



genesis
the literary & art magazine of IUPUI

fall 2013

Front Cover:

Extrovert

Andrea Monique Panico



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of IUPUI

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Editors' Note

Dear Readers,

Thank you for picking up this semester's issue of *genesis*. As life constantly changes, so does *genesis*. In addition to assuming new leadership, we welcomed several new editors to the staff, and with them, new perspectives. We would like to thank the editors and advisors for their hard work this semester. As a result of our lengthy (and sometimes heated) discussions, we proudly present to you an issue brimming with talent. As you flip through this semester's issue, you may notice the delightful renovations in design and layout that give *genesis* a fresh look, and we hope you will appreciate them. More than anything, we hope these changes highlight the quality of our contributors' work. The art ranges in medium and content, from colorful oil paintings of close-up faces to innovative furniture design, while the various genres of written work traverse places from the Appalachian Mountains to hip dance clubs. Imagination is the only limit for our contributors, and as you will see, there is no limit. We hope you will enjoy the works we chose to publish and find inspiration for your own work throughout these pages.

Once again, thank you for reading *genesis*, and thank you to all who support our mission to showcase wonderful student work. Please continue reading and submitting. Without you, *genesis* would not exist.

David Gilman, Victoria Johnson, and Tiffany Plourde
Managing Editors

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Slippage

Brandon Butcher

It was meant as a jab,
a sharp elbow in the stomach
of my father, who, at the time,
was enlightening me on the finer
points of embarrassment.
As he gripped me, pulling
the sleeve of my shirt up,
grubby grease-stained
fingers rubbing raw
the already festering pockmarks
on my arms until they bled.
I slipped my foot behind his ankles,
pushed him over with the subtlety
of a car wreck. I've always been afraid
of falling from any height
farther than the top of my head.
Towering above him, I forgot
about all the medication and therapy
he'd paid for; I wanted to organize
all my hurt onto a spreadsheet: a column
headed "parental problems," another,
"anxiety" or "the plight
of the adolescent white male,"
not that plight or adolescence
are monopolized only by white men,

but that my pain, the pulsing
in my chest that stopped me
from eating and at times rising
from bed, were my own. But
I digress. We'd had any amount
of talks on what it meant
to be a man, none of which
I listened to. It was after dark,
twelve days off my meds when
under the overpass, an hour past
curfew if I remember right,
I pressed the still burning
butt of my cigarette into my arm,
flinching as skin snapped
and spread under the pressure
of heat. Did the people
in the whirling of motor exhaust
and whining children
in the backseats understand
that beneath them a prayer
service was taking place?

THOMAS WAS BACK. Lulah tried to pay attention to the task at hand, checking over the chains that held fifty-some small pine logs onto the flat bed of her dad's old truck, but her mind kept returning to that thought like a yellow jacket to an open can of Mr. Pibb. Summer was rising, and Thomas was staying with his grandfather in the summer-cabin on Crooked Run after two years away from the hills. And her.

The rattle of links in a loose chain she had tugged pulled her from her thoughts at last. She climbed up on the edge of the bed to attach the come-along. She hooked the loose chain to the contraption and leveraged her weight against the handle until it lay flat, cinching the chain tighter. She refastened the chain at its newly tightened position and unhooked the come-along. She gave the chain a yank; this time it was taut as a fiddle string.

Lulah slid the come-along behind the truck's bench seat and then climbed into the cab herself. She had to crank the starter a few times, but she finally got the engine to turn over and coaxed it to a rumbling purr. The cab was stuffy and would soon be downright suffocating in the June sunshine, so Lulah rolled her window down, leaned across the cab, and cranked the other one down as well. The truck rumbled beneath her like an animal barely restrained, and when she put it in gear, it lurched forward, mirroring her own anticipation.

Gravel popped and crunched under the heavy load of the tires as the truck rolled down Copper Fork, but Lulah's thoughts were a mile farther down the road to the fork itself, where it split around the old cemetery into Lucifer Ridge

Road and Crooked Run. Both branches of the road wound to meet the same hard road on the way into town; the only difference was that Crooked Run meandered alongside the creek of the same name while Lucifer Ridge Road cut steeply over the ridge. Most days Lulah took the shorter route over the ridge, but today she took the left fork, thinking of the glen where a small cabin overlooked the creek.

Lulah's breath caught so suddenly in her throat as the cabin came into view that she coughed. She'd avoided driving this road for two years for fear of the memories, but now she embraced them. There was the white oak where the tire swing had hung—a bit of rope still dangled from the branch. Under the spruce in the back there were still traces of an old stick fort. The big, hollow sugar maple had blown down sometime in the winter, and at its base Lulah could now see the revealed treasure stash of rusted buckets, old license plates, glass bottles, and scraps of fencing wire. There was the boulder in the creek where the kiss had happened the day before he left that last summer. In the shade of the house sat a shiny, red pick-up, and Lulah slowed her truck to a rolling idle. She beat out a rhythm with the horn—the opening to “Oh! Susanna”—until Thomas stepped out onto the porch.

“Come on, Thomas! We're gonna be late!”

Thomas's eyes went wide, and he disappeared back inside the house. Thomas's grandpa, Mr. Hutchinson, stepped out onto the porch in his place.

“Well, if it ain't Miss Beulah Kittle! What a lovely young lady you've grown up to be!”

Lulah felt her face heat up; she only allowed the Hutchinsons to call her by her full first name.

"Why, thank you, Mr. Hutchinson. You're looking pretty spry yourself."

Thomas came flying out the front door then, a pair of boots and socks in his hand, and leapt off the porch, completely ignoring the steps and calling out a goodbye over his shoulder to his grandfather.

The truck was still rolling when he jumped in the passenger door. Lulah stuck her arm out the open window and waved to Mr. Hutchinson, now behind them, and then gave the truck some gas. Thomas pulled on his boots, and Lulah watched from the corner of her eye as he deftly laced them despite the jarring road. Boys around here were Tommys or Toms, but Thomas had always been Thomas. She'd gone two years without talking to him, unless you count intermittent emails or the cards they had exchanged on their shared birthday, but it felt as though she'd only seen him yesterday—spent the night before roasting hotdogs on whittled maple sticks over a fire while they called in barred owls. Though it didn't feel as though time had passed, she could see it had. In the two years since they were fifteen, his jaw had squared, his shoulders had broadened, and now he had a good six inches on her rather than two. But his eyes were still the same, baby blue and infinitely readable, so unlike her unchanging muddy brown ones.

"I can't believe you're the one driving the loads to the mill now, Beu. Remember how we used to have to beg your dad to take us with him?"

They talked about everything that had changed and had stayed the same in their little corner of the world in Turkey Oak, West Virginia. They never talked about Ohio, about where he lived and what he did there. When they had first

been friends at seven years old, Thomas had responded to Lulah's questions with a frown.

"It's not real there. When I'm here with Grandpa, it's the only time everything's real." Then he had smiled. "Summer's the only time I get to be alive!" She had never asked him again.

"You going to college in the fall or taking a year off?" Thomas asked.

Lulah laughed. "No college. Mrs. Henry's giving me a job at the Farm Store when her daughter gets married and moves to Charleston come fall."

"Don't you want to go to college?"

"Nah. I mean, every now and then I think I'd like to study a little more in biology or maybe even literature, but I've got a library card. Besides, even if I had money for college, what would I do with it? The only reason anyone gets a degree is 'cause they're trying to leave. I don't want to leave."

Thomas was silent.

"What? Do you think I'm stupid for not going and you're afraid to tell me?"

"No, no. I just wish I could do the same thing," he sighed. "My parents want me to go to Yale, become a lawyer. But I'd rather go to WVU and become a doctor. Grandpa likes that idea, says I could start a family practice in Ripley, maybe even Elizabeth. He's trying to talk my parents into it, but I don't know how it's gonna go."

Lulah and Thomas could smell the mill before they could see it; the air was heavy with the rough sweetness of pine resin, the nuttiness of oak, and the incense of cedar as they pulled into the unloading area just before the whistle blew for the day.

The next day, Lulah drove her beat-up four-wheeler the two miles to the Hutchinson cabin, where she found Thomas shirtless, driving his grandpa's old 1950s tractor. Without a word,

Lulah hailed Thomas to a stop, and he hoisted her up to perch on the fender of the tiny tractor, one foot on the axle and one propped against Thomas's seat. They pulled the Bush Hog attachment behind it, running it over the waist-high, chigger-infested grass around the cabin and on the open hillside behind it, filling the air with a cloud of pollen and the heady scent of green.

Each day, Lulah and Thomas travelled the two miles of dirt road to see each other, kicking up dust clouds behind them. For them, being together was easy as breathing; it was evident in the way they walked together, in the things they said, and especially in the things they didn't. They were aware of each other in a way not even they could understand, as though they were connected by the red clay of the earth beneath them, as though the wooded hills around them held them together, as though the very air carried a current between them.

A month passed this way without feeling like any time at all. They explored their old childhood haunts, helped Thomas's grandpa with the repairs that had accumulated over the two years the cabin had set empty after his stroke, exchanged kisses full of unspoken promises that sparked hope in their chests, and sat around a fire every evening after dark, listening to the songs of whippoorwills echo through the hills—until the Fourth of July, when Thomas showed up at the Kittle house with a box of whistling bottle rockets.

"Beu! Where should we set these off?" he asked.

"Can't we set 'em off down at the cabin tonight?"

"No, Grandpa can't stand the sound of

them. He says they remind him of the war."

"Do you realize we haven't been back to the old barn the whole time you've been here? I bet we'd find a great place back there."

"What are you kids doing?" Lulah's mom asked.

With a grin, Thomas held up the box of fireworks in reply.

She recoiled. "Ugh, you keep them things away from here, Thomas Hutchinson! A kid I knew in grade school went blind in one eye from those things. Don't you be foolin' around with 'em."

"Yes, ma'am," Thomas said with a wink for Lulah.

It was one of those lazy summer days, though the heat and stillness and lethargy it produced was more typical of August than early July. Thomas and Lulah spent the afternoon in the Kittles' backyard. They started a game of horseshoes, the pits freshly filled with sandy silt from the creek, but they called it a game when Lulah lost a horseshoe in a patch of poison ivy. They swiped an old tarp from the woodshed and strung it between two birch trees in an attempt to make a hammock, but when they applied their weight, the grommets ripped from the old material and dropped them to the ground in a heap.

They were lying side by side in the cool grass beside the tiny creek at the bottom of the yard, dangling their feet into the barely cool, shallow water and staring up into the patches of blue that showed between the leafy crowns above them, when they heard their names called from the back porch. Lulah propped herself up on one elbow and turned to see her mother wiping her hands on a dish towel while her three-year-old sister clung

**...exchanged kisses
full of unspoken
promises that sparked
hope in their chests...**

to her leg. Lulah waved to catch her mother's attention.

"Your grandpa called, Thomas," Mrs. Kittle hollered across the yard. "He said he wants you home with the truck before dark tonight to help finish somethin' or other at the cabin. I was figurin' on you and him bein' here for supper tonight so I mixed up extra biscuits. Make sure you take 'em home with you for you'uns to eat. They'll be ready for you here in just a bit."

"Okay, Mrs. Kittle, thanks for telling me."

When her mother and sister disappeared back inside the house, Lulah turned to Thomas. "You want to go set some of those rockets off now?"

"Yeah, we won't miss much shooting bottle rockets off in the daylight. Just a little spark at the end."

Thomas helped Lulah sift through the ashes of the burning barrel for a glass bottle, and when they finally found an unbroken one, she laced her fingers in his.

"All right, we better hurry. You remember how long a walk it is back to the barn."

The sun was low and the day was dimming, cooling at last, but at midsummer it meant they had more than an hour left of lingering light. They hurried up the rutted road to the back pasture; cattle hadn't been kept there since Lulah's grandpa had quit farming twenty years ago, and the barn stood alone on the grassy hill, empty except for a few rarely used tools and pieces of machinery. As they neared the barn, Lulah leaned in toward Thomas as though for a kiss, but the moment he closed his eyes before their lips met, Lulah dodged him and grabbed the box of fireworks. She ran squealing up the hill, trying to zigzag like a rabbit so he wouldn't catch her, but Thomas tackled her before she could reach the barn. The tall meadow grass arched above their heads,

and Thomas kissed Lulah's laughing mouth over and over until she could feel a pressure building against her thigh from inside his jeans.

"Calm down, buddy," she laughed, shoving him off her. "Let's light a few of these bottle rockets. Those biscuits for your grandpa will be done here pretty quick."

Lulah led the way into the dark barn and up the rungs to the haymow. At the eastern end of the loft, they managed to unhook the rusted latch holding the hay window closed and let it swing open, presenting a view of dark, wooded hills lit by the orange light of evening and backed by the deep blue of a dusky sky. They brushed away from the window a semicircle of the old straw that carpeted the haymow, and Lulah situated the glass bottle at the edge of the window. She sat cross legged on a mound of straw and watched Thomas place a rocket in the bottle, aim it safely out over the pasture, and quickly thumb a lighter until he lit the fuse. Lulah watched the spark race up the short fuse until it disappeared inside the rocket; a split second later it shot into the sky, a high-pitched warble in its wake, until—pop—the rocket burst into a miniature explosion high in the air, just visible as a flash against the sky behind it.

Thomas lit about half the box that way, one at a time, carefully, making sure every rocket burst somewhere safe where it could not light the field grass or rotting straw.

"I suppose we can save the rest," Lulah said, rising from her place. "Set 'em off tomorrow night, maybe."

Thomas nodded and followed her across the loft until she stopped and looked down into the darkness of the open middle of the barn.

"Remember when we hooked that rope up in here one summer as a swing?" she asked.

"And then tore apart so many straw bales to make a heap to land in down there that your

dad was furious."

Lulah laughed. "We wasted a lot of straw, but it was awfully fun."

She heard Thomas sit down behind her.

"I sure miss it," he finally said. "I've missed this place, these hills. I missed them so much it started to feel like they were a dream, like I'd made it up, because nothing could really be so wonderful. But what scared me most while I was gone was how much I missed you."

Lulah shivered and turned to face him, though it was hard to make out his features in the dimness.

"I was scared for two years that kissing you in the creek that day had been a mistake and you would never want to come back," she said, her voice raspy. "I've loved you my whole life, but I knew I could only ever have you for a little while. For these summers."

Thomas fidgeted, picking at bits of straw. "Me and Grandpa are driving back to Ohio tomorrow. My parents called yesterday, and I didn't want to tell you this morning because I knew it would ruin the whole day. They want me home to start getting stuff ready for college. I didn't want one, but they put together a graduation party for me and all their friends will be there. I still haven't answered my acceptance letters, and they want me to declare for Yale that night."

Lulah closed her eyes. If he left, did as his parents wanted, became that other person—the one she'd never met—she knew he would never find his way back across the Ohio River to her. It felt as though every happiness that she had known in the past month, in every summer she had spent with Thomas, was being ripped from her, shredding the very fiber she was made of.

"I plan to declare for West Virginia, Beu. I had wanted to come back first, see you again before I decided. So I could make sure. But now I know. I'm serious about working here, living in these hills forever. We could always be together."

Lulah dropped to her knees beside him. It hurt to breathe, as though every nerve was ready to spark pain.

"You can't just say that. I've tried so hard not to wish for it. I don't even want to hope if it won't happen."

Thomas reached for her then, pulled her into a deep kiss that lit places in her she had never known existed. When he eased her back into the straw, she tried to think about church, about commandments, about risks, but she couldn't coax herself away from the heat of this inner fire. She

...she couldn't coax herself away from the heat of this inner fire.

ignored his hands under her shirt, the secrets he uncovered, thinking only of the way sparks flew from their bodies in the darkness, her senses filled with the musk of old straw, the faint sulfur of burnt fuses, the harshness of their breathing mixed with the soft echoing rhythms of whippoorwill song that drifted in from the woods. She bit her tongue at the pain, but the heat was worth it. When they lay panting afterward, cooling off, Lulah remembered for a moment that they needed to be somewhere, needed to hurry back, and she started to pull her clothes back on. But when Thomas brushed his hands over her, trying to knock bits of straw from where they clung to her sweaty skin, she shivered as the fire reignited within her.

When Thomas pulled his clothes back on afterward, he found the half empty box of fireworks and stuck all the remaining bottle rockets in the mouth of the bottle at once.

"What're you doing?" Lulah asked,

pulling on her own clothes and trying to brush straw from her hair with her fingers.

"Just watch," he said, holding the lighter to the collection of fuses. When he stepped back, rockets started flying one-after-another out the window, creating blinding stripes of afterburn across their retinas and forcing them to cover their ears against the din of screaming and exploding rockets.

When the show was over, Lulah laughed and wrapped her arms around Thomas.

"That was amazing!"

Thomas kissed her in reply, and the two of them fumbled along the edge of the haymow, feeling for the ladder they could no longer see. At last they found it and made their way shakily to the ground. "We better get back," Lulah said. "Oh no! Mom's gonna wonder why you haven't taken the biscuits and left yet. I completely forgot about them!"

"Shoot," Thomas said, taking her hand as they ran out of the barn and down the rutted path toward Thomas's waiting truck. As they reached the ring of light cast by the porch light, Thomas knocked remaining bits of straw from Lulah's hair and clothes, and she did the same for him. Lulah hurried into the house, dodging notice, and grabbed the Tupperware container of now cold biscuits from the kitchen table. She handed it to Thomas through the open window of his idling truck, climbed onto the step bar and leaned in to kiss him deeply one last time. When she finally stepped back, he tore off down the road.

After a long shower, Lulah looked out her bedroom window into the night, replaying every word and touch she and Thomas had shared that day, and it was some time before she grew aware of an orange glow rising from behind the next hill. Her first thought was the setting sun, but it had long ago disappeared. "Not the barn. Please, not

the barn," she whispered. She tore out the back door and ran back up the road she had run down earlier in the evening, the light growing brighter until she rounded the last bend and could see it before her. The barn was engulfed in flames; the old, dry straw and ancient lumber providing perfect fuel for the great, licking fire. There was nothing she could do. She sank to her knees in the grass, knowing that nothing that had happened could be undone. She watched the fire until the barn roof collapsed inward, sending a mass of sparks skyward, where they winked out, leaving only a dark night sky.



Shake Me

• • • • •
Dru Roach

Shake from me the frost
Gathered over all my years
Shake from me the trouble
Driving in the nails of fear

For I cannot act
On a whim or of volition
Shake from me the disease
Noise in a prison of perdition

In humility, I can shake
As well in humiliation
Take from me the ghost
Scraping away my skin

Pulling it back with peals
From the jagged edges of bells
Waking me to the feelings
Which long have left me

Stave away the phantom
Who rattles against the bars
Of waking life to keep me asleep
In some moonless void

You shake me
Through the clock's momentum
And through the magazines
Passing into your skin

Wrong salvos wracking your body
Emptied out by me
With my heart's every beat
I'm quaking with the loss

For you've become the ghost
And I your albatross
Counting innumerable beads
Fixated by your cross

O, my love, can't you see?
I'm shaking

Catatonic Schizophrenic

• • • • •
Courtney Shelburne

He has a yellow yo-yo
And he winds it round and round
And drops it near his pinky toe
A distraction from the sound
Rain strikes the glasswork in his room
He sputters a stagnant word
"Stop," he groans inside his tomb
To the cognitively unheard
At night the nurses feed him cocktails
And lay him gently in his bed
Still, beneath the moon, it never fails
Echo the voices voices in his head
But there is hope, as it was told that Alcatraz was secure
Yet some escaped although their fate still remains unsure

Tristan Gilkey

MY FRIEND, ROLAND, lives in Manhattan in a controversially rent-controlled apartment on the Upper West Side.¹ Living in New York entails dealing with all manners of New Yorkers, including, sadly, the species of glib cultural parasite found in high concentrations in Brooklyn, known collectively as “hipsters.” This is especially onerous for Roland because he is their polar opposite. I’ll get back to the hipsters in a moment. First, Roland.

He’s a very kind, gentle and modest guy, immune to sartorial irony. He’s also a legendary and hilarious neurotic. He is disarmingly forthright in his neuroses, which makes him all the more lovable.

He’s like a Woody Allen character come wondrously to life. We went to college together in Richmond, Indiana, and when he was out here, he was pretty wound up most of the time. The Midwest had that effect on him. Being away from the city generally does that to him.

One evening, he comes in the back door of the house we shared in college, nearly apoplectic. He is shivering from cold and shaking from fury.

“I cannot live in a cold place! I just can’t do it!”

“Okay, Roland, what happened?” I ask him.

“The cold. It burns my lungs. It’s so terri-

ble I have to go somewhere else. My body is just too acclimated to Kinshasa and Manila.”

“But why are you so angry about it right now?”

“Well, I just go out to my car, and I get in and I’m waiting for it to warm up, and it won’t warm up, and I’m waiting, and I start to cough ‘cus it’s so cold, and then I can’t stop coughing, I just cough more and more and I couldn’t even breathe, and I sorta start to panic and I...I just thought I was going to throw up and die all over myself.”

It is every L.A. scene from *Annie Hall* condensed into one sputtering tirade.

So he gets pretty worked up and inordinately bent out of shape about things sometimes. It’s part of what makes him so spectacular: he can make a spectacle.

But hit the street with him, a really busy Manhattan street—say Broadway in Midtown, chaotically thronged—and you can see Roland visibly relax into his natural habitat. I know no one who hails a cab with his assured nonchalance. The unconscious prestidigitation with which he transfers his wallet from his back to front pocket on the way down to the trains marks him as a creature of the city. No neurotic spectacles here; this place is his home.

He’s a creature of cities, in fact, many of them. He is quintessentially and literally

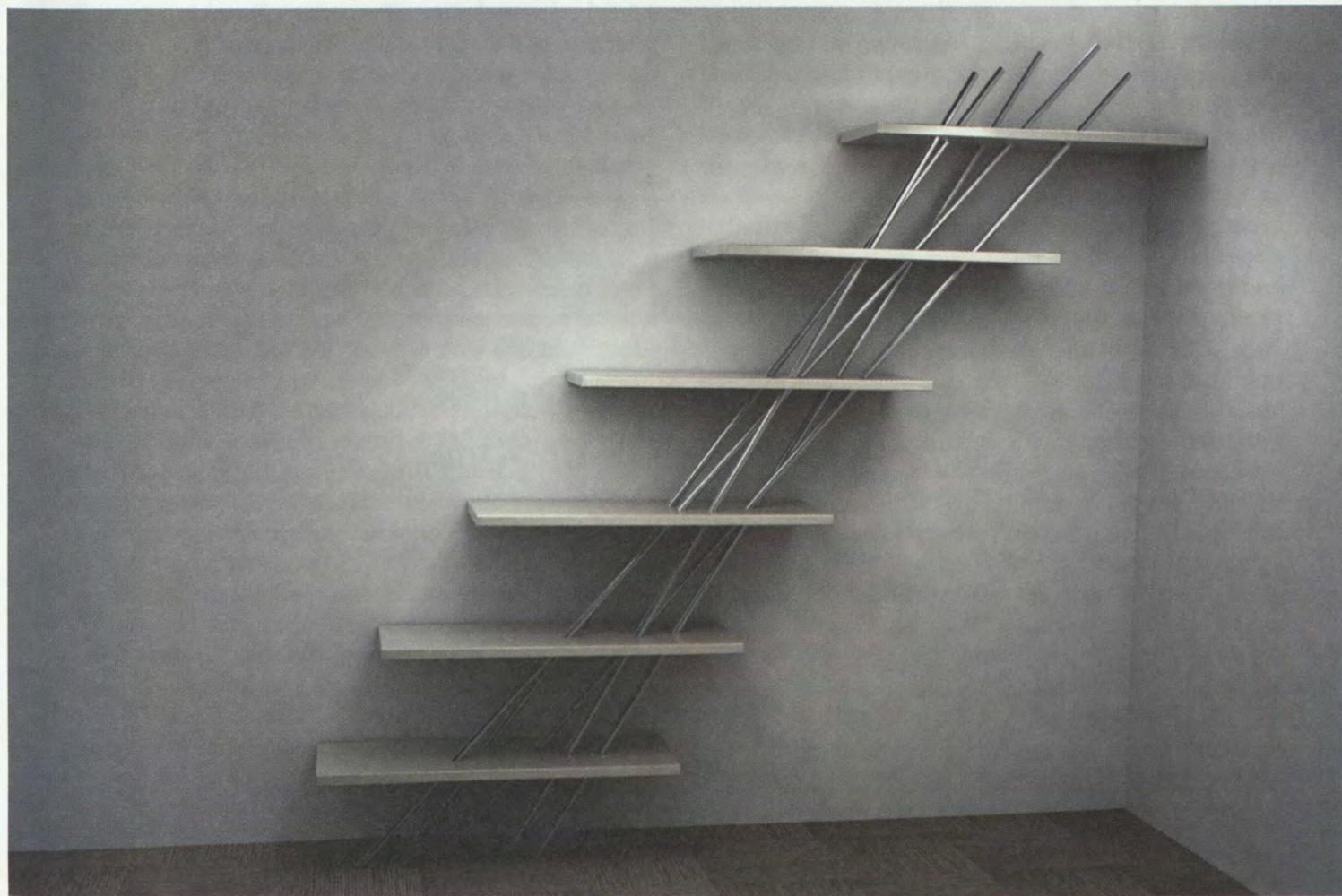
¹ It had come to him from his mother’s family. His great grandfather was Karl Renner, the first Chancellor of Austria. The apartment had belonged to Renner’s grandson, Roland’s grandfather. Roland had to prove that he’d lived there with his grandfather for a sufficient

overlap of time to justify stabilizing the rent. The rest of the units had all been bought out and re-leased at triple their former costs. But Roland waited them out and held on to his ancestral plot. Renner’s portrait still hangs in the living room.



Skewed Coffee Table | April Jones

Padauk, Curley Maple, Walnut, 16"x48"x20"



The Ladder | Sam Ladwig
Furniture design

cosmopolitan. This is not to say he is debonair, ostentatiously witty, or anything like that. What it means is that because his father worked for the United States Agency for International Development, Roland grew up, when not in Manhattan, in D.C., Kinshasa, New Delhi and Manila.²

So his experience of the world is quite broad, and consequently, he's imperturbable about most things. He has experienced and learned to be tolerant of an unusually wide representation of humanity, which is good because New York offers an abundant array of types. It's only the little things, like the midwestern winter, that have the power to profoundly trouble him. Balut eggs don't trouble him.³ These are fertilized duck eggs. He's eaten the Philippine delicacy he describes as "like eating a cooked fetus." Roland is incapable of disdain. He's nice to everyone on principle. When he walks down the street, he always takes a menu or a flyer or whatever it is the men on the street are handing out.

"Why do you always take those? You never even look at them."

"Those guys can't go home until they pass them all out."

² Once, as a child, while living in Manila, his mom gave him some pineapple, and it made his tongue react adversely and feel "like leather." That's how he knows he has a citrus allergy. Never mind that pineapple isn't citrus. No, he's never done any type of even remotely scientific test to determine whether he really does have a citrus allergy. He's pretty sure it's real. He even wondered once, aloud, whether it might be possible that his boxer, Tima, had somehow contracted the same allergy or inherited it from him because she didn't seem to like citrus either. Not precisely serious, but not exactly making a joke either. Hilarious and legendary, for sure.

He's lived in cities where "beggar" is an established social class. Show me a Brooklyn hipster who can say the same, and I'll eat my shoe.

One Saturday evening, Roland and I made our way to an unusual barbecue restaurant we were both eager to try. It was situated on a dim, small street in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, hipster Valhalla.⁴ Word was already out on the service there. The servers had you on notice that the needs of the kitchen dictate the order and structure of your meal. Maybe it arrives in puzzling juxtaposition, maybe all at once, just as puzzlingly. And I knew just as well what to expect from the scene, forewarned by the *New York Times'* Sam Sifton that it "looks like a biker bar for bikers who ride stripped-down Schwinn's in boat shoes and skinny jeans." So I didn't think I was under any misapprehensions about what to expect from this "incredibly good" Southeast Asian barbeque place. And yet I allowed myself to underestimate a crucial and sometimes nearly fatal trend: the scene infiltrates the service.

I've often wondered whether hipsters were unfairly maligned.⁵ Why did the hipster drown? He went ice-skating before it was cool. Well, everyone wants to be a part of something, especially

³ Suffice it to say that someone who's eaten balut eggs in Manila and lives in Manhattan doesn't need to cross the river into Brooklyn, the capitol of Hipsterdom, to have a server in skinny jeans presume to tell him that holding the lime in a cocktail, which otherwise contains such arcane and exotic ingredients as ginger ale and rum, would somehow compromise it's cultural authenticity or aesthetic integrity. But that doesn't mean it's not about to happen.

⁴ Don't be led to believe that, because I will devote much energy to expressing my contempt for hipsters, I will exert any effort to avoid their company. It was inevitable that we'd find ourselves in the eye of the storm.

if it smacks of exclusivity and the avante-guard. Everyone wants to have been “into it way back when,” and wants his clothes to signify something too, right? Everybody loves a man in uniform. So there you have it; hipsters are totally understandable, relatable even.

It looks like a classic case of judging a book by its cover. Hipsters—real, actual, empirical hipsters—can’t possibly embody all the odious clichés attributed to them: impenetrable disdain; chronically underwhelmed; so over that.

Until you meet one. It’s remarkable how predictably every single one I’ve ever encountered gives off the same impression: they’re casually aghast that I’d presume to trouble them with my dim provinciality. Really, just one, that’s all it takes. They’re that reliable. Well of course they are: reliability is a corollary of uniformity. Skinheads and hipsters, enthralled and enforced, are becalmed by uniformity.

Now I don’t know if uniformity is part of the point or not. If it’s accidental and emerges more or less organically from the phenomenon, then that would be really swell, if only for the fact that the fashion ethos of this milieu is so often described as “ironic.” Such as in the big florescent plastic sunglasses. Because those aren’t ironic, they’re unregenerately silly, and only the dim would confuse the two. It’s hard to conceive of anything as ironic when it’s done monolithically,

⁵ Only Brooklyn hipsters are under scrutiny in this essay. No others are implicated. Brooklyn hipsters would doubtless prefer it this way. Some of my best friends are Chicago hipsters. There is even one in my family.

in adherence to an unblinking hive mindset. And yet the notion persists that they are wearing Members Only jackets “ironically.”

What is ironic is when a person (or in this case a whole lamentable cadre) intends to express or espouse one thing, only to have it interpreted by another, more knowing person (or in this case most everyone else) as just the opposite. Hipsters may intend to project a “we’re something-er than you” attitude. The problem is they’ve made themselves so uniform in their regalia, made it so safe to attach so many invidious assumptions to them, that they’ve rendered themselves a caricature class, and as such, summarily discountable.

So, yes, perhaps they are taking part in an ironic situation. We may just need to resituate their role.

I won’t attempt to evade the fact that in this case, I am blithely and deliberately judging a book by its cover. But it’s also a case where the publishers are in on it. Hipsters amount to a book with Fabio on the cover: sadly, instantly, you know all you need to. Because the real problem is, they’re not nice. For some reason, perhaps because I am provincial and dim, I am surprised to discover that our presumptuous server at this Brooklyn restaurant is one of them.

Lest I mislead, I should make it clear that I have eaten in several other restaurants in this region, both in Hipsterdom central and in the broader vicinity. I’ve taken my wife and three children, along with Roland, into a Daniel Boulud restaurant, and had a lovely time without the faintest whiff of disapproval or condescension from servers.⁶ So I am confident that it is not endemic or inevitable.

Condescension from servers is not new.

Skinheads and hipsters, enthralled and enforced, are becalmed by uniformity.

My Sip | Andrea Monique Panico

Oil on canvas



Within a limited range, it can be appropriate and useful, or at least justifiable: egregious transgressions of dress code, demands for deference to vegetarians at steak houses, and requests for salt. It is the server's job to suppress these, deftly but effectively.

Aside from such faux pas, servers are expected to be courteous and observe Grice's maxims of conversation: truthfulness, appropriate amounts of information, relevance, and clarity. If these are observed, not even a little attitude ought to be able to obstruct the success and pleasantness of the interaction.

In very few cases should the patron's food allergy cause such an obstruction. A demand for gluten-free pasta at a restaurant that makes its own pasta would be a noteworthy exception. On the other hand, when Roland crosses the river to Williamsburg, the land of judgment, and orders a Dark and Stormy without lime, because he has a citrus allergy (not really an allergy, but that's not any of Skinnyjean's business), the appropriate response from the server (or is it scenester?) is not, "let me go check with the bartender." It is even less appropriate to return with the verdict that omitting the citrus would disrupt the "flavor profile of the drink," and that "perhaps you'd like to try something else."

Roland doesn't know exactly what to say. He's unsure how to respond to someone being so needlessly pedantic about a cocktail. He moves to return to the menu, then pauses. Something tells him that the problem is not his to fix. Momentarily flummoxed, he seems to appeal to me for help.

"Roland, that's fine if the bartender wants

to say that, but just have them make it the way you want it;" I suggest. "It's a goddamned Dark 'n' Stormy. They can hold the lime, it's not that big a deal. You're not asking for a packet of Splenda to put in the Barolo."

"Yeah, would you see if the bartender would be willing to do it without the lime anyway?" Roland politely asks.

Our hipster server, oozing disdain, so over food allergies, condescends to intercede on our behalf. "I'll go see if he'll make it that way anyway."

He comes back with the drink. It has a wedge of lime in it.

"Oh," our server observes without any pretense of surprise or dismay, "I guess they forgot to hold it."

Roland sends the drink back, and they remake it without the lime. He strongly suspects that they still put the lime in it, but no adverse reactions are apparent.

We have a good time. It's raucously loud with non-stop pulsing hip-hop. There's a debatably famous hip-hop figure with human accoutrements two tables away. It's a little strange to be in this world for both of us, but it's not unpleasant. We are here for the food.

We rehash the conflict about the lime over our drinks, and I savor and nurture my outrage, as I bolt a shot of tequila and guzzle some Tecate. It ought to smooth my ruffled feathers.

The rest of the meal is acceptable and functional from a service standpoint. The attitude is tolerably suppressed. We receive some instruction on how to properly consume one dish.

"You're gonna take the toast, and spread some of the yellow curry custard on it, then put the coriander crusted bacon on that, and eat it all together."

That's fine. It's an elaboration on the intuitive, but such guidance is par for many restaurant

⁶ We all went to DBGBs together. It was partially under construction. The waiter and I politely disagreed on the pronunciation of "offal." My kids housed the cockles like they were candy. Everyone was happy.

courses. Sometimes, I guess I do need to be told to take the things on the plate, assemble them into one thing, and put it in my mouth.

The Times described the place in these terms: "To eat at Fatty Crew's new restaurant is to experience the very essence of nowness. No one else is cooking like this anywhere." Our meal bears him out, but I worry that Sifton, here, is sanctioning the participation of the scene in the service, or at least allowing for it. I think it may be why he gives one star to a restaurant he spends an entire column raving about. As if to say, "Hurray for you, now be a bit professional about it."

There's one dish that's the holy grail in our pilgrimage to this place, in pursuit of which we are rebuffed: the smoked spareribs, brined in fish sauce and palm sugar is the virtual progenitor of the pork/funk orgy that would come to exert a strong grip on the American restaurant landscape in places as far flung as Indiana.

"Yeah, sorry, the spareribs you wanted, the kitchen says they're sold out. Why don't you try the lamb ribs, they're good too."

Sure, why not.

None of the food is like anything I've tasted before. The barbeque is better than I've ever had. Due in part to the deft but bold deployment of fish sauce, the smoke flavor is less generic than even a place as estimable as Arthur Bryant's can muster. The fibers aren't smoked and cooked down to the defeated state that much barbequed meat seems to prize itself on. There is still good chew to it; it's not melting because it's not chocolate.

The brisket illustrates this well: it's tender but defiantly perky, still clinging proudly to a shreds of its connective tissue, and it's glistening and anoints everything that comes near it. It is the

reason the word "pornographic" can be applied to food.

The Southeast Asian riffs are incorporated in such a way that they are almost inconspicuous, and yet they seem essential. It's an initially unlikely marriage of culinary traditions (barbeque and southeast Asian) that's all the more remarkable for how seamlessly and intuitively they pull it off.

But for the preposterous disdain of the young folks hired to serve it to you? There's a balm even for that.

I've withheld a scrap of information about Roland from the story thus far. As I mentioned, wide experience of the world has contributed to making him the kind and humble person he is. A westerner who's lived in New Delhi is comparatively unlikely to condescend to anyone, ever. Being modest and self-effacing, he does not go into this restaurant and mention that his sister works in the restaurant industry, much less that she is

sous chef at the restaurant from which the one we are dining is spun off. Nor is it relevant that she had recently declined the position of chef de cuisine at this very place. At least not initially.

Roland's sister, Ana, lives with him in the Upper West Side two bedroom. It is not uncommon for her to bring some colleagues back to the apartment after a busy night to kick back, let off steam. Anthony Bourdain will tell you what they tend to do, whether you want him to or not. The morning after one such evening, not long before Roland and I went to this restaurant, he awoke to find one of Ana's colleagues, a young man named Andrew, attempting to clean vomit off the couch under Karl Renner's doubtlessly dismayed gaze.

Roland said nothing then. He'd seen it before, he'd see it again, and what good would it do?

It is the reason the word "pornographic" can be applied to food.

It would call attention to another person's frailty, invite humiliation, and Roland doesn't do those things. He knew he'd probably see Andrew again in his life, so why would he make that encounter awkward or unpleasant by being mean-spirited or inhospitable now? He went and got Andrew a towel, but didn't say anything.

However, when Andrew, who had accepted the chef de cuisine position (that Roland's sister had declined) at the restaurant in which we now sit, walks past our table, Roland says, "Hey, Andrew, what's up?"

Andrew blinks: an emerging glimmer of recognition.

"I'm Roland, Ana's brother."

Broadening recognition, recollection, understanding. And suddenly, just like that, genuine enthusiasm, faultless hospitality.

"Oh, heeeeey, man, what's up? It's good to see you, how is everything? What'd you guys order?"

Roland tells him, and we remark on how excellent it is. He says nothing about our front of the house issues. He does mention that we lamented missing out on the spareribs.

"Yeah, man, they sell out fast. Some people even come in here just to see if they're fresh out of the smoker, and if they're not, they just leave." (That sounds about right, so over hour-old smoked spareribs. Leave those for the plebes.) "Yeah, they're crazy good. Well, look, let me go check, we may have some of the ends left. We usually don't sell em, just use em for cooking and stuff, but lemme go look, ok?"

At Arthur Bryant's, in Kansas City, they used to just give away their burnt ends for free to customers who knew enough to ask. Calvin Trillin spilled the beans. Now they sell them. They're a marquis player.

So Andrew finds some of the notorious,

elusive burnt ends, and brings them out stacked, three tiers high. They aren't tough, just more shel-lacked on the outside. Maybe a little lower meat to bone ratio. The fish sauce brings something like a cheesiness, not anything fish-y at all. It's the kind of food that's so brilliant it puzzles the palate. The type you get to eat maybe once a year, if you're really lucky, that awakens numerous latent senses, and can push the reset button on the appetites of even the most jaded seeker. You want to put the ribs down and stare at them, freeze the moment, figure them out; but they defy analysis, so you shake your head, pick them back up and gratefully keep eating. They are glorious, and these ones are gratis.

Naturally, I look around for our waiter. What can I say, he has brought out the vindictive in me. I'm not above it. He sees us.

Later, when we've finished, Andrew insists on giving us a tour of the kitchen and the smokehouse. He is charmingly solicitous. He wants to know what else he can give us. That must have been a lot of vomit.

I spot our waiter again. He's watching us. He seems sort of lost, a little confused.

"Who do they know?" he must be asking himself. "Who are they?" he wonders.

• • •

Whorls

• • • • •
D. L. Nuzum

At times I catch a glimpse of the web
that holds the world together, see
the shapes we trace, the patterns we
create and follow walking to work
or riding the bus or driving home
at last to fall in waiting arms.

The sun's rising and setting, ice
that melts at one pole and crystallizes
at the other – at once, I see it all.
The tides that flow in and out
in rhythm with the moon. There's death
in birth, decay from the first breath.

The air and water spin clockwise
in only one hemisphere.
A sidereal year is twenty
minutes longer than a solar.
And you and I make nightly love
on a mattress on the floor of an old

house but I go blind again
and like a dream that's just remembered
I cannot picture it but swear
I saw the whorls defined for once
that spread across the fingertips
of the God I once denied.

Roots



D. L. Nuzum

I hold my crown to the sky,
seeking sunlight with every fiber.
I want you resting in my boughs -
blood in heartwood.
But even without you
 I still stand.
My roots have nothing to do with you.

MY AUNT WAS MADE of white clay—fine, powdery stuff far from the red rivulets that stain the desert when it rains. She was unbaked and malleable, prone to careless fingerprints. As a five-year-old, I listened to the whispers wending from her room and ducked fluttering fingers that shooed me from her door.

Perhaps my aunt wasn't clay but thin porcelain, like bone china, so delicate as to wilt with the slightest jolt. She was unfired or had been robbed of necessary warmth before strength could set in. When I was seven or eight, I began to understand: on my grandmother's mantel, a lithe, young woman set her hips against a red convertible, head tossed jauntily to the side to let her curls brush her shoulders. Though the photograph was much older than me, I knew those curls. I knew them splayed across pillows and meticulously braided away when the nurses came.

Her chin no longer jutted defiantly at the world but lolled against a shoulder. The convertible was gone, swallowed up by an embittered baby daddy with no head or heart for the medical bills. In its place, unicorns. Every level surface in my aunt's small apartment glittered with unicorn figures, candy dishes, and novelty items: a child's paradise.

"Mama? Mama!" I patted at my mother's hip. I didn't tug, tugging stretched clothes.

"What?" she replied brusquely. Her knuckles industriously wound my aunt's curls into flat plaits against her head. I remember my mother's dark hands glistening with hair oil and the pale hands that lay limply in her sister's lap.

"Can I have a piece of candy from the dish, please?" A gaudy crystalline affair, prismatic with the colored wrappers within, the hobnailed jar was a thing of dreams.

"No, we're gonna have dinner soon."

"Pleeeaaaase? Just one?"

"No! They'll rot your teeth. We'll be having dinner in a bit!" Turning to face the rest of the apartment, I glared at the multitude of unicorns. The paddock of horned Lipizzaners airbrushed with splotches of pink averted their glassy gazes. They were no consolation and too fragile to withstand a child's love.

When I was eleven or twelve, and my aunt began going in and out of the hospital more frequently, I stumbled upon my older sister staring intently at her stereo one night. Combing through CDs and liner notes, she'd pop a disc into the player and tilt her head toward the music.

"What're you doing?" I asked from the doorway of her room.

"Making a mix tape of Prince songs for Sharon," my sister replied. Regardless of her role, our aunt was "Sharon" to everyone. So much so that we called a cousin of the same name by her first, maiden, and married names to distinguish. It wasn't until high school that I realized the moniker wasn't solely her first name. Sharon was an overwhelming presence in memory as much as she was now a shadow in life.

"You know, she used to hang out with the band when they came to Chicago," my sister bubbled excitedly. She popped in another song and played it through. As we sat in silence, I was

overcome with the need to help.

"What about 'Little Red Corvette'?" I piped. Although my aunt was practically a stranger to me, thinking that we shared even this small affinity, I eagerly leapt for the connection. I was rewarded with a dirty look.

"Do you really think someone who can't walk is going to want to listen to a song about that?" Bonding was over, on all fronts. With a disgusted huff, my sister shut the door in my face. I was left to wonder why such a great song was inappropriate for the fanatic my aunt was supposed to have been.

I stepped away. Becoming a teenager, I grasped the word "no" and only ventured to my aunt's tiny apartment when the guilt became overwhelming. I'd spend the day smothered between stacks of folded linens, kept close at hand to warm knees my aunt couldn't cover or be hastily replaced when she couldn't swallow. In the brilliance of early afternoon, as it came through the blinds, her pale flesh would glow the warm hue of royal jelly. As I think of it now, how I avoided looking directly upon her face, how I'd only approach her at the behest of my mother, it was almost as if she'd become something holy. If my aunt looked upon me long enough, would she see the confusion, the resentment, or the panic I hid behind apathy? Would she forgive the cowardice that fed these feelings, or did it matter if I did nothing about it myself? I touched her hands because I was told to. I kissed her cheeks because it was expected. I remember her smell and how soft her skin was beneath my lips because these were

little things that could be mine.

For the most part, all I knew was my aunt as she was in illness and in the picture, a crackled, two-dimensional illusion of life. But my sister remembered a woman, a vibrant lady with a fast mouth and an overbite smile. She remembered the handbag with its secret sweets. She remembered the car, its interior, and Prince cooing through the tape deck. As I struggled to placate the new incarnation of my aunt with ritual, my sister struggled to reclaim the idol collapsed.

Junior year of high school, I lingered at the rear of the school auditorium. Gathered for a cursory ceremony to celebrate various academic achievements, the students, sunk in the seats, created a pleasant susurrations. I watched as my best friend galloped down the aisle and mounted the stage to light applause. She joined a faculty member, maybe shook hands or hugged the person as she accepted her award; I don't remember.

"I'm joining the navy!" She'd told me earlier that year. Biased by military parents, I'd long thought the navy to be one of the best branches of service, and I was proud my best friend had been accepted into their ranks. When she accepted her award that day, the presenting faculty even mentioned her future prospects. I don't know if my best friend knew it then. Not long after, I found out she was no longer viable for service. In my junior year of high school, my best friend was diagnosed with the same disease that ravaged my aunt.

In my freshman year of college, my aunt died. It had been more than a year since I'd last

**But my sister remembered
a woman, a vibrant lady
with a fast mouth and an
overbite smile.**

seen her. As morbid as it might sound, I don't remember how I heard the news as she wasn't the first family death that year. Her casket was a glossy bubblegum pink, and the sun peeking out from overcast long enough to reiterate the point. The coffin was luminous, like one of her unicorns held up to the yellowing kitchen light.

She'd waited, I'd thought. My cousin, Sharon's daughter, was almost a year older than me and had grown into an attractive woman with attitude evidently hardwired into her genes. Sharon had lived far longer than any doctor had expected; she'd lived to see her little girl grow up. In a ray of light diffused by tears, the casket became blinding, and a smile broke out on my face. Sobs merged with quiet laughter. I had been so consumed with her physical body that I'd never stopped to consider the state of her mind. Was there anyone who could absolutely say that the person who was fundamentally Sharon had ever changed? As I stood by her graveside, I realized that she probably wanted to know me as much as I'd wanted to know her, and that she'd probably thought no worse of me for trying the little that I did. Fear fell away from my heart that day, and I felt a stubborn love shove its way from the ashes.

Sitting across from my best friend, I chuckle as she rambles about mustachioed straws and internet cat antics. She's no different than the day I met her, and her juggernaut approach to optimism is most likely to blame (with a little help from developing treatments). Occasionally, she'll rub at her fingers or visibly hesitate because of her eyes, and my heart steels. "She's not Sharon," it whispers, and I confidently reply, "I know."

• • •

After the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Revolution

• • • • •
Brandon Butcher

All the dangling modifiers replace broken cobble in the streets: cleanup crews secure nounless *browns* and *well-builts* to bird nests in the city park. Juiced-up, lucid adjectives pile-up in the landfill rots with the remains of last week's garbage. A building crew reads page thirty of C. K. Williams' "Repair" before mixing the mortar; line fifteen serves as a blueprint for refurbishing downtown's infrastructure. Social workers hand out the complete works of Hannah Weiner to the homeless. They line the rusted, steel interior of their trash-barrel furnaces with the yellowed pages of "Spoke." They toss the previous two lines of this poem in the fire, from "rusted" to "yellowed," too, for the overuse of color images and arbitrariness. All of the poets of misleading sound and syntax, those known for the love of music over meaning, including the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E poets stand trial for bastardizing perfectly fine verse, a capital offense. Harryette Mullen receives a pardon for good behavior. Charles Simic steps out of a boarded house in New Hampshire, breathes in the fog rolling off the shore of his lakefront property. He surveys the damage before jotting a few notes for his next minimalist poem, something about empty rooms, bloodstained newspaper, and the will to live.

Against 258 Shades of Red

• • • • •
Brandon Butcher

If you wake to caustic beams of sun spilling through
your window, licking your brow, warming your cheeks,
kissing you as if it passed from the cheery blossoms
of a lotus tree, dressing your body in its crimson kimono—

If you enter sleep in a haze of red smoke, bloodshot eyes,
twelve crunched Budweiser cans beside the bed,
congested lungs and head, the ember tongue
of a half-smoked Camel Wide smoldering to ash
in a chipped ceramic ashtray, an open collection
of Bukowski poems, pages ninety-five through
one hundred and four dog eared—

If you roll over to the smell of roses, Chanel perfume,
a woman's auburn hair tangled in the silk
of your pillowcase, a fading scarlet stain
drying on the white of your sheets,
the empty valley in the comforter
where she once lay—

Then put down the pen,
then pencil. Close
the open Word document
on your screen. Recycle
all your synecdoche and similes.
Bag them up with the trash.
You are not ready.

Santiago: On Mortality

• • • • •
Brandon Butcher

Five days and he still hasn't slept in his own bed. He wants the warmth of his parents' room. His pudgy three-year-old body settles in the folds of his mother's arms, head nestled in the light springy hairs of his father's chest. At night, when the sun droops behind the city skyline, the monsters come out. He hears them in the walls. In his closet. He hears them and because of this, he knows what it means to be alive. To breathe. His underwear urine-soaked. Bedspread soggy despite the months of potty training. Little nephew Santi, he crayons an elegy under his Elmo poster for a dead goldfish, Nemo Two, loving and loyal pet. For the bugs in the backyard, hidden like treasure in his sandbox. In the storm drain. Infesting the refrigerator the neighbors left for the garbage man last week . . .

The beetles his mother, my sister, tells him not to crush. All because he went to some cheap haunted house with its skeletons on hydraulic springs. Plastic bats and silk cobwebs hung from the blackness of its ceiling; men in masks hid behind a prop wall. A caricature bogeyman. Even now we can't teach him the irony of it, how it's nothing more than Halloween, life posed as death in drag. The rusted train car that creaks along the track, chugging slow past eardrum-breaking blasts. Curtains of hot air.

This is why he can't sleep at night. When he's alone in his room, playing with his choo choo or Legos, his arms tingle with the disembodied ghost of a stare. Never mind that vampires don't really exist. The ghosts he hears, the funeral dirge, are nothing but cool wind passing through the floor vents. He knows what it means to be dead. Gone a long time. Longer than naptime or bedtime, the first birthday or the fifth. He knows that when he presses his finger on the back of a daddy long legs, its body caving under the weight of his hand, it'll never rise again.

Kerry, Set the Table

Becky Pruitt

A feast for the U.N.:
carving up the gas pipeline
of Syria, Iran and Iraq—
uninvited guests at the table
of energy superpowers.

The Eagle and Bear
truss the Hawk of Quraish—
binding his wings and legs
to immobilize for roasting.

Well-marinated press releases
blend and bend facts
to make war palatable dinner talk
of politics and religion.

Razor sharp Wusthof gripped in his hands,
Vladimir expertly minces words
and sips Russian Pipeline Vodka
from a Waterford goblet.

Kerry, set the table.
Brush away the crumbs of greed with fig leaves.
Pour the wine of misinformation
over greenback rebels and jihadist leaders.

The Security Council licks its lips
for a menu of oil-infused profits
paired with the sparkling minerality
of a natural gas pipeline to Qatar.

They dredge the olive branch
in rich, black gold and toast to peace
as the petrol drips on the white carpet
of the dining room.

Jeremic parades the frozen shell meringue
drizzled with hot rum.
Strike the match and flambé!
Bombe Syria.

Jimmy's on the street corner
sautéing spare change in a rusty bean can.
That tambourine don't chime through
the cacophony of black birds rustling crumbs
around pattering feet and smattering air horn.

Brassy beard stalactites treble clef the funk
but this man ain't got no "G's."
His crusty tan hand fans
cardboard pauper poetry that reads:

HOMELESS
WILL WORK FOR FOOD
GOD BLESS

Did someone just sneeze?

Jimmy ain't no valedictorian,
he's a "faggit"
a Post-it note on his back once said
kids can be cruel.

Has there ever been a house
erected within the tangled vortexes
of Texas tornados?
Ask Jimmy, he knows.

Dropping out like flies
dropping dead in noxious exhausts
accosting the soul...
That joke's done gone too far,
graduating to daily schoolyard beatings.

New shoes pass on past the funky man.
He bakes hungry in the July sun,
his caltrop poster yielding
no feast for his rawboned body.

Guy with a Sign

.....
Joel Zabel

THE WRITING WAS ON the wall when he woke. He looked out at the orange light, the way the sunlight was burning up the hilltops. It would start at the tips like this, the crowns of the tallest trees on the tallest hills, then devour the tree trunks, the roots, the dirt, the stone spine of the mountains until the whole day was hot as Hell. He cocked his good ear, the right one, toward a sound above him. Wood thrush. Flute song. Flutes. He scratched the gray spot that was growing in the center of his beard, right there at the dimple of his chin. No trumpets yet. He figured he had a little time.

He took a broken piece of crockery, a vaguely L-shaped remainder of an old jar he'd found in the creek, and walked out the doorway toward the spring. There was no doorknob to turn, no knocking and asking and seeking to do, because there was no door. He liked it that way. Without a door, the good Lord could walk right in if He pleased.

He held his broken jar-dipper to the leaky rock he liked to call Meribah—after that one Moses broke open in the desert for the Israelites. The water tasted like sandstone and was so cold it set his teeth on edge, but he took another dipper full. As he sipped, a little gray flit of feathers found a perch in the spicebush next to the spring. It flicked its gray crest up high and buzzed at him. Tufted titmouse, most people'd call it, but he knew better. He knew how to see through a thing to the other side of it. He stopped drinking and stared hard into the little shiny coal of an eye that was watching him. The bird stared back, and then it opened its beak and yelled out, "PeterPeterPeter!" before flying away.

He grinned. The bird had named him. He had been Paul for the last few weeks since the bullfrog had given him a name; now he was Peter. He'd only get to keep the name a few hours though, since when the Lord came to get him after a bit He'd give him a new one, carved right into a big ol' piece of quartz. He supposed the white stone John the Revelator wrote about would be quartz anyway; he didn't figure the Lord would want to use gypsum too bad since it spent all its time in the dark like a guilty soul, down in deep caves where the light never reached.

After he drank his fill, Peter checked the movement of the sun; the entire upper halves of the hills were now burning under its heat. And the sky was still spread out like usual, not all rolled up like a scrap of birch bark. It wasn't time yet. He figured he might as well check the trap line.

The first line of Peter's traps was arranged along the crest of a mile-long ridge. The second intersected it, rising out of one holler to cross the ridge and plunge into the next. A cross. Peter followed the ridge, checking his sapling snares. He reset out of years of habit those snares that had been tripped, and he camouflaged them again with fallen leaves and loam, careful not to leave too much of his own scent behind. But He was really watching the skies in case he'd have to dodge any of the stars that would soon be dropping to the ground like the heavy acorns from a burr oak in fall. His snares lay in wait in the animal paths that crossed the ridgeline—a coon trail, a fox, even a deer. The new moon of the previous night had kept the animals more still than usual, and he was almost to the end of the ridge before he found

anything caught. A rabbit hung by its hind foot from a noose at the top of a small birch. When the rabbit had followed its run, it had caught its foot in the loop of rope stretched across its path and tripped the small stake from holding the tree bent over, springing the tree, rope, and rabbit into the air. As Peter approached, the rabbit began to thrash and squeal, but he paid no mind. He caught it in his hand, slipped the noose from its foot, and picked up his club. He held tight to the rabbit's back legs, laid its front half on the ground, and solidly clubbed its head. He tucked the small mammal, its eyes quickly dimming, into the gunnysack he had slung over his shoulder. When he checked the second line of traps, he found one more rabbit, though he'd been hoping for a squirrel.

When Peter walked back into the overgrown cabin yard, smelling strongly of the wild rose bush that had been left untended in the fifty years the cabin had stood quiet before he had claimed a place under its leaky roof, he tossed the rabbits onto a slab of sandstone that lay in the grass for just such a purpose. Peter grabbed his knife and had the rabbits skinned and cleaned in a few quick strokes of the blade. The sun pounded straight down onto the bald spot on his head, deep in the holler bottom as he was. It was midday and his stomach growled as he stuck the carcasses on a spit above last night's coals. He knew the good Lord wouldn't mind him having a good supper on his last day here; the Lord was mighty fond of good suppers Himself.

As Peter squatted beside his cooking fire, feeding the coals with pine needles and dead oak leaves until flames grew to lick at the meal suspended above them, he was visited by both God and the Devil. The Devil dwelt inside the feather-

less head of the buzzard that lit on the cabin roof, eyeing the dead rabbits above the fire. Peter knew this by the feeling at the back of his neck, like this-tle splinters sticking into his skin. Meanwhile, God showed up as the yearling fawn that skirted the cabin yard, watching Peter with dark eyes. Peter had suspected for weeks now that this particular deer was the Holy Ghost in disguise, returning from time to time to see if he was ready for the "Big Day." Being watched from either side, Peter devoted his attention to the cooking at hand, sure that the Devil would tire of being ignored and that God would be pleased by his humility. But the longer the two animals watched him, the more afraid Peter grew that he was failing some test. His hands shook as they turned the spit, and sweat ran into his eyes from under his grizzled hair; he al-

**He knew the good Lord
wouldn't mind him
having a good supper
on his last day here...**

most smothered the fire when he dropped a rotten hickory log on it instead of easing it into the flames. Peter jumped and knocked the almost-done rabbits into the ashes when a pileated woodpecker yelled into the silence from the top

of the white oak beside the cabin. The woodpecker yelled three times before it flew away into the birch-and-oak forest. Peter began to tremble. "Woodpecker. Rooster crow. Three times. Denied, denied, denied." Peter wasn't sure whom he had denied the Lord to, but he spun toward the deer to apologize. It was gone. Only the Devil stayed to watch as Peter paced the cabin yard. The rabbit meat turned black where it lay in the hot coals unattended. It was then that the sound of a bell echoed through Peter's holler, telling him exactly what he needed to do.

Mount Pleasant Methodist Church was letting out from its Wednesday prayer service when Peter clambered out of the brush and walked into

the churchyard. Twigs and spider webs adorned his head like the laurels of a conquering saint. "The Lord is coming back today! Be ready, be ready!" he cried. Proclaiming was the opposite of denying; he refused to deny his Lord like that other Peter did. He screamed the rest of his message. "Prepare for judgment! Look to the skies! The end is nigh!"

Most of the small congregation refused to meet his eyes. He had just warned them of their impending doom! Shouldn't they be thanking him? One heavy woman in a navy floral dress came over to him and took his hand, though he felt her shudder at the streaks of rabbit blood he had forgotten to wash from it earlier. She looked him in the eyes, but she spoke stiltedly, like she was trying not to breathe. "You're in my prayers," she said. She tentatively patted the back of his hand before releasing him and hurrying to her car. He laughed; from this angle, she looked like a groundhog just before hibernation.

The preacher-man put his hand on his shoulder before Peter even knew he was standing beside him. "If you need anything, Thomas, just let me know. Blankets, clothes, food. Whatever it is. The church will help you out, Brother."

Peter recoiled. Thomas? How could he call him by a doubter's name when he was here on the hilltop shouting good news? "My name is Peter! And I don't have to worry about tomorrow because the Lord is coming back today!"

"He might well. But He might come back tomorrow, or next week, or a hundred years from now."

"For a preacher-man, you don't got much faith," Peter said, pulling out of the man's reach.

The preacher held up his Bible. "I've got faith in this, in God's Word." He started flipping through pages. "Look here; there's something I've been wanting to show you."

The preacher read aloud, and Peter looked

at the same words as the preacher dragged a finger beneath them on the page. "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father. Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is."

Peter shook his head. "You better repent and get yourself ready to go! It was written on the wall this morning, wrote with a dis-em-bodied hand like in Babylon!"

"Now, Brother Thomas, er, Peter, He isn't on His way exactly now, is He?"

Peter scratched at a place on his forehead where a strand of spider web kept tickling. He checked the sky for at least the hundredth time that day. The sun was still Hell-hot and bright as could be—nothing like a ball of old black wool. He stomped once, but the mountain was still holding firm under his holey boots. He cocked his good ear one way and then the other; it was hard to tell over the sound of the car engines starting in the small lot, but he was pretty sure there weren't any trumpets blaring, and he didn't hear any horses either. But how did he know how long it took for them to get here all the way from Heaven? "He'll be a little while yet," Peter finally conceded.

"Well then, how about you come on out to the house with me and Meryl for just a little bit?" the preacher asked. "You know how much your sister loves having you over for dinner. She can even whip up some of that chocolate pie you like."

A hazy image entered Peter's mind of a dish-covered table and strangely familiar faces gathered around it, but he didn't know their names. His insides felt all jumbled up, all hot and cold at once. His head buzzed like it was full of horseflies, and he wanted to cry. He followed the preacher-man mutely toward a dingy white car, but when he drew near, a woman looked out at him from behind the glass and smiled, baring her

teeth. Peter jumped back. They always said the Devil walked around all the time just wanting to clamp his jaws on somebody, and that old Esau sold his soul away for a bowl of soup one time. "No, no, no, no, no, no," he said, backing away. Chocolate pie had almost lured him to the gates of Hell!

The preacher-man reached out a hand toward him. "Please, Tom—I mean, Peter, just for a little bit."

Peter shook his head and pointed into the car. "I ain't falling for it. I'm gonna be ready! I ain't getting left behind!" Peter kept shaking his head, and the preacher dropped his hand back to his side. Peter, however, turned his own pointing hand to the preacher. "I'm warning you, Preacher. It's the eleventh hour and you better get your weddin' clothes on. The Lord's a-comin' back!" He turned to point at the rest of the congregation, now backing their cars out of the small gravel lot. "Get yourselves ready! Judgment Day is nigh!" Peter started back

over the hilltop to find a path down through the brush. He mustered up his voice and yelled one last time. "Today is the day of salvation! Prepare ye the way of the Lord! Repent for the Kingdom of God is at hand!"

As he struggled through the multiflora rose and greenbrier of Mount Pleasant's old pastureland on his way back to the cabin, Peter considered where he'd like to be when the Lord showed up. He thought waiting in the top of a sycamore like Zaccheus might be good, but there were no sycamore in his holler. He could stand in the creek like John the Baptist, he figured. It would be cold, but he wouldn't have to wait long. The sun was low now. Its Hell-heat was dissipating.

Peter heard a rain crow then, cooing its

prophecy, and he looked up at the sky. Not one cloud. He scratched at his beard and proceeded to trip headlong over a thorny vine. As he picked himself up, Peter found himself staring into the most beautiful mess of raspberries he had ever seen. Raspberries. Manna. He was on his way to the Promised Land; of course, the Lord would provide. He wondered how he could've ever let the Devil's offer of food tempt him. Peter set to devouring as many of the plump berries as he could, scooping handfuls of ripe and unripe berries alike. When his hunger pangs had eased and he paused for breath, Peter noticed a loud muffling noise coming from the other side of the berry patch. He extracted himself from his burrow among the vines and circled the patch. As he rounded a multiflora rose bush that intruded upon the berries, he came

Chocolate pie had almost lured him to the gates of Hell!

face to face with a startled black bear. The bear stood on its hind legs and growled a growl so deep Peter felt it vibrate through his bones rather than his ears. The creature's eyes and fur were black as pitch, and a swarm of

flies stirred from its back at the movement. Peter didn't have to look through this creature to see what it was—the darkness and the smell of death it carried with it were obvious signs of the Devil's presence. Peter would not be deterred, not when the day of the Lord's return was almost at an end. Peter spread out his arms and growled right back at the bear: "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

The bear dropped to all four legs and took off down the hill.

When Peter reached his cabin, the sun was gone from the sky, and the holler was quickly growing dark. He found the two rabbit carcasses still lying on their spit in the ashes. One was charred black, with only half of it still fit for eating, but the other was unharmed, only ash covered.



Intangible Senses to Intriguing Benches | Heidi Garriott

Wood and piano parts

Peter decided he'd eat the charred one first.

He plopped in the grass beside the few glowing coals and thought on the verse the preacher-man had showed him. That day and that hour knoweth no man. No man. He was a man. He didn't know. If he didn't know, how could he know if the Lord was ever coming back? What if he was sitting at his cabin with only the Devil for a visitor? He was alone, stranded, flipped on his back like a turtle that tumbled over a root. It was more than he could bear, and he lay on his side in the grass, trembling all over. He was shipwrecked like ol' Paul or stuck in the belly of some giant catfish, and nobody was coming to get him.

Peter sat up again quickly and laughed. Now, now, now. Here he was denying all over again. Both of them, the apostle and the prophet, ended up getting rescued. The Lord was coming back. Yes, He was. Peter looked up through the leaf cover to see what stars were out. Maybe not today though, probably tomorrow. Peter decided to test this doctrine out for himself and shouted his loudest into the darkness: "The Lord is coming back tomorrow!" Yes, that might work.

He reckoned he would build up the fire in the cabin's half-fallen-in fireplace, wait up for a while in case the Lord decided today really was a good day to return, and invite Him to sup with him on the second rabbit if He showed up. If He didn't, maybe he'd cook him a squirrel tomorrow.

If anyone else had sat in the cabin with Peter as he built up the fire, they would have seen "The Lord is Coming Back Today!" scrawled in charcoal across the wall above Peter's nest of mouse-chewed blankets and holey curtains and recognized it as teenage graffiti work, sharing space with "Luke loves Becky" and "Jack Daniels is my friend." But, as Peter fell asleep, he thought for a moment he'd heard the Lord walk right into the cabin, no knocking. He was certain he heard

Him settle down in the corner to suck the last of the rabbit bones clean. Lord's supper. When he stoked the coals in the smoky fireplace, however, he heard a hiss and saw a pair of orange eyes looking back at him. If it was Him, the Lord smelled a little like a possum.

The writing was on the wall when he woke.



selvedge dancer
an evening at first avenue
● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
Jamie Engel

a danceateria
every saturday night,
packed
with "too much love."
black and white
chessboard dance floor
crusted in hipsters,
beer and liquor,
and the week left behind.

sovietpanda,
doing what peter does best:
helping
people shed their skin.
records grind and spin.
jameson and PBR
pounded, shame
left in the coatroom,
draped over any reservations
about absolutely letting go.

splashed
bright electric
blue and magenta
crash
with earthly plaids,
moss green and chipped cedar,
all floating
atop a sea of denim
selvedge.



Look at Me | Tina Estes

Oil on canvas

Best of Art



39N 46' 45.1986 86S 9' 22.0932 | Michael Frucci

Oil & tracing paper on canvas over panel

Black Madonna

— — — — —
Dru Roach

The most generous of voids
O, the blackest eyes that I have ever seen.
She dances along my hairline
Inhaling those vapors which release and cloy
Her soul so that it is no pain to know
There has never been such a thing as peace.
It is an occupation of the soul
A material beast
Characterized by a constant measurement and maintenance
Of traits that only ever resemble release.

There is labor in repetition;
It is no small pain or task as
The revelation wears away and
We already long to have the message back.

My eyes are wide and so is my mouth
For the darkest eyes are appraising me
As I slip through her silver sieve
The answer comes to me:
Jesus, an avatar, a glowing face
Embellishing the daubed ceiling saying,
"Why must you desire only what relates you
To all it is that you think you see?
I stand before you in the shape
It makes sense to you that I would be.
When I am as much in you as I am
In the grass at your feet."

My Mother laughs for me
As I scramble for the reins
For I have so easily forgotten
What she means to me.
Errantly foraging for a pattern
To connect every thread in the weave
Of the world, her web
Her skin shining like lacquer
She continues to breathe and spin
Hearing the whims of her children
Constantly warping the thread.

She corrects them, collects them all
In the subtlest motions of her distaff
She stitches into place the stars
Her eternal memory never forgetting
Any one amongst the All



Introvert | Andrea Monique Panico

Oil on canvas

Rhinestones and Rock 'n' Roll

Casey Cunningham

Are You Lonesome Tonight? (3:07)

IT'S AUGUST 6, 1977. Elvis Presley lies in a puddle of vomit at Graceland. After retiring to his bedroom suite to get some sleep, dependent on a cocktail of prescription drugs to treat his insomnia, he dies from heart failure. Eight months pregnant with me, my mom hears the local disc jockey, from Evansville, IN, announce the death on the radio while washing dishes in her yellow and orange kitchen. She stops, trying to comprehend what she's just heard, her hands still in the soapy water. Immediately following the surprising announcement, the DJ begins his hours-long tribute to the King. That week, his song "Way Down" becomes *Billboard* magazine's #1 country single. My mom, along with the rest of the world, is shocked by the loss of such an influential musical artist at the fairly young age of forty-two. She takes a break from her household chores, sitting at the kitchen table, to listen to Elvis' singing voice capture the attention of his fans across the airwaves.

Fans began flooding the sidewalks and road surrounding Graceland. By the following afternoon, every blossom for sale in Memphis sold out and ended up on the bank in front of Elvis' Memphis mansion. This was the biggest day in the Florists' Transworld Delivery's (FTD) history. Flowers arrived at Graceland from all over the United States, some shaped like hound dogs and guitars. Twenty thousand people rush through the opened gates to view Elvis's body. Eighty thousand fans pay their respects before the gates close at 6:30 p.m. Elvis Aaron Presley's funeral

takes place at Forest Hill Cemetery, with many celebrities and loved ones present. After someone threatens to steal his body, his final resting place becomes the Meditation Garden located behind Graceland. The lyrics of "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" are bittersweet; many fans surely listen to the song as they mourn his death, among others, devastated that they will no longer see him perform live, hear new songs from him, or see him in any new movies.

*Do the chairs in your parlor seem empty and bare?
Do you gaze at your doorstep and picture me there?
Is your heart filled with pain, shall I come back again?
Tell me dear, are you lonesome tonight?*

Indeed, some fans dispute the fact that their beloved King is dead, a fact that is well-known today, and delusions of faked death and mystery hideaways begin to surface, turning up for years in tabloids. To these fantasies, I answer with the words of the King himself: "Truth is like the sun. You can shut it out for a time, but it ain't goin' away."

Stuck on You (2:18)

In 1960, my grandfather worked in St. Louis, staying there throughout the work week, and drove home to southwestern Indiana on the weekends. On one of those weekend visits, he brought my mom a 6" vinyl record of Elvis's song "Stuck on You," the King's first hit after coming home from a two year stint in the US Army. Fast-

forward fifty-one years—the framed record is on permanent display in my mom’s living room while her granddaughter dances onstage at her recital to Elvis’s recording of this same song echoing throughout the auditorium. As these lyrics came from the speakers, her little golden curls bounced to the beat of the music:

*You can shake an apple off an apple tree
Shake, shake sugar
But you'll never shake me
Uh uh uh no sir-ee, uh, uh
I'm gonna stick like glue
Stick because I'm stuck on you*

I know I’m stuck on my daughter like glue. She’ll never escape her momma, no matter how much she tries. She’s stuck with me.

Watching an old black and white video of Elvis performing this song on a 1960 “Welcome Home Elvis” television special, I see him move those famous hips and legs which earned him the nickname “Elvis the Pelvis,” a nickname he strongly disliked. Girls in the audience scream at every shake and step, smile and sway. Elvis’ famous stage moves entrance girls and women worldwide as they stare at their television screens. I know I can’t shake myself free of Elvis Presley’s musical legacy. His first television appearance in the early 1950s brought with it the outrage of many adults regarding the fact that their wholesome, moral children listen to his music. “I wiggle my shoulders,” Elvis later says, “I shake my legs, I walk up and down the stage, I hop around on one foot. But I never bump and grind. Why, that’s vulgar. I’d never do anything vulgar before an audience. My mother would never allow it.”

Can’t Help Falling in Love (2:59)

Elvis recorded this beautiful song in 1961 for the movie *Blue Hawaii*, which he starred in. Forty-two years later, I sit on the couch in my living room reading the *Indianapolis Star* and my boyfriend, John, comes in and turns on the stereo. I hear Elvis softly crooning this well-known love song. John disappears from my peripheral vision as I read a daily news tidbit, and I move the newspaper from in front of my face. He is on his knee with a diamond ring held up between his thumb and index finger, while a genuine smile stretches his mouth upward, eyes sparkling. I’m completely surprised and leap toward him with arms outstretched, holding him and saying, “I love you: Yes.” We stay there until the last note of the song comes to an end. A week later, I go with my future mother-in-law to the jewelry store to get my engagement ring sized for my own finger. As we approach the store, I notice the same song blaring from the speakers outside the entrance. Ten months later, we dance to this song at our wedding reception with family and friends looking on. John sings along with Elvis as we slowly move our feet together:

*Like a river flows surely to the sea
Darling so it goes
Some things are meant to be
Take my hand, take my whole life too
For I can't help falling in love with you*

This was the last song Elvis ever performed at a concert; his last live performance took place at Market Square Arena on June 26, 1977. An indoor arena with a seating capacity of seventeen thousand, in my current hometown of Indianapolis, Market

Square Arena was demolished in 2001, and all that remains to remind us of his last concert is the memorabilia kept by his fans and the memorial to Elvis in the parking lot of the former stadium.

Viva Las Vegas (2:21)

Elvis and Priscilla married at the Aladdin hotel in Las Vegas in May of 1967. Elvis, in his black brocade silk tuxedo, and Priscilla, in her white silk chiffon dress, were the picture of a radiant, happy couple. In May of 2004, John and I married at a small wedding chapel just down Las Vegas Boulevard from the Aladdin Hotel. During our stay in Vegas, I saw many Elvis impersonators, all in white rhinestone suits with butterfly collars, bell-bottoms, and V-neck opening showing a forest of dark chest hair. All of the impersonators wore large sunglasses, had cartoonish, bushy sideburns running the length of their jaws, and black hair accompanied by receding hairlines. I've always hoped to see a one hundred and seventy pound, 1950s version of an Elvis impersonator. But, they're always the late 1970s heavy-set sort wearing Liberace-inspired jumpers and capes. Elvis performed hundreds of concerts in Las Vegas, and his electric spirit is still very much alive there on the boulevard.

Elvis is a permanent fixture in pop culture: movies, books, songs, and visual art are all media in which Elvis is immortalized. Elvis lives on, indeed. His is a true rags-to-riches story, a legend that continues in modern times as younger generations continue listening to his music, admiring his character, and visiting his mansion. I aspire to walk the grounds and floor of Graceland one day, while his ghost walks around as described in

the song "Walking in Memphis," performed by Marc Cohn:

*Saw the ghost of Elvis
On Union Avenue
Followed him up to the gates of Graceland
Then I watched him walk right through
Now security they did not see him
They just hovered 'round his tomb
But there's a pretty little thing
Waiting for the King
Down in the Jungle Room*

I may never go to Union Street or Graceland, but I can listen to the King's music whenever I choose. As I listen and hum along, I can close my eyes and see a picture of my mother when she was young, my husband before he was my husband, my daughter when she heard Elvis's music for the first time, or Elvis performing on stage for his millions of admirers. He winks at me before I open my eyes, the image slowly fading away.



Smoking in the Hills

• • • • •
Ashley Shufflebarger

You were carved from a burl
deep in the Appalachian hollers,
where a snake bit Sister in vast bluegrass.
You packed bright leaf tobacco
in your new briarwood pipe
and hauled her along to home,
dirt clods like cement on your feet
pulling you into the soft earth.

Sister was green and hissing
when you set her down softly
on the rotted wood porch.
Mama leaned forward in the wicker chair,
her burlap dress soaked with sweat
while the butter churn sucked in and out
against her legs, a rhythm
of "breathe" and "heave" and "pull hard."

When she caught sight of Sister
Mama ground her meerschaum teeth,
now a smooth smoky brown.
She spit tobacco juice at the wound
that swelled big as the pig's bladder
you blew up like a balloon
and tossed around in summer.

You pulled on a red-checked shirt
and trekked to town for the doctor.
Sister's ankle was propped on plywood
when you got back; her eyes
were wide as gourds, her cheeks
dark bowls in the moonlight.

"We got the venom out," you tell me today,
toes peeking from a speckled eggshell sheet.
"Sister was okay, we saved her,"
you say between wheezes.

Now you have cancer in your lungs,
its venom spreading deeper
than the lake that rainy summer.
Each blue vein on your wrist snakes to the elbow,
where tubes bite in, tamped down with tape,
gray sticky residue peppered on your arms.

When they let you go home,
you massage carnauba on airplane models
and light the dottle left
in your old briarwood pipe.

Contributors

Brandon Butcher is a senior in the Creative Writing program. This winter, he plans on sleeping most of his time away when not playing Minesweeper.

Casey Cunningham is a Post-Bachelor's student working on her teacher certification in Secondary English and Reading Education. This piece was written in Terry Kirts' creative nonfiction course, during the Summer II session and later revised.

Jamie Engel is a senior studying English literature, creative writing, and applied music. His passion is working with and building solutions for struggling young adults. He grew up in Minneapolis, MN, and has been living in recovery for nine years. In his free time, Jamie enjoys biking (fixed gear/freestyle), snowboarding, wakesurfing, and scuba diving.

Tina Estes is a 2013 graduate of Herron School of Art and Design at IUPUI. Her work explores how we use our assumptions, perceptions, and memories to claim to know someone else. Judging them based on our own beliefs and culture. It's about taking the time to truly see another person.

Michael Frucci was born and raised in South Bend, Indiana, and moved to Indianapolis six years ago to attend Herron School of Art and Design. He graduated just last year with a BFA in Art Education and a minor in Art History. He's currently employed as a ceramic teacher at North Central High School and loves his job.

Heidi Garriott obtained her BFA with a major focus in Furniture Design and a minor in both Interior Design and Art History. Future plans for

Heidi include work with design, while engaging within a position that allows her to utilize both conceptual planning as well as participation within production.

Tristan Gilkey lives in Indianapolis with his wife and three children. He teaches classical languages, science, physical education and US history (from a Howard Zinn text) at The Children's House, the best little school in the city. He aspires to be a gentleman farmer.

Chaleece Johnson is a former campaign assistant to Theodor Geisel; currently rogue.

April Jones currently resides in Indianapolis, Indiana, finishing up her BFA in Furniture Design. Her future plans involve joining a co-op studio and graduate school. Check out other works at www.apriljonesstudio.com.

Sam Ladwig has been a professional musician, video producer, project manager, graphic designer and even an ice sculptor. He received his BFA in Interior Design at the University of Central Oklahoma and is currently pursuing an MFA in Furniture Design at IUPUI's Herron School of Art and Design.

D. L. Nuzum revels in love, feels most alive in the southern hills, finds herself among the constellations, and discovers what she can of the world through words.

Andrea Monique Panico is a senior undergraduate student in the Herron School of Art and Design's painting program, working mainly in her preferred medium of oil.

Contributors

Becky Pruitt is a senior English Literature major. She is a luxury travel planner in Carmel, Indiana.

Dru Roach is a student, unlearning how to be free.

Courtney Shelburne is a sophomore pursuing a Communication Studies Degree, Business Minor, Dance Minor, and Theatre and Performance Certificate. She is a member of The Moving Company and Communication Studies Club at IUPUI. In addition to writing, she enjoys singing, dancing, acting, cooking, art, and photography.

Ashley Shufflebarger is an English Creative Writing major at IUPUI. Some of her passions include working with youth to promote literacy in low-income communities, walking her sweet Pembroke Corgi on crisp autumn evenings, swing dancing in Fountain Square, and pumpkin ice cream.

Joel Zabel is a senior studying English. He aspires to write pieces that others can relate to, or at least be entertained by. When he's not writing, he's thinking about writing, or procrastinating writing about something.

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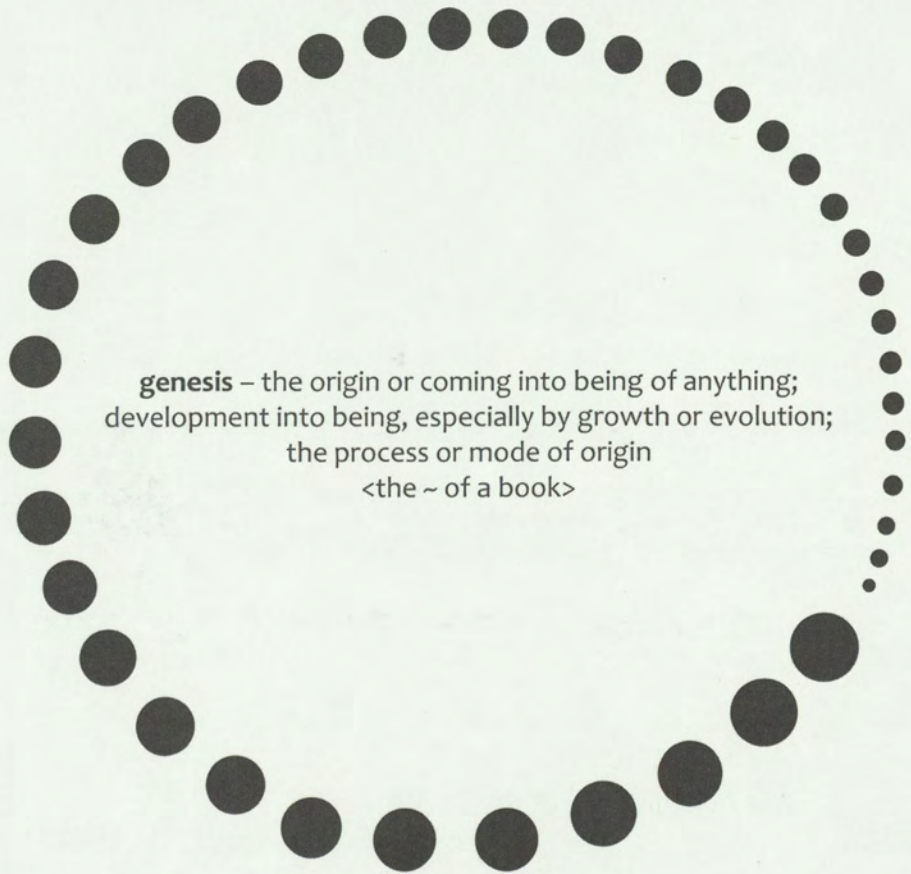
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genesis – the origin or coming into being of anything;
development into being, especially by growth or evolution;
the process or mode of origin
<the ~ of a book>

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