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**Volume 20
Number 2**

Fall 1992

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Copyright 1992 by the trustees of Indiana University, *genesis* is published in the spring and fall of each year by the *genesis* editorial board. Publication of *genesis* is made possible through a grant from the School of Liberal Arts and the Student Activities Fund, Indiana University-Purdue University at Indianapolis. Content is devoted to imaginative writing in the areas of fiction, essay and poetry, as well as artwork fulfilling the dimensions requirements listed in the invitation page. Correspondence pertaining to business or editorial matters should be addressed to: *genesis*, Student Activities Office, University Library, 815 West Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

INVITATION TO ARTISTS AND AUTHORS

Artwork and manuscripts are invited from all persons who have been students at IUPUI at any time during the last eighteen months prior to submission. All submissions must be accompanied by a cover sheet containing the author's name, title(s) of work(s), address, social security number, telephone number, and a 25 - 50 word bio.

Any type of artwork may be submitted. All artwork will be reproduced in black and white, excluding a possible color cover. Artists are asked to submit no more than ten pieces for a given issue. Artwork should not exceed 26 inches by 32 inches. Please identify each piece on the back with its title and your name. Artist will be instructed as to how artwork will be returned. Submit pieces to the Office of Program Director, Room 110, Herron Main Building, 16th and Talbott.

Five manuscripts of prose—essay, fiction, and non-fiction—and ten pieces of poetry, on any topic, may be submitted at any time to GENESIS, Student Activities Office, University Library, 815 West Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. Manuscripts must be typed and submitted in duplicate. Prose pieces should be double-spaced on a sixty space line. Please classify prose pieces as either fiction or non-fiction. Authors submitting essays should consider that GENESIS is published for a general audience. Authors who wish their manuscripts to be returned must include a self-addressed stamped envelope with their submissions.

Any artwork or manuscript that does not follow the above guidelines will not be considered for publication. Any work submitted too late for the current deadline will be considered for the next issue. All pieces are considered by a student editorial board. The artist or author is not revealed to the board until the artwork or manuscript has been accepted. Artists and authors whose material has been accepted will be notified prior to publication. Honorary prizes are awarded at the discretion of the editors for the outstanding entry in each of the categories of art, essay, fiction, and poetry. Members of the editorial board are ineligible to receive prizes.



Door of Growth
Gary M. Kendall

Circean Song

By Sally Snodgrass

I took to rowing in a blue-green lake
On warm, flat nights, and pulled an easy oar
Through deeper waters, drawn away from shore.
Exhilarated by my own thin wake.
I took to drifting out, beyond the break,
Surrendered course to current, all the more
Beguiling for the lack of rock-sure shore.
I folded in my oars, to skim, to take.

I could yet, if I wished, be tied to pier
Align my skiff with others in a row,
Shrug off the callings that flat nights evoke.
How curious that I should feel no fear
When all that keeps me from the undertow
Are for fixed planed and molded planks of oak.

I am a senior English major at IUPUI. I am slightly older than the university's "non-traditional student," and am working diligently toward my degree. This is no small feat, since my brain cells are beginning to deteriorate at an alarming rate.

genesis award winner for best poem

The Language of Loss

By Trina O'Connor

Cicada sends its call
like a rusty telegraph—
there is no news from you.
The moon in its graveyard shift
cannot be erased by the grace
of a young gull's rise and fall
through mist.

Only you would question
the precision of an eclipse,
the power of a river to lift
beyond its boundaries
like a toddler—one fleshy leg
over the crib-edge, the mobile
no longer a magical sky of chimes.

Is it impatience or curiosity
that keeps me, one eye at the
window-ledge, wondering
if a key exists to the random
pattern of stars reveted into
the sky?

Last autumn we were awed by the streak
of a comet's bold slash. The low clouds
appeared unscathed, and now
not a scar remains, not the scent
of you or your song—its echo
and lost refrain. Imitating a child's
lullabye, you'd hum and pause, drift off.

Sometimes the night requires this net,
this song of seams, its soothing lull
while curled together like unborn
twins, we'd fall into a separate
rhythm of breath and dreams.

Now, I listen to a language
that refuses to name things—
two lone cicadas on different trees,
the verse of the fields and wild
flowers in the orchestration
of a hesitant breeze.

A grey gull cries out like
a tired warrior. She's maneuvered
this vast landscape, weathered
its diversity on each wing and
I wonder what you'd think if
I told you all these things.

But I am drugged and on the fringe.
Here in Savannah I am left to
watch bran -shadows on the wall
contemplate all the horrors these
grey fingers point to—shadows
that change expression at the will
of the wind or the loss of a limb.

and yet, I am determined to keep
your pillow as you left it.
Your imprint upon it—
not a soft bowl that I could
press my palm into, imagine
the heat it held, but creased
in satin, flattened and sad
where you tossed and turned
in our difficult winter,
(remember the nights?)
where your hair fanned out
as if in flight.

Former student of IUPUI now residing in
the Atlanta area, intent upon continuing my
studies at Georgia State as a graphic
designer major. Miss the gang at The
Slippery Noodle-- KEEP SLAMMIN'!

Miscarried

By Cecil L. Sayre

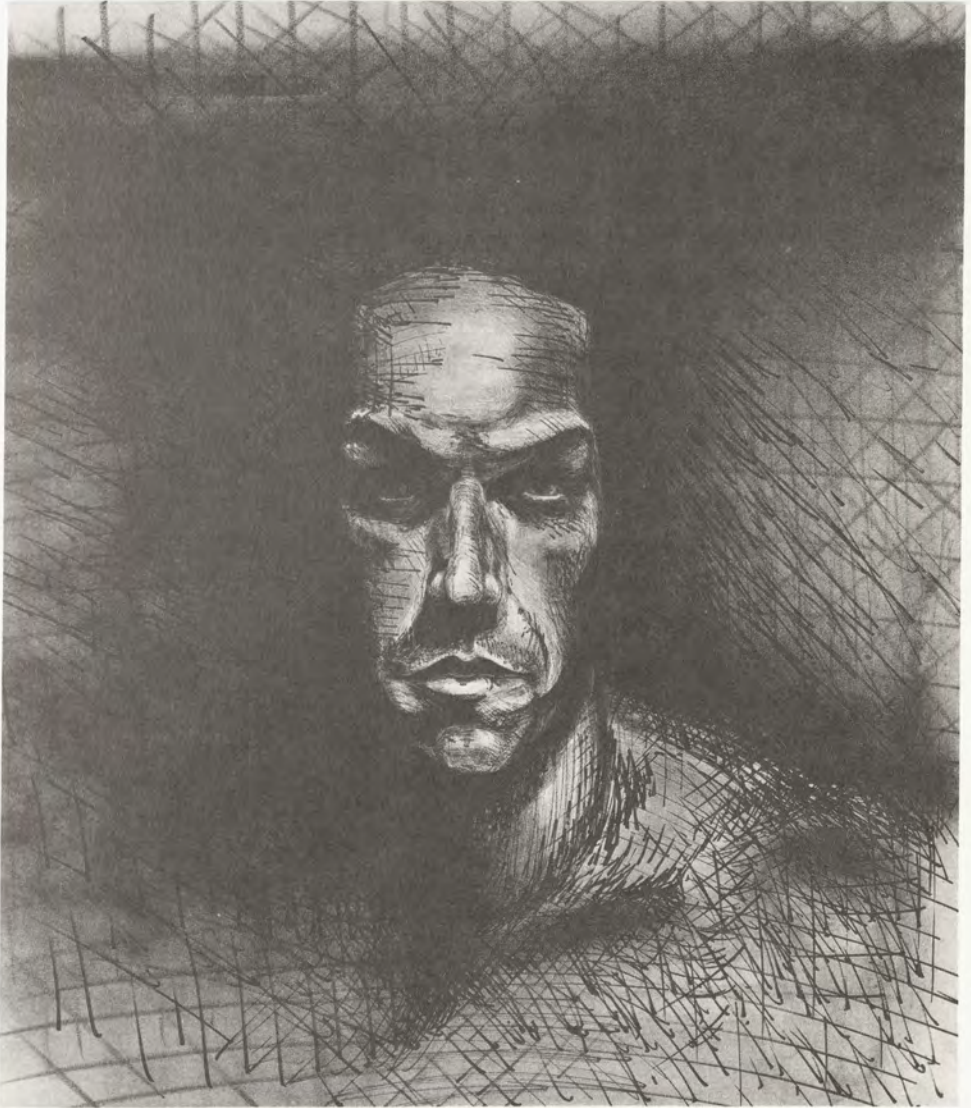
Memories
of slight movement,
faint handprints
on uterine walls.

Bios are for wimps.

Genesis Award Winner

Best Art

2011



Untitled

Jeremy McDonnell

genesis award winner for best art

Sunrise Services

By Sally Snodgrass

On Easter morning,
When first sunlight warms
Pea-green ground,
When pot-bellied worms tunnel
Through grape hyacinth bulbs,
And cantilvered twigs bud
Lavender on tree tops,
When ardent bells bid entry
Up steps scrubbed stainless,
When white-gloved ladies
And starched-collared gentlemen
Stand taller;

Christ is a potted white lily
On red velvet, and I
Am the fresh blue ribbons
In Mary Jane O'Brien's
Sunday school hair.

South On Orleans

By Cecil L. Sayre

At night, Christ's shadow
escapes the chiseled stone
and stands tall on the back
of the church, looming over
the dead-end street where
our shadows slowly swim
the low, brick walls,
leading our drunken selves
by the darkest, softest hands.

Only in New York

By Steven H. Huss

I can still remember the first one I killed after things changed. I was in the toilet in Grand Central Station, down on the lower level, when some guy who just couldn't wait came in. What an idiot. Anybody who takes a piss in Grand Central at that time of night is just asking for it.

I waited until he was washing his hands, and then I had him. I twisted his right arm up, around his back and knocked his head against the mirror until he slowed down. Then I tore out his throat, and that was that.

Before he died, he tried to offer me money, but I ignored him. I needed food, and his money wouldn't buy what I was hungry for. I drank until I was full and then stuffed his body under the sink. It was easy.

That guy was just the first of many. At first I felt kind of bad, you know, killing people for their blood and all, but I got used to it pretty fast. After all, a man has to eat. Besides, New York is full of people. Nobody's going to miss a few here and there, right?

If somebody had told me that I was going to end up running around Manhattan like a modern day Dracula, I would have said they were nuts. That just goes to show you how uncertain life really is. You think you know where things are going, and then something comes along and shows that you don't know dick about anything.

I was in a movie house on 42nd watching an amusing little film from Sweden that featured two of the most flexible women I had ever seen in my life. So I'm watching the flick when this big guy in a parka sits down right next to me. I figure he's a homo looking for some action, so I move to a different seat. He follows me.

I get up and leave the theater, and the big guy walks out after me. We get outside, and he stiff arms me into an alley. He throws me up against the wall and introduces his knee into my balls a couple times. I tell

you, I wasn't really in much of a mood to protest after that.

"Don't feel bad," he tells me. "I'm doing you a favor." Right, some favor. He ripped open my shirt, and that's all I can remember.

It was several hours later by the time I woke up. My wallet and shoes were missing, and I ached all over. My head was pounding, and there was a long, ragged tear on my throat where the guy bit me. I still have the scar.

I staggered back to my apartment, stopping every few blocks to throw up. I was working nights as a security guard at a bank, so I called in sick and stayed in bed for the whole weekend. It was as if I had come down with the worst case of the flu in the history of the world. My whole body throbbed with pain, more pain than I could ever have imagined. I thought I was going to die, and I did, sort of.

So that's basically how I got started in my new life. I haven't been out in the daylight for years now. I don't miss it. To tell the truth, I have always been a night owl. I like it like this.

Most things haven't really changed that much for me. I kept my job; an apartment in the city doesn't come for free, and I'm not the type to sleep on the streets. I don't need money for much else, just some clothes every now and then. The last time I ate a normal meal, Carter was president.

I had pretty much the same routine as anybody else. I would go to work, come home and do whatever. Sometimes I would take in a picture, or go see the Mets if there was a night game at Shea. The big difference was that every three or four weeks I would get really hungry and eat out.

I ran with a gang for a while, but things didn't work out. I hooked up with two fellow travellers, and we would hit Central Park whenever we got hungry. One night we grabbed a pair of homeboys in the north end of the park and one of them was carrying. The bullet left me with most of my insides hanging down around my knees. It took nearly five hours to heal and hurt like a bitch

every single second. After that, I quit the rough trade to concentrate on meals that wouldn't put up as much of a fight.

When I first started out, I was not too choosy about where I got my nourishment. I would take anybody I could get—blacks, whites, Asians, you name it. I didn't discriminate. I learned the hard way, though, to watch what I ate.

I was hanging around Times Square a lot in those days, a really carefree time in my existence. This was back in the early 80's. Reagan was in the White House, and it was morning in America.

Anyway, I was spending a lot of my spare time down in the Square. I liked the lights and the noise and the color. Being surrounded by all of these junkies, queens, hookers and perverts was a rush. There was always something going on. It was like being in the midst of the world's most exciting buffet.

Well, one night I came across some skeezix passed out in a dumpster. It had been a while for me, so I went ahead and took him. I should have known better, what with the needle hanging out of his arm.

I was fine for a minute, and then the pain hit. My body exploded with it. I couldn't see, couldn't hear, couldn't do anything except scream. It felt like I was in Hell, being flayed alive, nonstop, for all of eternity.

After that I took a more cautious approach whenever I felt the need to feed. I started to hang out on the Upper West Side, getting to know the area. I figured that I was less likely to repeat my experience with the junkie in a more upscale part of town. The pickings were pretty good, too. Some of the others say they dislike yuppies—their blood is too thin, they say. I say it tastes just fine, thank you very much.

After a couple of months of rich feeding, I realized something important. The world does not shed a tear at the passing of some unlucky street bum, but a dead stockbroker commands attention. The police began to get a little interested in things, and some of my friends hinted strongly that it was in everyone's best interest if I was

more careful. I agreed and spread my meals around more. It's a good thing that we don't need to eat more often than we do, or things would really get difficult.

In my spare time I made a point of getting to know the city. I would wander around the streets at night, looking in windows, checking things out. I never broke in anywhere or anything like that—there's no reason to be rude. I just figured that since I lived in the greatest city on earth, I should take advantage of what it has to offer.

A lot of the museums stay open late on Wednesday evenings, and I started to visit one every week. It was fun. One time I saw some paintings by this guy, Rubens, of big women laying around. They were pretty good, I guess, but they made me hungry, so I went out and got somebody to eat.

Everything was fine and uneventful for the next couple of years. I was promoted to head of night security at the bank. I caught a foul ball at a Mets home game. I had nothing to worry about, except for one tiny thing.

It was nothing big, you couldn't see it, except with a microscope. It wasn't something that could run you down on the street or fall on your head. I was terrified by a tiny little virus.

Now, most people when they come down with a virus, they just hop in bed and load up on fluids. Unfortunately, this one started killing thousands of people, with no end in sight. For a guy who needs blood like I do, AIDS was a real motherfucker.

I became exceedingly paranoid. Sure, I had given up junkies and whores ages ago, but what good would that do me when this thing hangs around for years before putting in an appearance? I slowed down on my feeding schedule, and I became even more finicky about who I would choose. It made me feel a little better, but there was always that fear . . . And then I met Audrey.

I was in this 24 hour bookstore on 38th, near St. Mark's. I was browsing through the horror section, when I made eye contact with a redheaded woman clutching a stack of paperback romances. We chatted for several minutes, talking about authors we were both familiar

with, and then she invited me to her place for coffee. I don't drink coffee, of course, but being partial to the color red, I accepted.

Once we got to her place, Audrey went about getting the coffee ready. She told me that she was a long distance operator for AT&T. We talked about nothing important for an hour or two, then Audrey put down her mug.

"Under normal circumstances I would be interested in making it with you," she said. "But right now, ya'know, I can't. If that's what you were waiting for, I'm sorry." She leaned back in her chair and looked at me expectantly.

I assured her that I was not offended in the least. We talked for a little while longer until Audrey began to yawn. We exchanged numbers, and I went home.

We have been together now for almost three years, and we are extremely happy together. Audrey says that I am like no other man she's ever known, which is quite true. She said that her life before we met was hollow and empty, and she was afraid that she would never find the right person for her.

As for me, Audrey is a gift. She doesn't know everything about me yet, but she is an incredibly accommodating woman. She is also clean, with a paper from her doctor to prove it. So I give Audrey what she needs, and once a month, when the moon reminds her that she is a woman, Audrey gives me what I need.

She is so sweet.

Steven is currently incarcerated in Pendleton Reformatory. He wishes to correspond with nubile young females interested in discussing Manson family values.

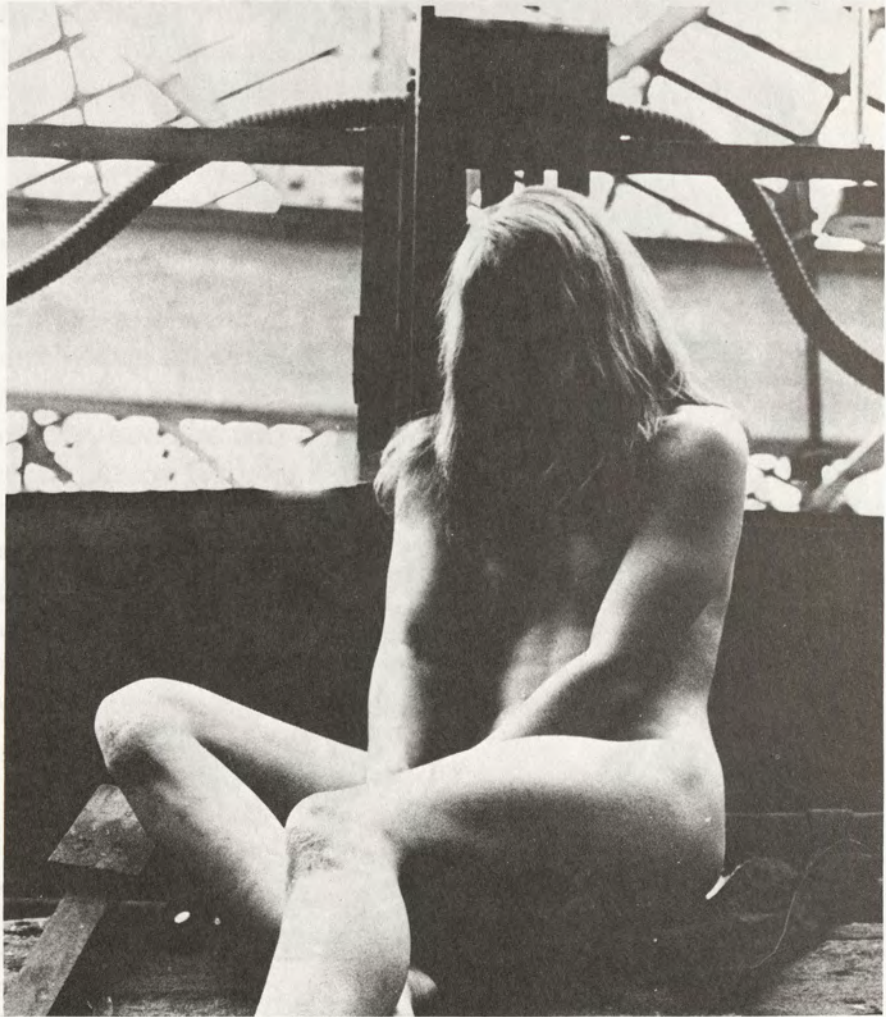
Eye Invents Civilization
After Which
Adam Buys Stock in Manhattan

By Christine Lyons



"Wicasalawan Tewahilak'un"

Christine Lyons



Untitled

D. Glen Hatcher

Eve Invents Civilization After Which Adam Buys Stock in Macintosh

By Sally Snodgrass

Come here and taste the apples that I've found.
Their skin rich red and shined, their flesh so sweet
They bite the tongue, and chew with wondrous sound.

I think a special virtue is: they're round.
They fit the hand. You see? A handy treat.
Come here and taste the apples that I've found.

I spied some on a limb, some on the ground.
They're magic-formed, not like the toilsome wheat.
They bite the tongue, and chew with wondrous sound!

Think to what uses we could put this mound!
They bake, they boil, they sauce, they pie, they eat!
Come here and taste the apples that I've found.

Their juice becomes elixir when you're downed
By melancholy, grippe, or tired feet.
They bite the tongue, and chew with wondrous sound.

They basket, bag, and auction by the pound.
We'd make a fortune on a trafficked street.
They bite the tongue, and chew with wondrous sound.
Come here, and taste the apples that I've found.

Artists' Bios

Michael Green: Senior BFA

MADE IN THE USA is based on an allegorical point of view of the American Car Industry in the past and where it is going in the present day and into the future.

D. Glen Hatcher:

Rat's ass, bat's ass, cat's ass, twat,
Take your balls and tie them in a knot.

FALL

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genesis

INDIANA