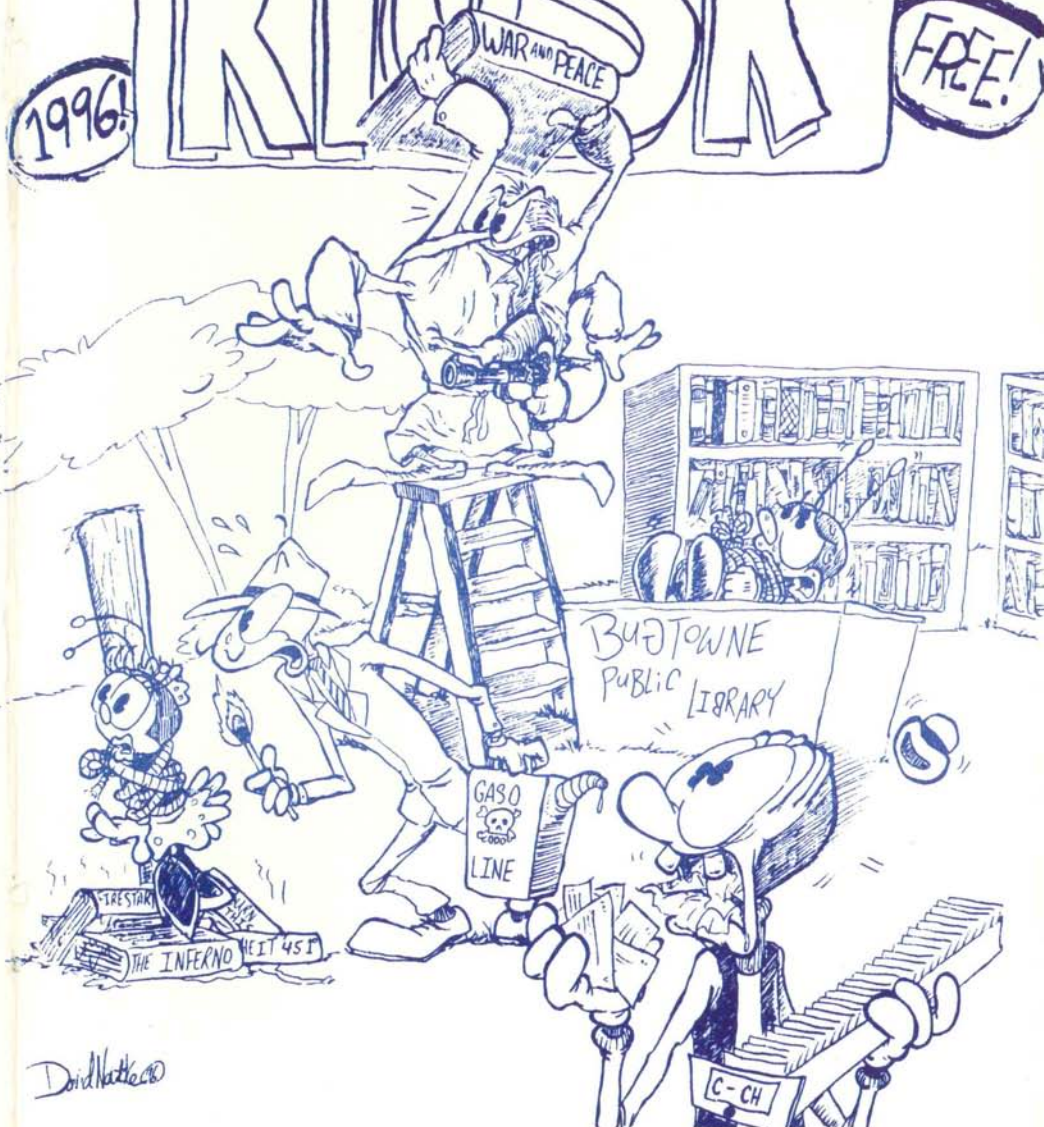


# THE KIOSK

1996!

FREE!



David Hazzard



**THE**

# Kiosk 96

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# The Kiosk

## WINNERS

**1st place**

**KRISTA CALVANO**  
Mexico

**2nd place**

**LISA MORETTI**  
Just Too Long

**3rd place**

**MARK FULLERTON**  
Love Poem

**Honorable Mention**

**RANDY CLYDE UHL**  
Soul Searching

# The Kiosk

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# The Kiosk

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**Morningside English Dept.  
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**Lisa Moretti**

## **Angels**

Our wonders and our joys you try to find,  
but capture strength in golden robes and hair  
and give to Heaven's peace a human stare.  
You lose our grace and innocence of flight  
and bleed our voice and song of Heaven's kind.  
You once believed we burn with Glory's light,  
but now won't see. Our burning only stings  
with sorrow. You clip and trim our wings,  
place faith in empty images, too blind  
to look beyond the simple words you write.  
You decorate with angels made of tin.  
When will you see, your faith is paper thin?  
You'll walk with paper angels at your side,  
but faith so thin can never be a guide.

**Mary Massey**

## **Divorce**

Cash in your chips.  
Tuck your feelings  
in your back pocket.  
And walk away.



**Krista Calvano**

**1st PLACE**

## **Mexico**

In my dreams I always speak Spanish.  
It reminds me of our weekend in Mexico.  
The happy hour strawberry margaritas were flowing  
red rivers of carefree  
through the poverty that sweltered  
beyond the hotel walls.  
You set down your glass  
and gaze out onto the water  
with your "I'm-far-away-don't-try-to-find-me"  
look in your eyes.

When I wake up in the morning, I wonder:  
If I could save every person  
in the country of Mexico,  
Would you come back to me?

Beth Hoelscher

## Harry's Corner

I can't remember when we met Harry, but our four little lives revolved around him. He was our best friend, although I'm really not sure what we had in common. He wasn't very good at tag or hide-n-go-seek. His bones were too brittle and his movements too slow. His hair was too thin and too gray to braid, and his eyesight was too weak for puzzles, but we loved him anyway.

He had me charmed from the very beginning. He always sat in his big recliner and we on the hardwood floor at his feet. We sat quietly, totally enthralled by his tall-tales. I admit that I was young and naive, but I took each story as the God's-honest truth. How could I doubt this man whose mature and knowing eyes twinkled with amusement as he spun his yarns through lips clenched around a battered old pipe?

He mystified us with stories of far-off lands and people we had never met. He kept cherished mementos from every exotic place he had ever visited, and once in a while he would give away a special trinket for a special occasion. At the very least, when story time was over, he would let us crawl up on the arm of the couch and reach into the candy jar with our grubby, little fingers.

## ... Fiction ... Fiction ... Fiction

The crystal candy jar was always perched precariously on the corner of the mantle and could only be reached by standing on tippy-toes and stretching our pudgy arms as far as they would possibly reach. In the jar were little golden medallions of butterscotch. The wrappers were treasures in themselves, although they were slightly tricky for our clumsy, little fingers.

We used to climb the front stairs and ring Harry's antique doorbell just to get a precious piece of candy. At least, that was our excuse to get into the house. Good ol' Harry was never too busy to take us exploring into his house and into his life.

The basement housed thousands of pieces of fishing tackle, and if we were lucky, he would let us pick out which ones should hang on his well-worn fishing hat. On an especially good day, we were allowed to tappety-tap our names out on his old-fashioned typewriter.

His house was the center of our playtime universe, and at twilight on any given summer day, the neighborhood would echo with shouts of "Meet you at Harry's corner in the morning." That was when I was very small. As I began to grow, I came to the realization that "my" Harry was the same Harry that had been charming

## Harry's Corner ...

children of my neighborhood for years and years before my time.

Harry was famous in our small town. Children had loved him for generations. How could anyone not love a man who grew mammoth sunflowers in his garden, and spent his afternoons chuckling about the black squirrels who frequented his maple trees?

My memory is fuzzy about the day "Harry's corner" ceased to be officially Harry's. In fact, it's all a little hazy to me now, but whenever I need to remember, I just look at the picture. It's a faded black and white taken by a timer. His silver hair and grandfatherly wrinkles contrast sharply with my pony tails and plaid. The old picture isn't much, but it's all I have now that he's gone.

His house still stands proudly on its corner, but someone else lives in it now. Sometimes I feel sorry for the family who owns it because even though they paid for it, it will never really be theirs. That house will always be Harry's in my mind, and in the minds of all the children who spent their youths haunting "Harry's corner." **K**

Mark Fullerton

## My Psyche

I would so like to bust out of this head  
of neurotic, deliberate  
uniqueness.

I would sift the world in my hand  
and wait for

the foolish Cupid controlled by a Harpies' stars;  
the long ago crush on pony tails;  
the lonely exploits with strangers;  
the musician with no audience.

These are of my mind remaining hidden from you.

Then, stretching my  
apparition-limbs over  
miles and miles of longings,

I would  
fold them around you,  
drape them  
over your  
shoulders  
and breast,  
steal one  
secret glance

Then, if I didn't drip any wax,  
I could be with you.

**Mark Fullerton**

## **Years From Now**

When she looks at him  
he senses the truth from her;  
her made up eyes and batty eyelashes  
can't hide it.  
But she tells him  
she will remember all of this  
years from now.

He pulls from his wallet  
numerous photos of her--each whispering  
truth he blinded himself from.  
He can carve from those photos  
a story that will stand against  
all other memories.  
And she won't know any better  
years from now.



**Krista Calvano**

**... Fiction ... Fiction ... Fiction**

# **Palmer Foreplay**

## **A Short Story in Less than 100 Words**

As Stevie Nicks slides out of the Muzak speakers, I half-listen to the sporadic conversation that drifts through my Marlboro smoke above the peach linoleum table. "29.95 and up," Marcia muses. I flick my ash and exhale, following her gaze to the cheap neon sign of the Palmer House Motel, and know what she is thinking. I reach for the cup and down my now cold, bitter coffee. [K]

Randy Clyde Uhl

# Years Past Midnight

Hey little fatboy...  
where are you running?  
Haven't you had enough people  
try on that slipper?  
When are you gonna stop  
using your heart  
as a shoe horn?  
ticking...ticking...  
When did the clock stop ticking?

cinderella dressed in yella'  
lost a shoe and found a fella'

They think they are so wise  
with their tales of grim...  
but face it...  
your prince ain't coming.  
They say there are other pumpkins  
in the sea,  
but none for little fat boys...  
ugly boys...  
who dream of slashing the throats  
of the pretty ones  
and watch glass slippers  
turn red.

**Krista Calvano**

**Thoughts of a desert tortoise, household pet, as she comes out of hibernation from her hole below the garden into the back yard filled with loud music and two barking dogs and eats the pile of lettuce her people have set out in the corner of the warm spring grass for her:**

Well . . . it's about time for a nap.

**Mark Fullerton**

**something that happens when you aren't looking:**

dew,  
                  lapping on the leaves,  
waits (in                   tiny little globules)  
to  
evaporate.  
                  quickly.

Mary Massey

## Closing of a Marriage

It falls apart in slow motion  
You desperately watch  
frame by frame  
hoping to catch the moment  
you walked down the aisle  
to accept the Oscar.  
But the film  
runs as you watch,  
helpless.

You demand revisions.  
But the best is on  
the editing room  
floor.

An audience of friends,  
divided between you,  
votes thumbs down.  
The popcorn is stale,  
the theater is empty.  
You  
cling  
to  
the  
closing  
credits  
as  
the  
music  
fades.

Randy Clyde Uhl

honorably  
mention

## Soul Searching

I watched as he stood  
at the entrance of my soul  
and with wide eyes he read the sign,  
    “Beyond this point  
        there be dragons.”

Hesitating,

he turned,  
left  
and returned in glorious armor  
...and the battle I envisioned.  
Once inside the gate,  
with sword in hand,  
he searched my soul and found everything  
but dragons,  
things I had no idea existed.  
...the charred remains of no-love letters  
...the shards of broken looking glass  
...the cards of solitaire  
I heard him whisper, “I had no idea.”

## Soul Searching ...

I watched him gather my demons and I thought,  
"O ... what a funeral pyre this will make,"  
but instead of burning, he lined them up  
like the ears of dragons  
...trophies...  
then bowing he turned and left.

Outside the gate he looked up into my eyes and said,  
"How pompous of me to think  
only I could kill your dragons  
without ever realizing that you might have  
already slain them yourself."  
...and God how I wept.

Kissing me on the cheek he whispered,  
"Some of the most frightening dragons  
don't breath fire at all."

As he walked away,  
he let his armor fall to the ground  
and slowly...slowly  
so did I.



Dave Neitzke

## Casualties of War

"They're coming!" screams Mother,  
and we prepare ourselves for battle.  
Aunt Mabel's first through the front door,  
Uncle Bub and faceless cousins  
march in line behind her.  
Granpa Walt, the mobile division,  
gets wheeled in by Grandma,  
a cold lifeless glint in her eyes.  
Next come the reserves from Texas,  
Great Uncle Charlie and wife Faye,  
and a whole battalion of vicious, barking,  
Dachshunds and toy poodles  
locked up in the back of their van.  
We face off across the battle field  
as Mom wheels in the bird,  
and the fight begins.  
Words blast off into the air  
as Dad ducks behind the turkey for cover.  
Mom get a flesh wound as Aunt Mabel  
asks about the grey in her hair.  
Great Uncle Charlie pulls out  
one of his old childhood anecdotes,  
and the cousins start dropping like flies,

## Casualties of War ...

which has to be against the Geneva Convention.  
Granma asks Brother Bobby point blank  
why he hasn't found a nice girl and settled down yet.  
He sinks in his chair as she scores a direct hit.  
Lucky his boyfriend couldn't come today.  
Granpa starts smacking his food and farting,  
and the psychological torture begins.  
Uncle Bub and Dad get into hand to hand combat,  
arguing who was the better member  
of the Magnificent Seven,  
Eli Wallach or Robert Vaughan?  
Cousin Jim provides troop entertainment,  
explaining why Aunt Kaye is AWOL.  
He tells about the voices she's been hearing  
from her radio  
talking about her ex-husbands days in the CIA,  
and why the home decided it might not be a good idea  
to let her out for the holidays.  
And so the battle rages on,  
wounded lying everywhere, crying for help.  
It seems the madness may never stop.  
But thank God someone calls a truce  
for pumpkin pie  
and football.

Mary Massey

## Dirt

Soil  
Mud  
Muck  
I get stuck  
between the toes  
of children  
in the rain  
I keep puppies  
busy  
as they dig  
their way to China  
I stick like glue  
then turn to dust  
brushed aside  
I am dangerous  
I humble farmers  
as I dance in the wind  
with their seeds and soil

## **Dirt ...**

**Mountains tremble  
as I slide away  
I hold  
life  
and  
death  
in my grip  
I am cursed  
I am worshipped  
I am needed  
I get stuck  
between the toes  
of children  
in the rain**

Lisa Moretti

20  
PLACE

## Out Too Long

What was that he just said? It was something about moving. Moving where, moving, moving, moving, nobody's moving. If Josh was moving he wouldn't have thrown this party. Unless it's a going away party. No, that's right, it's a graduation party. We are finally out of that school. I think all I really learned in high school was which cars to hide behind in the parking lot behind the school while praying that the smoke didn't show. But it can show here. This is safe. There is no more music. All those beautiful sounds have stopped and all those beautiful dancers have gone. Must be visiting the keg. Dry mouths, like mine. I need a drink. My mouth is so dry from that last hit I could spit cotton. It's so much fun, though, to sit and watch the lights. The ceiling fans look like strobes with their little propellers that smack my smoke right out of the air and shake the whole room. If I don't stop spinning I'll never be able to move.

Who's here? Go where? He is pulling at my hands but I can't seem to feel it. I can't stop giggling so I close my eyes and he is gone. I can't

## Out Too Long ...

think of his name. I think I came here with him. Oh well, I can feel him now although he looks like he's floated to the kitchen door and gone out. More lights off to the right--no propellers, just flashing. Twisting reds and greens. Is it Christmas? No, that's blue over there. God, I am so baked! And why is somebody hammering at this hour? I shut my eyes. It must be nearly 3:00 a.m. Where is my purse? I hope my watch is in there as it seems to have lost my wrist. The pounding is so loud! I need a drink. Where is my lighter? I just hope I've still got my bag. I laugh because my eyes don't want to open again. Suddenly cold--am I outside? No, it's just a couple of guys coming in from outside. The tall one is cute but looks silly in that blue hat. His sparkly buttons are pretty though. Eye contact. He wants me. He's walking over, saying something.

"All right, party's over."

He echos a hundred times and sways like he's going to fall over. What kind of a pick up line is that? He is walking so slowly and my hands won't keep still. They run through my hair over and over and over and he's still saying his line.



... Fiction ... Fiction ... Fiction

Maybe he's got some more stuff. I'm gonna need some more pretty soon. But for now my lips are pinned into a smile. Yeah, the tall guy is totally checking me out. The shadows on the ceiling are racing and my eyes begin to follow them. Everything is perfect. There's nobody here but him, me, and his friend. Wonder where the rest of the party went. Maybe he'll come sit by me and smoke me out and then maybe we could...he sat down. I didn't even notice that he got that close. His blue eyes match his blue outfit with the shiny silver things on it. I keep trying to look demure but my cheeks won't move from their smile and my eyes are nearly shut. So tired. My eyes pop open of their own accord and all I can see is a very bright light. It jumps from one eye to the next and then all I can see is his face. I'm tripping out, where did I set down my pipe? The least I can do is offer him some. God, I wish he'd kiss me--my mouth is so dry. My head rolls forward and I'm suddenly standing while his arms are steadying me. Everything is spinning and he keeps me from falling. He wants me. I try to lift my head to smile at him, but I'm too dizzy. All I can feel is his hands on my shoulders, pushing me towards the door.

"Yeah, let's take her in."

## Out Too Long ...

I ask where we're going and he says we're gonna go talk to my parents. I snicker and tell him I'm old enough and not to worry about asking my parents if I can be out later. I don't think he understands. He definitely wants me but he looks so stern. His stare makes me laugh. He guides me to the door while I try not to trip over the bumps in the carpet. I ask him if he has any beer, but he says no. Both times. We finally get to his car after about an hour of walking. The car has the most intense lights on it--the ones I had seen from inside out of the corner of my eye. I like the way they flicker in time to the strange blaring music coming from the car. I hope he's taking me to his place. I know he will. I know he wants me. He helps me into the back seat, then shuts the door for me. Such a gentleman! His friend sits in the seat in front of me and he takes the driver's seat. I feel like I've gone deaf--I can see their lips moving in the rearview mirror but there is no sound. I really need a drink. My throat is dry and I search the floor in hopes of finding a full beer. No luck. Oh God. The doors--no handles. **K**

Randy Clyde Uhl

## The Lion's Share

The lion who raped me  
took more than his fair share  
    (not that he was entitled  
        to anything in the first place)  
and he smiled  
while he did it--  
all the time  
licking his paws clean  
to cover his tracks.  
He now has more of me  
than I do  
and still,  
it is not enough.  
So he swallows my pride  
to forget  
he is full of himself.

Exhausted,  
he rests,  
and I dream of when the lamb  
will be King of the beasts.

Mark Fullerton

## little more than a scream

It's almost as if  
we forget ourselves  
at birth with little more  
than a scream.  
in that moment, our minds collide  
with our  
earthly carriages  
that only know the  
five senses;  
then, crying  
as we leave the womb,  
we are forced  
to choke on the air  
our bodies crave.  
we cry  
not to catch our breath  
but to weep the loss  
of our natural innocence  
we grew  
so dependent on.  
Fragile with others.  
But now our  
shameful bodies are  
immediately wrapped  
in towels.

hiding an arrogant shell  
it would take years  
to shed.

Mary Massey

... Fiction ... Fiction ... Fiction

## Photographs and Tea Cups

We sit quietly while my children play outside with Great Grandpa, the only sound coming from the old woman beside me. She is rummaging through a shoe box of old photographs, a precious treasure. I long to reach out and touch her gray hair. Instead, I watch her hands shuffle through her memories.

"I thought you would like dees."

I've grown up with "dis" and "dees," mixed with the English, her Dutch tongue never mastering the foreign "th" sound. But, I have always understood.


I take the photographs from her shaking hands. In the first, I see the woman beside me, face free of wrinkles and hair shinning with youth. The lips are stern but the eyes sparkle with laughter.

"Dis is my engagement picture."

A woman in love. Her eyes still have that look when my grandfather is near. We look slowly at the photographs as she tries to remember faces disguised by baby cheeks and impish eyes. I meet Aunts and Uncles in the faces of children. I put

## **Photographs and Tea Cups ...**

the pictures in my purse. The silence is heavy.  
She points to the china hutch across the room.  
“De little white tea cup will be yours too.”  
We both know why I am here. Time is precious.

I bought an album for my photographs. I look at  
them often, for it is now, the only way to visit  
her. The little white tea cup is still in her house.  
My Grandfather needs that part of her yet. He  
knows, I understand. 



Kristin Johnson

## Nostalgia

They're taking down a tree at the front door--  
the maple that's been there since time began.  
It's just as tall--even as they lop  
its limbs--as I remember from my youth,  
though I think the house has shrunk a bit.  
I guess that happens to all things with age.  
I could have pointed out (and blindfolded)  
which thick-leaved branches held the rotting planks  
that used to form my castle in the air.  
In fall the leaves would turn more shades of red  
than you can find in any box of crayons.  
Dad would spend whole weekends with a rake;  
leaf piles were too tempting for us kids.  
The trunk, high as a twelve-year-old can reach,  
still declares my love for Tommy Brown.  
(Not that he ever cared, or even knew.)  
It still takes two to hug this hardy tree,  
wide enough for young girls and their dogs  
to chase each other 'round for hours on end.  
We moved right after we had buried Jake  
where he'd wait to play 'til I came home from school.  
I haven't seen this tree for thirteen years;  
I didn't know this time would be good-bye.

Lori Castle

## Electronic Masturbation

We wear a mask that grins and lies  
In this cyber-world of alibis,  
Where spawned profiles orgasmically  
Invite unruly fantasy.  
Pandemic orgies interface  
Within this realm of cyber-space,  
Where we indulge our carnal throes  
Uploading thirty-two bit prose.  
We modulate debauchery  
And masturbate electronically.  
With bytes in this perverted age  
And cyber-sex the latest rage,  
We lose our inhibitions in  
This realm of fiber optic sin.  
But is a sword of Damocles  
Suspended over this disease?  
Our masquerade of squalid fun  
Can be accessed by anyone.  
Consider please, what price is paid  
By those who join our masquerade.  
Perhaps, our partner is a child.  
What innocence have we defiled?

# Fertilizer

"Whatcha doing, Daddy?" Shelby asked, watching her father push the bright green spreader into the garage.

"I just got done fertilizing the grass. Don't walk on it, now, or grass will grow on your toes." He took off the heavy brown gloves he was wearing and set them on his workbench. "It's about time to put your ball away and come inside. Supper will be ready soon."

"OK, Daddy," Shelby said, watching him go in the house. She waited until the door closed, then bounced her ball one last time. It was red, like a giant clown's nose, and it made a satisfying boink when it slammed against the cement. But this time, the wind grabbed it and hurled it into the grass.

She looked at the ball sitting in the grass, then at her toes, and turned and ran into the house.

In the morning the ball was gone. **K**

Mark Fullerton

PLACE

## Love Poem

It isn't that he hated skill,  
just its effect.  
She could skill her way around him any day.

He stood by the window, eyes glazed over  
watching the occasional dry leaf fall,  
and the wind coaxing it to fly, but

one after another,  
they dropped under their own weight.

A slight smile crept into his countenance as he  
watched his window reflection.

"How intense I am right now,"  
he inspected his features.  
"And she doesn't take me seriously."

He crawled onto his mattress,  
and pulled the covers over his head;

hiding from the shadows that  
played so furtively with him,

like her on a good day.







N

L

