

VOICES 2010

MCHENRY COUNTY COLLEGE



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Special Thanks to:

Friends of MCC Foundation
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BEST OF MAGAZINE

Voices 2010 is proud to announce
Awards for the Best of Magazine

Literary:

Laurny Lugo
My Mother's Lullaby

Visual Art:

Sarah Sargent
Mysterious Dreams

Music:

Zach Keenum (Chase This City)
Breathe You In

Film & Video:

Rebecca R. Mensing, Aubrey
Hanning & Daniel Florek
A Day in the Life of Barbie

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



MCHENRY COUNTY COLLEGE LITERARY/ARTS JOURNAL

Voices 2010 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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BELÉN ASHLEY

Sister
ceramics
6 x 9 x 4.5"



BRIAN T. BIESCHKE

Blacksmith's Wife
digital photo
5" x 8"

BAD POETRY

I'll start off with a random thought
 Then describe it with a word I can't pronounce correctly
 And I don't really know what it means
 But it sounds cool.
The skin on my arm felt like a dubious mouse
 Then, I will ramble on...and on...
 And purposely not capitalize my I's
 And spell things incorrectly
 Because I think it makes the reader focus
But a small mouse, one that i do not kno, but it looks meen
 Then comes the army of verbs and adjectives
Its boney, scratchy, dirty, tiny, paws clawed and attacked and mangled my arm
 And then the metaphors
Each nail like a rusty razor blade an old man forgot to throw away after cutting himself on his way home from the war
 And some bad, bad rhyming
It didn't look at me very nice, it looked at me like i was a pizza slice!
 And then some breaking-up of the sentences, and odd punctuation
But...! I wouldn't; let that, mouSS\$\$\$E hurt-"ME"
 After a few paragraphs of tortuous writing, I will end it with a bang...literally...and something that makes no sense at all.
BANG! I shot the mouse that made me skin feel dubious, and now I can see red for the first time.

ARABELLA ANDERSON

Bad Poetry
poetry



ANDREW BOURN

101TY
oil on canvas
50" x 56"



REIDIN DINTZNER

Ocean Walls in G minor
jewelry
5.5 x 5.5 x 5.5"

SIMPLY A KISS

the hummingbird dances on your breath
trying to kiss you thusly,
a peck on your lips, simply;
your eyes flash
your heart trembles
a tear rolls down your cheek

and with that kiss of pure desire
the hummingbird brushes your cheek and flies away;
the tears begin to fall again.

ANDREW BOURN

Simply a Kiss
poetry

FIREFLY VOYEURS

The grey cat's keen eyes spy
them first, those sparks,
here,
 there,
flying through twilight
in ferns and space.
Playing with purpose,
specks of light,
for a second,
flash,
 glint,
hide and seek in the silhouetted
landscape, while we watch their acts
through a thick pane of glass.

*JAN BOSMAN**Firefly Voyeurs*
poetry



ELAINE KADAKIA

Three Figures in Burka
ceramics
14 x 16 x 8"

MR. OLIVER

In studied dress for part to play
On Sunday's sunny summer day

I go to Stonegate Park.

And there upon protected knees
Among the Oak (and other trees)
Minding eye for snakes and bees

I commune with nature.

While along the fragrant balustrade
Side fountain where the children wade
As clouded sun lets shadows fade

I am renewed.

With summer's reassurance here
Leaves green and clean, no pricks to fear
And backdrop for a picture dear

I feel alive.

Not daring to betray this trust
To fill the cycle dust to dust
With each succeeding day I must
Return:

Among the Oak (and other trees)
And minding eye for snakes and bees
Upon my sodden bended knees
In blowing dust and winter freeze
To beg, in final desperation; please

Tell me I am alive.

JEROME WENDT

Firefly Voyeurs
poetry



JEANETTE SERGEL

Man
digital photo
8" x 12"



REGINA LOMBARDO

Morrell
ceramics
27.5 x 10 x 10"

NO TRESPASSING

Take a breath
One, two
One, two
Don't step on
The broken glass.
This forgotten land is your playground.
The rusted swing set
Will launch you
Into the past of this house.

A child's voice
From inside.
You stumble over twisted weeds,
They are prickly and dried,
Decorated with black butterflies,
That follow your golden hair
As you squeeze through the busted doorway

And find a memory
Lifeless
On the floor.

There were children who once lived
Here
Who played on the colorful swings.
The sunlight flickering
On their skin
As they explored this wonderland
They called home.

But you have come
Decades late.
And all that remains
Is a sign:
"No Trespassing"

ARABELLA ANDERSON

No Trespassing
poetry

THE NEW WORLD

The dark abysmal earth that once was a thriving source of life now lies crippled in a distorted decay. The grandest city crumbles before me like a deserted wasteland. Towers have fallen from extraordinary heights to just land on abandoned streets. The city itself is covered in a black haze of smoke and dust so thick that neither the sun nor the moon's rays can penetrate its screen.

All that was, is now gone. The human race struggled for years to achieve greatness only to end in destruction and misery. The American dream perished along with all who scarified for the wars of the past have died for nothing. Their corpses lie before me shriveled and decayed. The bodies soullessly dismembered, revealing the tattered muscle and exposed tissue.

I have seen this before, the destruction of man. The addictive motive to implode the life so graciously given to them, over and over again is nothing less than sickening. Come to think of it, their ability to 'bounce back' is most astonishing. I've witnessed countless deaths ranging from mere suicides to dismemberment, and none of these tragedies ever affect the human race. They themselves may have died but they leave behind their seed, then their seed leads to more seed! A bunch of cockroaches they are...never dying out.

I look upon the broken city from my perched stoop miles away. The rain blows from the east, drenching my cloak and face. The once solid ground begins to soften and engulf my feet. The city's suffocating aroma of death is

stretched far enough from the city to reach me, giving me a thrill of excitement.

I hear a distant cry of help deep within the city. Knowing what I must do, I float from my post with a grace unexplainable. Wet wind attempts to blow me off course with no success. Eventually I land after a moment or two onto a crumpled road just outside of town, the rain stopped only because of the thick, unbreakable fog. Striding toward the call for help, I take in the silent city. Being here many times, I can't recall a time when I couldn't hear a horn blaring. Now I can see charred, damaged vehicles lying still on the road ahead. Somehow the new found silence is a relief.

Reaching the corner of a nearby building the screams of help began to sound like screeches.

As I grow closer I witness a woman cradling a child in her bloody and maybe broken arms. Her hair is white, and not by age but by pure terror. Her face, smeared with dirt and grease, only add to her ghoulish expression. Her mouth is ajar and blood drips, showing her missing and broken teeth.

Her left eye is cut and swollen closed. She looks down at a dead teenager in her arms with the only good eye she had left. The child is maybe sixteen years old; her face is crushed nearly beyond recognition.

The mother of the girl still shrieks as I walk up to her. She can't see me and I know she won't until I make myself known. I circle her, watching her rock frantically back and forth still holding the limp body of her daughter close to

her chest. Studying her injuries I can tell she should have been dead long ago. Why postpone it any further?

I extend my arm, watching the gray, lifeless skin clung tightly to my bones as my hand curls around the innocent woman's shoulder. She gazes up at me for the first time, her face revealing nothing but sorrow. I see that her remaining eye is blue and surrounded by blood stricken vessels swimming in tears. She knows who I am and she knows what I want. It is in this moment that I see the last moments of her life.

She and her daughter were sitting in traffic, arguing about what happened the previous day. This woman had called her daughter things—things she wishes she could take back. In her

anger she looked away from her daughter in the passenger seat and caught a glimpse in the rear view mirror. She saw people running in the streets screaming and flying past their car. When she glanced at the sky and saw the missile she didn't want to believe her eyes. She yelled at her daughter to get out of the car and when the girl was too stunned to move the woman frantically ran to her passenger door and tore her out.

The daughter still wouldn't move, knowing her doom. The mother tried to get the daughter to safety but it was too late. When the missile hit it rocked the entire city. The walls of buildings around them rippled with the impact. Cars flew high in the air crushing people below when they landed. Shrapnel from the collapsing build-

JESSICA TREMPALA

The New World
fiction

THE NEW WORLD (CONT.)

ings cut the woman's eye, causing her to fall on the ground writhing in pain. She screamed at her daughter to run but the girl wouldn't move.

The mother watched her daughter stand there as if time had slowed: her hair blowing as pieces of concrete missed her by inches, the tears that ran from her eyes, the car smashing into her, flinging her hundreds of feet away. She blacked out only to awake to the crushed body of her daughter lying in a pool of blood under the car.

Clawing her daughter out from under the vehicle the woman began to scream. This is how I find her, sitting there, barely able to breathe.

My hand lingers on her shoulder as I take in the memory. I can feel her misery and sadness. This very moment is why no other can take this

life of mine. One must see how the soon-to-be-dead spend their last moments, feel how they feel. It would drive any other insane.

She wants to die fearing that she had nothing left to live for. I am the only one that could release her from her torment.

I take my scythe from my left hand and join it with my right. The woman's eyes linger on me while I pull it back, building my strength. She takes her last breath and shuts her eye, enabling the remaining tears to shed. In this moment I know it is time. Without hesitation I use all my power to rip her once living body from this world, taking her soul in my hands; I cradle her as she had with her child.

In a moment's time, rays of light smash through the dark thick fog on to the woman. So

she would go to heaven, then?

The soul grows warm and is lifted from my arms out of my sight, leaving me with nothing but a feeling of sorrow. Gathering my remaining will, I venture forth.

I walk through the deserted city searching for remaining, lingering souls. My eyes trace the gray stones, broken pillars and shattered glass.

I have no doubt that this new world will be replenished and working like new in no time. Some poor lost soul will find this place and think it has potential. They will raise it from the pit of despair and bring it to raucousness again, into a new world. And I will wait. Because I know that eventually I will see this city again. Exactly like this.

JESSICA TREMPALA

The New World
fiction



ROBERT JORDAN

The Web
digital photo
6.25 x 10"



GLORIA STEWART

Pixelated #1 after Matisse
oil on canvas
48 x 36"



DOMINIKA JUREWITZ

Playground Series –
Organic Chemistry
oil on board
39.5" x 17.25"



SARAH SARGENT
Mysterious Dreams
oil on canvas
12 x 18"



JEANETTE SERGEL

Abandoned Building
digital photo
9" x 14"

ANTAGONIST WITH A KNOB

Anger defines my front door. Through all the years since this door was installed it has brought me nothing but pain and late assignments. Barely held on three hinges, this door is often defeated by any forces of nature: rain, sleet, snow, angry, cell phone-carrying children. The locks are less than sub-standard and the only gratifying quality about this door is that it matches the color of the house it is attached to. The grooves on it lead inward in an upward facing rectangular shape. All stand equal distance from each other: three on its lower half, and three above it that are about four inches shorter. The paint is crudely added, and scratch marks leave faded indentations over it. It creaks in desperate need of oil when it opens with a high-pitched laugh like an old evil witch.

When I was younger, my sister and I often pinched our fingers by accident on this flimsy, easily swinging door. When I would walk outside, a slight stump in between where the Door held its grounding would appear in

front of my foot as I charged out. I would be thrown forward, off balance, and sent hurtling towards the hot and sharp cement pavement. Once I left my backpack inside and forget before I walked out, the Door slamming shut behind me. I stopped to suddenly realize my mistake but it was too late: the Door was shut, locked, and not to open no matter how much I tried. I pushed, punched, charged at it, but nothing worked. It just stood there mocking me with its wrinkled face of scratched paint and torturous kick pad, and a smug, yellow-toothed grin.

Years later, after cold tedious winters of frosty bitter air spilling through, and bugs finding ways underneath it, it found a new way to torture me. I came home after a long, hard day of school to find that the front door was of course, locked. I reached into my pockets to retrieve the keys, and found nothing but my wallet, in my other resided only my cell phone. I took my cell phone from my pocket to call my mom: no

answer. Then my dad: no answer: then my sister: the same. I was infuriated; I had no way, without my keys, of getting behind this behemoth that stood in front of me. The keyhole on the knob was small and narrow. It was a wonder my keys ever even fit inside this narrow hole. Sometimes I did have trouble retrieving them from these jaws of my mighty adversary. This time, unfortunately, I had nothing to feed it to gain entrance to my home. I just stood there, in front of this wooden guard, wondering why this couldn't be one of those times that the door just flew open, or the knob turned even though it was locked as it had numerous times in the past.

I was stranded there, staring at my door with furious rage, memorizing every groove on this poorly painted green monolith of timber. The door just seemed to mock me every second that I stood there in the freezing wind surrounded by snow. With great anger, I was thinking of how to get my revenge. I started throwing heavy snowballs and chunks

of ice at my door. I didn't just want inside; I wanted revenge for years of torment from this silent bully. I threw as hard as I could until my arm got tired. I wanted the paint to chip, I wanted to imagine a humanized version of my door, bloodied and beaten from my mighty snowballs. But it merely stood and took the punishment: chunks of snow and ice formed in circular lumps from the remainder of my snowballs. It was magnificent; the glistening light from the ice and snow sparkled in the sun over this dark green nightmare that decided to cross me for the last time.

As a big finisher, I hurtled my heavy backpack as hard as I could at it. With a mighty thud they collided, releasing snow and papers from my backpack. There was a mess, but I felt better. I began to pick things up, and when I went to put them in my backpack I heard a jingle. Quickly I fumbled through the pockets and my keys emerged from inside my backpack's front pocket. I fed the keys into the Door with great pride and pleasure,

as if to stuff a dirty sock into the mouth of your mortal enemy. I opened the Door slowly, listening to it squeak in agony and pain. I walked inside, threw my backpack to the floor and slammed my defeated foe shut as hard as I could as if to say, "That's Right!"

I stared back at the door from inside the house, never having really looked closely at it from this side before. The design on the door was the same but instead of the infuriating green on the other side, it was a calming and serene white. I began to feel pity for it. It had no eyes, it had no way of knowing it was me who wanted in. I just gave it the most savage beating of its life and it was only doing its job. From this side, there were no scratch marks, no grinning yellow teeth formed from a kick guard—just a simple door, held on three hinges, maintaining its purpose, doing the best it could. From that point on I never fought with it again. I knew why it did what it did, and I respected that. Since then I never forgot my keys either.

BRANDON BROWN

*Antagonist with a Knob
creative non-fiction*

WATER IN ITS FLUID BEAUTY

Gentle waves in perfect patterns
following, then left behind.
Water in its fluid beauty,
shaped by gliding pontoon boats.

Slowly down the peaceful river
lovers take a summer cruise.
Loons swim by and eagles watch,
looking down from tall pine trees.

Rivers know who walked their shorelines
many years before this time.
Brown skinned souls who honored nature;
A people who laid no claim to land.

Gentle waves in perfect patterns,
lovers on a cruise observing
water in its fluid beauty,
shaping memories, shaping lives.

PATRICIA A. HARE

Water In Its Fluid Beauty
poetry



DEBBIE DAUGHERTY

Pond in the Fall
digital photo
7.5 x 10"



KATIE BOYER

*Untitled (foamboard sculpture)
relief
12 x 12"*



ANDREW VADNAIS

Conscious
jewelry
3.5 x 1.5 x .5"

FEMME FATALE

SCENE: *A blonde haired woman in a white silk nightgown sits in front of a vanity mirror. She is gazing blankly at her reflection, when in enters her fiancé.*

WILLIAM: Are you ready to go? What are you doing? *(In an exasperated tone)* We're going to be late!

ELSA: Why do you want to marry me?

WILLIAM: What?! Why are you asking me all of these questions?!

ELSA: *(In a quiet, calm voice)* You didn't answer me. Why do you want to marry me?

WILLIAM: *(soothingly)* Because I love you. You must feel the same if you accepted me.

ELSA: *(She is considering what he has said, meanwhile WILLIAM is patiently waiting for her answer)* You're right, I'm just being silly; my nerves must be getting to me.

WILLIAM: Do you feel sick? I don't understand why you get so nervous about everything. I think you might be displaying symptoms of...

ELSA: NO! I hate it when you go into doctor mode. I would rather see a psychologist who isn't

you or anyone you know. If you really think that I need to see someone, then I want to choose who it is, and only when I'm ready to.

WILLIAM: That's ridiculous!! You know what your problem is; you don't want anyone to help you ever. *(getting really angry)* You're lucky that you have someone like me who's willing to put up with all of your shit!

ELSA: *(in a very quiet voice)* WILLIAM would you please step out of the room. I'd like to finish getting ready so that we can leave. Thank you.

WILLIAM: ELSA I didn't mean what I said, I...

ELSA: *(she cuts him off midsentence, and states firmly)* I need to get ready.

WILLIAM: I'll be waiting for you downstairs.

ELSA is left sitting there. As soon as WILLIAM walks out of the room she begins to cry. From behind the vanity mirror BARBARA walks out.

ELSA immediately pays attention to her.

BARBARA: Stop crying you fool! You look ridiculous. Make him realize just exactly what he has.

ELSA: Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! If you don't leave me alone I'm going to tell him.

BARBARA: Shut up! *(laughing)* You won't tell him a single thing because otherwise he'll find out your secret.

ELSA: *(sobbing)* Leave me alone!

BARBARA: Finish getting ready and do everything exactly how we planned it all out to be. Don't go looking like some mousy little schoolgirl. Here, move over and let me fix your hair, you idiot. No one will notice you if you look like that. And stop CRYING! *Fade to black.*

SCENE: WILLIAM and ELSA enter restaurant.

ELSA is wearing a red dress with a slit that goes a little too high and her hair is done in curls. Everyone stares as they are seated at their table. ELSA is clearly uncomfortable.

WILLIAM: You look very nice. I'm surprised that you even have outfits like these at all. *(stuttering)* No-t that they lo-o-k bad, or anything. *(fumbles with his water glass on the table)*

ELSA: Well, thank you. *(twists napkin)* A friend of mine picked this out for me. I'm going to the restroom—I'll be right back.

WILLIAM: Are you all right?

ELSA: Yes, I'm fine.

SCENE: *ELSA is in the bathroom taking deep breaths and attempting to rearrange her dress. She looks in the mirror and stares at herself.*

ELSA: This isn't me. Why am I even doing this?
(BARBARA enters bathroom)

BARBARA: You are doing it because I said you are. What the hell are you doing in here?

ELSA: *(still taking deep breaths)* I was getting nervous, and everyone...everyone, was watching me...I-I-I, just needed to calm down.

BARBARA: I think I need to take over. You obviously...

ELSA: *(interrupts BARBARA and screams)* NO! I don't want you to hurt him!

BARBARA: *(slaps ELSA)* Shut up! *(Grabs ELSA by the hair and bends her head back to look her in the eyes)* Are you in love with him? Do you love him? Answer me!

ELSA: YES!! And I don't want you to hurt him...
(gasps with pain as BARBARA grips her hair more tightly)

BARBARA: You listen to me. We only want him for his money. Do you understand? Nothing else. So get that idiotic idea out of your head. *(releases ELSA and turns to look at herself in the mirror. Smooths her hair and grins.)*
Fade to black.

SCENE: *ELSA returns to the table*

WILLIAM: I ordered you a sweet tea.

ELSA: Oh, thank you, but I'd rather have something else. Bourbon on the rocks, please.

WILLIAM: *(shocked)* Are you sure that's what you want? Do you know how strong that is?

ELSA: *(short and clipped in her speech)* Of course I realize what it is. I'm the one ordering it.

WILLIAM: Okay, if that's what you want.

ELSA: Will, I want to move our wedding date up.

WILLIAM: What's the big rush?

ELSA: *(leers)* I just can't wait to be able to share everything with you.

WILLIAM: Well, if that's what you want, then it's fine with me.

ELSA: Wonderful! Well, I'm starving let's order.

SCENE: *Upon entering the bedroom, a box wrapped extravagantly in white and gold ribbon is on the bed.*

BARBARA: *(to herself)* Finally, it got here. It took long enough. *(She opens the box and looks inside throwing the tissue paper to the floor)* What a bunch of idiots! What is this?

ELSA: Oh, let me see it. It's perfect it couldn't have been more...

BARBARA: My God, don't get all sappy on me. This dress is horrific, you idiot! This has to be returned—it won't give us the look we want.

ELSA: What?! NO! I love and I can't wait to wear it.

BARBARA, her back straight and her shoulders thrown back, approaches ELSA, who steps away from her.

BARBARA: Shut up. How dare you interrupt me.

ELSA: I'm sorry; it's just that I got carried away with the dress a-and I'm...

BARBARA: Okay, okay *(suddenly soothing)* just stop crying, you're giving me a headache and you know better than to get me mad.

SOFIA GUDIÑO

Femme Fatale
drama

FEMME FATALE (CONT.)

ELSA: I'm sorry. Do you want me to get you an aspirin?

BARBARA: Actually yes, (mockingly) Finally an intelligent idea.

ELSA walks downstairs and gets a glass of water and aspirin. WILLIAM enters and sees her doing this.

WILLIAM: What's the matter?

ELSA: (startled) Oh, I just had a headache, that's all.

ELSA starts to walk up the stairs and WILLIAM watches her go. ELSA stumbles on the stairs.

WILLIAM: Are you ok?

ELSA: I'm fine; I've just been a little woozy lately, a little glazed over.

WILLIAM: Come here and sit down with me. *They sit on the couch and WILLIAM starts asking her questions.*

ELSA: I just (sighs) I just feel like I don't always have control over myself.

WILLIAM: What do you mean?

ELSA: Like someone else...(exasperated) You know what, I don't want to talk about this anymore.

WILLIAM: Wait—why are you getting so upset, it was a simple question.

ELSA: Why are you accusing me?

WILLIAM: Accusing you? Of what? ELSA, I want to help you.

ELSA looks up at the staircase and sees a reflection of BARBARA listening in on the conversation.

ELSA: You know what, I just want to go and rest for a while. I think my nerves are getting to me.

WILLIAM: Wait I want to keep talking about this.

ELSA: Well, I don't.

WILLIAM: Okay, fine, but I just want to make sure that you're alright.

ELSA walks up to WILLIAM and kisses his cheek.

ELSA: I'm sorry, Will. I just want to take a nap.

WILLIAM walks over to his office and takes a book off of the shelf, the book is titled Psychological Disorders and Diagnosis. As he begins to read, "patients with severe trauma can lead to anxiety, nervousness, and depression. In severe cases, the trauma could cause the patient to produce a second personality in order to deal with the issues they are facing. The addition of a personality allows them to relieve

some of the anxiety that they feel."

WILLIAM soaks all of this information in and begins to think about the unusual way in which ELSA has been acting. He decided that at the most opportune moment he will further search his hypothesis and ask ELSA some more definite questions.

BARBARA is watching WILLIAM and when he closes the book she runs up the stairs.

BARBARA: ELSA! You moron. (In a softer voice) I think he's catching on. You have to be more careful. You can't just blabber on about things like an idiot.

ELSA: I'm sorry I'm doing the best that I can.

BARBARA: Sit down, ELSA.

ELSA sits down at the vanity and looks in the mirror.

BARBARA: I want you to tell WILLIAM that you want your name on everything, and when I say everything, I mean everything. Do you understand?

ELSA: But, what if he says no, what if he gets mad, what if...

BARBARA: That is not an option, and you don't

want to know what is going to happen if you screw this up.

ELSA: Okay, okay. I get it.

SCENE: *ELSA enters WILLIAM's office.*

ELSA: I wanted to talk to you.

WILLIAM: Sit down, I'm listening.

ELSA: *(says the following all in one breath)* I thought that maybe we should start getting things done before the wedding and I want you to put my name on all the paperwork as your wife.

WILLIAM: Are you worried about something?

ELSA: Well, yes. What if something happens to you and me? What will we do?

WILLIAM: You know what, you're right, I'll get this all settled.

ELSA: Thanks, and I love you.

WILLIAM: Me, too.

Exit ELSA

SCENE: *Several days later WILLIAM receives a notice that all of the paperwork is in order.*

ELSA: WILLIAM I want you to take the vanity out

of the bedroom.

WILLIAM: Why? You had me order that all the way from Paris.

ELSA: I know, but it just bothers me now.

WILLIAM: I'll be right there.

ELSA runs upstairs to the bedroom, goes in and closes the door.

BARBARA: Is he coming?

ELSA: *(crying)* I don't feel right about this. *(heads towards the door)* I'm just going to tell him everything.

BARBARA: *(In a soft voice)* Even about the accident? *(ELSA stops in her tracks and faces BARBARA)* Are you going to tell him that because of you your little sister died? I doubt he'll be very sympathetic.

ELSA: Stop it! Stop! I don't want to hear you! *(puts her face in her hands)* It was an accident, I tried to tell her that the river was too high to swim. I tried to get her out. I...I...

BARBARA: You let her drown.

WILLIAM grabs the paperwork to show ELSA in hopes that it will cheer her up. At this moment he hears ELSA screaming.

WILLIAM: ELSA! Are you okay? ELSA!!

WILLIAM runs upstairs, when he gets to the bedroom door the screaming stops. WILLIAM enters the bedroom.

WILLIAM: ELSA where are you?

BARBARA comes out from behind the vanity mirror with a dagger in hand.

WILLIAM: What the hell are you doing? ELSA?

BARBARA: I'm not ELSA you idiot! *She stabs WILLIAM and picks up the paperwork, only to read that he left her nothing. BARBARA sits down very calmly at the vanity and looks into the mirror, only to see ELSA staring back at her crying.*

ELSA: Why did you do it?

BARBARA: He left us nothing you fool! Now you'll pay for this mistake. I'll be taking over from now on.

ELSA: *(Screaming and trying to get out of the mirror)* No, no! I don't want to stay locked up in here! I can't!

BARBARA walks away.

ELSA: Come back! Please!

Fade to black.

SOFIA GUDIÑO

Femme Fatale
drama

EULOGY: THE MUSIC IN ME

Hearing melody of promise
cradled in grassy loam,
I first paused upon the brook;
not considering beginnings
but content to the moment;
listening to sweet songs
sung in celebration of being.
The purity of purpose
with beguiling freshness
was my introduction to aquatic captivation.

It was simple and free
That your music came into me.

I went on
and a robin bathed among the bubbles
and dragonflies skimmed the surface
while the sun captured a prism in reflection
of beauty.
As hours drained to days,

pinus grew tall, seasons turned, and forest
flourished.
Deer came and drank deep, and were nourished.

The song was reason to be
and your music touched me.

Onward, scouring ever wider path,
flow found farmers field
and turned turbines to useful and productive time.
The timbre of the lyric deepened
and was overlain
with the beat of management
and percussion of civilization.

With reason and purpose apparent to me
The music was still the beauty to see.

But things came into the waters
dumped dank and dark,

and noisy with destruction,
they spoilt the harmony
and drained the music.
So, slowed in silt
and burdened in pollution,
the treasured brook slid silently
into oneness of the sea.

Now
remembered in a raindrop
hitting my cheek as
a tear from heaven,

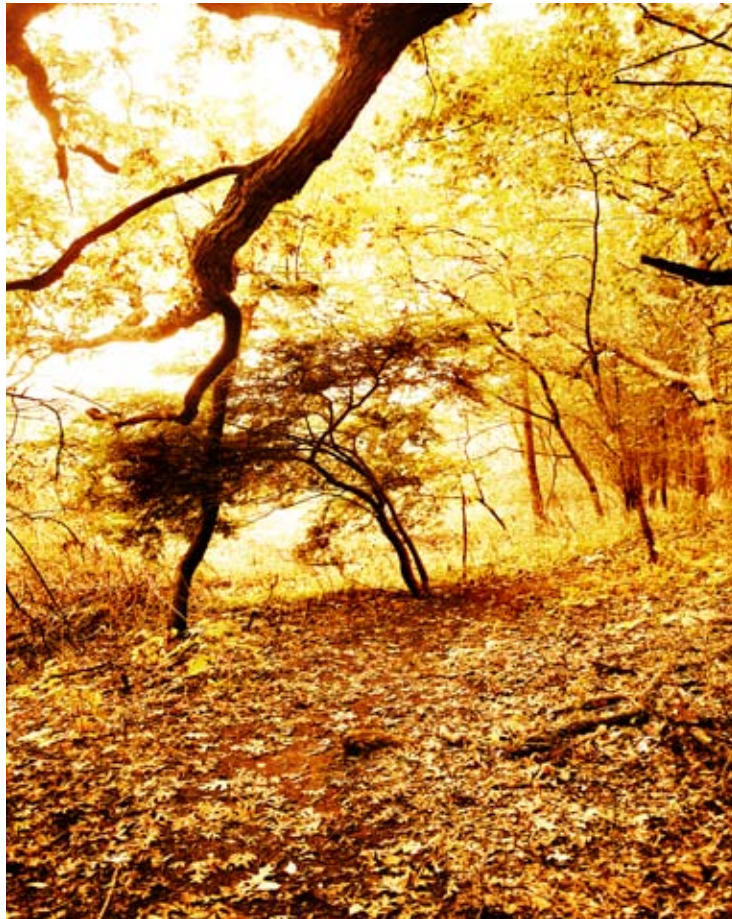
I stand heart in hand:
My brook is gone now that you're free.
But your music, fond friend;
The music is in me.

JEROME WENDT
Eulogy: The Music in Me
poetry



MARY O'MEARA

Bast in Blue
ceramics
24 x 8 x 5"



STEVEN A. SPANO

Golden Gates to Heaven
digital photo
5.25 x 7.75"



MICHAEL GRIEPENTROG

Bones
colored pencil on paper
19.5" x 25.5"

FOREVER

Every living thing has a story to tell. But two-legged humans are rarely able to hear these stories.

Stories told by trees like me.

Recently, I begged Father and Mother Nature permission to tell my story in words understood by people, to use their language. I wanted MY people, the family whom I grew to love, to have the ability to know and love me and my progeny, to spread my words to the world.

Thus it happened. My thoughts and feelings drifted silently on the currents of the winds, embedding themselves in the minds of my people. And they understood.

For many years, this backyard where my Spirit now hovers has been my home. I felt comfortable growing here. This space was mine long before the family came, found this plot of land, and built their house.

At first, I resented the house and the young couple who were responsible for this intrusion upon my space, especially after the huge machine came to dig and dig, coming ever closer to my roots until I suffered wounds.

All that hurtful digging made life difficult for me. Suddenly, I had a full time job sucking nutrients from every speck of rich black soil surrounding my trunk. This constant need to replenish my nutrients was exhausting, but the only choice I had, if I hoped to succeed in nursing my wounded roots back to health. Why for several years after the machines dug, I was unable to produce blossoms and fruit.

This sudden thwarting of my prolific nature caused a great ache in the pulp of my heart. I was childless. No apples dropped from my skimpy leafed branches.

Then, Love bestowed a miracle. As I came to know and love the family, my roots healed - with

their help - and I enjoyed increased health. My green leaves grew lush, and pinkish flower buds formed followed by white clouds of blossoms bursting forth to welcome every spring.

Come autumn I threw ripened red-cheeked apples down to brighten the deep green lawn with yellow color. Watching the family members gather my apples to eat, preserve and bake gave me joy enough to cure my wounded pulp completely.

As I brought forth life so did my family. On hot summer days, the Lady sat under my spreading umbrella of green reading or peeling potatoes. Then one day she sat with her new life, rocking and humming a lullaby to the small wrapped bundle secured on her lap. In that time, her contentment spread and filled me.

Eventually, the child grew and another came along. The two, a Boy and a Girl, became friends and playmates. They romped under my

wide spreading branches, gathered my blossoms to sprinkle in play. Late in the autumn, my fallen fruit was scooped into baskets, distributed to friends and neighbors or laid to rest in compost piles, waiting to enrich the earth... continuing my eternal life-cycle.

When the children grew older, they scrambled up my trunk, each claimed one of my sturdy arms, alternately turning them into horses, castles, boats, places to hide, constantly expanding my purpose in the world.

In time, the children moved on, but always returned home to visit. With every passing year there was something new for everyone to discover, particularly after the Boy and Girl brought children of their own to climb my trunk and settle on my branches.

Finally, the day came when my Lady and Man sprouted heads as white as my head in the season of spring when flowers blossomed.

Then, they were the ones to pick my apples or gather them from the ground. Still they ate and baked and distributed my fruit. They sprayed my branches, keeping me clean of bugs, fertilized my roots for continued health.

One bright day the Lady sat alone in my shade. She smiled at me, sometimes through tears, often touched my trunk with a soothing small hand. We were companionable. I understood her pain.

Once, a Doctor came to inspect a nasty scaly growth that fought my strength attempting to drain my nutrients. But we conquered the invader.

So it went, day after day. Although the Lady and I survived, I felt a weakness overtaking my strong arms. Then Mother Nature soothed my worries with kind words and thoughts. She said that even when life seemed to end, it didn't; rather, it merely changed form. I realized she

was right. Every garden dies and resurrects yearly, the cycle of life completing its circle. So I waited patiently for my circle to close.

Then, on one exceptionally dark night when crackling lightning lit the sky, and thunder rolled, I waited. I felt Mother Nature's gentle presence near me. It was on that night that my circle closed with a flash, completing the cycle.

Now, my spirit hovers, a memory. Still, I observe my seedlings begin to grow. The Lady survives with painful slow movements. Yet, there is contentment and joy flooding the space where I once stood and the Lady now gently encourages my seedling to grow bigger and stronger. She knows that although her time is coming, her great, great grandchildren will one day climb a young apple tree trunk and settle on its strongest branches to imagine a whole different life. The never-ending circle of life will continue. Love will forever nourish new life in this space.

ELAINE J.M. SHAW

Forever
fiction



LYNN LICASTRO

Bronze City
ceramics
7 x 12 x 5.5"

A DAY IN THE LIFE

This morning my hat shelters my ears for warmth
And my amorphous knot of hair from the public eye.

The deep rain shuffles against the roof like the pebbles
That beat the drum of the pavement each afternoon.

Half-conscious stumbling is my current mode of transportation;
Life a starved zombie I blankly wander toward the morning feast
That lies dormant in my jumbled amalgam of a refrigerator.

As I take in the conditioned air after inhaling my breakfast
I slowly gain my daily morning self-realization.
Finally, I sigh—I am mentally conscious, in time for school.

Tight as a crack on the sidewalk, my sneakers shield my feet
From the subtly dangerous, microscopic legions of fire ants
Marching into the wastes of barren grey battlefields.

After what seems like an eternal trek through unfamiliar territory
I begrudgingly arrive at my bleak destination: high school.

The entire series of classes is a half-stirred, messy blur
Like spending the day with foggy eyeglasses
The lectures end as abruptly as they began.

And just as recently as I arrived, I begin my way home
Taking in every inch and eyehole of scenery on the way
Breathing in the fragile autumn air, capturing everything.

I walk as reluctantly as possible in a subtle attempt to avoid obligation
For I do not want this solitary life-filled moment to end.

But as I approach my suburban dwelling once more
Resistance to homebound monotony becomes ever so futile
And I drearily sink into the stale worn cushions of my couch.

The television flickers on and I close the blinds of my eyelids
I just need a backdrop of sound to daydream to—
To make believe I'm part of everyone else's worlds.

ZACH KEENUM

A Day in the Life
poetry



MARY MARIUTTO
Newgrange Excavation
oil on canvas
60 x 36"

EARTHQUAKE IN THE HEART

Out of the pain
The ashes rise
Love and hurt
Coincide

Where does it go
How will it stay;
Does one want
To feel this way

Words are silent--
Not spoken since
Another one
Sought and kissed

Getting through
Another day
With her heart
She had to pay

Seven days
And counting still
Seems like forever
Up that hill.

Harder still
To wait and see
He is there,
And here is she

To fill the void
And lonely pride;
Want and hope
And need collide.

Does he still feel
Will she know?
The truth, the answer
Has to show

Heart pouring out
Into his hands,
Spilling over
Where to land

Earthquake in
Their heart of hearts
Ride it out
Or to part

Trusted and broken
Yearning to be
The I of us
And the me of we.

Hand reaching out
Willing to see
Patience of soul
All that will be.

Love is enough;
Her fear put to rest,
Their hearts together,
Truly and blessed.

JULIE LAGUE

Earthquake in the Heart
poetry



RICK NEUBAUER
Unique Prime 1.2
oil on canvas
48 x 36"



ANDY LECHNER

Desert Flight
ceramics
12 x 8 x 7.5"

CUTTING TIES

I don't mind
That you're cutting ties.
It's normal, right?
It hurts
And it doesn't
It'll heal
And it won't
But what I dread
What I dread
Is seeing you ten years from now.
You'll be thinner or fatter
Taller or shorter
Balder or bearded.
Unemployed or waiting tables
Or running your own business.
Single or married or divorced or
Casually dating.
Living with your old roommate, your mother
Your dog.
You'll be too tan or too pale
Wrinkled or tight faced
Nervous, outgoing, shy, serious
Funny, sweet, rude, stupid, smart, cold
Warm, perfect, weird.
The same.

But different.
And of course I'll be
Taller, thinner, prettier...well,
Hotter.
And famous.
Of course.
But seeing you ten years from now will be a
Lose-lose situation.
Because in ten years
When you're worse off
I'll be sad because you're not as beautiful as you once were
Because in ten years
When you're better off
I'll be sad because I'm not as beautiful as I once was.
So...
Ten years from now, we'll bump into each other on our way to
Work, to get lunch, to catch a cab, a bus, a train,
To a date, coffee with a friend, my mom, your dad,
My co-worker, your boss.
And our chat will be filled with
How-are-you's and It's-been-so-long's, and
We-should-get-together-sometime's.
But when we part, we will do so

Without numbers exchanged.
You'll go your way without looking back
And I'll get this pang in my heart
Because I can't help but think that ten years ago
You cared enough about me to hurt me
But now you don't even care enough
To grab a cup of coffee.
Because I can't help but think that ten years ago
You cared enough about me to cut ties so carefully
But now you don't even care enough
To glance back at me.
So....
You'll leave and I'll b-line for the first
Department store I can see
Filled with a fire fueled fury that is
So unlike me.
When I get inside
I'll find a pair of scissors—
Don't ask me how,
I just will.
And I'll head to the Men's section
And I'll start cutting every tie I see right in half
Until a saleswoman comes up to me

And says I'll have to pay for every tie,
Which is ridiculous because
I can't afford all of these nice ties
I can't afford one of these nice ties
And why would I even buy a tie
I don't wear ties.
And I'll be explaining this all to the woman
When the police show up.
They'll lead me out of the store
And as if by some sick, awful, twist of fate
There you'll be
To witness me
In all my handcuffed glory.
And you'll look at me like
"Well now I know why I broke up with you ten years ago
You're probably a thief, and you're clearly crazy"
And I look at you with pleading eyes and say
"Oh, c'mon, I didn't steal anything, I just cut a bunch of ties in half
And I know that sounds crazy but I'm not crazy
And that's not why you broke up with me ten years ago
Is it?"
And then you'll really look at me like I'm crazy because
You didn't even say anything

I was just...
Imagining it.
And then
After all of those profound feelings of nostalgia and fury
I'll feel the most basic and pubescent feelings of all.
Embarrassment. Shame.
So, you're standing here now.
Breaking my heart.
And it hurts.
Because I know that I could love you
I know that I could be good at it
And I know that you won't let me.
But I hold back tears because...
I don't mind
That you're cutting ties
It's normal, right?
It hurts.
But it will heal.
And if you don't mind
I'd rather not
Rip open an old wound
By seeing you
Ten years from now.

LAURYN LUGO
Cutting Ties
poetry

IMPURE

Impure thoughts brace her mind
Reality slowly settling itself down.
She thought she could avoid the pain
But it slowly drove the poor girl insane;
Seeing loved ones that aren't really there,
Her past seemed like an ugly blur.
Tears seeping down her pale white face
Loud and lustful music set the pace,
The vodka settled comfortably against her delicate breast,
A bottle of prescribed painkillers spilled on the floor,
Next to some tattered photographs from her past.
Razor blades left on the antique dresser
Her once radiant black hair, now ratty and dull;
Breathing increases as she mourns on the past
His full lips pressed against hers,
Skin touching, bodies aching for more of this guilty pleasure,
Time freezing—only for them does everything stop.
Her once youthful and delicate body, now a pasty white.
Daydreaming comes to a painless stop as the empty pill bottle
Drops.

*KATELYNN HELLBERG**Water In Its Fluid Beauty*
poetry



KRISTINA FRENCH

Self Portrait
oil on canvas
36 x 36"



KENDRA TRAUTH
Weathered Vessel
ceramics

CAREGIVERS

You enter into the Labyrinth of Medicine
through giant sliding glass doors,
automatically opening, accepting, assessing;
the gateway to Wellness-Land.
You pick a wheelchair from a line in the lobby;
they sit like girls at a dance, backs turned,
shyly waiting to be chosen.
You are here to surrender your charge, for a time,
to the cool steel and warm hearts
of modern medical technology.

You drive the chair with your mother,
your sister, your child, your spouse,
down long, quiet corridors.
Rubber wheels squeak on shiny floors
amid hushed conversations
and life or death decisions.
This hospital, any hospital, all hospitals
display the same floor plan, different décor.
Like patients: the same skeleton under
different skins.

You walk into the chemotherapy room;
a long line of recliners circles the walls
each with its own I.V. stand of chemical cure.
Puffy cushions at the ready
to comfort fragile bodies and souls.
They are all gunslinger seats;

backs to the wall, facing the door,
ready for a fight.

You sense Death in this place,
resting gently on the floor
like morning ground fog, hovering,
ever vigilant, for the unwary,
the discouraged, the resigned.
Death is routinely beaten back by nurses,
a determined army in Hello Kitty combat gear;
soldiers of the greatest war,
even more vigilant.
"Oh, no," they say. "Not today, not on my watch.
Take my hand, I'll pull you through.
Everyone who walks in, will be walking out again."
One day closer to normal.

You wander the halls on breaks,
when your patient is chatting or sleeping
or just tired of you looking at them.
A restless spirit of wellness

in the world of the sick;
exploring this haunt away from home.
You know chapels and cafeterias,
every vending machine
on every floor of five hospitals.
The empty passageways are full of life lessons:

Family makes you rich.
Kindness is king.
Ice cream can be an oasis.

You see new faces arrive, hoping for
an answer.
Unmarked by the experience for now,
frightened, overwhelmed.
"This could go well," you want to say.
"This can end happily.
After pain and nausea and torture,
you can leave here empty and depleted
but ready to be filled up with life, again."
You say only, "Good luck."
As if, among the interferon and isotopes,
Fortune still has sway.

You know a silver bell hangs by the door,
rung by grateful sojourners
when treatment is done.
"Finished! Never to return," it sings.
You don't touch the bell
but the sweet sound of freedom
rings for you, too.

SUSAN SAWICKI

Caregivers
poetry

MY MOTHER'S LULLABY

When I was seven, I wanted to be the Beatles for Halloween. Not John, not Paul, not George or Ringo. ALL of them. The whole band. Even then, I knew it wasn't really possible, but I just couldn't let the idea go. And neither could my mom. That year, when I went trick or treating, I took up the whole sidewalk. My feet were the legs of The Beatles' drum set, and flocked on either side of me in all their cardboard glory, attached to a pole that was once our kitchen broom, were cutouts of John, Paul, George and Ringo, dressed to perform. Not bad for a single mom, huh? Contrary to popular belief, I was not a complete Mama's boy...but I was and always will be, my mother's son.

It's Sunday. And it's raining. We're playing Scrabble in a castle made up of couch cushions, chairs, and bed sheets. Mom says that

doing anything on a rainy day except making a fort is a waste of time. When I spell the word 'Daddy' she looks at me with sadness in her eyes. "Fischer, do you miss your Dad?" I shrug and say that you can't miss what you never had. She smiles, but the sadness stays in her eyes. Even when she ruffles my hair and says, "You're too smart for a ten year old. Triple word score," I think about my dad, who I've only seen five times in my whole life. On my next turn, I spell 'Jerk.'

That night, we sleep in the fort, but I wake up screaming from a nightmare I can't remember. My mom holds me. I only sleep because I hear a lullaby in her heartbeat.

On the day I turn thirteen, my mother tiptoes into my room, which she does most mornings, and she sits on my bed, which she does most mornings, and then she taps

my forehead with her finger and says "Fischer Man. Fish Sticks. Fish N' Chips. Wakey, wakey," like she does most mornings. My eyes open to see my mom smiling, eyes twinkling, hair falling in her face, over me. "Happy Birthday, Kiddo." She gives me a journal. I've been writing a lot, on napkins and scratch paper. She's noticed. "I know it's not much."

"It's plenty," I tell her, kissing her cheek. On the inside of it, she's written me a note. She's signed it, "Live On, Love On, Write On."

I'm fifteen and permanently, sickeningly...horny. I'm dreaming of Zoë Carlton, the prettiest girl in my freshmen class. In my dream she's sauntering up to me in a low cut shirt that would make Pamela Anderson jealous. "Oh Fischer," she moans, "I want you to take me to Homecoming. Ask me. Ask me now!" I lean against a locker and say, "Oh, I don't

know babe. I'm thinking about going stag." She presses against me. Hard. "Please no. Fischer, Fischer, Oh Fischer..."

"Fischer man. Fish Sticks. Fish N' Chips, Wakey..." I sit up in my bed and pull my blanket over my...excitement. "Mom, get out!" She reels back, as if I've slapped her. "Just wanted to know if you wanted some breakfast." I move away from her. "No. I gotta get ready for school." She stares at me. I avoid her gaze. "What, do you want to dress me?" I've never talked to her this way before, and although I can tell it hurts her, I enjoy it. My teenage rebellion has kicked in and I like it. It makes me feel like a real guy. It makes my mom leave the room.

I'm sitting in math class when I get called to the principal's office. I'm pissed. Three months into the year and I'm already taking a

trip to the principal's office. When I get there, the principal is standing next to Mrs. Patterson, my best friend Kyle's mom. They tell me there's been an accident. I'm excused from classes and Mrs. Patterson drives me to St. Paul hospital. When she pulls up to the front doors, she asks me if I want her to come in. I say no thank you as I leap out of the car, run through the sliding doors and I slow down at the nurses' station to ask for my mother's room. I run as fast as I can, and nobody stops me. Nothing stops me until I turn a corner and...my father is standing there. And all of a sudden he's pulled me into his arms. And I just want to hit him, and hit him, until he stops touching me, and crying, and saying he's sorry over and over and...

"Sorry for what?" He pulls away to look at me. "Sorry for WHAT!?" Pain paints his face.

"Fischer, your mother is..." I push him and run down the hall, screaming "Mom! Mom! Where are you?! Mom! Answer me!" For a second I can swear I hear her heartbeat, leading me to her. I run until I get to a room with an empty bed. And then I can't hear it anymore.

It's been three weeks since the funeral. Closed casket. One more chance to not say good-bye. Living with my dad is okay. I don't love him yet. I don't even think I like him yet. But he lets me call him Jeff and he knows when to leave me alone. I can't sleep. Haven't slept since she died. I want to, but every time I close my eyes, I see her face when I snapped at her in my room. I think—no, I know—that if I can just hear, feel her heartbeat, feel her lullaby, then I'll be able to sleep. I go to the cemetery, and I find her head stone. I lay above her, my ear to the ground. I pray to hear the lullaby, and I feel like I'm in some twisted,

LAURYN LUGO

My Mother's Lullaby
fiction

MY MOTHER'S LULLABY (CONT.)

backwards, version of "The Telltale Heart." I lay there for three hours before I give up and go home.

It's Sunday. And it's raining. I try to make a fort, but it won't stay up.

I found my mother's heart. I couldn't hear her in the cemetery because her heart wasn't there. She was an organ donor, and I found the woman that has her heart. A lot of crying on a nurses' shoulder got me a name and an address. Jeff says I shouldn't do it. He says I'm going crazy from the lack of sleep. But I'm clear headed. And I'm going.

Lisa Howard is not what I expected. When I knock on door 25B in the Lockton apartment complex, a young woman, about twenty-four, opens the door, smoking a cigarette. She wears a long, oversized shirt with Jim Mor-

ison on it. Her hair is dyed Ronald McDonald red, and she seems...aggravated. "What?" she snaps at me. I'm immediately flustered.

"You, you're Lisa, right? Well, I'm, I'm Fischer and...you have my...I need to feel your..." "Spit it out kid!" She yells.

"You have my mother's heart and I need to feel it and hear it otherwise I'll never sleep again." Her hand flies to her chest. To her heart. We stand in silence for a moment, and her eyes go dark. A tear slides down her cheek. She brushes it away angrily and then suddenly I am face to face with her door. I lean against it and I can hear her breathing. "Please," I beg, "I didn't get to say good-bye. I didn't get to say I was sorry." My voice cracks. "I need her lullaby." I stand there for forty-five minutes before I give up and go home.

It's Wednesday and it's raining. I ditch school and I build a fort while Jeff's at work. The fort

stays up this time. I'm playing Scrabble with myself when the doorbell rings. I go and open the door. "Lisa." She stomps a cigarette out. She seems nervous. "Hey, um, Fischer, right? Do you, uh, mind if I come in? That cool?" I let her in and offer her a drink. She wants a beer, but all I have is Sprite. She settles for that, and I invite her into the fort. We're both too anxious to do anything but make small talk and play Scrabble. When I spell the word "Mother," Lisa looks at me, her green eyes filled with pity. "Ya know, she feels beautiful. Was she beautiful, Fischer Man?" I don't answer her because I'm too busy bursting into tears. After a few minutes, she takes my hand and puts it on her heart. "Stop crying," she says. "Listen." I choke back my sobs and lean into her. At first, there's nothing. But then I hear it.

That night, I sleep.

LAURYN LUGO

My Mother's Lullaby
poetry



GABI SPARACIO

Tea-Time with a Twist
ceramics
10 x 8.5 x 4.4"



WYATT GOINS

Shichi
digital photo
5.25 x 7.75"



MARJORIE SYCHOWSKI

Night Train
oil on canvas
36 x 24"

THIS IS NOT MATH FOR POETS

This is not math for poets

my algebra teacher spoke to us.

--No sir, it is not, but
what is then?

Math for poets is metrical feet,
that an iamb is made of the subtle and unsubtle.
That a couplet is a lonely thing.

It is the infinite sky above us.
It tells the sun to be a perfect circle
and the moon to be its quiet companion.

It is the five uneven points of the maple leaf
and the hidden structures beneath the bark
connected and coordinated.

It is the symphony of chemistry that exists
within us

and external to us, but bound to us
and binding us.

It is the irrationality of pi,
the Möbius strip ever turning in on itself,
the endless repetition of the fractal image.

It is in the strains of toccata and fugue
and the phasing of two blinking lights,
the rhythm of rain on long standing puddles.

Poet's math is the skein of geese in a 'v' overhead.
Hundreds of them together.
Separated but flying as one; enormously finite.

Yes, this is math of poets.
It is the largest and smallest of things
all gathered in the center of oneself
balled up, rolling away
and covered in ink.

TOMAS MEDINA

*This is not math for poets
poetry*



SYNDI SIMON

Peek.a.boo
digital photo
6 x 9"



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