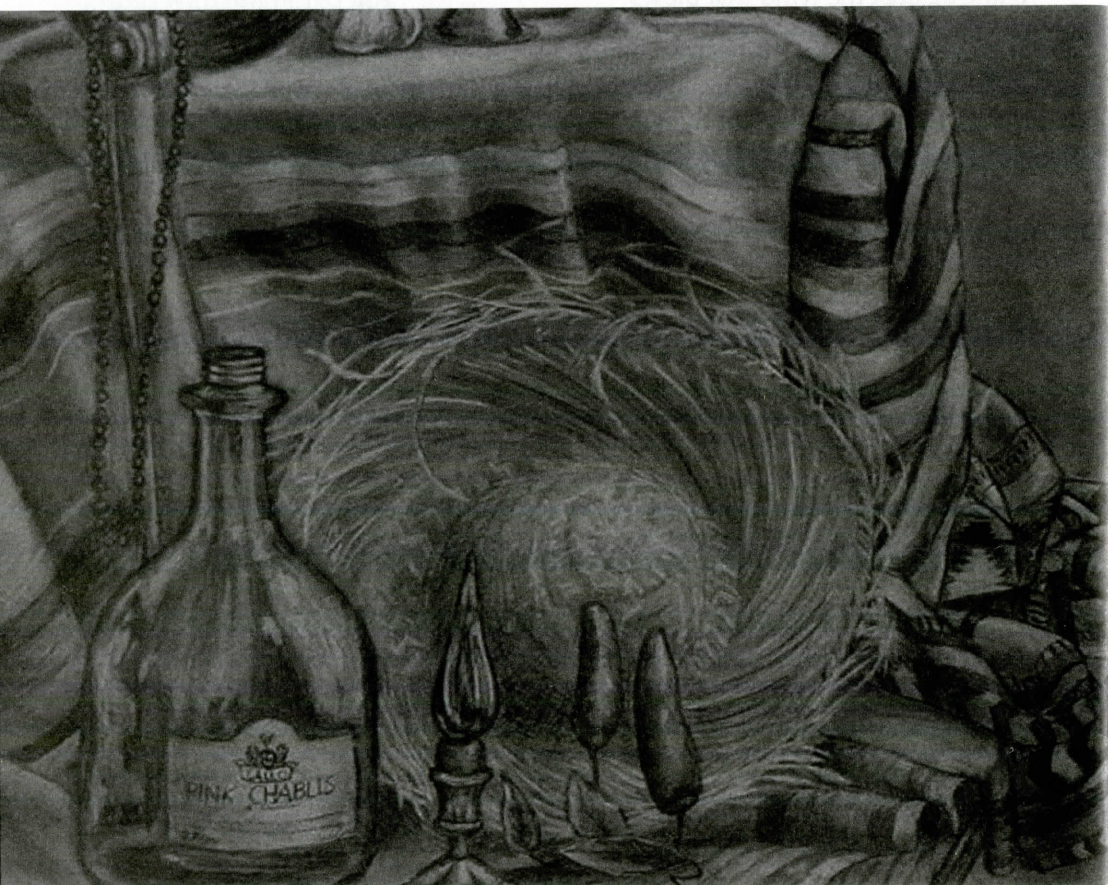
No, no, my handsome knight
no other armor
has been so fitted to my joy's measure
no other arm can lift me quite so high
a kite against the wind that blows
from the horizon
But to other knights I must be faithful,
one first
and then another,
not this glorious passion
in my loins
not this laughing
in my center
no, no, my handsome
with other knights,
one first
and then another,
I will lie in quiet contemplation
to me they will be true and kind
and to them I will be faithful

Despair, oh, despair
the more my fortitude she doubted
the more my resolve to strengthen it
despair, oh, despair
with other knights
she will lie in quiet contemplation
to her they will be true and kind
and to them she will give her treasures
I, too, will be true
I, too, will be kind
I too, I too, I too, I cried

Do not whimper, she admonished me

this is most unknightly!
 And so I was
 by the side of her road
 unlocked petals
 and nectar to be offered
 but the maiden's clever song passed me by
 and soon was nothing but an echo

The road grew dusty and the sun spiteful
 My nectar became sweet wine
 but so ruthlessly untouched it dried,
 it evaporated with the river's foam
 and was no more



Straw Hat
 Charcoal
 Nathan Mattson

Grandma Sadie sits at the dining room table where she does the mending for the family. She keeps a row of pins in her mouth when she is basting the pieces of flowered cloth together for the dresses she makes for Gita, who is too young to object to the ruffled pinafores with wings that flair out from the sleeves.

Grandma Sadie does not make her own clothing. Sarita does not know where she gets the blue rayon dresses she wears, some with dots on them, others with small flowers. When Sarita shops with her mother, she never sees these kinds of dresses.

"Did you make your clothes, Grandma? In Russia?"

"Sure," her grandmother says between the pins. "There was no place to buy ready-made."

"What did you wear?"

"Beautiful clothes. My mother could sew, and she made everything for us, even our hats."

"Did you wear a hat every day?"

"We weren't princesses. When we did the cleaning and the cooking and the washing, we would tie up our hair in baboushkas. We wouldn't wear our good clothes. But when we got dressed up, then we looked like the princesses. You couldn't tell the difference."

"Did you ever see the princesses?"

"Not in our village. No, they wouldn't drive through our village. But my father saw the princesses go by in a carriage when he went to St. Petersburg."

"What were they wearing?"

"My father only talked about the carriage and the men in uniform who sat in the front. The horses with their shining hoofs. My father said he had to step back from the road, that's how big those horses were."

"Then you don't know what a princess would wear?"

"Of course, I know. People would always talk about what the princesses wore. Clothes from Europe. The best material. Wool, velvet, silk."

"Velvet," Sarita says. "I wish I had a velvet dress."

"A fine lady came to our village once, and she wore a lovely velvet dress. I ran up to her to touch it. My mother called after me not to go near the lady. So I stopped and just looked at the purple velvet sweeping the ground, lace at her wrists and neck. And a hat with feathers and ribbons."

"Was it a big hat?"

"It was small. To show off her beautiful hair."

Sarita's grandmother touches her own thick hair, threaded with silver.

"My hair was beautiful."

Sarita plans her grandmother's escape from the present, an escape from the pins in her mouth and the ugly, rayon dresses. She dresses her grandmother in the traveling suit that Sadie wore on the train to Warsaw and then to Rotterdam, an olive green wool jacket with pleats and belted at the waist, a flared skirt that skims the top of her laced-up brown boots.

"I wore a little necktie," her grandmother recalls, "and my blouse had a high collar. And soft leather gloves, the kind you can't get any more."

"What did you do with those clothes, Grandma?"

"Who knows where the clothes went. Somebody always needed a coat, a dress. So if you had an extra coat or a dress, you would give it to that person. And on and on. Maybe my clothes are in a suitcase no one opens. Maybe they are rags or used for patches."

Her grandmother's traveling suit has been left behind in a forgotten

wardrobe in a rented room with two beds and a dresser. The young woman, the one her grandmother had been, is wearing her wedding gown, which she has carried with her, wrapped in an old sheet to protect it from snagging inside the straw trunk. The gown was ivory satin, the neckline and waistband edged with embroidery. The young woman, the one who became a grandmother instead of a bride, is waiting for a knock on the door.

She has waited for months for this knock, traveling first with her brother to Poland and then slipping away from him at the train station. She hides from her brother in a restaurant and then waits all night in the train station for the train to Rotterdam.

The men in the train compartment look at her, waiting for a signal she doesn't know how to give.

On the ship from Rotterdam to New York she lives as if in a dream.

"I would walk on the deck," Sadie tells Sarita and Gita, "with the other young women. A fur hat on my head and a coat with fur trim on the bottom."

"Were you the most beautiful?" Gita asks with great longing.

Sadie laughs with the memory of her own beauty. "How can I say? But my clothes were the finest that hands could make. They were beautiful."

The other young women in their coats, gray or brown over the trim and scallop of their skirts, return to the third class deck after their walks, but the beautiful Sadie dines at the captain's table.

Her thick, dark hair is parted in the center and set in waves...The richness of her clothing overflows the straw trunk that she has carried with her from Warsaw and to the ship she hopes would take her to a life of her own making.

"The first night I sat at the captain's table, I wore a dress of dark blue silk. At my waist, the smallest waist you can imagine, was a cummerbund of black velvet. The neckline was cut so low that at home I would not be allowed to leave the house."

"Did you get that dress from a princess?" Gita believes Grandma Sadie's stories about the captain's table as Sarita once believed them.

"Two strands of pearls and earrings to match." Sadie's ears are marked with the enlarged pinholes where once she fixed pearls on golden stems.

Sadie recalls how she crossed the deck, shivering although she was wearing a wrap of furs over her bare shoulders. She tells her granddaughters how she paused at the railing on the first class deck and drank in the liquid silver of the moon. She spoke the name of the man she loved, the man in New York, who was waiting for her, and she asked him to forgive her for sitting at the captain's table.

"I thought it would be for only one night. But it was every night. And every night a new gown, feathers in my hair when I swept it up."

Sarita tells Gita that the trunk was magic, and whatever Grandma Sadie wanted to wear, she would find it in the trunk.

Gita is enchanted and announces what she would pull from her own magic trunk: a pink gown with silver slippers or an angora sweater like the one Lana Turner wore when her beauty was discovered in a drugstore.

The knock that Sadie waits for never comes. When she is found some months later—by cousins of her fiancé—she is working as a seamstress. They take her from New York to Detroit, wearing the blue dress she had worn to work been sharing with another girl who had also come alone from Russia.

Sarita wonders if her grandmother's hair began to silver when she married the man she had run away from, Sarita's grandfather, Jack, who is waiting for her in Detroit. She wonders if she wore a dark blue, rayon dress.

"Are you sorry, Grandma, that you came to America?" Gita asks.

"There is never time to be sorry. On the ship, I looked down into the ocean, and it made me dizzy to think how deep it was. How it would take away my life. I threw my beautiful red cloak into the water. It was a gift to the ocean to take me to America."

"You threw your cloak in the ocean!" Gita is horrified. Sarita looks at her so that she will know that this is another version of a story that never happened.

"When you are beautiful, you can wear an old skirt, you don't even know who it once belonged to. No gloves, no muff, just the pockets of your coat and a small collar to turn up when it's cold. You don't need anything when you are beautiful."

"Did you ever see the man you loved? I mean ever." Gita wants to know this.

"Yes. I saw him. When your father was a baby. I had a wagon, and Jack put in a wooden crate and I would pull the little baby in his wagon on warm days. I folded a quilt for him to lie on and covered his little head with a cap that tied under his chin. The pretty, little baby. I could see my own eyes looking back at me. And there is the man, walking down the street, Brush Street. He sees me, and he stops.

'Sarah,' he says. 'Am I seeing you?'

'Yes,' I say, 'I have a baby'

'It's a nice baby, a beautiful baby. She looks like you.'

'This is my son, Mayer.'

'Mayer. A good name.'

I want to ask him, 'Did you come for me?' But I don't want to know.

'Sadie,' he calls me.

'No, not Sadie. I am Mrs. Schweyder. That is what you can call me.'

"I could see in his eyes that he still thought I was beautiful but also that he did not love me. He never came for me. Who knows why? What people said to him? What Jack did. His cousins. My beauty wasn't enough. It was everything I had, and it wasn't enough for this man, who was not handsome as I remembered.

"Of course, he was married. Everybody got married. Some made a nice life. Some didn't, and there were children. It didn't matter if you were beautiful or not. It all came out the same.

"One day I saw that I wasn't a beautiful woman any more. It was gone like it was never mine to begin with.

Sarita does not want to be beautiful if it means that beauty has no power to keep you safe, that it exists only for itself. She does not want to be like her grandmother, who lifts the corners of the past, seeking the moment where it went wrong for her. When she left the village with the muddy path? When her sister Bella took another ship and was lost to her forever? When she waited for the man who was never going to come for her?

Her grandmother has been kidnapped from her rightful life. On the long journey from home and then from the place of her desires, her beauty fades, her dark hair turns gray, her lovely gowns tatter and fall apart. She is no longer the beautiful Sarah who can speak both Yiddish and Russian. She is a sad, worn woman whose beauty has not translated into English.

Sarita doesn't want this for herself. She will not stake her life on a dream of love. She will not want what she cannot have. She decides: She will lose her name, Sarita, given to her and the woman Sadie, also called Sarah.

Artists' Biographies

Amy Blankenship is a Graphic Design major in her third year at LTU. She is also employed by the university as a student ambassador for the Admissions Office. In her time at LTU she has studied Architecture and was a dual major for her first two years. Her on-campus activities include being a member of Delta Phi Epsilon, where she has held many VP positions, AIAS, and RHC memberships. She is also an IFC and Stugov representative.

Ian Carolan is a fourth year student in the Imaging program. He may be in his fourth year, but he has to go an entire fifth year to graduate. He is not ruling out the possibility that he will never leave LTU because college life is much easier than real life.

Katherine Streten-Charbeneau has a BSHu from LTU, MA from OU and is ABD at WSU. Raised in Beverly Hills, MI, she resides in Southfield with George, two children, two dogs, two cats, and a variety of fish, toads, frogs and insects. Although "Antiphates" is dedicated to her sister, Susan, this in no way intimates that they are giant, boulder-hurling savages. Really.

Jennifer Cohoon is a junior of Architecture and Civil Engineering.

Maryanne DeThomasis is currently a senior in Architecture and plans to graduate this May. She enjoys reading, shopping and spending time with her family.

James Gliwa will graduate in May 2008 with a Bachelor of Science in the Mechanical Engineering Program. He hopes to continue his education in the Master in Automotive Engineering Program and possibly pursue Transportation Design. Originally born and raised in New York, he is considering staying in the area. When not solving equations, James enjoys drawing, a good game of wallyball or curling, and anything automotive related.

Elsida Konakciu is a dual major in Architecture and Digital Imaging. She enjoys photography, fashion design, drawing, working out and traveling in her spare time.

Tom Kruszewski is a 22 year old senior Architecture student from Commerce Township. Aside from school, Tom enjoys running and playing hockey, along with making movies. If all goes as planned, he will graduate in December and pursue his architectural career.

Robert Lange is an Engineering major at LTU.

Ronald Livingston is an LTU alumni and a retired Detroit public schools teacher. He writes "I am now using my photography to do stained glass art by using some of my favorite photographs as patterns for window pieces. Some of my other interests are dancing, computers, digital video, and running."

Chad Manna is a Mathematics major in the College of Arts and Sciences.

Nathan Mattson is a Grand Rapids, Michigan native. He is 20 years old and a Sophomore Architecture student at LTU. He says "God was gracious enough to give me some skill at art, which would have been my second career choice had architecture not been an option."

Tracy McGhee is a graphic design student. She says "I have always loved taking photos, particularly landscapes. I really enjoyed taking photos of Japanese dolls and characters, because of my Japanese heritage. P.S. I like long walks on the beach."

Joyce McKissen has been the Humanities secretary since 1986. She writes "My inspirations come from my son's photographs."

Gonzalo Munevar teaches philosophy. He has published several books and many essays, short stories and poems.

Jose Paredes is a third year Architecture student, born in Mexico. His hobbies include poetry, painting and philosophy. Jose's inspiration comes from the mind, death, dust, color and dynamics. His favorite painters include Rufino Tamayo, Jose Clemente Orozco and Salvador Dali. His favorite quotes are: "I drank because I wanted to drown my sorrows, but now the damned things have learned to swim." (Frida Kahlo) and "At the age of six I wanted to be a cook. At seven I wanted to be Napoleon. And my ambition has been growing steadily ever since." (Dali).

Alexandar Popovich: artist or engineer? Nobody really knows; he's a lot of both, really. Alex is majoring in Mechanical Engineering at Lawrence Technological University. He plans to get a Mechatronics degree as well.

Carrie Rasak is a second year IT major. She is hoping to become a network geek. She is also looking to break into the mainstream with her writing. In her spare time, she spends time with her boyfriend, friends and family, and enjoys softball and figure skating.

Jeffrey Michael Rayburn is a 22-year-old engineering student at Lawrence Technological University. He plans to earn a bachelor's degree in Mechanical Engineering with a concentration in Alternative Energy in May 2008. He is unsure of where he will be after college, but he would like to do more writing in the future.

Jordan Scenna is a journeyman academic who has attended Grand Valley State University, Western Michigan University, and the University of Massachusetts. He is currently enrolled in the Humanities program at Lawrence Tech with a graduation date obscured by constant distractions and unknown to all parties involved.

Scott Schneider is always fearful of the next network virus attack coming from outer space. Dr. Scott tries to get his mind off of his worries by focusing on nature photography. (Now, read the end of that sentence again. See the word focus, and this is a magazine that has photography. Yup, there is no off switch on his brain!)

He is mostly interested in landscape photography either in the nature parks of Michigan, or the Adirondack Mountains of New York State. In his never-ending struggle to never repeat jokes, he also continues his quest to be a fireman when he grows up.

Pamela Sharkey is a senior in the Architecture program. She is currently working with a custom home builder. After graduation she plans to acquire a job in an architecture firm and begin her career.

Nathan Shobe, born in 1983 and raised in Farmington Hills, is currently working toward a B.S. in Architecture at LTU. In his downtime he is a competitive rock climber. He developed an interest in photography on his first road trip to California with his family in 2004 and says "I am intrigued by the idea of creating a static image out of the dynamic actions of those around me."

Brandon Spencer began attending classes in the Graphic Design program in 2002. Currently he works at Lawrence Tech for the marketing department and the College of Arts & Sciences. Brandon enjoys freelance graphic design and fine art, photography, and poetry. He is a proud parent of two sons.

Rhoda Stamell began writing fiction at the age of fifty. When she was sixty-one, she won the Francis Shaw Older Woman Writing Award. She retired from high school teaching the next year and has been writing fiction ever since. Her short stories were published in 2006 by Mayapple Press. Stamell lives in the suburbs of Detroit and is an adjunct professor at Lawrence Technological University and Wayne State University.

Betty Stover has been a professor in the Humanities Department since 1986. She is currently department chair.

M. Weisgerber prefers to remain anonymous...

Correction: The poem "Will I?" in PRISM2007 was incorrectly attributed. It was written by Kris Naylor.

