Miscellany

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Submissions
The American Heritage Dictionary defines art as “the conscious production or arrangement of sounds, colors, forms, movements, or other elements in a manner that affects the sense of beauty” and “human effort to imitate, supplement, alter, or counteract the work of nature.” If your work fits either description, please submit to the Miscellany Magazine of the Arts in the future. And if your work doesn’t fit either description, please submit anyway. Expand your definition of art and society’s definition of art. For more information on submission guidelines for art and literary works, please come by the Miscellany office, room 2015 on the second floor of the Williams Center.

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Lying on my back in dreams, I watch the silver-winged fish, Roy F. Powell

Spring 2009

Magazine of the Arts
In Drawing II, our assignment was to find an artist we liked and create a piece that was inspired by them. I chose a local guy from Savannah named Ligel. His work is very vibrant and typically incorporates an abstraction of music and people. The main aspect that appealed to me was his way of using simplicity of shapes and lack of intricate details.

Adam Pace  
Music Tribute  
Medium: Sharpie & watercolor pencils  
Dimensions: 25.5in X 19.5in

In the painting "Dance," I wanted to let the material narrate the subject matter. The folds of the canvas permanently freeze the dancing figures.

Elizabeth Debbann  
Dance  
Medium: Mixed Media  
(canvas, acrylic paint, stain, wood)  
Dimensions: 34in X 19in
Guitar Brown

Lauren Mcswain
Guitar Brown
Medium: Digital Photography
Dimensions: 11in X 7.5in

Tectonic Configuration

Mikey Winsor
Tectonic Configuration
Medium: oil on wood
Dimensions: 32in X 24in
ARTIST thoughts

It was taken in Paris while I was studying photography this past year. All over the city, I was surrounded by love and the difference in their ideas of PDA versus the American view. Hence, I made that my research topic for the semester. I actually stood there for over an hour, watching this couple make-out while I waited for the metro to come, making the perfect frame for the couple in love.

Victoria Ivey
Amour de Metro
Medium: Digital Photography
Dimensions: 7in X 5in

This work was inspired by a haiku poem.

OPEN SOUL TRIPTYC

Danielle Maskery
Open Soul Triptic
Medium: Digital Photography
Dimensions: 9.5in X 17in
**Drip**

In "Drip," I wanted to show the emotion associated with receiving a piece of disappointing news. I really wanted to leave the brush strokes and drips of paint exposed to further portray this emotional scene.

Elizabeth Debhan
Drip
Medium: Oil on canvas
Dimensions: 18in X 24in

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**Enlightened Path**

My series began as a study of how humans apply our imaginations to daily life, but quickly changed directions, etched by another’s hands. “Enlightened Path” represents the fusion of my spirit and my imagination going on to enlighten my path, showing my focus on faith.

Steven Roberson
Enlightened Path
Medium: Chalk Pastels
Dimensions: 48in X 36in
Mirror Self

Steven Roberson
Mirror Self
Medium: Chalk Pastels
Dimensions: 18in X 23in

Fair Light

Lauren Mcswain
Fair Light
Medium: Digital Photography
Dimensions: 11in X 7in

Mirror Self reflected on my spiritual-self. It also expressed my immediate reaction to this sudden transformation of perception.
Repackaging Design started as part of a series, and the idea behind it was that design does not only come from a computer, but everything around you. I chose the camera lens because I cling to that thing like a first unborn child, and that is what helps give me inspiration for my designs.

Victoria Ivey
Repackaging Design
Medium: Illustrator, photography
Dimensions: 11in X 17in

Mikey Winsor
Coffee Maker
Medium: Oil on panel
Dimensions: 33in X 24in
Literature
Blind, But Still Searching

Amy Dexter

My eyes told me today
They’re leaving me
They say there are better things to do
Like watch the constant news
But, I’ll let them be
For twenty-years they guided me

I’ll nurse the empty sockets
And I know you won’t mind
Finally, now, you’ll say you love me
And I won’t see the insincerity
That floods the room each time

DO YOU REMEMBER ME

Quacherra Mason

Taken aback by distant memories
I can see your face in my mind
And I wonder…
Do you remember me?
I was a child when I was stripped away from your grasp
And my heart was shattered in a million pieces
Like broken glass
And I wonder…
Do you remember me?

Even when I was young I took a vow of love
And my heart pumped out more than just blood
Each beat was a promise to never let go
And every pump was a declaration of the depth it goes
And I wonder…
Do you remember me?

Do you remember my touch, my hold, my grasp
Do you remember my face, my smile, and my laugh,

I remember your eyes and how they pierced my soul
And they spoke volumes of words that I didn’t even know
I knew at that moment id never let go
But still I wonder…
Do you remember me?
"The Frog Pauper"
Clark Campbell

I look down to the back of my hand.
Like an anvil under the sheet,
I am struck by what I find.

Breaking skin blooming upwards by,
For now, tiny measures.

It’s just the one, at the moment.
But I’ve seen it before and know its message.
They are coming back.

And I am going back
To where I should belong.

Webbed hands and lily pads,
You relieved me of them with a kiss.
But I see how the spell works now.

Temporary magic from a temporary love,
The effects are starting to wear off.

So I retreat to the edge of the pond and wait,
Staring at the backs of my hands,
Knowing it’s only a matter of time
Before I hop back under the surface
And hope for another adventurous maiden to swing by.

Insignificance
Matt Menefee

Lying on my back in dreams,
I watch the silver-winged fish,
Streaking across the cotton-laden skies,
Contrails dissect the heavenly floors,
Monuments of man’s progressions,
Written in invisible ink.
Fallacies of permanence,
Cleansed pure by the restless hands of time.
The donkey, speckled with mud and slashes of seeping wounds, lies on her side in the hard-falling sun. Eyes wide, yellow, glassed over and thick with film; tongue curving into the mud. Mud webs her long eyelashes together. Dirty water fills one nostril. Her teeth are splayed, dark yellow at the roots, growing whiter as they climb out of her spotted gums like bones climbing out of their graves.

The boy squats in the soup of earth bulging between his toes. He tilts his wide-brimmed straw hat forward just above his sweat-dewed brows as the sun cooks off the last of the morning fog. Steam twists up from puddles all around him, fading into nothing.

Behind him the screen door slams shut. He hears boots clop on the front porch, then the wet sucking sound crossing the yard, the soft thud of soles landing like teeth sinking into soft flesh. The boy looks over his shoulder at the man standing behind him, a black shape rimmed with a rind of sun.

Yellow flies dart on the swollen, scarred belly of the donkey. They scatter as the boy traces his thumb along a vein standing out from the flesh, full of still-warm, clabbered blood. It branches out, becomes two.

“They look like the rivers in the front of your Bible, daddy,” says the boy. “The ones that come out of the Garden of Eden.”

The man walks around the donkey, looking at the jagged flaps of flesh, crusted with cooling blood, the throat a gnarled bramble of meat. Sets of tracks form loose constellations around her in the mud.

“They look like the rivers in the front of your Bible, daddy,” says the boy. “The ones that come out of the Garden of Eden.”

The man turns and runs for the barn, slinging mud from his boot-heels. The boy falls back, sitting in his overalls in the mud. He draws back his hand.

The man peels back the stomach-skin like a funeral shroud from the folded-legged body, its face and neck thick with mucus. They pull it from the womb, scraping off what is not needed, taking off their shirts to wipe the things that have kept it alive away from its face so that it may live.

The boy cradles its head in his arms while the first sputtering breaths wrack its body. Its nostrils flare. It grins, rolling back the now articulate lips, barring the new teeth, the gums pink and spotless.
Hamsters on the wheel
Rachel Rozier

Perhaps a window in a different room
Will let in the light that you long for.
In here the light is sad and poor,
In the next room it’s high noon.
The window is open, the breeze is cool,
The dust is blown off the floor,
But hurry time is running short.
Soon all that will shine is the moon.

But there is never enough time
To make it all the way down the hall.
It is impossible, try as you might,
To get to the sun before the night.
You start out large and then get small
As you try to make it down the hall.

Chain
Erica Lasalle

The chain link is cool in my hands,
the same stuff they use for dog choke chains. A key ring attaches two ends
to make the bracelet. I toss it from hand to hand. It plops into my palms
in tiny mounds until it’s warmed.
The metal smells like money, nickels
maybe. It’s the only bracelet I have
that won’t fall off my tiny wrists. It
is aging, chunks of the metal falling
off to expose the dull material
underneath like paint chipping off a
wall. I squeeze it on, dragging it over
my thumb slowly before I get it.

He made these bracelets for all his
punk rock friends in San Francisco. I
only was visiting for the summer, and
he was a friend of my cousin’s.

“Here, I made one for you, too,” he told
me, dropping it into my hand.
I went back to California four years later.
I saw him again. He wasn’t wearing his
bracelet. We were in college now. I
slipped mine off behind my back and
balled it into my back pocket before
hugging him again.
Mine
Clark Campbell

I do not have an ethnicity.  
I do not have African, Hawai’ian, or Irish blood in my veins.  
I have them all,  
And then some.  
A little piece of my parents  
And their parents  
And their parents  
All live in me.  
do not have my father’s eyes.  
They are still firmly attached to his head.  
My eyes are mine alone,  
Different parts from different people mixed together in me,  
For me.  
do not take from them—  
They give me freely their use.  
These elements have been assembled so that whose pinky mine resembles is Inconsequential.  
It is my ancestors’.  
It is my parents’.  
It is mine.

Drowning
Quacherra Mason

Lay me under water  
Slowly losing breath  
The water cries the tears  
U can’t see upon my face  
I refuse to resurface  
Id rather lay still  
Take one last breath  
And pray I make it in  
Bubbles rising to the top  
Just as they did when I was a kid  
But instead of blowing with all my might  
I try to hold them in  
Every emotion at bay  
Sinks to the bottom  
Just as I am  
Every feeling is forgotten  
Skin shrivels like my life  
Saturating my sorrows  
If I lay under the water to day  
Can I forget about tomorrow  
The water of my life  
And I lay in the tub of sorrow

ARTIST thoughts
Clark Campbell
I didn’t want to put myself in a category — that’s what inspired this poem.

ARTIST thoughts
Quacherra Mason
I don’t have a lot of pre-planning. I just sit down and write.
“How’d you get that?” he asks me over the loud buzz of the tattoo gun below my right hip.

I look down at the long, horizontal scar just above his work. It’s pink and shines slightly under the light.

“I know. It’s so horrible and big. It looks like I had a damn C-section, but it’s just from when I had my appendix out when I was nine.”

The gun vibrates in his tattooed hand. The letters on his fingers are faded and tinged just slightly green. The needle is a blur, dragging and drilling short, quick strokes into my skin, which is pulled taut between his thumb and forefinger.

“No, I could tell it wasn’t big enough for that,” he says, leaning into his work. He bears down rapidly, back and forth against my skin. The humming gun sinks deeper. I feel my legs tense and I inhale, quickly looking up at the white ceiling. I scan the room from this position, lying on the padded bench. I find an enormous orange nylon butterfly, watching me from the corner of the ceiling.

“I hate it,” I say.

He stops, looks up at me and says, “I wouldn’t throw you out of bed for it.”

“Mommy! I need to go the doctor!” I scream, writhing on the floral comforter of my bed. I curl, uncurl, roll on my side, onto my back, never pausing in any position.

She and my father stand side-by-side in the doorway. My delicate Italian mother barely reaches my father’s bicep, which he has wrapped around her shoulder, pulling her close.

“What’s wrong with her?” he asks quietly, watching me moan and cry.

“I don’t know! I thought she had the stomach flu. She’s been throwing up all day but it’s just getting worse,” she says. “We’d better take her in.”

My mother nods. “Ok, let’s go,” she says and wipes her eyes.

“Tasty’s going to be my operating assistant today, okay?” the doctor tells me from behind his blue surgical mask. “Okay,” I sit up on the table to see. The nurse gently pushes me back down. “Is he going to be close to me?” I ask.

“Yeah, he’ll be right here on the counter,” he says. “See? We’ll give him this stuff to wear.” He places an identical mask on Teddy, followed by two blue scratchy hospital socks, the same I was wearing.

I look at Teddy. He looks ready.

“He can hold my beeper too,” the doctor says, placing it in Teddy’s lap. He turns to the nurse and nods.

“What’s your favorite subject in school, sweetie?” she asks.

“Recess! But I don’t think that counts. I guess it’s English because I like reading a lot but I also like Social Studies even though…”

“Ok, Erica, I’m going to need you to count backwards, starting from ten, ok?”

Easy! “Ten…”

***

I slowly rise into a foggy consciousness. I’m aware of my thoughts, but they are immediately interrupted by unfamiliar voices that sound as if they are underwater.

Someone says, “Everything went great. She’ll wake up in a few hours.”

I start to drift back to sleep when I’m pulled in closer by the sound of my dad’s voice, then my mom’s. Something’s wrong. Something is very wrong. I’m in excruciating pain that’s not
When the Horses Are Gone
Jordan Fennell

The saddle hangs from a rafter in the warped barn by a length of twine. The twine is tight-woven, blonde as horsehair. I peel back the tarp, smell the bound-up age of the leather rush out and fill the barn like a drop of blood in a water trough. I see red leather straps, wandering stitches crossing and re-crossing the tanned hide. The steel buckles, thick-tarnished, clink and rattle like a wind-chime when winter rips through the gaping barn slats. Scratches deep as bite-marks trail down the side. Holes where lost ropes tie. Hoops of stirrups, dangling like earrings. A thorn clings to one of them.

Look, it’s a fact. I can guarantee you with absolute certainty I am going to get a tattoo," I say, struggling not to smile. "Erica, we’re eating," my mom says quickly, glancing at my father. "I just want you to be prepared for it," I say. "We don’t have to be prepared for anything," she says, scooping her mashed potatoes, “because you are not getting a tattoo!”

I already have one! “I saw a girl with a tattoo today,” my dad says, still eating. “She was leaning over at Home Depot and had a tattoo on her lower back.”

“Mine’s going to be in discreet place that won’t affect jobs…”

“Every time I see a girl with a tattoo, I know she’s a slut.” I instinctively grab at the waistband of my pajamas pants on the right side. It is pulled up sufficiently, but I tug it up more. “We are not going to keep talking about this,” he tells me. “Let’s talk about something that could actually happen.”
Roy F. Powell Awards for Creative Writing

Named for the first creative writing teacher at Georgia Southern and founder of the Miscellany Magazine of the Arts, the Roy F. Powell Awards for Creative Writing are offered to encourage and recognize excellence in creative writing. There are three categories of the award: Poetry, Fiction, and Creative Non-Fiction. The winner in each category receives a cash award of $50.00, a framed award certificate, and recognition at the University’s Honors Day ceremonies. In addition, the winning entries are published in the Miscellany. Creative Writing faculty in the Writing and Linguistics Department select the three winners from submissions to the Powell Award contest, which is open to all Georgia Southern University students, both graduate and undergraduate. Guidelines for submissions are available at the Writing and Linguistics Department.
I could tell Danny was a little prick during Orientation. I would be in the middle explaining all the complicated legal issues for baggage checking and he’d roll his eyes, flip his stringy greasy black hair and drum his fingers on the desk. Then he’d pull out his pack of cigarettes and tap them real loud to signal he needed a smoke. I was running Orientation, not this little shit. I knew he’d be trouble.

You see, most people never set out to work at the airport these days. We all kind of just land here. I wanted to go into business, get an MBA. But Linda got pregnant in college and we had to downgrade. It’s just life. I see it on everyone’s face during Orientation. We get college students, high school drop outs, old timers. We’ve had actors and musicians come through. You know, waiting for the big break. The artistic types usually don’t last long. I didn’t think Danny would; he said he was a painter.

Three months after Orientation Danny gets brought into my office. His hands are shaking like rattlesnakes and instead of sitting in the chair like a normal person Danny has to put his feet on the seat and sit on his ankles. His eyes were puffy too. He’d been crying.

“I’m gonna sue all you TSA motherfuckers! This shit’s not funny, man!” He says.

“Calm down, Mr. Arturo.” I tell him.

“Fucking bullshit.”

“I said calm your ass down!” Sometimes you’ve gotta be firm with the artsy types, “Now, Danny, tell me what happened.”

I pull out his file and a legal pad to take notes but I have a feeling I already know what he’s going to say.

“You tell me what happened,” Danny says, “I don’t know what the hell’s going on.”

“Start at the beginning.”

Earlier this morning Danny took his break at the Cinnabon shop on Concourse One. There’s a girl behind the counter, Tori, who first called in the harassment complaint. The two talked for a few minutes, I can assume some light flirting was exchanged, and then Danny was approached by an older woman. Fifties or so, according to Danny. She placed her hand on Danny’s shoulder and when he turned around she hugged him.

“It’s me,” the woman told her, “it’s Bubè, Danny.”

Danny told the woman again she was mistaken, to which the woman replied, “I’ll prove it to you.” She pulled out her coin purse, opened it and produced a picture of a kindergarten boy. Tori said Danny’s face went completely white. Whiter than normal, I assume. And then the woman began singing a song. I’m guessing it’s something only the two of them could know. Danny won’t repeat the song for me but tells me it had to do with him flying through the sky to a Sleepy Dream Land. It’s what his mother and grandmother sang to him as a child—apparently before he stopped getting hugged enough and became a tortured artist.

“That picture was me. That song, I knew that song.”

“And at what point did you proceed to punch this woman in the face?”

Danny gets his feet off the chair and leans in toward my desk. His index finger slams on top of it.

“My Grandma’s dead! She died when I was eleven. That old bitch was not Bubè!”

I knew it. I got up to pull the release papers from the bottom drawer of the filing cabinet.

“How’d she get that picture, man? How’d she know that song? That shit’s fucked up, man! Go ahead and try to fire me
over it.” Danny says.

“We’re not going to fire you, Danny,” I say, regretfully. I give him pamphlet the people upstairs draw up for us and started through the schpeel.

“You’ll notice in the pamphlet there’s a map of all the concourses, and then an extra one, correct? That’s Concourse Zero. The map explains how to access Concourse Zero and what the protocols are for engaging passengers from Concourse Zero.

“The Transportation Security Administration and the Federal Aviation Administration will not ever publicly comment on any of the Concourse Zeros in existence. They do not know how they work or why they operate at all. Could you please sign this release form?”

This is when I give them the pen and paper and wait silently for whoever it is in front of me to fill out the form. Then, when they finish, I’m allowed to continue.

“What we have ascertained is that all passengers and flight personnel of Concourse Zero are previously living people.”

“What?” Danny says.

“Previously living. They fly in, wait for their connecting flight, and then fly out.”

“To where?”

“The federal government does not know where. By signing the release form you have agreed to keep all knowledge of this and any knowledge gained from previously living persons within the confines of this airport. On the grounds that you break this agreement you will be prosecuted under the treason laws of the Patriot Act, have no access to a lawyer, or civil liberties and will be sentenced a length of prison time for engaging passengers from Concourse Zero.

“Do you understand?”

Danny blinks.

“You’re legally required to nod your head yes.”

“So,” Danny says, searching for the right words, “That was Bubé?”

“Correct.”

“And I punched her?”

“Correct.”

“And I’m not fired?”

I sigh, “Correct.”

“Hmm.” Danny says, “So I can go to this Concourse Zero whenever I want and talk to previously living people?”

“Not while you’re on the clock.” I tell him.

“Talk about a perk of the job,” Danny says.

“Just nod your head yes and get back to work.”

Danny does, slowly, and gets up to leave my office. To this day Danny still works here but I’ve never had to speak to him again. I heard that he’s given up on art.

Case File 1023: In the Club

Some lines you just can’t cross, or can’t cross easily. It’s supposed to be that way. That’s what borders are for. But Russell. Russell didn’t like borders. He liked to go all the way. Teresa told about it first. After her lunch break she ran into my office and locked the door behind her.

“I don’t know if this is true or not. I heard this from Gwen.” She said. Gwen’s a gossip. Maybe worse than a gossip; her facts are almost always wrong.

“What’d she say?”

“Russell over in air traffic is having an affair with Svetlana.”

I shrugged my shoulders but then Teresa leaned toward me, turned her head until her left eye pierced into mine and, looking sideways, said, “Svetlana.”

I goosebumped.

Until last year Svetlana Kurda was a sought after, jet-setting supermodel. Now she only stops here.

“Goddamn it.” I said, “Get Gwen in here.”

A few seconds of mean-eye and Gwen sells sources like moon-pies.

“Barney said that Owen said that there’s a whole group of ‘em.”

“Group of who?”

“They call ‘em ‘Mile High Zeros.’ From what I hear it’s the whole air traffic control center.”

I jot down Barney and Owen, “Who else is in this ‘club?’”

“Oh, they didn’t name names just that Russell bagged Svetlana.”

“How is this happening?”

Gwen twisted in her seat and then spoke soft, “I heard that you can board their planes. But they don’t like it cuz they can’t go anywhere. They have to circle and circle and the drop the person back off. Everyone’s gotta get off the plane and then reboard. It backs up traffic.”

There are rules to this, to keep the peace. The rules are clear, the lines are drawn. You can’t get on their planes. I brought in Barney and Owen and even Russell but I couldn’t crack them; boy’s club and all that. So I fax the people upstairs for some help. They fax me back a name: Tiffany Jules.

Tiffany Jules, yeah, she works Monday mornings. Comes in from San Diego.

“So she’s a flight attendant?”

“Yeah, real doll, too. She was one of the firsts. Called ‘em stewardesses back then.”

Tiffany’s Monday flight landed at 6:45 am. I had two cups of coffee already when she found me. She had bouncy red hair and freckles like Pipi Longstocking, didn’t look at day over twenty. She sat down in the chair across from me and folding her hands in her lap, a real pageant girl.

“They said you needed to ask me some questions?” Tiffany said.

“Yes,” I said, “I’m investigating some of our employees who may or may not be smuggling themselves onto the planes.”

Her eyes frowned but she still kept a
“Oh yes,” she nodded, “I know them. I’m sorry. I played a part in it too.”

“What kind of part?”

Tiffany took a breath, “They tracked down my sister’s family from some sort of computer genealogy thing. I have grand-nieces! And they have my eyes and, of course, the freckles.”

She bent down to pull pictures out of her purse and I saw a purple-pink backpack behind her, with a key chain. Tiffany sat back up with photos in hand and blocked my view again.

“They live in Michigan! Russell’s trying to get in contact with them and I’m trying to get transferred—”

I interrupted her for a moment and leaned left to get a view from around her hair. The purple-pink backpack turned around. It was Danielle. She was wearing a black tee with sparkling letters saying, “I’m a brat.” She gets them from the mall and Linda hates them.

Danielle stood around all the other passengers bobbing and weaving to get to their flights. She kept her eyes up toward to Concourse signs trying to get her bearings. My little girl. She was on her way to school this morning.

Then Tiffany said, “Oh, is that a new arrival?”

Before she could turn around I said no and grabbed her hand.

“It’s nothing,” I said, “nothing, now. Um, what were you saying?”

I kept my eyes down on my notepad as Tiffany spoke, confessing everything. I wrote the names I heard, the dates. Nothing kept in my mind but Danielle searching the signs, trying to find her way to go. When I had more than what I needed I looked up in time to see a pilot stop Danielle. He bent down on his knee in front of her and said something. She nodded politely and I could see her mouth out her address and telephone number. The pilot pulled a pair of flight wings from his shirt pocket and clipped them to her brat shirt. He stood up and ushered her toward a flight leaving for Dallas.

Tiffany shook my hand and said something about getting back to work and I’m sorry. I didn’t catch much of it. I was frozen in my seat watching my daughter board the 7:30, Flight 362.

Some lines you just can’t cross, or can’t cross easily. I couldn’t call out for my daughter, take her hand, or say good-bye. But I did stay there in the terminal and watch her plane take off and then disappear over the horizon.

Do this and you will know:

Strap the black bucket down in the bed of the truck. Do not look inside.

Pull hard on the driver’s side door handle until the door opens. Slide onto the long, shredded nylon bench seat. Cough and wrap your thin fingers around the warped steering wheel. Feel your big toe cramp inside your too-big water boots as you reach to pat the gas pedal down to the floor three times like your father showed you. Start the truck. Let it die. Start it again, keep it running. Watch blue smoke twist into ringlets in the crooked rear-view mirror.

Back out from under the shelter into drizzling rain. Mounds of tools lay piled around the bucket like flowers on a grave: hack saws, axes, buckets of nails, hammers, a sooty orange chainsaw covered with plastic.

Feel ruts drag you into deep slush in the sand and clay road. Almost bottom out several times. The layer of dirt on the windshield runs like your mother’s mascara at the first funeral you remember.
The wipers make everything smeared and deformed.

Hit pavement. Hear wet mud shed off the tires of the stuttering truck. See a long line of headlights coming down the hill ahead of you. Pull off onto the shoulder of the road and wait it out. Watch all the cars follow a long, slick, black Cadillac.

Wobble back onto the road. Strain to see through the mudslide windshield. Hang your head out the window to see. Watch rainwater fill up ditches and spread thin fingers across the highway. Hear tools chatter metallic in the back. The engine skips and grumbles.

Stop on the side of the road in front of tall skeletal pines. Take the bucket out. Hear it creak as you tote it across the black, fast-running ditch water. Feel the cold water leak through the silver duct-tape-patched heels of your boots.

Push through delicate underbrush. Smell wet, swollen pine bark. Hear the ground gasp as you head down the narrow trail. Sit the bucket down in a clearing littered with small, bleached bones. Empty the bucket. Kneel in the quiet woods.

Hear tools crash forward behind you as you snatch to a stop under the shelter, pumping the brake pedal. Get out. Slam the door and look into the barn. See a mother goat cleaning her newborn babies. Watch them wobble like stilts-clowns. There are three of them. Notice she has only two teats.

Fill up the bucket with water from the stiff green hose curled on the hanger in front of the red barn. Take the bucket in your hands. Pour out the water. Turn the bucket upside down in the grass beside the others.

A Meditation, Holmes
Matthew Bishop

Diffusing through my peaceful window
The low-toned bellow of a car’s
Bass pulsing loud as sin from its stereo system

I look up from my book in earnest

Reulsion carved through me like a glacier
Gulching the mainland

Such rudeness was surely considered vice
In the past ages of gold and silver
And even in these days of lead we should

Conduct ourselves with etiquette

I think of quiet reclusion of scholarly monks
In Shanxi studying with a calm cultivation

But even they were oftentimes roused by the methodic hypnotism
Of a distant temple’s drum and so I lay my head back and relax

The Prom Queen At Mt. Sinai
Matthew Bishop

Regarding Nichole Stone
For five years your petrified
Bones have lain asleep in the grave;
What a fitting name for someone
Who, indeed, is stone now.
I remember how school was cancelled
And we all huddled outside
In the parking lot like lost birds. Even after
Hearing the stories: mangled cars,
Your trembling prayers
In the ER, I didn’t cry.
I never mourned you,
And for that I apologize.

Tonight, caught in the tresses
Of sleep, I saw you, transparent and sullen,
Arise in a plume of smoke and alight
With soot-stained feet. You thanked
Me for my sympathy and I
Held your hand and wept. If only soft hearts
And hard-ons could bring back the dead.
Whether your eternal-pastel face or
The gray runnels of your skull will haunt
Me, I don’t know. But drifting back
On to sleep, I beg to again be roused
From consciousness by you,
Whom I barely knew.

The yellow light reflected immeasurable from
the mirror and down the hall from my parent’s
bathroom. Mom collapsed in dad’s arms. I
couldn’t feel my mind. He held her like a heavy
log. It could’ve been a painting. Call it Distant
Music. Sunlight flowed through my bedroom
blinds as through a sieve. My bed like a barge
floating among a messy sea. Home was never
a place to grow up in. Days fringed and yellow
as photographs from the Dust Bowl. They say
the neon lights are bright… but nostalgia is
always in sepia. Saber, my old cat, supped on
the table by the mustard. But some things aren’t
so rigid. I’d always craved to be buried at sea,
for instance. At eight, when taking a bath, I
pretended my vertical penis was a lighthouse
and my belly, protruding from the water, an
island. Art and artifice are very closely alive.
Thick as swollen grapes, the air, when I bought
a ticket, and rode the bus backwards to Ohio.
I’d been living too much in the 1st person. And
the future was dust in my mouth. Friends and
families wouldn’t be my oars. I want a cropped
lawn and a fence as picketed as sailor’s tongues.
Dear Friends,

I just wanted to thank the artists, writers, faculty, staff, and student volunteers for an educational, interesting, challenging, but most of all, wonderful two years. This has been the best job I’ve ever had. You guys are the best! I’ll miss you all!

Anna Giles
Managing Editor

Shawnda Atwood
Editor-in-Chief