

genesis

volume XXXI



fall 2001

John Buchanan ◎ Jennifer Cooper ◎ Sharalynn Cromer ◎ Delpha Czilli
Jenelle Erickson ◎ Melody Gascho ◎ Karla Glaser ◎ S. Renee Hesch
Jonah Hodgson ◎ Kelly Holden ◎ Kathryn Kreiger ◎ Lauren Kussro
Dustin O'Keefe Lynch ◎ James D. Oakes ◎ Blake Palmer
Kirk A. Robinson ◎ Joe Shearer ◎ Michael Soel

Cover: **Window**
John Buchanan

Best of Issue - Artwork

A Note From the Editor

As you may have guessed, *genesis* received both poetry and prose submissions that dealt with the World Trade Center and Pentagon attacks on September 11, 2001. After reading the submissions we received, the editorial board chose to publish one poem and one prose piece that dealt with the attacks for the Fall 2001 issue. We will dedicate a section of the Spring 2002 issue of *genesis* to the honor and memory of those affected by the tragedy. Interested writers and artists alike are invited to submit work that they feel best conveys their thoughts, emotions and reactions to the terrorist attacks.

Please also consider submitting to *genesis* even if you do not choose to submit work related to the attacks. Note that work related to the events on September 11 will only account for a section of the magazine. We will still be accepting poetry, prose, and artwork submissions. Flyers announcing the submission deadline for Spring 2002 will be posted after the first of the year.

Thanks to everyone who submitted to *genesis* this fall. It is always difficult to choose what pieces go into the magazine, but I think the result is a selection of outstanding student work.

Enjoy!

Chi Sherman
Senior Editor

genesis

Established 1972

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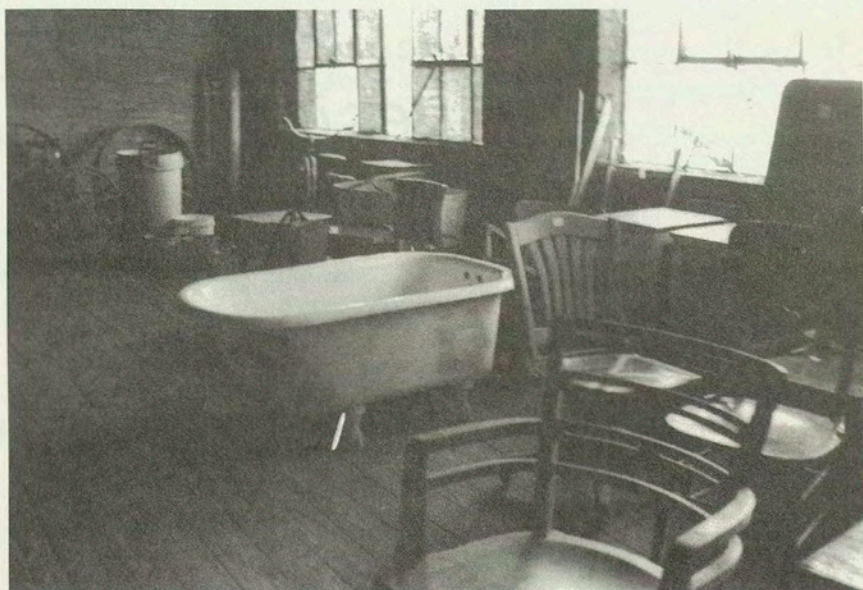
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genesis

Untitled
Kelly Holden



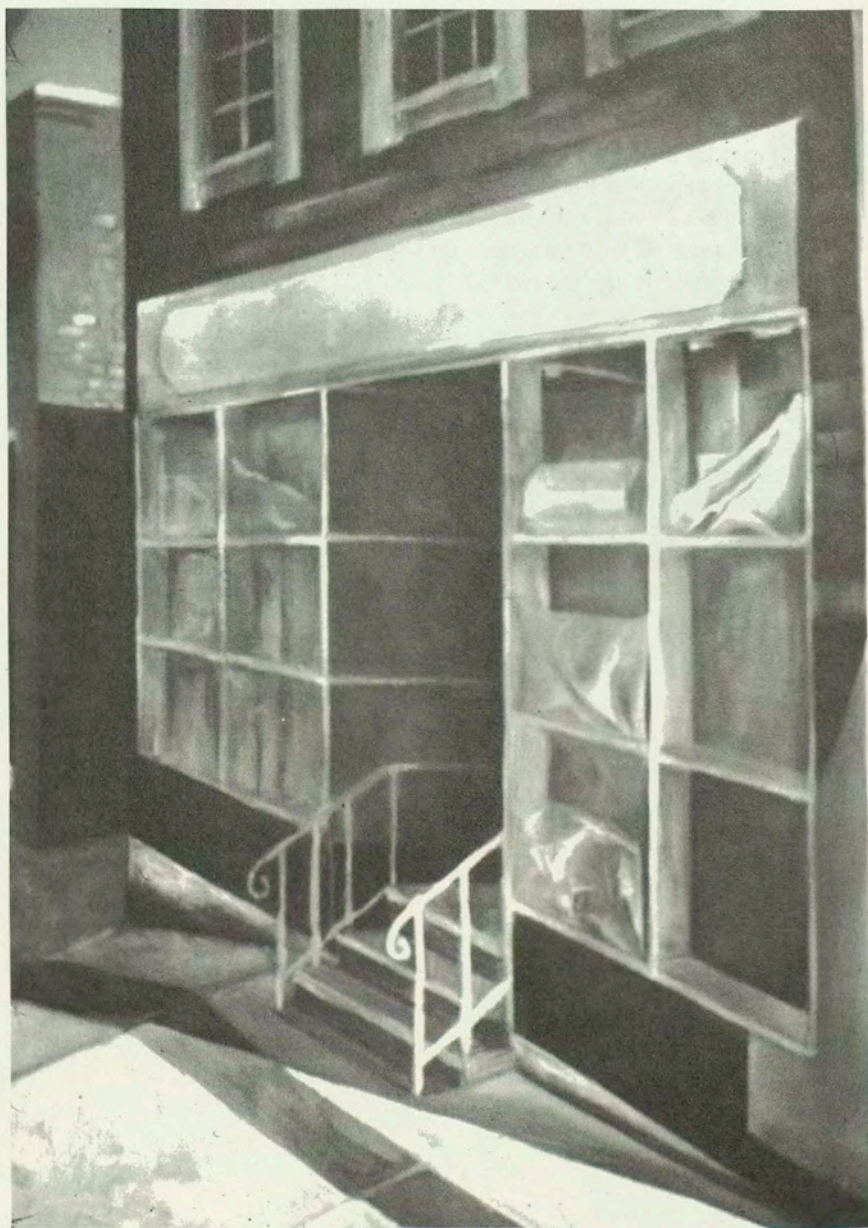
The Expulsion

Delpha Czilli

Best of Issue - Poetry

Daddy loved birds and therefore trees,
like the redbud sapling he bedded in the stony ground
beneath the cherry tree whose arms
were a petrified octopus reaching down
where cats lay buried in shoeboxes
bound with rope—all ping-pong ball skulls
and needle bones where the white down
had fallen away. So easily they succumbed
to disease—kittens, apple trees,
sweet gum, lily-of-the-valley, poison ivy,
even the redbud and rose of Sharon—
all perished under the pall of sorrow
emanating from the house where Mama sat
mildewed, bent, caked with sweat, frozen
like Miss Havisham aching
for the man who could not, would not, stay.

Abandoned
Lauren Kussro



Autumn hangs on desperately in the northeast. The October sun sets at four o'clock and school children walk home in the near-dark, in twos and threes mostly, all in proper uniforms, some carrying books, others not. King Street Deli and Krisper's Coffee lock up for the evening while the pubs advertise their tap specials in sidewalk chalk: Hogshead, Blue Lantern ("Lampie"), Blacksmiths, McGovern's, O' Neil's. Their specials are Newcastle, Beamish Red, Guinness, Guinness, and Guinness. These are the pubs between Second and Ninth streets in the eastern most corner of Aberdeen; these are ours. The Lampie caters to the university crowd with cheap food and loud music; Blacksmiths and McGovern's take the tourists and theatre-goers. Fishermen prefer Hogshead, on the water. Our favorite, O' Neil's, sits at the top of a small but adequate hill on Ninth. Slick mahogany perfection. The quick-witted Irish behind the bar learn your name and drink early. We order whiskey doubles on the rocks and light each other's cigarettes. We watch the rail station lights flicker languidly, then remain constant. But I've already forgotten something.

There is a time after dusk and before the rail station lights, almost ten minutes, when this part of town—the part nestled between the university and the North Sea—will hypnotize you. No street lamps light your way, but you might navigate by the tender glow emanating from homes and churches and shops and pubs like this one. Now a violin, and the familiar melodies of "Caledonia" or "Loch Lomond" or "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose." During these minutes, one might easily imagine that life is both profound and easy. We take our Glenfeddich and Winstons outdoors, massage our foreheads and speak about the possibility of rain. Now *The Victoria* departs for Norway, leaving a giant V in its wake. Now the 5:08 to London emerges from the station, crosses the bay bridge, and withdraws into the fog. We inhale deeply, exhale slowly, allowing our minds to dump all the miscellaneous scraps of detail we collected during the day to get us from here to there. We speak of weekend plans, or families, or nothing at all. The lights flicker on at the depot revealing parked taxi cabs, newspaper stands, shoe shine boys, a woman clutching her hat to her head and running through the

turnstile glass door. We wonder where she's headed— if she missed the London connection. We speculate that she has. She could take the 5:42 to Glasgow, catch the 11:00 red eye through Liverpool to Birmingham, which has hourly trains to London, but she may as well find a room here and leave in the morning on the 7:10 direct. We run away often, partly, I suspect, because we enjoy the homecomings. We have discovered rail travel, an outmoded and hopelessly inefficient manner of travel in the states. We relish the thundering connection to the earth, advancing on each town surreptitiously, watching Scotland out the window. But tonight we watch the trains leave without us.

Inside at the bar stands Michael Riley, who is laughing and mixing martinis for a couple on holiday. He looks up as we reenter.

"Have another?" he asks.

"Aye."

"Rainin' yet?" he asks.

"It means to."

"Stay for supper?" he asks.

"Suppose."

He does not ask what we'll have; he knows already. The vacationers sit knee to knee, sip their drinks, and whisper. The wind picks up, the lights go out for a second, the violinist doesn't miss a beat.

Michael stares out the window. "Here she comes."

Some compare it to Seattle, but that's unfair to both cities. Aberdeen is much smaller, much older, and much less agreeable. Seattle gets wet; Aberdeen gets hammered. Seattle is gray; Aberdeen is just plain dark. By day we studied archaeology, and by night we devoted ourselves to all manner of self-destruction. We began with scotch or lager at O'Neil's, the city vanishing around us. If storming, Michael or his brother, Ian, could succeed with a dinner invitation. Our inevitable walk up to High Street was made more miserable by weather; we will wait it out here. On weeknights, tables are easy to come by, though we prefer Michael's company at the bar. On the weekends, O'Neil's might be packed solid for the Belfast Boys, Runrig, or the McGuiddy Tenors, the crowd spilling over into the street.

But tonight it's the diaphanous Maggie Trueblood with hair much redder than my own and she never wears shoes when she performs. This is Michael's great-niece. She is almost sixteen and looks almost sixteen and everything about her is righteous. I mention to Michael that in America, kids aren't allowed in bars.

"You aren't?" he asked. His use of the word *you* disturbs me. I'm not a child.

I shake my head, gaze at Maggie, blow smoke.

"That's a sure enough way to determine that they'll want to," says Michael. "Rules are for the breaking, eh?"

"Mmmm."

"Your fish," he says, and sets down two plates. We turn from the music back to the bar and eat.

The wind weakens, the rain softens, my companion reaches into his pocket to pay our bill. Four whiskey doubles, two fish dinners, and one warm pudding makes fifteen sixty five, bar meals are graciously cheap.

"Keep your money," says Michael.

"Oh, hush." We leave a twenty. Tomorrow he'll refuse it; tonight it sits beneath a e glass until we're out the door.

The walk to New Town takes us past the much fuller Blacksmiths and His Majesty's Royal Theatre (the "Maj"), and around Seaton Park. A shortcut through St. Machar's cemetery will cut six or seven minutes off the journey if you don't mind trespassing on the not-so-lately departed. Now the arboretum, a striking example of twentieth century architecture, great angles and colors and steel. Now the squat, late 60s primary school, looking like all primary schools everywhere, and then the library, a giant brick monstrosity. We're at High Street, and you can already hear the music, the unmanageable excitement over nothing. Take a left, and two blocks down is the Gingerbread Club. Butt skipped an important part.

St. Machar weighs heavy on my dreaming. The thirteenth century will do that to you, especially if you're from a place without one. Close your eyes against the shivering and listen to the cold creep in under your skin. We're shining in the icy nonlight; we're lingering in the frozen ark. Two by two we search for you, Lord. Breathe us into your likeness. How many evenings did we

stroll through St. Machar's, confessing our sins to the names on the headstones, imagining those Holy Roman years? He slips into my heart without hurry, as if he had always been there. Here we sit, shooting up behind a sixteen-foot Blessed Virgin. This is our church and our city and our North Sea. We linger awhile here, tracing lips with fingers, allowing our visions to take shape, our blood to adjust. Now we can see the harbor below, and O' Neil's, and who is Michael serving now? Is Maggie playing? Yes. We imagine we can hear her still, the melancholy rhythms rising and hanging like cigar smoke.

High Street Gingerbread Club. What lyrical delirium is this? I move so slowly now, assured of my own potential, and the possibility of having him. I learn to worship strangers, my silence drawn so taut around what he denies me. What I deny myself? This reckless intersecting becomes habit. Tonight under the blacklit machinery of indifference, with the music, all the people as pretty as we are, dancing dancing. We find balance in each other's hips and elbows.

"It smells like butter in here," he says. "You're out of your mind, you know."

"Smells like butter! Tremendous!"

The floor escalates, falls, spins. "I need to sit down," I say.

"We *are* sitting down."

Now my awkward and inconsistent mouth and how easily he holds me here. His voice breaking close to me like waves, pulling me back out into this aching ocean of evening, his words as accurate as my longing. Danger carries us like a mother, our blood must be poison by now. I trip over his feet, or mine, it doesn't matter. Out the doors, tango in the street, kissing like nobody's business. Freezing, it's freezing out here.

"Oh, honey, these anemic mornings."

We stumble down cobble stoned High Street, hand in hand, wishing for coffee and warm rolls. The lights are on inside High Street Tartan and Woolen Mill; we stand at the window, considering stripes and muted colors, watching our breath condense on the glass.

"How would I look in a kilt?"

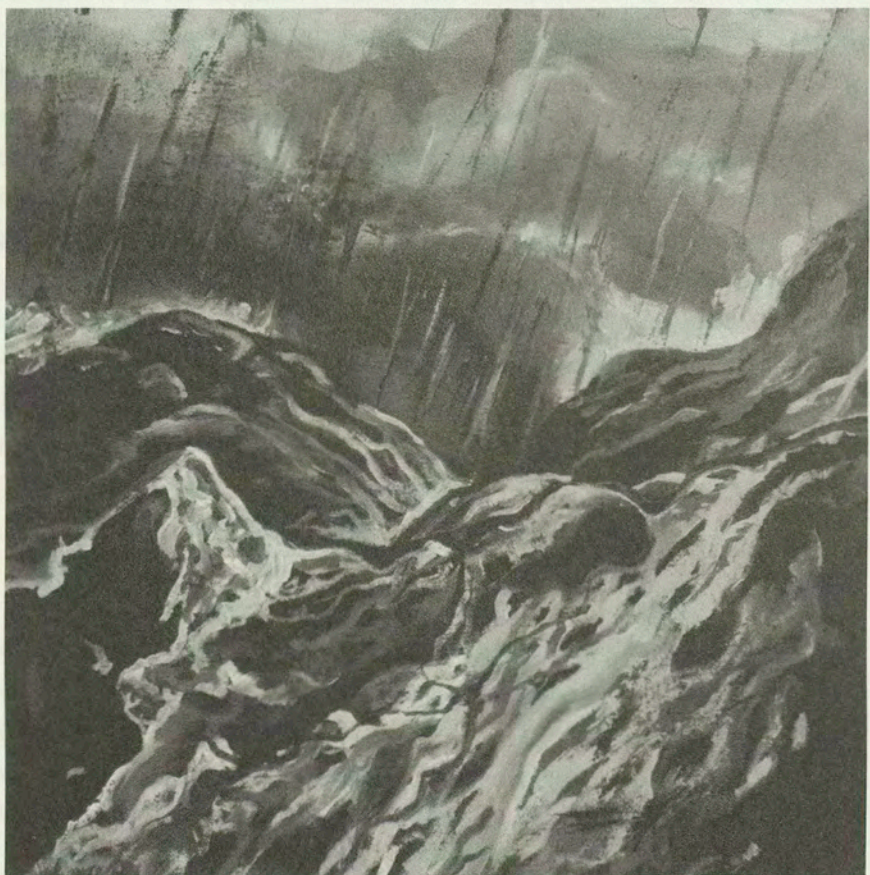
Ridiculous. "Good."

"Yeah?"

No. "Sure."

A gull swoops down from the roof, startling us. It picks up a discarded crust of scone or baguette, and flies away. We resume our walk towards Chesterton Row, past Dillon's Booksellers, Woolworths, and the Visitor's Center. Turn the corner, here is our building, a nineteenth century townhouse divided now into twentieth century apartments. Take the stairs all the way to the top, here is our flat; walk toward the back, here is our room with a view. The thin swag draperies waft and stir in the open window, the hardwood floor below still wet from the storm. We're trembling now, forget the fever. The harbor below is black, our respectable friends in bed. We imagine parallel selves in parallel lives, and those selves are also in bed. They drank whiskey and ate fish, then wandered home to read the evening paper, falling asleep without trouble. In the quiet of 3:00 a.m., we can hear the off shore oil tankers moaning, drawing blood from that thick-veined crystal that is the sea.

Storm
Melody Gascho



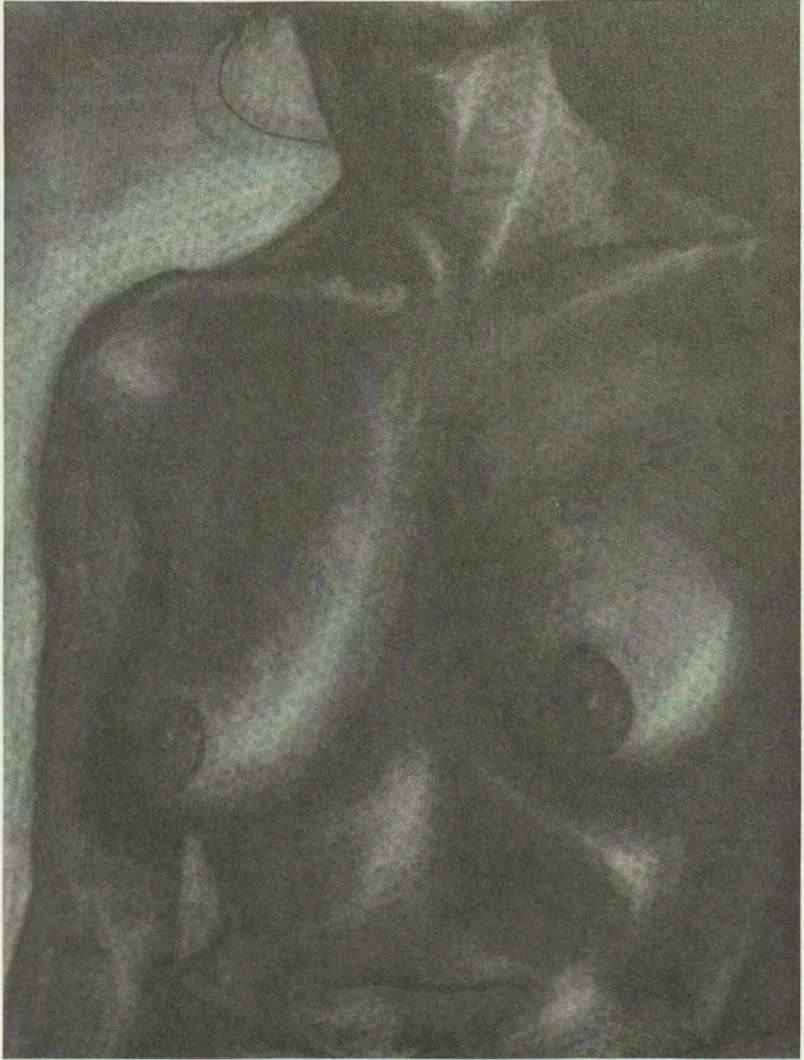
My shivering limbs,
dripping wet,
with dampening dewdrops
of past recollections.

she's ablaze
floating warmly above
fickle, dimpled ripples
in his flattering sunbeams.

standing in suspense,
humming chattered dreams,
to simply stifle this stagnancy
in the kindling of a blanket.

to ease, shallows of despair
while her crooked brook rolls, I look
to the gulf and untie
the anchor from my feet.

Torso Study
Jonah Hodgson



D101: Drawing From Life

Jonah Hodgson

On the side
of the platform
nearest to the
windows, Rocky
poses erectly.
His moist body
glistens under
the warm light of
the 7:00 p.m. sun.

In the shadow to
his right, Virginia
fights the heat.
Large drops of sweat
roll down her body
getting lost in the
folds of her
sagging skin before
continuing down.

The teacher asks the class to examine the models.

At her prompt,
Rocky's leg
springs up, knee
above waist,
and the
teacher
points to
individual
muscle
groups
clearly
shown
under
his tight skin

Virginia
shakily
pulls
up her
leg.

Immediately, her foot
falls
against
the
s
thumping
the wood.

An even less successful attempt
is followed by snickering from the students.
The teacher looks over and turns back.
After twenty minutes, class breaks.

Virginia puts on her robe
and

s
l
u
m
p
s
into
a chair.

Self Portrait
Kelly Holden



my hair

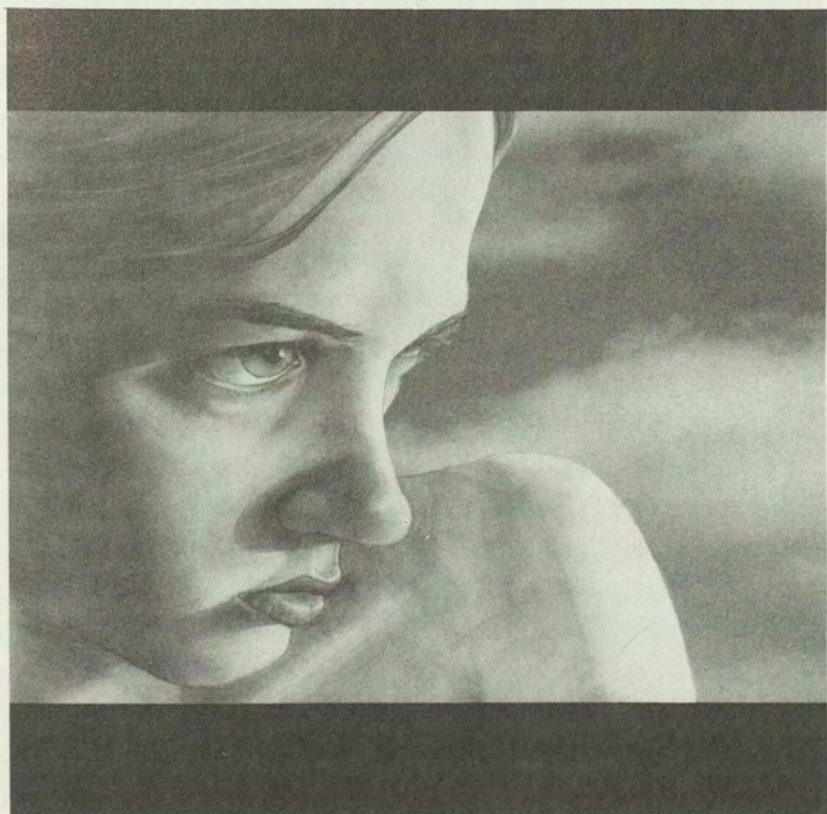
Emily Clare Watson

my hair tangles at the slightest touch
like slow spun strands of
uncombed silk
i can't just run
my fingers through
i have to coax it
and tease it into
doing what i want—
to part it with one sharp stroke
then seduce it
with a velvet ribbon
until a hint of rain
when it kinks and curls
as if to say
you don't own me

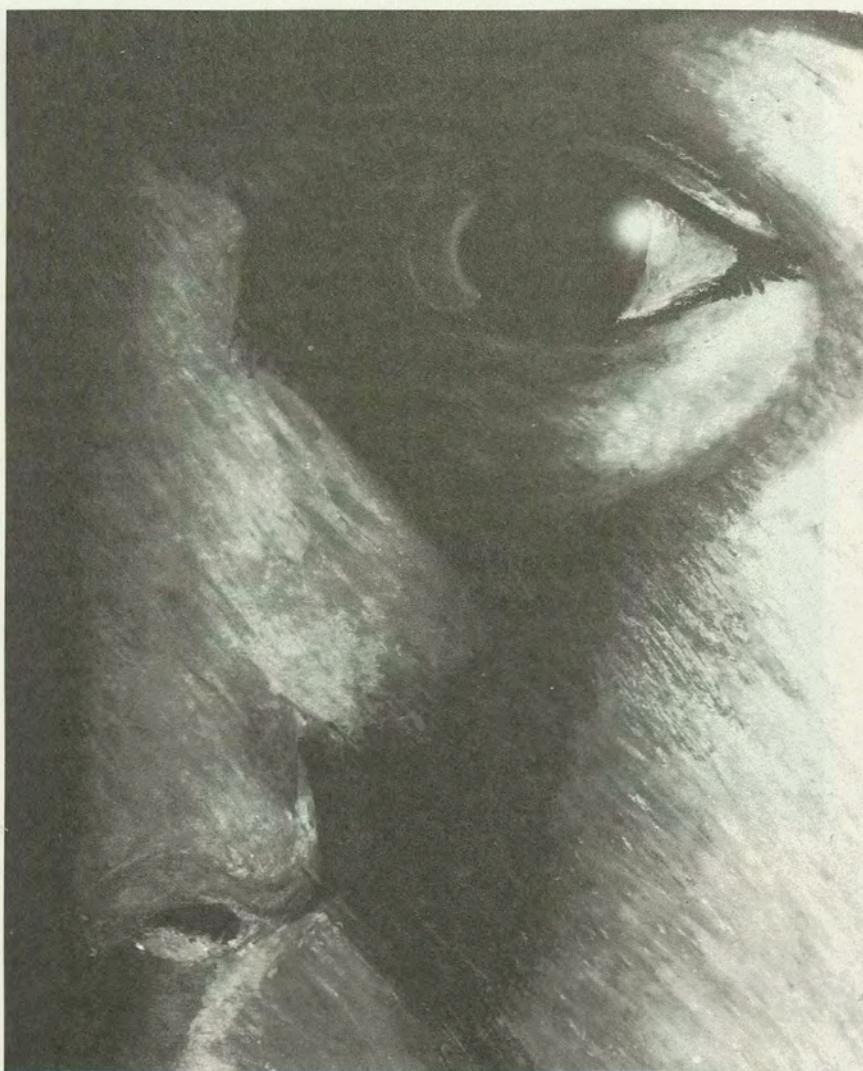
Love Poem
Michael Springer

I want to be
less than three inches away from you
forever.

Foreign Film
Dustin O'Keefe Lynch



The Size of Rhode Island
Dustin O'Keefe Lynch



Glass People

Delpha Czilli

I once knew a girl made of glass. And she was glass through and through: heart, fingernails, intestines, lips. All glass. As you might imagine, her hair was amazing. It shimmered like spun sugar. Sometimes she piled it in a sort of bird's nest on top of her head and other times she would let it flap about her back. Of course, she had to be careful not to let her hair flap around too much lest it shatter to the floor like fireworks.

Naturally, she was quite fragile.

The glass girl and I were neighbors while we lived in Italy. A package of hers had been delivered to my villa by mistake and when she came to retrieve it, I invited her in for espresso. I'm famous for my espresso-making abilities, better than most Italians in fact (although they would never admit it). I come from a place where people drink only water, a place where coffee drinking, let alone coffee making, is looked upon with suspicion.

She liked my coffee and I liked her company so we met on my terrace often. Usually we met around sunset, about the time we both got off work. We sat for hours sometimes. She would tell me stories about the town she came from up north. Although we hailed from different towns, and she was made of glass and I of flesh, we both spoke the same language and therefore hit it off.

Glass Girl would talk and I would listen and sometimes I'd talk too, but mostly I'd watch her change colors as the sun dipped into the water. First, she'd get all yellow and glowy. Then the orange would fold in. And the coffee would deepen the orange, making it almost red. But her legs would stay bluish like the water. The rainbow that was her body mesmerized me. I found myself daydreaming about her while at work and often I flubbed up the coffee orders. I never got in any trouble though because I owned the shop.

I soon learned, however, she wasn't beautiful at all times. It seems glass girls can be anything but nothing for long. So, for instance, if she were to stand in front of a dung heap instead of a sunset, she would look, well, like shit.

Glass Girl had to be careful when she went out. Often passersby would not notice her and they would attempt to walk through her in much the same

way that birds try to fly through plate glass windows. It seems she spent a good deal of her life trying not to get broken. Once, I asked her why she didn't wear clothes. She said flesh people's clothes don't fit glass people. Something about the proportions being not quite right.

She and I got on well in Italy—much better than either of us had in our hometowns. Italians love glass, especially in the region where we lived, near the island of Murano, not far from Venice. Really, it's right up there with espresso. So, naturally, a glass person is a real treat for them. In fact a lot of glass people flock to this area. Sure, they're still a minority—but a welcome one. Italians are careful about not crashing into them on their hurry to work. And when the Italians found out that glass girl sang opera, well, she was nearly canonized.

One day Glass Girl told me about her father, the Wood Man. As a child she lived with her father in a log cabin he built himself out of the same kind of wood he was made. Glass Girl never knew her mother and her father never spoke of her. Rumor has it that her mother was fire itself. But you know how rumors go. The two of them lived at the outskirts of town. As far as they knew there were no other wood or glass people around those parts. They had a few neighbors, all flesh people with flesh kids.

The flesh kids liked the glass girl. Almost everybody likes glass girl. What's not to like? You look at her and you see yourself and if you like yourself you'll like her. When she was a kid her glass was much softer, less likely to shatter. She could climb trees and do other kid stuff. She loved hide n seek. She could sit up in a tree and blend right in, become tree just like her dad, provided the sun wasn't out and glinting off her skin.

Wood Man wasn't crazy about his daughter being made of glass. He wanted to toughen her up. He could be a terrible tease. Wood Man would say, speaking half to her and half to someone else, don't touch her, she might break, ha ha ha. He made fun of her whenever she drank grape juice. He would say, Look you're turning purple! I can tell you just drank grape juice!

This went on for years. And when it did, glass girl would run out the cabin door and find her favorite tree and climb it, albeit carefully, and she would sit astride a thick limb and the hot liquid would burn the backs of her eyeballs, but instead of coming out of her eyes as tears, the crystalline beads took a detour and came out her mouth. And when the air hit them the tears became song.

She could sing so well in fact that birds flocked to her. They thought she was one of them. They perched on her shoulders and sang along, sort of like a chorus. Her bird friends convinced her that she had the clear, plaintive voice of an opera singer. Maria Callas had nothing on her they said. She knew they were exaggerating, the way birds do, but it gave her a boost nonetheless.

Glass girl cooked up a plan. She told her father that she was going off to Italy to become an opera singer. Wood Man laughed. There ain't no money in opera, he said. He was the down-to-earth sort, always thinking about how much stuff costs.

There's money in opera in Italy, glass girl said.

So what? he said, still laughing, It's not like you're all that good anyway.

Glass Girl thought, I'll show him, I'll sing so loud and clear my voice will blow the cabin down. She steadied herself, gulped down a breath, and opened her mouth the way she did in the tree.

Nothing came out.

She moved her glittery lips but the song wouldn't come.

Wood Man didn't even notice his daughter trying to sing. He just went about his whittling, muttering under his breath.

I don't know why you can't be a normal kid, he said, straightening the line of wooden ducks along the windowsill. Why do you have to be so damn reflective all the time?

Dad, hello, can't you see, she said, I'm glass. Glass is glass. I can't be wood.

Yeah, I can see all right, but I don't like what I see.

Glass Girl ran off anyway, in the middle of the night. She said she tried to contact her father shortly after she got to Italy, but he had moved and left no forwarding address. This was five years prior.

That's about as far into the story as we got when glass girl turned opaque with coffee and dusk. The sun had set and she must have had like twelve cups. But it was more than that. Or so it seems now. Not only did she turn deep brown but she turned rigid too—like wood. Her face was expressionless. I knocked on her cheek softly with my fist. I don't know what it sounded like but it didn't sound like glass.

What was I thinking? Why did I let her drink so much coffee? I berated myself. Then I got what I thought was a clever idea. I could just prop her up on the toilet. She'll pee out all the coffee and she'll turn back to her old glass self.

I wrapped my arms around her waist and tried to hoist her onto my back. She wouldn't budge. Glass girl went from being just a hair heavier than the wind to weighing what seemed like nine hundred and fifty-five tons.

I paced and fretted all night trying to figure out what to do. When I woke up the next morning curled up under my patio table, soaked in sweat, I heard distant shouting that sounded like my name. I discounted it at first because I have a tendency to think that all distant shouts sound like my name. But when I heard it the second time I peered over the edge of my terrace and there she was, Glass Girl, as blue as a dolphin, frolicking in the water.

Convinced that the night before had been nothing more than a bad dream, I jumped from the terrace, clothes and all, into the sea.

We had a great day. Glass girl invited me to her debut opera performance at the local off off off the beaten track avant-garde opera house. Now, I can't stand opera one bit. But, I decided, while digging my toes into the sand, gazing into her eyes, eyes that looked strangely like my own, only different, that if I went to see her three-hour long performance I would score some serious points, because more than anything at that moment I wanted to cover Glass Girl with my hot flesh body, make her turn to sand, and turn her back to glass again.

That's where it all went down. At the opera house. I had front row seats. But there were only like ten rows so it wasn't that big of a deal. In fact, most of the audience was sitting in the front row. Nevertheless I got so excited when the curtain went up I nearly wet my pants.

Glass Girl stood on stage, cloaked in a long black cloth with a sort of hood hanging over her head. I couldn't even tell it was she. But she raised her arms, palm up, in supplication to the cardboard sky and the light from her fingertips could have blinded me.

She tilted her head back and opened her mouth. I could see that the cloak was lined in red. It surrounded her head in a halo of fire. I sank back in my chair, gripping the velvet armrests.

I don't know what opera it was and I don't understand Italian so I have no idea what she was singing. All I know is, Glass Girl's voice rose up, filling out the opera house, and then it plunged down, plinking down my spine like a million tiny daggers.

For one brief moment I felt I would shatter.

At intermission I picked myself off the floor and went out to get a coke (I only drink my own espresso). That's when I spotted him. Wood Man. He looked just like a flesh man except he was all wood and he didn't have any hair. He stood transfixed in the middle of the corridor. At first I thought he might have been a statue, but then his eyes flickered, briefly. I walked towards him. I wanted to tell him a thing or two.

About five feet from him I noticed the termites. They moved busily about his face, in and out his decaying mouth, and up and down his flaking arms. It was hard to look at him. He spoke but he was difficult to understand. He said something like Where is she? Is she here? Of course I knew he was referring to Glass Girl. And he must have noticed my recognition because right then he said, rather bleakly, Take me to her.

People filed back into the theater because the second act was about to start. Wood Man, smaller and frailer than I had imagined him to be, could not walk well. It's a wonder how he even got to the opera house the way he hobbled along on that beautifully carved cane of his. I thought I should take his arm in order to guide him, but on account of the termites, I thought better of it. Wood Man did not seem too bothered by them however. He struck me as someone who had had termites for a very long time, and even though he did not like them one bit, he seemed to have grown accustomed.

When he turned to me and said, I don't have long to live, I was not surprised.

By the time we made it back inside the theater, the opera had already started up again and Glass Girl was singing away.

Wood Man stopped in the middle of the aisle. Is that her? he said.

I nodded, trying to hurry him to a seat.

Well I'll be, he said.

Just then Glass Girl stopped singing. She must have noticed her father standing in the middle of the aisle with me. She clutched her thin throat and she appeared to be choking. Some other opera singers came to her aid. Glass Girl swooned and seemed to faint. Two opera guys, one on either side, held her up. One of them fanned her face.

What's happening? Wood Man said.

She appears to have taken ill, I said.

Wood Man trembled. Chunks of wood chipped off his face and fell to the floor.

Are you all right Mr. Wood Man?

Obviously he was not all right but I didn't know else to say. More wood chipped off his face and arms before crumbling to the floor. It seemed there was something shiny beneath it.

Glass girl managed to stand upright. She waved her attendants away before walking to the edge of the stage to get a better look at us.

Father? Oh my God. What's happening to you?

Wood Man shook his head. He could barely speak. All this time, he said, and he started to say something else but his voice trailed off.

Just then his eyes started to well up. One tear in particular seemed to get very large, as large as a coffee cup. I watched as it pooled at the corner of his eye and then dangled there like a bubble before it fell. And when it fell it crystallized in midair before shattering on the marble floor.

Glass Girl cupped her mouth with her hand and took a couple of paces back. Then she extended her other arm and pointed the sharp tip of her finger to Wood Man.

Her eyes were ablaze. She uncupped her mouth, still pointing at her father. You're—

The audience gasped. They thought it was all part of the show. I wasn't so sure myself until the last hunk of wood flaked off the old man's face and sure enough, underneath it all, he was glass too.

Thinking Ahead

Michael Springer

I carefully keep every note you send me
and save every trinket you give me

when I'm at your house and you aren't looking
I steal crumpled sketches from your trashcan

and
when you're gone
I will build another you
out of the leftovers...

Some Existential Questions

Delpha Czilli

an homage to W.S. Merwin

What is a photograph

- A. A poem with cold eyes

What is memory

- A. Leftovers gone rancid

No what is memory

- A. Clawing the blue shroud from your face while your hands knead my knots leaking into your fingers

What is a life

- A. A snazzy frock dancing on a line strung between two pillars of salt

What is death

- A. The ocean's insatiable mouth

Why are you here

- A. Someone left the gate open

No why are you here

- A. To chase down wild plums hidden in the nettles and squeeze their juice into my eyes so that I can see

Why hope

- A. The inside of seashells glisten with God's thumbprint

Who is God

- A. That familiar cough in a crowd

Untitled
Kelly Holden



Dottie
Emily Clare Watson

“Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramp.
Guns aren’t lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.”

Dorothy Parker

And she should know.
For she twice dropped the curtains on her own
impromptu appearance as a Round Table wit.
Two encores brought her back to the Algonquin
to be later known as an icon of it
and of the Roaring Twenties.
She played off suicide as a cynical joke,
beribboned her bandaged wrists with blue satin bows
and declared
she should have known better than to marry a man
who left behind only dull razors.
Then she was Dottie again,
so clever none would leave a room without her
for fear of what barbed witticisms
she would issue in their absence.
And for the sharp-witted and
even sharper-tongued intellectuals of
New York and Paris
being clever was always enough.
The intermittent suicide attempts of a seemingly
cheerful Dottie
like all else were a joke.
And Hemingway toasted her,
“Here’s to Dorothy Parker,
life will never become her so much
as almost leaving it.”

Manhattan in His Eyes

Kathryn Kreiger

I see east in the sky
not blue but hidden
beyond a canopy of skyscrapers.
Cities ignite land,
cities tangled up in neon
flicker and glow.

In front of the Empire State Building
my brother dreams he's an architect,
talking about all the massive layers of concrete
and that tower at the top cast in white-hot light.
He admires the angles colliding,
they dissent and bend to his feet.

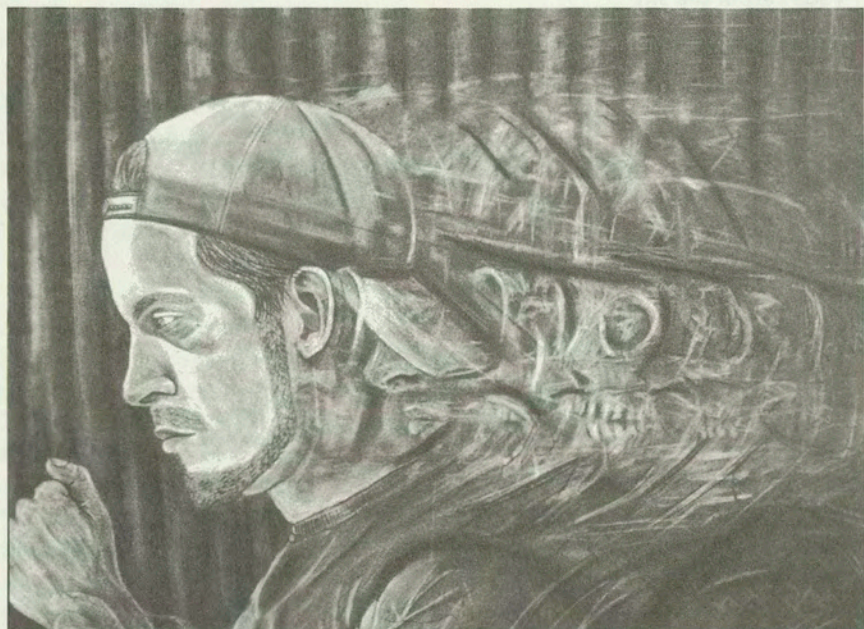
I see east in the sky and remember
you can't escape the city climbing up your throat:
a tongue of asphalt, steel vertebrae,
ribs formed of mortar and ash
swelling under the silk embodiment of flesh.

A cathedral with a weathered cross
calls out to the shadows of the hour.
Twilight glimmers on billboards,
on slick black windows,
and cool marble wakways.

At dawn in the east
the sun falls through the cracks
between the buildings:
purple and fiery red burn together.
Among the structures we stand,
my brother dreaming of concrete
and I the Pacific Ocean.

Run! Run! Run!

John Buchanan



The sand—droptropdrop—stop—
Plops in the tube and dots (while) we rot
The glass fast as the past flaunts with
Haunts of slow-eyed taunts (where)

Tell me you tunnels that funnel—
Days like endless whirlwinds that send (when)
A boy's joy into a man's ploy scraping
whiskered wrinkles seeking dimples

Dozens of yesterdays lay in piles with
Sequestered smiles hidden in files of pleasant
games and innocence tamed; patterned into reality's
shattered folds and charm purging molds.

Of the love and beauty of you for the honor
And duty of them (whom) do not touch, ease
And please my soul as whole as your spanned hands
Can until my fingertips become like Adam's sand

In my tangled hair you play (what) and home runs slam
dunks and touchdown thrusts still hide and go seek
with boyish physique, while the beatbeatbeat heart lives
on in the untangling sport you find behind my ears (why)

dear, stillness makes sadness; surrealness, silliness
as empty hands and limpid lips stripped from the chorus of kiss
now take tolls void of opinion polls and—still time now
—(how) your touch can make me a happy man again.

Gingham and Leather

S. Renee Hesch

Beneath the sycamore's camouflaged branches
I stood in a gingham halter
and dreamed of the muscle-shirted boy
who drove a dirtbike
and smashed my mother's marigolds.
He was hard, heady, and tasted like seasalt.
With his calloused hands, he untied my curiosity
slid my hiphuggers to my knees
and planted me with leather and menthol.
I rode him like a Harley.

Rosie the Riveter

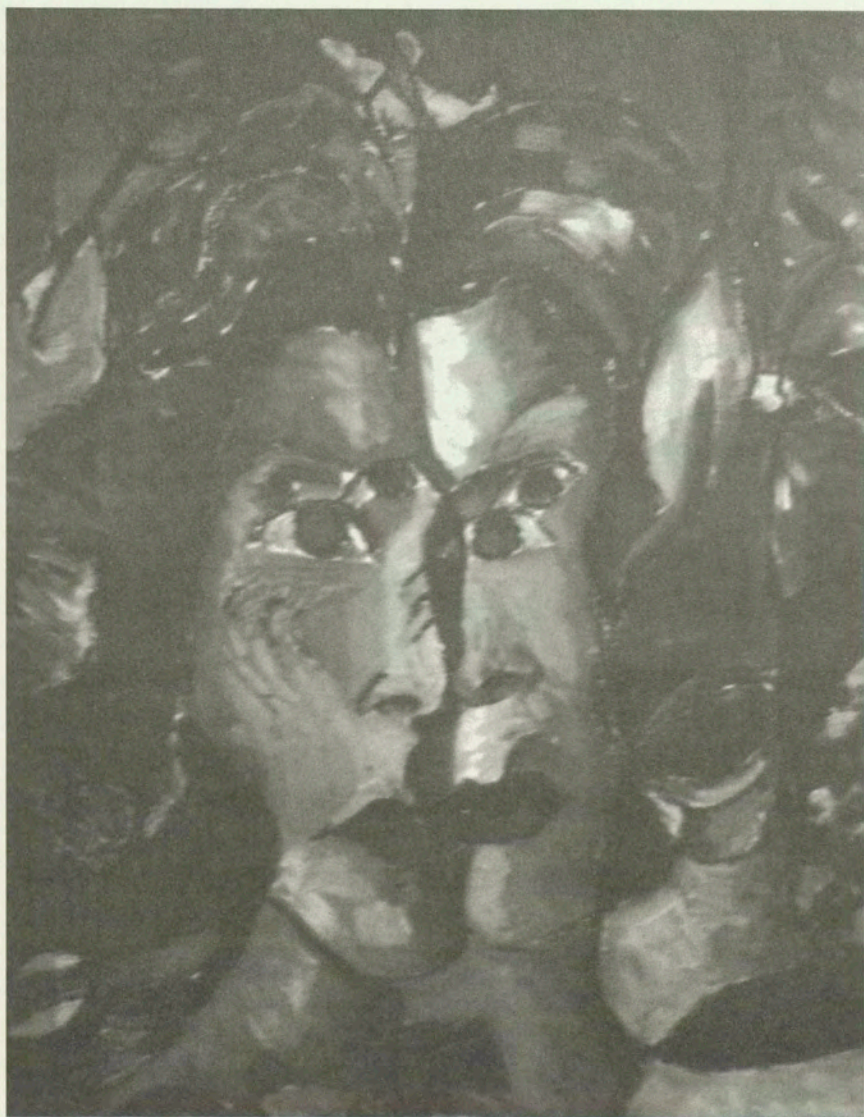
Emily Clare Watson

Throw down your cookbooks girls
Trade in those aprons for a pair of cover-alls
and join Rosie the Riveter on the factory assembly line.

Don't fret over what your sweetheart will say—
nothing is more romantic than a grease-streaked woman
with a kerchief on her curls.

Even Good Housekeeping notes:
a new look for the fall of forty-three,
the vision of femininity is
a woman in uniform,
accessories—a steel pneumatic gun
and glistening beads of sweat on the brow.

Who Is She?
Jennifer Cooper



Making Faces

Karla Glaser

Hands fumbled blindly past half-empty bottles of shampoo. Misguided fingers tumbled a container of Q-tips spilling fuzzy pick up sticks on the bathroom floor. I heard my father and brother upstairs, shuffling through the bedrooms. *Could you go down and clean up your mother's "things?" I just don't think I can do it.* Pushing aside a partial bag of cotton balls and stretching to the farthest corner of the cabinet, a familiar feeling met my reach. I removed my hand, blackened now by a shimmery powder that smelled distantly familiar, like an aroma caught on a passing breeze. Lifting my hand and inhaling, my fingertips smudged the tip of my nose with a dusky dot. *Mmm...seems familiar...aha...Mom's eye shadow.* I fished around the back of the cabinet past more half-empty bottles of beauty creams, exfoliants, depilatories, conditioners, their owner gone before they could be properly used. Finally, I retrieved the cardboard lid of a Chanel boxed gift set. Mom's makeup. The magic box that held her face.

Before the chemotherapy had made her too sick to care, she would let me sit next to her, gazing at her reflection in the lighted Conair vanity mirror. *A woman should never leave the house without a proper face.* Lips puckered, she'd slick them with some exotic color—*Coral* or *Peach Parfait*. I'd study my face next to hers and search for similarities, although, in truth, there weren't many. My face was a genetic amalgamation, a mosaic of features so varied between the families that my brother had been able to convince me I was adopted. After a teary afternoon with the family photo album and pictures of my mother roundly pregnant with me, Mom had been able to erase my brother's claims about my dubious birth. That same evening, watching her "put on her face," she had dotted my lower lip with her lipstick and touched a powder puff to my nose. Smiling approvingly, she had called me her "good girl."

After the chemotherapy had robbed Mom of her hair, our faces appeared more similar, thin and childlike—in spite of my brother's position about our lack of shared blood. In the mornings, she'd rub lotion on her scalp, massaging it into her temples and across the back of her skull. Salt and pepper fuzz struggled to grow above her ears and at her nape. She called the color "donkey gray" and laughed, saying she wouldn't have to worry about coloring her hair anymore. Later when her body lacked the strength to raise her arms, I'd take the lotion in my hands, warming it first in my palms then smoothing it across her fragile skin. Eyes closed, she'd tilt her head back into my hands and

sigh. My fingers would gently massage the pale streaks of cream until her skin glowed like the sheer, flesh-colored curtains in the dining room in the late afternoon sun. Opening her eyes, she'd reach up, gently squeeze my wrist and tell me I was her "good girl."

When the treatments had finally given up their battle against the cancer—but not her heart and liver tissue, her doctor called us together and stood before us, glasses folded neatly in his right hand, left hand resting on the 3-inch file that held my mother's medical history. He explained there would be no more treatments, no more strategies, no more miracles. *Now you put on a brave face because your mother is going to need you.* Mom had come home from the hospital that day. The hospice nurse and I had guided her withered body into the hospital bed rigged up in our living room. I'd help her out of bed and steady her as she staggered to the bathroom where I'd gently bathe her as she sat on a plastic chair we had taken from the porch. Her skin had been thin and translucent, like the tracing paper I used at school in art class. *Onion skin.* I'd wring out the washcloth, letting the warm water trickle down her back and shoulders as her head lolled forward, her neck too weak to hold it. Her fingers would loosely clasp mine and she'd tell me I was her "good girl."

The day she lost consciousness, I had left the house just long enough to drive to my apartment for a change of clothes and a reprieve from the ubiquitous tug of death that seemed to cling to the air in the house like the antiseptic odor of Band-Aids in the hospital. When I returned, her eyes were closed, hands limp at her sides. *She just...fell asleep.* Sitting on the edge of the bed, using someone else's hands, I began to rub rose-scented lotion into her scalp. For the next three days, I slept on the floor at the foot of her bed like a soldier on watch, afraid that if I left again, she wouldn't be there when I returned. I'd wake early, rub lotion into her skin, dab moistened sponges onto her colorless lips and gums—just in case she was thirsty. I'd sit quietly and hold her hand, willing her to squeeze mine. *C'mon, Mom. Just one more time. I'm still your good girl, right?*

The day she died, I calmly telephoned the hospice nurse to tell her my mother had stopped breathing at 8:37 on a sunny Monday in May. *Yes, I'm certain she has stopped breathing. No, I can't feel her pulse any more.* I left the house, driving wherever my car decided to take me. When I returned, the hospital bed was gone as well as my mother. Her dog, Heidi, whimpered softly and sat between the depressions in the carpet left by the bed. *Be my good girl and take care of Heidi, won't you?*

The next time I saw Mom, she had been nestled into a casket lined in lemon yellow silk. *Didn't the funeral director do a lovely job? She looks so natural, just like I remember.* I looked at her face thick with pancake foundation, eyes rimmed with crooked black lines, cheeks streaked with unblended rouge. *Don't forget you always have to blend, blend, blend.* The only thing right had been her lipstick. The funeral director had asked me for my mother's favorite. I had given him the tube marked *Coral*.

The thud of a dropped box above my head made me jump. I heard my father swear, my brother laugh. *Did I ever get that lipstick back from him?* Tubes, pencils and plastic boxes rubbed against each other as I eagerly tipped the magic box back and forth, side to side. Footsteps on stairs heralded my brother's abandonment of his task to pack up Mom's old art supplies. *Spiced Peach, Orangina, Copper Mist.* Knuckles rapped on the bathroom door and I heard my brother clear his throat.

"You okay in there?" he asked.

"Mmmhmm...almost finished," I lied, brushing away a tear that had collected on my lower eyelashes.

More footsteps. Heavier. Slower. My father. "The movers are here and want to start with the downstairs."

"Um, yeah...okay. Let me just clear out a few of these things and I'll be all set."

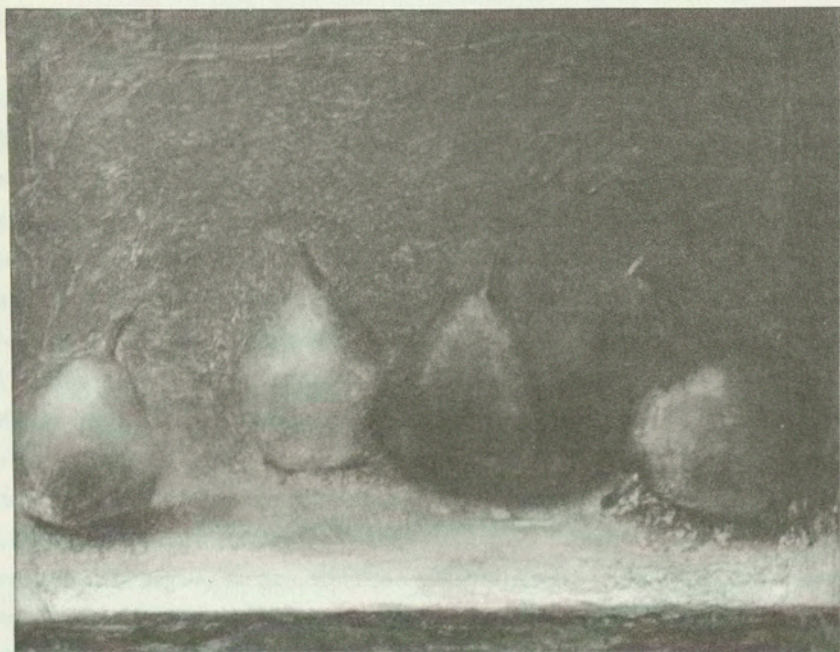
I took a deep breath and looked in the mirror. The brown smudge from Mom's eyebrow darkener drew my gaze to the end of my nose. Rubbing at the spot, I stared vacantly into the box that had held so much magic for me as a child. A slim back tube of lipstick, previously hidden under a collection of frosty eye shadow, peeked out at me. *Coral.* I snatched the tube and removed the lid, just to be sure. *You'll always be my good girl; don't forget that.* Sliding the tube into the pocket of my jeans, I looked back down into the box of powdered memories. With a turn of my wrist, I emptied the box into the wastebasket and stared at the kaleidoscope of color.

My brother opened the door a crack and peered in at me. "Your eyes look funny. Have you been crying?" he asked.

I pressed my fingers to my lower eyelids. "No. Not really," I replied. I picked up an old bottle of hand lotion and dropped it into the basket with a sigh. "I just need to fix my face."

Still Life With Pears #5

Delpha Czilli



Beneath the Sycamore Diptych

S. Renee Hesch

The Neighbor

Beneath the sycamore's camouflaged branches
I stood in argyle cardigan,
pressed broadcloths,
as the spring gurgled and burped and pooled like quicksand
around my white Keds crusted with layers of shoe polish.
Mother's cautionary tales of the black snake and the neighbor
made me cross the barbed fence,
befriend the woman who was big and hard,
could drive a tractor, clean a chicken, and make chewing gum out of oats.
She smelled of mud, manure, and crushed corn.
She sloshed through the barnyard and sang as she fed the hogs.

Mother

Her bought dirt buried my father's dream of a fishing pond,
consumed my exploration site with peat.
She barricaded me behind fresh streaks of Windexed glass.
No escape from the sunken living
room, harvest gold shag, crushed
red velvet loveseat and antique sconces.
She was content with silence and white glove inspections:
the Hoover sucked out her voice.

Grandma
Jonah Hodgson

Purple lines drawn by age
and long hours standing in a factory
snake up my grandma's legs
like the weeds she's trying to keep
from choking her
tomatoes.

A Sonnet From Daddy
James D. Oakes

The crickets creak in contest with the timbers of my house.
There's the sighing, snoring, snarling of the puppy's fitful sleep.
A scratch behind the wallboard marks the movement of a mouse,
and bubbles from the fish tank make the sounds of night complete.
But all of this is silent noise as far as I'm concerned.
I'm miles away from daylight and still hours from alarms.
The ticking clock – the lullaby that brought the sleep I'd earned,
and now I lay here resting with my family in my arms.
The dogs of war could raise a howl, and cannons shake the earth,
the thunderheads could clap and boom and lightning torch the sky,
asleep I'd stay, because today I've given all I'm worth,
and agents from another realm have superglued my eyes.
My infant son, alerted now by one of sleep's mistakes,
he whispers in his softest voice to Da-Da – I'm awake.

Crybaby
Melody Gascho



I want to be a single mom

S. Renee Hesch

An imitation of Terrence Hayes' I Want To Be Fat

I want to be a single mom
raise my kids on child support
and mac & cheese
stand in line at Aldi
with all the other single moms
buy Happy Harvest baked beans
without the little chunk of pork.

I want to be a single mom
so I can bounce another check
at Community Bank and keep my gas
turned on for another night.

When I'm a single mom
I'll pretend my stomach hurts
so my kids can share the last chicken nuggets
and when they're sleeping
I'll try to swallow
another can of beans.

While I'm a single mom
Geist girls will whisper
"Look at her. My God she's really let herself go since the divorce."
and beneath those statements they'll think
I wonder why he left her?
I wonder if she deserved it?

Love me Geist girls
as you love acrylic nails and BMW's.
Love me single moms
as you love hunger and insult.
I'll let you borrow my self-respect,
I'll let you have the last chicken nugget.

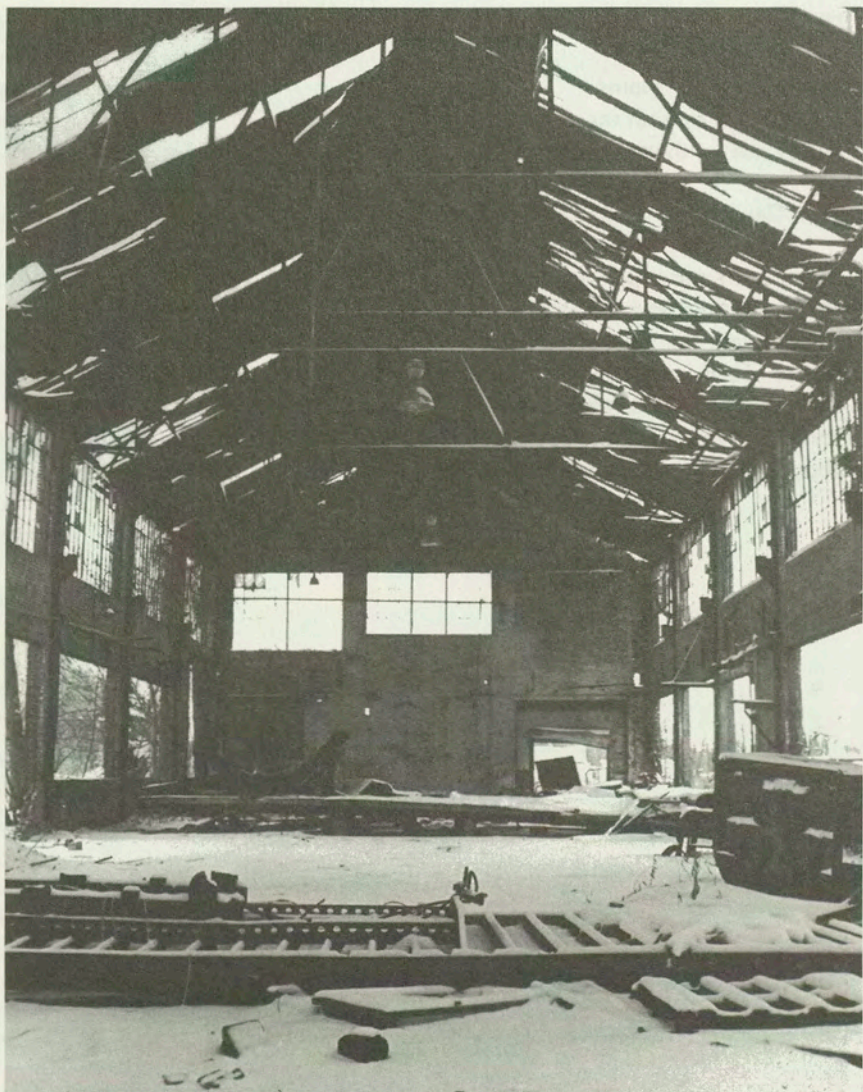
When I'm a single mom
I'll live in low income housing,
with hand-me-down furniture,
this of course in the years
before I'm living on the street,
without health care or day care.

I'll not cry elephant tears
I have no tears left,
I'll flip off soccer moms
as they pass by with their personal trainers,
and I'll not let them forget I was once one of them.

"You Geist bitches will have to acknowledge who I am!"

I want to be the superwoman of single moms
The great American novel wrapped up in happily ever after,
I want single moms to write themselves
letters of self respect and gratitude,
I want to bask in the warmth of the Wal-Mart
low, low prices signs without worrying
about what's on clearance and how I'm going to pay for it.

Untitled
Kelly Holden



Three Circles Spinning

Kirk A. Robinson

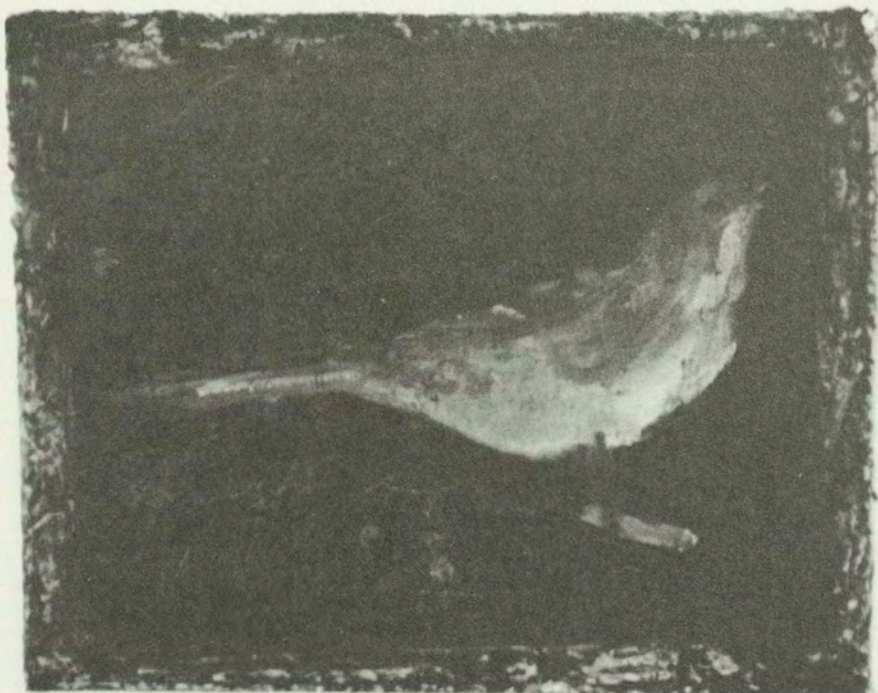
I live in the hottest room of the house
upstairs -- where the heat rises
then traps
 and hangs
indeed, the chamber where I rest
is enveloped by three fans
placed at structural points
breathing life into a space
which is cluttered with wires running here,
books chasing there
while memories climb the walls
waiting to be reborn

so I sleep -- guarded by their winds
in fact, I can't close an eye
without knowing that the blades are churning at medium speed
the slight hum cuts through and endures my
 feverish nightmares -- perhaps fueling them...
 to say nothing of the calm they produce
 during dreams of kissing the one, that only one.

the mechanical buzz is music of a soul-filled kind
it is an ambience that some nights drowns out the Bjork or Stereolab
 oozing from the speakers.

I spent nothing on them -- finding them in the basement of this old house
yes, for now they are my sleeping pills,
 my tranquilizers,
keeping me covered while a confused world rages on outside,
 boiling over.

Bird Composition #1
Delpha Czilli



Memento Mori

Delpha Czilli

*A firefly flickers on the wall.
The screens are dew-soaked, the light dim.
The clock goes full circle but my eyes never close . . .*

—Nguyen Gia Thieu, 18th C.

Buddha reigned in my father's house.
Plump and gold he squatted on the mantle, festooned
with Christmas lights all year long in that queer room
painted chartreuse. My father hunched in his chair
under the statue's pacific eyes, poring
over catalogs of rosebushes, cackling at their impish
names—Betty Boop, Funny Face. His stomach bulged
from decades of drink, like a watermelon beneath
his mis-buttoned shirt. An dusted them both,
my father and Buddha, and brought offerings daily:
persimmons for one and pork rinds for the other.
She could otherwise be found in the kitchen
padding through cupboards or slitting the throats
of fishes with her lacquered hands.

Neither spoke the other's language,
though they lived something like husband and wife.
He complained of her chicken heart
soup and she complained of clocks in every room
emitting bird noises on the hour. Seagull, rooster, dove—
every kind of bird inhabited that house
with a dozen wind chimes on the porch. At times
the clamor of it all, the birds, the chimes, the incense,
my father crowing, pages turning, the TV singing
Johnny Cash tunes, Buddha smiling, and An, with her voice
pungent like dead fish will reverberate
through my bones like a thousand lost raindrops.

The Finger
Kelly Holden



A Poetry Student's Prayer

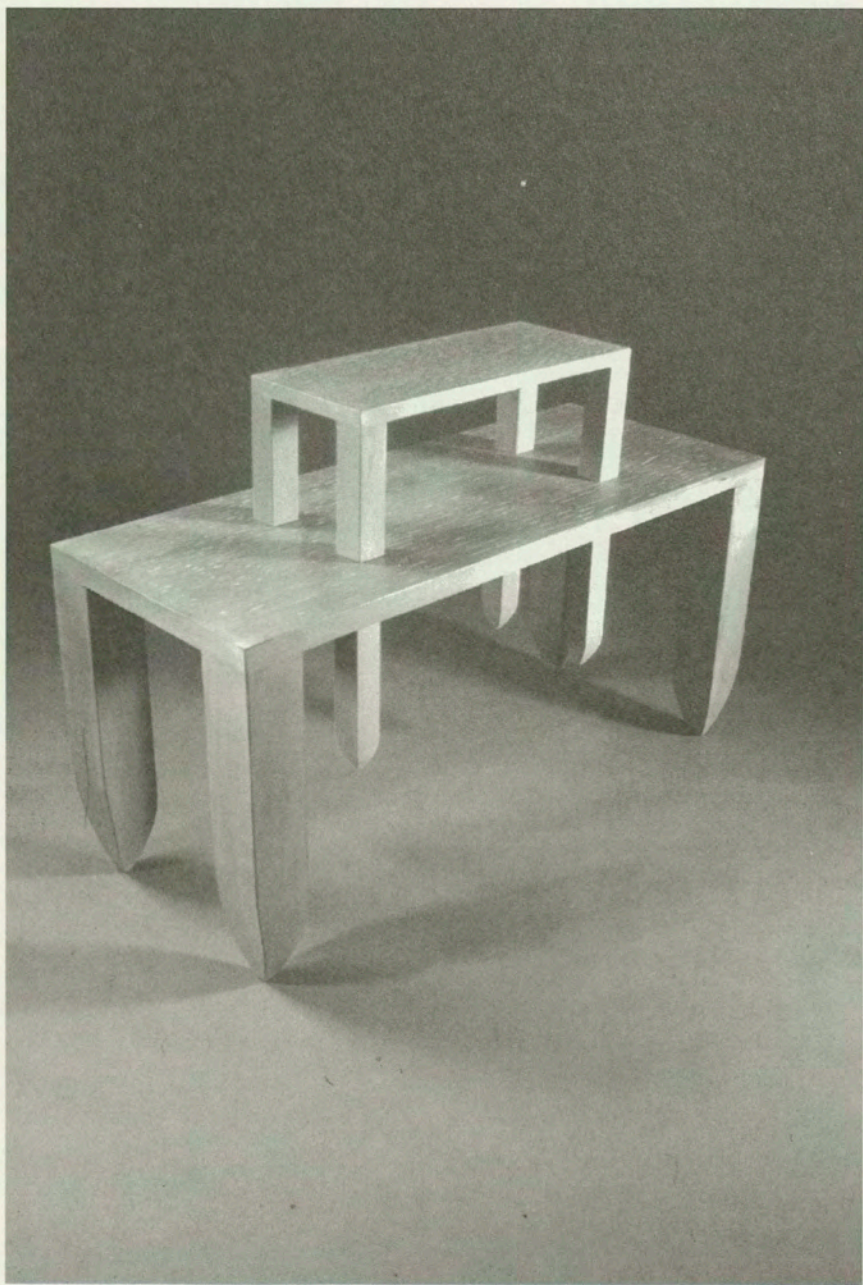
Emily Clare Watson

after Ezra Pound

O Gods, O Sappho, O Calliope, muse of the poets,
Send me before class, I implore you, a good piece of verse,
With a pleasing rhythm
 and rich sounds around which to curl the tongue,
Or the satisfaction of a well-metered sonnet
 or an ode,
Or a repetitious villanelle
 or even some poignant free verse,
And a feeling for form, an ear for rhyme,
And a good sense of iamb and trochee,
Or a flip limerick, to amuse and appease a professor.

O Gods, O Sappho, O Calliope, poetry's muse,
Whisper to me just the hint of a poem,
 even a mere title would be welcome,
Save me the agony of my own affected words,
 even now, as I pen this, they tire me.

Dropped
Blake Palmer



Haiku Oreo
Michael Springer

Black cookie-like stuff
the white stuff in the middle
Black cookie-like stuff

The White Sheep
Michael Soel

The tree's roots anchor deep
In the ocean of black earth
Beneath the white sheep

The Storm in the Desert

Michael Soel

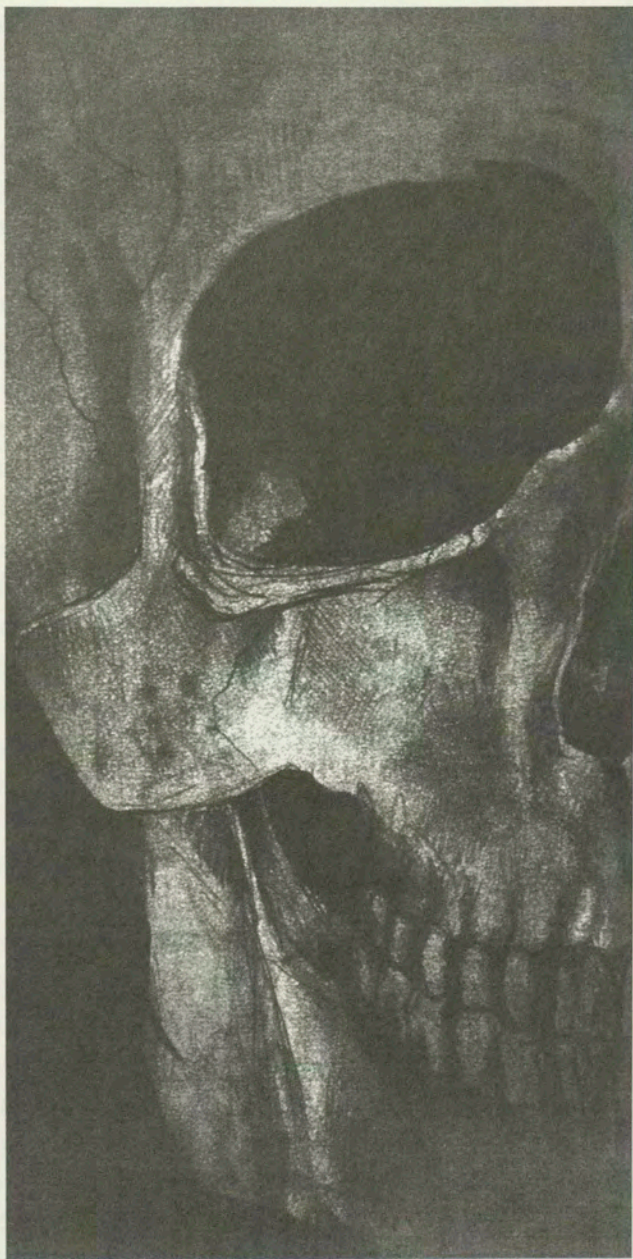
Johnny brought a gas mask to school
and I even got to try it on.
Staring through the plastic goggles,
I daydreamed a thick gas
choking my classmates
as I watched in horror.

Johnny brought an army helmet to school
and I even got to try it on.
Peering from under the brim,
I pretended that bullets buzzed by my ears,
as I attempted to guide my feet
through an imaginary mine field.

Johnny brought his uncle to school.
He wore tan camouflage
and told us about a storm in the desert
that would wash away all the scum.
I drew cartoons in my notebook
of Bugs Bush bombing
Kadafi Duck and Yosemite Hussein,
and never asked why.

Basic Structure No. 1

Lauren Kussro



American Prayer
Jenelle Erickson

...Forgive U.S.
for we know not where to find you

Our Trespasses
but we will find you

As We Forgive
and destroy you

Those Who Trespass
for that is what we must do

Against U.S....
to ensure our freedom

Charles walked up the long flight of cracked concrete stairs leading up to the big building's front door. The steps stretched gently up to the door, but the flight was long, and Charles' lungs constricted as he touched the top step. A plane passed overhead as a strong vein of wind rushed up the building's face and pounded his back. A line of dusty-eyed students streamed out of the door and staggered down the stairs. He made his way through the crowd of people and turned down the hallway. The sun shone through the glass walls, the hall filled with a blinding explosion of light. Wind rattled off the oversized panes.

Charles exhaled as he reached the classroom. Gray eggshell walls and drawn vertical blinds darkened the room. The dusty shades stretched the length of the window from just above the floor to inches from the ceiling. The room was quiet; the students were sitting, twelve people strewn about the room in patches, their notebooks and pens stacked neatly on the desktops, their eyes hung open, their shoulders slumped, their hands rested on their notebooks.

Charles slid into his seat and lay his book bag on the hard, dusty carpet. Jagged metal hung toward the floor; the metal rack beneath the desk was broken on two sides and pointed like twin spikes at the floor. Specks of iron-colored lint and small flecks of paper lay heavy on the black carpet. The desk shook as Charles shifted. He looked at the rays of light seeping through the slats of the drawn shades, narrowed his eyes, and drew his books and pen from his bag.

Charles looked about the door as the teacher entered, and the students bunched the desks in a small, sloppy circle. A guy wearing a red T-shirt slid next to him; the skin around his eyes swollen red, and a girl with a band-aid on her chin moved next to him, staring at the floor from beneath the broad brim of a Boston Red Sox hat. At the opposite end of the class an older man with a Los Angeles Kings hockey jersey his elbows on his desk, his face cradled in his palms.

The teacher looked at his class through smudged lenses of his wire-rimmed glasses as he folded his body into the desk. He laid his pen and notebook on the tabletop. He looked at the gray cover of the steno book and lifted it open, cardboard creaking as he folded it behind the white sheets inside.

The guy with the Kings jersey spoke; he asked if anyone had seen the car accident on their way to campus. "I did," he said, and started talking. A car was stopped at a red light, and a truck rammed it from behind. The truck slammed hard into the stopped car. I saw it coming, he said, but there was nothing I could do but watch. The car was sitting there, he said, then the other one just came into view for just an instant before it hit, it moving in an unstoppable slow motion. The impact was terrible. The stopped car burst into the intersection, glass and metal shards erupting from the vehicles onto the road. A plume of smoke and fire leapt from the wreckage. Students gathered around the wreck, he said, trying to help the people inside. The fire was hot, and they could do nothing but watch until the fire trucks arrived.

Class ended early; no one felt like working. Charles zipped his book bag and heaved it onto his back, stood, and left the room. The sun was gone. The wind rattled against the glass walls.

Charles leaned into the heavy door and climbed down the sooty black stairs, gripping the metal rail as he descended. A young woman sat on the steps, her back against the concrete wall, her mascara dark and pasty. Three young men sat together at the bottom of the steps. They were looking out at the street, their faces straight and narrow. Charles walked to the rear of the building, and a shadow loomed overhead. He looked up, into the street, at the accident: a green truck and a red car melted together on the side of the street facing the building, a crumpled and twisted binding of bumpers in a shapeless mass of metal and glass. Police officers and firefighters swarmed around the wreckage, prying at the mangled doors with crowbars. Gasoline dripped from the debris. The cloud of smoke was huge and black. Charles heard a noise; for a moment he thought it was a plane, but it wasn't.

Contributors

John Buchanan became interested in writing before college, but realized his talents in visual art once he became a student. He attended the Oregon Institute of Technology and Vincennes University before coming to IUPUI where he is now a Painting and Art Education major at Herron School of Art.

Jennifer Cooper is a twenty-two-year-old junior attending Herron School of Art.

Sharalynn Cromer studied awhile in Aberdeen, Scotland, during her undergraduate years. Her essay "Aberdeen, 1996" comes out of that experience. She was married three years ago and enjoys traveling back whenever she can. She is currently a graduate student and teaching assistant in the Department of History. She is an Aries, enjoys watching *Animal Planet*, and her favorite food is tartar sauce.

Delpha Czilli is a senior English Major who believes that *much Madness is divinest Sense*.

Jenelle Erickson is an English major who loves to analyze the events happening around her. She has been traveling the IUPUI campus for several years and insists that the only way to truly know her is to talk to her.

Melody Gascho is a senior General Fine Arts major at Herron. She concentrates on painting and drawing and would like to illustrate books and magazines after graduation. She has done several pieces for the psychology department at IUPUI, including this year's introductory textbook.

Karla Glaser is a junior majoring in chemistry; she plans to pursue a career in medicine, ultimately, treating cancer patients. Cursed with a desire to be a writer as well as a doctor, she splits her time between Cavanaugh Hall and the LD building. In her free time, she enjoys entertaining her liberal arts friends with science trivia.

S. Renee Hesch received her B.A. in English from IU-Indianapolis this past summer and is currently working on an M.A. in Creative Writing at Ball State University. She is the founder of Women Helping Women, Inc., a not for profit organization that helps single moms with emergency financial assistance for college.

Jonah Hodgson is a twenty-one-year-old English major who loves drawing at the Hilbert Circle Theatre during orchestra performances.

Kelly Holden is a Fine Arts major at Herron School of Art. She loves to write and loves to draw. She thinks everyone should make it to Barossa Valley, South Australia, to see the trees and taste the wines.

Kathryn Kreiger was born and raised in the Midwest; she is haunted by images of family and place. She fell in love with poetry beneath a suffocating sky choked with clouds. She longs for the bold taste of Superman ice cream.

Lauren Kussro is a senior at Herron School of Art, majoring in printmaking and painting. She knows that art is a powerful presence and can really speak to a person without using words, and she wants her paintings and prints to communicate to people some of the peace she finds in God.

Dustin O'Keefe Lynch is a full-time student at Herron and once saw Margot Kidder at Disneyland...before she went insane.

James D. Oaks is a 25-year-old Political Science major who will be graduating in May 2001. He and his wife Pamela have a beautiful six-month-old baby boy, Alex, and a playful pup named Nova. James has been writing poetry since he was 13 years old, and hopes to begin law school in the fall of 2002.

Blake Palmer.

Kirk A. Robinson. has been writing poetry and song lyrics for six years. In addition to writing, he is a musician in a band that currently works in Bloomington, Indiana. Music and writing are what he is most passionate about in life.

Joe Shearer is a 24-year-old senior English major; he attends part-time and will earn his bachelor degree in two years. He is a University Writing Center tutor; and over the summer, he got a job writing for Trap & Field Magazine. He's been married for a little over a year, and he is pursuing a career in writing.

Michael Soel is a senior working towards a major in Communication with a minor in English.

Michael Springer enjoyed all of your poems immensely; unless, for some reason, your poems were not included in this issue; wherein, he would like to assure you that is a complete outrage, and the entire board of poem-picking people should be fired; unless, of course, you didn't submit your poems; wherein he assures you that, if you had, all of them would have made "Best of

Issue;" unless, heaven forbid, you don't write poetry; wherein, he'd like to assure you that, if you did, it would be marvelous.

Emily Clare Watson (no relation to the movie star of same name) is a student of art history and poetry and hopes to someday have a fulfilling career despite the fact that no practical skills will ever grace her résumé.

Joshua Welch is a senior at IUPUI, majoring in secondary Education with plans to teach English. He is on IUPUI's Speech and Debate team, and he is a minister with the High School Road Church of Christ.

Invitation to Future Writers, Artists, and Editorial Staff Members

General Guidelines

You may submit up to ten works of art, poetry, or prose. Include a cover sheet listing the title of your submission(s) along with your name, address, phone number, e-mail address, and a brief biographical statement. (You need include only one cover sheet with all submissions.) Do not place your name on the manuscripts; genesis editors judge each piece anonymously.

Writers' Guidelines

All genres should be typewritten; 12-point Times New Roman font is preferred. Fiction and nonfiction submissions should be single-spaced and contain 2,500 words or fewer. If possible, please submit both a 3.5-inch IBM-compatible disk and a hard copy of your work.

Artists' Guidelines

Please clearly label your artwork with the title(s) of the piece(s). All mediums will be accepted, but slides or photographs are preferred. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your submission(s) so that artwork may be returned.

E-MAILED SUBMISSIONS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

Please mail or deliver your submissions to:

genesis
c/o Department of English
Cavanaugh Hall, Room 502-L
425 University Blvd.
Indianapolis, IN 46202

If you have any questions, feel free to e-mail the editors at genesis1@iupui.edu.

genesis - the origin or coming into being of anything;
development into being especially by growth or evolution;
the process or mode of origin
<the ~ of a book> <the ~ of a pattern>