

2017



Sigma Tau Delta
Dakota State University
820 N. Washington Avenue
Madison, South Dakota 57042

New Tricks

Sigma Tau Delta

New Tricks



New Tricks Publication
Dakota State University
2017

Donors

This publication is supported by generous donations.

Many thanks to our kind supporters.

New Tricks is a literary magazine that began in 1992, when a small group of students, known as the Literary Stunt Dogs, started to gather and produce student work. It has since evolved into a larger publication that includes not only poetry and prose, but also features photographs, digital art, and multimedia.

New Tricks is now a product of the DSU chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, an international English honor society. The Dakota State University chapter, Alpha Gamma Lambda, was established in the spring of 2003.

Faculty Advisor: John Nelson, Professor of English for New Media and Sigma Tau Delta advisor

Publication Team: Rachel Bruntz, Kennedi Ford, Brad Hamer, Robert Johnson, Luke Reiner, Brittnei Shoup-Owens, and Keegan Struble

Student Editors: Kennedi Ford, Robert Johnson, Luke Reiner, Brittnei Shoup-Owens

Web Designer: Brad Hamer

Layout Editor and Cover Design: Keegan Struble

Editorial Review Board: Angela Behrends, Stacey Berry, Rachel Bruntz, Kennedi Ford, John Nelson, Luke Reiner, Brittnei Shoup-Owens

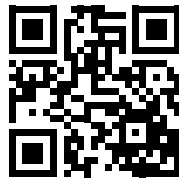
Cover Art: Human Race by Obatola Layiwola

This literary magazine is published by the Alpha Gamma Lambda chapter.

Sigma Tau Delta

820 N. Washington Avenue

Madison, South Dakota 57042



Center of Excellence
College of Arts & Science
Sigma Tau Delta

Angela Behrends
Katherine Callies
Jan & Glen Enright
Mary & Chris Francis
Susan & James Langner
Casualene & Ken Meyer
Nancy & Roger Moose
Deana Hueners-Nelson & John Nelson
Crystal & Wayne Pauli
Lynn Ryan
Colleen Ryan-Johnson
Sirje Kiin & Jack Walters

Matt Stone likes to paint, write, and drink too much tea. He honed these skills at the University of South Dakota and the University of Wisconsin-Madison. He's often found in the basement of his home, engaged in a fevered game of table tennis with his wife, a co-worker, or his long-time accomplice and friend, Joe.

Keegan Struble is an English for New Media Major from Deadwood, SD. He enjoys consuming and creating stories of all formats and mediums.

Table of Contents

Acknowledgements	6
asia dreams of cyborgs	7
I can't pronounce the words I feel	8
B&W House	9
Venetian Courts Reach Ruling	10
Fresh Air.	11
A Painter's Journey	12
Inked Butterfly.	13
staples on a paper crucifix.	14
Godzilla.	15
Poltergeist.	16
Mystery Man	17
It's Your Time	22
Walk Softly	23
Our Lord and Sheperd, D.J.T.	24
Keyboards.	25
Pink is a Monstrosity	26
Two Poems.	27
Not Magnificent!	28
Woody	29
Shield	30
Transitions	31
Once More	32
Cdr Light	33
Madison Missed Connection.	34
Rhino	35
how to use a computer.	36
Rileydog	37
Contributors.	38
Donors	41

Acknowledgements

Another great issue of *New Tricks* has been released thanks to the hard work of my fellow students, Rachel Bruntz, Brad Hamer, Robert Johnson, Luke Reiner, Brittini Shoup-Owens, and Keegan Struble. The team worked tirelessly to revamp the *New Tricks* website and in advertising, editing, and putting it together into something we are all proud of.

The 2017 Literary Stunt Dogs extends our deepest gratitude to Dr. John Nelson for his direction and contributions to the magazine, and to DSU's Sigma Tau Delta chapter and the English Club for their help sponsoring and funding the production. Special thanks to Chris Francis and The BrickHouse for hosting our launch party and the Madison Area Arts Council for sponsoring the event. Thanks are also in order for our editorial board as well as Deb Pauley and the staff at the Production Center.

Last but most certainly not least, we thank the many individuals who submitted works to this year's publication of *New Tricks*. We appreciate the opportunity to show off DSU's creativity.

Riley Fitzpatrick was born in Mitchell, SD on May 19th, 1997. He currently is a sophomore at DSU and is obtaining his bachelor's degree in Computer Science.

Kennedi Ford seized the presidency of Sigma Tau Delta over her bitter rival and quickly consolidated her power over all things STD, including this issue of *New Tricks*. All fell to her dominance, including everyone on this list and in the editors section. She lives in splendor in Madison, having risen to prominence after her humble beginnings in Redfield, SD. She leverages her major in English for New Media for future gains in money and power. Nothing makes her nervous.

Joshua Heesch is a sophomore, majoring in Computer Graphics from Sioux Falls, SD. He enjoys spending his time doodling and reading an occasional comic. You can mostly find him in his bed, asleep.

Rick Janssen was a long time art instructor at DSU.

Obatola Layiwola is a sophomore, majoring in Graphic design at Dakota State University. He is a self-taught graphic artist who uses various digital elements to create visually compelling compositions. His hobbies include illustrating, photography, and sports.

Alex Milla is a student at DSU. He wrote this piece as an assignment for his Intro to Literature class.

Cherie Noteboom is an Associate Professor at the College of Business and Information Systems, Coordinator of the Doctor of Science in Information Systems, and Co-Director of the Center of Excellence in Information Systems at DSU. She holds degrees in Information Technology, Education, and Business. She enjoys photography, running, fishing, reading, research, and travelling.

Emily Schroeder is a student at DSU.



Samantha Algood grew up in Volga, SD. She has loving parents, Dale and Karen Algood, and one sibling, Nathaniel; who goes to Southeast Tech. Samantha's brother is planning to be a mechanic, just like her dad. She is majoring in English Education to become a teacher, just like her mom. She plans on pursuing her master's degree, after teaching a few years, in order to teach at the college level.

Angela Behrends is a visual artist who teaches foundation art and design at DSU. She welcomes opportunities to collaborate whenever they promise joyful expression for the participants. Her mixed-media sculptures are part of the permanent collections at the Washington Pavilion Visual Arts Center and the Rapid City Arts Council at the Dahl Arts Center.

Stacey Berry is a chatbot from the future. If you talk to her, she will answer you. She pulls keywords and patterns of words into things that look or sound like poems from her database.

Jason Biggerstaff doesn't create much art, but he likes Art 121. He thinks Godzilla is kinda cool so he used its likeness in his postcard; he majors in Cyber Ops.

Rachel Bruntz is a freshman majoring in English for New Media. She spends her free time writing, reading, and taking too many pictures. She is often found hanging out with her friends, in the theater, or doing her homework. She is an avid word collector.

Justin Erickson is a student in Digital Arts and Design - Production Animation at DSU. He is someone living in the world, and the world is living around him.

April Farmer is a sophomore at DSU studying Graphic Design.

when we were both machines
i used to love you
the way your heart ticked like an alarm clock
second hand
and dime storms were kisses
that didn't tear away skin

JUSTIN ERICKSON

I can't pronounce the words I feel

Dot dot dots
Still nothing comes
Sounds don't sound the way they did
My pillow has no texture
I look where my mind can't see
Outside
I need color again
The space between my eyes is a hole
Like a dot
Dot dot dots
Follow me into a deserted room
Where silence can speak the way I feel
I wonder when it stops
I wonder when

RILEY FITZPATRICK

Rileydog



how to use a computer

i;ve been working on you. working on the fine lines. the details. that make something like the me of you. human. it isn't a lot to say. *i am no machine.* that my heart makes a pulse. and the brain. and all the pink and fleshy parts on the insides of skin that purr the whirr and turn everything up to eleven are some incidental gene mutation that makes me slightly different than algae. the neighbour's cat. there isn't any other way for this to go. because i wear clothes. and put my hands in my pockets.
because i perform respiration. unconscious.

B&W House

Venetian Courts Reach Ruling

Painter Michaelango Mersi da Caravaggio was recalled from exile to take the stand late Friday afternoon to confront his assaulters. During an art exposition four months ago, Caravaggio was tackled and verbally threatened by a crazed man. The attacker was quoted as saying "I am from the future! Someone is going to try and steal your art in the year 1969! DON'T VOTE FOR NIXON!" The assaulter was condemned to crucifixion and two counts of "Failure to use superfluous language," and has also been charged with "Insufficient use of 'thou.'"

--Reported by Diego Rodrigo Dolce



Madison Missed Connection**Fresh Air**

We locked eyes across the street. You were walking alone, through the dark, even though it was winter and you had to be freezing. On your way to work, or on your way to break someone's heart. It really didn't matter to me because there you were.

My heart started pounding, my hands started shaking. All internal organs felt like they were snaking up my throat, into my mouth. I felt the butterflies in my stomach. But they were less like butterflies and more like fully grown animals in captivity, throwing themselves against the wall, trying to escape or to just make themselves known. My favorite song was playing in the background, making it an even more beautiful moment. Bastille's soft crooning was a bizarre juxtaposition to my engine revving as I waited for you to cross the road.

I should've run you over with my car when I saw you.



RACHEL BRUNTZ

A Painter's Journey

My eyes capture the movements,
The lightning bug glitters in the night sky.
As the windows to the soul close, and I drift away in dreams,
A canary's song floats to my ears.
I awake to a new day and greet the sun
It paints my home, Yazoo City, yellow.
Once I begin another adventure
My tools come out,
A large amount of water and powdered maize.
As the fusion of the elements begins and ends
I take out the brush, and begin depicting my new journey.

CHRYSTENE ANDERSON

Cdr Light

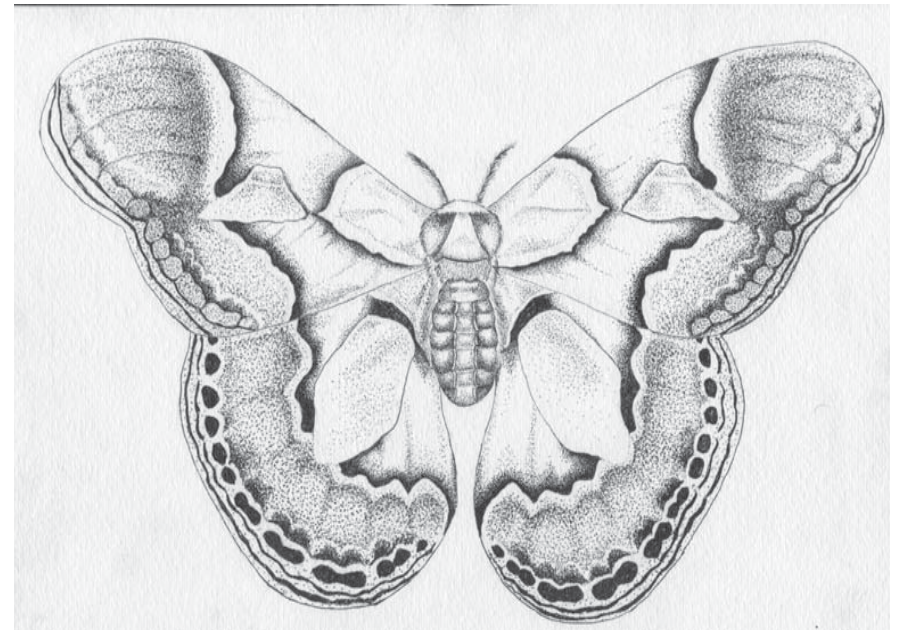


Once More

One more time I take a breath.
One more time I try to make it through
One more time I tell myself it will be okay
One more time I believe the lies

One more time I fall for it
One more time I give myself up
One more time I have a friend
One more time I let them hurt me

One more time I tell myself...
One more time I say there won't be one more time



staples on a paper crucifix

now comes paralysis
 a half-windsor monday
 skim milk and chardonnay
 seeing circles and circles

and circles and squares
 and now

white noise on the ceiling
 oblique words
 left right
 center
 friction meets bone
 dissonant tremolo
 tongues against teeth and dead skin
 lining empty passageways
 the trepanation
 of a tinfoil skull
 gasping swimming flashing
 fractal ink against a tattered sky
 giants blacken the setting sun
 phantoms reborn to die
 a barbed wire cactus
 a velcro wristwatch
 a cordless phone
 a staple on a paper crucifix

the sounds play out
 now comes release
 all was seen then lost to age
 but circles in the end

Transitions

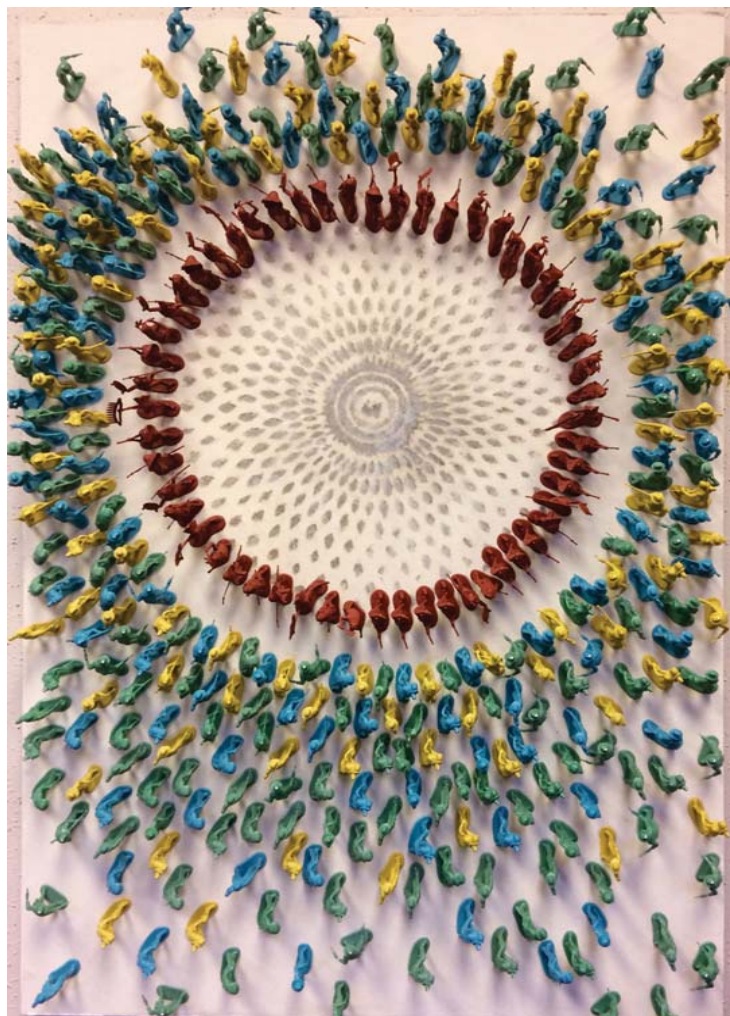
Snow crunches beneath my shoes
 On sidewalks now hidden.
 Street lamps illuminate
 Thick flecks of white.
 The air a hazy glow
 Orange from light.
 Silent night.

Icy grasp
 Enters warmth.
 Why am I out here?
 Can't Escape?
 No.
 Not myself.

Spring come
 Fill the air
 With many melodies.
 Defeater of silence
 Bringer of change.
 Perhaps
 I can do the same.

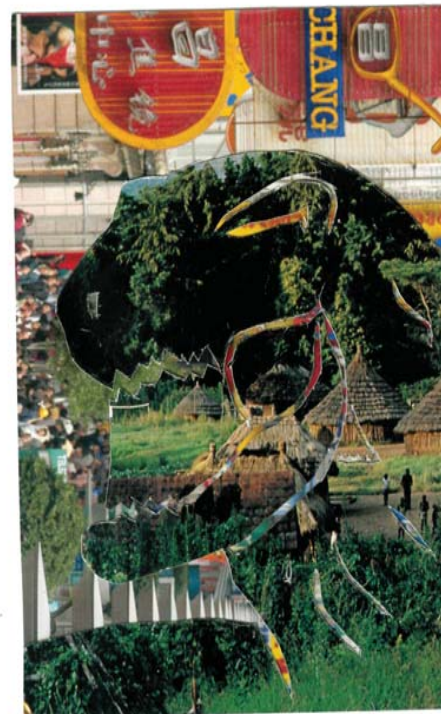
ANGELA BEHREND'S

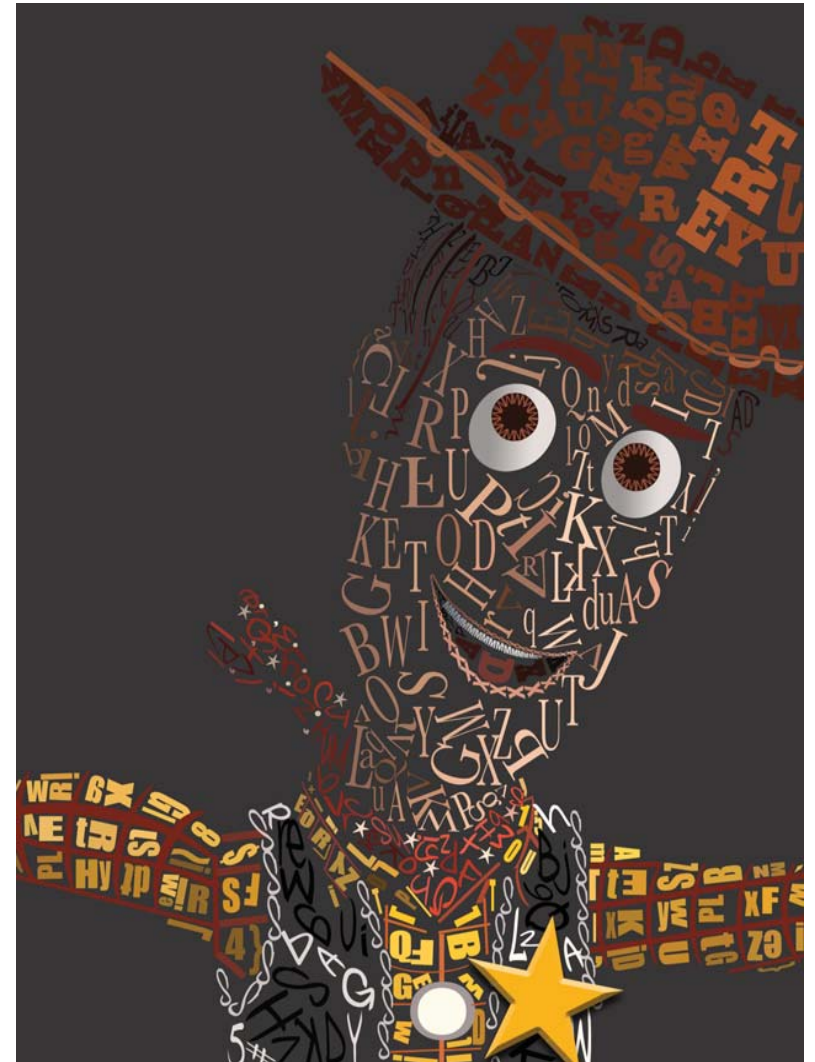
Shield



JASON BIGGERSTAFF

Godzilla





Not Magnificent!

Forever
 Oh, you silly boy
 Tomorrow with a comma
 Hung to dry
 Whet and
 Wild-eyed and
 Hungry
 Stalled out in midair
 Plunged
 Toward your yesterday
 Wring them out
 Again
 Wise and shiny
 Silly boy
 We've heard how
 You kept up
 The "good" work
 Straights
 and rights
 Tipping it back
 Watch the flood
 An anvil and a hammer
 Level it out
 Two points
 You see
 An end

Mystery Man

The road home seemed longer this evening. Maybe it was because of a time crunch, trying to get home in time for the late showing of *Beauty and the Beast* with my parents. Then again, I also hadn't been to the lake in a while, that could be the reason for the lag this evening. Whatever the cause, I was bored out of my mind. Music wasn't helping, even the songs that I could sing along with, and scenery gazing was just a distraction from the act of driving. I had two near misses already, one was a black cat and the other a fox. They weren't the only animals that I've had to avoid on this road. A couple years ago, I sadly hit two raccoons both in one go. I burst into tears as my friends began laughing at me, eventually causing my tears to subside to hysterical laughter. I feel even worse having to say, "the coons were the lucky ones." I once hit a blue and orange bird, it got stuck between the license plate and the front of the car. The poor bird was stuck on the front for two weeks, much like a hood ornament. All I can say for myself is I have bad luck when it comes to living things and my driving.

With my experience, I should have known that tonight would be no exception. Two near misses means the third one is the charm, or calamity in my case. After completing the second stop of the night, I put the gas pedal to the floor, accelerating quickly. Upon reaching 58 mph, a large black shape appears from nowhere. With the sound of flesh slapping against metal, it bounced and rolled over my car. Slamming on my breaks, my car protests as it is suddenly halted. White knuckling my steering wheel, I work on catching my breath as I look in my rearview mirror. My gut churns as I come to grasp that I had hit not something but someone. Putting my car in park, I open my door to climb out. Intent on going to the immobile blob of a person, I force my shaky legs to hold me.

Being a mature adult, I would like to say that I handled the situation with clarity and order. First by going to the body, checking for a pulse, then calling 911 for an ambulance. Instead, my mind went into chaos over the fact that I had hit someone. In a panic, I rushed to the prone form, flipped them upward, and proceeded to stare. I should have at least said something, but I had become dumb struck. This road

kill was, in fact, a very handsome man, not much older than me. With not much thought left in my mind, I squatted there with my face mere inches from his. I should have been certain of was his breath, since it was causing me to blink frequently, but like a fool, I was sure he was dead.

Believing someone is dead is not a good, especially when that dead person sits up. In my case, that is exactly what the dumbass did, knocking foreheads with me. With the speed and precision of his movement, I was now laying on the road, hands holding my head as I fought off the black haze in my eyes. Rolling to my knees, I pushed myself back into a standing position as my brain continued to throb. Turning, I glared at where the man stood. Even with good lucks, he was still an ass, although I was the one who hit him. Giving a sigh of contempt, I stuck my hand out.

“The name’s Samantha. Should I call an ambulance?” With a tilt of his head and a weird look in his eyes, he grasped my hand.

“You can call me Adonis, and since you hit me, I could use a place to stay.”

Great! All I needed was to bring this guy home with me to make up for my guilt; try explaining that to your parents. Knowing that I wouldn’t abandon him, I nodded and slowly made way back to my car. Peeking at my hood, I decided that he hadn’t damaged it enough to be noticeable. Both car doors opened with a cry as we climbed in. The thought of explaining Adonis to my parents consumed my mind. I figured I could say he was a friend. His backstory could be one where he was with a group of people who wanted to do illegal things, but he wasn’t game so he called me to the rescue. I figured my parents would then have sympathy for him and agree to let him stay for the weekend. We could then head back to school together, and he could crash on my futon, or something, until he was ready to leave.

With my ideas once again organized, I looked over at Adonis. All dressed in black, it was hard to believe he came from out of nowhere precisely hitting my car.

“Where did you come and how did I manage to hit you?” I had to ask.

“You wouldn’t believe me without proof, and I’m not in the mood to give you any.” He actually looked sheepish as he spoke.

“I want an honest answer, I feel entitled to at least that.” I glared at him.

SUSS

Between
 Foreseen

Betwixt
 Extreme

Comical
 Refrain
 Reigns

EXISTENCE

But a nanosecond
 To the Nth degree

Between

Past
 Future

Known as

Present

Pink is a Monstrosity

I hate the color pink. Lately it's the only color I can or have seen; black too. It's driving me insane. Ever since my accident, or eye examination gone wrong. I went in to have them checked but for some reason the puff of air they used for lord knows what, was wrong and somehow, I got an overlay of pink paint on my eyes, hence the new color blindness. The strange thing is it didn't touch my other four senses. Honestly the world looks like a little girl's bedroom (you know the ones who are obsessed with princesses and ballerinas). Now nothing tastes good, as I'm sure was already guessed. I used to love chocolate, but ever since it turned into a magenta color it just isn't as appealing. I also can't remember the last time I watched a movie, thanks to my new obscure vision. Books aren't bad if I get over the fact that they look something a wannabe punk would make. The appearance of the pages is usually light pink, words are black (I guess I was cut a little bit of slack), and the covers alternate different shades of pink. The doctors say I'm lucky to have kept my eye sight but when I look at myself in the mirror, a man in pink, and my dog, something straight out of "Blue's Clues," I guess I'm just not so sure. I'm aware people have problems a lot worse than me and I'm sure I have no right to complain, but as everything I read or write looks like the diary of an aspiring artist/writer who only knows monochromatic in one color, I swear I'm going insane. Yesterday my sister came to visit, I know what she looked like before my accident, but now I'm not so sure. My sister has always been popular, she's nice and not afraid to tell people how it is. When she found out what happened to me after the accident she said, "Well I'm definitely not having pink bridesmaid dresses at my wedding after this." My memories are the only thing keeping me from permanently removing my eyesight. I guess I should try to think positive now, but trust me when I tell you with one swipe of this pen I could get out of this girly nightmare.

Sighing, he explained. "It's called teleportation. I just came from Paris, France. While it is hard to believe, I was on the elevator in the Eiffel Tower. My watch that I have on allows for teleportation through space. Don't worry, time teleportation has yet to be invented. Anyway, I had a run in with a group of people who aren't so friendly and had to get out of there. With little time, I ended up here. Satisfied, or do you need proof?"

He sounded like he was trying to escape explanation with a stupid lie. However, I knew it was true because it was so outrageous and not many people want to sound foolish, especially when they are trying to get out of something. It would be too obvious that they just didn't want to answer. Normally, I would expect sarcasm with such an answer, but since he had none, I let it slide. With a nod, the car fell silent.

Adonis kept staring at me, waiting for I don't know what but it became apparent when he spoke. "You actually believe me? You aren't going to ask for proof?"

I give a weak smile. "It's so crazy that it's hard to wrap my head around, so yes, I believe you. While proof would be nice to convince myself that what I'm choosing to believe is possible, I won't require it."

With a breath of relief, we settle in silence as the radio fills up background noise. The ride, having seemed long, flew by in seconds as my boredom died away. Before I realized it, I was pulling into my parents' driveway. Taking a deep breath, we headed for the backdoor of the house. I just walked in, assuming my parents were dressed and ready to go, I should have known better. They were quickly eating, my father in his underwear and my mother just changing the shirt she had spilled on. Slightly embarrassed at the sight, I pushed Adonis back out the door. Once again, in a panic, I rushed over to them and told them we had company. That pushed them into action as Dad threw on pants and Mom finished putting on her shirt. Semi-presentable, I retrieved Adonis. As I guessed, my parents would make a big deal about it.

They instantly started the interrogation before Adonis could even left the entryway. I knew what they were thinking, I had brought a boy home to meet the family. I should have cleared the misunderstanding immediately, but I couldn't get a word in edge wise. The time we had to leave for the movies came and my parents were convinced that Adonis was perfect for me. Having given up on fixing their interpretation, I let them believe what they wanted. Adonis didn't help matters, he seemed determined to convince them that I was his girl. I would

just have to clear it up when Adonis went back to wherever the hell he came from.

My parents had backed out of going to *Beauty and the Beast*, determined to send us on a date night. We were encouraged to grab a bite after the movie, but being a late showing, the time would be around midnight when we grabbed food. To satisfy my parents, I decided we'd just grab fast-food. We again climbed into my car and waved good-bye. Adonis quickly went into a spiel, telling me how great my parents are; it almost felt like he had wanted their approval. I could only nod and to try to stop grinning.

Reaching the movie theater, I went to pay for the tickets, but Adonis beat me to it. Resigning to the fact that he's paying, I patiently waited. From there we gave our tickets to the collector and went to enjoy the show. While it was enjoyable, it was slow and not to my tastes. Once we exited the theater, we had to decide where we wished to eat, eventually settling on McDonalds, where I ordered my usual of two snack wraps and a parfait. Adonis chose to get the Big Mac meal and an extra helping of fries. We savored our meal in compatible silence and after licking our fingers clean, we headed back to my house.

Upon returning, the house was dark. I knew that now my parents were fast asleep. Leading Adonis downstairs, I showed him the where he would sleep and the bathroom. I then went to my room, grabbed some basketball shorts and a unisex t-shirt and re-entered the family room, where a futon was already equipped with blankets and pillow. I found Adonis already down to his boxers, trying to look at anything but him, I forcefully handed him the clothes. Closing my eyes, I waited until he told me he was dressed. Showing him where he could find towels for showering, I parted ways and headed for sleep.

With a ringing in my ears from my alarm clock, I groggily rolled out of bed and began my morning routine. On the way to the bathroom, I realized the futon was made and the clothes I lent to Adonis were nicely folded on top. Figuring he was up already and possibly in the bathroom, I knocked but received no answer. Slightly confused, I headed upstairs to find the house still quiet. In a panic now, I wondered where Adonis could have disappeared. Rushing back to the basement, I scanned the rooms. At this point I was sure he had disappeared much like he had appeared, without a trace, when my eyes fell upon a note laying on top of the clothes.

The sound of those old-style keys, that heavy clack,
not the light tap of those new ones.
It brings me back, those memories,
of younger years with time to do what I pleased.
Browsing a vast expanse of knowledge,
or losing myself in various mediums,
for entertainment and passing time.
The many worlds I explored.

The sound of those old-style keys, that heavy clack,
not the light tap of those new ones.
It brings me comfort from those memories,
of sitting at a desk, father and son.
Working, browsing news, exploring, or playing,
I sat faithfully by, enjoying,
or bored and lost in my thoughts,
the keys but a background noise.

The sound of those old-style keys, that heavy clack,
Not the light tap of those new ones.
It brings on sleep. White noise,
like a fan's hum throughout the night.
My roommate stays awake again,
balancing homework with games.
I roll over to escape the screen's cool glare in my eyes,
and end another day with clacking in my ears.

JUSTIN ERICKSON

Our Lord and Sheperd, D.J.T.

Angry little white man
Shepherds his flock by night,
Afraid of the black sheep
Who come to reclaim their throne.

Hey Sam,

Sorry I had to run. The boss required some vital information that I had on my person. I was told to leave without a trace, but didn't feel it was fair due to your hospitality. Though the time was short together, I must say that you and your family are wonderful. While I have noticed that you can have quite a bite, you are sweet and caring. You are one of the few people that I felt I could trust with the world I live in. Hopefully, we can meet again, under better circumstances.

Your instant friend,

Adonis

Finishing the note, my heart gave a little squeeze. I shouldn't have been so bitchy, but I was glad he didn't assume that I was always that way. Next time I would make sure to be a little nicer, that is if I ever see him again. No, I was sure I would see him again. Until then I would go back to my mundane life and hope that something as exciting as Adonis would hit again.

