

kiosk

THE ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE OF MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE

2011



BEHOLD



Behold! The birth!
A long-brewing pot of insanity boils over
with rage and a libido-craving culture and change
it erupts with glorious
awe-inspiring
fanfare-firing
destruction
and up rises from the chaotic mire
a voice of revolution
a vigilante of thought
an ass-kicking lone ranger
armed with a tongue of silver
hi-ho!
Ready for circuit-riding the minds of youth
thumping his book
and preaching the gospel according to Keats
Oh praise the lawd we is saved!
Deliver us from cultural damnation
and lead us not into NASCAR temptation
with TV and french fries for all

Been waiting so long for our
hipsterized
beat-wise
coup d'etat talking jive guy
that our souls just got old and died
withered into meatloaf and *Jersey Shore*.
And RRRRRRIIP
He tears it up
the microphone
the language
the old way of living without even living
and the very fabric of space-time
with a resounding
CRACK
that sounds from the walls of the universe
as a poet is born.

JOHN CALAHAN





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All entries are considered objectively by the judges with no artist name or special consideration for any piece. Editorial staff are eligible for contest placement but not prize money.

LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

"Work without boundaries. Create without boundaries."

SIoux CITY ARTIST ANN McTAGGART

Dear Reader,

Serving as *Kiosk* Head Editor has inspired me to see the potential in all work. This experience has taught me to communicate clearly and effectively and, ultimately, to make difficult decisions about my own and others' work. I have learned that words are both sacred and superficial and that a writer must not be "married to" his or her words or the writing will grow static. I have learned the ticks and hearts of many of our writers, and I love the fact that the writers published in this magazine are my peers. They hold the highest of standards against which I must measure myself.

To all the writers unable to be presented in this year's *Kiosk*: keep writing. Personal aesthetic takes time. You'll find it. The courage it took to allow your work to be evaluated is immense—don't lose that. All contributors—even those rejected—shape the *Kiosk*.

I'd like to thank Associate Editors Kelci, Kyle, and Jacob, English department secretary and queen of all things English Marcie Ponder, Dr. Stephen Coyne, and our numerous editorial board members for their hard work, helpful advice, and unending support. As always, designing like the wind was the Art Department in assembling this year's beautiful book, and I'd like to thank them for their dedication to the publication as well. Thanks also go to President John Reynders for so strongly and consistently supporting the growth of literature and visual art at Morningside.

And finally, thank you so much to Visiting Instructor Jason Murray who put up with all of my freaking out and was a true motivator behind this year's production of the *Kiosk*. Without you, Jason, I would never have let myself leap. You've been an inspiration and a partner through this ordeal (and/or learning experience) we call a publication, and I am truly grateful.

In the following pages you will find pain and beauty and lightheartedness and plays on stereo-

types. You'll find art that will evoke dreaming worlds long forgotten; you'll appreciate satire; you'll find poignancy rendered as a multicolored visual. Thank you for reading.

Always,

Krystal Shearer *Kiosk* Head Editor

As Visual Editor for the past two years, I have had the opportunity to work with many great artists and critique the many beautiful pieces that give *Kiosk* its artistic appearance. Through the judging process, I have become more appreciative of diverse mediums of art and have gained knowledge of the extensive work required to produce varied quality art works. I have learned to be critical of others' work and this has helped me be a better critic of my own work. I've had the pleasure of designing the 2010 and 2011 *Kiosk*, allowing me to embrace my love for publication design which I hope to pursue as my career.

I would like to thank my Assistant Visual Editors, Shea Hartmann Hodges and Tony Wiley, for helping in the judging process. After spending hours examining each student entry, we feel we have chosen the most outstanding pieces for this year's publication. I would also like to thank Terri McGaffin for her efforts enlisting professional judges, collecting entries, and all her organizational work that allows the publication to exist. I want to give a large thank you to John Kolbo for sitting in the lab with me long hours each week as we nitpicked each little detail until we were tired of looking at the computer screen. He has helped me to become a better designer by showing me how important it truly is to pay attention to detail.

Finally, I would like to thank everyone in the English Department for their long hours of writing and proofreading the magazine.

Lindsey Siepker *Visual Editor*



KRYSTAL SHEARER



LINDSEY SIEPKER

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Stacy Pearson is a Senior Graphic Designer at JD Gordon Advertising in Sioux City, Iowa. Stacy is a 2007 alumna of Morningside College. During her senior year at Morningside she was Visual Editor of the *Kiosk*.



Sioux City artist **Paul Chelstad** is known for his work as a stencil graffiti artist in NYC in the 1980's. Locally, he's best known for public murals and sculpture.

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OF MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE

*"Perhaps imagination
is only intelligence having fun."*

GEORGE SCIALLABA



BONZA

by Courtney Kinnander
graphic design



LIGHTPAINTED FALLS

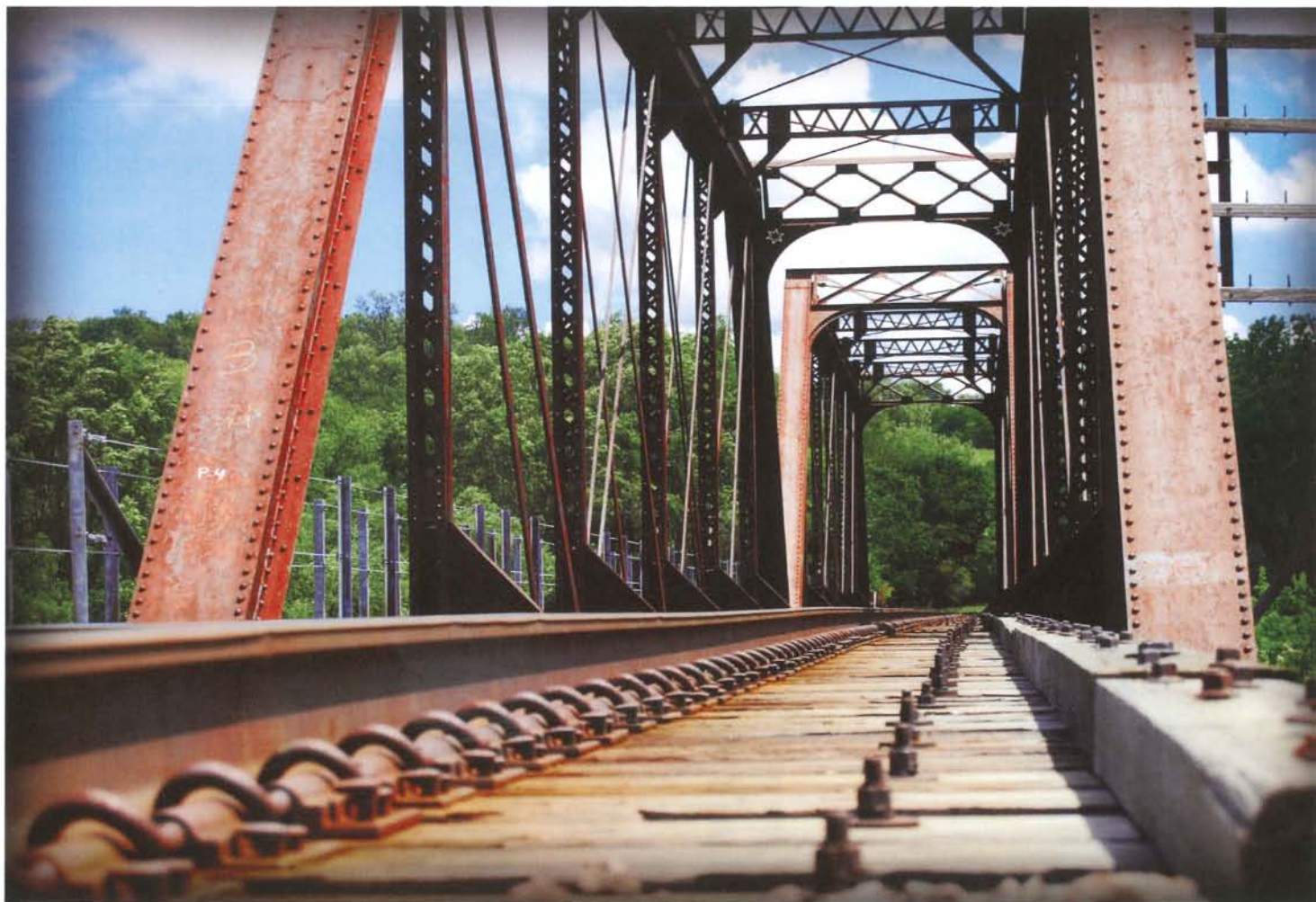
by Kelsey Prosser
digital photograph



SARAH PALIN

by Cara Anderson

illustration



PASSAGE

by Brittany Aronson
digital photograph

HERITAGE IS A CONDUIT

Two boys
strung two
paper cups together
with some paperclips,
a couple of buttons,
and twine.
One boy gingerly
climbed
the rickety boards
up into the tree house.
The other stayed planted
below on the ground,
with his ear pressed
to his paper cup,
waiting.

I am that planted boy
patiently waiting
for some voice
to come down
the twine
from those ancestors
of mine
who have braved
the rickety
boards.
So send
your great-great
grandson
a proverb or two
down
along
the conduit
we have
strung
between us.

CHARLIE NIXON

IF YOU SEE KAY

by Judy Ford
digital photograph



BATURI

by Rebecca Anderson

"Baturi! Baturi!" The high-pitched squeals of children will forever ring in my ears. The Hausa word remains the same no matter what corner of the country or what dialect. It means white person, the perfect adjective for me.

I was crossing the country of Nigeria, on a highway that made the country dirt roads from back home look first class. My traveling companions were twelve other Iowans, pale as snow. Despite the number of mission trips to Africa, we were about the only twelve baturi or white people in the entire country of Nigeria at the time. We stuck out like new kids at school. Some of the villages we visited were so far out in the African bush that many had never seen a baturi before. Every child wanted to touch my skin; often I walked around with four or five kids on each arm. They would examine and pull on my skin as if attempting to rub off some paint or remove the pallid material that covered my real skin. Several of the younger ones were too terrified to come near me and would shriek when I was in sight.

When I say that we stuck out, we were acknowledged quite publicly. I felt like Jennifer Aniston walking down the red carpet instead of Rebecca Anderson trekking through the African jungle. This was particularly odd because my hair looked horrendous, and three weeks of showering out of a bucket doesn't lend itself well to Hollywood glamour. During our daily travels, Nigerian children would race out of their homes shouting "baturi" to alert the others as we passed. They multiplied exponentially into a huge mass of excitement, chasing us down the road even if we were in our truck. The attention and excitement were enthralling, and I came to love our A-list status. The first thing I missed back in the United States was waving at people everywhere as I drove to work.

Although, the parade of attention was rather overwhelming at times too. There was a small village called Bagarmi that had no roads leading to it, but it is a place eternally imprinted on the map of my heart. After hours bouncing in the back of a truck over the rough Nigerian terrain with 10 other occupants, we arrived in Bagarmi. A few "baturi's"

were announced and suddenly a crowd of over 200 people exuberantly greeted us and engulfed our envoy. I was lifted from the back of the truck and hugged by complete strangers. The villagers were singing, dancing, crying in joy, and praising God that white people had come to visit—had to come to help. I was treated like a long lost friend and a hero. Somewhere between the hugs and the cheers, I choked back a sob. It hit me that it was just me. All of this excitement and life-changing uproar was because of me.

But who was I? I was just an average twenty-year-old college student, living the privileged lifestyle that my social class and country of residence afforded me. I wasn't a hero. I wasn't going to improve their lives dramatically. I couldn't save them from their poverty or their corrupt government. This was probably one of the most humbling revelations of my life. Yet the crazy thing was they still loved me. My presence alone was a gift to them. The money and time I sacrificed to make the trip and the fact that I came to their village, out of all the big cities we could have visited, were reasons enough to love me. I realized that my volunteer work and physical effort on this trip was limited because I am limited.

The truly meaningful impact was the fact that I demonstrated that they are worthwhile. I learned a valuable lesson: relationships come before any act or monetary sum. And that is something I will take with me the rest of my life. My humble arrival in Nigeria proved to them that a "wealthy baturi" would leave luxury and comfort because Nigeria was worth it. Bagarmi was worth it. Every child of poverty is worth it. This baturi will never forget that.

See my cheerful cherubim
smile sweetly from their desks.
Their tiny fingers folded,
their minds mine to be molded,
so anxious for the class to start.

I've quite the day in store!
But pause a moment please—
my lesson plans have seemed to flee.
I swore I stashed them here
but now it seems they've disappeared.

Instead I guess we'll take some notes.
My skirt swirls as I spin around
anticipating my favorite sound—
the scrape of chalk on blackboard.
But as I reach, my fingers fumble...

the sticks are stuck tight to the tray.
I may have been born at night,
but not last night, boys and girls.
We had glue in my day too.
My spare chalk's right here in the...

EEEEK! From my lips an awful shriek.
Devious little devils
snuck a snake in my desk!
They snigger and snort with glee,
grinning so impishly.

As I sink into my chair
more is in store for me there.
A rip-roaring blast resounds
but my flatus apparatus
is not to blame in this naughty game.

These brats have made a great mistake;
these tricks have made me a disgrace.
Class, you're not innocent as
lost teeth and pigtails would lend.
You just wait for my revenge.

ERIN BOHLMANN

FAMILIARITY

The shoes; stilettos
dark as night
with bright,
red nails, underneath
the fishnet stockings
that creep up
gently to the ankles
and up the smooth legs.
Wrapping around the knees
up the thighs, higher! Higher!
Until—temptation is stopped
by a plaid skirt
that holds secrets
from all who gaze
with lustful eyes.
The belt: black,
far enough underneath
the white shirt above,
leaving soft skin exposed
and a silver belly piercing
clashing against the golden belly.
The shirt is taut
with no room for imagination
from the plains
to two mountains
that beg to be climbed
and back down
to the base of the neck
where blonde extensions
delicately lie.
The lips; lusciously lingering for love
meet powdered cheeks
in a dimple
under the sparkling eyes.
Eyes I knew
or thought I did
and then the voice
from within boomed,
“I am still your brother.”

NICK GROVE

sounds then. Now, their absence is crystal clear.

"Well?" Lissa said. I continued to inch forward. She grabbed the screen door behind me and stared at me with anticipation. For months, she had talked about how excited she was to meet my family. She couldn't wait to see the place where I grew up, the place I'm supposed to call home. "Are you going to knock, or are we just going to stand here all day?"

I knocked. The three, equally timed thuds rattled the feeble wooden door. I didn't know what to expect on the other side. I hadn't seen my mother or father in a decade and I hadn't communicated with them for nearly five years—that is, until a few months ago when I quickly told my mother that I was getting married, that Lissa wanted to meet the family, and that she and I would be getting married here.

We waited for a response on the other side. Time seemed to pass by so slowly. Years upon years of memories flooded my mind during the

mere seconds that we stood waiting. The memories of my childhood felt so distant, like they weren't really my memories—as if they'd never actually happened. Everything was so much different.

I reached for the door-knob. I clenched the cool brass handle and squeezed tightly, as if I would fly away if I were to let go. I tried to turn it, only to be stopped by the lock. It wouldn't budge.

"It's ... It's locked," I said questioningly.

"Maybe we're early," Lissa said. "Should we just come back later? You can show me around the town! We can see all of your favorite places as a kid!"

I didn't reply right away, but stood for a moment, thinking. Had I changed? Or was it true that you can never go home again?

"Years went by, and eventually I got a degree in something that doesn't matter and managed to find a nine-to-five job that I didn't completely loathe."



UNTITLED

by Haley Banks
oil

GOING HOME

by Kyle Bubb

"So, this is it?" Lissa asked. Her voice was cheerful, like a child on Christmas morning. Her eagerness only made my discomfort stronger.

I turned off the car's engine, pulled the keys from the ignition, and blew a sigh as I fell back into my car seat. "Yep," I began. I gazed at the chipped paint on the siding of the house. The once-vibrant blue color of the house was now completely faded. "It looks... different," I said.

college. I went as far away as I could from the traditional small, quiet, and warm Midwestern town to the large, loud, and cold world of California. I don't know what it was that I was trying to find. I thought I knew what I wanted. I thought I wanted something different. Years went by, and eventually I got a degree in something that doesn't matter and managed to find a nine-to-five job that I didn't completely loathe. I found the woman I wanted to spend the rest of my life with. That's why we came here. She wanted to get married here. Here, at my home. She said she wanted to have the ceremony somewhere different.

"Yeah, I guess it's been about that long," I said. I stared down at the sidewalk. Cracks covered most of the cement path. Dull, green weeds poked out between the gaps, trying to reclaim the land that was once theirs. The stairs leading up to the house suffered from the same ailment as the sidewalk below it. A fraction of the stairs were sloping downward, no longer the perfect right angles they used to be. Throughout my childhood, I ran up and down those stairs and across that sidewalk. Then, the cement was smooth and complete, as if always freshly paved. Now, it's different.

I looked up at the house. The chipped and faded paint was clearer than ever. The shingles on the roof were falling off—clearly victims of years of neglect, as well as abuse by Mother Nature. It's not that the house was in bad condition—it was just older. Different. I opened the front screen door. Its screech pierced the silence of the neighborhood. There used to be so much noise here. I would play outside as a child, and I could hear the sounds of birds singing for hours. Sometimes, the kids next door would be yelling joyfully as they ran through the sprinkler, in a desperate attempt to escape from the scorching summer heat. I would even hear the occasional engine roar of a sports car driving by, filled with teenage boys trying to impress teenage girls. I didn't really pay attention to all of those



CONVERSE

by Amy Augspurger
relief print

"Well, we knew it would be, dear," Lissa said. We both got out of the car and began walking up the sidewalk toward the place I used to call home. "After all, it's been, what, 9, almost 10, years since you were here last?" she finished.

Had it been that long? I hadn't thought about home for a long time. I hadn't had the time to think about home. I left when I was 18 to go to



THE SPACE IN BETWEEN

by Shea Hartmann Hodges
acrylic

OUT BEHIND THE BARN

for Rick

Early on, he'd smoke cigarettes he lifted,
and in the years that followed there were
the usual pilfered beers, dirty pictures,
and various sorts of I'll show you mine
if you show me yours. Later, there was pot
behind the barn. And after he inherited
the place, and made a family, there was
sweet peace and quiet when he stole away
from the chaos of wife and kids and life
to go behind the barn and drink the beers
he'd sworn off, or he would chew tobacco,
which he had also sworn off. A collection
of clutter grew behind the barn, the detritus
of his secret hours, while inside the house
his wife was dying, for a very long time.
Some nights he'd go behind the barn and throw
insults at the stars. And even after
his wife died and the kids moved out, he went
behind the barn to drink his six packs
and interrogate the sky. His neck
was bent with age, but out behind the barn
he would lean back in that old kitchen chair
and struggle, it must have been, with belief.
He took everything apart: computers and cars,
boats and radios—all ideas in pieces.
Who was he trying to hide it from out there
behind the barn in those later years?
Whose gaze could he have been avoiding?
No one was left. It could only have been God
he sought to escape. But didn't he know,
better than the rest of us, that God has been
out behind the barn, breaking things, forever?

STEPHEN COYNE

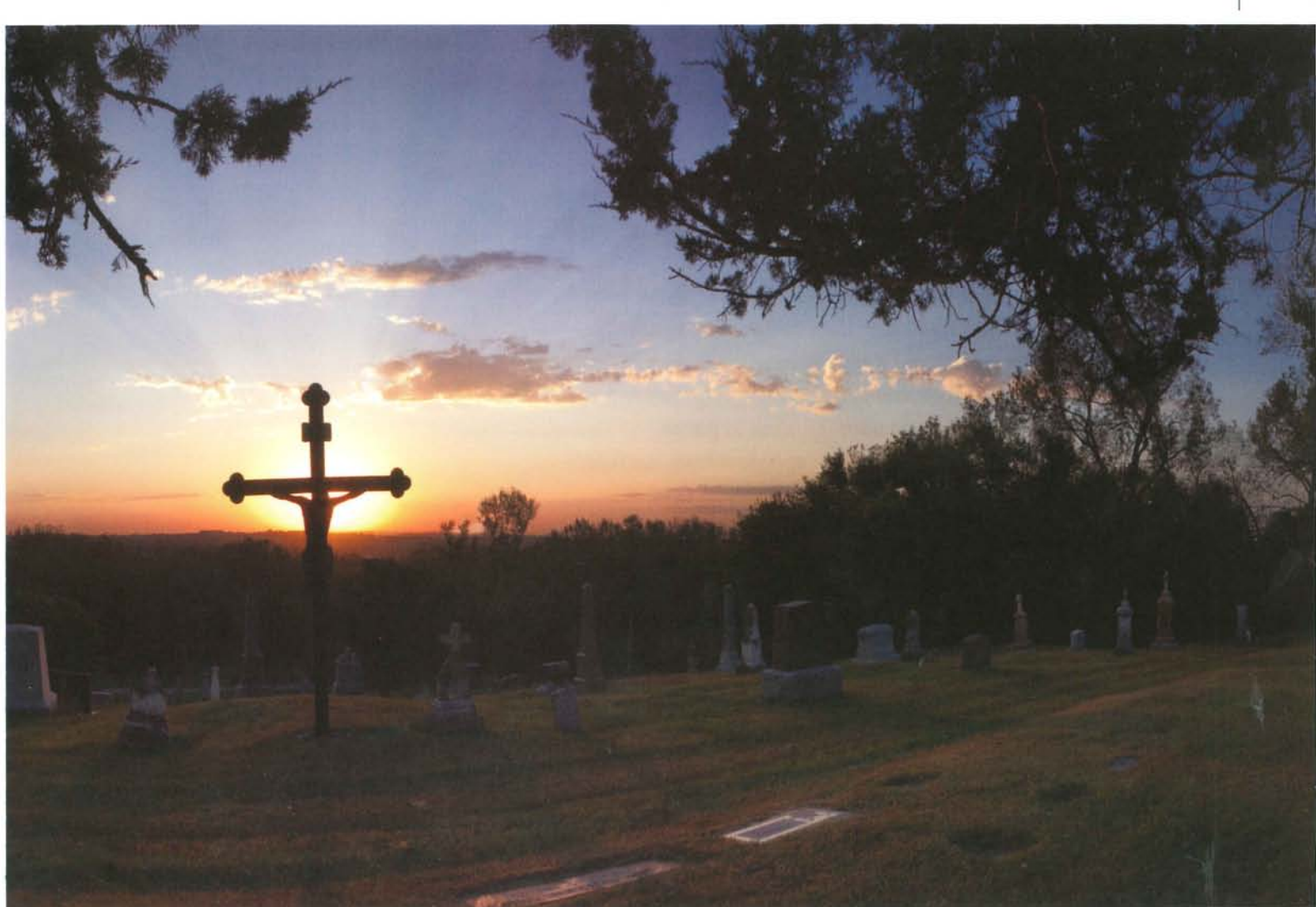
could I know that then? I was only four.

I remember shivering as we walked to the next shack, my nose bitten by the cold wind even when I buried my face in my sister's heavy coat. Inside it was warm once again, and we gazed in wonder at the rows and rows of glass jars filled with samplings of fresh maple syrup. Light shone through the jars, illuminating the room in amber, golden-rod, mahogany, and honey-colored tones. I wanted to taste them all, but my sister deftly kept my hands away from the breakable glass.

I remember climbing back into the van, every one of us carrying a prize of some sort. I sat buckled in my seat with a small jar of maple butter

tucked between my knees. I guarded it with my hands, careful not to let it fall.

A year later we moved to South Dakota, a strange and seemingly desolate place where sugar maple trees didn't dare to grow. We finished the jar of maple butter a long time ago, but I still remember it. I remember the taste.



MAPLE BUTTER

by Lydia Ford

I remember the sound of the tires on our 15-passenger van crunching on the snow as we pulled into the dirt and gravel parking lot. Sugar maple trees surrounded the lot, their bare arms reaching toward the skies.

A metal bucket hung from each trunk to collect the sap trickling slowly from the spout. We piled out, people counting us "One...two...three... holy shit, there's seven of 'em! And they all have red hair!"

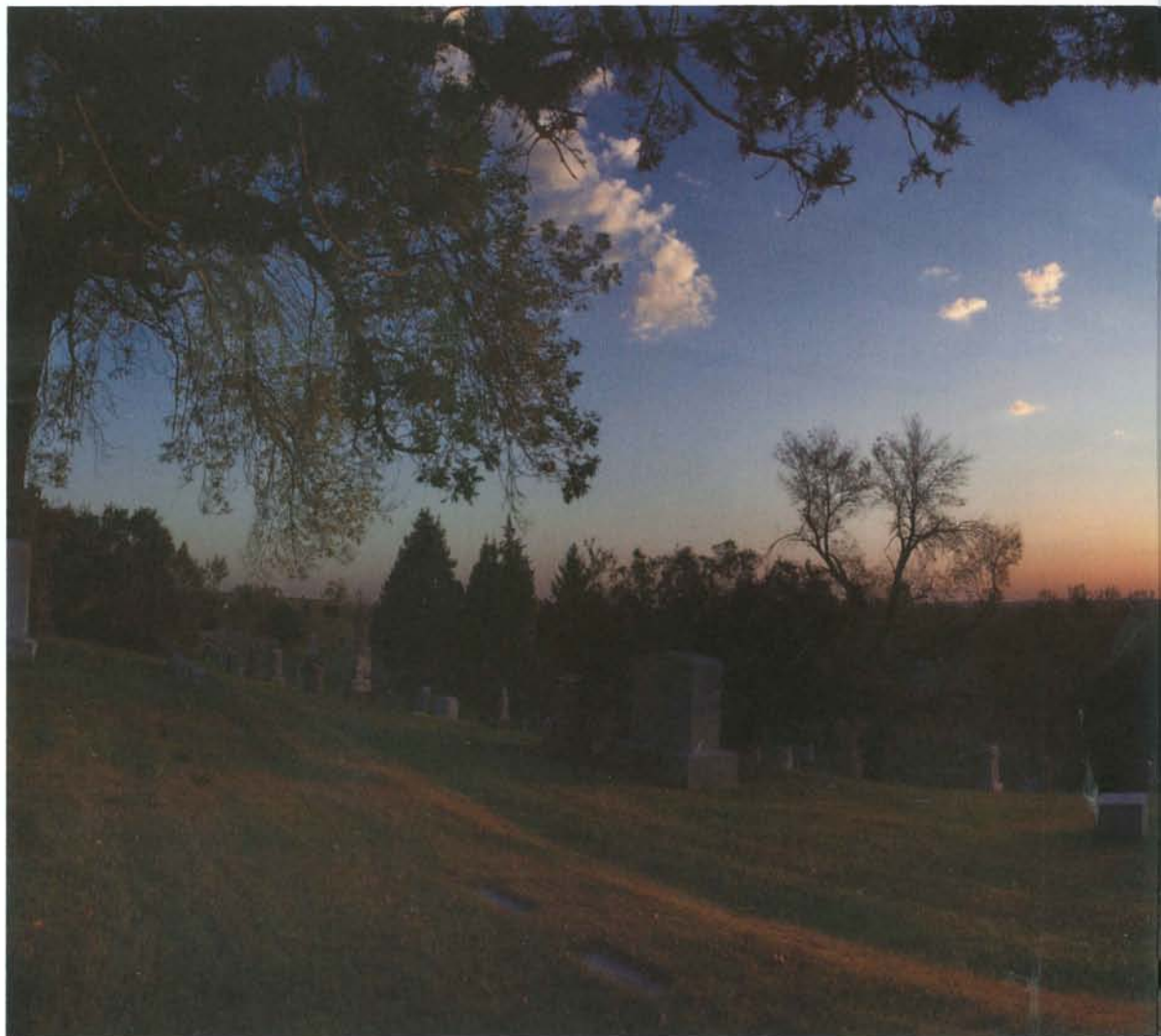
I remember my oldest sister carrying me as we walked into the first little wooden shack. Smoke billowed out of the top and I was almost scared until we stepped inside and saw the old woman smiling gently. I was fascinated by the way the skin

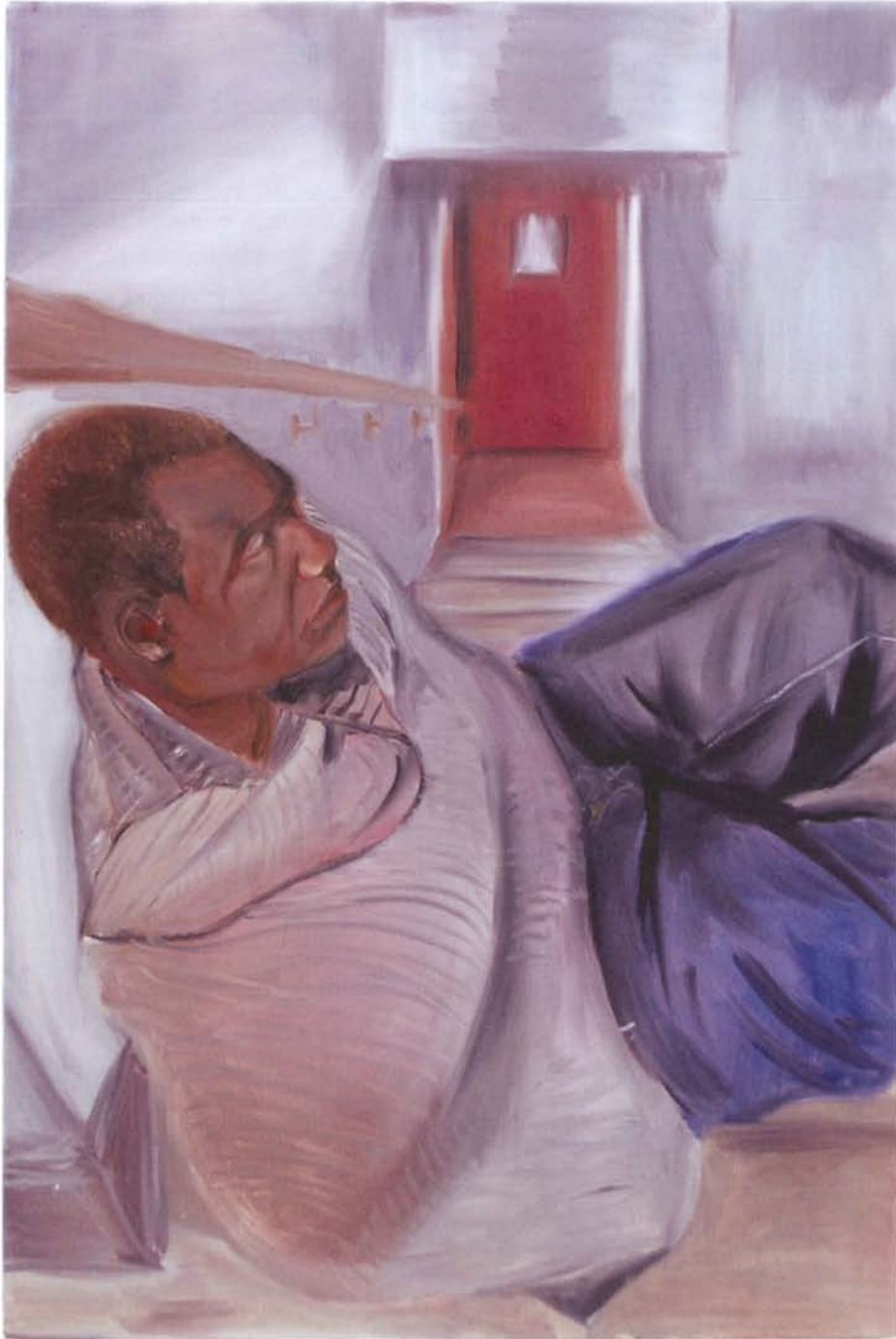
around her lips and eyes creased when she smiled, the way she didn't even have to look as she skillfully skimmed off the foam that accumulated atop the boiling liquid.

I remember the smells. The warm, rich aroma of sap as it bubbled and boiled into maple syrup enveloped us the moment we stepped into the shack. Through the maple scent I could detect a sharp hint of the cedar boards that had been used to build the shack. It must have been old, but how

SILENT SUNRISE

by Wyeth Lynch
digital photograph





SIouxDAN

by Annika Kolbo
oil

FISHING IN BLACKWOOD

by Daren Koehler

On the morning of my 16th birthday my father and I arrived at Lake Blackwood around 6 a.m. He asked me to unload our poles so he could get the boat ready. This was our first fishing trip together.

My hands shook as I pulled down the tailgate. I've never been very close with my dad, and I wanted to impress him. I lifted the blanket off of the gear, and saw the poles sitting next to a case of beer. I quickly grabbed the poles and took off towards the boat.

I had only ridden in this boat once when I was eight. My father took my mother and me out on the lake before they got divorced. I can vaguely re-

He stepped into the boat and started it up. As he revved the engine and as I walked back to the truck, my mind wandered back to the first time to the lake. We were on the lake for hours that day, floating wherever the current took us. It was the last time I saw my parents happy together.

I rushed to the boat with the tackle box and beer and stepped down into the boat. He grabbed the tackle box and started rigging the poles. I asked him what we were fishing for today.

"We're going for whatever bites. It rained last night, so hopefully the fish will still be swimming towards the top."

He finished tying the hooks and searched the tackle box. He grabbed plastic worms and fake fish. He rummaged for a minute or two longer, then looked up. "Shit, we forgot the night crawlers in the truck," he said. "Be a pal and get 'em, will you?"

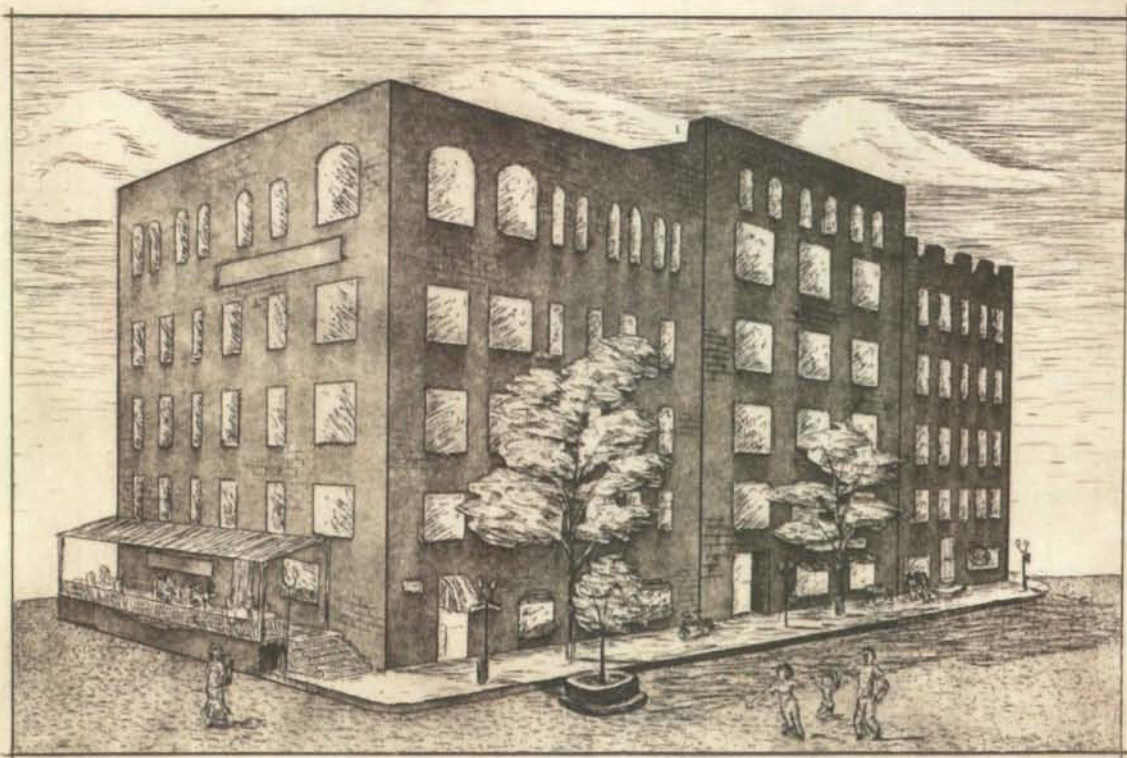
"Sure thing." I jumped out of the boat and ran back up the dock. As I walked back to the dock, I saw my father talking on his cell phone. He was arguing with someone.

"Quit worrying. I'll have him to your house by six or seven tonight," he said. He was talking to my mom; I could tell by his tone. As I approached the boat, he snapped his phone closed and muttered something under his breath.

"If I'm going to get you home on time, we bet-

OLD MARKET

by Jessica Bartak
etching



member how happy my mother looked as the wind blew through her hair.

"I got 'em, Dad. You need anything else from the truck?"

"Yeah, why don't you grab the tackle box and my beer?"

But she's not crying; she's happily engaged in the wonders of the
light blue noise-maker
clutched oddly in her contorted left hand,
held up by an underdeveloped bent arm.
You're thankful she's alive,
but your heart knows
she could die at any time.
And if she lives—
what kind of life?

Her smile comes easy,
and for that you are glad—
you're not sure why she is happy,
but she is happy living in the moment
and that makes it easier for you, too, to smile

You do your damndest to keep a positive attitude;
there's still a chance she could grow out of it—
a chance she could learn some motor skills
after years of special schooling and training,
substantial funds sacrificed to pay for that special schooling,
and even steeper funding for countless surgeries
performed on your
Baby Girl.

If there are no other positive sides,
at least she doesn't know what she's
missing,
or so you cynically wish.

How could God have done this to you?
To her?
The nauseating emotion in the pit of your chest throbs,
and from it stems shots of electric self-reproach
as the bone-chilling truth crosses your mind for not the first time.
But for the first time, you let yourself acknowledge it:

You only wanted one, but now you need to have two,
and so you do—
a year later I am born.

ASHLEY MARKS

AMBIVALENCE

She was what you wanted, but not quite.
You could never say she wasn't "right."
But after a month spent in the hospital, the sleep you weren't getting
wasn't caused by her crying keeping you up at night.

You didn't understand. You prayed,
hoped, and believed she could
prove them wrong
about everything.
As her mother, you had to.
Not out of obligation, but of motivation
to defend your young and keep her
alive and happy for eternity—
even if you couldn't really do anything
but hope.

Still perfect in your eyes,
she went on with her life;
entertained with a toy, hungry at times,
sporadically grumpy and sleepy.
Needy. And
delicate.
But although she fulfilled
a part of your Need,
you weren't exactly...
satisfied.

After all, it was likely she would never grow to be
an astronaut, a lawyer, a doctor,
an accountant, a teacher, a librarian, a janitor
a dancer, an athlete, a gardener...
a house owner, a car owner,
or even a walking, talking
person in whom you could recognize some of your own qualities.
She would never bear you a grandchild.
You couldn't see how you would ever sit front row at her wedding.
She would always need someone there to take care of her.
The odds were against her—an angelic runt,
a defenseless dud.

She lies on her curved back on a blanket
in front of you, wailing and flailing.



TRACKS OF THE PASS

by Leigh Schuldt
digital photograph

ORANGE JUICE AND PUMICE



motor oil
sometimes drips
from his hands like syrup,
but only on days when
some miscalculation
blows a hole in the bloc
or snaps a crank shaft.
then his hands coat
with the amber blood
of a failed operation.
even then he spares
a "that a girl"
to his fading patient's
gurgle as she confesses
her malfunction.
and still he slides
from under his workspace,
all grin and gray stubble,
"I jus' gotta rework the timing,
she's old and a goddamn mess."
the whole county could bring
him any motor, no matter,
and he'd make her purr,
muttering at 1 a.m.,
"goddamn
curse to have hands
turn shit to gold"
and as he scrubs his
rough hands with the familiar
orange juice and pumice
scraping his skin
he isn't so much a mechanic
but a mender,
a philosopher,
a saint of rust and renewal.

CHARLIE NIXON

She would think about the apocalypse more.
She would think about the Whore of Babylon,
the green jewel woman riding
the dragon's shoulder—her peach skin
sparking the end of the world, a light
bulb extinguishing over black
dirt. She would stop wearing white
linen and blue contact lenses.
She would keep a diary to trap her darkness
in inkblots. She would cease watching Oprah.
Of course Sunday School was out—
dark mysterious women who drop
acid can't teach 8-year-olds
about this little light of mine.
She would get a night job at a gas station
or bar. At the very most a museum.
She would sit, always sure to look bored,
reading a tattered paperback.

But when the light of afternoon shone
through the shower window the next day,
her pink loofah was fluffing with white
foam—all she wanted was to eat Special K,
to maybe call her mother, to get
her plans together for next week's science lab,
involving baking soda and vinegar—she could not
remember the many ideas she scribbled
in illegible cursive the night before.

AUDREY HANTLA

THOUGHTS OF A 29-YEAR-OLD 3RD GRADE TEACHER DROPPING ACID

The scope of her life, a kaleidoscope—
at the party where she tried
the little pink sweet tart heart
and watched Rocky Horror Picture Show.
She hadn't liked it, but felt avant-garde,
somehow better. She decided that the next
day or week she would dye
her hair and cut it short, black,
she would shop only thrift, don
purple sixties frocks and scuffed
leather shoes, that for their scuffs
were all the more interesting—
she would eat less, but more avocados,
starve off five healthy pounds,
resemble a broomstick, her hair
a bundle because she did not care—
did not have time to care, because
she was too busy dropping acid,
listening to albums, not CDs.
She would pick a classic composer as her
favorite, she would be more unhappy,
more tragically misunderstood. Imagined
her life as "complicated," would relish
in its complications.

She would ride a bicycle, rusty and gray
with a basket, she would ride circles in dreams
of local artists, who would find her to be
their bohemian inspiration—the muse and source
of their erections, she would hang out
with "characters"—dirty nightly cafe
goers, the strange dark men who would present
their backward ideas of communes and comics—
graphic novels—as they called them,
that referred to the apocalypse.



404 ERROR

by Judy Ford

digital photograph





TOMATO

by Pauline Sensenig
oil



HIDDEN

by Samantha Grella
digital photograph

THE COARSE OF LIFE

by Kyle Bubb

Rose is the kind of woman who truly lives in her own world. Of course, she hadn't always been this way. Her old age brought this upon this kind of isolation. She is simply losing her mind. She's forgetful—impenetrable, really.

But she is peaceful. Her house may seem in disarray, with her aged trinkets and dusty photographs strewn aimlessly about the living area and dining room, but really, this disorganization is her structure, her calm inside the storm.

smooth, almost faultless. He is holding a young, beautiful woman in his arms. Her long, flowing hair reaches beyond the frame of the shot. The bold blonde waves hide the edges of her cheeks, like a grand drape hiding the wings of a stage. It is true

AMERICA'S DROPPING BY

by Charlie Nixon
watercolor



Memories are reality to Rose. As she gazes into the framed photograph atop her chipped ivory piano, she is living what the picture shows, not recalling a memory of what once was. The discolored, aged photograph shows a young, seemingly happy couple. The man is thin, his hair is shortly buzzed, and his face is clean-shaven. His skin is clear and

happiness. Rose lives these memories; there is no past, no future. The present is what was and what will be, and everything else is irrelevant to her.

"Such a handsome young man," Rose says aloud. Her voice is soft and gentle, muffled by the cheers and applause coming from the television show *The Price is Right* playing on the living room TV.



MUSE

by Amy Augspurger
relief print



The wound that sets loose life onto the world—
a gaping puncture that never will heal,
afflicting half our kind with the disease
of sympathy. Womb opened to heaven
and earth to breath to heave to vomit forth,
and gulp up gobs of human residue.
Swollen beyond absurdity, it yawns
and lolls out fresh, sweet, malleable life.
My hope for you, languishing in my womb,
is that you be nearer a god than I,
that you be the sower and not the soil,
that you break the back on which you are bourn,
devour the body that first was your home,
and pick your glaring white teeth with my bones.

AMELIA SAINT

My eyes instantly zoomed in on my shoes. Bright red with yellow laces and blue eyelets, they were my favorite pair because I picked them out myself because I was not a baby. "No," I answered as softly as I could.

I could hardly bear the triumphant look on my brother's face when he saw me walk across the parched preschool lawn alone. Tears threatened to roll down my cheeks, but babies cry and I was not a baby. I couldn't give my brother the satisfaction.

Looking back, I know I noticed the red sports car at the intersection, but I began to cross anyway. Luckily it wasn't moving fast and its impact with my hobbit-sized body only created a minor thud, though it threw me back onto the black tarmac. I looked up towards the van where my blond-haired brother's brown eyes almost seemed to be covering his entire face. Finally he unlocked the doors and rushed to my side.

"Are you alive?" he breathed. "Cause you just got hit by a car."

I sat up and the frantic lady kept asking me if I was OK and where my mother was. All I could do was stare at my red shoes—my favorite shoes because I had picked them out because I was not a baby—and think about how much my body hurt and how I wanted to cry but I couldn't—babies cry and I was not a baby.

"I'm OK," I finally managed to say, still staring at my shoes. "I just want to go home now. I'm OK. Goodbye, lady."

That, however, wasn't enough to make the stranger go away. At first she paced up and down the street, running her fingers through her blonde hair, waiting for my mom to magically appear. Obviously she didn't know grown-ups very well. Mom was probably going to be talking for at least ten million hours, or something like that. After a while, she grabbed my head to check for bumps and bruises.

"Don't touch me!" I screeched, quickly grabbing my brother's hand and retreating several steps towards the sidewalk.

She looked confused. Instinctively, The Lady

pulled the sunglasses off the top of her head and twirled them around in her fingers, thinking about what to do. Cautiously, she walked to the side of her car, and grabbed a red notebook out of a pink backpack. She quickly scribbled on the paper and carefully handed it to my brother.

"Give this to your mom, OK? And, and you tell her to call me, OK?"

We stared at the paper as she got in her car and drove away.

"D.J., do you think Mom's going to be mad at me?" I asked timidly, "cause I'm not supposed to cross the street by myself."

"Probably. And she'll tell Dad, and then you'll really be in trouble." He looked at me sternly. "But we could not tell Mom."

I watched as he crumpled the paper in his hand. Slowly, he opened his fist and let the paper fall to the pavement. We watched it bounce down the street as the wind carried it away. The two of us climbed up into the van to wait for Mom. Silence permeated the van as we sat there. Perhaps my brother wanted to apologize for not letting me in the van in the first place, or maybe he wanted to ask if I was really not going to tell Mom. But neither of us said anything. The unsaid words remained unsaid as they always would.

CONSEQUENCES

by Samantha McCarville



CLEANSE

by Jessica Boschen
digital photograph

"Open up the door you, you big stupid head!" I yelled. My older brother peered down at me from the front seat of our sky blue van.

"Let me in or I'm telling Mom!" This remark did not nearly have the effect on my brother that I desired. Instead he stuck out his bright red tongue (bright red because he had stolen the cherry lollipop that I had gotten at preschool today). His bright brown eyes stared into my tear-filled ones, daring me to do something.

"Why don't you just go cry to Mom? That's what babies do anyways," he sneered.

That was it. I had had enough. Furious, I turned to cross the street. I was hesitant, knowing that I wasn't allowed to without holding someone's hand. Should I cross or not? This was an emergency. Besides, I was responsible, especially for a five year old. Granddad told me so.

I flung open the yellow preschool door, where I found Mom deep in conversation about gardening with Mrs. Pate, my teacher. Why were grown-ups forever talking? Or why didn't they at least talk about something interesting, like dinosaurs or volcanoes? I knew that Mom would consider my interruption rude but I always knew that she could get the door open. Surely my rudeness could be forgiven; she was the one who told me to sit in the van in the first place. I was just following orders. I grabbed her hand and began to tug it. She quickly pulled her hand up and waved me away. Annoyed but undeterred, I tried again.

"Mom. Mom. Mom. Mom." I repeated hoping that she would stop her stupid conversation and realize I needed her.

"Jo-Jo, grown-ups are talking right now," she finally reprimanded me. "And it's very rude to interrupt. Go wait in the van with your brother. I'll be there in a minute."

"But Mom," I started to say.

"Do I have to repeat myself?"

I snatched the metallic door handle. It was burning from the heat of the sun, but I didn't let go. After digging my heels into the cracked sidewalk, I began to tug at that handle as if my will could magically unlock the door and allow me access. That would definitely show my brother who was boss. This was even less effective, mostly because I ended up tumbling backwards onto the pavement behind me. Laughter erupted from the van as the window slowly rolled down.



his t-shirt. It was in the shape of Texas. I was momentarily transfixed.

"How's it going?" he wheezed. Josh's blue eyes were beady and he didn't seem to be blinking. He put his hand on the back of my chair. I felt my nose involuntarily wrinkle. The stench from his armpit drifted upward. It was hard to concentrate on what Josh was saying. I watched his thin red lips curl into a salacious smile.

"I-uh-fine," I sputtered. Under Josh's intense gaze, I was incredibly uncomfortable. Between that and the smell, I was looking for any means of escape. In the beat of silence that followed, I rolled the magazine into a tube. I noticed that my blue nail polish was badly chipped.

Josh sniffed the air like a rabid squirrel and leaned closer. "Maybe we could go to a movie sometime?"

Josh was the first but he was not the last. After him, there was the juvenile delinquent who noticed me walking home by myself one day. The boy who tried to name my cleavage came next. Then, my freshman year of high school, I had made the mistake of putting my instant messenger screen name on Facebook. It took me a month to shake Mike, a boy who was at least 3 times my size. Though I'd never met him face to face, he assured me that he'd seen me walk into my Spanish class and that I was very pretty. I told him I was moving to New Mexico.

Carl was a boy that I'd known for almost six years who had a habit of being overly pleasant. He also had a problem with keeping his hands to himself. He knew all about my problems with boys and often looked to exploit them. The summer before my senior year, Carl had sent me an instant message. The conversation began innocently enough. He asked me what I was doing, and when I told him "Nothing," he replied quickly.

"You could come over," he typed. He lived in an apartment with his mother a short, five-minute drive away. "I'm watching Casablanca." I had once spent a night rhapsodizing on the sexiness of black and white movies. Carl was playing on

my weaknesses. "We could dim the lights, crack a bottle of wine."

I groaned, tightening my ponytail. Carl was what one might call an old soul. He favored suit jackets and fedoras over jeans and t-shirts. But we were 17 and the cheesy idea of sharing a bottle of wine with a boy made me more annoyed than anything else, so I laughed off the advance and told him that I needed to be up early the next morning.

He didn't stop there. "You and I could be good together." I rolled my eyes at this, thankful for the computer between us. I took my time pushing the chair away from the computer and walking the few short steps to the kitchen for a drink. Carl and I had had this conversation many times. I always stressed the fact that I thought we would be better as friends.

I wasn't even sure of that anymore.

Clutching my glass of Diet Coke, I sat back down and did the only thing I could think of. I lied. I told Carl that there was someone else; I was sort of involved with a boy from another town. I overemphasized the size and temperament of the fictional character, hoping to scare him away. After several minutes of prodding and convincing, he finally bought it. I'm convinced that the only reason he believed me was because he couldn't see my face. I'm an awful liar.

My romantic misadventures have long been a point of comedy for my friends. They take bets on who the next head case will be or which serial killer wannabe (their words, not mine) will latch onto me next. I laugh with them, doing my best to push away the deep-seated fear that I will die alone and with more cats than I can count.

Sometimes, late at night, I find myself naming those cats. Maybe I'll start by naming each of them after members of the X-men...

"My romantic experience doesn't extend much past the fantasies in my head and at times, truth be told, my need for human contact grows so acute that it is almost painful."

BOYS

by Shelby Powell

I have never been the sexy girl and I have never been the girl that halts action in a room full of people. Most of the time, I'm okay with that.

I like watching *Die Hard* over and over again and feel the best about myself when I'm wearing my Transformers t-shirt. I like my magazine clippings of Michelle Obama, Robert Downey Jr., and Jon Stewart. I enjoy reading about Henry the Eighth. I peruse *Cosmo* religiously but am not entirely sure what it looks like when someone flirts with me. I'm not entirely sure that I have ever been flirted with. My romantic experience doesn't extend much past the fantasies in my head and at times, truth be told, my need for human contact grows so acute that it is almost painful.

When it comes to matters of the heart, I've discovered that I am a walking cliché. I like men who are older than I am. I like a mystery, a dark past. A violent streak intrigues me even though I know it shouldn't. A man who likes to hear the sound of his

own voice is not a man that I want to spend time with. Intelligence is important, but a five o'clock shadow falling across an angular jaw will make me weak in the knees. My dreams are filled with men like James Bond, Tony Stark, and Captain Kirk.

I wish for a white knight in a Tom Ford suit (with a bit of a God complex) to come and rescue me, but in fact the boys that I attract are neither mysterious nor do they possess a dark past. They are not intelligent. My best friend has a theory in which I am the limping gazelle. In the herd of teenage girls, I am the weakest and these boys can sense it. They sniff out my low self-esteem and use it to their advantage.

Josh, a boy in my 7th grade science class, had terrible acne and a penchant for inappropriate nose picking. I had said hi to him in the hallway the day before because I felt bad for him. He was chubby and I have a soft spot for awkward, chubby kids. Josh, it seems, took my greeting to mean that I was infatuated with him.

"Hi," he breathed, sitting in the blue plastic chair next to mine. He leaned across the table so we were inches apart. His breath (which smelled like grilled cheese and onions) swirled around me.

The classroom was humming with the chatter of my classmates. The teacher was gone that day and the substitute had left us to our own devices. I was sitting alone at a table in the back, engrossed in the latest issue of *People* when Josh made his move. I blinked and inadvertently took a deep breath.

"Hi, Josh."

I tried to smile but my eyes caught sight of a grease stain on

PARIS

by Meggie Mitchell
digital photograph





KNIGHT

by Dan Cunningham
pastel

AMOR VERSUS LOVE

*"Some things I have to say aren't getting said in this snowy, blond,
blue-eyed, gum chewing English."*

JULIA ALVAREZ

Listen to me!
I say I love you, but what does that mean?
I love you like mi mum, only when thousands of miles separate us?
I love you like tacos, only when I feel like it, only in the taco mood?
Or, I love you like the dudes, only when we're having time together?

Listen to me!
I can say te amo,
and you know exactly what I mean.
Or if I say me gustas, me encantas o te quiero,
you understand.
But, I love you?
I don't comprehend.
I don't know this love
you speak of in English
when divorce splinters families,
insatiable lust corrupts relationships,
and words break people.

Listen to me!
I don't love you because
I don't know how to love.
Eres el mundo a mí aunque eres una gringa
y siempre te amo.
Siempre.

KELCI TEUT

ter get going," he said, his tone switching from exasperation to excitement. I handed off the worms and slid into the boat. My dad climbed into the driver's seat and pushed the throttle forward. The boat lurched forward after a few seconds gliding through the water as my father opened up the accelerator. We skipped across the lake for a few minutes until my father eased off the throttle, letting the boat coast to a stop until only the current moved the boat.

"C'mere with your pole," Dad said. He grabbed a pole and the worms and turned a swivel chair around to sit down. Once we casted off, my father put his pole down in the holder and reached for the case of beer. He opened a beer and slouched in his chair. "This is the life," he sighed. "Clear water, cold beer, and fishing with you."

"Will we catch anything?"

"I sure as hell hope so, Vince."

Half an hour passed with nothing more than a nibble. Finally after an hour of waiting, the tip of my pole dipped. A bite!

"Dad! Dad! I got one!"

"Reel it in, son, nice and steady," he said. I pulled back on my pole and fought to crank in my line. "There ya go."

My fish, violently jerking its tail, broke through the surface. I let out a gasp as I saw its huge body fighting against me.

"Holy shit! Look at the size of that one, Vince! You hooked a monster!"

I pulled on my pole one last time, and the fish's wet, scaly body landed with a wet smack down on the boat's deck. It flopped around until my father gently stepped on it to retrieve the hook from its mouth.

"Well done, Vinnie!" my father said as he patted me on the back. "You hooked the first fish, which means you get to pick where we eat tonight."

My dad threw the fish back over the side of the boat, and we watched it disappear, shining silver and quick as lightning, into the dark water. He sat back down and retrieved two beers from the case.

He handed one to me.

"Don't worry, I won't tell your mom."

I took the can and simply stared at it. I had no idea what to do; I wasn't old enough to drink so I had never really thought about it. What would it taste like? How would it make me feel?

My dad opened his beer and put it to his lips, and he gave a thumbs up

for me to do the same. I opened my can and took a small sip. It was a bitter flavor that made my eyes water and my stomach turn. My father saw my discomfort and laughed.

"Yeah, the first taste is always the worst, but don't worry, it gets better."

I took a bigger drink this time and let the cool liquid run down my throat. I allowed my taste buds to push the bitter taste out of my mind to be replaced by a sweeter flavor. I gulped half the can down, and sooner than I thought possible, the can was gone.

"Easy champ, you might end up like me," Dad said. He laughed a big, false huff of a laugh and looked out at the water, lost in thought. "Broke, divorced, and feeding the fish for company."

"My fish, violently jerking its tail, broke through the surface. I let out a gasp as I saw its huge body fighting against me."

THE ROAD

Last night I lay lamenting life,
Reclining in my bed,
While wannish thoughts of endless woe
Went winding through my head.

And sinking off in silent sleep,
Yet conscious, it would seem,
I saw a child upon a road,
So happy in this dream.

And skipping now and then he went
Expendng all his might,
And gayly shouting, gayly laughing,
It was a joyous sight.

The road was soft and beautiful
And twisted through the wood;
He loved the road, the wondrous road,
And all was right and good.

Beyond the hills, above the trees
Was something better yet;
And up the road he'd find the light,
Beyond the red sunset.

As time went on the road grew steep
And left the ripening wood;
Perpetual summer left the road,
The boy his childhood.

Now ruts and pebbles bent his feet
And slowed his rapid pace;
The sky grew damp, the wind blew cold
And slapped his second face.

And up the road he saw no light,
The clouds obscured the view;
But golden meadows, russet leaves,
Were all around, he knew.

with my editor I curled up next to Scout on the living room floor, pulling her close to me.

"How 'bout some tummy time, Scout?" I said. "Ed, you up for some tummy time?"

You were sprawled out on the couch. The blue light pulsing from the TV screen seemed to hypnotize you.

noyance. And finally we talked about how making love had simply become sex. We were just going through the motions. And then you said the thing I dreaded the most.

"You don't seem committed to having a family. It's like you don't want kids."

I peered off into the corner at Scout. She cocked



SYLVAN LAKE REFLECTION

by Kelsey Prosser
digital photograph



"No."

"Aw. I think Scout wants some tummy time."

"I said no fucking tummy time," you growled.

Scout jumped up, lowered her shaggy ears, and slunk to the corner.

"Jesus, Ed."

"Kit, I don't want to do this."

"Maybe we should."

So we talked. Finally. We talked about how bad things were. We talked about how our love had grown to tolerance, which had grown to an-

her head, urging me to come clean about our secret late night prayers.

"You don't want kids, do you?"

I still can't believe our four-year relationship ended in one night. Actually, I can't believe you put up with my shit for four years.

And that leaves me here—staring into the dark countryside, clutching an empty wine bottle and crying because some dog I didn't even want is dead and I can't work up the courage to tell you.

But I was going to call you today to tell you Scout died. I was.

JUST CALLED TO SAY

by Miriam Pfahler



I was going to call you today to tell you Scout died. 15 is pretty old for a dog, and maybe you think she's already dead and I didn't have the courtesy to tell you. You're probably right.

I picked up the phone and I dialed all the numbers. But by the first ring something crawled into my stomach and settled down hard. What if one of your kids had answered? I probably would have broken down in tears. I'm sure they'd love to know that Daddy's old girlfriend is a total nutcase.

Then I thought I'd drive by your house and tell you in person.

So I got in my Jeep, drove out to the 'burbs, and sat outside your house for two hours, watching a sprinkler lazily fan water over your shaggy lawn.

But something crawled back into my stomach and I realized I couldn't go up to your door. Your wife—Susie, I think—what if she answered? She would know me. She would pity me. I didn't want pity.

I thought of a thousand ways I could tell you Scout was dead. Carrier Pigeons. Smoke Signals. Singing telegrams. Nothing was good enough.

Now I'm staring at the sunset, clutching a bottle of wine. I watch the horizon as golds sink into oranges, blaze into pinks and reds, and sink into purple. Like a big bruise forming over time.

When the vet told me Scout had cancer I was broken up. But I wouldn't cry. She was just a damn dog. When I finally worked up the courage to put her down I could only gaze into her steely blue eyes, clouded with age, and sob. I sobbed because I realized why you had left her with me. You knew I was a loner and Scout was loyal and she'd never leave me.

I remember she showed up only a couple of months after you moved in. We were watching TV that night and there she was at the patio door, sitting patiently, waiting for us to acknowledge her. I wanted nothing to do with her. Turn her out; she'll find someone else to bother. But you brought her in.

"Look at her spots Kit," you said. "You ever see a dog this pretty?"

You two sat face to face. She ruffled your hair as you waited for your turn to examine her.

"You shouldn't get so close," I said, perched

nervously on the couch. "She's probably got rabies."

"Would you look at these eyes?" You said, ignoring me. "I've never seen a dog with eyes this blue."

That was it. She was staying. It was the first time you ever put your foot down with me. I was proud of you for that.

It took me a while to warm up to her, but your bond with her was instant. You two had your rituals; your special bonding times. My favorite was "tummy time." You'd lay on the floor, pulling her on top of you and she'd kick like mad while you laughed like a lunatic.

"Hey Kit, get down here," you'd say. "Scout wants some tummy time."

But I was always buried in my books. So you two wrestled like maniacs until you finally wore each other out and fell asleep on the floor.

And whether you were on a run or in the car, there she was. Every night she was on the bed, wedged right between us. The only time we ever kicked her out was when we made love. Afterwards I would roll over and pull her up on the bed, hugging her tight, and I would pray. I would pray to some god that I wasn't sure I believed in that this wasn't the time.

A couple of weeks later I'd be sitting on the side of the tub breathing a sigh of relief when only one blue line would appear on that little white stick. You'd kiss me on the forehead and whisper, "We'll just have to try again."

I couldn't tell you that the thought of having kids scared the hell out of me. You were the only guy who put up with my shit and you promised not to make marriage an issue, accepting the fact that I'd never be Holly Homemaker.

But your patience grew thin. I watched your young face deflate as the lines in your forehead sank deeper with each month. Your well-toned runner's physique gave way to the liqueur and red meat you used to drown our fertility woes.

One night after an especially good phone call

from the window, you couldn't see its leaves.

But after twenty years it stood there, barren,
while the other rooms hollowed out,
your living children caught the wind
and whipped away like smoke.

Thirty years brought them back,
bearing us—the babies—now.
The photograph has always hung on the wall;
we sit in the shadow of the pecan tree without you.

You were taking the picture.

You quit the Lucky Strikes—
forty years and your own case of cancer.
Forty years and not one goddamn pecan.
The dirt you planted it in was good enough.

The peach trees would sag and break
under the weight of their own fruit,
until you came to hate them a little
for their audacity to thrive.

It was forty-one years that you lived after him—
not such a long time for a tree,
but too long for a father without his son.
Heavy with grief, you cracked. You broke.

Some fruits are too heavy for any tree to bear.

AMELIA SAINT

GRANDDAD'S TREE

*"What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind."*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ODE

You planted it by a patch of bare earth—
you said it was an Indian's grave
and that was why no grass would grow there—
In front of the house with five bedrooms.

One would always be empty.

A pecan tree, you thought, to dampen the setting sun
and cast the shadows of its fruit into the baby's room.
But he was dead before the house was done,
and the tree a sapling still.

So you put the telephone in his nursery—
an important machine ought to have its own room.
And you called the place your den,
so Grandma wouldn't have want to go in there.

It was still a nursery in your thoughts.

You sat there sucking on Lucky Strikes
and looking out the window at the tree
that grew so slow. From your den
you watched it reach the eave of the roof.

And you wondered—ten years gone—
how big he would have been.
The trunk grew thick, leaves spread,
the tree overtook the house;

GRANDDAD'S TREE

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and looking out the window at the tree
that grew so slow. From your den
you watched it reach the eave of the roof.

And you wondered—ten years gone—
how big he would have been.
The trunk grew thick, leaves spread,
the tree overtook the house;



PRINCESS

by Wyeth Lynch
digital photograph

Crouched,
I watched from the long grass of summer
as the hound chased down the coon
into the water. Bound to escape,
the little fellow swam to the middle and paddled
round in circles till he wound down.
Dog-tired and destroyed,
towel thrown,
I held my breath as he river stone
dropped out of sight.
Later that night, with you
by my side, I tried
to tell my story,
but you would hear nothing of it.
Instead you replied that
I need to change I need to commit I need to mature I need to change.
Eyes-circled and spirits dampened
I was in over my head,
so I slid under the sheets
as my lungs filled with words.

RANDY UHL



CONTEMPLATION

by Austin Grundy
pastel

SNIPER

by Rebecca Anderson

FLIGHT

by John Bowitz,
Shannon Sargent
& Cory Knedler

mixed media

The sun fell in slow motion, permitting temporary denial of its coming absence. In the somber peace of the fading light, the wind descended the earth. Its harsh breeze rushed over the hill and ambushed the gully.

It greeted me sternly, whipping back my hair and tugging at my clothes. I watched as the grass flailed against the wind's power; each blade reaching in vain towards the ambivalent rising moon. I lay in wait. Patience was my ally, more a forced partner-in-arms than a loyal friend. Cricket chirps numbered the passing seconds, and an owl chimed an hourly melody. Nature became the cosmic clock counting down like a ticking bomb.

landscape. I prepared my next move while the stars quietly saturated the heavens; each one hesitantly hoping to witness my assault on the future. My own spirit brightened along with their strengthening lights. Gently, I pulled on a zipper of my bag and searched inside for a trace of reassurance. I slipped my fingers around the cool metal and smooth body of my tool. I strategically positioned myself and began calculating: considering the temperamental wind, the dismissive humidity, the falling temperature, and the questionable distance. I compiled them into an equation in my mind.

That's the mistake most people make or at least the chronic misconception. It's never just that instant of the earth-rattling CRACK. That's the end result, yes, but life is about more than the explosion and the smoke and the aftermath. Our world doesn't recognize the effort of preparation, the genuine challenge necessary to reach that moment. They push aside failure or anything ugly, and make success appear common and recurring. The unsung sink beneath the crowd unnoticed, along with their failed endeavors. This problem doesn't fit into that statistic. Its margin of error is larger than Orion's Belt. People forget that the slightest miscalculation in our unpredictable world can send one on a trajectory that misses the target by miles.

Suddenly the world changes and brings my thoughts to a halt. The counting crickets quiet and even the wind decrescendos, like nature too is holding its breath. I looked through my 6-18 x 40 scope like a portal to another world. A world dreamed to be better. Gripping with sweaty but well-trained hands, I steadied the M14. With the power to change the world in my little finger, the wind resounded in climatic song. CRACK! I relaxed my finger and gazed up at the eternal night stars.

I was well-hidden, wearing a ghillie suit, part of Mother Nature's business meeting. My clothing was woven of damp leaves and dead grass. And my face was painted with mud. I exhaled with the trees, and my identity melted into the darkened



"What did you say, Mom?" asks Mary, a young, slender girl, probably no older than 25. Mary takes a break from drying the heavily decorated porcelain plates over the sink and looks into the living room toward her mother. She patiently waits for a response from Rose, but it never comes.

"Mom?" the girl begins. "Are you listening?"

"What's that, dear?" Rose replies.

"I asked what you had said."

"Oh, it was nothing, dear." She pauses for a moment. "I was just looking at your father."

"Such a handsome young man," Mary mutters to herself precisely as Rose says it aloud, word for word, with the same emphasis and inflection as her mother. "Yeah, I know. You tell me every time I'm here," she says quietly. Frustration overtakes Mary's voice. She's heard this all before. It's a conversation that continues endlessly; an event that is pervasive through time itself.

"Okay, mother," Mary says. "I'm done with your dishes. I better get going, unless you need anything else," she asks.

"Oh, thank you so much, dear," Rose says. "I just love having you around. I don't know how I'd get along without your help." Rose doesn't look at her daughter, though. Instead, her eyes wander down, away from the picture frame and toward the piano

keys. She glides her wrinkled fingers along the faded black and white keys. She softly pushes a few of the keys. The sounds are simple, but gentle. She begins playing a chord, a tranquil combination of notes, over and over. The sound resonates in her ear, flooding her thoughts, like the sound of ocean waves colliding into one another in the endless blue. The tidal collisions are everlasting; inescapable, like Rose's living memories.

"Mom," the girl begins, "will you please listen to me? I really need to get going home. Do you need anything else? I'll come back to help you on Tuesday, okay?"

The daughter waits patiently for an answer, or even an acknowledgment of any kind. But there is nothing—nothing but the piano chord gently repeating in the background, playing to the thoughts, the memories of Rose's life.

Clearly annoyed, and without saying another word, Mary storms out the kitchen door, toward her car in the driveway, away from Rose, away from her mother's isolation, away from her mother's absence. Within a minute, Mary is gone.

"I'd like to spend more time with you, dear," Rose says quietly. "I love you." The chord continues to resonate, even after she removes her fingers from the faded black and white keys.



GOOD TREES

by Alyssa Filipek
digital photograph

And wondering still about the light,
He left the rotting way;
And in the meadows, in the leaves,
Again he found dismay.

Again the sky grew damp and dark,
The wind blew hard and cold,
A dullness lulled in meadows' life,
The leaves, the man, grew old.

Above the darkened clouds and sky,
Beyond the withered wood,
He saw the light he'd known before,
His light of childhood.

He longed for the distant light,
He felt his life grow dim;
The light, the road, he couldn't find,
He died in search of them.

The wood, the light, have vanished now,
The meadow's life is gone;
The leaves, the man, have perished since,
The road is all alone.

DAVE EVANS

(1961)

Editor's Note: "The Road," written by Dave Evans, was published 50 years ago in the *Kiosk* (then *Perspectives*). This poem, along with a handful of his other poems that also appear in the 1961 edition of the magazine, earned him first place in the Morningside College literary contest. Soon after the publication of this poem, Dave graduated from Morningside. He continued to write and publish his creative work, and was eventually named South Dakota's Poet Laureate, a title that he still holds.

ABOUT THE KIOSK

"Subject to editorial fallibility, the best will be printed."

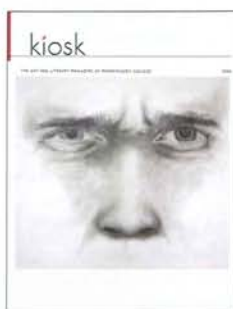
This quote first appeared in the foreword of the 1938 issue of *Manuscript*, ancestor of the *Kiosk*. The *Manuscript* began when a group of students and a professor met as the Manuscript Club. This club regularly gathered to read student-authored work. Students could only join the Manuscript Club if they provided "sufficient literary work." The club distributed the first issue of the *Manuscript* on December 7, 1938. The group published 16 issues up until *Manuscript* ceased production in 1952. The magazine resumed publication under the name *Perspectives* in 1955. Publication has continued nearly every year since then, with the name changing to *Kiosk* in 1971.

Advisors over the years have included Donald Stefanson, Carole Van Wyngarden, Janice Eidus, Scott Simmer, Robert Conley, Jan Hodge, and for the past 22 years, Stephen Coyne. With the help of art advisors John Kolbo and Terri McGaffin, Jason Murray has taken on the role of advisor for the 2011 edition of the *Kiosk* while Professor Coyne has been on sabbatical. With the continual support of President John Reynders and the Morningside community, this publication has grown to include student and alumnus-created visual art of various mediums.

This year Morningside was fortunate to have two award-winning writers visit campus. Morningside alumnus and South Dakota Poet Laureate Dave Evans and University of South Dakota English Professor Lee Ann Roripaugh shared their work and emphasized the importance of the literary arts. Adding to this emphasis, the *Kiosk* also sponsors an annual literary and visual-arts contest where winning authors and artists receive recognition through noted publication in the magazine and a monetary prize.

Since 2006, the *Kiosk* has won multiple awards from the Columbia Scholastic Press Asso-

ciation and Associated Collegiate Press, including a Silver Medalist Award, a Silver Crown Award, three Gold Medalist Awards, and two Magazine Pacemaker Finalist Awards.



Submissions are accepted in the spring semester of each academic year. Those interested in working for and/or submitting to the magazine may contact Professor Stephen Coyne by e-mail at coyne@morningside.edu or kiosk@morningside.edu.

KIOSKS OF THE PAST

from left to right,
2007, 2008, 2009, 2010

The *Kiosk* is published annually by Morningside College and is distributed at no cost to Morningside students and alumni. It is printed in four process colors on a digital printing press on 80# matte coated cover and 80# matte coated book paper stock. Adobe InDesign CS5 is the page layout software used to assemble the entire publication.



Rebecca Anderson is a senior from Lawton, IA, majoring in English education. Her fiancé recently introduced her to guns, which lead to the inspiration for her piece "Sniper." Rebecca will never forget her first class in Nigeria. She hopes to share her passion for life and writing with her future students.



Erin Bohlmann is a senior elementary education major with a minor in psychology (and an emphasis in playing softball). A passion for athletics and faith has fueled her drive to lead Morningside's Fellowship of Christian Athletes. Words of wisdom she lives by: "Recognize life and potential in everything around you—people, nature, literature, music, the little things. Our world is throbbing with remarkable treasures, beautiful souls, and everyday miracles." This is her second year contributing to the *Kiosk*.



Kyle Bubbs is a junior from Sioux City, IA, double majoring in English and theatre. Kyle has served as the Associate Fiction Editor for the *Kiosk* for two years. He was elected as Morningside's Student Body President for the 2011-2012 academic year. After graduation, Kyle hopes to be accepted into a graduate school to study film.



John Calahan is a sarcastic misanthrope from Lincoln, NE, with too little ambition and too much indigestion. He is a junior currently studying music education.



Stephen Coyne's short stories have appeared in many literary journals including *The Southern Review*, *The Georgia Review*, *The New England Review*, *The North American Review*, and *Prairie Schooner*. Coyne teaches American literature and creative writing at Morningside College.

Dave Evans is an alumnus from Morningside College. A writer and teacher of literature and writing, he is the author of five books of poems, several books of prose, and has been published in numerous magazines, journals, and over 75 anthologies. Dave was named Poet Laureate of South Dakota by the governor in 2002. He published the Page from the Past poem, "The Road," in the 1961 edition of Morningside's literary journal, then-named *Perspectives*. He was also an award-winner in poetry in this edition. Dave is a retired professor and visited the Morningside College campus in April of 2011.



Lydia Ford is a junior from Vermillion, SD, majoring in English education. She runs cross-country and track for Morningside, but enjoys eating ice cream in her spare time. After she graduates, she hopes to teach high school English and coach track.



Nick Grove is a senior from Grimes, IA, double majoring in religious studies and English. He loves to run and is part of the track and field team. He also enjoys playing guitar and writing. He will attend Garrett-Evangelical Theological Seminary in Evanston, IL, in the fall. He notes Steve Sales as the one to bring out the writer in him.

Audrey C. Hantia, a Morningside graduate, has contributed to the *Kiosk* for several years, and served as poetry editor as well as Editor in Chief. She is currently teaching English in Bahrain with her fiancé and continues to write fiction and poetry.



Daren Koehler is a senior from Storm Lake, IA, double majoring in psychology and English with a coaching cluster. He enjoys disc golfing, long walks on the beach, strolls in the moonlight, and chocolate milk. Daren plans on going to graduate school at Iowa to further his education in sports psychology.



Ashley Marks is a third year business major from Panora, IA. She enjoys reading books, listening to music, writing, watching movies and documentaries, playing stupid Facebook games, and having marathons of "Psych" and "Scrubs" on Netflix. "Ambivalence" is Ashley's first published piece, and she is nothing less than completely ecstatic about it.



Samantha McCarville is a junior double majoring in history and international affairs with a minor in Spanish. She is from the small town of Indianola, NE. After graduating from Morningside, Samantha plans to attend graduate school. In her free time, she enjoys board games, reading, and cooking.



Charlie Nixon is a senior from Norfolk, NE. He is a religious studies major with minors in global history and studio art and a creative writing cluster. Charlie plans to further his education in religious studies at the graduate level after a year of reprieve. Charlie has created both art and writing featured in this year's *Kiosk*.



Miriam Pfahler is a senior from Pierre, SD. She is an English major and psychology minor at Morningside. Her interests include running, traveling, writing, and finding the next YouTube stars. She has no idea what she will be doing after graduation but looks forward to the next adventure—whatever that may be.



Shelby Powell is a junior double majoring in political science and mass communication. Born in Sioux City, IA, in 1991, she made the delightful decision to continue her education in this fair city. When she isn't busy becoming proficient in the better parts of classic television, she is preparing to earn her Master's Degree in negotiations and conflict resolution at Creighton in Omaha, NE.



Amelia Saint,
a poet she ain't,
but it's really a question of balls.
Ashamed of the fame
from signing her name
to limericks on men's room walls.



Kelci Teut studies the human experience through the classroom, writing, and general observation. When not participating in one of several activities she is involved in on campus and in the community, she enjoys running, biking, traveling, reading, and pondering life.



Randy Uhl recently finished his Master's degree in educational leadership and is currently teaching high school English and literature at Lawton-Bronson Community School. A graduate from Morningside College in 1990, he has contributed numerous times to the *Kiosk* over the past 20 years.



Cara Anderson is a senior double majoring in graphic design and advertising. She enjoys long walks on the beach and breakfast, but her true calling in life might be drawing cartoon cows.



Brittany Aronson, from Alta, IA, is a junior majoring in advertising and graphic design and minoring in photography. Her photograph, "Passage," is dedicated to her family and friends who really believe in her when she needs it the most.



Amy Augspurger is originally from West Des Moines, IA. She is currently a junior majoring in studio art and English and minoring in graphic design.



Haley Banks is a junior from Westfield, IA. She is double majoring in graphic design and advertising and minoring in photography. This is the second time Haley has been published in the *Kiosk*.



Jessica Bartak is a junior art education and Spanish double major from Deloit, NE. The inspiration for "Old Market" came from Omaha's Old Market.



Jessica Boschen is a junior from Newman Grove, NE, working toward majors in biology and Spanish with minors in political science and religious studies. Photography is one of her favorite hobbies.

John Bowitz was born in Milwaukee, WI. He has been teaching art at Morningside College since 1977.



Dan Cunningham comes from the small village of Durant, IA. He is currently a sophomore pursuing a studio art major. In the future, Dan plans to get his MFA.



Alyssa Filipek is a senior graphic design major with advertising and photography minors. Alyssa enjoys green tea and long runs as well as learning to love people and stopping to soak in the little things.



Judy Ford is a junior triple majoring in graphic design, photography, and mass communication with an emphasis in new media. She is a wanderer who has so far lived in Tennessee, North Carolina, Indiana, Alabama, California, Colorado, Georgia, and Iowa. After graduation, she hopes to continue meandering across the globe while scattering art and influence in her wake. This is her first year contributing to the *Kiosk*.

Austin Grundy is a freshman from Sioux City, IA. He is pursuing a major in biology and plays number one in tennis.

Shea Hartmann-Hodges is from Sioux City, IA. She is a senior double majoring in art and English.



Courtney Kinnander is a senior from Armstrong, IA. She is majoring in graphic design with minors in photography and advertising.

Cory Knedler received his BFA from Fort Hays University in 1994, and his MFA from the University of South Dakota in 1998. As a printmaker, his works have been exhibited in over 100 shows since 1992, including exhibits at the Mid America Print Conference and the Brussels National Museum in Belgium. In 1997, he was invited to attend the Franz Masereel Printmaking Center in Kasterlee, Belgium. Following this experience, Cory opened his own studio, called The Center, to an invited artist each summer. The Center has provided rewarding educational experiences for many artists. Between 1998 and 2002, Cory taught art at Morningside College, and since has worked at the University of South Dakota as chair and professor of art education.



Annika Kolbo is a senior art education and vocal music double major from Sioux City, IA. She was published in the *Kiosk* in 2009 and 2010, and is now featured in the 2011 edition.



Wyeth Lynch, Morningside College graduate of the class of 2009, currently resides in North Sioux City, SD. He is busy photographing family and friends, but prefers fine art. Wyeth is awaiting graduate school admission in hopes of becoming a college art professor.



Meggie Mitchell is a senior photography major from Lake Park, IA. This is the second time Meggie's work has been published in the *Kiosk*.



Charlie Nixon is a senior from Norfolk, NE. He is a religious studies major with minors in global history and studio art and a creative writing cluster. Charlie plans to further his education in religious studies at the graduate level after a year of reprieve. Charlie has created both art and writing featured in this year's *Kiosk*.



Kelsey Prosser, originally from Sturgis, SD, is a senior double majoring in biology and photography with a minor in chemistry. Kelsey plans to pursue graduate studies in marine mammal ecology.



Leigh Schuldt is a senior double majoring in graphic design and advertising. Leigh enjoys being outside and finding beauty in everything around her.



Pauline Sensenig is an adjunct instructor in the Morningside College Art Department who also maintains a painting studio in downtown Sioux City, IA. Pauline's paintings are personal reflections on the joys of everyday living.

Shannon Sargent of Sioux City, IA, teaches sculpture at Morningside College. He is the Exhibitions/Collections Coordinator at the Sioux City Art Center. Shannon graduated from Morningside in 2000.



Brooke Spencer is a junior from Story City, IA. She is working toward a photography major, a general psychology minor, and a business cluster.

The following table shows the results of the survey conducted in the year 2000.	
Year	2000
Month	January
Day	1st
Time	10:00 AM
Location	Room 101
Subject	Mathematics
Teacher	Mr. Smith
Students	15
Duration	45 minutes
Score	85%
Comments	Good progress, all students participated.

RECENT AWARDS

The Columbia Scholastic Press Association awards this Silver Medalist Certificate to the 2006 edition of the *Kiosk*.

The *Kiosk* received the 2006 Magazine Pacemaker Finalist Award in recognition of general excellence and outstanding achievement by a college magazine in a national competition. This award was given by the Associated Collegiate Press at the National College Media Convention in October 2007.

The Columbia Scholastic Press Association awards this Gold Medalist Certificate to the 2007 edition of the *Kiosk*.

The Columbia Scholastic Press Association awards this Gold Medalist Certificate to the 2008 edition of the *Kiosk*.

The *Kiosk* received the 2008 Magazine Pacemaker Finalist Award in recognition of general excellence and outstanding achievement by a college magazine in a national competition. This award was given by the Associated Collegiate Press at the National College Media Convention in November 2008.

The Columbia Scholastic Press Association awards this Gold Medalist Certificate to the 2009 edition of the *Kiosk*.

The Columbia Scholastic Press Association awards this Silver Crown Award to the 2010 edition of the *Kiosk*.



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The Morningside College experience cultivates a passion for life-long learning
and a dedication to ethical leadership and civic responsibility.