



Voices

MCHENRY COUNTY COLLEGE
LITERARY / ARTS JOURNAL

2013



MCHENRY COUNTY COLLEGE 2013 LITERARY/ARTS JOURNAL

Voices 2013 is produced by McHenry County College to recognize and showcase the visual arts, musical, and literary talents of McHenry County College students.

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BEST OF MAGAZINE

Voices 2013 is proud to announce Awards for the Best of Magazine

LITERARY:

Brianne Sullivan
Somewhat Clinical

VISUAL ART:

Nicole Beisiegel
Phytophthora Phylliform

MUSIC:

Joshua McKenzie
Katherine's Lullaby

SHORT FILM & VIDEO:

Brian Kubin and James Kubin
Bad Beehavior

Voices wishes to acknowledge students for their excellence in literature, music and visual arts.

THE DAN RISCH MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

The Dan Risch Memorial Scholarship is awarded to two outstanding and promising visual art students. This scholarship is generously funded by Dan's family and friends in memory of former MCC art student Dan Risch.

The 2013 Dan Risch Memorial Scholarship winners are:

Corey McCullar
Kimberly Heck

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SOMEWHAT CLINICAL

And I really want to believe the worst is over and behind me
That this sickness
This unkindness
Will never quite be able to find me
I know how lightning works
But I can't predict or control the motion
This thing I have, a shadow
Winter chill, an omen
The slowest way to die is living
The most painful? To keep trying
Medications, I'm taking
Habits, I'm breaking
I'll get better
I know it
I'm lying

BEST
OF
ISSUE

Nicole Beisiegel
Phytophthora Phylliform

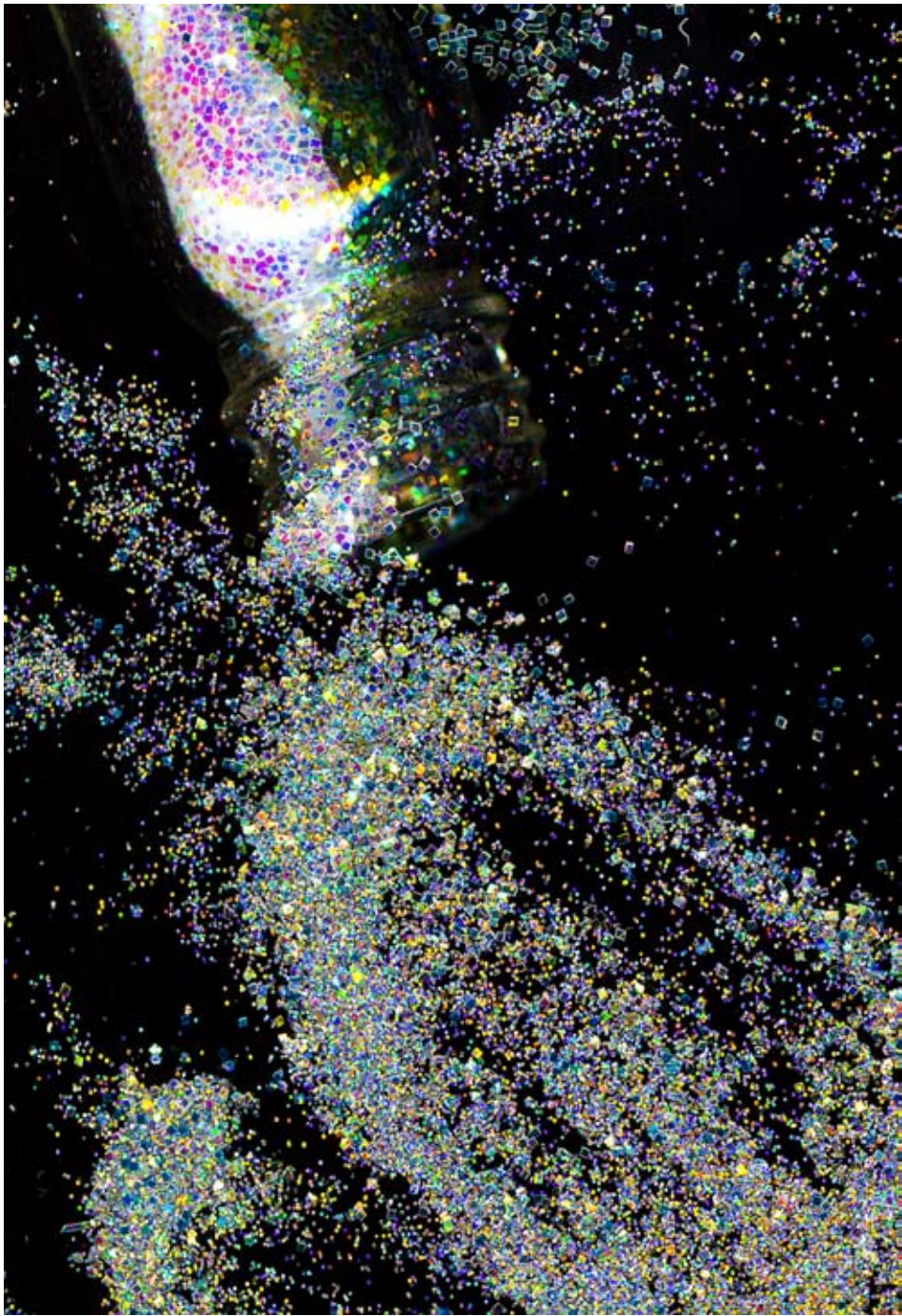
VOICES



OIL ON CANVAS, 45.5" X 54"



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH, 4" X 6"



DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY, 16" X 11"



OIL ON CANVAS, 24.5" X 30.5"

CHERRY BOMBS

I got up today sure I could write
something
to save the world
or at least make it take notice,
but got distracted by a cherry turnover.
I never saw any tree these cherries grew on
nor laborer that picked them.
Did he know the power they held;
how they could thwart destiny?
So many of them blended into red
dots in green clumps
that defer to even the gentlest breezes.
How do they contain this force,
these shiny little pliant plumpnesses
shrouded in pastry houses by stoic bakers,
and eulogized in plasticene coffins
on supermarket islands.
If I am to preside as mystic priest
of comprehension
why do I just think
only how good they will taste.

DADDY ISSUES

INT. STRIP CLUB – NIGHT

JAKE, late 30's and MIKE, early 30's, are sitting up front at a stage watching an imaginary stripper; soft club music plays in the background. Jake and Mike are dressed in suits, ties loosened, jackets on the back of their chairs, shirtsleeves uncuffed. Jake and Mike are nursing some drinks. Jake has money out in front of him while Mike looks uncomfortable.

MIKE: (Shifting around in his chair uncomfortably.) Why did you take me here Jake?

JAKE: (Looking up at an imaginary stripper.) I can give you two big reasons that are right in front of you.

MIKE: Come on, let's just get out of here.

JAKE: What, don't tell me you are feeling like a dirty old man?

MIKE: (Looks around.) No, just dirty. (Places his hand on the table and picks it up like he touched something sticky. Makes a frown.) I should probably see my doctor.

JAKE: Will you lighten up? Have a drink, relax, make it rain on this young lady, you'll feel better; you are only going to be a free man for a few more weeks.

(Mike looks at his drink.) And wait till that baby comes. What is Camille, seven months?

MIKE: Yeah.

JAKE: Wow, yeah, that baby's going to be here before you know it.

MIKE: Thanks for reminding me. (Mike takes a sip from his drink.)

JAKE: I'm sorry little bro. How are you doing?
(Jake turns his attention to Mike)

MIKE: All right I guess.

JAKE: That's not very convincing. Come on you could never hide anything from me. You aren't getting cold feet are you?

MIKE: A little. (Takes another drink.) I just don't know if I'm ready to be with one person for the rest of my life. Don't get me wrong, I love Camille, but it's happening all too fast, the wedding, the baby, it's just too much to handle. I thought there was going to be plenty of us time first, for us to enjoy our lives together, time before I had to think about babies and things.

(Jake takes a drink.)

MIKE: I'm thinking of running away.

(Jake chokes and coughs on his drink.)

JAKE: What?

MIKE: Yeah, I'm thinking about bailing. Tell her I'm going to work and then never come back.

JAKE: Are you crazy, you can't do that?

MIKE: Why not?

JAKE: Do you know what happens to kids, especially young girls without a father figure in their lives?

MIKE: No, do you?

JAKE: I have an idea. Just look around this place. It's the island of misfit daughters.

(Mike looks around.)

MIKE: No... well maybe...

JAKE: See, you can't bail on Camille; this could be your daughter one day.

(Jake gestures at the imaginary stripper in front of them.)

MIKE: I don't want that. Creepy old men ogling at her, sticking dollar bills in her underwear. No hopes and dreams. But what if I stay and I'm not a very good dad? I've never been able to take care of a plant or a goldfish without it dying, how'll I ever be able to take care of a kid.

JAKE: Is that what this is all about? You're afraid you won't be a good dad?

(Mike says nothing.)

JAKE: We'll I'm sorry to tell you there's no recipe to being a good dad. Look at ours, he wasn't anything special, but you know why he was a great dad? Because he was there, sometimes you just have to show up.

MIKE: That's it? Just show up?

JAKE: Yeah, you need to loosen up Mike.

MIKE: And be more like you?

JAKE: Yeah.

MIKE: And go to strip clubs more often?

JAKE: (Enthusiastic.) Yes!

MIKE: How does Sarah not mind that you come here so much?

JAKE: It's simple. (Matter-of-factly.) I don't tell her.

MIKE: (Rolls his eyes.) Oh, that's healthy.

JAKE: Let me tell you the secret to a long happy healthy marriage.

MIKE: Lie to each other?

JAKE: (Smirks.) Ah so you already know the secret.

MIKE: How are you still married?

JAKE: Couple of kids, a mortgage, student loans, debt, bills, our bodies have gone, it's just easier and cheaper than getting a divorce and putting ourselves out there to find someone new.

MIKE: Great, I have so much to look forward to.

(Mike takes a sip of his drink.)

JAKE: I'm serious though. These secrets are good for a marriage. Keeps it spicy. I come here, get all hot and bothered, and then I go home to Sarah and she gets to enjoy the benefits of it all. (Pauses.) Sarah does it too with her yoga classes.

MIKE: Really? Is the instructor good looking?

JAKE: That little jerk has muscles on muscles, and is more limber than frick'n Gumby.

(Jake takes a sip of his drink.)

JAKE: I hate him. But he does me a favor and stretches Sarah out and then sends her home ready to go for me. (Smiles to himself.) Saves me all the work of that stupid foreplay stuff. Kissing her neck and stomach, ugh; I just want to get in and out, like I'm robbing a bank. Besides after working all day, doing chores around the house and playing with the kids who has the energy for all night lovemaking? 'Cause once you get

to bed you maybe have six hours before the alarm goes off and it starts all over again.

MIKE: I don't know if I can live like that.

JAKE: You don't have a choice. (Takes a sip of his drink.) How'd you expect it to be?

MIKE: I don't know. (Thinks.) I didn't expect the kid to come so soon that's for sure. I thought I'd go to work at the office, come home to the little house with a white picket fence and a dog outside. Camille would be there, some large home cooked dinner waiting for me, kiss on the cheek, we'd eat and I would read the paper and have a smoke and then we would go to bed and make passionate love all night.

JAKE: Wow, you know this isn't the 1950s anymore right?

MIKE: Yeah I know. Instead of that I have a pregnant fiancée, we fight all the time, a small cramped apartment, the dog always has a mess on the floor waiting for me when I get home from a job I hate. Dinner is some cheap microwavable meal and we go to bed falling asleep to Jon Stewart and The Colbert Report.

(Mike leans forward and places his elbows on the stage and rubs his head.)

MIKE: I just didn't think it was going to be this hard.

(Jake takes a sip from his drink.)

JAKE: Nothing in life is ever easy. Not since we were kids playing in the summers that never seemed to end with the neighborhood kids, drinking Kool-Aid and eating fruit-rol-lups. Our biggest problems... hoping that we didn't get cavities or Mom would be pissed.

MIKE: I wish we could go back. (Picks his head up.) Better yet, to when we were in college. Best years of our lives.

JAKE: Ah, drinking, partying, and trying to score with anyone and everyone. Those were great times.

MIKE: The best. Going to frat houses and trying to pick up girls that looked like her.

(Looks up at an imaginary stripper.)

DADDY ISSUES (CONT.)

MIKE: I met Camille, at a frat party. There she was doing a beer pong, downing it like a champ. Ah so proud, the future mother of my child. She was a sexy petite little thing. Now she's like this large giant blob I have to help out of bed when she has to pee, which is like every five minutes. (Takes a deep sigh.) Seriously, it's so bad I... I...

(Jake is confused.)

JAKE: You...what?

MIKE: Ah, promise you won't judge me.

(Jake says nothing.)

MIKE: Jake, promise.

JAKE: Okay I promise, what is it?

MIKE: Camille and I haven't had sex in over a month.

JAKE: (Shocked.) Really?

MIKE: (Depressed.) Yeah. Now that she's really showing, I'm afraid to have sex with her with the baby in there. What if I poke the baby or something? Now that it has ears and can hear us, I can't do it. It can't be good for the baby.

JAKE: Poke the baby, someone thinks highly of himself.

MIKE: I'm serious Jake; I just can't physically touch her like that without getting freaked out.

JAKE: Every man feels that way. It's gross, but it's something you have to do, just liking getting a colonoscopy, which is coming up for us soon.

MIKE: (Sarcastic.) Yay, more things to look forward to.

JAKE: Okay, I'm going to let you in on another secret.

MIKE: Is this gonna be another secret like "lie to your wife"?

JAKE: Okay, first of all, that's sound advice, ask any married man and he will tell you the same thing. And not telling your wife something is different than telling her something false. See the difference?

MIKE: I liked it better when Camille and I were just open and honest with each other.

JAKE: Open and honest? (Loudly.) Open and honest! (Looking around the room.) Are you insane little brother? Oh my god, open and honest. (Laughing.) Yeah, you let me know how far you get with that. (Softly laughing to self.) Open and honest, Mike you kill me.

MIKE: While I'm glad one of us is having a fun time. (Checks his watch.) But I have to go pick up dinner for Camille. She wants to have pickles, asparagus, blood-sausage and blue cheese, with fish tacos for dessert.

JAKE: Pregnancy cravings?

MIKE: (Nodding.) Yep. Well I gotta go.

JAKE: Don't go. Come on. Have at least one more drink. Sarah's at her yoga class; kids are at a friend's house. This is like having all the planets line up, it doesn't happen every day.

MIKE: Sorry.

(Mike gets up and grabs his jacket from the back of his chair.)

JAKE: You know what you are? You are afraid of your woman.

MIKE: Yeah. And I have no problem with that. She's so large and angry right now. (Shudders.) I'm afraid she'll roll over in her sleep and kill me.

JAKE: Coward.

MIKE: Don't care, but it's been fun, thanks for the pep talk. (Pats Jake on the back.) Make sure you have a better speech for my wedding than you did tonight. (Starts to walk away.)

JAKE: So you're not going to bail?

(Mike stops and looks back.)

MIKE: Just be ready.

(Jake watches Mike walks off stage. Once Mike is gone Jake sips on his drink and looks at imaginary stripper.)

JAKE: Hey, can I get a lap dance?

FADE OUT



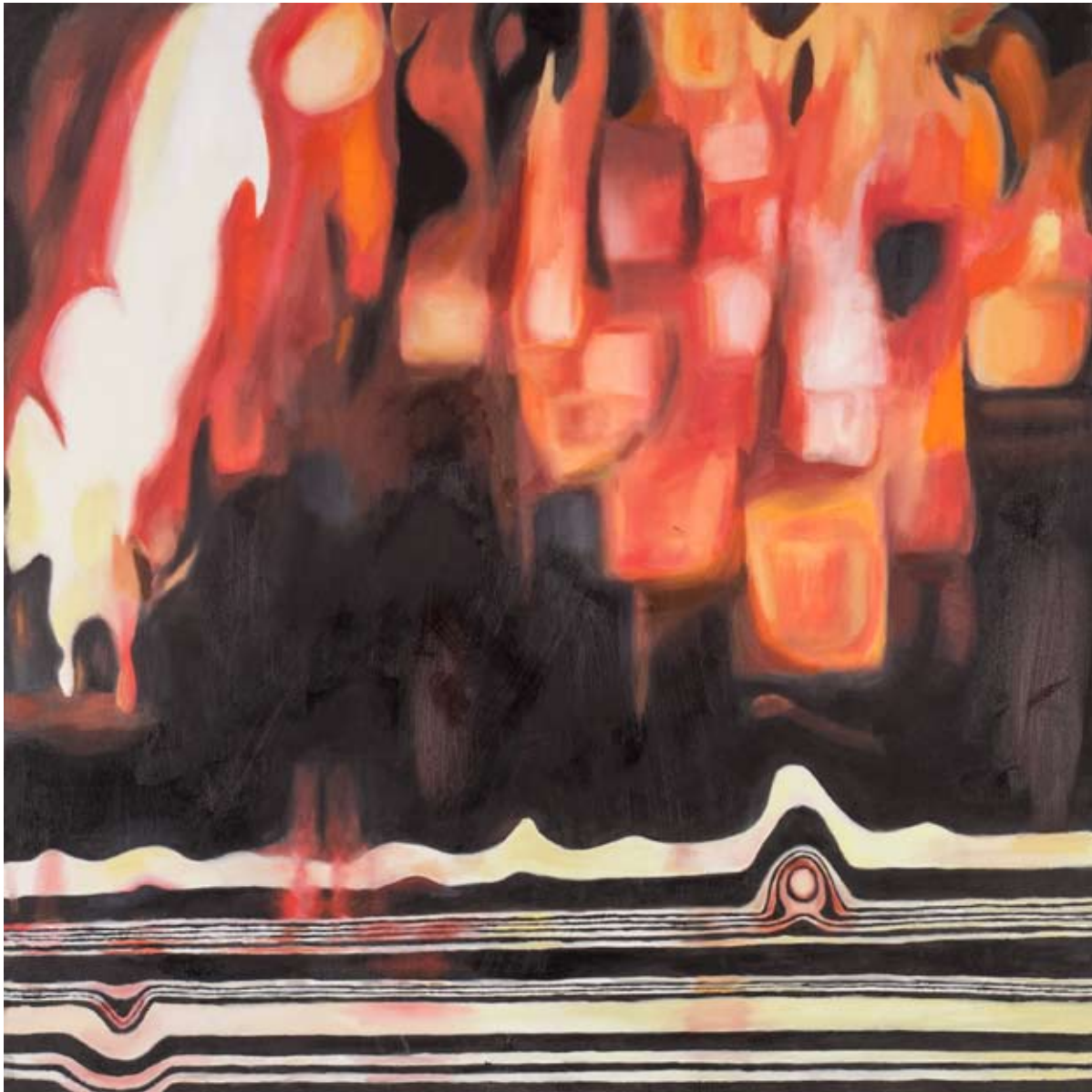
OIL ON CANVAS, 36" X 38"

CONNECTED TO DISCONNECT

Bustling city street captured in the lens of the camera,
the focus on
couples and crowds
blind to the city and each other.
Hands clutching techno worlds, not other hands.
Gazes down or to nowhere.
Voices directed
into iPhones and smartphones.
Concentration
to iPads or ear buds,
to faceless others, to music, to text, to stock trades,
to disregard life's lyrics and nuances—virtual, vacuous.
Conversation and connections swallowed whole.
City and each other dissolved to
disregarded whispers.



OIL ON CANVAS, 40" X 40"



OIL ON CANVAS, 35" X 35"



CERAMICS, 13" X 10" X 8"



CONTE CRAYON ON PAPER, 20" X 13.5"

A SPECIAL KIND OF RELATIONSHIP

She is utterly innocent,
She is unknowingly naughty.
She's my baby girl and my pretty lady.

She is constantly curious, but she knows her limits.
She is brave, but scares easily.
She's my baby girl and my pretty lady.

She understands me, but I'll never understand her.
I tell her everything, she tells me nothing.
She's my baby girl and my pretty lady.

She causes me physical pain, but emotional comfort.
She's always there for me; I always know where to find her.
She's my baby girl and my pretty lady.

I stare in her eyes for hours, wondering what she's thinking;
She can't make eye contact with me for more than a few seconds.
She's my baby girl and my pretty lady.

I hold her hand, she'll never hold mine.
My voice alone fills her with love and keeps her calm.
She's my baby girl and my pretty lady.

You'll tell me to move on, to let her go,
I'll tell you no, you don't understand.
She's my baby girl and my pretty lady.

She knows all about my girlfriend,
My girlfriend knows all about my baby girl, my pretty lady.

We're together every day, I see her all the time.
We're not dating, we're not together.
I'm not the problem, she's not the problem.
Everything about our relationship is perfect and common
I've never hurt her; I've never lied to her.
I've never stolen from her or hit her.
I've never made her cry, I never did anything wrong.

Every time I come home I drop to knees to embrace her.
She rushes greet me every time I open the front door.
My baby girl wags her tail and leans up against my legs.
My pretty lady licks my face and drops to her back at my feet.

My baby girl has four legs and a tail.
My pretty lady has big floppy ears and a long nose.
My baby girl and pretty lady is absolutely perfect the way she is.



CERAMICS, 21" X 7" X 14"



OIL ON CANVAS, 30" X 40"

HANSEL AND GRETEL- THE WITCH'S SIDE OF THE STORY

Gwyneth opens the creaky door of her house, relieved to be home from the hospital. She's using her new walking cane to feel where the door frame is to refrain from bumping into it. Her heart thumps painfully in her chest, weary after recent events.

Shuffling painfully, Gwyneth makes her way to the sofa, gingerly lowering herself down into the cushions. Tears streaming freely down her wrinkled face, she lets herself sob for the first time since the accident.

"If only I could see—I could use my books—I could bring them all back..."

An eerie laugh echoes around her, as she's enveloped by the smell of sulfur. Gwyneth shakes—though she cannot see, she knows who—or rather what—has intruded into her home.

"Why are you here?" she asks it.

"Stupid old witch, you know we can't resist a plea like that." His voice is like ice across Gwyneth's face, she tries not to wince as he sits beside her, slinging an arm around her brittle shoulders.

"I won't do it—my soul isn't yours for the taking," she says, steadying her voice.

"I don't want your soul witchy. Do you want to know my price?" he asks her in a silky sweet voice, twirling her curls with his fingertips.

"Won't matter—I won't do it," Gwyneth says stubbornly.

"Not even to get your sight back? We both know what you're capable of, if only you could see! All I need is a male and female blood sacrifice. Could be infants if you're worried about a struggle..."

"Stop! Get out of my house you Demon! I command thee leave!" She screams the words, her ancestral power dripping behind the command.

There is a loud crack and the smell fades away. The witch pants, her hand over her heart, trying to bring her breathing back to normal.

She finds herself considering the Demon's offer, I could see my husband again, my daughters, my granddaughters...

"No!" she yells into the silence, "I can't take somebody's life; it's against the Wiccan Rede..." Regardless of her guilty conscious, Gwyneth finds herself reflecting on the accident—the day her life blew away with the smoke.

"Gwammy! Where are we going Gwammy?" little Josie asked Gwyneth. The youngest granddaughter, Josie captured her grandmother's heart the moment she was born. The same reddish brown curls and forest green eyes she had herself as a child—young Josephina was pre-destined for greatness. Josie already had her fair share of magic from the Cromwell line. Though all of Gwyneth's family could practice magic, she and Josie were the most powerful.

The entire family was on their way to celebrate Beltane, a commemoration of the God and Goddess's union. Walking through the patch of woods behind Gwyneth's cottage, Josie was the first to sense it.

“Gwammy? What’s that smell?” She whispered, gripping tighter onto Gwyneth’s hand. Sulfur lingered through the chilly night air.

“Demons!” Julia, Josie’s mother, announced, spotting one in an old oak tree. The Cromwell family came together in a tight semi-circle, the grandchildren sheltered behind them, as three more demons fall from the trees.

“Those damn black-witches,” Frank, Gwyneth’s husband, cursed, seeing them come up over the hill.

“How could they summon demons? And on Beltane?” Mary said, deflecting a fireball one of the demons chucked at her.

Gwyneth ignored the commotion and focused all her power on the banishing spell she was muttering under her breath.

Suddenly an intensely bright light shined into her eyes, and she was sent flying backwards, knocking her unconscious.

When she awoke some minutes later, she opened her eyes and went into a state of panic. She couldn’t see a thing.

“Frank?” she called her husband. No response. Her panic increased.

“Anna? Mary? Julia?” She screamed for her children. Still nothing. The woods were dead silent. No birds, no crickets, no children’s laughter. Children.

“Josie?” Gwyneth cried out, stretching her voice as far and loud as it would go, blindly searching with her hands for the little girl who was behind her only moments before.

Not far from where Gwyneth was knocked out, was four year old Josephina Cromwell. Most of her clothes were

burned off along with half of her body and face, her neck twisted at an awkward angle.

Gwyneth felt all of this with feather-weight fingertips- the horror of it all slowly sunk in.

Tears are falling from Gwyneth’s face once more- tears that were unable to come out that night. She lost everything. The police said it looked like an explosion- everyone was dead- even the black-witch clan that had created it. Leaving Gwyneth. Alone.

Picking herself off the couch, Gwyneth makes her way to the kitchen. How am I going to do this? She wonders, rummaging through her kitchen cabinets. Exasperated, Gwyneth gives up trying to figure out which cans are soup, and decides to make a salad with the vegetables in her garden.

Going out the back door, Gwyneth makes her way to the vegetable garden. While slowly walking over to the fenced in area that holds her prized veggies, she hears voices. Children’s voices.

“Hansel, hurry up!” a young girl’s voice carries over the fence.

“Shut-up Gretel, we’ll hear that fat old witch coming- stop being such a wuss,” Hansel yells back at her.

“I can hear you quite well!” Gwyneth shouts at the children, angry for not only being robbed, but being insulted in her own backyard.

“It’s the witch!” Gretel hisses at her brother, dropping the pile of vegetables she’d collected in the dirt.

“So what? What’s she going to do? Look at her! She’s old and blind!” Hansel taunts, laughing at Gwyneth. Leisurely he

HANSEL AND GRETEL- THE WITCH'S SIDE OF THE STORY (CONT.)

strolls over to where she stands, arms piled high with lettuce, carrots, tomatoes, and corn.

"This is true," Gwyneth concedes, "But you know what you forgot, boy?"

"What?" Hansel asks, his mouth full of carrot.

"I can hear you," Gwyneth repeats, whacking Hansel on the head with the walking stick in one fierce swing. Gretel screams in the background, but all Gwyneth hears is the thump of the stick on the boy's crumpled body.

After a few moments Hansel stops moving and Gretel's screams are reduced to shaky whimpers.

"Now, are you going to come quietly, or do I have to beat you like your brother?" Gwyneth asks Gretel.

"I-I-I'll do whatever you want, just don't hurt me," Gretel whimpers.

"Good- Carry him into the house," Gwyneth commands- the air of a spell in her voice.

Gretel obediently grabs her brother under the arms and drags him back to the house, and into the kitchen. Gwyneth close behind.

"Sit down- Just leave him there," Gwyneth motions to Gretel. She drops Hansel on the ground and slams down onto the kitchen chair. "I'll be right back, so don't move" Gwyneth threatens, walking down the hall and into the living room.

Reaching her fireplace she gradually gets a fire started, and begins chanting a summoning spell for the demon that visited her earlier. Throwing salt onto the small flame to complete the spell.

A loud crack and smell of sulfur erupts next to her.

"Changed your mind, eh witchy?" the demon says, clapping her roughly on the shoulder.

"They're in the kitchen," Gwyneth mumbles stiffly, already walking back toward the two children.

"Oooo Children! Tasty," he says, "Now put them in the oven- they need to be dead before we can drain them of their blood properly."

Gwyneth proceeds to turn on the gas in her stove. At least Asphyxiation will kill them quick and painlessly.

"What are you doing?" Gretel demands, "And who are you talking to?"

"Nothing dear. Now come here," Gwyneth says- power coating her voice again. Gretel slowly rises and walks over to the oven, unable to resist the magic. Hansel quietly begins to stir, unnoticed by Gwyneth.

"Now," Gwyneth commands, "get in."

Gretel, horror stretching over her face, is unable to stop herself from moving towards the oven, the smell of gas already thickening the air.

Suddenly, Hansel pops up behind Gwyneth, grabs her by the shoulders, and pushes her into the open oven.

"No!" She screams, pounding on the door- but to no avail. Hansel and Gretel are holding it shut.

Gwyneth begins to chant a spell to save herself but stops mid-way. If I die, I'll be reunited with my family.

Taking deep breaths of the gas filled air; Gwyneth conjures memories of her family, at peace, knowing that she'll soon be with them again.



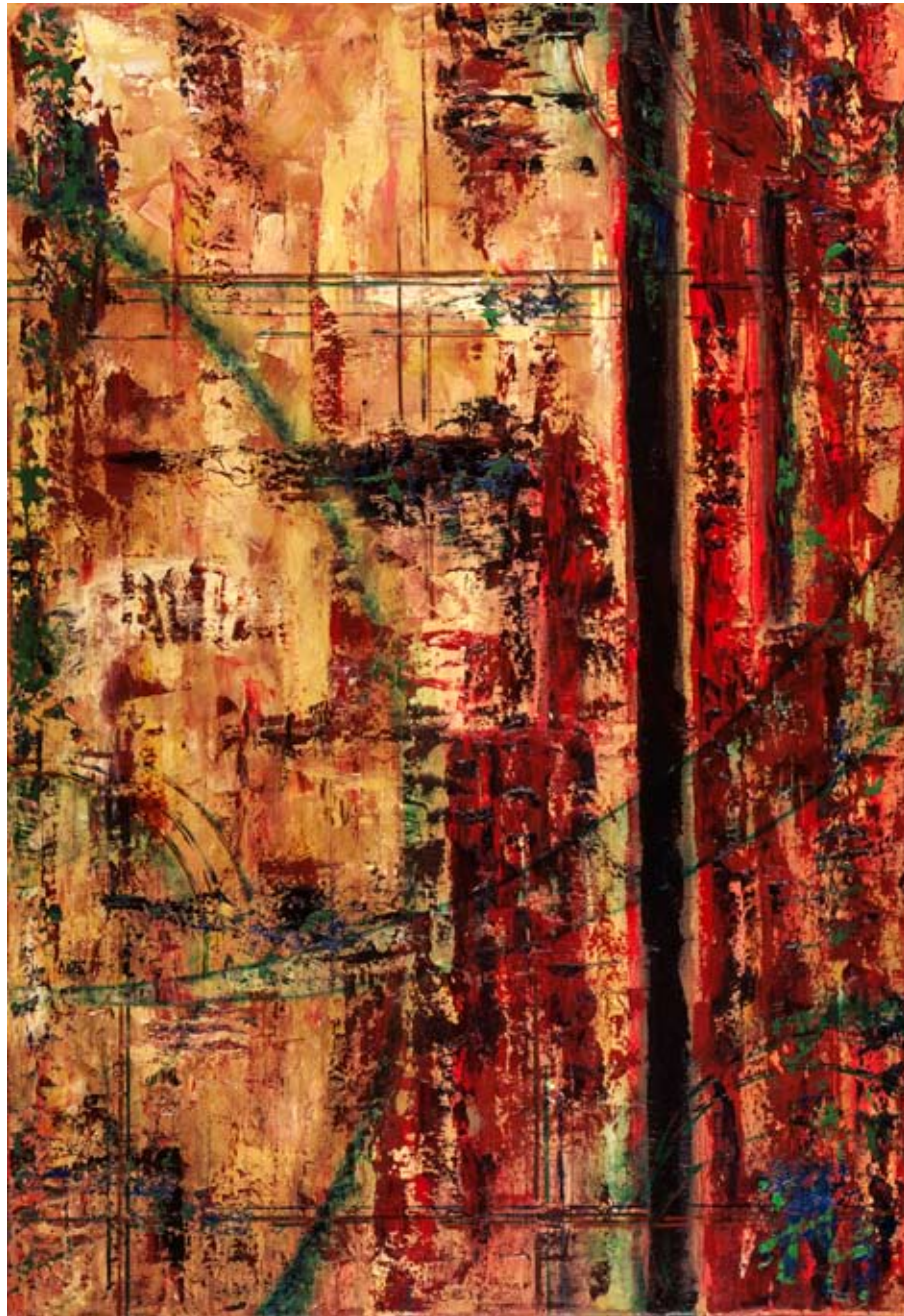
CERAMICS, 6" X 16" X 16"



METAL, 4" X 3" X 2.25"



OIL ON CANVAS, 42" X 28"



OIL ON CANVAS, 32" X 22"

DISTANCE DEVASTATION

You lived in my neighborhood,
The distance was not too far.

I could walk over and see you anytime,
The distance was not too far.

I walked over many times; the directions were simple, left at the stop sign,
right at the next one, fourth house on the left. The distance was not too far.

Sometimes the walks were dreadfully hot; blistering heat suffocating me
with each step
But the distance was not too far.

Sometimes the walks were so cold I couldn't bend my fingers,
But the distance was not too far.

Sometime the walks were snowy, my feet in my sneakers damp and numb,
But the distance was not too far.

It was all worth it to see you and my rapidly beating heart never failed to
remind me as I neared your house,
The distance was not too far.

The park across the street from your house always had shadows that re-
sembled people at night;
I walked home many nights alone in that 2 a.m. silent, motionless, darkness.
The distance was not too far.



WATERCOLOR, 11" X 15"

IX/XI

As I soar across the sky
Looking down upon the land
Hoping to crash and die,

With the mother I will cry
Sinking below the sand
As I soar across the sky.

Buzzing like the lowly fly
Stuck in a web I cannot stand
Hoping to crash and die.

Hidden in the chaos I move so sly
The last lighthouse to be manned
As I soar across the sky.

And as I go I pass her by
A statue that did not banned
Hoping to crash and die.

I look around and ask why
Feeling the fires fanned
As I soar across the sky
Hoping to crash and die.



DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY, 16.5" X 12"



CERAMICS, 20" X 12" X 9"



OIL ON CANVAS, 22" X 22"

WALKING IN SNOHOMISH, WA

The morning mist washes over the Cedars.
Gross Beaks and Sparrows still doze in the trees.
An opaque curtain of gray clouds
shrouds the mighty mountain tops.
It is the birth of a new day,
not yet licked clean by wind, sun, or rain.
Innocence and evil also lie still.
History with its many secrets,
a product of man's fickle will,
waits deep in the ancient forest.
It is the birth of a new day
not yet engraved by men's choices.

BETWIXT

If Nyx
Lies in the mist
Like a kiss
Hidden betwixt
Lovers' crimson lips
Then darkness has been mixed
With bliss
And this
Is not something to be missed
By anyone whose eyes are fixed
On the list
Of mysteries to untwist



OIL ON CANVAS, 36" X 36"



OIL ON CANVAS, 36" X 14"

THE GAME

Welcome back
My once dear friend;
It is hard to keep track
Of the wounds I've had to mend,

Of the lives that you break,
Of the ties you have severed.
There is much more at stake
Than your claim to the last word;

I don't think you realize
The extent of the consequences,
Of all of the lies
You'll pay for your offenses.



METAL/JEWELRY, 5" X 3.5" X 3"

THE MOTH AND THE BUTTERFLY

Caterpillars dream of becoming a butterfly,
asleep in the cocoon till it is time.
However some don't come out so pretty.
We become the moth instead.

The butterfly gets to float freely,
enjoying its life adrift the breeze.
Kids laugh and chase after them,
while I am destined to head towards the flame.

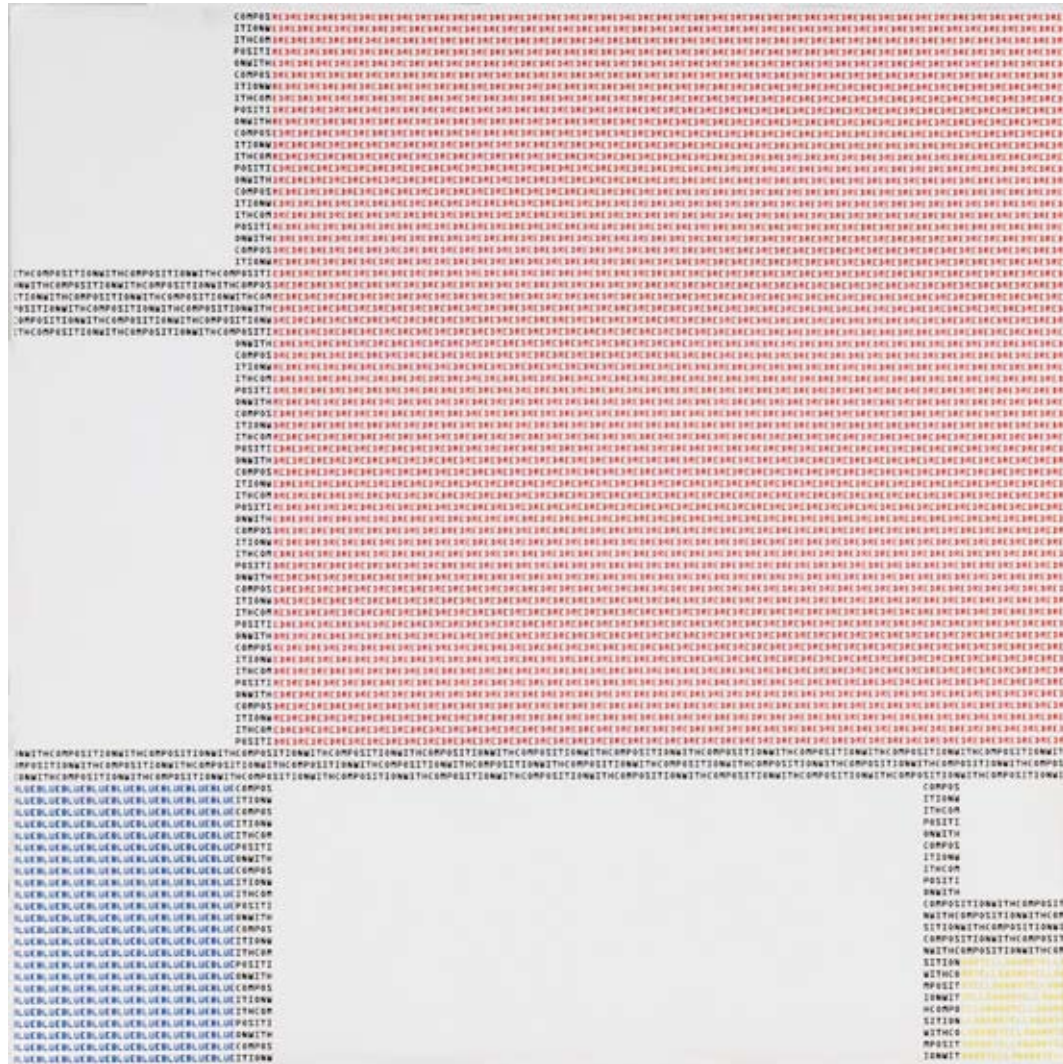
Like the train on its tracks,
I, too, am unable to change my course.
The light ahead grows hotter and louder.
It's time to welcome it with open wings.

I'm scared of how unafraid I am.
There should be tears but instead there's a smile.
The bright warm light covers me like a blanket.
The train echoes and there's nothing more.



MIXED MEDIA, 48" X 36"

Piet Mondrian's Composition with Red, Blue, and Yellow: Novella



DIGITAL PRINT ON CANVAS, 16" X 16"



FOUND MIXED MEDIA, 17" X 38" X 20"

THE BEATITUDES

Happy are those whose hearts are not obsessed
With wealth, those who their poverty embrace,
For in the life to come they will be blessed,
God's Kingdom theirs, with every gift and grace.

Blest those who mourn, for solace shall be theirs.
Blest are the meek, for they shall be earth's heirs.
Blest those whose hearts for righteousness do ache,
They shall be satisfied, their hungers slake.

Those who show mercy, mercy shall be shown.
The pure in heart shall look upon their Lord.
And those who work for peace shall be God's own
Daughters and sons, for great is their reward.

And when, for God's sake, men revile you
Rejoice, be glad, great is your reward too!

SIT AND STARE

At first glance, it's blue and white like the sky;
The eye looks harder as you walk by.
Notice the sign that reads Jordanian International School for Girls.

I stand and stare and see the bars on every window
As the sun sets low the bars cast long shadows
Each shadow covering a girl
Chaining her down.
Preventing any escape to a world different.
Different than the one they force us into—
I have entered this place and I am forced to stay and pay attention.

I Sit and Stare,
Surrounded by four chipped walls.
I see the claw marks:
Claw marks on chipped walls
On desks
On lost and confused souls
Marks of Fear
Marks of Strength
Marks of an Escapee.

I sit and stare at her chalk white skin.
She speaks of the evolution of humanity;
She screams memorization, not understanding.

Sit and Feel the chills of the old building run along
my spine.
One-armed desks rock back and forth,
Forth and back it rocks
Rocking like a crazed mental patient.
I wait for the sound of freedom to ring.

Sit and Stare.
Stare at the zombies around me.
The lost soul next to me shows her skin and hair;
The one across from her covers her hair with a cloth,
black as night.

Sit and Stare.
Sit and Listen to the mindless chatter:
Chatter of Loss
Chatter of Gain
Chatter of Pettiness.

Sit and Stare.



FOUND MIXED MEDIA, 21" X 32" X 17"



MIXED MEDIA, 46" X 28"

COLOPHON

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