



NEW TRICKS 2012

Sigma Tau Delta

College of Arts and Sciences
820 North Washington Avenue
Madison, South Dakota 57042

SIGMA TAU DELTA

2012



NEW TRICKS

This publication was produced and sponsored by *Alpha Gamma Lamda*, DSU's chapter of the English Honor Society, Sigma Tau Delta. Submissions enclosed are original poems, prose and artwork created by campus faculty and students.

Cover artwork by *James Chattin*, a digital design titled "Portrait 7."

Faculty Advisor: *Dr. John Nelson*
Student Editor: *Amy Virginia Woolston*



Contact us!

The Alpha Gamma Lambda Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta
Dakota State University
820 North Washington Avenue
Madison, South Dakota 57042

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<http://www.new-tricks.org>

* Copies of this publication may be ordered from the above address for \$5.00 each plus \$2.00 postage.

Bryan Muller, from Mitchell, SD, is a senior English major, loves long walks on the beach, candlelight dinners, and writing biographical information in the form of a cliché.

Jessica Sharp is a junior majoring in Computer Graphics, minoring in Photography. She is from Valentine, Nebraska.

Angela Timms is finishing her English degree that began at USD, after a hiatus in Los Angeles. She currently lives in Madison with her husband, Giles, and their dog Bilbo.

Juan Valdez

Janell Viergutz

Catheryn Vogel is majoring in English for New Media.

Daniel Weinstein is an alumnus of Wesleyan University and University at Buffalo (NY). In a daring move quite counter to his habitually timid nature, he struck out to South Dakota to teach writing and web design at DSU.

Shane Whidby

Amy Woolston is majoring in English education with a minor in Art education.

Contributor Notes

Mitchell Baye

Angela Behrends is an Adjunct Professor for the College of Arts and Sciences, DSU.

Stacey Berry, Assistant Professor of English for New Media at DSU, never learned how to ride a bike and does not drive cars or motor vehicles of any kind. (She has nothing, in general, against *things with wheels*.)

Justin Blessinger

Elise Bunkers

Vanessa Carlson is from Britton, South Dakota,. A junior majoring in English for New Media Major at DSU, she hopes to pursue a career in magazine journalism or publication in the Denver or Boulder, Colorado, area.

James Chattin

Colin Cooper

Dan Crisler is majoring in English for New Media at DSU.

Alysia Derry-Chavez is originally from Grand Rivers, KY. After graduating high school she decided to migrate north and attend DSU. She is an English for New Media major.

Kailey Eidsness is from Henry, SD, and a freshman in Respiratory Care. She is a member of the DSU Cheer and Dance Team, Campus Crusades for Christ, Student Activities Board, and Respiratory Care Club.

Katie Green

Rick L. Janssen

Thomas Jones

Carmela Delia Lanza

Shelby Meyer

Alan Montgomery is an Associate Professor for the College of Arts and Sciences, DSU.

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Editorial Board

John Nelson	Marcela Lanza
Carmela Lanza	Catheryn Vogel
Stacey Berry	Justin Blessinger
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Ashley Vetch	Amy Woolston
Giles Timms	Cassie Edwards
Angela Timms	

Should I follow
This poet, my heart,
Into the fire,
To purify my soul
And endure the pain
To finally arrive
At your side.

My Beatrice, my love.
For now I must
Look from afar,
From the peak
Of this mountain.
I will be with you.
Soon.

By Shane Whidby

Beatrice

My sweet angel,
My Beatrice,
I'm climbing the steps
Of Purgatory
On my way
To Paradise,
To be with you
Forever more.

Your hair falls
Like ocean waves
Against a summer breeze.
Your smile fills
The void of my day,
The nothingness
That I am.

But I'm stuck,
On the steps
Of the seventh terrace.
Is this lust,
A sinful attraction?
Or the true love
I've longed for
For so long?

Birds of Mere Being

At the edge of the mind,
A gold-feathered bird,
Roosting with chicks,
Of foreign songs.

At the edge of the heart,
A void is consuming,
A nest of hope and wanting,
Empty, waiting.

When the bird's age, the songs complete,
With golden wings, they take flight,
Roosting again in an empty nest,
Sharing songs that stir.

In time, the birds will fly,
With brazen feathers,
And roost in empty nests,
And we will be content.

By Shane Whidby

*Eiffel**By Jessica Sharp*

Fake Trivia

OCTOBER 8 1500, AMERICA: Amerigo Vespucci, an Italian merchant, travels for his second time to the West Indies only to realize that this continent was entirely too big to be the West Indies and that it is in fact a new world. He quickly lays claims to the land and speaks to every native he can find to inform them that the correct way to pronounce the land's name is "uh-MER-I-Kuh". Though it is only through his own oversight that this catastrophe could have taken root, upon returning to the new world, Christopher Columbus falls to his knees, throws his fists into the air and cries, "Damn you, Amerigo!"

APRIL 14 1912, ATLANTIC OCEAN: The RMS Titanic, going at full speed to most appropriately display the grandeur and strength of the ship, collides with an iceberg. Though pre-warned, the ship's captain, Edward John Smith, can hardly be blamed for the huge masses of malevolent drifting ice. After the initial impact, Captain Smith was reported to have calmed down the panicked masses by encouraging them to return to their rooms and take a nap as he carefully buttoned up his lifejacket and lowered his lifeboat into the freezing waters below.

By Elise Bunkers

“Momma and James are fighting, and I need you to be quiet tonight.” She covered me up, and then walked towards the door. “Goodnight,” she whispered.

Ah, James. That jerk was muscling in on my turf, and I was, quite frankly, tired of his shit. But I could get in big trouble for this. Lose my license, my place, and worst of all, the blonde might tell her friends, and her friends would tell their friends. That was bad for business.

I deliberated.

Screw it. I was going to put an end to this, once and for all. The blonde needed my help, even if she didn’t know it.

I managed to crawl out of the cage, across the room, and to the door. Flicking the lock open, and jumping to turn the latch, I opened the door to the hallway outside my office. Making my way down the corridor, I reached the place James and the Blonde were shacking up. Barely managing to reach and turn the knob, I entered as softly as possible. Making my way to the dresser, I started rummaging through the sock drawer. I found what I was looking for. The idiots always kept it in the sock drawer.

Shouts came from the hallway. The blonde entered the room in a huff. She saw me, her eyes widening in surprise. Blondie moved to pick me up, but then she noticed what I was holding:

A pair of lacy under things several sizes too small for her.

I smiled. Case closed.

By Juan Valdez

Utopia Disturbed

Dusk settles over comatose streets
Of ostensive utopia.
Atmospheric silence—familiar noise
Interrupted by torment of the innocent.
Mayhem rises to power;
Sanctuary no more.

Ribbons of yellow invade
once quaint home.
Porches illuminate the night
providing no escape.
Haven devastated
sleepy residents.

Demise evoked by vengeance
Stains environment of whimsy.
Grounds of romance—of blooming life;
An enchantment of delight—of remembrance--
Of tranquility and bliss--
Scarred by stolen life.

By Vanessa Carlson

Wind

Why does the wind blow, always so cold and bitter
She must feel its presence also.

How can it be so cold, and never comforting?
She plays on my heart like this also.

Will this wind ever stop, and could it ever leave?
She could leave my thoughts also.

Although I try to forget, she always is in my mind.
That area must soon be vacated also.

As I lay here writing, my hands are stopped by her pres-
ence.

She has slowed my writing also.

Oh Draíocht, must she always be within your heart and
your mind?

You too shall soon be able to move on also.

By Bryan Muller

pushed myself – unsteadily- to my feet. I flicked the lock open. Stumbling back from the rapidly opening door, I get a good look at her.

She gave me a look; one that would have a dragon rapidly retreating into its cave. I noticed the tears in her eyes.

There is a cliché about women looking beautiful when they cry. Some crap about it making them seem more innocent. Maybe it was true; maybe most broads can make a guy start to get certain thoughts when they tear up.

This one didn't.

Long dirty-blond hair spilled down her back. She wore a natty old bathrobe. The tears spilling from her crow's feet matched the liquid depression outside. She screeched at me, "What are you doing awake! I told you to go to sleep!"

I mumbled, "How can I help you lady?" She didn't seem to hear a word of it. Older people never do. You speak to them in plain English, but for some reason, not a one hears you.

"I'm putting you back in bed," she growled. I yelped a protest. "Who do you think-?" I managed to gurgle before she whisked me off my feet.

"That's right, Momma isn't feeling well, and she needs you extra quiet tonight. If I hear a peep out of you, you're in big trouble mister!" Her angry façade slipped. She choked a on a sob. I knew it was in my best interest to keep quiet. She was gearing up for a soapbox, trying to weasel me into feeling sorry for her. Setting me down in my bed, she folded up the bars on either side of the tiny mattress.

Like Candy from a Baby

It was an awful night. I sat in my room, nursing the bottle, waiting for the rain to stop. It never seemed to stop raining, not in this town. The long, glistening tendrils of the sky seemed to reach down, blanketing the earth with a slimy, otherworldly taint.

Another case ruined.

The crook had gotten away, and all I had gotten for my trouble was a couple of ouchies. I took what little comfort the half-empty bottle offered. The liquid inside was warm, fouling what little appetite I had. The bits of rubbish scattered did little to add to the appeal of décor. I was a bachelor, and that was-

Knock knock knock.

How could I let myself slip like this? I didn't just sleep here; I worked out of this space. The slovenly sight of my office-slash-room wasn't going to impress anyone.

"Are you awake in there?" said the feminine voice.

I rushed towards the doors, managing to knock some knick-knacks underneath my bed on the way. This couldn't get any worse. Throwing a pair of pants over my diaper, I scramble for the-

SLAM SLAM SLAM

"HENRY BOGART, if you're awake in there, OPEN UP!"

I managed to reach the door. Gathering my strength, I slick back my small cropping of hair. Preparing a smile, I



Digital Portrait *By James Chattin*

The Bone Poem

“Our bones are dried and our hope is lost . . . “
Ezekiel 37:11

*“ . . . God set the prophet in a valley of very
 many and very dry bones . . . ”*

John Donne

for Mitzi

Two women driving in a car,
 going to Las Cruces,
 we hit a bird and tumbleweed as big as a deer,
 it is the bag of dreams spray painted black,
 nailed to the back wall of my soul,
 and I want to stop the car,
 to see what I am responsible for,
 eat my guilt, sing my prayer, knees on the pavement
 and stones in my shoes,
 “It’s dead,” you say, “Keep driving.”

You continue lighting another cigarette,
 one foot in front of the other,
 you walk out the bedroom and get to the bathroom today,
 tomorrow it may be the hallway by the kitchen,
 the next day a phone call for the repairman
 to patch the hole in the living room wall,
 and next week it will be the back door

with a massive splash into the lake’s waters.
 Now inspired, the rest follow,
 discovering that fate is now glee.
 Background sounds resume
 as motor of boats roar to life
 and shrieks of joy echo throughout the land.
 Anticipation of nearby boats
 to deliver larger waves
 splattering the faces that bob above.
 The sky is painted
 with colors of orange, pink, and purple,
 indicative of a day well spent.
 Rising out of the depths
 Brings immediate shivers
 As water droplets rain down
 Upon the dock. It’s a mad dash
 To the warmth and comfort of towels.

After twinkling stars and the crescent moon
 have replaced the brilliance of sunshine,
 The time has come to return
 To the once intolerable vehicle
 But now it’s a sanctuary posing
 as a place for slumber and dreams.
 Resume the clouds of dust
 As drowsy eyes close on another day.

By Vanessa Carlson

The whooshing of waves eases the mind
Of any previous distresses.
Leaves of cottonwood trees answer the whispers
Of the breeze that swiftly wafts
Over them. The orchestra of sounds
performs its piece of the waves
rushing in harmony with
gusts of wind.
Turquoise waters sparkle and gleam in sunlight
presenting an appealing sight
to those willing to take the plunge
into its murky depths.
Carefully tiptoeing down the steps
cautious not to slip down the “mountain”
to the crashing waves of the deep.
Suddenly anticipation turns to fear
As the edge comes into view.
Closer, closer now “doom”
awaits the one who takes
the first leap.

The heart jumps
as sprinkles of icy death splash
upon the flesh. Recoiling in fear,
one dips mere toes into the
dark abyss of the unknown.
One, mighty and daring, bounds
toward his fate and plummets

out to the yard and over the fence.

Smoke shoots out the car window and you
are as clear as the ocean in January,
you won’t take the word “dream” out of your poem,
you hold fierce to “love.”
These are words you have fought for,
“words I have fought for,” you say from inside your
mouth, your myth,
the one you carry in your pocket, a warm egg you hold
only for yourself;
and I wonder about your dreams and the floating
furniture,
don’t bother holding on to the refrigerator,
it is slipping through our fingers,

We surround ourselves with transients who used to hold
on to
shoulders, arms, faces like they were anchors
and now they live on paper plates,
waiting for a bus in the middle of a house.

You were wounded in those fights,
I can only see it in the shadows around your eyes,
in the morning light hitting the canyons,
blinding us in quick seconds as we wind around and
around,

I hear it in your voice
 between the humming of semi-trucks offering
 comfort
 and minivans offering instant family,
 when you look straight at me
 and tell me another story.

By Carmela Delia Lanza

alternatives to I'm missing you

I call his cellular phone. Wait for the part where he says
 his name. He tells me to 'go ahead and leave a message.' I
 wait. Whisper in my scared girl voice.

i can hear the dead pumpkin's heart beating. it goes
 whoosh. gush. and pulse pulse. the way bad cds do in the
 drive. i'm afraid of the kitchen. come home soon. i need
 your fingers in my ears.

By Stacey Berry

Next in line, grandpa awaits
 with hidden anticipation
 that deceives no one.
 His face bronzed from sun's rays
 Creates an appearance of harshness
 But eyes glimmer with joy
 and pride, revealing a heart of tenderness.

The chill of the cooled interior
 sends four pairs of bare feet scrambling
 toward the rear entrance
 of that little red house with white trim.
 The explosion of sunlight
 invades the frigid atmosphere
 tempting those who seek its haven of warmth.
 Once one is drawn into this setting,
 no desire for escape.
 Stepping off the back deck
 And onto prickly grass
 reveals a hill, high and steep
 leading any small child to believe
 it is truly a mountain.

The hill tumbles until it collides
 with a shore of rocks
 dampened by the murky
 waters that crash against their surface.

Nostalgia for Child's Play

Navigating a fog of dust
 Leaves a light powder on the surface
 Of the timeworn Taurus chugging
 Down the snakelike path.
 Hues of blue and green peep in and out
 Between the chalky smoke of gravel.
 Questions of "Are we there yet?"
 until the moment of anticipation arrives.
 Seatbelts spring back and chaos explodes
 in the struggle for freedom
 from humidity and close confinement.
 The invigorating, cool breeze greets
 bare skin, causing one to shudder.
 Exposure to rays of sun light render
 One momentarily blind, like a freed captive.

Sight is restored and the battle has begun
 for who will reach the front door first.
 Shouts, screams, and delighted squeals
 ring throughout the atmosphere
 as the door squeaks open in welcome.
 Grandma's inviting embrace, the prize.
 Her face, always flushed,
 Revealed a smile of a sweetness most sincere.

anyone with a computer can do the same

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 is a human one. and a
 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
 way other than this to go. now. because i wear clothes.
 and put my hands in my pockets. because i perform res-
 piration. unconscious.

or maybe it's to do with the way fine eyelashes make like
 hearts and bat's wings beating.

By Stacey Berry

Highs and Lows

Darkened sadness, overcoming
Brightened happiness, overflowing

All emotions lost in grief
Gleeful smiles beyond belief

Then a poem, located out of nowhere
Then a poem, flying out of thin air

Relating to pain like nothing ever could
Closing in on joy causing only good

Soothing all dismay
Leaving cheer on display

By Alysia Derry-Chavez



What? by Angela Behrends

Napoleon the Short

That damn horse, that ivory beast,
My one source of shame,
For the world was mine to have,
But that tower cares not of my power.

I conquered countries, set cities ablaze,
My name carried weight, I was feared,
But gravity has no favorites,
In this sick declination of mine.

The powerful painting, riding the rearing steed,
People saw me as a force, a conqueror,
But here, at my final embarrassment,
People see me as a jester, stumbling from the stirrup.

And as I climb the wooden steps,
To the metal death machine, that killer of the masses,
I leave this world as a prideless, shameful man,
Thinking of one thing and one thing alone...

F*** that horse.

By Shane Whidby

*Fence Post**By Shelby Meyer*

Fake Trivia

JUNE 1, 1937: Amelia Earhart, after several false starts, began her round-the-world-flight with the assistance of first navigator Fred Noonan. Throughout their round-the-world-flight Earhart and Noonan continuously talk about how smoothly the flight is going and began to communicate with others of their expected landing on Howland Island in the Pacific. Earhart and Noonan were expected to be only hours from their destination when people began to joke, “You know most accidents usually happen within miles of home.” Amelia Earhart and Fred Noonan were never heard from again.

1777- Betsy Ross, a struggling upholster, was visited by three men from the Continental Congress. One of these men was George Washington. Washington originally went to Ross with a folded piece of paper asking her to create the American flag. When Washington arrived to pick up the flag, Ross provided him with another item as well. Washington was at first confused by the unusual item Ross had provided him until he looked over and noticed she was wearing her robe backward. When Washington commented on this she laughed and said, “This isn’t a robe, it’s my snuggie.” And so, the original Snuggie was born.

By Janell Viergutz

Life and Death

The sun had begun to sink into the horizon, leaving behind a mural of pinks, oranges, and purples across the summer sky. The warm breeze wafted throughout the desolate landscape of a dirt road and a pair of lonely cottonwood trees. The weeds on both sides of the dusty path whispered in return to the wind ever so gently. Lucy's dark blue station wagon chugged to a halt before it completely perished.

Resting her forehead against the steering wheel, she clenched her fists and burst into tears in disgust as well as sorrow—another broken thing in her life. She stained the yellow fabric of her golden sun dress with her tears—like rain drops. Flashing back to that rainy day of the accident, she ruminated over the tragedy.

“There must have been something I could have done, otherwise why am I being punished?” she murmured to herself.

Since the accident, Lucy's heart had begun to calcify—hardening itself against others. Before, she had been a jovial, social young woman who couldn't cease conversing. Now, she had grown taciturn with grief and anger. She had become broken and too weary to carry on, much like her automobile which now resided along a deserted road. Lucy had put aside her chimerical dreams and desires as they would never come true now. In her

Fake Trivia

APRIL 2 1957, KENYA: Valerie Jane Morris-Goodall at age 23 has the life-changing encounter of meeting anthropologist and paleontologist Dr. Louis S. B. Leakey. After thoroughly impressing Leakey with the extent of her knowledge and her highly functional motor skills, he enlists her as his personal assistant, believing to be on the verge of an extraordinary break-through of being the first man to utilize an assistant chimpanzee. However, when in 1960 she travels to the Gombe Stream Chimpanzee Reserve in western Tanzania, she finds her long-lost familial society, and spends the next 36 years of her life living in her natural habitat. Leakey tried once again to gain a long-term assistant by later recruiting a possibly much more promising prospect named Curious George.

By Elise Bunkers

While the Plains and the In-Betweens may be able to control the societal functions, they could not control the weather. This became their detriment when freakishly strong blizzards repeatedly pounded their city over a few weeks, trapping every Cheerio in their boxes. The supply lines were cut off, depriving every Cheerio the nutrients needed to sustain life at a comfortable pace, forcing them to live on their bodily reserves.

Since Plain Cheerios had no reserves, most of them perished by the time the supply lines were able to get through. The In-Betweens also suffered heavy losses, but not as catastrophic as the Plains.

Meanwhile, most of the Sugars survived, as the excess sugar on their bodies was digested to fuel them through the blizzards.

When the city was dug out and the supply lines restored, the Sugars found themselves the ruling class of the city. While they now had the power and reason to extract their revenge on the Plains and In-Betweens, a majority of them decided to be welcoming instead, knowing that brutality is never the answer in a productive society.

By Daniel Crisler

possession, she had two things that remained—one kept in a jar and the other, a precious, yet unexpected gift.

She smoothed the wrinkles from her dress, her hands lingering for a moment on her stomach. Her eyes closed as she thought back to happier days. Days when the sun shone and actually warmed her skin; days when her smile would remain upon her face and her eyes sparkled with joy. Those days had disappeared from her life, but left behind the only thing that could bring them back.

Lucy kicked upon the creaky car door and stepped out in the twilight. The stars have just begun to appear in the sky. The breeze was cooler now, sending a chill up her spine. Wandering down the dirt path, she carried all she had left of him to their secret getaway. She reminisced about all the times he made her laugh, made her think, and made her never want to leave.

Standing between the two trees, memories began to flood back to her. The summer nights gazing at the stars while lying in the grass, the afternoons when he'd race her to the treetops, but still lend her his hand to pull her up to the next limb, the in depth conversations while walking hand in hand down the dirt path. If she listened carefully, she could still hear him softly humming sweet melodies in her ear.

She clutched the jar closer, not wanting to let go, but knowing it was what he wanted—to remain in those moments forever.

Falling to the ground between the trees, she sobbed uncontrollably, clutching the jar in one hand and her stomach in the other—life and death. It was the first time she allowed herself to express emotion since the funeral. She could almost feel his arms wrap around her to comfort her trembling body.

Finally, Lucy worked up the courage to let him go. She opened the jar and poured the ashes over their special place. As the ashes rose into the night sky, she swore she heard his humming one last time before he was completely gone.

Rising to her feet, she smiled as she looked up and spotted a shooting star, as if he were saying goodbye. Wiping the tears from her eyes, she made the journey back to her car. Lucy would visit their place every week, each time her stomach growing with life inside her—her piece of him that brought the smile back upon her face.

By Vanessa Carlson

These In-Betweens were instilled with these values from a young age by their parents and the Plains that dominated the media. In the schoolyard, they sang jump rope rhymes mocking the Sugars:

“One-foot, two-foot, three-foot go!

All the Frostees need to blow

Their heads off and go away

Leave us to a brand new day!”

“Frostees” was the main derogatory name for the Sugars and was one of the first terms instilled in the vocabularies of the Plains and the In-Betweens. While the In-Betweens jumped, the Plains would often sit on the sidelines and join in on the heckling, often creating new jump rope rhymes for the In-Betweens to sing.

As everyone became older, the discrimination of the Sugars only grew worse. As the jump rope rhymes began to fade, the violence against the Sugars exploded. Sugars were often beaten to unconsciousness.

Any attempt to fight back was met with harsh brutality by the Establishment, who often looked the other way when the In-Betweens and the Plains instigated it.

Even in their adult life, the Plains and the In-Betweens mocked the Sugars and discriminated them from attaining respectable economic status. Whenever they could, the Plains and In-Betweens deprived the Sugars of whatever was desirable.

A Cheerio Society

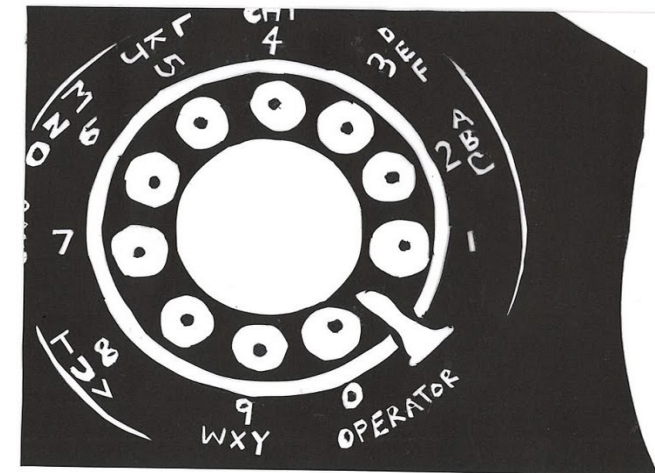
This is the story of two groups in an undisclosed city: Plain Cheerios and Sugar Cheerios.

Plain Cheerios were considered the desirables in this society. The Plains inherited all the good looks, the athleticism, and the social skills. Everything came natural to the Plains. It was most everyone's desire to bed a Plain Cheerio.

In contrast, most everyone considered a Sugar Cheerio to encompass everything wrong with society. Sugar Cheerios were often gluttonous and considered unintelligent. Their gluttonous ways contributed to their funny looks that sent every man, woman, and child screaming when they encountered a Sugar. As a result, Sugar Cheerios were shunned from society, only mingling with others when circumstances warranted.

Those who were neither a Plain nor a Sugar Cheerio fell somewhere in between. They did not possess a pristine look the Plain Cheerios possessed. But neither did they share the extreme negative traits the Sugars possessed. These In-Betweens made up the majority of society, but for some reason, they were not happy with their own looks and aspired to be something they were not.

At some point in time, they established that being Plain was considered the epitome of beauty, while the Sugars may as well have been the poster children for nuclear radiation public service announcements.



Phone Cutouts *By Katie Green*

Look Backward, Writer

In
 “And Everything is Going Fine”

a documentary about Spalding Gray
 directed by Steven Soderbergh
 Gray
 discusses the writing practice
 that he believes saved him
 (temporarily)
 from despair
 and launched
 his career
 as a monologist

at a time
 when he had
 returned from India
 and was feeling despondent
 at the thought that
 his time there had been wasted

thinking of all the things
 he regretted *not* having done

Jack the Ripper Tries his Hand at Paint-by-Number

I’m too unsteady for this
 and the blasted drips on me
 and all these horrid numbers
 marking tenement addresses on lines
 like alleys and paper streets.

Titanium white clots the bristles,
 contaminates Prussian blue;
 makes black a useless grey.

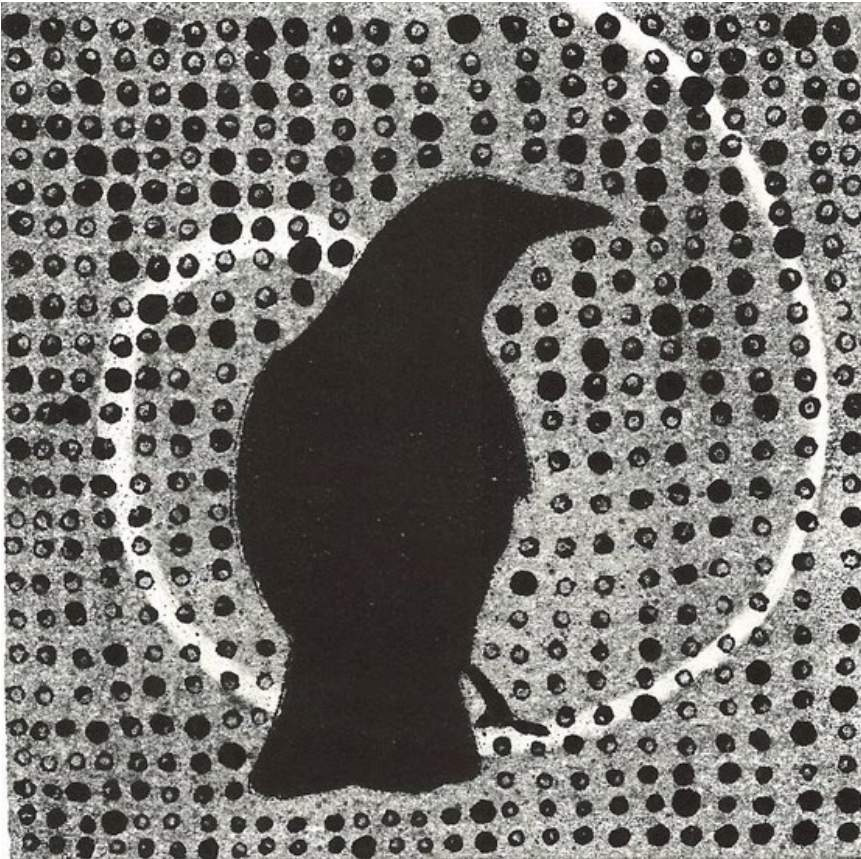
A patchwork
 abutting colors with
 their stark, ugly edges.
 And some impoverished painter
 rends his originals
 into disembodied chunks

to make me feel better
 about my talentless mitts
 blunting hair against stoic canvas.

By Justin Blessinger

think deeply and to forget what it is to passively hear but to listen actively to the thoughts we've long lost.

By Elise Bunkers



Escrow II *By Angela Behrends*

while in that country

at this point he began to keep a journal
a diary

but instead of writing
in his diary
about his regrets

he began to write
in each entry
about what he *had* done

reinforcing his sense of satisfaction
at his experiences

this practice
became the source
of material for his
famous monologues

[link: <http://youtu.be/coxoEhQmjzY>]

what's really interesting
about this practice
is what Gray says
about using

sleep
as a filter
to create a sense of distance
from the events of the previous day

and to let his imagination begin
to play with that material,
shaping it into a story

Now I, too,
shall do this with
the spell of
writing I do
when I get up in the morning
developing my memory
shaping my memories
telling stories
of my days

By Dan Weinstein

Remembering Silence

When we enter a city and are surrounded by the roar of traffic, the thundering beat of construction, the blaring of the latest radio hits out of the doors of every shop and car window, we feel that we have truly entered into a city filled with the sounds of progress. No indigenous African village or traditional Amish community is plagued with noises of this civilized progression.

Thus, we come to believe that we must have the most up-to-date television, car, cell phone and computer, none of which is even valuable unless it boasts the loudest of audio systems, since the sounds we produce show how entirely advanced our society truly is. The natural occurrence is that we then forget the importance of silence, the significance of a whisper, the brilliant possibilities of private meditation. We resemble the child that spots a bright red slide and must go on it because it is shiny and huge, but pays no attention to the fact that the steps are too tall for our little legs. So we go down it anyway, our eyes closed tightly the whole time, only to fall off and split open our chins.

To find a location completely void of sound would be to leave the natural realms of this planet – sound on Earth is inescapable. Silence, however, can be accomplished through the quiet of remembering what it is to

Thrash

Thrash = n. 1. The improvised movements of struggle, esp. in life after threat: as in the snared boar's wild, leafy thrash. 2. The living air around the endangered berserk, as of a beast or desperate man, and sometimes assumed to be the last moments spent living :This resort, never a choice/ this violence of shame and dishonor, the sad sight of sanity flying/this caverned corner, this bruising back/ this frenzy for life, the loss of self/this key to chaos/the crush of your order/this primal phase, this dying's fight/where you crumble my meanings/where you murder and force reform/and I bleed, intact,/fuming/in this realm of fire-red conformity. 3. Nautical . To sail against the wind, tide, etc.

By Colin Cooper

Untitled

Moments, these days, wait too long. The stultifying way time shatters. Leaves memories like spies. To shift the then sound of the phone cord or the steeping of tea or the touch of my skin on your skin that drives days dark. That find me, at my very best, reproachable. I try to hold onto your perfect almond eyes. The pitch of your laughter in cold dark rooms. But why does everything always shift? Until you are spider's legs and butterfly wings. Broken promises. And plaster dolls with real-fucking-pucker-lipped-baby faces. And I. One divine hammer.

By Stacey Berry

Armor

Colliding with
Absence,
I coast inconsequential.
Restlessness
pursues,
So slowly
Eyes open.
Seeing the bleak
I break
And succumb to obscurity.

By Colin Cooper

Haiku

Friday evening drives
Saturday morning outings
Sunday night bedtime

By Mitchell Baye

A Throw of the Dice

Forever guessing
 ...Contemplating...
 No solid path,
 Only the

Crooked one

Chance rolls for you.

Friends made
 ...laughter shared...
 Form the edges,
 Pointed in many places
 Or rounded to near perfection.

The percentiles of success,
 Only heighten with experience.
 In a dream place,
 Of an adventure
 Disguised as school.

By Alysia Derry-Chavez

Haiku

Sitting in my room

Trying to think of haiku

Refrigerator

By Mitchell Baye



Digital Portrait

By James Chattin

Serenade

I heeded your beckoning
 Rushed to your aid.
 (Your reason minor, but no matter.)
 Escorted by starlight
 No intended direction.
 You were my escape
 From things once significant
 But suddenly not.
 My heart like shattered glass
 And you, the glue.

Spirits awakened, thoughts crazed--
 A twirling dance.
 Pursued desire on whim,
 A carousal spinning with emotion.
 Chivalry shown in an act of request
 A spell put to rest
 Solving the riddle of destiny.

By Vanessa Carlson

Soup

When chickens gather
 In formal conversation
 And talk may turn
 To impending demise
 Do their clucks and cackles
 Include the words
 Dumplings
 Noodles
 or
 Rice?

By Rick L. Janssen



Rocks

By Tom Jones

Drawn Wrong

My dear fictional character, did you miss me?
 We haven't spoken lately.
 Do you remember me characterizing you
 As a villain? Forgive me.
 Your charming looks, your kind eyes
 Were too intriguing. Tainted blood
 Coursing through your veins
 was the only solution.

Dear character of mine, one small confession.
 Remember those unkind to you?
 You'll probably kill them.
 Sorry, I know this isn't
 What you had planned.

Before my apologies are too many, I'd like to thank you.
 You really know how to make a reader
 Believe. The only thing I ask,
 Please don't take being evil to heart. You may be
 Kinder in sequel.

By Alysia Derry-Chavez

The SIMple Life

Jumbled voices mumble expressionless words to an
 audience.
 Symbols representing thoughts, ideas, and regrets
 Perch lightly upon a crown; a multicolored dance
 Of glimmering tones, changing with different mood on-
 sets.

Let the evening not turn sour, else frowns will take place
 Upon the perfectly shaded sanguine lips.
 And in the darkest hour, in some near space
 Is a magic karma from which good luck drips.

Let not the sun rise without a fully rested mind.
 For at dawn, the best time to learn begins anew
 And genius traits make humankind
 Prosper before the morning dew.

But, if such time is needed for training
 It is wise to do so painting.

By Alysia Derry-Chavez