

My Quid

Encore

Volume II



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“POETS ARE THE UNACKNOWLEDGED
LEGISLATORS OF THE WORLD.”

~ Percy Bysshe Shelley

The Adventures of Ralph the Brave

By: Charles Phillips

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"This turn in life has gone sour
I leave the world with you
Don't touch me my friend
I will from now on call you Carl
fore you are the only one that makes sense
Even though the thoughts that fall from your mouth do nothing for you
Or do they
I will only make sense to the turtle
Why should I let you think of me
Why should I let the world be green when it is every much red
Listen to the trumpet
The horns are calling you
To the circus I hope
Because you're a damn monkey
Not a Man now aren't you boys and Girls
Just to me the dolphins shall beat the tigers
But the lemurs always win
because their fast
Don't feed the animals
Don't be an animal
Be the potato
Famers around the world come to me
I will show you how to grow the things of the world
all the corn and pears from the trees
The berries and grapes of the ground
I am the one that brought them to you
you see I am the plants
I will forever be lost in the roles of society
You will all think I'm crazy
But it is you who is crazy not me
just let me put on my pants and I'll make you sorry
I don't want to go to school today mommy
and father won't be home for years
Just don't ask me what his name is
The padded walls of life are so happy
Enter my cloud of my stupidity
Fore it is fluffy and like a cloud

You can't touch it or walk through it
But that's because you can't see it"

Ralph read out loud to his class before his teacher looked at him and yelled. "That is not how the book goes. Did you even try to read about the Wild Things and where they are?"

"Well, teacher, I thought I'd write from the perspective of one of the wild things." Ralph replied.

The stern look of the 74-year-old woman would have burned holes in the heart of any other kid in her 4th grade class but not Ralph. Ralph knew how to push her buttons and make her blow smoke out of her nose like a dragon before it spits fire. Ralph loved doing this to Mrs. Thomkins. He loved seeing the old bat get pissed at the class and not be able to do anything about it. It was just how he was wired that's why we all called him Ralph the Brave.....or at least I did.

"Can we go to lunch, you said after I finish my report we could go to lunch and my report is very obviously done." Ralph asked like he'd just given a speech to Congress.

"Mr. Timmins, I'll have a note for you to bring home to your parents after school today and they better receive it and call me afterwards." Mrs. Thomkins said as she snapped the number 2 pencil she was holding in her hand. "For God sakes, this is the 3rd note I've had to send home with you in three weeks. I have no idea how a smart kid like you could be such a trouble maker."

Ralph looked at Mrs. Thomkins with the biggest puppy dog eyes and puffy lip of all time and just simply said for the 3rd time in two weeks. "I'm sorry Mrs. Thomkins I promise I'll stop acting out..... pppppppppplease don't hate me." As a single tear fell from his left eye. As Ralph walked back to his desk he looked over his best friend Tulula. She looked up at him like he was a World War II soldier coming back from a long tour of duty. As he sat down in his seat behind Tulula she leaned back and said "I really liked your report Ralph, but I think you should have really read the book. You would have really liked it, I did."

Illusions of Grandeur

By: Jesse Routson

Stroke the night, without light
A thousand green orbs
Glitter flash and awe
The only thing you saw
Was nothing at all
A visual stylus
Brought from the mind in us
Our eyes see only an illusion
Delusions to suspend us in awe
As were sent down in an apathetic awe
As we realize we have no souls at all

We walk blindly thru the gates as slaves
We need not be told to behave
We are silenced with an airy glance and a wave

Can we be saved?
Will the day come, with a shock, and a strike?
When someone decides to die for their rights,
And become a martyr for their cause!

I sit back in tears as I applause,
Because this delusion of grandeur is nothing at all.

Wandering Eyes

By: Justin Heron

Looking out from the inside
my eyes wander to you
and follow like a painting
on the wall

Like the stars above my head
you're so well composed
When I see you with my eyes open,
when I see you with my eyes closed

As you pass by me
like the wind that shakes the barley
Under the influence
I dance

This movement,
graceful as a summer's dawn,
leaves me affected
through the day to come

I am the burning sun that falls
hopelessly in love with the moon,
My timing is always off,
but my aim is always true

Tormentor

By: Tashaun Massey

I find myself on my knees again.
Looking up at you, the god of my destruction.
The seer, the all-knowing demon of my fantasies.
Eagerly, I await your command,
the depths of your melody caressing every part of
me to make way for that throbbing that
will ease the quivering that I suffer in your absence.
You are my everything. Oh, that you knew the pieces of
myself scattered upon the floor of the abyss after every hit I take.
The beating the cage of my chest takes from the only
muscle you've allowed me to use against you,
aches in the wrenching familiarity of disappointment.
This moment, with me on my knees
begging you to release me from the torment you so
charitably bestow upon me, is all we'll ever have.
In this lifetime.

Wrestle For an Hour

Pantoum By: Timothy Martin

What say we have some sex?
And that's not all that we can do
Our muscles we could flex
And have some dinner too

And that's not all that we can do
We could wrestle for an hour
And have some dinner too
Then we could take a shower

We could wrestle for an hour
And work up quite a sweat
Then we could take a shower
And both get nice and wet

And work up quite a sweat
In a satisfying way
But we are not there yet
You have to say okay

In a satisfying way
I promise we'll feel fine
All that's left to say
Will it be your place or mine?

I promise we'll feel fine
Our muscles we can flex
Will it be your place or mine?
What say we have some sex?



Wind Colors By: Grace Lange

Deep Trouble

By: Talena Majere (A. James)

It was, just another cold day in the vastness of space. My group had just finish scanning down another belt when the call came in from HQ.

"Guys, we have incoming. 5 minutes max. Get your asses docked up!" the FC barked on the comms.

In a situation like this, I have one of two choices. Forge ahead and probably be forgotten by the invading fleet. Or dock up and keep my fleet safe.

I decided to forge ahead. I locked the belt into my navigation system, and put out the command to follow.

We hit that belt running, and it was a big one. Rocks larger than the fleet we had amassed!

Just amazed by the size of these rocks, first thing I did was activate my Survey Scanner to see what we were looking at. The evasive Arkonor showed up, top of the readout and I ordered my fleet "After that rock!"

With all the competition around, every drop of Arkonor was like liquid gold. Just far harder to find is all. And with the first Titan of the Alliance being built, we needed every piece we could find. I was charged with that duty. With half of my Rorqual full, I still had enough space for this belt. And if I didn't I would grind until I did.

I could see over the system logs that the red fleet was close now. But my fleet was way off the grid and usually forgotten about in most of these little skirmishes.

I activated my directional scanner when the first reds showed up on the communication channel. Four BC's and a couple of cruisers. A smaller fleet that we are used to dealing with. So I put them to the back of my head and the first orca unloaded its cargo in my hull. What a beauty that ore was, sitting there. Even the dark chunks of coal and rock were glistening, just as brightly as the Megacyte that lay buried at its core. I called forth my crew and we got to work chewing up the ore. The grinding process is long but more than worth it as I can stuff almost 500km³ of ore in this beast before having to dock up.

And with the addition of the 2 Orca pilots with us, I only have to give them the crushed ore and they can drop it off. Saves me and everyone else time.

By the last load of the Arkonor, I had all but forgot about the reds in the system. Assuming our guys would have taken them out by now, or driven them off. So, I pushed us deeper into the field and told my fleet to spread out, and strip the thing bare. Hours had past and the belt was almost gone, and the last four rocks were being hit just now. My hold was almost full, and everyone was going to feel the full wallets after this hit. Things were looking absolutely fantastic.

Then, the unexpected happened.

I was just checking in with the Alliance, when I saw the transmission on the local comms channel.

"Can you believe our luck? Some big plump, juicy targets just sitting here." I heard this and my blood pressure about snapped my neck on its way up. At the top of my lungs, I shouted into my mic "GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!!! REDS INBOUND! I REPEAT, REDS INBOUND!!!!" I knew it was too late.

And as I saw in the local comms, "These stupid miners have no idea where we are. And they will never see this one coming." Laughing out loudly. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw it. It started out as a dull glow, like the glow of a warp engine burning away. But as I watched, it got brighter.

At that exact moment, three things happened. First, my alliance started shouting in the comms about Titans, second, my ship scanners went apeshit, third... I recognized that glow as the faint flow of a cynosoral field generator. I ordered my ship back to the POS like yesterday, even though I knew I was moving too slow.

As the first ship jumped in, I realized the scream about that Titan. There was one on the other side of that field. With a LOT of other ships getting ready to jump through.

I screamed into the mic again for everyone to high-tail it out. Knowing the orca's with their precious load of ground ore will be the slowest and most likely the last ones out. I dumped as much ore into the other ships around me before they took off, emptying my bay. I deployed my drones in an effort to draw attention away from them. I targeted the cyno ship and sent my drones after it, praying to destroy it before too many more ships got through. When the third BS jumped in, I knew I was lost, but still I fought. I would not go down without one hell of a fight!

The first Web scabler hit me and the cannons were not far behind. I had no intention of running, knowing I was dead, I was determined to take out as many of those as I could in my little mining ship, Capital though she may be.

When the second wave of ships came through, I was fending off 13 now, my tank slowly failing, my batteries screaming. And my last drone shooting the cyno ship for as much as it could get. I send out the last few drones I had in my bay and start moving my ship in the direction of the cyno ship.

"We still have the Rorq out there! We need a cyno to jump it back!! Hurry, get out of the system. Get back to the other POS!"

I forgot about the jump drive, unaffected by the warp scramblers! How could I forget about my saving grace?

I guess in the heat of the battle, it had slipped my mind in my determination to take out that cyno ship. The third wave was just finishing up jumping through when I got word of a cyno going up. My fc ordered me to jump as soon as i got a lock. I responded "As soon as I pop this cyno ship is when I'll jump. And not a moment before! One less Titan in this system is my job! My cargo is empty and I'm going into structure. And that God damn ship has a few good hits left. I'm NOT leaving until that fucker is dead!"

With the now 25 ships using me as target practice, my tank was all but done for. The Hull ripper I had was running in overdrive and burning its own hole in the side of my ship for its strain. Four drones left, pounding away on that cyno ship. I rechecked my scanner and updated the alliance on the ships in the area. The whole time ignoring my fc with the order to jump screaming in my ear.

Checking my targeting system, I could see that of the 25 ships around me, only 19 were shooting me. But I could not see any logistic ships. Just several bs's and bc's with that one, over tanked, cruiser cyno ship.

Down to three drones now as the one exploded 12k from my ship. I could still feel the shockwave from it. Or maybe it was the shockwave of the torps hitting my hull. Almost out of capacitor with three cap boosters left. I needed those for the jump.

Using the last of my nanite repair paste on the hull ripper only prolonged the inevitable failure of the module. The cruiser was taking hull structure as I saw several bc's burn back towards it, breaking lock on my ship. RR's. I shouted thought the confusion on the comms about the spider tank setup they had, and was given a thumbs up on the intel channel in response.

Another drone bites the dust as that cruiser passes half structure by my scanners. Mine wasn't much further behind and my cap was on its last cycles. I started prepping the ship and my pod for the destruction of the Rorqual. I was going to miss this boat but I'd be damned if they were going to take me out.

The firing seemed to stop for a split second. All was quiet, even my drones stopped firing as the last cyno that ship would ever see was lit. Then, all at once it happened.

They all seem to hit me at the same time. My cap faltered and shut down. My hull ripper gave out and disintegrated from the internal damage. And my ship gave the first shutter of the end of its life.

Looking through a security camera on the starboard side, I see part of one of the storage tanks explode and fall off. The hull breach alarms start going crazy.

I bring up my cap nav map and lock onto the cyno field in the other system. Thinking to myself that I just might make it out of this alive.

Bringing my ship about, and pointed towards anything, I braced for the end.

Another shattering explosion rocked the ship and I saw half of the storage tanks get blown off the ship. I inject the last of my cap boosters in, recharging my battery instantly.

Another ship shattering explosion and I see that my structure has inches left and I have seconds left to live. When off in the distance I see a small pop, and my targeting systems deactivate.

I stared at it for only half a second, before on a single wave of brain activity, J U M P.

I felt the ship give a great shudder as the jump drive activated. I screamed into local, "Fuck you assbags!! You will never take out the Titan Killer!!!"

I felt the ship give one more great lurch, then I felt like I was being pulled into a very small space and I jumped out of the system before that last volly would have blown apart my ship. Leaving my drones behind to do what they wish. If I had stayed a half second longer, I would have been lucky to have escaped in my pod. As everything blacked out and my sensors went dead in the husk that was MY beauty of a ship, I noticed that there were no titans on my scanners.

Disintegrate

By: Christopher Knarr

I know what you're thinking...
Why do you persist?
I feel like you're right outside the door...
...listening to me breathe...

I've told you no...
Why do you continue?
I can't concentrate on anything...
...but you're waiting for me...

I want to leave but I'm afraid,
because this plan you has been made.

I know what you're planning...
Why do you stay?
Nothing's going to change my mind...
...never going to allow this...

I've let you know...
Why do you believe?
I know you're waiting for the answer...
...it's still going to be no...

I want you to leave because I'm afraid,
lost and confused, while everything else fades.

But, Hickory Dickory Dock

By: Veronica Jurek

Hickory Dickory Dock
You've fallen off your block
You're crazy and cool
and make the boys drool
Weird and fun
That's not your pun
But, Hickory Dickory Dock
You've fallen hard off your block
Wild and charming
You've really alarmed me
Bring me up and put me down
You go without a sound
Hickory Dickory Dock

For the Dying

By: Farai Gotor

I am crossing that bridge, well, what's left of it anyway. It's less bridge, more rubble since I destroyed it with bombs of pride. You also said you didn't care for my sarcasm which I still find utterly ridiculous. However, you didn't like it and it's a lesson I've learnt. Consider this then, a prayer, a prayer for the dying. It's a prayer for our dying relationship and more optimistically, a prayer for what lies ahead. Yes, I admit I am a cynic but life has given me reason to be. The naïve, impressionable me played with fire once upon a time and surprise! - got burnt. So when you inched into my life with your subtle hints and eyes that winked, I had long since built the fortress.

We both erred but in all short comings, I apologized, offered explanations for my words and actions and when none could be given, I threw my hands up and exclaimed that I just didn't know what had gotten into me.

Inspired by select lyrics from Seal's 'Prayer For The Dying' off of his self titled album "Seal" 1994

The Start

By: Matthew Rininger

O, Muse of ancient times help me now as I form these lines. Give me strength take away my fear, let those who read this find away out of here

O, Muse help me transcend, to a place I've never been, a place not of this world but of a higher plane. Help me captivate them, take them on a trip and then bring them back down again

I cry to you o muse let me be used my spirit transported, to another space and time, let us all be inspired by the simple things in life that pass us by

O, Muse, I beg and plead, let this not be the thing people see, open our eyes to the things that are left on another scene

O, Muse I beg you

Darkness

By: Melissa Stackman

The darkness inside me is growing more and more every day. It just sits there waiting for the right time to come forth. Every day I fight it, yet it gets stronger and the light in me gets weaker. It tells me that I can't stop it. That there is nothing I can do. This thing inside me, mocks me in my dreams every night. On all Hallows Eve is when it will be at it's strongest, when it will overcome me. I fear it and despise it. I can't do anything about it. I'm screwed for all eternity.

Doubt

By Michael Kindelan

I'm trying to find a little meaning in the words I spit creating new
universe like Copernicus
the burner gets, a little too hot to hold, so it's not optional, to stop
and fold
the pot of gold is within my reaches, a constant pull, to stop the
culprit's defense
suppose to see this, but I'm blinded by discontentment, hidden from
attention like missing infants
been distinguished as a lifeless centerpiece, distracted since carrying
bats in little league
my past belittles me, like bags of triple c's, so I lack the symmetry, like
I'm half a symphony
the wrong impression through a songs projection, as I wonder can
hold a longer breath in
I'm under no spell, so oh well, trying hard not to trip over my coat tails
no door bell, and there's no welcome rugs
I felt the drugs, take control, so now I'm not available,
I can taste the hole slowly growing in my pocket now,
I must've lost the vows, I had made once before
it's been months or more, since I made real progress, and I'm sorry for
the sob fest
just call me Mr. Obvious, my posture is, resembling a foster kid's
I'm lost in this nuisanceey
the confidence that used to be controlling the muse in me, has ceased
from existence, being leased to the benches, like me as an 8 year old
so I face the road, rowing a deflectable, makeshift boat,
made from the dreams of my teen years,
if you've looked in my eyes then of course you've seen fear.

Beyond the Horizons

By Richard Bisnauth

And then the curse of poverty fell upon me
A mother whose hungry eyes yearned for a better way of life
A father who's tried to make this canvas covered
cabin but a home
Two brothers and a sister with ragged clothes
and no shoes to wear
T'wasn't long before we claimed the prize of the
local gossip of the town
Teenage dawn brought the voyage
-The Sea was lonely and blue, and the Ocean,
- angry and rebellious-
Thousands of miles of separation covered with
a blanket of years
Lies beyond the horizon of the setting sun, a family who is son
never again they might see
In a strange land he appeared, where life's stages
marked the pursuit to quench a mother's thirst
But adolescence found him much unprepared and soon
amongst the wrong friendship he fell
The vernal equinox was his only guide, but her
wisdom he did not follow
Seasons came and left, all conveyed messages
of the dim memory of his detour
And now upon the approach of the bitter winter solstice,
Maturity takes up its play in this game.
But then befall upon him were the nights of thirst
and hunger, and oh, so cold and dry they were
Hunger began to devour him in a
constricting kind of way
Thirst was faithful and refused to
leave the side of his motionless body
Now prepare him to inhale one final breath,
but just then education kicked wide open the door.
Today, he will provide evidence
as he argues for the defense
And tomorrow, two decades later, a sister
and two brothers once again shall he see-
Loud shouts of "uncle" for the first time will he hear,
but to lay flowers on his stone is the one thing he cannot bear.

Guest of Spring

By: Eshanya Walls

While time glances at the mystic trees,
The birds settle in their song.
The grass blows along the free,
Seconds fade into a lifelong.

The birds settle in their song,
The fruit partakes with the leaves.
Seconds fade into a lifelong,
Beauty the wind perceives.

The fruit partakes with the leaves,
The wind carries morning's mist.
Beauty the wind perceives,
Warmth made by the sun's kiss.

The wind carries the morning's mist,
Rain tickles the colorful earth.
Warmth made by the sun's kiss,
Nature gives flowers birth.

Rain tickles the colorful earth,
Landscape pictures of spring's fate.
Nature gives flowers birth,
Stones stand still and moments wait.

Landscape pictures of spring's fate,
The grass blows along the free.
Stones stand still and moments wait,
Time glances at the mystic tress.

Life's Lessons

By: Kim Hively

I haven't always been comfortable in my own skin. I spent most of my twenties trying to be the person everyone thought I should be and very little time actually being myself. By my thirties I split my time in half. I was not very successful. Now that I'm in my forties, I am finally comfortable. I have learned that the only thing I'm truly successful at is just being myself and that will just have to be enough for those who have always wanted someone different. Here are some of life's simple lessons that I have learned along the way.

- Toilets should always be flushed. No one wants to walk and see that mess.
- You are no more of a hero or a victim than I am. We all have a story.
- I want to succeed on my own merits, not by default or on the backs of others.
- I am capable of loving with my whole heart and I could do it for a lifetime.
- More of life's lessons are learned in failure than success. So to my mother and many others in my life, I say, "You are not the boss of me." I understand that something may have worked well for you, but your way isn't the only way. And please, for both our sake's, refrain from saying, "I told you so," until I have actually messed something up. Random "I told you so's" hold no power.
- I am trained to be a teacher but I disagree with that word. I want to be an instigator and a guide. I don't want to tell you what to think or how to think. I only want to provoke you into thinking. Just as I don't want to tell you what or how to feel, but to remind you to feel something. I want to guide you toward your path in life, not put you on mine, all while cajoling you into a journey that finds your passion and is inspired by you.
- Measure twice, cut once. The motto of the carpenter, but certainly worth consideration in all matters. It's never a bad idea to give

something or even someone a second measure before you rid it from your life. This motto is also a reminder that things can't always be undone, so make sure you are doing it right.

- There are very few really adorable butt cracks. Mine isn't one of them. Chances are yours isn't either. Pull up your pants.

- My favorite sound in the world is laughter and the vision that melts my heart is an authentic smile on the faces of those I love.

- God has many names and one message. BE NICE!! This is a simple way of covering respect, stealing, cheating and love.

- I don't respond well to bullies. I'm neither easily intimidated nor impressed, but I will defend myself and those I love. Just be aware you may not get the reaction you were expecting.

- I don't cry well or often, but a lack of tears doesn't equate to a lack of feeling.

- I have been victimized but I won't spend my life as a victim. The survivor skill set has more appeal to me.

-If you walk into the street with a disregard for traffic sooner or later you will get hit by a car. This is true of all disregard and cars come in many colors and shapes. Sometimes, they even look like people.

- Saying you're sick is enough. Descriptions are unnecessary. I have an imagination. Please, allow me to use it. This also applies to your sex life, your partner's body, your bodily functions and many other things. I am a visual learner. This means as you're talking images are being formed in my head. Some visuals can never be undone.

- In the games of revenge and one-upping, when you feel compelled to play that card, it is wise to remember that two's and eight's rarely win.

- It's never a good idea to go on TV, while standing in front of your house and leaning on your car, to say you've been robbed in the middle of a drug deal. If the police don't show up, chances are someone else who wants to rob you of your drugs will.

- Playing trivia games at the nursing home where many of the residents suffer from dementia is mean.

- Consequences are inevitable when you've done something right or wrong, but if you have done it right they are often called rewards.

- I will never believe that I'm quite good enough. All this means is that I will always strive to be better. I don't consider this a flaw in my

character or an insecurity. I consider it a growth opportunity.

- Nothing ever works all the time. Nothing is perfect all the time. If you are in search of "all the time," life will be very disappointing.
- My inner child requires play dates or I get really grouchy.
- Even with pharmaceuticals people are still crazy.
- Regret, guilt, and shame are unproductive. They fix us in single moments. Love, forgiveness and hope propel us forward.
- Please and Thank you are often the difference between cooperation and resistance.
- Compliment often and criticize rarely. Which would you rather hear today?
- Give your whole heart in romantic relationships. The one who doesn't return it damaged or broken is The One.
- I can live life without compromising my principles or my integrity, but the rest of life is nothing but compromise.
- Mourn losses and celebrate every occasion.
- Sarcasm is more effective with sound.

And in conclusion...

- At my age I should have a little wisdom or the horror of puberty, the teenage angst, and the pain of my twenties were completely wasted.

Tashaun Massey



The Many Faces of Betty

By Bill Stewart

The familiar surroundings were totally unfamiliar. Endless hallways of desert-sand brown carpets and walls of muted canary yellow led to a sense of unreality. This was a hospital. Gone were the stark, sterile white walls and gleaming white tile floors. Perhaps the total absence of white made the face, now in front of me, seem so pale, drained of the usual blush in the cheeks. She was asleep. Standing there, memories of that face at other times flashed rapidly through my mind. The first memory was of forty years ago. She was hanging fresh laundered clothes on the line. The steady, brisk May wind blew her auburn/mahogany hair back from the smooth, wrinkle-free, thirty-year old skin. Two wooden clothespins were clenched tightly between her lips. Another ten years rushed by. A hint of grey developed around her temples. Worry lines started as the concern over her husband's health increased. A warm, reassuring smile was always there. Kind words were always spoken. After the next decade had passed, sorrow lines had replaced worry ones. Her husband, then 51, died. A hint of Lady Clairol appeared. That smile and those kind words were still part of her. Ten years, later, she freely admitted to dying her hair for twenty years, looking sometimes like an Indian squaw as a result. A joy had replaced the sorrow, lessening the show of strain on her face. She now lived vicariously through the lives of her children, making their triumphs her successes. Now, that face is ashen, anemic white, what she would call "pastie". Her hair was a mixture of steel grey and a sienna brown from the latest dye job. She woke with a start, smiled and said "Hi! I'm so glad you're here." All those other faces merged into one and that one is Mom. God, how I love her.

For the Fall

By Claire Roof

Tonka:

Leaves fall fast in rain
They twirl with the wind fast now
Seeking shelter space
Gritty street gravel gleams here
Love in fall is blue

Haiku:

Green falls to orange drops
Yellow leaf sings down the sky
Red nights flash at dawn

Let's just follow the Joneses (Ting Ting Ting Roy)

By: Charles Phillips

I am the soundtrack to the insanity to the world
and the tape deck in the Oldsmobile in the living room of your neighbor's house
after a 3 A.M. car crash due to cough medicine and the blues.
I can run the mile in the mind of the walrus
you want some shoes I have some, but there not for sale.
Look at what I did with my left hand
Nothing dirty just made mud

the soundtrack is calling
the soundtrack is calling
the soundtrack is calling
can you hear it again my friend

Oh look, a bear
can I pet him with the yard stick on Thursday morn?
Of course not. I already knew the answer to that
What do you think I'm stupid

Let dance to the Toons of the Loony ones
There all just a Melody that's Merry
I think I'm gonna punch a deer cub
and then throw fire at the baby crabs
I'm not sure if I'll make it home
well. At this rate its probably best if I stayed out all night
But I don't think you'd like that
I say but I don't think you'd like that
in fact I know you wouldn't like that

I know I can make sense to the two people that I need to but don't want to
simply because I can

now look the gift horse in the mouth
but don't forget to brush his teeth
Don't give a dog chocolate
it gives them the runs and they die
I'm not sure whats going on
should I be sure what going on here
Lets just say its the right hand telling the left foot what to do
skip skop dibby whop
ting ting ting ting roy
Huh?????

Huh?????

Huh?????

Giant Dutch Tulips
and Baby Blue Lillies
skip skop dibby whop
ting ting ting ting roy
skip skop dibby whop
ting ting ting ting roy
skip skop dibby whop
ting ting ting ting roy
skip skop dibby whop
ting ting ting ting roy
skip skop dibby whop
ting ting ting ting roy
skip skop dibby whop
ting ting ting ting roy
skip skop dibby whop
ting ting ting ting roy

Give me a horse

I'll ride a horse

I'll ride a horse to town

To town

town

Oh Yeah

That felt good

Let's just say, one more time,

I am the soundtrack to the insanity to the world

and the tape deck in the Oldsmobile in the living room of your neighbor's house
after a 3 A.M. car crash due to cough medicine and the blues.

skip skop dibby whop

ting ting ting ting roy

Freedom in Me...

By Sarah Musgrave

I step out at night and see the roots that run deep in the streets of my life, and cracked roads I ride that cause deep travail, but to no avail. I cannot make them discreet. They are under my feet so I cannot see. My dream, I do not see in these three last names of my family, they are not me, and I have never seen but my journey is completely, separately. It is not even parallel but out of sight, because to a different light I am drawn. I feel torn down and pulled on so I run, I run far and I run fast but still caught in this illusion of who am I confusion. I still wake up the same, and I'm scared of its gray encounters. Whatever you do, do not attempt to remove the gray in the screen because I am unsure of how to operate outside of the all too familiar extremes.

In this life I struggle to see me. How I see me...not with you in this prison you keep me in. My individuality, and uniqueness when expressed, is a sin, according to the delusions and deception you live in. In my life here I fail to see me, only thing I see is who you would have me to be.

I see me free, and so I leave and ride the wind like a ribbon undone, and I've only begun to come undone. You hold me tight and I stay in your arms for the night, but then I run because I can't be one with you. No I do's. I run because I can't be so done and the hum of your drum is so redundant that I can't move to dance my own life's song. Conform to your norm? Hmm...I just move on to a place where they play my song. I long for the day I will dance in a play that is my own song's story. I wait and then soon greatness covers me. Don't you see you blame me because I see things differently? What you fear is that I'm free, spiritually. Then, you come close to me and you see the light, it's alright, come by. My face is a set of dice, changing always. I can be a two, for you. Just roll me. I go and change face for you. When the game is done, I must then find me. Not a three or a four, but more, other secret parts of me that break free. See, no longer do I roll. I have embraced my own trinity. Inside there still exists three, just not what you expected to see. The real me, is freckled, free, and so sexy. Why are you yet and still so continuously drawn to me? It is the newfound freedom that is so appealing. I've changed the face of this place in me.

Ballroom

By Lori Volheim

I couldn't find it, broken underfoot.
The high heels that balanced disorienting me,
Rainbows, shiny sequins, twirl around the room,
Reflections create stains on the walls.
Colors move in, through me, tingling all over
I drink in the sounds and movement,
Seduced by the mysterious beast of glamour,
Amnesia of the real world.
Spinning around the room,
In perfect two-four time.
Sweet words whispered in my ear,
Meaningless small talk makes me feel
For a moment, I'm important.
In a real, fictional place.
Four walls hold my hopes and dreams together in one easy space.
This dream, as fragile as green paper,
And fake as a fairytale.

Sixty Thousand Thoughts

By Chris McNeil-Burk

Blue sky is the canopy
Clouds obscure the view
But the sky is always there
Clouds enter, they are seen
They exit like wisps
But the sky remains
Stillness of the mind is like the sky
Thoughts are like clouds
Thoughts obscure the Stillness
But the Stillness is always there
Be the observer
Watch the thoughts go by without judgement
Breathe in, breathe out
So long spent waiting
For the gap
Between the clouds
Thoughts won't stop coming
Sixty Thousand thoughts a day!
Don't judge, just watch
(What was that noise? Is the mail here?)
Shutupshutupshutupshutup
Breathe in, breathe out
Thoughts go by like clouds
Just for a moment thoughts part
See the g a p
Hear the stillness
Connect with Stillness
With All That Is
Aah, Peace

Tiny Tears

By Jacob Adams

I'm sailing on sea on blue, faded, lost, numb, and broken. I looked to shore and saw it wasn't far, but understood it was well out of my reach. I saw her as she stood on the white shore line looking for me. Her blonde hair danced in the cool wind. Her chroma key eyes glittered in the sunlight. I saw her elegant face, the smoothness of her skin, the softness of her hair. I heard the gentleness of her voice when she used to lie next to me and whisper in my ear. She was right there, yet so far away. In my dreams there had been a place for me and her. Tears slipped from her eyes and they sparkled in the sunlight, driving a dagger into my heart and bleeding moonlight.

I took a paddle and started rowing. Left and right, left then right. The water was calm and peaceful, but another tear fell from her eye and the water stirred and pushed me back. I rowed faster, harder, but as more tears sparkled in the sunlight like diamonds, the harsher the water became. I'm not an ordinary man. I want to be with her. I want to feel her smooth skin. I want to look at the scar beside her left eyebrow she got from a curling iron. I want her to smile at me like she used to. I longed for her to say she loved me as if I was the only one for her. All I ever wanted to say was how much I loved her, how I wanted to be the man that could always be there for her, but I couldn't bring myself to. The water turned gray and the sky banked with dark clouds. The water turned to muck, becoming thick, murky, cold, and unforgiving.

Left then right left and right.

I'm only pushed away so I cried out for her. I called her name. I told her I love her. I told her in my dreams all her hopes and cares could be recognized through the tiny tears. I shouted for her to come with me, be my one and only, be the person I should have expressed my love to. But she didn't hear me for I was simply too far and she turned away. Life doesn't go the way we intend it to, but we get all that we deserve. The value of something precious cannot be truly recognized until it's gone. I can't believe I'm just an ordinary man. I have my own problems, I have my own struggles. Doesn't every man have a mountain to climb?

I didn't want to let her go, but I pushed myself away and I'm left without the ability to say what I wanted to say. I'm left without my ability to show, to express, to gesture. Left without the ability to touch her body, hold her hand and feel her soft face as I moved in for that electrifying kiss. I'm left with nothing.

I'm twenty-three years old and I'm a million miles away.

Old Rymes

by John Comeau

This is a story about getting old
the time we find out about not being bold
we learn through a lifetime the meaning of cold
we hold ever closer the things we were doled
the cards that were dealt us we keep till we fold
accumulate wrinkles accumulate gold
and sometimes more sadness than mere hearts can hold
what once was so bright is now spotted with mold
and the future to which we relentlessly poled
the point to which all our experience rolled
has been lost in the cost of the things that were sold
and all that's worth telling is already told.

Unrivaled Love

By Eshanya Walls

You've given my soul unrivaled love,
you are my being, my space
You touched my heart with elegance;
I walk within your grace.
You have made away in your stance,
next to you I will always stand.
You give meaning to my world,
forever hand in hand.
You are I and I am you,
one being within this time.
You hold all thoughts and feelings;
together we shall bind.
You embrace me all together,
you truly hold me;
waiting for you always
in thought, soul and heart...
You.

Shattered Plastic Personas

By Jesse Routson

Behind these beautiful eyes, I just want to fade

I'm wading in the pool of shattered personas,

but where are these people?

I look around just smiles, fancy vocabulary printed on shirts,

smiles so plastic seeing them hurts.

Their solemn disappointment and ignorance

fleeting, bleeding, and haunting.

Wading in the pool of personas.

These plastic smiles leaving me wanting,

haunting personas without people

behind these beautiful eyes.

Growing vibrant

before these tears.

Steadily falling, leaves mimic our dreams.

Shattering equality, another night of sleeping,

dreams of disease.

A Tanka and Two Cinquains

By: Tashaun Massey

The Mother's Rejoice

The sky falls to Earth.
Demeter is rejoicing.
What was dead is now
Reborn. It is spring this day.
Persephone has come home.

Without Limitation

Time
Continuous, Scheduled
Ticking, Tocking, Reminding
Running out of life.
Infinite

Infatuation

Love
Confesses, Inspires
Kissing, Hugging, Nagging
Intensity expressed through feeling.
Passion

Deal

By: Gracie Lange

The room was slightly cold. She stood there, running her hands over her skirt. Nervousness was written all over her, in her posture, her pig-tailed hair, and-obviously- her innocent face. She took a breath and fixed her pigtails, biding her time.

She was standing in a bare room that had only one entrance. Inside the room were two elevators. She studied them both closely. They looked the same but she knew which one to go to. In the center were buttons for each. She went to them and held her breath as she pressed the button to summon the elevator on the left.

The button burned red hot as she pressed it. She winced in pain as she sucked on the burn as the door opened. Red light and fog started to fill the room.

A woman was already in the elevator; she had tiny horns barely visible through her hair. She was wearing a black vest and skirt and blood red suspenders. She looked out at the innocent farm-girl impatiently, "Well...ya' boardin' or not?"

Without an answer, the girl started to walk to the elevator. She felt like little strings were pulling her inside. "C'mon! C'mon!" the woman continued to bark at her. Once inside, the doors slammed behind her and the elevator started to descend.

Silence was between the passengers for a few moments. The farm-girl was starting to feel sick, like her body was floating to the roof. "What's yer name?" the woman asked with a sneer. She put her hand against the padded wall and held her stomach, "Kimbie." she groaned softly.

The lady chuckled at her, "And what's yer religion?"

Kimbie looked at her, confused as to why she would ask such a thing "...Mormon..."

At the answer the elevator lady let out a huge laugh. She was holding her sides and hiding tears. She laughed so hard that it seemed to shake the elevator more. After what seemed like a long time she calmed down and took a breath, "Woo...haven't laughed that hard since Scientology started to become popular. We don't get too many of yer kind down here." she explained. "So... what does bring you here?"

"I...I..." Kimbie started to speak.

"Whoa! And that voice! Dorothy, yer not anywhere near Kansas!"

Kimbie blushed and looked down at her shoes. Her face twisting in pain, "Why do I feel so... weird?"

"You're just not used to it." the lady answered, "By the way, name's Persephone."

Kimbie nodded and tried to snag a look at the elevator's buttons. Every button was lit up and Kimbie couldn't tell how much longer the ride was going to be. "How much longer?" she groaned.

"Oh hun-don't worry. Won't be too long."

It felt like hours before the elevator stopped.

"Well hun-hope you're ready." Persephone said as the doors slowly parted.

Kimbie felt the strings once again pulling her. They dragged her into what appeared to be a spacious room that had two empty chairs. Once she was out, the elevator was gone and she felt control over her body again.

Kimbie looked around as she timidly walked to the chairs. "Hello?" she squeaked. No answer. She closed her eyes, "My name is Kimbie Anderson and I'm here to-"

"I KNOW!" a deep voice bellowed through the room, causing Kimbie to jump and open her eyes.

A man was sitting in one of the chairs. He had long limbs, pale flesh, fiery red hair that also hid white horns. He wore a white rubbed muscle shirt, black pants, and the same red suspenders that Persephone was wearing.

"Take a seat my dear." His voice was seductive in tone as he used his polished shoe to inch the chair to her. Kimbie nodded and quickly sat down. She avoided his eyes and stared at the floor. He didn't seem to care, he just looked over her. His eyes lingered upon her hair. "How old are you?"

"Eighteen as of yesterday, sir."

He nodded at her answer and didn't say anything for a while.

Kimbie started to squirm under his gaze, "Sir –" she said fearfully, "Don't you want to know why I'm –"

"Selling your soul to me?" he finished her thought.

Kimbie looked up at him, "Yes."

"I already know why you are here. But if you feel like you need to say just to justify it to yourself once again...well feel free to. I really couldn't care."

She lowered her head as he smirked at her. "I can only hope you're aware of how serious this is."

He stated, as he got up and walked to her, "There is no going back from this, even if everything doesn't go according to your plan." As he spoke, his eyes seemed to hunger for her. Kimbie looked up and saw him smiling at her and she didn't know if she liked it. "Are you still sure about this, my dear?"

She stood up, "Yes...I'm sure. I need this."

He cupped her face so that he was staring down into her eyes. Slowly, he ran his thumb over her lips. The lights started to flicker and turn red and a hot wind whipped around them. Kimbie swore she felt his hand turn into a sharp claw, but before she could confirm it the lights came back on and he was gone.

The Bullet

By Veronica Jurek

The bullet was small.
The bullet had a tip.
The bullet had grooves.
The bullet was fast.
You didn't know where
the bullet was going.
Neither did the bullet.
As it flew, the bullet spiraled.
It knew how to destroy.
The bullet was shot.
The bullet fit well.
The bullet was scared.
The bullet missed.

The Trail

By Richard Bisnauth

I am a runaway kid, yes, I do shamefully admit
Running away to a better place I must commit
The trail behind me is dim and gray
With nothing to offer but sand and clay
Beyond the setting sun my goals do flirt
And surely I shall attain them no matter the hurt
To become the person I need to be
I just will not sit still and let life consume the best of me
Others do exist, like Jack and Paul
These two can smoke you in just one haul
To live is to seek, to search, and to tumble
For these three I shall never remain humble
I cannot carry any weight but my own
Because this trail is one that I travel alone
The midnight moon is beaming down upon my head
Oh, how I wish I was home instead
I am falling trees that stand in my way
And jumping over rocks that will never decay
Mine eyes are fixed upon that prize
Nothing shall hold me back, neither the
mountains, the trees, nor their size
Each day brings me closer and now
my goals in the distant I see
Oh what happiness when a part of me they shall be!
This journey took me to where no
one else has ever walked
And behind me is that trail I left should
Jack and Paul would ever need to talk.

Bathroom Breaks and Photo Takes

By Farai Gatora

Bathrooms are no longer just places where people relieve themselves or have casual, brisk sexual encounters with strangers. The bathroom of this age has a new function. A quick search through many online photographs will reveal that the bathroom has become the venue of choice for tweens, teens and all that's not in between when taking pictures. Décor does not seem to be a factor when determining whether or not to take the picture in a specific lavatory. Pristine and shining bathrooms with expensive looking fixtures as well as cluttered, dimly lit cubicles have both served as backdrops for various people snapping a quick self portrait.

On a day that I was home alone, I went into my modest but clean bathroom, cell phone in hand and attempted to recreate some of the more memorable poses I had previously seen. Mindful of the fact that I am not photogenic, I battled to get at least a decent shot. After exiting the bathroom and rifling through the extensive collection I had just amassed, I resolved to forget it. Just drop it! Twenty or so pictures later, I was resigned to it!

So why, one might ask, had I just spent a quarter of an hour and half of my phones battery capacity doing something I was to rubbish only moments later? I had even combed and parted my unruly hair in preparation. Why all the initial fuss?

Well ladies and gentlemen; it seemed that was the "in thing" to do in the ever increasingly influential world of social networking. My fleeting fascination with this trend is not at all dissimilar to the wave of child like excitement that engulfed me in 2008 when I first learned of Facebook. Fortunately, or unfortunately (depending on which perspective is chosen), I only had access to the internet from Friday evenings to the wee hours of Monday morning and you can bet your bottom dollar, pound and, yen ninety nine percent of that time was devoted exclusively to Facebook! As I browsed through the profiles of former friends and classmates, I began to feel incredibly left behind. Pictures of care free frivolity and the implied social and economic well being stirred my poor waning heart. "I want awesome pictures that people can marvel and gaze at too!" I whined internally as I cursed my life's lot. This seemingly vain desire was intensified owing to the fact that my own life was stagnant and uninteresting. I was unsure if I would secure a place whether domestically or abroad to go to university yet some of my age mates were already partying up storms at their respective schools. In my eyes, I lead a lackluster life compared to them. Shingi's (a friend I attended elementary school with) album titled "The White Party '07" had pictures of her youthful merriment captured all around Brisbane, Australia and Kiran's (another friend from school) elaborate looking journeys across Europe held more allure. Social networking has connected long lost family and friends. It has given children that are miles and miles away from all they hold dear an opportunity to rest assured that they will stay in touch.

This great twenty first century tool has also proven to be a stinging slap in the face to past friends and nemeses alike. It's the perfect platform for the "look at me now" gloat. While it is foolish to judge ones quality of life and general happiness solely on pictures and wall postings, one can get a kind of sense, even if slightly skewered of that individual.

I have not kicked the Facebook habit as effectively and swiftly as I did the bathroom photography habit. Depending on the severity of my bone idleness and the amount of time I still have to procrastinate between projects, I can be on the site multiple times a day! Well, I can only say this; bathroom photography is but one of hundreds of online trends. Usually, it is innocent enough, at other times it borders on disgusting (I once stumbled upon an image of a young, scantily clad dame striking a suggestive pose...she had however, neglected to send a piece of fecal matter on its way and it was now commanding more attention than she in the final shot!). It's not for everyone that's for sure and I will try other options for my profile picture if it's all the same.

Fall Sonnet: Dream One

By Claire Roof

Rush all dreams for summer down today
See all colors burst through bright clouds this way
Face to eyes to lips to touch in fading summer sand
Take all words; draw this loveliness of fleeting land

Where all is hunger memory awaits
To future dares of all autumn late
I dream of you in winter, bitten in black and white
Love arrived in separate seasons bound to flight

Imagine again the singing of touch and voice sweet
Angels lust in summer's heat
Walking away from season's purple dream
Place the seasons in the magic fleeting scene

This blue Lake Michigan waters' waves a trail
Do not this love pretend denial...

You're The Architect

By Timothy Martin

You put up walls but you got no foundation
You built it all upon a fault line
You wonder why your house is wrecked
Baby you're the architect
You're nothin' but a victim of your own design

What the hell you cryin' for?
What the hell you lyin' for?
You're closing every open door the way you push and shove
When you gonna listen to?
What everybody's tellin' you?
That damn near everything you do hurts the ones you love

I've never seen you finish anything you started
One minute you're there and the next you're gone
You just can't seem to follow through
And that is why she's leaving you
And you got no one but yourself that you can lay that on

Who you gonna cry to?
Who you gonna lie to?
The people that you try to fool are gettin' wise to you
You want something to cry about?
Wait till everybody throws you out
Maybe goin' away and dryin' out's the only thing to do

Everything you need you've already been given
Anybody else would take it twice as far
You could have it all today
If you'd just get out of your own way
You're only where you're at cause of the way you are

When you ever gonna bend?
When's it ever gonna end?
Losin' hope and losin' friends gotta be gettin' old
Fuck the pity and neglect
That took away your self respect
Remember you're the architect and you can take control



"Garden Rhythms" Prismacolour on Arches
by Nanne Binghi Barkdull

I Was Raised...

By Kim Hively

I was raised Catholic. This statement explains many things including my insanity, my ability to curse like a sailor and most importantly my skills at both assuming and creating guilt (A prerequisite to being a good Catholic is guilt. Most would assume that this is really a quality of those raised in the Jewish tradition, but the truth is now out. Catholics are just as good at it).

One of the things that any good Catholic child is taught early on is that you must "kneel up" in church. For those of you who don't know what I mean by that, let me explain. When you are kneeling on the riser during mass, at no time is your butt allowed to sink into a sitting position on the edge of the seat. If this happens, expect to be elbowed hard in the ribs and told to "kneel up." Now, if this offense happens too often, as it did for me, you may be required to practice this outside of church. I was made to, on more than one occasion, practice my "kneel up" techniques at home in front of some random piece of furniture for 15-20 minutes at a time.

Now, let me demonstrate how guilt works for the good Catholic. When I was thirty eight I began having a lot of trouble with my right knee. After several trips to the orthopedic doctor I found out that the trouble was worse than I'd hoped. My mother called when I got back from the doctor. "So what did he say?" "I have to have a knee replacement."

In a shocked tone my mother answered, "A knee replacement?! Your way too young for that. Did the doctor tell you what caused it?"

In a steady matter-of-fact tone I responded, "Yeah. Kneeling up in church."

So, now you understand how guilt works? Sometimes it takes years, but eventually God provides all good Catholics with the opportunity to create guilt about their grievances.

Another thing that everyone should know about Catholics is that we are, in fact, allowed to smoke, drink, curse and gamble. Don't believe me? Well, let me just say that Catholics created Bingo. Still don't believe me? Haven't you ever been in the basement of a Catholic church? The basement is a smoke filled room, where alcohol is served (most Catholic church basements have a full bar in the corner) while Bingo is being played. Everyone knows what happens when someone yells BINGO! All the others playing swear and curse because they were just one number away. The drinking isn't just contained to the basement, either. When you go to communion at a Catholic mass, you don't get grape juice, like I've heard is served in other churches. It's real wine and more cursing is involved if you drink too much. As you drink out of the chalice the priest is watching you closely. He will give you the stink eye if he thinks your drinking too much wine. I used to think it was because it was the sin of gluttony, but I've rethought the whole thing and I think he takes anything leftover home and if we drink too much he's not going to have enough to get his buzz on after a long day of work. I mean he may have to serve two or three masses that day, which is two or three hours of work, so really, doesn't he deserve enough leftover wine to get his buzz on?

It's important to know that all of this cussing, smoking, drinking and gambling is allowed with the understanding that you will have admit to all of it during confession. Confession is another of those things that all good Catholics are required to do at least twice a year (before Christmas and Easter), but it is recommended on a much more regular basis. Confession, for those of you who don't know, is when you go in that dark closet and confess all the things you've done wrong to the priest (I know a closet and a priest. Too many jokes to even know where to start). The priest, in turn, gives you so many Hail Mary's and Our Father's to say. So, to the young Catholic child, praying is quickly considered to be punishment. It takes years and more counseling for us to get over this and realize that we are "atoning" not being "punished."

My mother got it into her head one year that the entire family was going to go to confession. It had been quite a long time since any of us had been there and my sister and I both forgot the Act of Contrition, which is the prayer you say upon entering the closet. My mother was furious. She spent an hour upstairs in the back of her closet going through every missal, prayer book and religious artifact in the house looking for it. Her inability to find it only made the anger uglier. She came stomping down the stairs and asked, "Where are the prayer books you got for your First Communions?"

My sister and I both gave each other a silent look and then looked at her with that blank "we have prayer books?" look. We were eight when we made our First Communion. Am I really going to be held responsible for remembering where my things are from when I was eight?

Apparently the answer to that is, "yes," because my mother's anger continued to build. She was mumbling to herself and pacing around the house. I heard things like: "I've tried to raise them right." "Where did I fail so miserably?" "How will they ever be ready for their own children?"(You hear the guilt, right?) Finally, she stopped mumbling and sent us to the mall to the religious book store in a quest for the prayer. So, we did what we were told and went to the bookstore. Now, what you need to know here is that this was a general religious bookstore, not a Catholic bookstore and the Act of Contrition is strictly a Catholic prayer, so where do think this is going? Right, no luck in finding the prayer. By now, my mother truly needs confession for all the things coming out of her mouth and the anger that just continues to build. In the back of my mind I am seeing a newspaper headline, "Children die in house fire set by mother because they didn't know the Act of Contrition. Mother stated that she was just trying to give them a taste of the fires of hell because that's where they were going anyway."

Suddenly, like a flash from God Himself, a thought popped into my head. "Wait, I know where the Act of Contrition is." I ran from the room and returned with my Madonna tape. The very last track on the Like A Prayer album was the Act of Contrition. I quickly popped open the tape player, fast forwarded it to the end, backed it up just a little and hit the play button and there it was, Madonna citing the Act of Contrition. I felt like I had saved the day and was very proud of myself. I stood there beaming with delight. My mother, who wasn't so delighted, just looked at both of us and said, "This is what the world has come to, that slut Madonna?"

Whether it was the proper way to learn the Act of Contrition, we at least now knew it, so off

we all went as a family to confession. There were two priests hearing confession that night, so my sister and I went first. We were on our knees saying our Hail Mary's and Our Father's, being punished for, I mean atoning for our sins while our parents went in to admit to their sins. Neither of them were in the closet for long, but my sister and I were already done with our penance. My mother gave both of us an ugly look and said, "Did you say all the prayers you were supposed to?" We both shook our heads yes and sat quietly in the back of the church. My dad didn't take long to finish his praying, but my mother was on her knees, head bent downward praying forever! My sister and I both shot looks at each other after about fifteen minutes of her praying and the giggling was going to start between us, so we ran outside. When my parents finally came outside, my mother shot disapproving looks at both of us. We both looked at our feet while we walked to the car, but I just couldn't help myself. I looked up, just once for only a few seconds, and said to my mother, "Wow, you must have been really bad." You see, every good Catholic knows that the length of prayer is proportional to the amount of sin.

I got the worst stink eye ever and a smack on the back of the head. I will have to remember to confess my sarcasm next time I go back and I hope my mother remembers to confess to her penchant for child abuse.

I have a good friend who was raised Methodist. She admitted to me once that she was raised to fear Catholics and also to pledge allegiance to them in church. I thought this was the funniest thing that I had ever heard. "Why in the world would you be afraid of Catholics?"

She looked at me and said, "The Catholic Mafia."

I laughed out loud, but I suppose if you've watched enough mobster movies and know that many Italians are Catholic, I can see where this leap could happen. Then I heard the most amazing thing. I was on the phone with her, wishing her a happy birthday when her kids apparently came in. This is what I heard on my end of the phone, "It's my birthday and not one of you thought to bring a cake? I spent ____ hours in labor and you (I imagine her pointing at one of them at this point) had a gigantic head and almost killed me. But a cake is too much to expect on my birthday?"

By now my laughter is too much to control and I am laughing out loud on my end of the phone. She said, "What are you laughing so hard about?"

All I could do was ask, "Are you sure you're not Catholic? Your ability to throw guilt seems pretty good to me."

The idea of the Catholic Mafia must be more well known than I imagined, however. The other day a couple of Jehovah's Witnesses knocked on my door. I opened the door to a couple of smiling young men who greeted me with a happy hello. One of the young men had his hand extended with a pamphlet to hand me as he said, "Do you belong to a church and can we tell you about ours?" I smiled back and told him that I belonged to St. He never even handed me the pamphlet. Instead, the smiles on their faces melted into what

almost resembled horror as they backed slowly off my front steps. Once they reached the end of the bushes they strode quickly, so quickly, in fact, it was almost a dead run down my driveway. I thought their reaction was strange, almost as if I were the Devil himself, and then I remembered the Catholic Mafia. In my memory I recorded this as a usable tool. When I want to be left alone, apparently all I really need to do is shout, "I'm a Catholic!" and people will run screaming. Good to know.

Another friend of mine was talking to me the other day and in the course of the conversation she made the statement, "Well, you know what the Bible says."

I gave her a semi-blank look and said, "Not really."

She gave me a shocked look. "What?"

I just looked at her matter-of-factly and said, "I'm a Catholic. We are not really pushed to do a lot of Bible reading. I suppose there is the fear that we will interpret what we are reading in a non-Catholic way. We are read excerpts of the Bible at mass and the priest tells us what meaning it's supposed to have for us."

She looked at me in disbelief, "So, you're told how passages are to be interpreted?"

I gave her a look of disbelief back, "Of course. Isn't that why we have so many denominations of Christianity? A different interpretation of a Bible passage or a different perspective on what God is trying to tell us? So why should it be so hard to believe that they want to give me the Catholic version of thinking? They are afraid if they don't explain it to me their way that I might have Methodist or Baptist thoughts. Then, I would have to go to confession, say all those prayers for punishment, I mean atonement and I might be banned from Bingo, and damn it I love Bingo. It's the only time during the week I get a good buzz on."

Leave Us... Be

By Christopher Knarr

Numbers passing orders like new kids out of line.
Listening to the silence of a classroom at full capacity.

Thoughts set to blank as thoughts sit in the mind.
Dream dust still in eyes as the teacher teaches.

Technology part of distraction; and later part of destruction.
Communication and connection hindered by loss of dedication.

Hoods up, heads down, pens left alone like the favorite
childhood toy.
Once loved with full intentions; now broken and forgotten in the
cobwebs of innocence.

Entertainment may be cheap, but talk is cheaper now more than ever.
Conversations harder to hold than glances as the eyes bare restlessness.

Insomnia has crept into the doses of Adderall and droning attention like
inanimate, moving objects.
The night no longer for rest, but the day filled with the un-rested,
silent student.

Angels and Demons

By Michael Kindelan

The only thing I look forward to are memories of sledding at Kesling Park
Dreams of catching carp float through my clandestine heart, like a severed log
I look back at the pencil marks I scribble down when I was pure and innocent
Barely tentative but I was ready for anything like American minute men
That reminds me of times when my biggest worry was nothing more than a push pop
Or whether or not the weather would stop me from having to walk to the bus stop
Getting lost in a tough spot, meant having to wake up and listen to holy men
or maybe that Saturday I was grounded from watching Snick on Nickelodeon
And I thought those were the tough times, isn't that a funny joke
That's why my eyes appear ready to burst like you just stabbed a runny yolk
So it was true all along this shit isn't at all what it's cracked up to be
I didn't realize id be eating every meal like I was in the last supper scene
And now I'm morning daily for the death of my innocence
Resorting to snorting lines and begging for the rest of your cigarette
Resting my head on a pillow with, stains outline my rusty silhouette
And it remains conscious for me, while I remember when I was a younger me
But then I awake and my pedestal is ripped out from under me
I topple over and all I see an array of blurry outlines
I must've blacked out after I saw liquor bottles and open my mouth wide
Then, I realized I was outside, in a park, how could it come to this
As I quickly clenched my fist and put most of the blame on the government

I'm on the search for daylight so if you could point the way I'd appreciate it
And I need a warm bed to sleep in so if you could point the way I'd appreciate it
And no I can't afford to pay and that's probably something you can't escape
so why don't we grab the colored chalk so that we can escape
too a new place where we can be free to speak in a sequence of out choosing
and mom dukes can't tell us what to do and something new could be out soothing
pacifier to keep our appetites filled to the brim, but now I'm losing
my will to escape.

Oh yea and hey, if mister street corners there, can you tell him I can't come into work
today
I'll be the first to say, that I've probably taken more personal days then I'm suppose to
But I hope you have the heart to see that I was born lethargic with no emotions
So it's hard to focus on the larger picture when you feel nothing inside
And no one gives a fuck if you die, including your moms and sisters
But I can hardly sit here; my thoughts are lost down memory lane
When I still enjoyed playing video games

Hanging out by the abandoned semi-truck, and camping is simply stuck
as the best time I've ever had

But now grabbing a burger at Redemacs, could never stack to gettin high off of a loritab
And I sort of laugh how entertained I was by a good stick or a play sword attached
To my waistline and it takes time to remember things that are actually worth
remembering

About my childhood when nothing more than a smile would bring me up
But now I just need a single cup filled to the brim with malt liquor for a pick me up
But without it I feel crowded, but hey is anyone up for a game of four square
We can head down to Lincoln Elementary. And drink a cup of milk for free from the lunch
ladies with short hair

Or maybe you'd prefer some basketball, I feel like I'm having a crack withdrawal because I'm
buggin to play round the world

The sounds of girls skippin rope starts to fade when I realize where I really am

On the sidewalk with my thoughts racing faster than a million; speeding cars

I try to run away but my bleeding heart seems to be searching for pride

Why am I the strangest person alive, I'm sure it had nothing to do with having no personal
stride?

But I'll continue hurting inside, because that's what parasites are supposed to do

And until the day I die my eyes will remain seamless like the ocean blue

I'm on the search for daylight so if you could point the way I'd appreciate it

And I need a warm bed to sleep in so if you could point the way I'd appreciate it

And no I can't afford to pay and that's probably something you can't escape

so why don't we grab the colored chalk so that we can escape

to a new place where we can be free to speak in a sequence of out choosing

and mom dukes can't tell us what to do and something new could be out soothing

pacifier to keep our appetites filled to the brim, but now I'm losing

my will to escape.

Gave Me Life

By Bill Stewart

When you gave me life, you gave me so much more.
You gave me love, hope, and freedom.
You gave me a sense of self-worth, a sense of well-being,
good common sense, and a sense of humor.
You gave me self-love, compassion for all others.
You gave me knowledge, the burning desire for more.
You gave me self-confidence to try anything knowing that
I would not be ridiculed for failing.
You gave me the world to wander knowing I would always
have a safe haven to come back to.
You gave me morals, knowing right from wrong, hoping I
would always choose the right path.
For all these things and many more I am truly thankful.
I love you now as I loved you on the day I was born and will
continue to so forever.

Lab Day

By Talena Majere (A. James)

It was just another day in the lab. Nothing special going on. Had another hour researching my new Archon blueprint, and then was going to throw it into the Xerox for a few weeks. Why such big prints take so much longer to copy, is beyond me. The corp. had been working double time for the upcoming project, and our quota of ore for the day was more than met, as usual.

I can always count on those guys to pull more than what was required. But because of always going over quota, I choose not to be like those other asshole Directors and increase the quota. You set a minimum amount that you would accept for the day and you stick to that. So what if they bring in almost double the request? All it shows is they had some free time on their hands and wanted to speed the project along. Don't blame them myself; even I have been putting in extra hours to make sure everything went like silk.

That, and with all the new guys, it's hard to make them pull more than they already are. Low on skills as well as isk makes it harder to get the finer things in life, like the Hulk Exhumer with those nice T2 strips. Though I provide all the crystals for the corp., most still prefer to buy their own. One thing I will never understand.

A medium pitch tone sounded for a short burst, telling me my research was finally done.

With a sigh of relief, I managed to force myself out of my chair and over to the computer on the far wall of my quarters. Punching the all too familiar sting of commands, almost without thought, I retrieved my Archon BP from the panel. I carefully packed the BP into its secure case and slung it over my back. Grabbing my sidearm, I walked to the elevator in my room, punched the call button and waited for the doors to open.

Still not liking the new way of using the labs, I never did leave my quarters unarmed. Though it was a violation of the station laws and if you were caught, you were usually fined for it. You never know who was going to be interested in what's in the canister on my back.

The elevator finally reached my quarters with a quiet "ding" and the doors slid open to reveal another pilot.

"Evening boss" I muttered as I stepped in. I noticed he was wearing his usual off-duty clothes. Dark casual pants made of the finest Amarran silk, probably stolen from his latest kill, and a medium brown tone tunic with his leather coat he always wore. Enough buckles to hide the primitive 21-century sawed-off shotgun. He made the ammo himself the old fashioned way, by hand with a small gunpowder scale. Most of us would use that same scale for measuring out boosters.

"Morning Tal" he spoke softly, like he just got up, which wouldn't be surprising. We were usually on opposite shifts and it was rare if we ever saw each other. We usually communicated with Evemails and memos, or other directors.

He pulled a small container from his inner pocket on his coat and handed it to me. "Though you might need a pick me up" I took the container and pocketed it as the elevator doors opened on the main floor of the station.

Bringing up my HUD, I could see that the station was pretty full for the time of day it was. Nothing odd really, not since we turned this entire region into another Jita. An average of 1500-2000 pilots in the region at any time, with about half of them in this station.

"So what's the occasion? Usually you are hitting the snooze 'bout this time." I spoke casually, though I could feel his tension.

"Got a wakeup call about an hour ago from our field commander. There is a new alliance moving into the area. They are aggressive. I have some guys running recon on their movement as well as checking the boards for any hiccups around their activity." He shook his head lightly as we started making our way away from the elevators and into the throng of bodies crowding the walkways. Overhead the halo-screens flashed market charts on the more popular items that recently sold and displayed the latest Incursion system info.

I shoved past a couple of local traders and exchanged pleasantries, and forced my way on to the lab alongside the Alliance director. "Has there been any diplomacy on either side yet?" I asked. When he didn't respond, I let the conversation drop as I knew any intel this early on was useless without confirmation. No use making speculations about something you didn't know.

We are always competing for the systems around our HQ, but most of the other corps had either joined us, or corps and alliances alike had moved further out. The extra room was always welcome and we now stretched out over 9 systems. But any aggressive group that decided to sink its teeth into our area was never good for business. We have to pull our forces back to tighten the perimeter and that affected our production as we would strip out all the belts in the few systems we stayed in.

Most of the time, the group would offer to join us or understand our need for space and set up their shop just outside of our area. It's the aggressive ones we always have problems with.

Tri Sol Syndicate was the last alliance to move into our area. Once allies, turned enemies. It was a sad sight to see their numbers drop off but they had war dec'ed us for the profitable area and started picking off our mining fleets. Our industry started to falter and we pulled everyone inside. Old friends started shooting at us, and I lost an Orca to them. I was just pulling the new one out of the dock when the war notice came through in my message box.

The WTP (War Time Protocol) went into effect and I shut down the industry. We had a large supply of ships and ammo for the alliance in reserve for just such a situation. But while the big guns defended us, those who couldn't fight or who refused to shoot old friends (myself included) stayed in the station. I drank myself into a stupor during that week. More often than not, I needed my comrades to carry me back to my quarters.

The last thing we needed was another war. So much to get done, yet so little time to do it in.

Approaching the Science wing brought up some friendly faces, something that brought a rare to see smile to my face. Though I kind of marked it as odd seeing so many of my guys out and about the station this evening, most of them are out making isk or shooting things. Thinking back, I had seen alliance members from the moment my elevator opened in my quarters.

I turned to my boss, "This wasn't a social call was it?"

"No. I wanted to make sure that blueprint made it here in your hands." he spoke as we walked to the deposit panel near the back of the wing. Armed guards stood watch as we approached.

The boss stopped me 4 meters from the guards and spun me to face him. His coat flew out over my left side in the swift move and I felt his hand brush my side, lifting my sidearm out of the holster and out of sight. He then extended his hand, "To the start of our empire. I owe you a drink when you get done here." And with a wink he shook my hand and turned and walked away. Through the crowd that made up most of the security personal in the alliance.

I realized in that moment he saved my ass. If I had been checked and found with my sidearm, I would have lost more than my sidearm. And the guys were an armed escort. I was the only one unaware. I chuckled to myself and walked up to the guards.

The one closest to me was at least twice my size, and weighted 3 times as much, all power. He extended his hand and spoke in a rich, deep tone, "bags for inspection please."

I handed over the slung container and opened my arms up for the search. Big and bad looked through the container while is slightly smaller friend waved a search stick over me.

This area of the lab was high security for the high value prints behind them. Only one person was allowed back there at a time for no more than 1 minute. If you can't figure out how to set up your line, and get your blueprint loaded in that 1 minute, you're a damn idiot and should be shot. Most usually were.

Mister wand finished his sweep with not even a whisper from his stick. Big and ugly handed me my container back and then stepped aside to let me pass. I nodded to them both without a word and walked to the back.

My copier was on reserved and had been for several weeks by this point. I quickly canceled the meaningless print that was holding the slot and pulled that one out. I then activated the

copier with my corp. ID and added the Archon print to the tray. As I waited for the fee to clear, I looked around and saw the other copiers lined with several stacks on all of them. Knowing that if I had not threw 9 different BP's for copy on this one copier, that it would be a minimum of 3 months before this thing would get going.

A metallic sound snapped my head back to the task at hand as the copier fired up and pulled the Archon print in. I smiled, satisfied that my job was done and I could finally go to bed.

I walked out of the back, back through the guards who I nodded once to and back into the group of armed alliance guys waiting to cart me off to the bar.

As we walked, casual talk sparked up for the first time this evening. It was nice to see that the stress of the high priority project, relaxed a little as the project was one step closer to being finished. Tomorrow I would head out to our low sec POS to evaluate the production of the capital components and make sure everything was running on scheduled. But for today, for now, I would have a drink with friends. And wait for them to carry me back to my quarters, where I would sleep off my hangover.

Bayou

By Sarah Musgrave

Down in the Bayou where secrets lie...where sin, as they call it, is sent to die. I see the trees of secrecy; lie over my inequities, as I progress so carefully, in the depths of the antiquity, of reminiscent memories.

Aside from God and Christ, you see, lies a truth inside of me. A truth religious folks refuse to see, or accept about their own identity. Those secrets that we never tell. The ones we've thrown into the well. For fear that others will repel, and turn away from us, in such dismay and such disgust. For past wrongs and drunken lusts. Turn away if you must, but, know that I've walked way down in to the Bayou of your soul, and what you feel is so exposed. The face you wear, a mix between the hate and scare... but don't share. Beware of their stare! Don't speak of that thing! That thing that's been hidden away, that's what the old folks say. So you shut it up way deep inside, and push it down in an attempt to hide. Old folks leave off this Earth, and you're the one left with the hurt. The hurt of that thing that you hide, from our ancestors past lives.

Oh yes, it lives, it's last generations. It holds on to your souls, through the hurt and it grows. But Shhhh! So that no one knows. Life moves on, but things change, you can hold it no more, life has torn you right down. You've become a slave to that secret... don't keep it. You decide when it leaves, when you are then free, so just know that to be free is a state of mentality. When then will we break free? Free from the chains... of Secret Slavery.

Graduation

By Lori Volheim

A place where past
Achievements and future
Dreams mingle with present
Furniture and walls hold
Smells and memories
Like a newborn baby.
When warm sunshine punches
Through dirty windows
Spills onto hallway floors
Revealing bright spots of
Satins made with shoes
Thirty years ago.
Echoes of voices
thinking out loud
in halls,
in rooms,
in desks.
Collecting ideas at
The end of a pen like
A museum's past on
Display with present breathing
Heavy all around
Holding on to yesterday like
A commitment made
So long ago
To a friend
Who is still here
And will love us,
Forever.

Index

Students:

Charles Phillips - An offbeat Poet, Singer, Songwriter, and Actor that was raised in Edwardsburg, Michigan. While he experiments in many writing styles he prefers to write in a form of poetry called Pocket Lice which is just as offbeat as he is. He hopes to become well known in the writing circuit like some of his favorite writers. He is inspired by Charles Bukowski, Jim Morrison, Bootsy Collins, Tom Waits, and Matsou Basho. He likes Handlebar Mustaches, The Transformers, and Tetris.

- The Adventures of Ralph the Brave.....Page 1
- Let's Just Follow the Joneses.....Page 26

Jesse Routson - Born October 17, 1990 in Elkhart Indiana, the chunky dirty soul of the Midwest. I'm a misanthropic optimist/senior vegan turned vegetarian; I play guitar drums and bass. I'm majoring in science, better money than writing and a guitar will bring me.

- Illusions of Grandeur.....Page 3
- Shattered Plastic Personas.....Page 34

Grace Lange - Secretary of IvyQuill: Creative Writing Club, 22 years old and a film student at Ivy Tech. She has always been obsessed with art and film ever since she was a little girl. She likes to describe her art style as "Tim Burton meets Fashion Designer from Japan" and is trying to make her writing more "cinematic" in flow. Her favorite movie is "The Nightmare Before Christmas" and (at the moment) her favorite book is "American Gods" by Neil Gaiman.

- Wind Colors.....Page 7
- Deal.....Page 36

Teshaun Massey - President and Editor of IvyQuill: Creative Writing Club. Inspired by Anne Rice and Edger Allen Poe at a young age, she is an aspiring author in the midst of writing her first novel. Along with writing, she enjoys photography and tinkering with photo manipulation on Photoshop. Her works can be found here: <http://teshaun-jenea.deviantart.com>

- Tormentor.....Page 5
- Photograph: The Orange.....Page 23
- A Tanka and Two Cinquains.....Page 35

Eshanya Walls - Vice President and Editor of IvyQuill: Creative Writing Club. A poet/creative writer who attends Ivy Tech, South Bend IN. She enjoys raising her three children, loving on her grandchildren, and writing about people, events, and situations she has encountered in life.

- Gest of Spring.....Page 19
- Unrivaled Love.....Page 33

Richard Bisnauth - A young aspiring writer and a sophomore at Ivy Tech Community College. Education has been a significant influence in his life. He is currently undertaking a double major in foreign languages study and mathematics. He will use his education to become a professor where he shall work with minds that open, and a future of a person that will unfold and principles that will grow.

- Beyond the Horizons.....Page 18
- The Trail.....Page 39

Talena Majere (A. James) - I'm submitting these 2 short stories in hopes of doing something out side of the norm. My current home station is Hisoufad IX- moon 4. But I move around a lot. I am an Industrialist by trade and a damn good pilot. In my free time, I usually harvest resources as well as offer training for any new pilots into my corporation. I really don't get too much free time as you can tell. My usual tasks include but are not limited to: refueling the star-base, blueprint researching, manufacturing, recruiting, diplomacy both internal and external, resource allocation, and corporation management. Like most people, at the end of the day, I enjoy a good drink to help me wind down. Not sure what else I can put on here. If you want a picture, let me know and I can reply with one.

- Deep Trouble.....Page 8
- Lab Day.....Page 53

Veronica Jurek - I hardly ever write. I used to write a lot. But then, well, I just fall in and out of things a lot. This is mostly to keep me thinking and moving. I do art as well, and I'm very good at that. I think a lot, which helps when I do these creative writings. But, I don't always write my thoughts down. So, I'll have some awesome rhyme or ditty and I don't write it down and then it's kind of gone forever. But, this seems fun, so we'll see where this leads me.

- But, Hickory Dickory Dock.....Page 13
- The Bullet.....Page 38

Michael Kindelan - Has a passion for spoken and written. Modest about how talented he really is, pursuing a career in music. You can find him and his fantastical works here: <http://www.youtube.com/user/guse100>

- Doubt.....Page17
- Angels and Demons.....Page 50

Farai Gotora - I'm Zimbabwean and I've been in the US for just over 2 years now. I am working towards getting a nursing degree and I attend my classes at the South Bend campus. I'm one of four kids, I write mostly non-fiction articles about little things I observe within myself and around me. I can do fiction but greatly prefer non-fiction articles.

- For the Dying.....Page 14
- Bathroom Breaks and Photo Takes.....Page 40

Timothy A. Martin - Guitarist, singer, songwriter. Ivy Tech student, will graduate with A.S. in General Studies December 2011. Will be moving on to IUSB in January 2012 to pursue B.A. in Journalism. Career aspirations, to write for Rolling Stone or other musical publication and to be an international recording artist.

- Wrestle for an Hour.....Page 6
- You're the Architect.....Page 43

Sarah Musgrave - I'm the Assistant Editor of the Ivy Informer at Ivy Tech College. I'm a Criminal Justice and Psychology major. I enjoy playing tennis, jogging, reading, and in my free time I volunteer in my community.

- Freedom In Me.....Page 28
- Bayou.....Page 57

Matthew Rininger - From Lakeville he spends his time telling people about how to look at things in a different light, he writes poetry, songs, and anything that comes to his mind. He loves Philosophy and a great many things.

- The Start.....Page 15

Jacob Adams - Student at the Ivy Tech Warsaw campus and the Vice President of their writing club.

- Tiny Tears.....Page 31

Melissa Stackman

- Darkness.....Page 16

Professors:

Claire Roof - IvyQuill: Creative Writing Club Advisor. Graduated IU Bloomington Indiana 1981, Began teaching and tutoring at Ivy Tech 2007, became a member of the full-time teaching faculty in 2009.

- For the Fall.....Page 25
- Sonnet: Dream One.....Page 42

Kim Hively - IvyQuill: Creative Writing Club Co-Advisor. Professor at Ivy Tech since 2000. Undergrad Degree from Bethel and Graduate Degree from IUSB.

- Life Lessons.....Page 20
- I Was Raised.....Page 45

Lori Volheim - Professor of Communication and Technical Writing at Ivy Tech since 2008. BA from IUSB in General Studies, MA from Ball State in Organizational Communication, High School English teaching licensure from Bethel College, Graduate work at IUSB in English, and currently working on an MS in Instructional Design through Walden. Former broader news journalist. Wrote for South Bend Tribune.

- Ballroom.....Page 29
- Graduation.....Page 58

John Comeau - Graduated from ND 1974, MLS Indiana University 1995. Have taught at Ivy Tech since 1975

- Old Rhymes.....Page 32

Guests:

Justin Heron - A singer/songwriter from Milwaukee, WI. Aside from songwriting and poetry, he has produced albums for the band Sulek, and is currently working on a project with fellow Milwaukee songwriter Mike Mangione. Justin's debut album is to be released next summer.

- Wondering Eyes.....Page 4

Christopher Knarr - 24-year-old IU Bloomington graduate with a Bachelor's degree in Theatre & Drama and a minor in Music. Poetry has always been a part of my life, but not my main focus with my studies. It's always been a way for me to express myself when my voice hasn't been able to.

- Disintegrate.....Page 12
- Leave Us...Be.....Page 49

Bill Stewart (Submitted by Lisa VanDyke ; Adjunct Faculty at Ivy Tech since 2007, IUSB Graduate) - These fine works were written by my brother who passed away in March. He wrote them for/about our mother who passed away in 2007.

- The Many Faces of Betty.....Page 24
- Gave Me Life.....Page 52

Chris McNeil-Burk - A nurse who lives in Indianapolis. She attended IU Bloomington.

- Sixty Thousand Thoughts.....Page 30

Nanne Binghi Barkdull - Amazing artist who's works can be found here: <https://www.facebook.com/pages/Nanne-Binghi-Barkdull-Artwork/89133298080?sk=wall>

- Prismacolour on Arches; "Garden Rhthym".....Page 44

For **all** interested in submitting to the next issue of IvyQuill.

- 1) Include your name; **First and Last**.
- 2) Make sure your piece has a **title**.
- 3) **All work must be submitted electronically** via the club email:
ivy_quill@yahoo.com
- 4) Each person is **limited to four (4)** submissions,
those judged best will be selected for our publication.
- 5) Artwork: Submit at least **3 pieces** (not included with writing, 1-3 and 6 still apply)
- 6) Please include a short bio (if have not submitted before)

We are looking for a variety of creative writing:
Poetry - Form/Free Verse, Plays - Up to two acts,
Short Stories - Less Than 1500 Words/Non-Fiction/Essays, and Songs...
along with all forms of art possible: Photo, Sketch, Paint

Please note that not everyone can be selected.

We will not accept copyrighted work that is not your own!

**Submission Period is Between:
December 5, 2011 -- March 2, 2012**

If you have any questions contact us via the **club email** or talk to either
the Club President Tashaun Massey: tmassey4@ivytech.edu,
Advisor Claire Roof: croof@ivytech.edu,
Club Vice President Eshanya Walls: ewalls@ivytech.edu,
or Co-Advisor Kim Hively: khively@ivytech.edu

