



CALLIOPE

# Calliope

## Volume 31

**Armstrong State University**

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The Calliope seeks to publish the best examples of student art and writing at Armstrong State University.

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Jacqueline Zantow





# Spelunking

Jacqueline Zantow

Rained on the visit to Dachau.  
At the gate, mud sucked  
the rain, whispers,  
voices.

ARBEIT MARCHT FREI  
spelled in black iron;  
the click click of pictures.

Behind the chapel,  
a memorial,  
eighteen plot rows  
back and sunken  
like a crypt,  
the wedge-shaped marble slope  
entrance flooded.  
An iron maw in front braced  
against the earth, piling dirt  
and mud and shit  
behind different iron gates  
holding a gold  
Star of David.

I tripped on interwoven vines,  
the knotted shoots like  
bone tips  
gripping the dirt to their chests.  
Water soaked my legs.  
I wondered if Nazi soldiers  
ever peeled off grey uniforms  
and swam in these pools,  
dragging naked fingers across slick  
marble when their knees  
couldn't take it.

# Shadow Force Spell

Ridz Patrick



# Door Of No Return

Richelle Redwood



# Inside The Desk Drawer

Megan Henry





# Nightmare Masks

Brenna McCarthy

Nightmare masks face the crowd.  
Wearing their fears for show.  
Never meeting true face, invisible cloud.

Seeing is believing; scream everything out loud.  
Hide nothing; see what can allow  
Nightmare masks to face the crowd.

Dark and unholy, unbelievable cold.  
Impure and yet pure as snow.  
Never meeting true face, invisible cloud.

Beginning to end; infinite dark shroud  
Hovering over minds, feeling nothing but woe.  
Nightmare masks face the crowd.

Horrors become dark, empowered,  
Spirits flock like the carrion crow.  
Never meeting true face, invisible cloud.

Hidden shadows, features bold.  
Chase the light and hide below.  
Nightmare masks face the crowd.

The endless dreams melt back to reality bowed.  
People clap, the crowd aglow.  
Nightmare masks face the crowd.  
Never meeting true face, invisible cloud.

# Broken Save File

Ridz Patrick



# Summer Daze

Katelin Warner



# Ancestor

Jonathan Hatala

Ancient relative, I stand directly in front of you.  
Cracked skin and mold litters your surface.  
Yes, age has a way of revealing itself.  
The stories you could tell, if only you had speech.

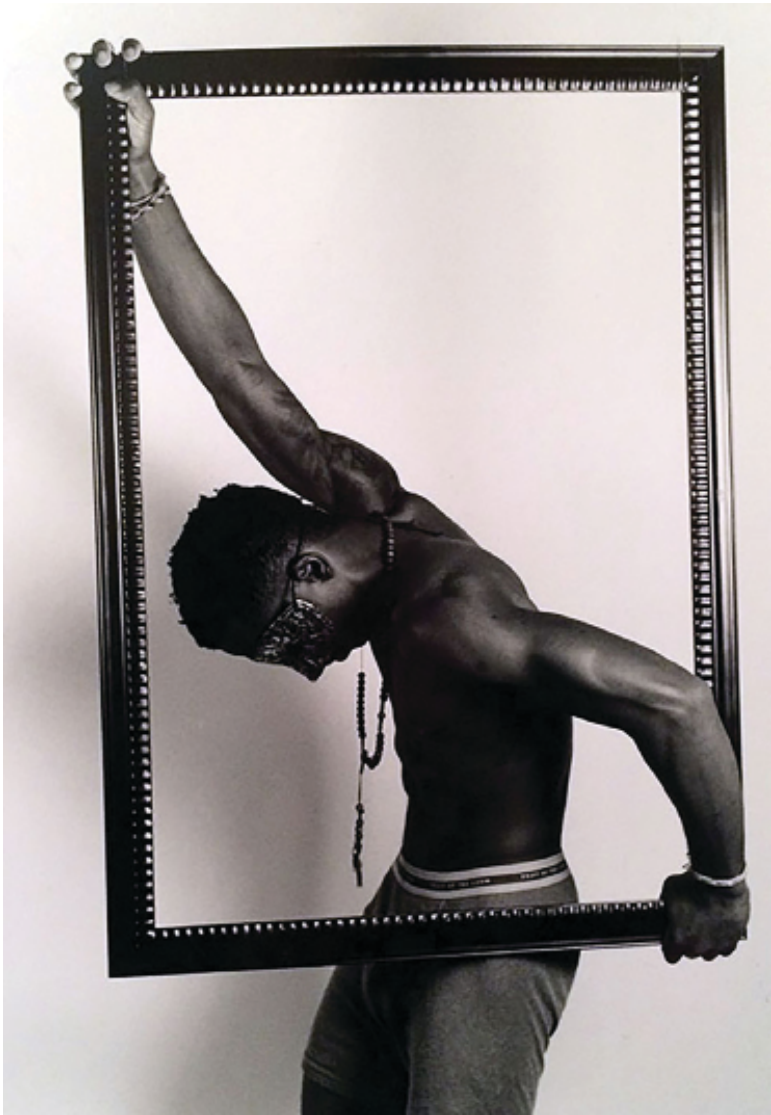
I am above and beneath you, not just adjacent.  
Close enough to touch you. Yet, far enough to never hear you.  
You aren't stone. No, very organic indeed.  
You may be a tree, but we're still family.

All composed of the same matter. The same things.  
Your ancestors are mine. My progeny is yours.  
Should there be a God, you too are accounted for.  
Not humans alone, but all life that's been, is, and will be.

I stand here enamored by your beauty.  
Though such a sight throws me into misery.  
For I will never know your simplistic, happy life.  
Our "civilized" fallacies prevent us from living so.

But, one day I shall become you. I can faintly smile.  
When human life ceases, bodies will collapse onto dirt.  
Slowly decomposing, swallowed by the Earth. A joyous thought.  
No more greed. Just energy absorbed by roots of trees.

**Gabriel**  
Ashley Norton





# Home

Britney Prince



# Black Cat Crossing

KC McGuire

It's not like I'm finding  
miniature pentagrams  
carved into her scratching post  
or floating catnip toys spelling out  
"HAIL SATAN,"  
but every time she paws  
across my path,  
I close my eyes  
and whisper a Hail Mary.

Sometimes I spy her slink  
into the thick woods behind the house,  
and I can't help but picture  
her attending secret cat-witch meetings;  
Goody Carrier reincarnated  
sacrificing baby rats upon  
a stone altar,  
her blood-soaked paws  
raised against the pale background  
of a full moon.

When the house is empty  
and it's just me and her,  
I've noticed she is always near me,  
watching me with dilated pupils  
and a suspiciously calm demeanor.  
I stare into her eyes  
but there's never  
a tell-tale sign of witchy guilt –  
nothing there but  
two marble-sized, never-ending black pits  
circled by thin rims of gold.

I feel I finally understand  
what Nietzsche meant  
about the abyss staring back.

# Crystallized Filagree Trio

Victoria Klein



# Caged Escape

Ashley Norton



# Stained Glass Window

Shalonda Hunter

Remastering conceptual things  
Reality is lookin' fairly dim to me now  
All I wanna do is walk freely while wearing my crown  
I can't seem to find anything  
Love is very dim to me  
It's sad that a young queen feels happier livin' life  
In a virtual reality  
And I would love for you to be able to find me  
But I can barely find myself  
My stealth is halted and I am exhausted  
Of the world and its tainting's  
Scattered paintings and shattered mirrors  
Reflecting life's passions and pains  
I condone much and regret almost everything  
But it's nothing  
I try so hard to breathe  
Hyperventilating in a shocked panic  
'Cause I didn't know that life could make me this damaged  
Reiterating the verbal things  
But it doesn't seem to reach my brain  
That I can live without you  
I am standing on my own  
But you never left me alone  
To wallow in despair  
You picked up the pieces of my shattered  
Mirror and glued me back together  
Re-mastered perception you showed me a beautiful  
Collage of colors reflecting my inner beauty  
You were always here for me  
How could I ever let you go  
It's simple  
Just open my hand  
I hate to let you fall but you're a man  
And can make it  
I am a stained glass window



# Brake Lights and Rearview Mirrors

Ryan Dickey

So the other day, Claire, another realtor at the office, is telling me all about how some woman her cousin knows, and about how bad of a parent this woman is. Apparently, this woman forgot to go pick up her kids at school one day. She drops them off, goes back home, probably makes a whole batch of pom margaritas and watches *Days of our Lives* or something, the day flies by and she forgets her kids, God help her. She got a phone call from the school an hour or so after classes were let out: Did Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So have planned means of transportation for their children to be picked up that possibly fell through? Meaning: You forgot your kids, asshole. Come pick them up.

Claire – so, yeah, I suppose she is my friend – she said that this lady her cousin knows, she has triplets – triplets! Claire was all, “How can you forget triplets? I only have one kid and when the house is quiet, it’s as if I’ve gone to some whole other beautiful, magical world. Practically a tropical paradise. Three, though? The same three. I would go crazy from the quiet just because I would be waiting for the next scream or crash, whether I knew the kids were all at school or not.” And I kind of have to agree with Claire, even if she only does have one kid, bless her heart. Jimmy and Katy are great, such well-behaved little darlings, but if one of them hasn’t screamed about the other in the past hour there is a spot behind my eye that starts to itch.

But I don’t think forgetting the kids and then picking them up an hour late is the worst thing a parent can do. The worst thing is forgetting about them only just briefly; just long enough to make it to the car line ten minutes late. At least forgetting about your kids for long enough so that the, “Um, your kids are still here” call comes without a wait in the school’s pickup line. Me, I still forgot my kids today, still get to wear that parental badge of shame for the next week -- two if Bill or Claire find out – only I don’t get to drive right in an hour after school is out, all in a rush, and immediately pick up Jimmy and Katy. I’m just late. So here I sit, my kids not even one-hundred feet away, and I’m going to have to wait for probably twenty minutes to an hour. Because the little, precious shits refuse to ride the bus home. I’m here because Bill won’t call his mother and ask, Agnis – Bitch Mother Superior – could you pretty please just maybe

pick up Jimmy and Katy two or three times a week? Just to take a load off my darling wife? Hmm, maybe just two or three times. Is that too much to ask? Because, well, she is the one making the house payments. The car payments, too. She is doing the laundry. And the cooking – not to mention the dishes. And she is taking the kids to soccer practice. And karate. And she takes you, mere de Grendel, to get your hair done **à la bouffant. Every. Week.** But will Bill do that? Will he pose such a question to the grandmother of his children on behalf of the wife he loves so? No, because Bill is a pussy and, besides, Bill is apparently terminal and doesn't have to face the real world now, not like the rest of us.

That's not fair. He didn't ask for cancer, and he does have to sit in chemo all day next to that little rat-faced man who wheezes and smells like moth balls, bless his heart. But maybe just once he could climb his ass up out of his hospital bed, throw his meds into the back of an ambulance or something, and come sit in this line for an hour and a half – just once. And if he is supposed to be terminal, why is he still even here? I still don't see how terminal means ten years and counting.

God, I hate waiting; I especially hate waiting by myself.

I hate all these moms who have these My Child has a Disability bumper stickers on the backs of their minivans, like they won a trophy or something. I mean, *crying out for attention* much. It's like living vicariously through your kids but instead of a professional ballerina or athlete, you're a professional attention hog. Besides, the rest of us should only be so lucky. I bet Susan DuBuioooooo never forgets her autistic daughter ever. Not even once. I mean, how can she? And at least Susan DuBuuiioooooo's little girl doesn't actually realize how much attention seeking power she has, God bless her. Not like Bill. Bastard.

When you're saying your wedding vows, all that bull shit about In Sickness and In Health, and the both of you are really thinking about how much stuff you're getting from people and you just want to rip that dress or that tuxedo off because you're wedding horny. The two of you aren't really listening to the words being spoken. No one is really paying any attention to the small print, to the Side Effects May Include: dizziness, vomiting, depression, extreme vaginal pain due to birth, the complete destruction of your body due to babies, breasts that pretty much sag down to the crotch despite two lifts and what is supposedly the best underwire

money can buy, *guaranteed*. Oh, and let's not forget the part where both kids look exactly like the balding, obese, bedweight I have the pleasure to call "husband". So much alike to the point where, if I find myself pining for Lysol scented diapers and that deadpanned, bed-panned stare of his, all I have to do is look in the rearview mirror. Even Katy, the one who is supposed to have my hair, my nose, my eyes, my complexion, my love of frilly pink things, *Risky Business* Tom Cruise, and mani-pedis, she instead gets her fat father's clumsiness, his love for "fantasy football" – Oh. My. God. – and his weight, lord save her – and me when she turns old enough to want the "extra roomy", extra pricy versions of the designer clothes all her little friends are wearing.

If you find yourself waiting around in a car line, not even close to inching towards the kids you've pretty much forgot, I have some advice for you. First, just shut your car off. The only way things can get worse for you is for your car to run out of gas. Because then you have to get out and walk to the nearest gas station, and everyone from PTA will see you and everyone will know you got to the car line late and everyone knows what that means. And the same thing goes for just letting your car run on the battery. That's just as bad because, when your car dies, you're stuck with the same result, except now you have to actually go talk to one of the other ladies from PTA and bear through seeing their new Cartier diamond studs and matching Dior necklace and ring and Gucci sunglasses and Luis Vuitton handbag as compensation for services soon to be rendered. So just turn your car off. Also: no caramel macchiatos and no hazelnut fraps and no low-fat white chocolate mochachinos until after the car line. Trust me, you do NOT want to try and work out peeing discreetly into a Starbucks cup while in a car line, at a dead stop. Manage to stay away from all of that because the worst case scenario is not having climate control. This is particularly the case when it's getting near summer time. Don't wear a turtleneck to hide all of the hickies and bite marks from the night before like yours truly and you should be fine. And if you do, well, roll the windows down, pray for a cool breeze, and just accept sweating your ass off in the red glow of brake lights.

I'm not a bad person.

Those wedding vows, they don't say anything about the times when your back and neck are seizing up from the cramps of having slept upright almost two weeks straight in a hospital arm chair that feels like it

might be cleaned daily with liquid cement. Those vows, they say nothing of watching the man you've committed your life to rotting away every minute of every day, or having to watch your kids see that rotting. The medical bills, those never get mentioned. Neither do the nights of constant crying, the bloodshot eyes the following morning, and the little tears that come throughout the day when one of your kids does something – a smile, a laugh, a slight tilt of the head while listening to the birds trilling outside the kitchen window or a certain way of running hands through the hair – and it reminds you of him. And there is definitely no mention of the amount of makeup and effort it takes to continue wearing your strong face throughout the day. Bill and I were married in the same quaint, very religious, three story cathedral his mother was – martyring-in-progress, patron saint of the all-day evangelethon that she is – so I know our vows didn't include listening to your kids talk about their day but all you can really think about is how this sore this new birth control makes your boobs feel; or how your hair is still wet from the shower where you washed Tim Phillips – the nice, rich man that you only planned on showing that million dollar home to but then you remembered how much being lonely sucks – out from inside of you.

Maybe I am a bad person. I don't know. I do my neighbors taxes and mow her yard because her husband is overseas; and because I became a CPA a few years ago for the few extra bucks come tax season, and because Tim insisted on getting a riding lawn mower. Seeing as how I'm the one managing that department now I guess I have to give him a few points for that call. I also run into the old lady from down the road at the supermarket occasionally and help her with her groceries. I help my kids with their algebra but don't actually answer the questions for them, and we all sit together every week to eat dinner and watch American Idol. I tell Katy that, OK, she can audition when she turns sixteen but she is going to have to promise me to practice very hard, every day in the meantime. I sit with Bill and hold his hand and read to him from the newspaper and Sports Illustrated and I even let him look at the swimsuit issue. I've been letting him see the swimsuit issue for ten years. Not the easiest thing to do, considering the amount of turning and staring and sucking-in and heavy sighing-out I do in front of the mirror every morning. Or the rising erection of the man I haven't made love to in twelve years. Even my gifts from Tim, my Dior studs, my Luis Vuitton, I leave it all in the closet. I think that's mostly because I KNOW the other PTA moms will notice and ask. I

highly doubt anything would ever be said aloud, given they all wear their share of turtle necks, but still. They would know. We all know. My point is I'm not all bad, I don't think.

But one thing I do know is that I really, really, really hate waiting in this car line.



# Cheeseburger Book

Victoria Klein



# The Leonids

KC McGuire

The campfire crackles and small sparks float  
towards heaven only to fade out  
before they see God.

My marshmallow hangs on for dear life at the end  
of a snapped twig and catches fire so fast,  
by the time he blows it out,  
its insides are a slow-motion molten avalanche  
dripping down onto my dirty fingers.  
He lights another citronella candle because  
the bugs are eating us alive and we forgot  
the bug-spray at home along with  
my dream-catcher and flashlight batteries.

I bite into my s'more but the chocolate isn't  
melted and the graham crackers split in half,  
and the marshmallow fluff erupts  
out of the fault line and onto my crinkled nose.  
I wipe the remains off of my face with  
with the back of my hand and tell him  
that I might just wish for a napkin instead  
of silly dreams.

He tells me they aren't really stars -  
that wishes don't come true -  
but I don't listen and stare into the charcoal sky,  
waiting for the celestial race to begin.

# Hero

Katelin Warner



# Modern Herald

Brian Dascall

He prances over the shattered figurines,  
splintering the inanimate faces of Amish children  
and terracotta gods of another time.  
He tears down the window blinds  
and cranks up the Jesus Christ Superstar.  
How hip. What a classy guy.  
Next week he'll go retro,  
and post-punk the week after.

Between is free time, dropping matches down the postal box,  
needing it to burn more than he needs a new hole in his head.  
He is the modern herald, a regular  
trouble-maker to grocery store security.  
He's the genesis of the spill on aisle four,  
the crying shame on eleven,  
and the blaring disarray on one.  
Herald he is, codeine in his veins  
and a paperclip between his teeth,  
stamping out dignity from the south side  
to midtown.  
And when the derelict voices meet his befouled ears,  
he shrieks and turns up his volume.

To the center of the park, they etch the sycamores  
and forge their obscenities on water-spitting cherubs.  
The forsaken aged  
look on from the brush as their bright future dims  
down to an ever-misguided sloe.  
Enter night. Prowl.  
The slum savior drops dead outside the laundromat.  
His disciples break themselves by midnight.  
Chrome clatters on the crimson pavement.  
Enter herald. He skips over the chalk outlines.

Skimps and side-walkers,  
bowing down through passenger windows.  
Their terrors come at half past two,  
when the mambos get restless  
and their prophet is running low on limelight.

Some new guy made a crack about the green in his hair.  
Ten bucks for a good time.  
Five post-pubescents on skateboards for emotional scar-tissue.  
They charge and roar like feral bison,  
pulling on stray threads and tying them off on lamp posts.

The amusement dies down.  
The herald steps atop his half-pipe pedestal,  
and suggests a sacrificial burning of the news stand.  
But his venal patrons retire  
to their huddled masses, and die out before first light.

*Tomorrow, maggot brain. Sleep sweetly my son.*

*Fuck all!*

He wails and wakes his neighbors.  
He will never retire,  
and never reminisce to pomp or circumstance.  
He breaks bottles against the storefront  
and recites his new word.

*Tomorrow be fucked over and fucked out. Let the young'uns join in.  
These oldies shut their eyes too early.*

He mutters homemade vulgarities  
and makes plans for tomorrow's spectacle.  
A thousand men dressed as devils,  
parading through the streets.  
He smirks mischievously  
as flaming streamers smolder behind his eyes,  
then starts on his way.

He is our corrupt conception,  
a wonder child of all things vile and all vices revealed,  
marching on back to the south side.

But he's a cool guy.

# Jaguar Urn

Victoria Klein



# You Can't Have People

Chad Mitchell Jones

Me and my older brother, Horace- we're driving down to Jacksonville again. We've been staying with this older couple out in Valdosta who were curious enough to answer our Craigslist ad. They haven't charged us a penny for three months and even cook for us occasionally. Nice people. It's amazing how much nicer people can be when they don't know a thing about each other. There's not a lot of work out here even for a couple of college grads. Horace has been asking around and heard from some younger folks at the local pub that there's some contracting work down the Florida coast so we've been packing up and making farther trips out every week. Toothpaste, white bread, deli meat and mayonnaise. You know, it gets real hot here in south Georgia and that mayonnaise don't sit too well after a few hours baking in the backseat. He won't buy nothing else.

On our way out to I75 we drove past a small carnival set up across the road from some jiffy stores. It felt like it stretched out for days. Time likes to freeze up when you see something that triggers a rough memory. When we were younger our father used to take us to these and we had a lot of fun. We always looked forward to it. When I got a little older I kindly liked to take Sarah up on the ferris wheel. I remember Sarah.

"Horace, you remember Sarah?"

"Yeah, I do."

She was something else. On our first date I took her out to the carnival that had just set up on the north side of town. It was early November and pretty cold out. When I had asked her she was reluctant and said that she would have to call out of work. I don't remember nobody else being out there. She knew the guy up at the funnel cake stand from the year before and said she'd go home if I didn't try one. His name was Billy, I remember that. Billy took our order and poured this batter mix into an industrial sized paint bucket and whisked it up with a rigged up drill gun. It had a long spatula attached to the tip with electrical tape. Sarah was saying something that I couldn't hear over the loud growl of the drill, and when I peeked over the counter and into the trailer I saw a handful of gnats and mosquitoes bubbling up in the batter. That was my first and last funnel cake.

"What makes you bring her up?"

I don't think he saw the carnival. I was too busy staring at it to look over and notice if he did or not, but Horace don't have a taste for nostalgia. I don't think he saw it.

"I was just thinking about her is all. Some of the things she used to say."

For four years straight we'd try to go every time they came into town. She was the first girl to say that she loved me besides my mother. I remember it. We were up on the ferris wheel. It was real cinematic like, too. I remember the smell of her hair cutting through that thick cold air. Her teeth were clattering and I could just tell she was uncomfortable, but right when I thought she'd had enough for the night she'd just grip my hand a little harder as if she'd heard what I was thinking, that everything was alright. She was something else.

Once the traffic thinned out we stopped to pick up breakfast biscuits and coffees. Horace parked the truck in the side lot facing the highway and we sat in the cab eating with the A/C turned up. I could tell my mentioning Sarah put him in a mood. He had been quiet for most of the ride and he kept his eyes forwards. His demeanor was sort of like how I remember our father's: stoic, distant. Hard to tell if he was really all there or if he was just a calm man. He always gave the impression there was way too much going on inside him to spend much of any effort talking about it. For our father it was a mix of condescension and a command of our respect; when Horace gets that way it's just a whole lot of condescension. So when he leaned in to say something I was only slightly surprised to find he had also been hiding a disapproval written all over his face.

"You can't hang on to people's promises, especially at that age, Hannon. It feels good when you get caught up in the mix of things but you can't put stock in it. You should know by now."

I pulled the lid off my coffee to let out some of the heat and spilt some on his floorboard. Horace didn't notice. If he did I don't think he cared too much. His truck's a dump and I think he likes it that way.

"She's just something I like to keep. I mean we don't talk no more. I think she's married now. Kids and everything."

Horace balled up his wrapper and tossed it in the back, took a sip of his coffee and turned down the radio to make sure I wouldn't miss anything he was about to say.

"You can't have people, Hannon. Least not for too long. You hang around someone long enough and you start to realize that people change in



real time. They're always changing."

Horace confidently reached down and pressed the button lighter into the receptacle.

"Hell, you're changing, too, and right now!"

He paused to pick through the already finished cigarettes from the overflowing ash tray wedged inside his cup holder.

"It ain't nothing to be ashamed of. You see and absorb new things as you go along and they sort of mix in with who you think you are at each particular moment. . . it changes you."

There's another pause. The lighter springs back and Horace subtly celebrates. He lifts the florescent red element towards his face, lights his smoke, and wipes his ash covered fingers on the side of the fabric seat cover. There's some football logo sewn into the headrest. I tend to stay quiet when he gets to talking like this. I never know what to say to him, really. Those seat covers. It's the Denver Broncos. We're from Gunn and Weston, Georgia.

"Just about when you think you've figured out who you are: you haven't. You've gone and figured someone else- someone you used to be. I think it's sort of like how those religious folks have it made out- that whole born-again idea. That except I don't think it's a one-time-sorta'-deal. I think maybe we're born again everyday- more frequently even. I tend to believe we're born again every time anything happens to us."

He let down his window and started rolling what was left of the burning tobacco out of the paper and out on the asphalt.

"Why you think we see those same boys go get saved every weekend?"

He's always putting me on the spot. I almost hate him for it. I swear I could hear the weathered gears on that ferris wheel cry up with some ancient indiscernible answer to his question. I would have had a decent answer back then, I think.

"I don't know. Maybe they didn't mean it the first time or they didn't realize something."

"Nah, I doubt they're ever disingenuous about it. It's cause they ain't the same boys every week, Hannon! They're different people."

We sat and listened for a moment as we watched the blurred out vehicles race by on the highway at irregular intervals. It calmed the air a bit.

"And that's why I can make a promise but it will be someone else

who'll break it. Everybody changes."

"Or maybe we just change when we start breaking promises, Horace."

I didn't know what the hell I was saying. I just felt like saying something.

"Don't know. Either way, you shouldn't be asking people to keep promises. It just ain't something people do."

A small blue and rusted out tractor appeared out of the trees and rode by the lot, moving at a tortoise's pace against all the lighting fast traffic. At first it was kind of funny- like something out of a cartoon. But then I heard its joints grind and echo off of the trees behind us and the sound carried with it a sort of sadness- an achy note to a familiar chord I'd heard before, and it drained out all that humor. I felt sorry for it. And I was entirely consumed with a fear of not knowing what was going to happen to us.

"I bet if we leave in an hour we'd still beat him to Jacksonville."

"If that was where he was going."

The wind from the traffic twisted up with the humid air and rushed through my window reassuring me of all the adhesive-like sweat soaking my shirt and hugging my chest. Horace leaned back.

"All these people always changing, always becoming something else- almost makes you feel like you're missing out on something."

The tractor pulled off to the side of the road between the lot and a ditch, and sat to rest on the grass.

# Mines

Grace Guza

He never missed work.  
Nine kids, no car, he rode the bus  
at 5am each day, fumes  
pumping out the exhaust pipe  
like atomic mushroom clouds.

He'd leave biscuits on the table,  
walk to the stop while neighbors snoozed,  
dark fog in the air.  
The only day he'd ever miss,  
wife forced him to call in.  
He slept more than he liked and  
finally, watched the mailman go by.  
Out the window, squirrels raced up a pine,  
moving like a barbershop pole  
chasing each other's behinds.

He drank black coffee out of  
a great big mug, rested a bit, then paced.  
the kids were in school and mom, too,  
serving peas and cubed carrots.  
The house buzzed with silence,  
A constant tune in his ear.

"Brrrrring." Broken.  
"Hello?"  
"Tony? It's Paul.  
I'm afraid there's been an accident."  
The buzzing stopped.  
"Shit."

# Sixty Thousand

Ryan Dickey

I am the generation of sixty thousand news feeds,  
Waking up in a week-from-now, suspended  
In ten thousand six-second-comas.  
I am the generation of sixty thousand opportunities;  
The can-do-anythings, the nothing-is-impossibles;  
Sixty thousand sleepwalkers, trudging down sixty thousand aisles  
Of lemon scented, linoleum tiled assembly lines.  
I am the generation of peak performance potion drinkers,  
The generation of formulaic thinkers,  
Encapsulated in our sixty thousand magical fix-alls,  
Our pill-poppings and powders.

I am the generation of the \$60,000 a year salute,  
Smiling thanks to family,  
Freedom,  
And four-year termers;  
I am the generation of sixty thousand  
Unloaded fund guns, cocked,  
Starry-eyed and dollar-bill-signed, 9  
White-flag waving barrels at mirage shaped futures  
Pop-pop-popping in a 64-bit Fourth of July sky.

# Lillian Spencer Award

The following pieces have been selected by the Calliope staff as the recipients of the Lillian Spencer Award for outstanding submissions in the following categories; Art and Photography, Fiction/Non-fiction, and Poetry.

**Art and Photography: Emily Hepfner, “Icicles”**

**Fiction/ Non-fiction: Taylor Qualls, “Space: The Distance Between Thoughts”**

**Poetry: Jacqueline Zantow, “Grandmother’s Story”**

# Icicles

Emily Hepfner



# Space: The Distance Between Thoughts

Taylor Qualls

I was drifting. Drifting somewhere outside of myself: amongst the clouds, beneath the trees, where one need not find answers because there were no questions. I was drifting through anything and everything that demanded stability, rejecting these abstract ideas of life and normalcy; days were the most comfortable thing to drift through because they were the only things that shared my mentality. Days are these things that are compilations of moments, but they are also compiled themselves in order to create something bigger, these things that come and go as they please, disregarding time or propriety, always moving never ceasing. I convinced myself long ago that as long as my days and I continued to get along that I would be okay, that my mind would eventually right itself, but the longer I drifted the more I realized that my compilations were becoming heavier.

“Sugar?” My mother asked, peering at me over her shoulder. I blinked a few times before seeing the packets between her fingers, lingering a few seconds too long, and I felt my mother’s impatience with me grow.

“No, no, black,” I mumbled quietly, trying to keep eye contact with the loose threads escaping the stitching of my shoes. My eyes twitched, begging to wander around the small cafe to see the dirty dishes and soiled linens that I knew would be littering the tables; it took everything I had to direct my vision. I followed my mother’s lead towards the front of the restaurant where she chose a small table near the window.

“It’s such a beautiful day, isn’t it?” My mother exclaimed stiffly as she settled herself onto a sturdy, wooden chair angled towards the glass.

There were two other chairs haphazardly pushed around the table, both facing different directions. My eyes darted between the two seats, unable to settle. One chair had an old, blue seat cushion that I couldn’t help but imagine just how many things had soaked into over the years. I kept seeing faceless people wiping mysterious bodily fluids onto the cushion, maybe a barista fulfilling a fantasy after hours, or even a baby getting god-knows-what everywhere. My shoulders shuttered involuntarily and I caught my mother’s eyes boring into me. They held an expression that I

had not seen before; for once it was not “what-the-hell-are-you-doing,” it was softer, understanding even. As soon as she realized I had caught her looking, she hardened again.

“Just pick one. Not everything has to be so philosophical. Green or blue?” Her words were not harsh, but overwhelmingly dismissive, which was worse. “You’re coming home after your appointment, right?”

I gingerly sat perched on the edge of the green chair, a habit I learned from my mother, with my fingers tightly interwoven beneath the table. “I’m going to stop by Meg’s first.”

“Today isn’t a good day for that; I need your help at home,” she said, as she imposed a whirlpool upon her coffee, all of the colors bleeding into one.

My eyes studied the dark liquid in my own mug, the steam escaping collectedly, wafting towards my face, and tried to breathe evenly. “I need to go to Meg’s afterwards, Mom.” My voice was matter-of-fact, which was always the best tone to take with my mother, because she was fueled by logic and necessity, a tone I had learned to put on in order to communicate my basic emotional needs.

“Well, okay, just try to make it short and sweet, alright?” She wrapped her calloused fingers around her mug with a sigh that traveled throughout her entire body, “the house is a mess and your sister is experiencing her terrible two’s later in life, or something, and I would really appreciate some help.”

I smiled at my mother’s comparison, imagining my teenage sister in a diaper, screaming. “What did you want to talk about?”

“Do I have to have something to talk about to have lunch with my daughter?” My mother’s words were always laced with accusations even when she thought she was being pleasant. I watched her eyes gloss over the life on the other side of the window and I wondered how much she noticed in comparison to me. Did she see the cigarette butts that were strewn along the side walk, the faint finger prints on the window that disrupted my view of the street, or even the miniscule crumbs that were scattered across our table? My eyes began to dart back and forth, seeing everything too quickly, unable to stop. “So, how are you doing?” She asked, her eyes still browsing around outside, feeling obligated to play the worried mother,



but too immersed in her own reality to catch a glimpse of mine.

“I’m okay,” I answered quickly, watching a crumpled napkin gradually unfold itself a few tables over. I could feel my mind straining, starting to go back and forth, back and forth, forcing itself into a rut.

“Okay? Well, don’t talk my ear off or anything.” She hesitated for a moment, “That’s good, though. I’m *glad* you’re okay.” She reached across the table and touched my elbow, attempting to make eye contact before retreating. “Your sister called me earlier and told me that Ms. Keith’s dog got out again.” My mother took a huge gulp of coffee and launched into the details of the dog’s most recent near death experience, but I was elsewhere. I was at the base of the trashcan where there were scraps of paper and food nestled into the floorboards; I was at the bookcase where books were stacked and shoved onto shelves with no regard to the alphabet or even size; I was behind the counter where there was a plethora of pens shoved into an old coffee cup; I was in the counter as the waiter slammed the old ketchup bottle down onto me; I was holding my breath, unable to hear my mother’s words over the of disorder in the room. “Erma, what did I just say?”

My hands covered my vision and my head shook back and forth as the ketchup bottle continued to slam onto my head, over and over again. There was not enough room in my mind to process what was going on, so I drifted.

My thoughts were heavy, not the kind of heavy that won’t budge, the kind where you can just barely hold it, arms shaking, muscles screaming, and if you dared to set it down, there would be no picking it back up. I was constantly afraid of setting my thoughts and feelings down in a moment or relationship that I cared too much about and not being able to pick them back up. So I held them close. I clutched them to my body and I let myself drift, never truly touching the ground, floating in and out of situations, careful to never actually influence. My mind used to be an overgrown field, thick with life and intricacy, but somewhere among my days my flowers began to wither, losing color, and fell to the earth. Dead flowers and leaves litter the soil, heavy and dry, void of any nutrients. I was usually able to ignore the dead foliage looming behind my eyes, but today I just wanted to flick a match and free up all of that cluttered space.

“I asked you a question.”

I narrowed my eyes a bit at my therapist across the room, attempting to gain focus, my fingers picking at the old leather couch that my thighs were stuck to and always seemed to be stuck to, really. It wasn't the kind of couch you lay on and an old doctor asked how things made you feel, but more like the kind that no one ever got rid of because of its comforts and throw pillows slowly accumulated in an attempt to hide how hideous it was. My eyes shifted from messy bookcase to dreary window to toppled trash can, "Why do you still knock that over?" My words sounded harsher than intended, but maybe they always did in this room.

He smiled slightly as he intertwined his fingers behind his head, "Why do you think?"

"I don't know." I crossed my arms, "That's why I asked."

"You couldn't even form sentences if there was trash on the floor when we first started talking. Obviously now," he indicated me, palm to the ceiling, "you are able to. Some people call that progress."

"I understand progress, but it doesn't bother me anymore, so why don't you just stop?" My right eye twitched as I stared at the crumbled pieces of paper at the mouth of the trashcan. If I was being honest with myself, it still bothered me, but I was able to compartmentalize it differently now.

"To remind you, challenge you, trip you." He leaned forward in his swivel chair and clasped his hands together on his desk, "Erma, what do you want from me?"

I sighed loudly and looked away, "I don't want anything from you. I thought we established that, like," I looked at an imaginary watch on my wrist, "a year ago."

He chuckled quietly, no longer even bothering to acknowledge the rude comments I threw. "What do you want from me today? If you were dictating today's session, what would it entail?"

The way he posed his question made me pause. Questions usually felt invasive, but the way he asked made me want to truly tell him; I couldn't, though, because that was too easy. "A pensieve, Calder, I want a pensieve," I breathed lazily, clutching a beaded throw pillow. His eyebrows furrowed deeply above his glasses. "You don't know what a pensieve is? The kind Dumbledore had?"

"I'm not familiar, no. Enlighten me." Calder resumed his original position: leaned back, hands behind his head, undivided attention.

"A pensieve is a stone bowl-looking thing and you empty your memories and thoughts into it, organize them, watch them, try to make sense of them..." I trailed off, feeling silly for my explanation. "What do you know about me?" I asked quietly, picking at the pink beads on the pillow.

His expression shifted, "I know a lot of things about you. I know everything you have shared with me and--"

"No, no, no," I said abruptly, "What conclusions have you made about me? I suppose that is what I want from you." I smiled as if I had won in some small way.

The branches beyond the window began to sway, unsettling the sturdy pines from which they had grown, and a crash of thunder fell upon the small room. Calder's eyes were drawn to the droplets beginning to cover the glass, his mind turning. "A few months ago you shared with me that, no matter how hard you try, you are unable to keep your personal space clean: car, room, bed, and so on, but the community space in your home must be perfect." He absent mindedly tapped his fingers on the desk, eyes glued to something above my head. "But you're comfortable in the mess. You like it, in a way, even though you continue to try to change the state of these spaces. But when someone else is in that space it bothers you. You can't handle someone else seeing the mess; it's as if you think the mess defines you or determines your worth in some way." He paused, still not meeting my eyes.

I always felt like he was talking to himself more than me when he got that far off look. Calder was one of the few people I actually enjoyed, not that I would ever tell him that, but there were times where he pinpointed me better than I could. Not in a cheesy way, but he really understood who I was and why everyday life was difficult for me. Other than Meg, no one else really understood that or even tried to.

"This observation made a lot of sense to me," He nodded, as if reassuring himself of his own conclusions. "You have been stuck on this idea of appearance for so long even though you definitely don't look at yourself as being put together. I think your mind is like your room, no

matter how you try, you cannot keep it from getting messy and chaotic and overwhelming, but the rest of your life has to look perfect.” Calder’s eyes, like the water droplets on the window, slid down the wall to meet mine. “I think you stopped caring about your public space, though, because the self-harming is the opposite of you trying to keep up appearances.”

My hands caressed the thick keloids that ran up and down my arms, not liking the balloon growing in my chest, ignoring the pounding. The silence between us lingered, growing thicker and more profound with each trickle down the glass. “I looked up what your name means, because I’d never heard it before,” my words were urgent, groping into the clutter of my mind for anything at all. “It means cool brook.” I paused, partly for dramatic affect, but mostly because my voice was shaking. “What kind of hippy shit is that?” Eyes cast down, knuckles white, arms crossed.

A short laugh escaped his lips and echoed around the room. “Exactly what you said, actually,” his swivel chair squeaked softly. “My mother was definitely a hippy; she told me that I was her life water growing up, that I was like cool water on sore wounds.”

I nodded, my fingers returning to the couch’s crumbling exterior.

“You’re not as good at avoiding things as you may think,” Calder’s words were bouncing around in my head, but I couldn’t catch any of them. They were a constant flash of letters and meaning just out of reach. “What do you think caused you to stop caring about appearances?”

I could feel my nostrils flaring, my hands beginning to clench into little fists. “I’m not the one being paid to know,” I spat, eyes touching the cluttered bookshelves, resenting the comfort they depicted in their chaotic state. My fingers created shallow ditches through my short, unwashed hair. “Please tell me, what do you think, doctor?”

Calder’s feet suddenly appeared at the top of my vision, facing the darkening window. “Sometimes I think you just want the outside to match the inside.” His words crashed upon my ears, shattering the confidence I so often feigned.

My lips were scaly as my tongue explored the expanse of my mouth. I had no lungs and even if I had, there was no oxygen left in the universe to fill them. My snake-lips gaped, my empty ribcage beginning to heave; Muscles tense, contracting in an attempt to keep my body together.

“I just want everything inside to go away. People act like it’s weird that I can’t deal with public places, but if they could see what it looked like in here, they wouldn’t.” My voice shook, conscious of every syllable, “there is too much in here.” My hands flew to my forehead, fingers rooting themselves in my hair, and my mind was blur of motion. “I don’t always have an option, sometimes the inside forces itself upon the outside.”

My shoulders settled the moment I walked out of the office and into the storm, away from the fake plants that I had seen being dusted by the receptionist countless times and the kindergarden finger paintings that were a myriad of colors. The walls of that office, although comfortable and safe, held too much of the chaotic and messy person whom I was slowly accepting as myself and, after a session like today’s, I was beyond grateful to let that person continue wandering in the walls, while I walked away. Instinctively, I turned my face towards the sky, accepting the overflow of condensation that traveled towards the earth, and found comfort in its weight. I was grateful for my waterproof backpack as I trudged through the flood of rain that penetrated my clothing towards the comfort that was Meg’s house.

My thoughts wandered back as my feet pushed forward; I drifted through my memories, allowing myself to look at them without becoming fully immersed, until I saw the rain. I was six or seven when a huge storm came that had people talking about it days in advance, even stocking up on nonperishables and things like toilet paper. When it finally hit, my mother herded our family into my parent’s walk-in closet with my sister’s cries echoing down the hallway, but I did not follow. It took about ten minutes for my mother to miss me and come shrieking through the house. She found me in the living room, lights flickering, trees swaying, wind howling, just staring out the window. I remember watching the debris flying past the window, my vision going in and out with the lights, and the water slamming into the glass. When my mother finally got me safely into the closet, my little sister looked at me with her big, innocent eyes and asked why I hadn’t been scared out there alone.

“The storm reminds me of the inside of my head. It understands me.” My words had been too big for me back then.

I remember the silence that hung in the room afterwards and the worried look my mother gave my father. Lighting struck somewhere in the

distance and I wondered if I was the only one that remembered that day.

I threw myself onto the freshly laundered linens of Meg's bed and willed myself to become one with the lavender scented quilt. "Thanks for the clothes," I mumbled somewhat coherently, half of my mouth smashed into the bed.

"I can't believe you walked through that storm," Meg scolded lightly, back to me, as she faced her beloved calender. Some people need planners to get through their day and others need coffee; Meg needs a calender. Each square was filled in with color-coated text and days passed were carefully crossed out in a delicate shade of maroon.

"Sometimes it's necessary, Megs. I like the rain anyway." My voice sounded tired in my ears and I let out of a muffled groan, "I can't do this anymore; I really can't."

I watched her head drop slightly before she approached the edge of the bed and sat carefully, extending a comforting hand to my hair, "What can't you do?"

"Anything," I said loudly, allowing my words to hang in the air before continuing. "I had lunch with my mom today and she just doesn't understand how hard interactions like that are for me. She just acts like I'm an overgrown child for her to order around." I rolled over, face to the ceiling, imagining my sister in a diaper again and then my mother's coffee refusing to stop swirling. I blinked a few times as I bore into the popcorn ceiling, constantly trying to silence the flood of images, in search of hidden patterns and meanings, desperately wanting to find something of use. Meg's fingers ran through the strands of damp hair while she offered me her comfortable silence; she knew I would continue when I was able. "And I had a really confusing meeting with Calder."

Meg laughed abruptly, "'Calder,'" she mimicked. "I'm sorry; what was confusing about it? I thought he helped you."

I sighed and sat up on the bed, "he just said some things that made me think about a lot of stuff that I don't know what to do with. It's not bad, just. . . a lot." My eyes wandered around the room, appreciating the order that Meg's house always provided. Her entire family was almost too neat and even their décor expressed that. Meg's bedroom was mostly white and purple, quiet and simple.

“What kind of stuff?” Her words never interrupted my thoughts, rather they guided them.

My feet found the thick carpet beneath them and tip-toed across it to the center of the room where I began pacing. “More than my mind can handle repeating right now.” My feet established a comfortable six-stride path from one white wall to the other and I traveled along it, back and forth. “I realized today that Calder is the only other person that understands me and that’s kind of pathetic, considering he is paid to understand me.” My arms were crossed tightly over my chest, my fingers squeezing my bicep.

“Erm, that’s not pathetic. You’re just smarter than the rest of us, or something.” Meg’s words, like her eyes, followed me as I paced. “Who is the other person?”

I kept imagining what my outside would look like if it truly resembled my inside and, no matter how many times I blinked, the image would not waver. I shook my head slightly, “Who is what other person?”

“You said Calder was the only *other* person that understood you; who is the other?” Meg’s words had never felt so big as they struggled to seep into my mind, completely obliterating the image I had been fighting, already filling the entire room.

Her eyes were genuine when mine met them in panic. The weight of her question fell upon my thoughts, staining their tired stems with understanding and solidarity, my lungs picked up speed. My feet kept moving, almost in sync with the pace of my thoughts, while too many colors and pieces of sentences flew around my mind, impossible to catch. There was no way she meant what she was saying. Meg was my best friend, the only one that put up with the entirety of my person. Never had she told me to be quiet when my words seemed to have no end; never had she told me I was being dramatic when I couldn’t go somewhere; never had she expected words when there were none; never had she demanded more from me than I was able to offer. Meg had seen the dark parts of my mind, where I so often escaped to, and it took me until this exact moment to realize that acceptance was not understanding.

“Erm?” Meg’s voice sounded foreign in my mind as I replayed the syllable she had uttered, struggling to force my eyes in her direction.

“Um,” I faltered, eyes locked onto a stain that looked like grease on her sleeve. “*Oma*,” I lied, knowing my grandmother was an answer she would not question.

“Are you okay?” Her eyebrows cinched together, wrinkling her forehead.

I tore my eyes away from the stain on her shirt and let them jump around the mildly furnished room, touching everything as they passed. “Yeah, I just realized I need to go home and help my mom.”

“You can’t stay for tacos?”

I shook my head quickly and my eyes settled at the base of the bed where a pile of dirty clothes had been shoved out of sight. My arms hung at my sides, numb, and my mind ran ahead of me. I was afraid to go home with my mind reeling this way, but this space was no longer safe.

\*\*\*\*\*

The sun was high above me; it seemed impossible that it had been storming only a short time before. The heat was heavy upon my shoulders as my feet pulled me down the steamy sidewalk. The sky was blue and the birds begged for my attention as I approached the red front door that I had been entering the majority of my life. I had either gotten weaker throughout the day or my backpack had grown heavier, because it sagged low, threatening to bring me down. The moment the door was open I immediately heard my mother instructing my sister on how to properly clean a room, her voice anything but patient. I silently pulled the door closed behind me and stood motionless, my vision a blur, becoming acutely aware of my eyes darting around in my eye sockets. I shook my head aggressively, clenching my eyes shut, in an attempt to dislodge what had gotten stuck in my mind. There had been very few times in my life when my thoughts reached such high speeds that I couldn’t keep my eyes from trying to follow them; I couldn’t stop it now. If no one understood me, except Calder, who went to school to be able to understand me, then I was bound to stay trapped inside of my self, forever.

I shed my possessions onto the marble countertop and felt no



relief. I needed a few more moments to myself before I had to take on the heat, that was my mother, so I moved softly. I couldn't stop picturing myself as an old woman, still locked in my my own head, completely alone, because clean soil wasn't in the cards for me. I stared blindly into the refrigerator not wanting anything to eat, just needing something mundane to focus on. Calder's words weaved in and out of the dead foliage of my mind, refusing to settle comfortably.

*I believe your thoughts and emotions are a bit misguided. Your obsession with control and order is merely the manifestation of a larger issue.*

Milk, eggs, bread, butter, jelly, broccoli, ham, iced coffee, raw chicken, grapes, celery. I repeated the contents of the fridge three times to myself in an attempt to establish some kind of order. My hands flew to my temples in a panic, because the leaves kept poking me, itching, hurting, constant.

*You are more complete than most of the people that wander through this room and I don't say that to belittle your feelings, quite the opposite; I say that to encourage you. Redirect that energy.*

The sink held two dishes: a fork with the remnants of peanut butter and a spoon with a few drops of coffee pooling in its belly. Everything was so tidy and perfect, expect for the two eating utensils. This small detail upset the entire balance of the house.

*You feel like you don't have any room in your mind, that it's too cluttered to even contain itself, well, what do you think could possibly clear that out?*

I scrubbed the peanut butter from the spoon eagerly, needing to see my own reflection in the silver. I continued scrubbing the poor, little piece of silver until I heard foot steps behind me.

"What are you doing?" My mother's slight frame filled the large doorway, arms crossed.

"Uh, washing this?" I offered, holding up the dripping utensil.

"Leave the spoon. *Oma* will be here soon because she got an earlier flight out of Munich, so I need you to go clean your room." Her commands were delivered with quick, deliberate words that made me tired.

“Now!” She said urgently when I didn’t move.

I dropped the spoon in a clatter and headed towards the stairs.

“What are you doing?” My mother squawked. “Get your things! I can’t do everything alone. Good heavens, you got to go to your friend’s house, now I’m going to need you to help me.” I could tell without looking that my mother had thrown her hands up in the dramatic fashion she was accustomed to in moments of false urgency. My eyes met her hands, avoiding her eyes, as I grabbed my bag and slumped out of the room.

“How was your appointment?” My mother yelled from the kitchen as I mounted the stairs, but I had no words to offer.

The carpeted stairs were kind to my aching feet and the narrow walls guided me to my room. I could hear my sister mimicking my mother’s voice through her closed door followed by the slamming of drawers.

*Today was good. You have all the pieces to figure things out and now you just need to reassemble them.*

The moment I stepped foot into the mess that was my room, I felt like I had come back down to the altitude I was used to. The pressure lifted from my lungs all at once and oxygen flowed freely through them. I sank into a pile of clothes and buried my face amongst the familiar scents. I didn’t know what to do with myself, but the soft soil beneath me was comforting and consistent.

*You want to silence what is inside of you, but it definitely hasn’t served you well thus far. Focus that energy on external situations. Try to reshape your situations and how you maneuver them instead of reshaping your mind.*

I squinted through my slightly parted eyelids and the yellow light above floated in and out of focus. I kept seeing myself separated from the people I loved by the constant motion, the constant colors, the constant urgency that resided within me and I knew it couldn’t be left that way. The walls were closing in on me in my peripherals and the dead leaves rose above me.

The door knob rattled, “Why is this door locked?” The door shook as my mother’s fists pounded on the other side. I couldn’t hear the beating, but I could see it, the slight vibrations where the soft wood took in

my mother's blows. "Please, open this door! *Oma* is going to sleep in here and you know how particular she is!" The room had shrunk to half of its original size, suffocating my thoughts, in an attempt to kill what was inside of me. "I don't know what has gotten into you, but you better get rid of it right now." Her words floated into the room, but I still could not hear them, I could merely read them as they impressed themselves upon the door.

My fingers groped through the dirt, searching for answers, answers to the questions that I could no longer ignore. I could no longer ignore that my mind was what would always keep me isolated, wandering around within myself, and I had to be rid of it. My body shifted and contorted itself into the barren soil, willing itself to become one with the field. My fingers found their home just before I sank too deep. The box was small, the material soft but firm. I kept eye contact with the light above, reassuring that I would not sink too soon, as my fingers identified the answer in my hands. There was a rough strip that felt like sandpaper and a compartment slid out, revealing little sticks with red tips. I clutched them to my chest and retrieved one with my fingers.

*Sometimes I think you just want the outside to match the inside*

The words fluttered in front of my eyes, the only thing within me that contained life. There was more pounding; there were more footsteps; there was urgency. I dragged the little stick across the rough strip and watched as my own energy was transferred. If I was able to free up all of this cluttered space there would be room for thoughts that had purpose and direction. I wanted to do more than silence the chaos of my mind; I wanted to destroy the weight that had fallen upon me, redirecting my energy. So I flicked this answer upon the dry, lifeless flowers and heat grew in a circle around me. But there would be so much space soon.

# Grandmother's Story

Jacqueline Zantow

In Memoriam of Jacqueline Reine Zantow

“When I was back in France,  
during the war, you know,  
Papa,” her French lips  
popped like bubblegum,  
“kept a typewriter.”

“But when the Germans rolled in, with their  
tanks and  
guns and  
Luftwaffe,  
they told us  
no typewriters. But after Papa  
was kidnapped, Mama used  
the typewriter so we could  
speak with our neighbors,  
and sometimes  
she'd sneak letters out.”  
One hand batted at the cat,  
rolling in her yarn basket.

“But one day, we heard the soldiers  
banging on doors, shouting, of course,  
'*Offen! Inspektion!*' 'Je suis désolé—' '*Schnautze!*'<sup>1</sup>  
and Mama, she grabs my shoulders,  
whispers,” and here she leaned in close,  
“Jacqueline, the typewriter.”  
Her “J” zipped  
to an open “*ah*” before a bite  
on the “*cq*”—  
“Dump it over the fence  
in the alley.”

---

1      ‘Open! Inspection!’ ‘I’m sorry—’ ‘Shut up!’

“Now, the thing was,” she puffed and blew out her cheeks,  
gesturing a heavy box with her arms,  
“but I lifted and shoved  
the kitchen door open and slipped  
it through a hole in the  
wood panels by the alley.”

“The door had just shut when we heard,  
'*Achtung! Inspektion!*' and giant men  
in grey coats  
shoved in.  
Mama's hand gripped my shoulder.  
One blond man stepped forward,  
black gloves held behind his back  
so the baton on his hip  
stood out.  
'Someone here owns a typewriter,' he said  
in sloppy French.  
Mama shook her head.”

“So they searched  
and left. Mama hugged me, then we heard  
'*Inspektion!*' cried next door.  
Feet scuffling, wood slats banging, then

*POW*

and a thump with a  
*crack*  
on the end.”

# Staff and Contributors

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# Goals

The Calliope is published annually by Armstrong State University and offers students a great opportunity not only to showcase their creative genius but to become a published author/artist! We accept submissions in the following categories: Poetry, Fiction / Creative Non-fiction / Plays, and Visual Art / Photography. Students are allowed unlimited submissions and can vary their submissions between categories. All submissions are judged anonymously by the current Editor and the Calliope Staff and the pieces with either unanimous or the majority of votes are the ones chosen for publication.

## **Want to submit to the Calliope?**

Submissions for the Calliope begin in the Fall semester each year, typically after the new Editor and Staff are chosen.

If you are interested in submitting to next year's Calliope or joining the staff, any questions can be sent to the faculty advisor, Dr. Christopher Baker, at [christopher.baker@armstrong.edu](mailto:christopher.baker@armstrong.edu).





# Armstrong State University 2015

Cover image: *Frozen Child*, by Emily Hepfner