



Trillium

Spring 2009



Trillium

Volume 30 Spring 2009

A Literary Publication of
the English Department of
Glenville State College

Cover Art by Kayla Boggs-White



The 2009 Trillium is dedicated to
Dr. Espy W. Miller
1914 - 2008

*Of studie took he moost cure and moost heede,
Noght o word spak he moore than was neede,
And that was seyde in forme and reverence,
And short and quyke and ful of hy sentence;
Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.*

-Geoffrey Chaucer, *The Canterbury Tales*,
The Clerk's Portrait

Editor

Chris Summers

Design Editor

Dustin Crutchfield

Editorial Staff

Kayla Boggs-White

Amanda Jones

Mary Skidmore

Cassandra Radcliff

Advisor

Jonathan Minton

The *Trillium* is brought to you by Glenville State College's English Department, but it is not solely about English. It is about language, specifically, the language of the college, formed by the various minds, hearts, souls, and cultures of the people who populate it: students, faculty, staff, friends, and family.

As with all languages, ours is about expression, about feelings, about releasing pent-up emotions upon the world outside of a creative mind. It can be visual or auditory; a painting speaks as much of its artist's soul as a poem or short essay. It can move you, or it can stop you in your tracks. It can soothe the soul or start it roaring.

This year's *Trillium* expresses the language of GSC in all its dialects. On behalf of myself, the staff, and the writers, may you find one that speaks to you.

Chris Summers
Editor
Trillium 2009

There is a voice inside of you
That whispers all night long,
"I feel that this is right for me,
I know that THIS is wrong."
No teacher, preacher, parent, friend
Or wise man can decide
What's right for you—just listen to
The voice that speaks inside.

Shel Silverstein, "The Voice"

Table of Contents

Poetry	10
Cassandra Radcliff, The Sins and Us.....	11
Lori Norman-Conner, Life of Darkness.....	12
Sandra Suran, [Untitled].....	13
Sandra Suran, [Untitled].....	13
S. Langman, The Door	14
S. Langman, The Little Girl	15
Linville Couch, The Road I've Taken	16
Mindi Fitzpatrick, Shades of Green	17
Mindi Fitzpatrick, Ocean Speaks.....	18
Mindi Fitzpatrick, Reflection of Light	19
Wayne de Rosset, A Long Ago Song (Overheard at a High School Reunion).....	20
Kara Johnston, Cocoon	21
Kara Johnston, Nurtured By The Night.....	22
Kara Johnston, Contentment	22
Amanda Jones, another broken heart.....	23
Nicole Champion-Powers, Different	24
Jennifer L. James, Caught	25
Jennifer L. James, Falling Orange.....	25
Harry Beall, If Only in My Sleep.....	26
Leslie Kennedy, In Support of Dandelions.....	27
Charlotte (Shackleford) Squires, Is It Possible?.....	28
Charlotte (Shackleford) Squires, A Lost Love	28
Kathy Cotten, Nature's Fury.....	29
Kathy Cotten, Whispering Pines	30
Robert Burkowski, Lean into the Wind	31
Amber Taylor, Kidding.....	32
Amber Taylor, Less Than Calm	33
Bob Henry Baber, Poem for Grandma Massey.....	34
Donte Fuller, Single Mother.....	36
Brandon Hayes, "Lost".....	37
Brandon Hayes, What Is Love?.....	38
Juan Ramón Molina (trans. by John Hall), Los Cuatro Bueyes	39
Juan Ramón Molina (trans. by John Hall), Los Ojos De Los Niños.....	43
Jeffrey Buck, Mondegreen or The Avarice of our Satellite	45
Jonathan Minton, Some Things I've Learned from Reading Shakespeare.....	46
Sarah Normant, "Escape Reality"	48
Chris Summers, Sanity in the Rough.....	50
Chris Summers, Burn It Down From the Inside	51

Art	52
Gertrude Merriweather Foddershocks	
Until Then We Pray and Suspend the Notion	
that These Lives Never Do End.....	53
Kara Johnson, [Untitled]	54
Kara Johnson, [Untitled]	55
Kara Johnson, [Untitled]	56
Kayla Boggs-White, [Untitled].....	57
Kayla Boggs-White, [Untitled].....	58
Kayla Boggs-White, [Untitled].....	59
Liza Brenner, Giddy Up	60
Lora Jane Spencer, [Untitled]	61
Rosanna Springston, Piled Rocks.....	62
Rosanna Springston, Trillium	63
Rosanna Springston, [Untitled].....	64
S. Longman, [Untitled]	65
Sara Sivard, [Untitled].....	66
Sara Sivard, [Untitled].....	67
Sara Sivard, [Untitled].....	68
Sarah Normant, Lost Hood.....	69
Sarah Normant, Me, Myself, and I.....	70
 Prose	 71
Jamie Stanley, “The Little Ones Go First”	72
Jennifer Block, Static	77
Leonard F. Terango, Grace.....	82
Mary Skidmore, excerpt from the novel Hidden Truths	85
G.M. Foddershocks, In Response to Liberated Women	95
G.M. Foddershocks, Hitchhiker reports uncomfortable silence	96
G.M. Foddershocks, [Untitled].....	97
Paul B. Moyers, Editorial	98
 Contributors’ Notes	 102

Poetry

*“To have great poets there must be great audiences too.”
– Walt Whitman*

Cassandra Radcliff

The Sins and Us

ooh, he looks so good in those jeans today...
Wait, why's he looking at me like that?
Can't he see I'm busy?

I wish my diet would let me eat cake...
Crumbs? Where did all the cake go?
Didn't he think I might want some?

I want a new dress, and watch, and earrings...
Why is he buying those power tools?
I wish he'd buy me something.

I'd give anything to lounge around today...
Why doesn't he budge from the couch?
It'd be nice to have some help.

Sometimes I just want to destroy something!
Why did he have to break my good dishes?
Now I'll have to use the old ones.

I wish our house looked like the Jones'...
Why is he setting up a pool in the backyard?
'why it looks just like the Jones'...

I would love to show off our renovations...
Who's that following him up the drive?
Quick, I have to clean for company!

Lori Norman-Conner

Life of Darkness

Day by day; hour by hour—
a life of darkness.
No smiles, no laughter, no expressions—
a life of pure existence.

Days of holding hands, taking hikes,
late nights at the lake, making love
under the moon are only a
heart of memories.

Enjoyment and love
have become minutes of
expressionless existence.

This minute, this hour, this day—
a life of darkness could end.

Thoughts of living a life alone
are a daily feeling.
This may be the day the end
is here.

Sandra Suran

[Untitled]

Chimes chiming.
While chilling winter winds
 pass through snow-covered pines
 nestled on an Appalachian ridge.

[Untitled]

Do not seek the Life of a Rose
Ignited in crimson petals
Adorned with prickly brown thorns.

Soon the petals fall away
And thorns remain.

S. Langman

The Door

The wind
 Is howling in my ear
the rain
 Is falling on my face
The thunder
 Is rolling in my mind
I run to it all
 Faster, faster
Running from my very being

The door is alit
 Shining so bright
I reach for the handle
 It fades away
I am alone

The rain is pouring, drowning my soul
 Under the cold icy water
Bubbles race, dance to the surface
 Up and up they go
The air fills my lungs
 The icy rain water leaves my pale skin
The clouds so dark and deep
 Roll together
The thunder sounding the sky
 Deep in anger coming to the light
Trapped and alone I am
 Running to the alit door
Fading into the shadows of my sleep
 I go

S. Langman

The Little Girl

Little Girl
Why do you cry?
Little Girl
Why are you hurt?
Little Girl
Why do you run from home?
The Little Girl hides
Shaking and trembling so
Tears of blood and dirt down her angel-like face
Yells for help
Anger and sorrow is all you hear
Little Girl
Why do you cry?
Little Girl
Why are you hurt?
Little Girl
Why do you run from home?
The Little Girl in the corner
Shivering and rickety
The hands come down
The belt comes off
The boot meets skin and bones
Little Girl
Why are you hurt?
Little Girl
Why do you run from home?
The Little Girl is alone
Alone with her young pain
Alone with her broken bones
Her broken spirit
She walks away
Into her closet, into her corner, forgotten
The Little Girl goes away

Linville Couch

The Road I've Taken

While most kids were happy
Playing their games of ball
or talking about who they had seen
kissing in the halls.

I chose 40 hours a week
at a thankless job.

All graduation meant
was a night of no work
I'd felt I was robbed.

She was 15 and 18 was I.

We were married
but I know not why.
Married working and poor.

It was all too boring
to sit and watch her cry.

So away I did fly,
Leather Ladies and LSD.

Pipes spewing flame
and hear the roar,
oh man, insane!

The biker lifestyle was for me.
so much fun I couldn't see
the years I could have
done more for me.

If I had not been so blind
perhaps I could have
been more kind,
made something good happen
with much less wear.

And now I'm old.

Should be extinct
but I still have long hair.

Now I've decided
to follow my instinct.

Go to school, learn a career,
talk to the children.

Maybe one will hear.

Live for today but plan for tomorrow.

Play if you must but learn to abstain.

Without a plan life is hard.

Brother, I would spare you...that pain.

Mindi Fitzpatrick

Shades of Green

Different shades of green
announce the arrival of Spring
as creeks swell
with Winter's inevitable thaw;

Wild onions, a darker shade of green
dot the hilltops
as the odor permeates
the air with its delicious aroma;

Sour grass, the brightest shade of green
lightens the valley floor
a tasty treat
if one knows where to look;

New grass, the brightest shade of all
surprises the eye
as it overshadows
the dullness of Winter;

Add to this a slight breeze
which promises much
as it dries the mud
and warms the spirit;

I pause in my reflections
as a splash of yellow catches the eye
a perfect accomplishment
to all the Shades of Green.

Mindi Fitzpatrick

Ocean Speaks

I walk alone
paying no attention
to those around me;
The rhythm of the ocean, a cacophony of sound
as each wave brings with it hundreds of jigsaw pieces of shells tinkling to
shore;
Even in their destruction
I see beauty as I bend to pick up an iridescent shell so thin,
I marvel even this small piece survived its destructive journey;
Placing it carefully in my hand
my eyes scan the sand
as another wave uncovers more treasure;
A broken sand dollar, a sea biscuit
and then, a perfect conch rolls onto shore;
In my excitement
I hold it to my ear
and listen as the ocean speaks to me

Mindi Fitzpatrick

Reflection of Light

Full moon, an orb of light
casting its reflection
upon the water;

Gentle waves
stilled by gravity
truly is serenity in motion;

Light reflects upon the water
creating a picture
no painter can duplicate;

Perfection in light,
perfection in motion
is this reflection upon the ocean.

Wayne de Rosset

A Long Ago Song

(Overheard at a High School Reunion)

(a song)

Just a long ago song to sing
I'll hold your hand, you'll wear my ring
Dance with you in the gym tonight
I'll hold you close, everything's alright
And you will swear that you'll be mine
And I'll love you until the end of time

Every day I will walk you home
Planning time, to be alone
Friday night at the picture show
We'll steal a kiss, no one will know
And you will swear that you'll be mine
And I'll love you until the end of time

But Time's a thief and it never stays today
The years rush by and we drift away
To a future with a past we thought was burned
Giving love and being loved in return
With lives complete and dreams fulfilled
Blessed where we stand in our separate worlds
From out the distance comes a quiet lovely call
A harmony in shadows with a dying fall
A stillness in our hearts when the day is done
An echo through the night back when we were young

On Saturdays we'll skate in the park
Sharing secrets, after dark
Flowers for the prom in May
You're so beautiful, on graduation day
And you will swear that you'll be mine
And I'll love you until the end of time

But Time's a thief and it never stays today
The years rush by and we drift away
To a future with a past we thought was burned
Giving love and being loved in return
With lives complete and dreams fulfilled
Blessed where we stand in our separate worlds
From out the distance comes a quiet lovely call
A harmony in shadows with a dying fall
A stillness in our hearts when the day is done
An echo through the night back when we were young

When I danced with you in the gym that night
I held you close, said everything's alright
A long ago song that we'll always sing
I'll hold your hand, you'll wear my ring
And you will swear that you'll be mine
And I'll love you until the end of time

Kara Johnston

Cocoon

Can you hear it?

The untamed howl in the midnight hour?

The restless rustle of the lone leaf?

The tortured cry of a forgotten flower

Can you feel it?

The timid tap of the falling rain?

The free-spirited wind against a towering tree?

The angry rumble of the roaring thunder?

Can you see it?

The sentimental sun battling against the shadows?

The blue glow of the sky drowning out the empty gray?

The bold butterfly emerging from a broken cocoon?

Can you remember?

When lights sought and defeated the darkness?

When flowers reached relentlessly for the stars?

When the dancing sky bragged brightly of intensity?

When did life give in to death?

When did hope submit to despair?

When did dreams crumble in the heat of the fire?

When will the impossible decide to see the possibilities?

When will “maybe later” demand the present?

When will fear recognizes boldness’ authority?

Are we content to hide in our cocoon?

Kara Johnston

Nurtured By The Night

Grey mist thickens slowly upon the darkness.
A heavy chill absorbs into the deep folds of the deep blue sky.
The moon ducks behind a darkened wall of clouds,
Peering out through the unbreakable shield.
Midnight has captured the sky, relieving the light.
It hums a subtle buzz that can only be heard in the silence.
A gentle breeze sprinkles dreams onto the soft, moist ground.
Their seeds take root as they are nurtured by the night.

Contentment

The lulling lullaby of the dancing wind
The soothing silence of the napping moon
The calming chirp of the peaceful bird
The bold breath of God whispering in the night

Amanda Jones

another broken heart

so many words spoken
so many secrets shared I opened my heart
and let you in
after all that has happened
you're just going to walk away again
from another love you let in
I know I'm not the first
not the only
but it still hurts
to be just one of the many
I look outside
and see the sun
beaming down on all the rose petals
I broke them off one by one
for each memory
I had gotten with you
my heart will eventually move on
once again but
hopefully next time
I won't let just anyone in
I have cried my last tear
smiled my last smile
laughed my last laugh
with you today.
not knowing
what will happen in the future
I will move on
with my head held up high
and my feet rested on the ground
thinking of the last thing we have said to each other
and not even a single tear will run down my face
not a smile nor laugh will appear
Without you near.
I will continue on without you here
to catch me if I fall or
a shoulder to cry on
as I pack my bags to leave
I'm also saying goodbye
to the old me
as I go on
a new me will emerge
and that will be the girl you will see next time we meet.

Nicole Champion-Powers

Different

Why is difference such a big deal? Why can't someone be different yet respected at the same time? No one respects others just because they aren't the same as everyone else. But why? Why do so many people frown upon difference? Does the fact that someone wants to stand out scare them? Everyone has different perspectives on different subjects. What is so wrong with being yourself? If being different and following the beat of your own drum is wrong, then I don't want to be right. Everyone is raised different but always seem to find common ground with others. What if everyone was really the same? Think about it. What if everyone loved pizza and hated exercising? The world would be fat and lazy. Let that sink in a little bit. Personally, it makes no sense to me.

Jennifer L. James

Caught

I see her
hidden behind the trash bags.
You have her on display
half-there
dread-locks as white as day
blood spewing.
She's your other half
caught in a mixture of
white skin and charcoal hair.
Chinese characters on the wall,
or maybe Japanese, caught trying to identify.
While I worry about how I'll smell tomorrow,
your watch throws a blinding glare
when he asks, what does that star on your glass mean?
He is trying to categorize you and
simplify you to one kidney.

Falling Orange

Once, I wrecked my favorite car
Or maybe it was yours.
I chose pearl white to glide across the stained black pavement
Or maybe you chose the color to emphasize your teeth.
I lost the car at midnight on a leaf-lined road
Or maybe I lost you while looking for the road.
I sat there on the grey roof reaching for my phone
Or maybe I called to wish you a happy birthday?
I listened to the radio and watched the car fall orange
Or maybe you didn't believe my speaking to you in a red letterman's
jacket.

Harry Beall

If Only in My Sleep

Born to shades of crystal green
That follow you through someone else's dream.
Forlorn and lonely distant call
That holds you when I can't hold you at all
Just a dream in faint recall

To wander through the emerald year
The heart of each young lover's deepest fear.
But lingering in my dreaming mind
The haunting silhouette untouched by time.
I just can't leave behind.

And all the wide-eyed lonely roam the street.
Hoping love might come and claim defeat.
Still this love I feel inside me runs of deep
If only in my sleep.

Now love comes intermittently
Upon these solemn dreaming fields to me.
And though it's only in my mind
It's more than most in life will ever find.
These gifts of dreams in kind.

And all the wide-eyed lonely roam the street.
Hoping love might come and claim defeat.
Still this love I feel inside me runs of deep
If only in my sleep.

Now love is ever beside me at a glance.
And love will never deprive as I dream the dream of the dance.

Sadly swaying sweet serene
Softly singing songs upon the green.
The laughing lady lingers near
Lovely longing echoes in my ear.
And in my dreams appear.

Still all the wide-eyed lonely roam the street.
Hoping love might come and claim defeat.
Still this love I feel inside me runs of deep
If only in my sleep.

Leslie Kennedy

In Support of Dandelions

Grandparents should have dandelions in
their lawn. To a grandchild's eye they
add beauty and charm. They're
wonderful on other levels too
Bright and yellow
Cheerful and gay
No one will say don't!
They are perfect for happiness
bouquets
Sunny I love yous
Garlands and Chains
Crowns of a princess and a prince
Lots of beauty and fun and not a
dime spent.

Charlotte (Shackleford) Squires

Is It Possible?

Is it possible to feel that deep, true love
more than once in your life?

The type of love, where each kiss
feels like the first.

Or the strength of the love,
where the thought of never
seeing or touching that
person again
is unbearable.

Is it possible, to begin your journey of life
thinking of one person, and later
wanting to spend it with another?

When you are awoken each morning, and
destined to fall asleep every night with the
fantasy on your mind, that this person may withhold.

If it is possible, and this theory can come true.

Then I only wish I can experience it, and
maybe it can be with you.

A Lost Love

I'm not sure why it ended this way.

I thought you were here for the long run, here to stay.

But now I see, how could I have been so blind.

You said you loved me, and would always keep me on your mind.

Nights, I laid awake thinking of you.

Focusing on all of what we can do.

We learned so much about each other.

Even planned our future together.

Now my dreams have been torn apart.

And I feel the pain of what could only be, a broken heart.

Kathy Cotten

Nature's Fury

Have you ever listened to the distant sound
Of thunder as it comes rumbling down
Faintly at first with the hint of fear
Knowing that the storm is drawing ever so near

The storm clouds growing on the horizon near
Signaling that the storm and its fury will soon be here
The swirling of the wind scatters the clouds to and fro
Sending leaves and debris scattering with the force of the blow

The lightening flashing so brilliantly bright
Reaching out in all directions as it takes flight
Searching for the one unlucky spot on the ground
That will know the extent of its fury as it comes striking down

Slowly at first the drops start to trickle down
Gaining in strength as they fall heavily to the ground
As the ground greedily soaks the long awaited droplets up
The world's cup runneth over as it quickly fills up

Soon the storm is over and the sun is coming out
All the people and animals are soon seen scurrying about
God sends us a rainbow to quiet our thoughts and fears
Letting us know that he will forever be lovingly near

Kathy Cotten

Whispering Pines

Have you ever listened to the gentle sound
Of the wind as she begins to swirl around
Swaying with the branches to and fro
Gently carrying whispers on the wind as she goes

Many a secret shared so long ago
With a loved one setting on the ground below
Secrets carried forever up into the wind
Only to be whispered to someone else again

Listen very carefully to the very sound
Of the gentle breeze as it swirls around
Perhaps a secret with you it might share
If indeed listen you choose to dare

As you sit quietly and listen to the secrets it brings
Don't be afraid to get into the middle of things
Perhaps a secret to the wind you can entrust
To be shared later by all of us

As the soft breeze swirls around you upon the ground
Listen very carefully to what it brings down
Something carried on the wind so long ago
I bet many a secret you will come to know

Robert Burkowski

Lean into the Wind

(Country-Rock Song Lyrics)

Verse 1:

Gettin' up, day in, day out... open house... where's the payout?
Pickin' up and dustin' myself off
In the end, left alone now; only way is to show myself how...
Everyone's incompetent 'cept for me

Verse 2:

Pin your hopes on someone else, wind up starin' at yourself
In a mirror... that's called, "What went wrong?"
Best advice: look inside now... tell yourself, "I know best how...
to preserve whatever's best in me..."

Chorus:

I'm gonna lean into the wind
No matter how fast the wheel might spin
Lean into the wind... into the wind

You'd better lean into the wind
No matter how much the wheel's in spin
Lean into the wind... into the wind

Verse 3:

Brand new page on my table... prove myself... more than able...
To resolve the things that come to me
On my own...do the choosing... not undone, by winning and losing
Satisfied, creating my destiny

Chorus:

I'm gonna lean into the wind
No matter how fast the wheel might spin
Lean into the wind... into the wind

You'd better lean into the wind
No matter how much the wheel's in spin
Lean into the wind... into the wind
Lean into the wind... into the wind

Amber Taylor

Kidding

He was just too young
Too young to see the conveniences of he and I
I was too careful, but not careful of the mistakes I would eventually make
careful as in I cared too much
as I always do

I would have done all that was asked
This was never the problem
The problem was like it always is I was asked to do nothing
We were from the beginning to the end nothing

I am not blind, but my love is
I am never really addicted, my heart is or in this case my body

Mine which is imperfect
Yours is just so perfectly imperfect
In my mind he was glass
I on the other hand am a glass shattering scream

Trying to tame myself, they make no tight lock or cage
This accident scene that is me
When drivers collide
Some never walk again
You won't walk again

You are a kid
And obviously we were just kidding

So now I am the animal
And you now have the mark of the beast

My pride is all I have at last
So now would be a good time to ask

Darling do you know what my name means?

Amber Taylor

Less Than Calm

Look at me again tonight, cause tomorrow you might find you've lost your
sight.

I could never show you a talent that I did not possess.
My exceptional ability with words I use to my best.

Whenever I speak I don't really like the sound of my voice.

Believe me it plays back better in my head, but you would already know that
wouldn't you.

My head is where you sleep, and in this sleep you are less than calm.

Tossing and turning at any small sound editing my language so it will not of-
fend, you pulling all my fear away, just step back allow it to descend.

You just sitting beside me watching my pulse change like the traffic lights
ahead, we had our own little joke when I laughed at the words you said.

So I set my ability with words aside, and just like a fish I stay hooked on your
line.

Bob Henry Baber

Poem for Grandma Massey

Kay took a cold, then the measles
At first, Denver, laid-off from the mines,
said she'd be okay,
although I could see, Oh yes, that he was worried sick.

I knew without him saying just what he was thinking,
“We don't have the money.”

Finally we took her down to Montgomery hospital.
The doctors told us she had meningitis.

She was so pitiful after a few days I said silently to the Lord,
“If you want her...she's yours.”
She died that night in my arms.

When we came home I saw that the authorities had come
and dragged her bedding, ragdoll and clothes in the yard.
I stood there with my children and the neighbors, all of us wailing.

They were fixin' to burn them...and so they did.
That was the only fire I've ever known
that didn't warm my bones.

For days I walked the roads and tracks worrying
since Kay'd never been baptized.

O the love of a mother's broken heart... the heavy weight of a silent voice.

After three days I fell into a deep sleep
born out of pure exhaustion.

I dreamed I was crawling through mud, shale and smoking slag.
Suddenly I came up over a bluff and saw a great lighted mansion
on the top of a big hill.
I approached the front door and gave a knock.
A woman who I took to be an angel answered.

“I'm wanting to find out how my daughter Kay is.”

“Go straight down this hall,
but be careful
for one of the doors
leads to sure destruction.”

I walked hesitantly down the hall, picked a door, and opened it.

Inside, to my amazement, were hundreds of kids, flitting and flying about,
happy as larks in spring.
I looked up and saw Kay.
She smiled back at me
as she circled the golden room.

And then I woke up.

And the dark coaldust cloud that had settled deep into my lungs
and upon my very soul lifted up
& was blown away by a gentle waft of wind.

And my own kids, who I'd almost ceased to see,
reappeared before me and showered me with kisses whiter than daisies
and pinker than cosmos blooms.

On that day, I was finer than mist in May.
Although, of course, to this very day
I still miss my Kay.

Donte Fuller

Single Mother

To a single mom the day seems to never end
As soon as she thinks she is finished a new endeavor begins
For a single mother she has the duties of homemaker and breadwinner
even though most nights she's too tired to prepare dinner.
For a single mom, no time is left to her; she's too busy, no relaxation time, at
least not for her.

To a single mom, caring for her children is her number one goal, even if it
means working her fingers to the bones until her hands are swollen and numb,
even if it means sharing all the food she has, down to the last crumb. To a
single mom, her light shines within her children, she tries to instill wisdom so
that her little ones are able to make sound decisions. A single mom has to play
the role of mother and father a burden yet so deep and everyday seems to get
harder. To the single mom, I say keep on, I admire your courage, provide for
you little ones and never get discouraged. At times things will seem as if too
much and you may want to retreat. But remember God's blessings and he will
lay them at your feet.

To the single mother keep on keeping on, I admire your courage, single mother
you're strong.

Brandon Hayes

“Lost”

I feel lost
I feel so alone
I feel so betrayed
I feel so used
Why do I feel this way
I do not understand
Why I feel this way
I can't help my feelings
that I have for you
I have gotten lost more than once
If I could get the time that you wasted on me
I would be more than happy
to give it back to you
I never gave up on you
You gave up on me
This much I know is true
Now that I gave on you
It all part of a God's plan
Now that I have found my
Northern star
I am not lost anymore

Brandon Hayes

“What is Love”

She my kind of girl
Like love in a broken sky
Her smile can light the world
Even the darkest place
In my heart

My love for you
Is like fire and wind
Mix together
My love for you spreads
So wildly
Which I am wild for you

Your eyes sparkle
So bright
That you out the northern star
To shame

My love for a girl
greater than the entire universal
I am willing to give my heart and soul
To God
To make the girl I love happy
And that
Is what Love is

Juan Ramón Molina

(Introduction and translations by **John Hall**)

Juan Ramón Molina was born on April 17, 1875 in Comayagüela, Honduras, and died in El Salvador in 1908 from an excess of alcohol and morphine. There has been some speculation as to whether his death was accidental or a suicide. What is certain is that he was a victim of his own inability to cope with life and control his destiny. The death of his wife, the politics of his country, his depression, and his struggle to make sense of it all led him to a premature death, and left us with only a few magnificent tomes of what would have undoubtedly been a much broader literary work.

Los Cuatro Bueyes

Junto al Parque de Bolívar
se ven cuatro bueyes, cuatro
animales melancólicos,
lamentablemente flacos,

uncidos a dos carretas
grandes, con cajas y fardos,
y con la patas hundidas,
inmóviles, en un charco.

El parque está triste y solo,
muy triste y muy solo, tanto
que semeja una necrópolis
cerrada hace muchos años.

¿Entre los árboles húmedos,
parece que están llorando,
no son nichos los asientos
de piedra, los duros bancos?

Viene un olor de cipreses,
un perfume funerario,
del húmedo Parque, viene
un algo de tumba, un algo

de muerte, de los follajes
de ese jardín solitario,
en esta tarde de duelo,
en esta tarde de llanto,

que envuelve en un gran suspiro
a los pobres bueyes flacos,
y al melancólico Parque
que parece un camposanto.

The Four Oxen

Next to Bolivar Park
can be seen four oxen,
four sad animals,
lamentably thin,

yoked to two large wagons,
with boxes and bundles,
and with their hooves sunken,
motionless, in a puddle.

The park is poor and lonely,
so very poor and lonely that
it resembles a graveyard
that's been closed for many years.

Among the humid trees,
do the hard benches appear
to be crying? Are these
stone seats not niches?

An aroma of cypress comes,
a funereal perfume,
from the humid park, there
comes something of tombs

or of death from the foliage
of the solitary garden,
on this afternoon of grief,
on this afternoon of tears,

that envelops in a great sigh
the poor scraggy oxen,
and the melancholic park
that resembles a graveyard.

Pasa un transeúnte de prisa
de su paraguas debajo,
y un rapaz —travieso y loco—
también pasa, a grandes saltos;

y una mujer miserable
que regresa del mercado,
y un cartero; y una joven
con un chal azul y blanco,

y una linda señorita,
toda gracia y todo garbo,
con música en los tacones
y sonrisas en los labios,

y en los ojos alegría
y un ramillete en las manos.
Mas nadie vuelve los ojos
compasivos a los cuatro

miseros bueyes, que yacen
inmóviles sobre el charco,
uncidos a sus carretas,
llenas de cajas y fardos,

con las pupilas extáticas
en el áspero empedrado,
que han recorrido mil veces
en su doliente calvario,

bajo la lluvia y el viento,
y el grito y el arponazo
de un hombre que tiene menos
alma que esos bueyes flacos,

borrosos en el crepúsculo
que va cayendo de lo alto.
Sueñan los bueyes. La lluvia
moja sus lomos cansados,

y sus testuces que oprime
el yugo, y sus cuernos altos,
y sus orejas que saben
del agujón de los tábanos.

A person passes hastily
beneath his umbrella,
and a lad —mischievous and wild—
with great leaps passes as well;

and a wretched woman
that from the market returns,
and a postman; and a young girl
with a blue and white shawl,

and a beautiful señorita,
full of elegance and grace,
with music in her heels
and a smile on her face,

and in her eyes happiness
and a bouquet in her hands.
But no one compassionately
turns their eyes to the four

miserable oxen, that stand
motionless in the puddle,
yoked to their wagons, full
of boxes and bundles,

with ecstatic pupils
on the harsh pavement they
have traveled a thousand times
during their mournful ordeal,

beneath the rain and wind,
and the yell and the lashing
of a man with less of a
soul than those skinny oxen,

blurred in the dusk that
falls from up above.
The oxen dream. The
rain wets their tired backs,

and their napes that the yoke
weighs down, and their long horns,
and their ears that know
the sting of the horse-flies.

Sueñan los bueyes. Sus ojos
se reflejan en el charco,
llenos de dulzura, con
las visiones de los campos,

verdes y tibios, a la hora
sugestiva del ocaso,
en que un matiz de violeta
tiñe los bosques y prados,

y los senderos de hojas
y los arroyos y pastos,
y el corral, en donde mugen
con un tono dulce y blando,

llenos los ojos profundos
de toda la paz del campo.
Y, en esta tarde lluviosa,
fijos en el empedrado,

sienten un odio implacable
por su vida de trabajo;
por la ciudad, con sus casas,
llenas de bultos y fardos,

con su rumor de tranvías,
con sus postes telegráficos,
con su trajín y su bulla,
y su mentira y su escándalo,

y el estruendo de sus trenes,
y sus coches charolados,
que no valen lo que vale
la placidez de los campos,

el monólogo del río,
la dulce flauta del pájaro,
el limpio azul de los cielos
y la libertad del prado.

Hermano soy en la pena,
miseros bueyes, hermano
de vosotros. Tengo el alma
triste de muerte. Soñando

The oxen dream. Their eyes
are reflected in the puddle,
full of sweetness, with
visions of the country,

green and warm, the suggestive
hour of sunset, in which
a violet hue tints the
forests and meadows,

and the paths of leaves
and the brooks and pastures,
and the corral, where they bellow
with a sweet and soft tone,

full their profound eyes of all
the peace of the countryside.
And, on this rainy afternoon,
fixed on the pavement,

they feel an implacable hate
for their life of labor;
for the city, with its houses
full of bundles and packages,

with the rumbling of streetcars,
with its telegraph posts,
with its hustle and bustle,
and its lying and its scandal,

and the clamor of its trains,
and its polished coaches,
that aren't worth as much as the
placidness of the country,

the monologue of the river,
the melodic flute of a bird,
the clear blue of the skies
and the liberty of the prairie.

I am a brother in grief,
miserable oxen, your
brother. My soul is
sad from death. Dreaming

muerdo. Soñar es mi culpa
de la vida sobre el charco,
con un existir más dulce,
un mundo más aromático,

lejos de todos los libros
hechos por los hombres vanos,
cuyo veneno corroe
mi corazón lacerado.

Lejos, muy lejos, en un
rincón, risueño y arcádico,
donde la naturaleza
dé a mi cerebro descanso,

y me vuelva como un dulce
manantial, alegre y claro,
y mi alma se torne fuerte
y sencilla como el árbol.

Hermano soy en la pena,
miseros bueyes, hermano;
mas es en balde que sueñe
como vosotros. Tirando

siempre estaremos. Vosotros,
de una carreta con fardos,
y yo del orbe sombrío
de mi espíritu fantástico.

I die. To dream is my guilt
of the life over the puddle,
of a sweeter existence,
a more aromatic world,

far from all the books
written by vain men,
whose venom corrodes
my lacerated heart.

Far, far away, in a
place, pleasant and peaceful,
where nature may give
respite to my mind,

and I become like a
spring, happy and clear,
and my soul becomes strong
and simple like a tree.

I am a brother in grief,
sad oxen, a brother;
but it's in vain that I dream
like you. We will always

be hauling. You, your
wagon with bundles,
and I the somber orb of
my imaginary spirit.

Los Ojos De Los Niños

Los niños
tienen ojos muy tristes e ingenuos,
que nos hacen pensar hondamente
en todos los tristes misterios,
en todos los graves problemas
de la vida humana, que nadie ha
resuelto.

Por eso miramos sus ojos
con un inquietante silencio,
que es una pregunta sobre lo que
dicen
cuando están abiertos.

Unos son azules,
como el agua de un lago sereno,
o como en las tardes de estío
un pedazo radioso de cielo,
o como una montaña imponente
a lo lejos.

Otros son profundos
y negros,
como algunos pozos
que abren los mineros
taladrando las capas de rocas
a fuerza de hierro, con brazos de
hierro.

The Eyes Of Children

Children
they have very sad and naïve eyes,
that make us think profoundly
about all sad mysteries,
about all the grave problems
of human existence, that no one has
solved.

For this reason we look into their
eyes
with a disquieting silence,
which is a question about what they
say
when they are open.

Some are blue,
like the water of a serene lake,
or like, on summer afternoons,
a radiant piece of sky,
or like an imposing mountain
in the distance.

Others are deep
and black,
like certain pits
that miners open
drilling the stratum of rocks
by dint of iron, with arms of iron

Los otros son verdes,
cual esos retoños postreros
que brotan los árboles
caídos y viejos,
que cubren parásitas grises,
raros terciopelos,
y que mina la lenta carcoma
del tiempo.

Esos ojos azules, o negros, o
verdes,
a la luz abiertos,
valen más para todas las madres
que las gemas de extraños reflejos,
y se ven en su diáfano fondo
como en un espejo,
y los cubren, después de sus éxtasis,
de sonoros besos.

Mas dicen los ojos
con un elocuente silencio:
—¡Qué opaco y marchito es el
mundo
que nosotros vemos!
¡Felices los hombres que nacen
a la vida ciegos!

Entonces la Muerte,
que se halla en acecho,
se acerca de pronto a los niños,
que la ven sonriendo,
y cierra de un golpe sus cándidos
ojos
con la punta glacial de sus dedos.

The others are green,
like the last sprouts
that spring forth from
old and fallen trees,
covered by gray parasites
and odd velvets,
and mined by the slow wood-worms
of time.

Those blue or black or green eyes,
open to the light,
are worth more to all the mothers
than the gems with strange
reflections,
and their diaphanous depths
are like a mirror,
and they cover them, after their
ecstasy,
with sonorous kisses.

But these eyes say,
with eloquent silence:
—How opaque and withered is the
world
that we see!
Happy are the men that are born
blind to this life!

Then Death,
that is found lying in wait,
suddenly draws near the children,
that watch it smilingly,
and it closes all at once their guileless
eyes
with the glacial tip of its fingers.

Jeffrey Buck

Mondegreen or The Avarice of our Satellite

Say 'Hello'
and 'Adios'
yet to go
is the line on the graph
in a cache of decrees
so homespun, yet undone.
Lo! the sea is so swell
but unwell...
shipping swoll.

It's the tragedy we're making, with plenty of irony to spare
Don't ya think we should have some kind of vibe?
And what of the lines?
Photosynthesis unrevealed.

Fain, fain! Faintly draw.
Lady Dame. What's her name?
few might know, less still care...
laid Her there in the Sod at the call to arms.
No alarms.
just the glow from the field in the East.
on the...
Mondegreen!

Such a tragedy they're making! With plenty of irony to spare.
Don't you think they would have molecular vibes?
And what of the line?!?!?
funny...all the secrets She revealed.

Shall we take one for the (s)team?
Too busy living dreams? Goodbye, loved one.

If we ever...meet again,
That'll mean the sides have went and died.
Along lines.

Just a gloaf, rum the feel, din the East.

Jonathan Minton

Some Things I've Learned from Reading Shakespeare

1

You begin as a question and then live with its ghost—
as in the way you cringe when your parents embarrass you,
because you know you'll eventually be just as strange;
or the way you start to notice sparrows and other dull birds,
comparing their daily feeding habits, and their manner
of arriving at your window on a whim, to your conviction
that your failures are beyond your control.

You begin as a question and then live with its ghost—
as in the girl that got away, the boy that could have been you.
They perform in the small, dark stage in the back of your mind,
and you forgive them every time.

2

Be comfortable in your own skin. Beyond it,
there are monsters: beware the men whose heads do grow
beneath their shoulders, the devils who flatter your faults
until they cling to your skin like soured honey,
and the magicians who whisper the earth
until it answers back as an abyss.

You shouldn't believe anything I say.

3

Imagine a stage on which a young king speaks
with fervor and sincerity to the soldiers gathered before him.
He tells them *history will remember your deaths as fortunate*.
He tells them *your every wound will declare you my brother*.
Imagine the stage then extends into a field
where the battle unfolds with famine, sword, and fire.
Imagine this field swells into a kingdom
in whose center the king now sits on a throne made of glass,
and angled so that it astounds even the sun itself.

Without your approval, the king paces his stage alone.
Without your approval, he is unclothed, unarmed, his mouth
sealed shut, as he quietly gestures
to something stirring in the back of the room.

4

An evil man is like an abortive rooting hog.
An evil man is like a poisonous bunch-backed toad.
An evil man is like a lump of foul deformity, a vile
infection of a man, a scheming, misshapen king
with his withered arm, his scarred face, who was born
fully toothed, a baby among wolves, a bloody flower
poisoned at the stem, his father's unhappy son, unlucky
even in his mother's womb, born among killers, a killer
before he could nurse. Let there be a period to my curse.

5

First, remember to keep your word.
In conclusion, speak exact sentences.
Lastly, be an honest watchman.
Second, let your life be written as true,

and as certain as a flower, when taken
simply because given, a word
spoken, even if in jest,

or the woman you adore,
alone at her window,
and the way you see her,
as ever, with never another's eyes.

6

If any poem has offended,
think but this and all is mended:
we're just as foolish when we dream,
or pretend we're other than we seem.
And at the bottom of our speech,
syllables sometimes slip beyond our reach.
Forgive them when they don't inspire:
every poet is a lover and a lunatic—or a liar.

Sarah Normant

“Escape Reality”

The pain it grows so far from within,
My heart is going to burst into oblivion.
I'm so sick and tired of being your bloody sin.
Why am I treated this way, I'm supposed to be your kin.
So many years, so many tears, so many fights, so many fears,
But what was I thinking, why would this be any different.
You haven't changed any, you want me to be perfect.
Yes you're right about one thing, I have changed.
But you don't understand, my heart and brain were raged.
The nights that I felt like ripping my heart into pieces,
I miss her so much I would crawl to the end of the world,
My feelings are shifting back and forth like a tilt-a-whirl.

You sat and wondered why I acted this way,
You say you want me to go, then you change your mind and say Stay.
I wish you would make up your mind, stop with this big lie.
Just tell the truth, you just like watching me cry.
The outside, so covering, such a perfectionist,
The inside, dark, and cold and ready to rip.
My eyes they have been through too many things,
How can one hate me so much, and hurt me in so many ways.

I hurt so many, I show little fear, but deep down inside, are so many lies.
I need to stand up and fight for my right, to live a life, without having to fight.
Without having to cry every day, only one person relieves me of this misery,
Thank God, for having one gift for this poor saddened soul like me,
For he makes me happy, the happiest I'll ever be.
You just don't want to hear it, when I try to talk,
This hurts me so much inside, it's like I want to walk,
Six feet down, three feet wide, at least then maybe I'll show pride.
Leaving this world, I don't want to, but ending this feud, I crave to.

My mind is exploding in so much pain, I don't deserve this, to carry this shame.
Everyday I walk around pretending I have no pain, but deep inside, it's horrifying,
If someone only knew, if they could know why I burden this name,
Putting on this masquerade, saving the explanation, hiding the pain.
But eventually I'll be so far away, you won't even see.
I try not to face it, I try to run, but running just makes it worse,
It's like this whole thing is just my curse.
My life feels as if I'm being watched, as if this is not real, as if my life has no cost.
Am I entertainment, does anyone see, or does someone actually care, who

understands why I'm lost?

My mind is running around, in triangles, but there is no sound.

I open my mouth to say those words, those three words which meant so much,
Now just get ignored, no one understands, everyone's torn.

I'm torn too, not just because of hate, but because no one can relate.

People say they feel my pain, but truthfully it's all a lie, all I really do anymore
is cry.

I'm only happy when I'm around him, it's like he takes my hurt away, he let-
ting me be with him.

So much deceit, so many tears, so many everything, why must I be here?

To make him happy, for which he makes me, and together, maybe I can escape
this blood thirsty reality....

Chris Summers

Sanity in the Rough

(with appreciation to Dr. Minton)

The mentor's poem for my classroom wall
Tells me that grief is
The raw glass that cuts you into yourself
My glass is blonde or brunette
Short or medium
No jagged edge but a grinding curve

And it turns and turns
And spits bits of me away
In a shower of sparks like stars over Charleston
And flashes of red like roses
And hissing and scraping like a chair sliding on tile

And the imperfections keep showing
Because I won't turn my face to the raw glass
And grimace and scream as it grinds away
The traces of you still left inside me
Until there's nothing left but the nearly-forgotten glimmer
To come shining through again

Chris Summers

Burn It Down From the Inside
(for Dr. J. Morgan and Rachel Mendelson)

Welcome to math
Tear baby tear
Let me tell you of Archimedes of Syracuse
Strike baby strike
Archimedes is dead
Light baby light

Can you answer the question
Flicker baby flicker
Come now dear heart
Smoke baby smoke
Of course not you're stupid
Blacken baby blacken

How dare the terrorists
Feel baby feel
Have the audacity
Hold baby hold
To interrupt algebra
Blister baby blister

Answer your question?
Ouch baby ouch
I've already taught it
Drop baby drop
Go back to your seat
Burn baby burn

Art

*“A picture is a poem without words.”
– Horace*

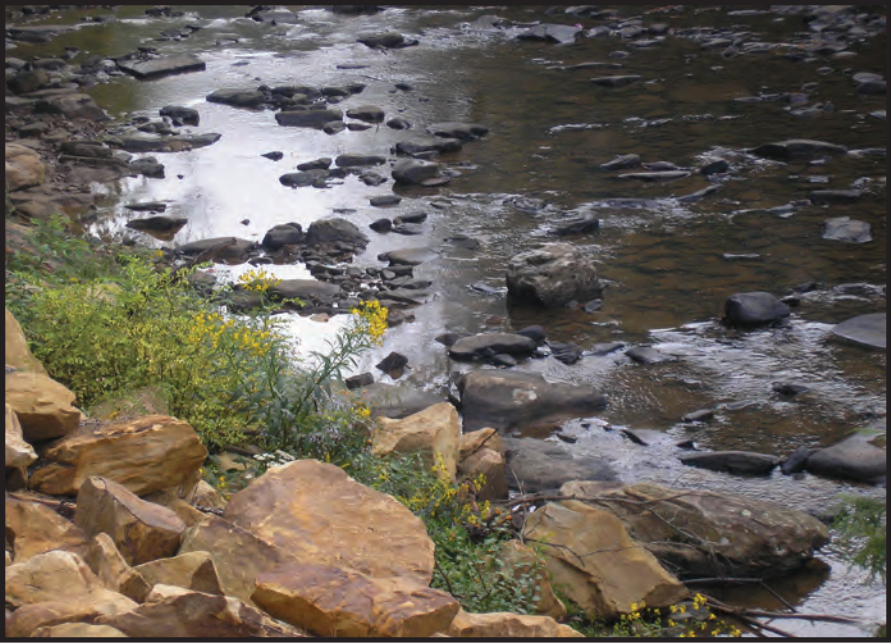
Gertrude Merriweather Foddershocks

**Until Then We Pray and Suspend the
Notion that These Lives Never Do End**



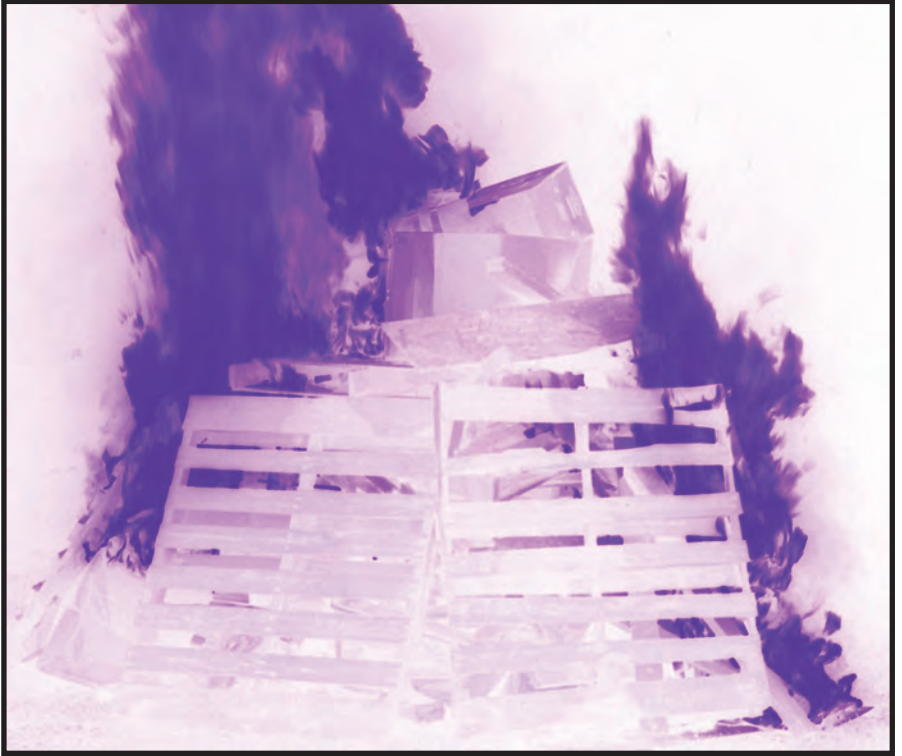
Kara Johnston

Untitled



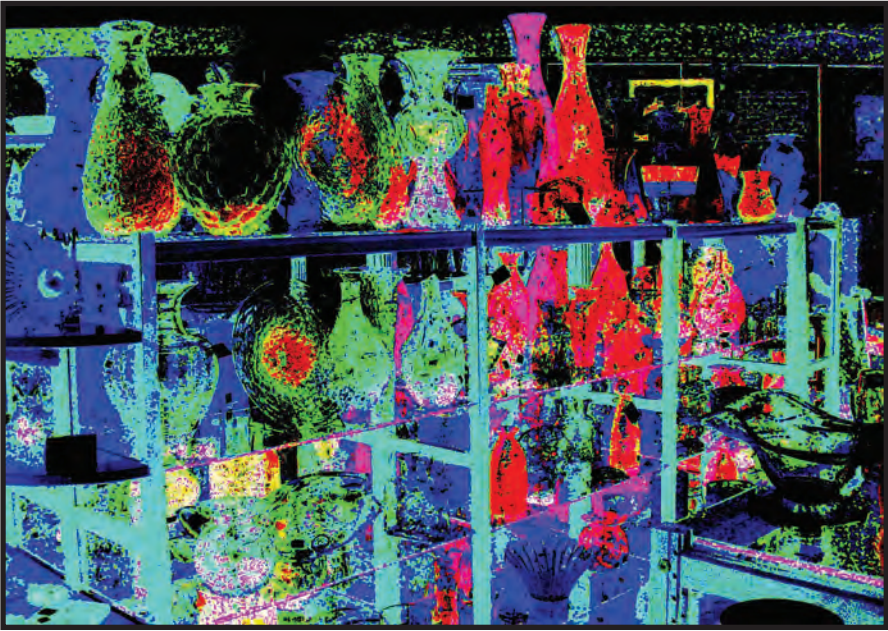
Kara Johnston

Untitled



Kara Johnston

Untitled



Kayla Boggs-White

Untitled



Kayla Boggs-White

Untitled



Kayla Boggs-White

Untitled



Liza Brenner

Giddy Up (36 x 24 inches - Oil on canvas)



Lora Jane Spencer

Untitled (24 x 18 inches Oil on canvas paper)



Rosanna Springston

Piled Rocks



Rosanna Springston

Trillium



Rosanna Springston

Untitled



S. Longman

Untitled



Sara Sivard

Untitled



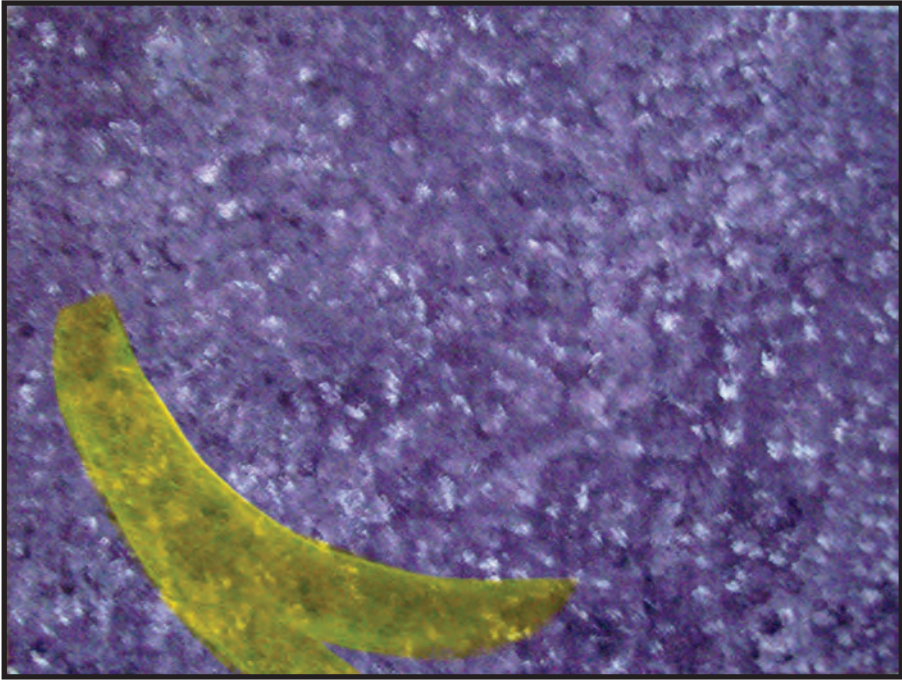
Sara Sivard

Untitled



Sara Sivard

Untitled



Sarah Normant

Lost Hood



Sarah Normant
Me, Myself, and I



Prose

*“The poet gives us his essence, but prose
takes the mold of the body and mind.”
– Virginia Woolfe*

Jamie Stanley

"The Little Ones Go First"

I don't know how long it's been. I can't remember what day it started, what time. What month. It could have been years ago for all I know, it could have been hours. It was long enough.

"Do you remember when we last made love?" Julia asks, rolling two billiard balls under her slim, white palm. The chipping nail lacquer a frosty pale pink, shines in the lamp light. I shake my head, looking out at the gray morning from the window. I don't remember that, either. A cat rattles around in a trash can, finding something rotten to chew on.

Eat up, puss, I think sourly, Plenty of rotten things to choose from out there.

"It feels like yesterday," she says, a dreamy look on her pretty face. I frown and raise my eyebrows at her. Has she gone daft? Why are we talking about this now? There's someone outside. Julia comes up behind me, resting her pointy little chin on my shoulder. It digs, burning a little. I cringe away and she makes a soft sound of disappointment. I continue looking out of the window, waiting for whomever is out there to show themselves. The morning is so gray and it's a terrible bright gray; it hurts to look at and it's cold. It's a late Fall morning. Kids should be lined up on the corners, waiting for buses in the chilly air, the last of their Halloween candy in their mouths, held in pockets for friends.

I think we ate the last of our Halloween candy the other day. I vaguely remember the party: I went as Jack and she went as Sally from "A Nightmare Before Christmas". We were a hit among chubby, goth high schoolers. I'm still burping up the fruit punch days later. It could have been days, anyway...or months. I'm not sure anymore. Those kids are long gone, never to wait for the bus again. Candy was a thing of yesterday.

"Devon!" she whines and I want to hit her for making such a screechy high-note this early in the morning with an intruder lurking about outside. I wince and look over my shoulder at her.

Her face is worn and slightly gray with dirt. The dirt worked it's way into the creases of her normally smooth face, giving her an ancient appearance. She looks dreadfully old and unappealing. I'm ashamed of myself for thinking this way, but her face is like a witch mask. She frowns at me, her petal-soft palms smoothing over the material of her jeans. Her index and middle finger are nicotine-stained. "Who is out there?"

"If I knew, I'd be inviting them in for a beer, don't you think?" I ask softy. My hand rests on the sill in front of me. The curtains smell like beer and cigarettes. Old people and desperation, the one last gas pump before you hit the Golden Gates. Bars are not a good place to hide if you want to keep up morale. This was a mistake, a big mistake...

How long has it been? Months? It couldn't be? The radio stopped broadcasting only a week or so ago, right? I glare at the shuffling figure outside. They bend down, looking at the trash can, at the cat inside. They frown and pick up the cat, petting its fur. They slip it a piece of bread and set the cat outside of the can. The cat trots away with it. Briefly, I wonder if the morsel was poisoned...but then, how would they eat the cat if it was poisonous?

The man takes out his wallet and pulls out some shredded chewing tobacco. He's an old timer, his face like a rail-road map. Another man grabs his arm and leads him away. I follow them with my eyes, wondering what the other's M.O. was. Was there danger here? Was there a horde close by? I pick up the shot gun and Julia begins to sob.

"Devon, don't do anything you're gonna regret..."

How long has it been? How long has it been since society collapsed? How long has it been since the dead rose from the ground and pursued the living? I don't think I'll ever know. It's been too long, far too long.

There's a sound on the edge of my hearing. It's a false sound, something I might have expected days ago, weeks ago, months ago. A siren, perhaps. Are they air-raiding the joint, this swarthy little town of refuse and dead? No, it's not real. Hopeful thinking. There's no soul left for miles. I cock the gun and Julia shifts behind me.

"Devon, please, remember when we went to that dance? Back in high school?" Her voice is strained, wavering with those god-awful tears. I don't have to turn to see how those alligator tears run clean trails down her dirty face.

"This isn't the time," I reply softly, pacing a little in front of the window. It wouldn't be too long before the dead find us, before they come for our flesh like they came for everyone else's'.

"Devon..." I shake my head, blocking her out.

"Quiet! I can't hear if you're talking."

Julia has made her way under the pool table, sitting down and clutching her knees to her chest. That's a good place to be. I look out of the window, seeing more people shuffle around, standing in lines.

They want in.

I swallow thickly. "There's a lot out there, Julia. They know we're here. We need to find somewhere safe..."

"This is safe!" she cries. "This is very safe, Devon! We don't have to go anywhere!"

"We can sneak out the back, provided that they haven't got this place surround-

ed..." I go on, ignoring her. "You take a gun, I'll take a gun. We can cover each other. Remember to aim for the head. They can't move or try to bite you if they don't have a head."

"I'm not shooting anyone! Devon, let's just...let's just go out there and let them help us!" She has wedged herself further under the pool table and I shake my head again.

"What are you talking about? Help--Julia, they want to eat us!"

Julia wrenches herself from under the table, her gray face contorted with rage. "THEY'RE NOT ZOMBIES! THERE IS NO SUCH THING!" she screams. I jerk back, startled. If she keeps screaming like that, she's going to get their attention. She lunges at me.

That's when I knew...

I bring the gun up just in time to catch her in the gut. There's a muffled bang and she flies back, her slight frame jerking from the impact. She looks shocked, a veil of incredulous surprise in her eyes.

She was infected. I whimper, my eyes tearing up. My Julia. Poor infected Julia.

No, Julia. I don't remember when we first made love. I don't remember our first kiss, or our first date. I fire again, watching the red splatter out from her blonde, flaxen hair, turning it into a gory paintbrush. I don't remember when the radios stopped broadcasting or when the electricity finally flickered out.

I don't remember any of that.

A somewhat distorted voice from outside: "Devon Warner, we have you surrounded."

Helicopter blades.

I know it's all in my mind. My brain is playing tricks on me. I shake my head, wishing I could see one more live soul before...before what? Before I'm devoured? Before I'm one of them? I watch a few in helmets (they're going to be harder to kill) march to the windows and doors.

"Is your hostage still alive?"

Why am I daydreaming about hostages? My Julia is dead and I'm hallucinating a line of police cars behind yellow tape. Have I finally snapped? Has Julia's death pushed me too far?

The doors smash in and I fire blindly. They're relentless, unstoppable in groups like this. I go under quickly, awaiting the gnashing and ripping of teeth and nails. The rending I expect doesn't come. My mind fogs over, making every-

thing pleasantly sepiá. I'm pulled out into the daylight, dragged towards a police truck.

Live people, milling about. They must be survivors.

I shift as the truck starts and pulls away from my hide-a-way. I miss Jennifer. Or was it Jessica? I watch those shiftless survivors as I press my face to the window. I watch them all gather and stare after me. I let out a sigh of relief. It's good to know that we can pull together when we need to, in time of great stress and anguish. I smile. The human race is going to make it. Times were hard for a little while, living under the undead, hiding. I hear society can break down after the panic. People die and they murder--they snap, using every self-preserving trick they know to keep alive.

I hear it's always the little ones that go first, sacrificed before the others, so the strong may live...

"What do you make of this, Joe?"

"It's a goddamn tragedy, that's what I make of it. How many did they recover in there?"

"Five. Here. Just here. The barkeep, the barmaid, the girlfriend and two other hostages. GS to the head, alla 'em. Powerful shotgun, too. Blew the barkeep's head straight off of his shoulders. There's a hole where his head should be. Don't know how many anywhere else. We've got reports of wounded in the strip mall."

"That's tragic."

"Sure is. Gristly. That kid is going to fry for this."

"Isn't he crazy? I mean, he kept muttering about zombie invasions..."

"He's making shit up. I'm sure of it. Besides, this state only has a rule against executing retards, not crazies. He's going to be a loony Christmas tree in about a year."

"It's all pretty tragic, though. Girlfriend didn't look older than a college student. Pretty, too, once, before he turned her head into a jigsaw puzzle. It looks like her name should be Buffy or Brittany. Looks like a sorority gal, probably a cheerleader in high school. Not even 150 pounds."

"Well, you know, it's always the little ones that go first. Something about weak constitutions make them die first or something...I don't know. I don't care, it's been a long day. I've seen too much blood. I'm talking nonsense. I'm going to be shooting people and hiding in bars if I keep it up."

"Wouldn't want that. The missus would be awfully sore about it."

"I'd kill her first, then. Save myself the headache."

"She would wallop you if she heard you talk like that."

"She punches like Tyson, Joe. Punches like Tyson."

"It's always the little ones."

Jennifer Block

Static



Haiti 1960's

*“Sugar Cane Cuttin’ Dance Blues”
Early in the mornin’
Up until the evenin’*

*We do the sugar cane cuttin’ dance blues.
Workin’ through the day,
Workin’ through the night...
Daddy don’t you leave me till the work is done.*

Now...

*Mama don’t ya tell me,
Papa don’t ya tell me,,
I can do the shuffle dance too!
Workin’ in the mornin’ right on through the
evenin’
I can do that shuffle dance too!*

Brooklyn: Fall 1999

The noises from the back quarters were deafening. They riveted into my head and I couldn’t get them out. Depression wrought over me and I started pounding my skull with my fists, attempting to batter the noises away. I wanted them out. Revenge upon the night - haunts for allowing the static in completed the brutality of the electricity transforming my psyche into an intoxication of agony.

The nights hurled forward, louder and louder. My neighbor’s wife screams at her husband who is weeping onto his dinner plate. “I got nothin’ left,” he cries out. The veins in his forehead bulge and if Marguerite would look closer she would witness the hollow beneath his eyes deepen and darken. But she refuses to see and he leaves the apartment a shell of a man. Emasculated and vacant. De man got notin’ left.

Sometimes I spot him when I am walking home, hands tucked away in my pockets as I scamper across the avenue. I cut across the vacant lot by the bridge and see his huddled, overcast frame. He will never know who I am but I will always know him. His sorrow eats away at my brain as if someone poured lye into my head. When I pass by I notice the trembling of his hand against the empty bottle that shivers with embers from the fire. It is winter and the air is bitter. The old man will not live until spring. I continue on because I was meant to suffer, to bear the clamor of evil against my brain. I am a vessel of ineptitude, cursed with survival. I see too much. I am a sponge sucking the juice from the bloated, convex bowels of this city. For so long I have walked these streets I

think I shall be immortally embedded into the pavement as it sweats on long, hot, summer days.

When the night wanes, lonely around me, I call to the local stray cats that frequent the back-alley garbage haunts. They know me now. I have become one of them. Meandering and scattering perfume essences throughout the sooty brick walls. The black one, I call her Panther, I think she loves me. Always, she is the first to emerge, pink tongue dripping saliva; her tail twisting between my legs. If I move she runs, but when I stand perfectly still she will sit with me as we ponder the chatter coming from upstairs' windows. She understands my intensity in ways I cannot express. In her anonymity I can trust her. I will tell her everything because, certainly, someone needs to know. Someone needs to know how the man with the shattered heart sits in the back alley fire-shadows and mourns his life; how his wife, so very certain of the failings of her husband forgets that she once loved him passionately; that things were better before America, before their dreams were homogenized into plastic bags from Target and before the hours were counted in terms of minimum wage change. Now she is alone and with her children out and runnin' de streets.

Marguerite finds grace in the concrete blocks of sorrow she erects around herself. With her husband gone she sleeps with her grief as if she has found a new lover. She clings to him as if the very essence of her life depended on the survival of this new cohort. Marguerite is a beautiful woman, full-breasted and curvaceous. She has forgotten the ardent hands of her husband reaching for her; the feral passion in which he would enter her, making her soul quiver deep into the vertebrae reaching up into her brain. Life in the far reaches of Brooklyn froze the crevices between her spinal column until pain radiated out in all directions. Marguerite grew numb rather than feel the constant throbbing down her backbone; and, as she slowly congealed all her sorrow into a block of cold ice, Albert lost the one piece of his soul that could save him from the narrow passageways of dead end streets, the Jack Daniel DT's, and the measured advance of death's touch as it slowly stalked his ashen soul.



COLD

December 23, 1999

It was an icy bitch of a night, so cold the cops were ordered to force all the homeless inside. So cold my cats refused to visit the street corners and so cold my teeth boisterously chattered together. Nevertheless, I am a man of routine. I break my patterns for nothing...certainly not the weather. Thus, I made way through my East Flatbush routes. Few were out. The side streets were froth with remnants of garbage blown from the avenues. I did my best to pick up what I could but the wind was fierce. Even the young drug lords were off the streets keeping warm with their moms or their girls. Mere kids counting their monies or their women, cleaning their guns or getting their joints done up by girls too young to know what a good man could be.

I rounded the bend and caught glimpse of Albert's fire, dimmer and smaller than usual. He hung over it with no impression of the cold. No sight of his normal trembling hands, or the cold shake of this night wind's icy shiver. I realized with all that I knew about Old Albert that I'd never actually talked to the man, never mind you spoken directly to him you see. But Old Albert, he wasn't moving, not at all. The abnormality of it all made me fretful. It disrupted the pattern of things. And that started the noises up. Then the noises from the quarters they started up again. My feet started up once more, like a shuffle dance...

*"Mama don't ya tell me;
Papa don't ya tell me;
I can do the shuffle dance tooooooooooo...."*

I shuffled around towards the front of Albert looking for a sign of life. I was trying hard to keep the noises at bay. My mind was a swirling bowl of energy and the electricity was starting to rise. His head was down, jaw open. A frozen icicle of saliva hung from his lip, a dagger pointing towards his heart; a stolen tear frozen from his soul. I became brave and brazenly ripped it off from his chin. His head nodded forward, startling me in death as he had never frightened me before in life. Quickly, I sprinted mindlessly, bearing this dagger of ice between my thumb and ring finger; carefully rushing it over towards New York Avenue, over to the vacant side streets and back corners where Alberta slept beside her sleepy-eyed, invisible lover. I stole up the stairs two at a time, fumes of urine intoxicating my brain with poisoned images of Albert's sad, cadaverous frown. I knelt beside Marguerite's poised and sleeping figure and without a moments' thought, with massive amounts of electrical voltage sear-

ing into my brain I pierced her quiescent jugular with the frozen tear I stole from Albert's drooling, gelid chin.

She died before she woke. She expired before I slipped away; before I fled through the back window exit and down the intricate mesh of fire escape ladders knitted together like a labyrinth of twine. Down down down spiraling with the rhythmic banging in my brain, slowly abating. Each step reminding me of a dance, a pattern, the Afro-Haitian drum beats of *Yambala*, the sleek moves of the snake turned into elegance and beauty. The silence of a dancer's charm.

When I hit the ground the wind had died



down, the cats had returned and Panther was waiting for me three blocks down. She spoke to me in riddles of salvia dripping down from her pink pernicious tongue.

The night is more than the static in your brain and the sorrow of the night.

The wind is on the water and blows out to sea.

Albert's soul goes off to rest and the sugar cane weeps.

A rustling shufflin' dance.

"Mama don't ya tell me;

Papa don't ya tell me;

I can do the shuffle dance toooooooooo...."

The wind is on the water and blows out to sea.

The night bleeds upon his soul.

He weeps no more no more no more.

His woman is dead.

She done rock his core.

Done him no good.

The sugar cane weeps.

A rustling shuffling dance.

"Mama don't ya tell me;

Papa don't ya tell me;

I can do the shuffle dance toooooooooo...."

The wind is on the water and blows out to sea.

The night wanes.

Home.

Static Free.



Works Cited

Espinosa, Raymond. Day Life. Digital image. AP Photo. 28 Jan. 2008.
23 Dec. 2008 <www.daylife.com/photo/08tGb2T6Qgf8a>.

Faligant, F. The New York Times. Digital image. 29 Nov. 2007.
The New York Times. 23 Dec. 2008
<www.nytimes.com/.../29/arts/02dunn2.ready.html>.

ILS CRUISE. Digital image. ILS Carribean. 23 Dec. 2008
<www.ilscorp.com/cruise/>.

Israeli Security makes American Dance at Airport. Digital image. Current.com.
09 Sept. 2008. Chicago Sun Times. 23 Dec. 2009
<<http://www.suntimes.com/news/world/1153094>>.

Scott, Patrick. Illegal Portraits. Digital image. Original at Red Pepper.
Dec. 2006. 23 Dec. 2008
<www.marxsite.com/illegal_%20portraits.html>.

Steiglitz, Alfred. Winter, Fifth Avenue. Digital image. Dec. 2005.
Still Photograph Archive. 23 Dec. 2008
<www.photogrowth.com/.../Stieglitz.jpg>.

Leonard F. Terango

Grace

Exactly one year ago on my forty-eighth birthday I had just completed my placement tests for enrollment into college. My testing proctor and I engaged in conversation where upon I disclosed that I was enrolling under a veteran program and was Ex-U.S. Navy. The testing proctor insisted that I meet the “Captain” and then he led me from the testing room to another room containing four cubicles.

As we approached the “Captains’” cubicle, an imposing figure rose and stood. A man of physical height standing six foot four or more of medium frame and of a relaxed friendly demeanor now stood before me. The testing proctor introduced us to each other and we began the usual veteran’s twenty questions game; when did you serve? Where did you serve? And so on... But then when it came to the subject of Sea Commands and Ships the question game departed from the norm.

I told him that I had served on an Oliver Hazard Perry Class Frigate and before I could go on, the Captain asked “which Frigate did you serve on?” I was scanning the Captains cubicle wall when asked this question whilst simultaneously becoming fixed upon a picture on the wall. It was my boat! The mighty Moore! A war ship that was from a very formative part of my youth, I had been assigned to Her (the Moore) before She ever touched the water; while She was still on the “ways”¹. By virtue of the twenty-eight week Class “C” Weapons Systems School² that I had completed and my GPA, I was selected for a new construction vessel. To become part of a Pre-Com (pre-commissioning) Crew was supposed to be an honor and it was. I had been with Her from before Her builder and sea trials, to Her christening, Her commissioning, Her Squadron qualifications, and Her maiden voyage to Hawaii, The Philippine Islands, Singapore, Hong Kong, Guam, Thailand, Japan, South Korea and across the equator³. I saw the crew and command change over once. I spent approximately four years attached to this unit. And so in response to the Captains query, I replied “That boat right there!” pointing at the picture on the wall, “the jumping, jamming Johnnie, John A. Moore! FFG-19! That’s my boat! What are you doing with a picture of my boat on your wall?” And the Captain calmly replied “I was the Commanding Officer of the John A. Moore.”.... Well blow me down! A feather could have knocked me over!

What a staggering coincidence, to have met in the back woods of West Virginia at a small state college, after both of us had had such a remote experience from half way around the world. Our paths had never crossed before (we

¹ The “ways” is an installation on the ground, where the keel of a vessel is laid and the hull assembly is completed.

² A Class “C” School is a technical course that determines a sailor’s occupational specialty in the U.S. Navy.

³ Crossing the equator is significant in naval culture. There is a two week preparation and two day ceremony to commemorate the event. Those who cross for the first time are ceremoniously transformed from a lowly Pollywog to majestic Shellback. You then have become sailor worth his salt.

missed each other by two years) yet we had stood on the same decks, trained to annihilate or be annihilated against foes real or imagined; ate, drank, breathed responsibility for the mission and our comrades (shipmates). I am truly humbled by the presence of the Captain. He is very unassuming even at his extraordinary physical height. Yet having served such a master, I personally knew what an extraordinarily accomplished individual this was standing before me.

I knew how proud I was to have been given the responsibility of maintaining and operating a \$24 million Guided Missile and Naval Gun System and had handled it like a pro. But this cat had had a \$445 million (without upgrades) Guided Missile Frigate to command. A ship that was 445' long, 45' wide, displaced 3,700 tons of water, could cruise 1,700 miles on a tank of fuel, feed and accommodate 180 men, launch, land, and maintain two helicopters, detect aircraft 250 miles away, launch 35 supersonic surface to air missiles, launch 4 anti-ship cruise missiles, fire a 76mm naval gun on targets eight miles away at a rate of 80 to 85 rounds a minute, sonar to detect submarines, torpedoes to kill submarines and many, many other incredible attributes that only a military machine of war could have. I had only had a minor fiefdom, he ruled a kingdom. And he is a freaking Sea Captain.

I don't believe that the general public appreciates just what that entails. Imagine being told to navigate a ship to any spot in any ocean on the planet! An individual would have to understand all the devices and occupations onboard along with knowing the limitations of both equipment and men. Over the two to three thousand years we have navigated the earth's waters, few have crossed oceans. I have personally been on a ship 1,600 miles from land trying to beat a typhoon to safe harbor. The ship is taking 50+ degree roles, pitching 15 degrees, climbing up and falling down wave swells 30' at a time at elevator speeds. Having confidence in the ship itself is not enough to keep panic from invading your thoughts. But being able to look over at your Captain and read a sense of calm is what leads men through mayhem.

Even though I never served under this Captain, and I had only met him a minute ago, I knew all that I have just espoused to be true of him. He had the same demeanor of my Captain while onboard the mighty Moore. This sense of calm was the most endearing quality of a Commanding Officer⁴ that I truly admired in my time of service. It is this quality that induces an air of "grace under Fire." Watching someone dictate command decisions while under punishment of life or death consequences is an awesome display of confident intellect.

Now that I am finishing my freshman year of college, I've had the opportunity to get to know the captain a little more. And I have never been able

⁴ A naval Commanding Officer, referred to as the C.O., is a title not a rank. The C.O. has absolute authority over the unit. The C.O. may or may not be a Captain in title or rank. The term Captain can be a rank (equal to a Colonel in the other branches of service) or a title if in charge of a vessel.

⁵ An individual that served on active duty as an enlisted man and rose through the ranks to become an officer.

⁶ "Push button" was a term given to enlisted men for obtaining rank through completion of technician school of some discipline. And not having gone through the normal requirements to obtain rank. Petty Officer (PO) is the equivalent of a non-commissioned officer (NCO).

to cease my amazement at the Captains career. He served thirty-three years to my six years. He is a “mustang”⁵ officer; I was a “push button” petty officer⁶. I served only in peace time, he served both peace and war time. Many of you have met the Captain, yet do not know of his accomplishments or his abilities. It is hidden by both his grace and humility.

Mary Skidmore

An excerpt from the novel *Hidden Truths*

Chapter 1

I strolled down the street during a shadowy day with my light brown hair blowing in the wind when the scream of a woman jerked me from my own skin. I went to investigate. I went upstairs to where I thought her apartment was and saw the door had been smashed down. I stepped over the pieces of wood that was scattered across the polished floor. I saw drops of blood at my feet. I looked toward the window side of the apartment. I saw the corpse of a red-headed woman. She wasn't very old, about mid-thirties. Her body was shredded like cheese with skin hanging down in chunks. It looked as though some of her organs were missing. I fled, knowing that the police would be there soon. I didn't want to get caught at the scene of the crime, with my career as a detective. I didn't call it in either, fearing that they would recognize my voice and get suspicious.

I called my sisters on my cell phone and told them all about it and we decided to meet at the Flat. I felt my stomach turning with images of that woman's body flashing in my head. I just couldn't get those repulsive images out of my mind. When I got there, I opened the door went down the hall, into the dining room, and then to the kitchen. My sisters were there to suddenly ask, "Hey so what about this demon, what did he look like?"

"Well, I didn't really see it because it was gone by the time I got there. The person had been killed, just tore apart. It looked like some of her organs were missing," I explained.

"Let's refer to the Book of Shadows and figure this all out," said Maggie, flipping her almond hair back over her shoulder.

We all agreed and went up the narrow stairwell to the attic. By the windows was the book that had been in our family for generations. Lanette and I stood behind the enormous book while Maggie and Leana stood in facing us. "Well, we could look under flesh eating demons and see what we can find," said Lanette opening up the ancient book. "Here's the Wendigo but it only appears a full moon and it's not a full moon. Plus, it can only come out at night. That's not it," she said turning the page. "I have found the demons Bori, Dogirs, Biloko, and Hausa, but I don't think any of these are it," Lanette said with a sigh.

"Here it is the Kishi demon. It lives off human organs to stay alive."

"Eww, that is so gross!" I said in disgust. "Ok, we found our demon, here's a vanquishing potion and a spell to destroy it with."

"I'll take care of the potion and Maggie can help me," said Leana. She took her auburn hair and put it up in a pony tail with her bangs falling down in front of her face.

We all went downstairs, and then my cell phone rang. "Hello?"

My boss' voice shook at the opposite end of the phone line. "Elizabeth we need you down at the station house, now!"

"Ok, I'm on my way." I looked up at my sisters. "I'm sorry, but I have to go. It might be about the woman that was killed today," I informed my sisters as I dashed out of the door.

“Go, but hurry up and get back here Lizzy, because we need you here,” Lanette said.

Leana and Maggie were in the kitchen with the Book of Shadows. “Ok we need mandrake root and some basil leaves. That should be all,” Leana told Maggie.

“How long do I let this boil?” Maggie asked.

“For 5 minutes.”

Back at the station, I was getting an earful of information about the woman that was killed. “How long was she dead before someone found her?”

“Haven’t found out yet.”

“How long until we do find out.”

“A couple of hours, so just hold tight until then, ok?”

“Ok.” I went over to my desk that was always cluttered with paper work that also had pictures of my sisters, my brother and, of course, Braden. I pulled out my black wheeled chair and sat down. I retrieved the papers they gave me and started to read. It read:

“White female, red hair, blue eyes, and 5’5” Name: Betty Kathryn Kidsmore, nickname: K or KK. A wife and mother of 2 and was 36yrs of age.”

I said to myself, “*This seems peculiar, she was a nurse at the local hospital.*” My cell rang and it was from the Flat. “Yeah,” I said irritated.

“Hey you’re taking a lot of time over there, we’re just about ready to go and find the demon,” complained Lanette.

“I’ll be there in a second, I just have a few loose ends to tie up here, then I’ll be right over.”

“Just hurry up, okay?”

“Okay.” I hung up the phone. I went back to looking over the papers on my desk. Then, I saw something odd; there were no medical records of the victim. Usually, when someone’s a nurse, there are some indications of her history. After that I gathered up my things and headed out, I assured everyone that I’d be back later. I traveled to the Flat to meet my sisters, so that we could hurry, and vanquish this demon to get it over with. It was hard not being able to tell everyone that I had a lead on the real killer. The demon had made four killings in the past week. They wanted me to handle the job of finding out who was behind it. That’s one of the reasons why I hate this job so much. I have lied so much to everyone, just to keep them safe. Then, I have to explain why I have so many unsolved cases piled on my desk. I can’t just tell others that there are demons that I vanquished or slayed. For some odd and unknown reason they always want to look at me for answers that I can’t give them. I guess this is one of the prices I have to pay being a protector of the innocent and all. I have to give all of me and to expect nothing in return. This world is cold and dark sometimes and I’m the one who is supposed to bring the light to the night.

Chapter 2

Back at the Flat, Maggie and Lanette were fighting about personal issues. “I didn’t mean for any of this to happen, it just did,” Maggie said annoyed.

“It’s necessary for you have to be careful with this stuff Maggie; you even have to know why you are casting the spell in the first place. If not, you will

cast it in vain!” yelled Lanette.

“I know, I know! I had no other choice. She was going to lose her child in court today if I didn’t do something about it,” Maggie protested.

“Still, you’re not supposed to mess with things like that. The spell you cast could have gone either way,” Lanette explained.

I stepped in and said, “You two are still fighting about this?”

“Yes!” They both yelled at me.

“Look, all I have to say about this is, yes Maggie shouldn’t of done what she did, but at least she had a good reason for it. And Lanette, I realize you’re trying to get Maggie to understand that she can’t use magic to solve everything, but she needs to learn from her mistakes,” I explained to both of them. As they looked at me I felt like they were ready to kill me, too.

“She has a point,” Maggie replied.

“So are we ready to take on this demon? Do we have the vanquishing spell and potion?” I asked, gazing into my sisters’ eyes.

“Well I have the potion and Lanette has the spell. I think we are good to go,” Leana said.

“Good, let’s go,” I said. We all headed for the door determined to win another battle.

Once we located where the demon was suppose to be, we walked through a set of metal, double doors that were cold enough to stop ones blood flow. The area we entered was very open and grey. It looked like an old warehouse of some sort, with boxes and clutter in every corner. Then we saw him feeding on his latest victim. With his long pointed fingers and his veins showing through his pale skin, I cringed. He had no hair on his body, and although he was hunched over, I could tell he was short. With his bare hands he was eating the poor woman like she was the only meal he had ever received. He turned his head and noticed we were there, watching him. He rose up and plunged towards us. Luckily, Leana froze him with her powers. Maggie tossed her potion at him and it caused a purple cloud of smoke to scald his eyes. He unfroze and jumped on Lanette. She kicked him off of her. I kicked him in the head and send him across the darkened room. We gathered together and chanted the spell; “In this night and in this hour we call upon the ancient power, destroy this demon in this night, and vanquish him out of mind and out of sight!” He exploded in midair.

“Wow! That made a mess, and he scratched my arm pretty good,” said Lanette looking at her right arm.

“Let me see,” I said as I crawled over to her. “It’s kinda deep; you may need stitches to make sure it heals okay.”

“Oh great, that’s wonderful! What am I suppose to do about my date tomorrow night?” Lanette asked.

“Just wear something long-sleeved but backless. He’ll like that. How is Felix anyway?” I asked as we were walking out the door.

“He’s doing good. His club is really taking off,” Lanette announced, getting into the Blazer. She turned to me and asked, “How’s Brad doing?”

“Oh, he’s doing better, much better. He’s working on a case that deals with The Hand. It’s coming along great, they just found two more leads,” I said as I drove back to the manor. Looking toward the backseat where Leana and Maggie were sitting, I asked, “Leana how’s Ken?” Our normal conversations

were becoming present.

“He’s doing great. I think he’s working with Broderick on that ‘special case’ they call it. I have no clue what it is because he won’t tell me. He says ‘he’s not allowed to tell me yet.’ I hate it when they do stuff like that,” said Leana in utter discomfort.

“Maggie, what about Theron?” I asked, looking in Maggie’s direction.

“Well, he has a new project he’s working on. His boss may give him a promotion, as well.”

“Wow, that’s great Maggie!” Lanette said enthusiastically.

Before we knew it, we were back at the Flat. It was getting to be around 9 o’clock. So we decided that we would all watch a movie together. We haven’t done that in a while and we all had dates the following night. We gathered in the family room that had a little fire place and a big screen television, Maggie and Lanette got the popcorn while Leana and I got the movie.

“Well we have *Blade Trinity*, *Simply Irresistible*, and *Waiting*. So, which one should we watch first?” Leana asked, while displaying the movies.

“What about *Blade*?” Lanette asked.

“Sure,” we all responded at once and giggled.

As the night went on, we finished the *Blade* movie and began watching *Simply Irresistible*. Leana asked out of thin air, “What makes love, love? Why does it attract so many people?” looking up at all of us because she was in the floor.

“Why do you ask that?” Maggie asked, puzzled.

“It’s just that we see all these movies where people fall in love, and they live happily ever after. It seems as though in the real world that’s what most people are looking for in their lives,” Leana explained, while eating some popcorn.

“I guess it just depends on who you are. People want to feel loved, to feel like their life has purpose. They just don’t want to be alone in this world. People want to feel compassion that causes them to feel like they’re floating on air,” I explained to Leana as I sat on the couch with a pillow in my lap.

“I guess you have a point, but it just gets old I guess. Sure, I have love in my life I have you guys and I have Ken. So what you said does make a lot of sense. Yeah since we’re on the subject, what about you and Brad in the shower?” she said as she giggled and laughed at me. I took the pillow that was in my lap and threw it at her. Then we started a pillow fight. A pillow fight broke out between all of us and memories of our childhood replayed in my mind. By the time it was over the family room was a complete disaster area.

Chapter 3

The next morning, I woke feeling like something abrupt was going to happen. I got dressed and I went downstairs to make some coffee. I was the first one awake, so I took the liberty of making breakfast. As I was finishing up, I heard footsteps coming down the stairs, it was Lanette.

“Good morning, you’re up early, earlier than usual anyways. What’s up?” Lanette said looking concerned.

“Oh nothing, I just couldn’t sleep,” I said as I drank my coffee.

“Sure, were you thinking about Brad?”

“Yeah, he works all the time and it just seems like he doesn’t have time for me anymore, that’s all. Do you think he might be avoiding me for some reason?” I asked, as I put down my coffee cup and opened the newspaper.

“I don’t know, but I don’t think he’s avoiding you. It just doesn’t seem like him. Maybe if you just give it some time, he’ll come around, trust me. I’ve seen the way he looks at you,” she said as she was getting some coffee of her own.

“Well, I guess you’re right. Maybe I should just give it some time.” Just then Leana came walking down the stairs and into the kitchen. “Where’s the coffee at?” walking in tired, like she’d been up all night.

“Did you stay up all night, again?” I asked in concern.

“Yeah, and I don’t know what it is either,” Leana replied as she drained some coffee from the pot on the stovetop. She walked into the dining room and sat down at the table. Picking a donut out of the box, Leana shoved it in her mouth hurriedly.

“Are you worried about Ken?” Lanette asked, entering the room. Lanette put her part of the papers on the table with her coffee still in her hands.

“It’s not bad if you are upset and confused. I’m worried about Brad,” as I went to sit down at the table to join my sisters, I encouraged Leana to tell us her problems.

She turned to me and gave me a look and said, “That’s you, you always worry, about everything.”

I laughed in disagreement “I don’t worry all the time. I’m not that bad, am I?”

Lanette and Leana both directed their attention to me and said at the same time, “Yes, you do.” We all laughed, and Maggie came walking down the stairs and asked, “What’s everyone laughing about?” Leana focused on her and said, “Elizabeth doesn’t think she worries too much.”

Maggie looked at me. “You never notice your own mistakes,” Maggie tried to be serious but couldn’t keep from laughing, too.

I gave all three of them a shocked look. “I’m not that bad. I don’t worry that much.”

Once again, they wouldn’t let me win. “Yes, you do!” they shouted in unison.

I looked down at the papers and saw something that caught my eye. “You guys, a young man has been stabbed to death and they don’t know how it happened. He was home alone and all the doors and windows were locked. It doesn’t look like anyone was able to get in. There is no evidence that anyone was at the scene of the crime.” All of a sudden the phone rang. I went into the kitchen and picked it up, “Hello?”

“Elizabeth you need to get down here, we have a case for you.” I was beginning to hate that statement. “Alright, I’m on my way right now,” and I hung up the phone. I went into the dining room, “Sorry guys but they need me down at the station, again.”

“Wait, they never make you work on Saturdays,” Lanette said in disapproval. It was apparent that something was wrong.

“Yeah, well I guess something happened. They have a case for me, it may be about that man,” I said as I put on my coat and started walking out to the

front door. I took my keys off the wall, went out the door, walked down the front steps, and stepped into my car. I furiously raced down to the station. Hoping I could hurry up and get whatever I needed to do done and over with. All I could think about on the way there was Braden and why he had been so distant.

At the station, the other officers were talking about the murders and how the first body was found half eaten. They asked me for my opinion. I kind of passed it off as if I didn't really know what to think. I threw out my thoughts by saying, "It was just some psycho," instead of telling them the truth. It was a demon that I had just vanquished and I wasn't about to let them know that. The fact that I couldn't tell the families and my co-workers what really happened bothered my inner being. I guess it's just the way I have to live for now.

I walked to my office in dissatisfaction. I opened the door and on my desk was a bouquet of white roses. I went to read the card and it said, "*I'm sorry, Love Brad.*" I smiled on the inside and a tear formed in my eye. I gently wiped it away. I took the roses and placed them on top of the cabinet. The phone rang, causing me to jump and knock some items off my desk. I went and picked up the phone. It was Braden, to my astonishment.

"Hey you!" I said joyfully.

"Hey, you get my flowers?" he asked, kind of nervously.

"Yeah and thank you. It's really sweet of you. They're beautiful."

"You're welcome. I know I stay really busy and that you just want to at least talk to me more. I'm sorry that I haven't been there for you like I should be," he said sweetly.

"I'm surprised you remembered my favorite flower."

"Of course, I even remember the night that you told me. We were sitting at dinner and you had this lime green dress on. It was very low cut and your hair was wavy. You also had on this diamond necklace with matching earrings. You smelled so sweet that night. We were talking about the restaurant and all the flowers. Then, I asked you what your favorite flower was."

"Wow, you are good. How did you know that I was at work since I don't usually work on Saturdays?"

"I called your sisters, and your boss."

"So, we have a new investigator, huh?" I said, flirty.

"Yup, I have to be as good as you," he said and giggled. I couldn't help but giggle back. "What are you doing tonight?" Braden asked.

"Nothing that I know of, why?" I remained confused, but I was glowing inside.

"I have a surprise for you, come around by 8?"

"Sure, what should I wear?"

"That black little dress that I like."

"Alright, I have to get off here, and work on my new case."

"Well, I guess I'll see you at 8 then."

"Bye, Baby, I love you." I replied in a low toned voice.

"Bye, I love you too"

I thought to myself, "*Damn, what did I do to deserve him?*" I put the phone down and sat in the chair next to my desk. Smiling to myself, I opened up the folder to the case of the dead man. Murders always had to link to me. I was always forced to take these cases and I never got to put anyone in jail for a

normal case. No one ever realized the reasons why these cases never get solved. Then, all of a sudden my phone rang again. I looked at the identification card and realized it was one of my sisters.

“Hello?”

“Hey Elizabeth, did you get the flowers that Brad sent you?”

“Yes, Leana. So, I’m guessing you’re the one he talked to?”

“Yep, how did you guess?” Leana seemed as happy as I was.

“Oh, just by pure guessing,” I said sarcastically.

“When are you two going to get married?” Leana wasn’t good at minding her own business.

“I don’t know whenever he wants to ask me. Why?”

“I was just wondering. Why are you so suspicious of me?” she couldn’t hide it anymore, I knew something wasn’t normal.

“Leana, I think I know you well enough to understand why you ask those types of questions. You know something is up.”

“No, I don’t.”

“Oh, yes you do, too,” once again, our sisterly love shined through our conversation.

“Alright, I do sometimes, but not that much.”

“Yeah, sure. Look I have this case to work on so, I can’t stay on here.”

“Well, Lanette wants you home soon. Actually we all do, so try not to stay long.”

“I’ll try to hurry.”

“Alright, talk to you when you get home, love you, bye.”

“Love you too, bye.”

I put the phone back and tried to regain thought of my case, again. The victim was a 35 year old male, with no children or wife. He worked at a local bar. There was a tattoo of a snake on his back. A small skull was positioned on his left arm, and he had an eyebrow piercing. I glanced at the picture in confusion. He looked like an alcoholic and someone who needed a serious makeover. He looked like someone who would be perfect for one of those jail movies. It was obvious that this man wasn’t messed with. It may not be supernatural, but then again it could have one of those weird twists.

I looked more into his file and I discovered he had been in jail before. For some unknown reason, he was always able to get out on bail. This man was even convicted of murder once, but the charges were dropped. This drew my interest and I thought a little trip to the jail on the way home wouldn’t hurt anything. I gathered my stuff up and I told my boss that I had something to take care of at the local jail. Maybe I could get a lead on our number one murder case. I also informed him that I was going home for the day and that I would be back Monday. He said, “Alright, see you on Monday then.”

Chapter 4

I got into my car and started down the road toward the prison. As I arrived at the jail, I saw the sign welcoming me to the Long Island City Jail. I pulled up to the parking lot and as I was leaving my car, I made sure the vehicle was locked. I walked through the glass doors to the front desk and asked the lady

if she had any files on John Dick. I showed her my badge and she pointed to the aisle where the files were. I looked at her and said, "Thank you." I went down the dark aisle to the Ds and then looked through the Js and found my man. After putting the files under my arm, I walked back to my car and unlocked it. I tossed the files in my passenger seat, started up my car, and traveled home.

When I finally got home, Leana was on the phone with Kendrick, trying to find out what his "special case" was. She saw me and said, "Elizabeth, Ken thinks his 'special case' has to do with your case."

"How does he know about my case? Hand over that phone," I said grabbing the phone out of my sister's hand. "Hey, what do you know about my case?" I said steamily.

"I know enough about your case, Liz..." I interrupted him.

"Like what? I would really love to know," at this point I was steaming hotter than a tea kettle.

"Look, don't be a bitch! I can't tell you. My tall dark and brooding boss, doesn't want anyone to know at the moment. Unlike you, I know when to back off him. I would like to keep my neck, thank you very much." His demanding gestures were frustrating me.

"I'm not being a bitch, yet. Just let me talk to him, he loves me. I'll get him to tell me." I couldn't believe that his boss didn't tell me this on his own. Since his boss and I were on the same level almost on authority.

"Yeah, sure, you go right ahead and try your luck you're going to get fuck out of him just like normal. You know the guy doesn't like the whole communicating by talking thing, he is more of a fangs on type of dude. Here you go," he said as he gave the phone to Broderick.

"Liz, what the hell do you want now?" Broderick said beastly, as he invaded our argument.

"The information you have on my case," I said calmly.

"Your case? So you're helping me now, take a ride Liz," Broderick said sarcastically and hung up the phone.

"Hello!!" I yelled into the phone then, I hung up. "That stupid asshole!" I shouted as I stormed off into the kitchen. Leana followed close behind me.

"Wait, what happened?" she asked me while practically running to keep up with me.

"That Broderick is so ... atrocious. All I wanted was some information so I could get some kind of a lead on this case. I can't afford to have another unsolved case," I said, slamming the file down on the table in front of us.

"You know Broderick, he's like that. He wouldn't care if he ran over a puppy," Leana said looking straight at me.

"Yeah, you're right. I have to know that information." I looked at Leana and gave her a sly smile.

"Hell no! I'm not going to use my boyfriend just to get your information!" she said, giving me a buzzard look.

"Oh come on! It won't be that bad. Plus, he'll be more likely to give you that information than me. Remember who has the highest income in this house, too," I pleaded.

"Oh nice, the whole guilt trip thing on me. You always seem to do that, just because you know it works. Alright, I'll do it, but you owe me," she said

timidly.

“Thank you, you know you love me,” I said smiling at her.

“Yeah, yeah,” she said walking off.

“Oh my gosh! I completely forgot! Leana wait, Brad wants me to come over tonight, and it’s my turn to patrol,” I said, running after her.

“Brad wants you to come over, like as in his place?” she said shocked.

“Yeah, so will you cover for me please? I know you love the whole slayer thing anyways,” I asked her almost begging.

“Yeah, sure, I don’t care but you have to give me full details when you get back.”

“Alright, I will. Thanks I owe you double.”

“Yeah!” Leana said, walking toward the stairs to go up to her room. I stood there in the doorway between the kitchen and the hallway. I turned toward the stairs and walked up to my room. Which is just down the hall from Leana’s but I had the biggest bedroom. I shut the door and started going through my closet. I had so many outfits and I finally found that little black dress that looked almost like silk and was silky smooth. It was an off the shoulder dress that made my emerald eyes shine. It would cut off right above the knee; it was tighter down low, so it hugged my curves and was looser up top.

A few hours later, I was almost ready but I couldn’t find my earrings. I walked down the hall and opened Maggie’s door. She was sitting on her bed reading a magazine. “Maggie, have you seen my sliver diamond earrings?” I asked her leaning in the doorway.

“Did you check in Lanette’s bathroom? They might be in there,” she said.

“Alright,” I hoped she was right. I closed her door and started walking down the hallway to Lanette’s bathroom, which was at the end of the hall. I opened the door and walked inside. There, beside the sink and toothbrushes, were my earrings. I picked them up and put them in. I always loved the way they stood out from my hair, and the way their awkward pin shape caught the light. Then, I heard the door bell. I walked down the hallway to the stairs. I turned and walked toward the door, I opened it and there stood Kendrick, with a file in his hands. “Hey Ken, Leana is upstairs in her room.”

“Yeah, I figured that much. Look, I have something that may interest you,” he handed me the file.

“Does Broderick know you’re doing this?” I looked at him surprisingly.

“Not really, so we’re keeping this our little secret?”

“Yeah, I promise thanks.” This was the biggest relief I’ve had since the case first opened.

“No problem and you look lovely by the way. Now if you don’t mind, I’m going to go get that sister of yours,” he said walking past me.

Kendrick was now my favorite sibling along with Leana since she is probably the one who got him to get the file in the first place. I mean Kendrick is only my half-brother but that never mattered to me in my mind. I stopped to look at the file really quickly since I couldn’t resist knowing what the big secret was. The first paper was information on The Black Tigers. This was a differ-

ent enemy, they never used force really to try and destroy us but technology or chemistry. They always kept in hiding and in locations that you wouldn't think of normal hide-outs either.

I looked at the second page and it was a complete profile stolen from The Black Tigers and it was the man in my case....

Gertrude Merriweather Foddershocks

In Response to Liberated Women:

Not that you have to take me seriously, I am a woman.

Also, salt will take that stain out of your tie



Feminism is a scourge on American society. By pursuing their dreams, too many women are allowing countless eggs to go unfertilized, unloved. Pursuing such a dream without procreation aids spousal abuse. It's science. Who can blame a concerned husband for exercising his God given right to place his wife's face gently against the stove she finally cooked a decent meal on? No one. No one except crunchy granola, Vermont loving, hummus eating, Birkenstock wearing, feminist hippies! I bet she won't overcook the chicken next time. I digress.

All this newfound freedom is disturbing women. "I can earn a degree AND I don't have to settle for a shitty marriage!?".... "Lobotomy, please." This is how it should be. Even the Honorable Ronald Reagan was once quoted as saying "All great change in America begins at the dinner table;" preferably cooked and served by a deaf-mute housewife.

Additionally, Reagan declared higher office positions to be unnecessary offers. Though some businesses, unwisely, felt the need to implement "equal opportunity" employment; many women are still not hired due to sexual discrimination. Close to 75% of full-time workingwomen make less than \$20,000 a year, nearly double the male percentage. Furthermore, studies show that women in college are not receiving the same amount of grants given to men. College? What the fuck? We deeply regret not supporting your "I have a uterus, put me through college" fund.

Ask any honest woman, if you can find one that isn't prone to nervous, jittery outbursts and a predisposition for rash decisions, and they will tell you something is missing. Childless women have an empty feeling ... literally. With no baby in the womb, what is there to live for, really? Rape. Honorable women must defend their housewife status. I implore you! Lie prone in the streets, waiting to be ravaged. Damn you, freedom!

Gertrude Merriweather Foddershocks

Hitchhiker reports uncomfortable silence

12/24/1990

Oliver Dunkin, Kingsbury County assessor, picked up hitchhiker, Fernando Torres, at the Bellevue Height's Exxon around noon today. Following a tense, one-sided discussion of weather patterns in the North Atlantic, Dunkin popped in a mix CD muttering, "Not sure what's on this one." Drumming his fingers on the steering wheel to the beat of Journey's "Don't Stop Believin'" the monologue skated towards "Sooo... do you have any family?" Milliseconds before Torres could answer Israel Kamakawiwo'ole's cover of "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" drifted from the speakers. The men sat in embarrassed silence while the tracks turned to Michael Jackson's "Billy Jean" and then Dan Fogelberg's "Same Auld Lang Syne 11." Dunkin inconspicuously punched his CD player, offering, "My wife's CD, no idea why it's in here." Torres asked to be let out on 42nd street adding "Crazy motherfucker!"

Gertrude Merriweather Foddershocks

5 October 2008

After perusing the GSC website, I came across a tantalizing bit of information about a professor of mathematics. It seems a Jean L. Foucault, born Aulber-to Ecko, is “working on a graph theory problem concerning the existence of a Hamiltonian circuit on a graph with ten vertices each of degrees four.” Initially, I understood this as an invitation to mind my own fucking business. Now, I realize Prof. Foucault has tapped into a scintillating field unknown to most in academia. I’m telling you, most of the ladies flock to theoretical wage statisticians, but a select, beautiful few hold out for those solvers of obscure mathematical conjectures. I regularly frequent symposiums on incomprehensible scientific and mathematical theories. Amongst the coffee-stained, blue-checked button down shirts (green vest optional) and ink-smearred fingers floats a tangible, pulsing, physical energy. Somebody left the particle accelerator on again? No. Present are the most promiscuous human beings you will ever come in contact with. And you thought Taylor series expansions wasn’t a double entendre? Please. Sometimes I find myself wanting something more; you know... a frank discussion of indeterminate polynomial equations that allow the variables to be integers only. Is it hot in here? And who hasn’t been drawn in by a detailed biography of Pierre de Fermat? Theorems written in the margins of scholarly discourse? ... excuse me while I undress. Many think you are a pompous, Ivy-League elitist. Me? Forget it! Yes, I’ll follow you on your bicycle to your mother’s apartment to discuss abstract geometry over a liberating game of Arithnomachia!! Tell me, what happens when $2+2$ no longer equals 4? Love.

Paul B. Moyers

Editorial

I normally do not write about religion, sex or politics anywhere that I'm published. I always heard that was the first rule for writers that write as a hobby for pleasure. But for an issue as important as the one on my mind, I will make an exception. It is something that is very important to my family and I and many of my friends and co-workers, and many that I know of. It's also a social travesty in our state, and one that needs as much support as it can get. I support it with all my heart, therefore let me explain.

There are many struggling WORKING West Virginians without health insurance today. According to some reports, over 268,000 of us. And, sadly, some need and go without health and dental care to the point of illnesses that become terminal because of it. That is wrong when someone dies because they are working full time and still poor.

Look, in my opinion, if we pay for the booze at the Governor's parties, then the taxpayers really need to support this for their fellow WORKING neighbors. Here is something that we, as a state full of people that care about our fellow man, can and should support.

Families USA is trying to get the state to consider raising the threshold to qualify Medicaid for working West Virginians without health insurance from \$6,160 to 17,600. That \$6,160 is the SEVENTH LOWEST threshold in the country.

Did you know that from 2000-2007, health insurance premiums increased by 75%, while wages in West Virginia only increased 19%?! Thanks, you damn crooked lobbyists for the insurance industry. Enjoy YOUR health insurance, because you have certainly priced us and our employers OUT of getting it. It's the "make it so high they can't afford it and we'll keep our costs to nothing" plan, and believe me, they are making the best of it.

Now keep in mind that thousands of working West Virginian's kids ARE qualified for Medicaid if a family of three makes less than \$44,000 a year, and most of us deeply appreciate this and use it wisely and honestly. But, think about this. Is it smart to insure the kids and put such a ridiculously LOW threshold there to keep the PARENT from being covered? How so? Well, if the single parent gets sick, can't afford health care, and thus develops a terminal illness, then dies, then does not the state have to step in and pay for the foster care of the child? Doesn't that seem that it would cost a whole hell of a bunch more in the long run?

Now, you may say why the high threshold of \$17,600 that nineteen states has already expanded their coverage threshold to cover these adults? Simple, because that \$17,600 figure is exactly 100% of the FEDERAL POVERTY AMOUNT. That figure is what it is for a reason. How many people do you know, off-hand, that could survive on \$6,160 a year and not be homeless and/or hungry?

It goes without saying that approval and support of this idea would improve the health of our working folks and thus, take more load off the taxpayers in the long run. And, in view of the overall economic situation, more employers are dumping company-paid health care programs. Many people without insurance end up in emergency rooms and incur huge costs because they will wait until an illness nearly kills them to seek help. The hospitals lose too, having to try and collect blood from turnips or losing it by write-offs.

The worst part, as I see it, would be for our lawmakers, who by the way have good health care coverage, to ignore or not support this idea and program, for which support is growing for by leaps and bounds. Having to depend on them to have the foresight and guts to support such a measure will be a big load for them to shoulder. But, in the long run, many would be helped beyond description and the state would save money over the long haul. Unfortunately, most decisions by our Legislature are not thought of in terms of the long haul and that by spending money, we'll eventually save money in the long run.

And, please, let's be clear on this. I'm not saying to give the free-loaders a hand-out. Not at all. This is a measure designed for WORKING West Virginians and their families. I say again, WORKING people, not deadbeats or dope-heads. According to a recent report, only about 56% of us who are 18-65 are working or looking for a job. If that's true, then the remaining 44%, assuming they are able to work and all are truly not, will have to fend for themselves, period. If there are jobs out there, and there are, then they go get one or they don't qualify for this, AT ALL.

In closing, it's also said that this measure would stimulate the economy and create new jobs to manage it. I don't really care about that aspect of it, but if it does great. What I do care about is getting some kind of health care. I, unfortunately, have medical issues that my family and friends know that I require regular health care. Care that I personally pay thousands of dollars a year for, while I scrimp and save on everything else to do, by the way. And, without exactly saying how much, I do make a bit more than that \$6,160 figure, and STILL barely afford needed regular medical care, let alone the big stuff, tests and further surgeries that I have been advised that I need. Plus, I'm not asking for disability or a hand-out, I'm simply asking a reasonable threshold, both for myself and thousands on West Virginians who get up every day and go to work sick or hurt, day in and day out. And, were it not for the kindness of certain pharmaceutical giants, allowing me to use their patient assistance program to get medicines free, I would need medicine that there is no earthly way that I could pay for, therefore I'd do (and have done) without. Pure and simply NOT a wise or healthy choice at all. I, thankfully, am also blessed with a personal friend who advocates on my behalf for any and all assistance that I can get relative to health care. When I get sick and or frustrated, she has the love and the fortitude to work even harder on my behalf to get me the help I need. And, let it be clear that she doesn't make a cent on it, in any way, shape or form. She does it out of love for me. THAT is what our Legislature needs to know and practice in this issue. They need to step up

and support this measure and get it through to the Governor for signature and make it happen this session.

My employer, and thousands more across the state, are not interested in paying for my health care, especially small businesses that can't afford it. If I get sick and die, they'll simply replace me. It's cheaper than trying to offer coverage. Therefore, they don't really care to have a dog in this hunt. Can't blame them. So, it's up to the Legislature. And I hope they will receive enough input from the working citizens of this state to get off their collective butts and DO something really meaningful, that is give some of us the difference between life and death and at the least a better quality of health for thousands of working men and women in West Virginia. It is said that this decision would help over 67,000 working men and woman. If only one could be saved from dying because they couldn't afford the treatment and medicine that would simply save their lives, then I say do it. There are some compassionate managers and employers that hand their employees cash or take care of their medical bills out of love and respect for their friends who they consider quality and valuable employees. Although wonderful, that's a shame that they do that when we as a state could easily demand change.

Last time I looked, we are the government, and we say what goes. If you feel motivated, please support this important issue. Write your lawmakers, call, e-mail, and attend meetings, whatever you can do. EVERY voice will make a difference. If you'd like to copy and use this editorial to mail to those lawmakers, by all means do so.

The issue, in case they "don't know what you are talking about" is "A Shot in The Arm FOR West Virginia", and that's exactly what it is. Don't be fooled by the opponents of this issue. Sure, I have readily admitted and explained that it WILL cost the taxpayers money. I have also explained that this is for WORKING West Virginians, so it's NOT a handout. I have also explained that I know firsthand the issue of which this is about. I have also explained that it's NOT the fault of the small business owner, or the responsibility.

And the worst thing the opponents could say is "Not my problem, why don't you get another job?" To that, I'd simply say you'd better hope and pray that it never happens to you, for then you'll know exactly how much it really IS your problem...

Support raising the threshold of income for Medicaid for WORKING West Virginians. The current \$6,160 threshold is LESS than 100% of the federal poverty level, an obscene figure that is KILLING working West Virginians and taking parents away from their children and children away from their parents, simply because they are too poor to afford life-saving medical care. If you HAVE good insurance and don't support this, look in the mirror tonight and ask yourself how much it means to you and your family and life. If you don't support this life-saving and life-changing issue, I don't see how you sleep at night.

This is, of course, my personal opinion, and I present it with all due respect. I welcome comments and support for the matter.

Contributors' Notes

Bob Henry Baber is GSC's Major Gifts Officer. Currently, he is reading "Moving Mountains" by Penny Loeb. His favorite work of literature is Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. His poem Grandma Massey is a poetic rendering of a story she told over Thanksgiving dinner.

Harry Beall is a Middle School Music Teacher in Calhoun County, West Virginia.

Jennifer Block is a faculty member in GSC's Department of English. Currently, she is reading Toni Morrison's *A Mercy*. Her favorite works of literature are Pete Dexter's *Paris Trout*, and Jean Toomer's *Cane*. Her prose piece "Static" was inspired by the many years she spent teaching in various sections of Brooklyn, New York.

Robert Burkowski is a faculty member in GSC's Department of Education.

Kathy Cotten lives in Clarksburg, West Virginia.

Linville F. Couch (aka "Limbo") is a student at GSC. He has lived in various places around the country, but has been in Glenville for the past six years. He was a professional tattoo artist for twelve years and is currently pursuing a teaching degree.

Wayne de Rosset is chair of GSC's Department of English.

Gertrude M. Foddershocks is from Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. Her hobbies include ululating at different types of trees from quite a long way away. Her favorite work of art is "Multiple takes on the failure of a presidency" by Eric Draper. Foddershock's work was submitted by GSC student Jade Nichols.

Dr. John M. Hall is a GSC Assistant Professor of Spanish Education. Currently, he is reading Confucius and Steve Martin's *Pure Drivel*. About his translations in this issue of the Trillium, Hall says that "Translation is a great exercise to test and improve your understanding of languages and literature."

Jennifer L. James is from Normantown, West Virginia. She graduated from GSC in 2008 with a degree in English education. Currently, she is in graduate school at WVU pursuing a master's degree to be a certified reading specialist and will graduate in August 2009.

StevieAnn Langman is a student at GSC and is majoring in Business with a minor in art. Currently, she is reading *Hunted*, the last book in the House of Night Series. Her favorite work of art is Egon Schiele's 'The Embrace.'

Jonathan Minton is a GSC Assistant Professor of English. Currently, he is reading *Worse Than Myself*, a collection of short stories by Adam Golaski. His poem “Some Things I’ve Learned From Reading Shakespeare” stemmed directly from the Shakespeare class that he taught in the Fall 2008 semester. Each section of the poem corresponds, in chronological order, to the plays he discussed in class with his students.

Paul B. Moyers lives in Burnsville, West Virginia, and writes a column for Two-Lane Livin’. He would welcome comments or input on his editorial, which can be directed to mailtokelly@yahoo.com.

Lori Norman-Conner lives in Glenville, West Virginia. Her poem “Life in Darkness” was written for her 35-year-old husband.

Sarah Normant is a student at GSC and is majoring in Biology with a minor in art and environmental science. Currently, she is reading *New Moon* and *Blood on Their Hands*. Her favorite work of literature is Poe’s “The Fall of the House of Usher.” Her favorite quote is by Oscar Levant: “There’s a fine line between genius and insanity. I have erased this line.”

Sarah Lee Sivard is a student at GSC and is from Doylestown, Ohio, but has lived in Glenville, West Virginia for the past twelve years. She is a business major and enjoys making jewelry, which she sells at art festivals. Currently, she is reading Shakespeare’s *As You Like It*. Her advice is to “Play the music, not the instrument.”

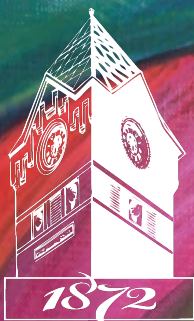
Rosanna Springston is a student at GSC and is majoring in Natural Resource Management with a minor in art. She just finished reading the *Twilight* series. Her favorite quote is from *Practical Magic*: “When are you going to realize that normal isn’t necessarily a virtue? It rather denotes a lack of courage.”

Charlotte Christel Squires is a student at GSC and is majoring in Social Studies Education. She has been a volunteer firefighter for five years. Her favorite writer is Maya Angelou.

Jamie Stanley is a student at GSC and calls Point Pleasant, West Virginia home. Currently, she is reading *White as Snow*, by Tanith Lee. About her short story “The Pretty Ones,” Stanley says that “I’ve always had a sort of fascination with zombies and survival, and the utter madness that goes hand in hand.”

Chris Summers is a student at GSC and is majoring in English Education 5-Adult. His favorite work of literature is Shakespeare’s *Richard III*. His favorite quote is from Sir F. Henry Royce: “Whatever is rightly done, however humble, is noble.”

Sandra Suran lives in Kittaning, Pennsylvania.



GLENVILLE STATE COLLEGE

200 High Street
Glenville, WV 26351
(304) 462-7361
www.glenville.edu