



genesis
the literary & art magazine of IUPUI
spring 2014

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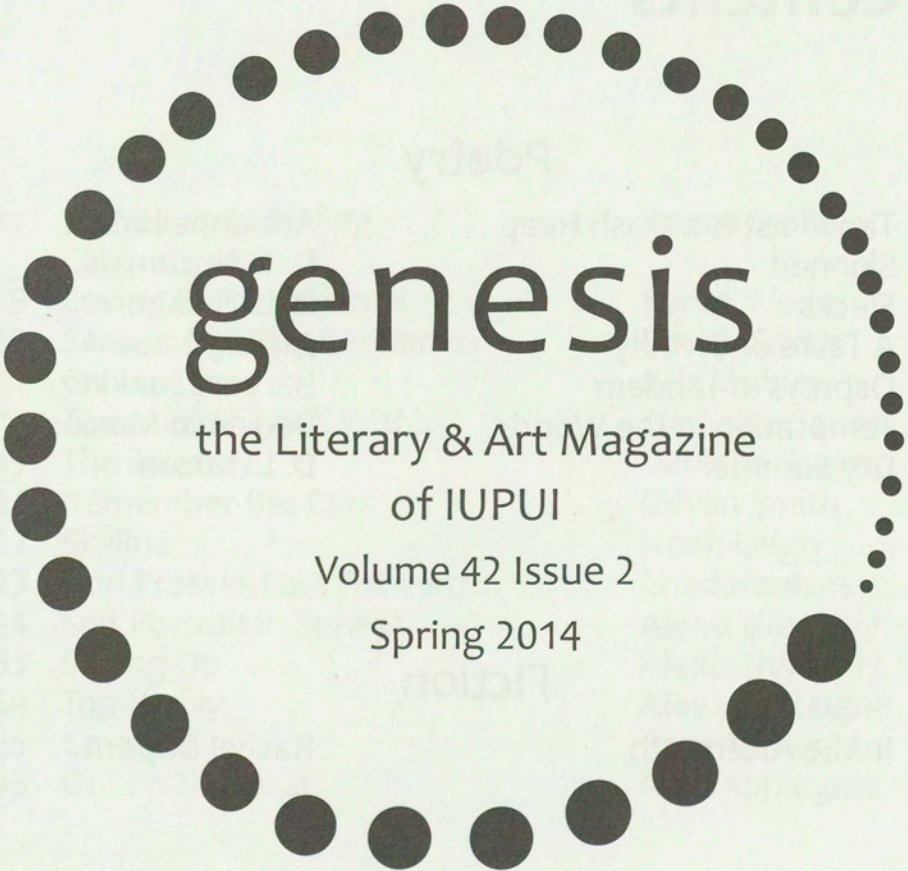
Editors' Note

Dear Readers,

We could fill this space with many words of praise for our contributors. Instead, we will let the work speak for itself. We offer our humble gratitude to everyone who supports the magazine. There wouldn't be a magazine without you.

Read on. Keep creating.

Keegan Cooper, Victoria Johnson, and Tiffany Plourde
Managing Editors



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of IUPUI

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Time Past is a Trash Heap

• • • • •
Adrienne Hirsch

—not a single long silken thread wound tightly into a perfect ball. My memory is not an obsessively organized metal box with numbers and letters and labels. My memory is the Library of Alexandria. Pages that evaded flames, scattered scenes out of context—prologues forgotten, epilogues mistranslated. My past is a foggy trauma; memories emerge like murky shadows through the haze:

I remember
when my mother spoke of my father with disdain,
her recourse riddled with resentment;

she told me she only married him
because she thought he was her last chance to start a family
and I was what she ended up with,
just another reflection of him.

I remember
a friend's suicide attempt:
96 stitches, a lesson in phlebology... I remember her suicide success:
her foolish face shrink-wrapped in a bag full of high.
No note. No goodbye. Just one water droplet reflecting
blue sky.

I remember my mother's resentment.

I remember
a misunderstanding, a cracked psyche, a last resort—
5 days locked up in a windowless ward, away from the world,
confiscated from the sun.
non-healing, non-therapeutic therapy;
rationed shampoo, festering moods,
slippered feet scuffling
stagnant.

I remember my mother's resentment.

I remember
bathroom lines, pick-up lines, cocaine lines,
cocaine lies, ecstasy honesty, brawls in bottles, bottoms up,
burned out by 21.
A balancing act of acting out—learning to act
anachronistic.

I remember my mother's resentment.

I remember
A maniacal ex's cries, falsified, brought a knock to my door;
and a sudden knowing knocked my heart to the floor.
My expression revealed I was not the aggressor,
but they had to take me anyway.
Handcuffed discreetly out of pity; muzzled by fear,
they asked if there was a radio station I wanted to hear.

I remember
trying to explain to my mother my epiphany
that we don't clash because of difference
but because of similarity.
We are two identical magnets that repel each other stubbornly
until one or the other turns around.
I remember how she reacted, uproariously:

"We are nothing alike."

I remember my mother's resentment.

Skinned

D. L. Nuzum

I am the woman with eighty-eight skins;
what you know of me is your own sin.
I am a creature you can't cage in.

You dreamed you knew the curve of my thighs,
thought you'd remember the glint in my eyes,
but now I'm nothing you'd recognize.

Neither love nor lust can make me stay.
I'll disappear when you look away;
I'll shed this skin—I don't care what you say.

Not a two-faced Janus in the threshold,
I'm hundred-headed Hydra to behold.
I'm Zeus, shape-shifting beyond your control.

My red hair burns with untouchable flame;
they take me to prison, but I slip my chain
and within a minute I'm born again.

A shaved rebel screaming each breath,
I have been my own shibboleth,
but I put even that self to death.

I veil my head to live like a nun
fasting and praying, I give up my gun
but soon enough I have to move on,

and bleach-burnt blonde, I knock on your door;
I take you to bed and make you beg for more.
It's fun, but it's not long before

I leave and don slippers to dance on my toes,
where I turn down twenty adoring beaus,
for how can they love what I don't know?

I put on makeup, practice my pout
for each new face will soon wear out,
and I'll need a new nose, other hair, fresh mouth.

I'm strong, I'm tough; I've talent and power.
I take no hostages, I'll make you cower,
for none are remade as I am in an hour,

and if in some mirror I should catch a glimpse
of bone behind this skin's eclipse,
I'll blow that stranger a good-bye kiss.

Flecks

D. L. Nuzum

You have never seen the specks
driving the world apart, missed
the spots left behind, the random
trail that never crosses itself with
every wrong turn or construction detour
that made you late to your own party.

The moon's icy halo, magma
that erupts from the center of this
wobbling planet—you've never suspected.
The asteroid that flies past one morning
that physics miscalculated. Most
mutations don't forward evolution.

During a snowstorm, lightning
strikes wherever it wants.
An earthquake spins us a split-
second faster through the day.
And you got drunk and forgot
the name of the girl who let you

take her virginity home with you,
but maybe a Polaroid
will remind you of the things
you never knew were hidden,
like flecks of gold inside
the dark iris of the Devil's winking eye.

**Loving
Remembrance**

Byron Wolfe

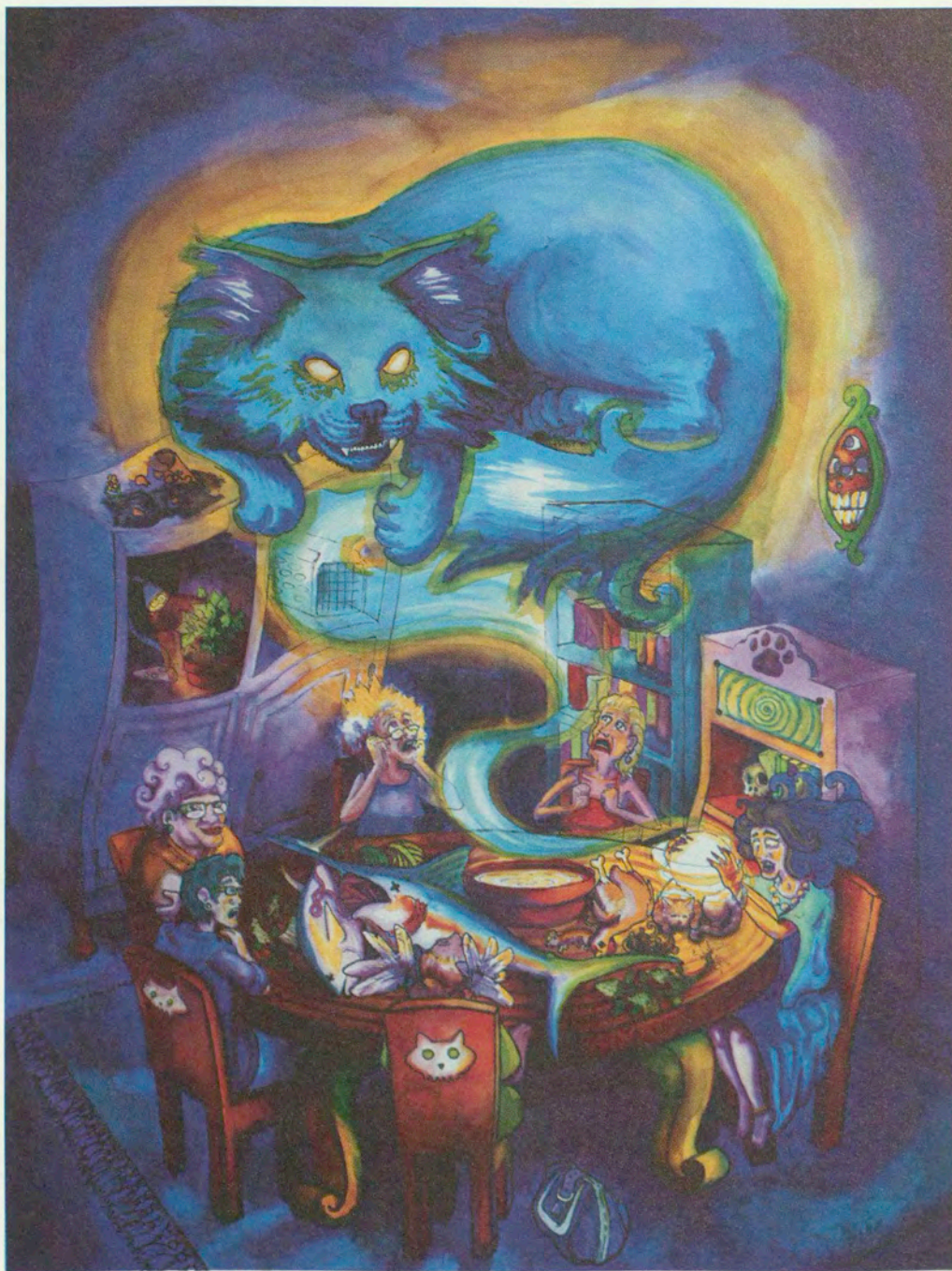
*Painted on a table with
acrylic paint and
polyurethane protective
coating*



**Seance of Crazy
Cat Ladies**

Devan Smith
Watercolor 18" x 24"

Best of Art





Green Arrow
Kris Mobley
Pencil 9"x12"



Tempted to Look Within

Lynnette Sauer

Oil on canvas 35" x 35"

In the Aftermath

Best of Fiction
by Rachel Dupont

The first time I ever bled, I fainted and hit my head against the purple door of the school bathroom stall. I had a goose egg on my forehead for three days. It had happened a little earlier than with most girls, so my mother hadn't yet set me down to have "the talk." I was nine, and I'd never been so scared in my entire life.

Eleven days ago I relived that day, but a hundred times worse. Because this time, when I awoke to that familiar squeeze in the deepest recess of my belly, when I found a spill of merlot in my light blue bikini-cut panties, I wasn't nine years old anymore. I was nine weeks pregnant.

I lie in bed on a Monday morning and watch my husband, Adam, as he dresses for work. The man is a work of art. A masterpiece. He has put time and discipline into shaping his sculpted muscles, and he has a tendency to turn heads—even now in his early thirties. I've always loved watching him move; so strong and assertive and . . . well, for lack of a less cheesy term, suave.

But today there is something different in his movements, something I've noticed developing over the past several days. It's more prominent now, as he prepares to go back to his office for the first time since that day when he rushed me to the emergency room; the both of us hoping that it was all a giant nightmare. I watch him pull on a plain blue button-down over his skin-tight undershirt and stiffly loop the buttons through their holes with trembling fingers. He tucks and untucks his shirt into his grey slacks four times before looping and buckling his belt. He twists his tie into a

double Windsor knot, his movements slow and robotic, as if he has to think through every step of a knot that a week and a half ago he tied while dancing around the kitchen and fixing our coffee.

I want to reach through my half-sleep to ask if he is okay, but I can't do it. I don't know why, maybe it's exhaustion. Maybe I am afraid of the answer, because if the strongest man I know is not okay, then there is no hope for me. It's probably nothing—he hasn't tied his tie in eleven days, that's all. He's fine.

He takes his black dress shoes off the rack that hangs on the inside of the closet door to bring them over to the foot of the bed, where he sits every weekday morning to put them on. As he turns around, he sees me watching him, and his face softens into a weary smile. His eyes are swollen from restless sleep, and he hasn't shaved in at least three days, but still he looks handsome.

"Hannah," he says softly, and then he crawls into bed next to me and curls his arms around my body. "I didn't know you were awake."

I make an incoherent sound, trying not to stiffen under his embrace. I don't know why, but ever since that day, I can't relax in his arms. His touch has always been the most comforting thing in the world, but now I somehow can't keep my spine from tensing and my lungs from constricting. I know he's noticed the difference, but he hasn't said anything about it.

"Should I stay?" Adam asks. "I don't have to go to work. I can take more time."

He said this to me at least fourteen times yesterday.

I shake my head, my short, dark hair catching the stubble on his chin.

"You sure?" His voice cracks mid-whisper.

"I'm sure. You should go. The doctor said it'd be better if we got back to our normal routine."

The doctor didn't say that, actually. He said that we should take all the time we needed to rest and to grieve. Adam knows this as well as I do—he was with me the whole time. But he doesn't press the matter, and I am grateful.

I am not sure of the moment he leaves for work. I had dozed off again in his arms, and I don't know how long he stayed with me before he slipped off the bed, pulled on his shoes, and backed his green truck out of the driveway.

In my dreams I keep reliving that horrible moment. Eleven days ago. A Thursday. I had planned on having lunch with Adam's mother. We were going to spend the afternoon picking out paint colors and bedspreads, and I knew I would end up faking enthusiasm over every outdated and tacky suggestion, then picking everything out with Adam another day. Thank God he didn't inherit his taste from her.

But all those silly plans were canceled when I woke up to stabbing pain and torrential bleeding. Funny how something that normally happens every month can suddenly become your worst nightmare.

I screamed, and Adam was in the bathroom seconds later holding me as I vomited, trying to get me cleaned up and clothed, carrying me out to the truck, and driving me to the emergency

room. Poor guy didn't know what to do. He just kept touching my knee, squeezing my hand, and saying, "I gotcha," because there was nothing else to say.

We've said very few words since then. It's like we're on opposite sides of a glass door. We can see each other, we can place our palms perfectly aligned against the glass, but no matter how close we get we can't seem to really touch.

I spent the next eight and a half days after in bed, and the torrents continued, the tempest ravaging the life inside of me. It was too early to know the gender, but Adam and I both had this gut feeling that we were having a she. We called her Charlotte—*Charlie*. And it would be an easy switch to Charles if we turned out to be wrong. All that time I laid there wondering what most people do with the name they've chosen. Do they recycle it for the next baby and pretend the first one never happened? It seemed so insensitive, like the baby who died didn't count;

she was just a practice run. If we'd lost an eight-year-old, we wouldn't give any other child the same name. It would seem like we were trying to replace the irreplaceable.

Which led me back to the question of getting pregnant again. That seemed impossible. It seemed like I would never stop bleeding. And if I did, would another baby be safe inside me? It wasn't for baby Charlie. Maybe I drank too much coffee, maybe I took too many walks, maybe I didn't do enough yoga or eat enough protein. Maybe she didn't hear my voice enough, maybe I was too

**He just kept touching
my knee, squeezing
my hand, and saying,
"I gotcha,"
because there was
nothing else to say.**

grouchy with Adam, maybe I was somehow unfit to carry life. Maybe I ran too fast to the bathroom every time morning sickness set in, maybe I didn't pray enough, or maybe I used soaps with too many parabens in them.

And worst of all—maybe it would happen again.

I had never felt so weak and tiny as I did sitting in that bland, boxy hospital room under the flickering fluorescent lights with a paper-thin gown loosely covering me, fastened only by a few strings tied along my spine. I couldn't bring myself to cry, and I couldn't even look at Adam. I had lost my baby and my dignity. I felt like that nine-year-old again, scared and embarrassed, sitting in the elementary school nurse's office with her secret exposed to everyone.

A nurse I hadn't seen before came in to check my temperature and blood pressure before I was dismissed, even though three other nurses already checked them in the time that I was there.

The nurse had bags under her eyes, rough, dry hands, and the demeanor of someone who had been up all night and didn't want to look at another patient or even another human being. She tore off the blood pressure cuff with a sharp sound and said, "All right, you're good to go."

"Wait," I said, grabbing her wrist in a moment of desperation that she was clearly not inclined to deal with. "What do I do?"

I was almost begging. I don't know what I expected or wanted her to say to me. Maybe the same thing I wanted to hear from Adam but was afraid to ask because I was afraid of the answer, or maybe I was afraid he wouldn't understand. I needed to know that it wasn't my fault, that it wouldn't happen again, that I couldn't have done anything differently. I needed to know

that Charlotte didn't feel any pain, that this was somehow better for her.

The nurse sighed and picked up my chart. She clicked the button of her pen up and down and said, calmly but hastily, as if it had been rehearsed a hundred times, "You'll experience some heavy bleeding and cramping for about a week. You might notice some tissue and clotting.

You can use a heating pad and take Tylenol or Motrin for the pain. Drink a lot of water and take it easy." And then she was gone.

What do I do when my baby just died?

I could hear Adam quietly crying next to me, but still I couldn't shed a tear as long as anyone was in the room. I just stared into the vacant space where the nurse had been, wishing she was still there, wishing I could grab the neckline of her ugly pink scrubs and scream into her haggard face.

I knew my anger was unfounded. I knew it wasn't her fault. But there had been more, *so* much more, to my question. I know what to do about a bad period. I'm a grown woman, for God's sake. I'm not nine years old anymore.

What do I do when my baby just died?

Last night, the night before Adam's first day back at work, he tried to make love to me. I didn't know why he wanted to. I had hardly moved from the bed in ten days. I needed to change the white linen sheets—they smelled like sweat and tears and unwashed hair. But he still crawled on top of me. My flat belly caved in under the stroke of his fingers, and my neck curled away from his burrowed chin. Every inch of me retreated, and despite his whispering, "Hannah . . . please," I pressed my palms against

his chest and gently pushed him away.

His soft grey eyes misted over with more concern than hurt, and he asked me, "You aren't still bleeding, are you, baby?" We both winced at his word choice.

I hadn't bled in two days. But I so badly wanted to tell him yes so that I would at least have a reason for not letting him touch me. A reason that I could explain, that he wouldn't question, and that wouldn't hurt him. But I had to tell him the truth because a lie would have resulted in a worried husband and an unnecessary trip back to the hospital.

"No," I whispered. "I'm not."

I couldn't say anything else. I couldn't look in his eyes: those eyes that I had never said no to until now.

He laid down on his back next to me, facing the ceiling. An invisible line stood between us.

I finally can't stay in bed anymore. So much rest has made me feel like I've been hit by a train; funny how it works backwards sometimes. I poke around the dark house, I change the soiled bedsheets, and I listen to the concerned voicemails left by Adam's mother. She is the only one who knows what happened, and if I'd had it my way, we wouldn't have told anyone at all for at least a few more weeks.

She left at least one message every day.

"Hannah? Honey, how are you doing?"

"I made a casserole for you and Adam. I'll drop it by this afternoon."

"This happens, honey. You've got to just keep going. Please pick up the phone . . ."

"Do you want me to come clean the house for you?"

I delete each one of them without listening to the whole way through.

It irritates me when I realize she's right—my house is a mess. I pick up a laundry basket and slowly gather all of the dirty clothes around the house, still feeling tired and achy. Adam has a habit of leaving socks and T-shirts in random places, so laundry has always been a scavenger hunt. I wash all of the clothes we've worn over the past week and a half, which for me is only sweatpants and tank tops.

I haven't bothered to open the blinds, so the afternoon slips away into dusk without my noticing. I can hear Adam's truck pulling up the driveway as I stack the piles of clean, folded laundry into his dresser.

I open his empty sock drawer. Something rattles in the back as it slides across the track, and I pull it open farther to see what's inside. It isn't like Adam to hide things. I reach in, and what I see in my hand makes me feel like I'm going to vomit.

"Hannah?" I hear him call as he bounds up the stairs. "I'm home."

He comes and stands in the doorway, his eyes wide with guilt as he sees what is in my hand.

I recognize it right away. It was the pregnancy test I had taken six weeks ago, still reading positive.

"You kept this?" I choke. "Why?"

He swallows, scratching nervously at his beard. "I found it in the trash after . . . that day."

I had planned on keeping it. A weird thing to put in a scrapbook, but I didn't care. After that day I couldn't look at it again.

"You dug it out?" I ask, still holding it, but unable to look.

He walks toward me slowly, as if the floor between us were a thin sheet of ice. "It's all I have of Charlie. All *we* have."

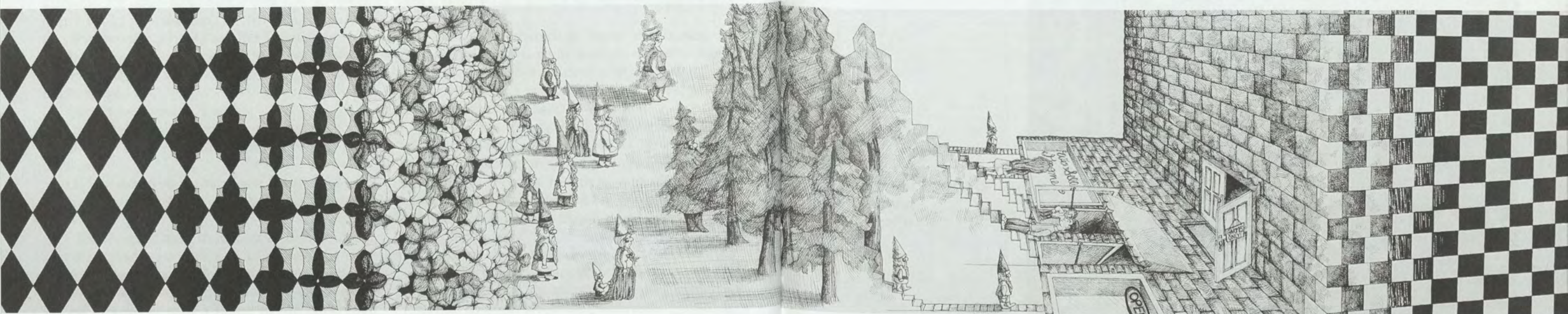
I try to hold back the tears, but they begin to spill down my face.

In the Aftermath

He cradles my cheeks in his palms, stroking away my tears with his rough thumbs. "I lost her too, Hannah."

He puts his arms around me, and this time I don't push him away.

• • •



The Journey
Danielle Graves
Micron pen 10"x45"

Best of Poetry

A Taste of Divinity

Jeffery Naue

What is it we feel
But with an untouched presence
Deific sentience

From beyond this life
Supernatural release
Freed from what binds us

Remember the Cats

Devan Smith

Watercolor 15"x24"





Skyline

Noah Leigh

Digital photograph 2536×1392

God Presses Fast Forward
Chad Hankins
Cast aluminum 5"x3.5"x3.5"





Self Portrait in Sunhat

Alexis Nunnelly

Oil on canvas 22"x30"

Finger Painting

Best of Nonfiction

by John Erby

“We’re going to see your Daddy today,” said my grandmother with one eye on me, the other on one of the soap operas she watched religiously; one hand held a pick, the other the phone. “That son of a bitch,” she yelled. “Carrie left her home and job for him and he slept with Mona?”

She was referring to the soap opera. I could tell because the music got slow and dramatic, and every camera shot was a gradual close up. I’d been staying with my grandmother while my mother was in the hospital. Therefore, if I had nothing better to do, I was watching the soap operas with my grandmother. Although, I didn’t mind it considering how much larger her still small home was in comparison to the tiny apartment that my mother and I lived in; at least this was an actual house.

My grandmother picked at my curls until I was in agony. She would say that I had “that good hair” and to “quit faking crying.” She did all this while at the same time talking on the phone to her friend who lived just two houses down the street. They would speak on the phone while they watched TV. I wondered why they didn’t visit each other and watch these shows together. She always complained about the phone bill.

My grandmother called the soap operas her “shows,” which confused me. Did she own those shows? Did she have some control over them? Adults seemed to enjoy saying things to confuse me. I remember begging my mother for a Happy Meal and her telling me that we didn’t have “McDonald’s money.” For years I believed that

McDonald’s had their own form of currency that you had to obtain to purchase their food. There are many things that I didn’t understand in my youth that I understand now, but there are still some things that evade my comprehension.

We piled into my grandmother’s Lincoln: me, my Aunt Billy Ann, and my Uncle Tim, with my grandmother in the driver’s seat.

“I have another surprise for you,” she said, pulling the big old white Continental out of the driveway. “We’re going to stop and pick up your mom.”

I hadn’t seen my mother in what seemed like forever and I couldn’t wait to be in her arms again. My grandmother had told me that my mom had some “problems,” and the people at the hospital were helping her with them. It had always been just my mother and I; we were a team and I missed her dearly. I didn’t miss my father at all. The most obvious explanation was because I’d only seen him a handful of times, and how can you miss something that you’ve never had? Plus I didn’t want anyone to break up our team.

I’d seen pictures of my father and my mother holding me as an infant, standing in front of a collection of odd backdrops of woods; my father always wearing the same uniform with his name and a set of numbers. I had spoken to him on the phone a few times. He had a high, soft voice like Aaron Neville. He would tell me he loved me and missed me, but I never quite knew how to respond to someone who was basically a stranger. I didn’t know how to speak with my own father. Besides, I wasn’t sure whether to believe him or not.

As we drove, my Uncle Tim teased and tickled me. He was always in a good mood despite the shitty cards that life had dealt him. He was very kind but of below average intelligence and had difficulties with school. This led to a life of manual labor that had beaten his body down. He walked hunched over as if he were in the middle of crouching for a coin on the ground. Three days before Christmas the year before, while on a date, my Uncle Tim's car broke down during a snowstorm. He'd worked as a mechanic before so he got out and popped the hood to see what was wrong. Meanwhile, a drunk driver careened down the hill behind him. The car fishtailed and the driver over-corrected, sending his car head-on into Uncle Tim's car, with Tim in-between.

I never questioned why they would sequester themselves to their rooms and tell me they'd be out later.

The impact shattered most of the bones in his right leg and nearly severed it completely. The drunk backed his car up and sped off, leaving them alone with no transportation in a blizzard.

Uncle Tim's girlfriend thought fast and covered Tim up to his hips in snow and took off through the dark looking for help. Uncle Tim lived, but he lost his leg that night and the drunk driver was never found.

The old Lincoln pulled up in front of the hospital and there was my mom waiting outside. She got into the backseat with me and I hugged her so tight that a tornado could've picked us up and we would have landed still clutched together.

Her eyes were clear and her motor skills seemed normal. I liked her better when she was like this.

"When will you be home?" I asked her.

"Very soon," she said. This answer was sufficient for me. No definite time frame could replace the hopeful suddenness of "soon."

While we drove, my mother joked with my Aunt Billy Ann. She was my favorite aunt—she called me Super J—and I spent much of my time glued to her. Aunt Billy Ann slept in the bedroom down the hall from my grandmother. I never thought about why all my aunts and uncles lived with my grandma. I never questioned why they would sequester themselves to their rooms and tell me they'd be out later. Later usually meant much, much later, and when they finally came out, they looked different. Their eyes wandered and they either couldn't sit still or could barely move. "Super J" is all she could mutter when she came out of her room. She'd kiss my head and tell me it was late and time for bed. Sometimes I'd sleep in her bedroom, but once, I wet the bed. Although she assured me everything was okay, I once peed the bed at a sleepover with a friend and he didn't talk to me anymore. I was afraid that if I did it again my favorite aunt wouldn't want to be my friend. From then on I slept in my grandma's bed and endured her horrible snoring.

My Aunt Billy Ann died when I was thirteen. Her liver made a bargain with her heart and they both went out on her at the same time, in the middle of the night. My Uncle Willie found her the next morning, slumped head first over the side of her bed with the house phone in her hand, a busy tone humming because my grandma had left the phone off the hook to avoid late phone calls waking her. Willie never told grandma about the phone; no one has. She couldn't take it.

Finger Painting

After a long drive the car pulled up in front of what looked like a castle. I remember thinking as I hopped out of the car that my dad's house was huge. It was all brick with a big gate and a guard, and the biggest fence I'd ever seen wrapped all the way around his property with some spiky stuff at the top. We walked through the gate and then a door that led to a waiting room with families sitting all around. The inside didn't look like a house at all. There were vending machines, a water fountain, men's and women's restrooms, and a big steel door with a clock above it. We waited for what seemed like forever.

Then a man walked through that enormous steel door with a clipboard.

"Erby family," he hollered.

We all stood up and followed the man back through the door. The sound of it closing behind us echoed throughout the hallway. We walked up to a man who told us to stick our arms out and spread our legs. I wondered why he was doing this. Was he a doctor giving us a checkup? If so, he forgot to knock on my knee to see if it jumps.

We took a right down an even longer hallway and arrived at a little booth with bars hanging down halfway and people sitting on the other side, their faces obscured. My mother held me in her arms, and I watched as they took her fingers and dipped them in ink and pressed them on a sheet of paper. Then they took my fingers and did the same. This whole experience was so foreign and new that I was overwhelmed with anticipation of what would happen next. It definitely wasn't a house. Maybe it's a giant apartment complex with big nice apartments the size of normal homes, I thought.

We walked through another gigantic steel door and immediately had to stop because of the large

bars that stood in front of us. They shut the huge steel door behind us and a buzzer rang and the door to our cage opened. We walked into a large room filled with circular tables. A nice black lady police officer with curly, shiny hair gave me some blank paper and crayons to color with. I asked for a pencil, but she said we weren't allowed to have any pointy objects. I wasn't sure why, but I knew that Grandma wouldn't be able to run her pick through my hair in this place.

I had two red crayons and one blue one. Why two red ones? I don't know; maybe the lady was colorblind. I started to draw but noticed that when I put my hand on the paper it left smudges from the ink still on my fingertips. So I set down the crayons and began painting a picture for my dad. I made clouds and used the red crayon for the sun and the blue for the sky. I drew me, mom, and dad all holding hands. I colored in the spots around the smudges and marveled at my masterpiece.

Another loud buzzer went off and a man I'd seen in pictures walked through the door. He was black and going bald. He looked older than my mom, but the thing that really stood out was how muscular he was. To a boy who loves wrestling and comic books, a man built like a superhero was amazing. He approached the table and received a group hug from everyone. I followed suit, not out of love, but because it seemed like what I was supposed to do.

He gave my mother a big hug and kiss. I'd never seen my mom kiss anyone like that. Then he got down on one knee and reached his hands out and picked me up with one arm, like I was a leaf; his strength astounded me. I asked him if I could feel his muscles and he said yes. As I reached out for his arm he flexed it and the giant bicep muscle grew even larger, as hard as a rock.

He asked me how I was doing in school and who my favorite basketball player was, but all I could do was stare at the scars on his skin. It looked like he'd been burned all over. He had two scars on his right arm, like big patches of leather, but the burn marks on his left arm were in defined shapes that I couldn't quite understand, like hieroglyphics. I was mesmerized by his finely tuned wounds. He was a god.

The visit came to an end and we had to say goodbye, but now I at least could tell my friends I had a dad, and I could confidently say that he could beat up their dads. I never asked him what kind of home it was or why he always wore the same uniform or any of the millions of questions that I had. I was never good at expressing my thoughts in the moment I thought them. I hoped my finger painting would suffice.

The second we exited the gates of the prison I became sullen, knowing that my father wasn't coming with us and that we'd soon be dropping mom back off at the hospital. I wanted a family like the other kids at school. I was already the only kid in a small private school who wasn't white. When kids would ask about my father I'd make up lies like when I told a story about his experiences in the Marines. If they asked about my mother I'd just say she was sick and the doctor didn't know what was wrong. The pity I received from people was quite off-putting. I didn't want their pity; I wanted their normal lives.

We dropped my mother back off and I cried the rest of the way back to my grandmother's. When we arrived my aunt and uncles retreated to their rooms and shut the doors, and my grandmother got on the phone. I went out to the backyard and sat on a fallen tree branch. Being alone wasn't anything new to me, but it hit harder following the

events of the day. There was an old tree with a box crate nailed to it, simulating a basketball goal, that seemed to be a good foot higher than a real one. I threw rocks through it until it got dark, wishing I was at home with my mom and dad. I wasn't sure if I had a real family or not. What's the definition of a family? It's like the difference between a home and a house. I didn't know the difference; I'd always lived in a tiny apartment.



Ospreys in Tandem

Barbara Jenkins

His wings, once white and full, were molting
and becoming as limp as his eyes
his flights lacked the steady strength of his younger days,
rising from his perch, an agonizing achievement,
one he labored only for her

her feathers no longer glistening in the sunlight,
her talons, worn and warped, struggled to trap the trout,
searching for their sustenance
like hunting a snowflake in an avalanche,
her previously piercing eyesight ebbed away like the tide,

she flew close to the surface to spot the prey,
that he could rest his weary wings, and
when her grip would slip, he achingly alighted, helping
secure their meager maritime meal, to
share in succulent silence,

as the years pounding with the waves
on the shore they had adhered to,
by instinct, she toiling and he
together built a formidable fortress,
to hatch their chirping chicks

the cooing couple endured flying north,
the sweltering sun transforming the sound
into a forsaken sauna,
they returned south when frost nipped their delicate down,
locating their lingering lair was an enterprise of sense

as they neared their next migration,
both perceiving that one may return alone, they hungered
to stave off that reviled reward, to
prolong their time together,
and soar in tandem to their terminal abode.

Temptation in the Woods

Benjamin Marcus

I came upon the edge
of a moss-laden forest.
Red-green, fallen giants
on moistened ground found rest.
Wells of wind casted colors
from its dewy walls,
finding rest on swells of songs
in the cold din of some suburbia.

I ran, fleet-footed 'round
to a clearing made by one
as curious as me.
Trodden paths, avoiding sun
led to cyclones of brown
intertwining with red,
fallen leaves swept by blue
winds from earthen trees.
The wind beat me back,
yet I persisted.
A weary whine carried
a dreary missive
so I stopped —

"Mind the familiar foot
that made these tracks.
Turn your look on
lesser known paths."

I have no trust for you.
Lay your warning
on those who would
ignore this impassioned view.
—I stepped through
thorny rose branches
clawing claiming scratches
on my pride and advances.
Soon I left them both.
My feet flew over my head
as festooning reds
covered every bit of my flesh.

In a moment I was cast
bare and bereft to behold
a moss-laden giant
feeling familiar and cold.
Not knowing how I arrived,
but my feet not forgetting,
I followed each heavy step
to a path that a man
more experienced than I had left.

Dry Summer

D. L. Nuzum

At dawn, I water flowers
and pull weeds. I pick up trash
dropped since the morning before
—smashed Styrofoam
from 32-ounce cups,
King Cobra bottles
without a drop left—
always hoping for less
to send to the landfill.

In the backyard, a robin
pants in the shade of scraggly
chicory stems, and I set
a plate out, nestle it
beneath wilting Queen Anne's Lace,
fill it with water
until it overflows.

When a distant siren wakes me,
I remember stirring beside you,
startled by a Barred Owl,
calling for company in the pitch-
dark, receiving no answer,
and I miss your breath against my neck.

So this morning I pick up more
evidence of insatiable thirst,
pull weeds growing where I water.
Perhaps tonight I will call you.
At dusk, I see the robin drink.

Strung Up

Alexis Nunnelly
Mixed media 22"x51"





Top Heavy

Aleya Lanteigne

Walnut, red oak, maple plywood, maroon paint 54"x10"x18"

Covered
Amy Applegate
Oil on canvas 44"x60"





Out on the Boat
Amy Applegate
Oil on canvas 44" x 60"



Contributors

Amy Applegate is a junior Painting major at Herron School of Art and Design. She plans on pursuing either her MFA or her MA in Art Therapy after she completes her undergraduate degree.

Rachel Dupont is a junior at IUPUI studying Creative Writing. Her dream is to be a fiction author, and if that doesn't work out she's going to go somewhere warm and study sharks and maybe swim with orca whales.

John Erby was trying to write his piece through not necessarily his voice as a child, but through his eyes, only showing what he noticed when he was a kid.

Danielle Graves is now a sophomore working on her Bachelor's Degree in Illustration at Herron School of Art and Design.

Chad Hankins explores the movement of still forms in his piece "God Presses Fast Forward."

Adrienne Hirsch is a crazy cat lady.

Barbara Jenkins is happily married with two wonderful, grown children. She earned a two-year Business Certificate from IUPUI in 1987 and returned as a part-time student in 2008 to complete a Bachelor's degree in English and a minor in Psychology. After graduating in 2014, she hopes to start a career in writing, editing, or marketing.

Aleya Lanteigne is a junior working on her BFA at Herron School of Art and Design, double majoring in Furniture Design and Sculpture. She plans to further her education in furniture design by going to graduate school and then pursuing a career as an art maker.

Noah Leigh is a sophomore studying Computer Science, but his real passion has been photography for many years. His current camera is his iPhone 4, which he makes the most of.

Benjamin Marcus likes to ponder beyond the blue yonder free from a flake of concern. He's an English Literature major from the Indianapolis area who wears loud boots and enjoys old blues music.

Kris Mobley is an Art History major at Herron School of Art and Design. This portrait pictures an aspiring jazz drummer with whom he once worked at Starbucks. The title is a reference to the Hard Traveling Heroes storyline in DC's *Green Lantern/Green Arrow* comics of the 1970s.

Jeffery Naue hopes his poem will encourage readers to ponder and seek after that "untouched presence." Whether it's the universe, the power of our own thoughts, or God, it does have the ability to set us free. Accept its power, forgive yourself, forgive others, and enjoy the grace of freedom.

Alexis Nunnelly is an undergraduate student at Herron School of Art and Design pursuing her BFA in Painting. Using her preferred medium of oil paint, she holds interest in the figure as a way of engaging conversation about sexuality, intimacy, and the female perspective. She has plans to continue to grad school upon graduation.

D. L. Nuzum is currently finishing her graduate degree in English and Certificate in Teaching Writing, which is a task complicated by life, death, marriage, and the hunting ranges of Snowy Owls.

Contributors

Lynnette Sauer is a third-year student of Painting, Management, and International Studies. Generally, she's interested in understanding Truth and Beauty; specifically, in business as a way of understanding how the world works, and in art as a means of communicating what we know.

Devan Smith attends Herron School of Art and Design with a focus in Sculpture and works full time as a tattoo artist at Artistic Skins in Fountain Square.

Byron Wolfe loves art and it has always had a deep meaning to him. Loss has been a big factor in his life, and this table shows that remembering those lost is a part of everyday life and "supports" our everyday living.

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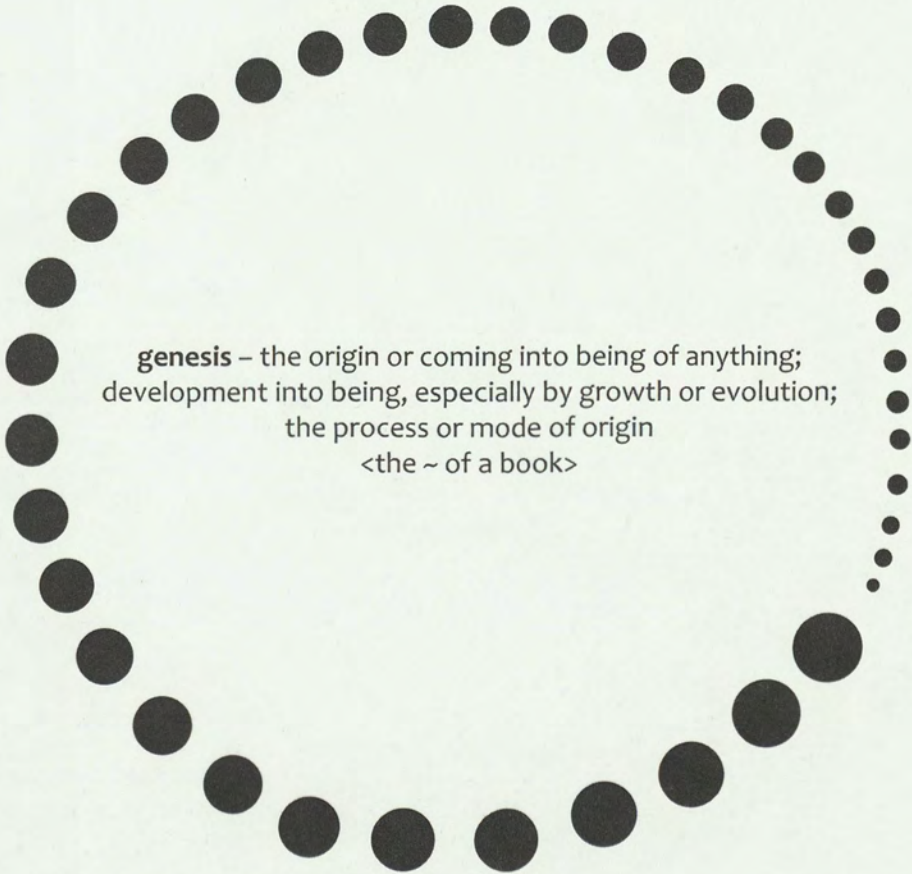
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