

genesis

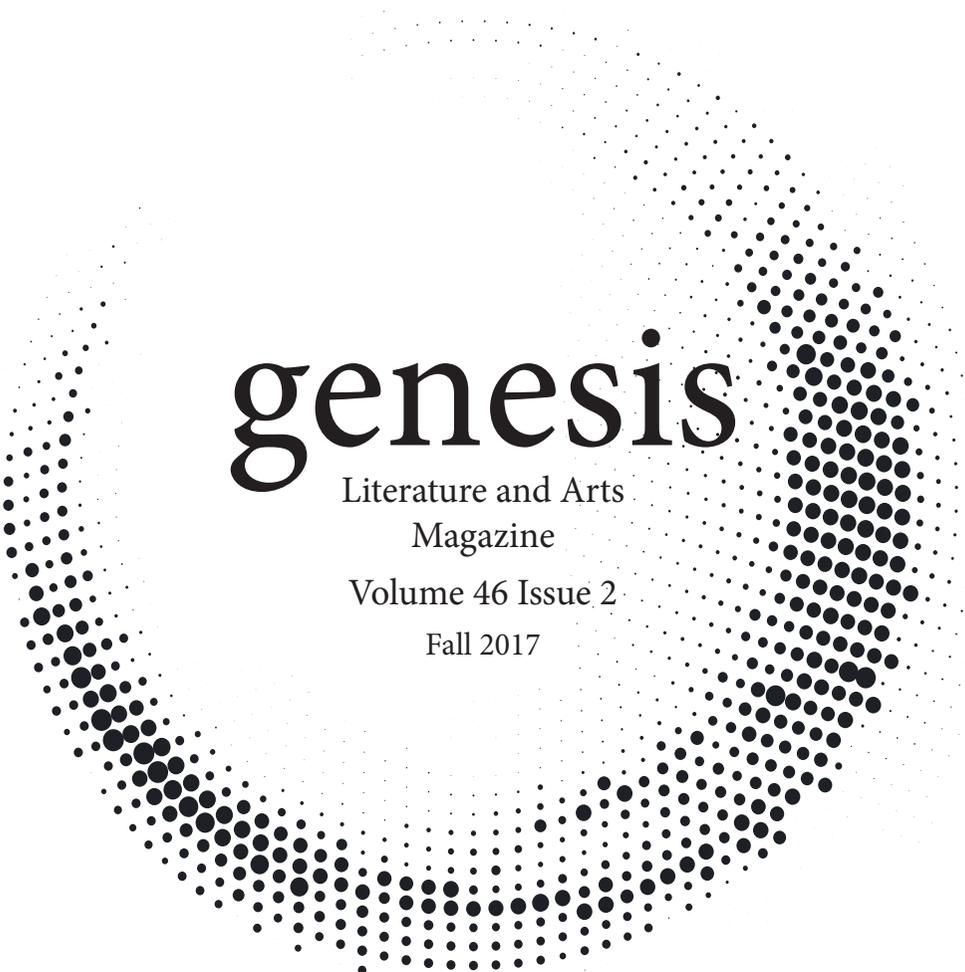
Literature and Art Magazine

Fall 2017

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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genesis

Literature and Arts
Magazine

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Letter from the Editors

Dear Reader,

Thank you for picking up a copy of our Fall 2017 issue of *genesis*. It has been a joy, and a challenge, reviewing all the submissions the staff received this semester. Our submitters' creativity in their work and passion for their craft continues to amaze the staff each semester. In this issue, we're proud to bring you a diverse collection of works, from new voices to some returning favorites.

The featured contributors worked hard for their inclusion. As authors, artists, or poets, they know the looming threat of rejection. Every creative mind faces it. What makes great writers and artists is not just what they create, but also how they handle the rejection. We were honored that many of our contributors this semester, despite initial rejections, utilized our suggestions for revision and resubmitted. That tenacity and courage in the face of rejection is what makes working on *genesis* a pleasure

To all of our readers, who have carried us and continue to carry us in your backpacks and handbags, to and from your classes, we are so grateful. We thank you for all the support you give us in our mission to showcase the incredible abilities and diversity of the students at IUPUI. Please continue reading and, if the spark of imagination ignites, submitting. Without you, *genesis*, would not exist.

Ashley Williams and Matthew Daugherty
Managing Editors

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Liquids	Ben Levart
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Birth Giver

Best of Poetry

Piper Rowley

She is an emotional, infrequent phone call
late in the evening.

Small and fragile.
Tiny, breakable, fleeting.
The abruptness of her fragility
has winded me.
She has been shrinking in my hands for years,
eventually,
she will disappear.

I remember her blank white skin
and long, small-town ponytail
only from pictures.
Her skin is leather brown now,
cluttered with ink
as incomprehensible
as her thoughts.
She has a wispy, dyed-black bob now,
graying severely at her temples.
Long hours,
hard drinking,
a-pack-a-day,
childhood trauma,
adult mistakes
gray.

Her body is a collection of unpredictable slopes
and swells.
Celluloid divots and aged stretchmarks.
Dispersed round nipples, a relic from her child-bearing,
and a jutting scar above her navel,
evidence of poor health.
Short legs and long torso,

carried by pink soles,
cracked and calloused.

Her face has become gaunt and exhausted,
lined with deep regrets and troubles.
She looks older than her years.
Blue eyes
soul-aching vacancy or
a pale and unforgiving landscape,
wintry and vicious when provoked.

She is unapologetic wine stains on carpet,
diet Mountain Dew mixed with vodka breath.
Absent apologies,
scatterbrained advice,
and subjective, inconsistent realities.

She is a familiar ghost,
a source of shame,
a place of guilt,
the origin of homesickness.

She has always been a memory.
The possibility of unhappiness
heirloom of imbalanced chemicals
dormant in my veins
I was born trying to escape.

Her angry missed calls collect
unheard in my inbox.



Bloom

Olivia Wilkins
Chalk Pastel

Visiting Hours

Trenna Soderling

I pushed my hands through my hair, leaning against the window of my car. Everything about today threatened to push me over the edge: the stopped traffic on the highway, the sky, which couldn't decide if it was raining or not, the way the air conditioning blew on my face no matter which direction I pushed the vents. I looked at the newspaper on the passenger seat again, the one that had now been there for four months. Its pages were creased, the pictures sun-faded, but the article I had fixated on, had obsessively read, lay facedown.

I sneered at it, cursing myself for leaving it there. I should have thrown it away months ago. I could have spared myself the visceral disgust I felt as I looked at the finely printed lines tattooing the pages. Instead, I let it linger, let it sit there and mock me every time I saw it.

Looking back to the road, I saw the miles of traffic surrounding me. The line of stopped trucks, RVs, and motorcycles was so irritating my skin began to itch all over, a rash of stress coating my body. I leaned my face into the air again, felt the hairs whip my face, leaned out of the wind's path, checked the map to see how much longer it would be. Thirty more minutes. Thirty more minutes of the newspaper staring at me and the engines rumbling and the vents and the sky's indecisiveness. I turned off the air and rolled down the windows. Using the opportunity to glance around, I saw buffaloes fenced into a large pasture, out of place in the surrounding cornfields and prairies. Looking at them, I had to laugh. Of course they would box up animals here as well, keep the migratory creatures trapped over the space of a few miles.

The line of cars inched forward momentarily and stopped again. I slammed on the brakes and screamed in frustration, hitting my hands on the wheel. An elderly man in the car next to me saw me, put his hand over his heart, and smiled. I flipped him off and pulled forward, out of his line of sight. I fiddled with the radio, turned it on and then off again. I put my hair in a precarious bun on top of my head. Took it out. Picked at the remaining rose gold nail polish on my fingernails. Tapped my fingers against the steering wheel. The dashboard. My leg. After an eternity of waiting, I saw my destination in the distance. It had to be the jail. Nowhere else would have that many fences.

I pulled into the parking lot and approached the building, expecting high metal gates and spools of three-foot barbed wire topping the fences. Instead, I was met with tan, cinder block walls and a huge metal door with a disproportionately small window set in the middle. The stone was almost worse than the fences; heavy, unyielding, secretive.

Pulling on the door, I felt the resistance of its weight.

The guard inside was just as unfriendly. I assume she had been hardened by years of watching children, spouses, and parents approach her with tear-lined eyes and shrunken shoulders. She had probably seen thousands, even hundreds of thousands of visitors walk by her into despair. Slowly, I approached her desk. She was fuzzy behind the fingerprint-smearing, bulletproof glass encasing her. Before I walked forward, she began speaking, a speech apparently so routine that she only glanced up from her monitor once while giving it.

“Take off your jacket, give me your phone, keys, wallet, and fill out this form.”

She pushed the paperwork and a pen through a slit in the bottom of the glass. I glanced over the pages, scanning for places to put my shaky initials. Once I had turned in the forbidden items and pushed the clipboard back under, she looked through the document with one hand held up, signaling me to wait for her approval. She remained disinterested as she read. After what felt like an eternity, she waved me forward and pushed a button that opened the next metal door with a deep buzzing sound.

The inside of the visiting room surprised me, a sea of tan jumpsuits and hung heads. Not like what you see in those prison TV shows, the ones with the orange and the yelling and the threats. At least not here, where visitors could see you. No, here it was just over-washed khaki and shame, nonviolent criminals clumped together to wait out their sentences.

As I looked around the room, a number was called over the intercom. I walked toward the one empty table left, a short square foot or two with a set of worn-down chairs placed around it. I tried to scoot in, wanting to hide more of my feet, but I found the chair wouldn't move, stuck in place not only by bolts but by years of rust cementing it to the stained tile floor. I sat there for a minute, avoiding eye contact with everyone around me, unsure of what to do now that I was stripped of my possessions. Over the sound of the conversations around me, I heard a door swing shut, the same metallic banging that had followed me into the room.

I looked up and saw him, the one island of familiarity in this place, the one thing that should have brought comfort, but didn't. I was suddenly aware of every muscle in my body; felt my lips twitch downward and my stomach heave and my chest contract and the blood rush to my hands, then my feet, constantly downward, away from my brain. As he walked towards me I stood up, sat down, stood up. It was only as I was falling again that he reached me, grabbed for my hands, and held me as I tried to remain upright.

“Hi, dad,” I said.

I fell against him, felt the rise and fall of his breathing as I used him

for support. I was buried against his chest, the way I used to hide when I was little and we would watch Star Wars and Darth Vader came on the screen. Unfortunately, the disinterested guard picked that moment to look out into the room.

“Move apart.” Her voice echoed between my ears, made me acutely aware that I was not at home, that I was here, in a prison, visiting my father.

I let go and stood on my side of the table, pausing a moment before I sat down. His movements slowly mirrored mine.

“How are you?” I asked quietly.

He looked around and shrugged.

“I’m here,” he said.

The drab faces encircling my vision on all sides painted a grim vision of his experience, a prison purgatory—in low-security, but imprisoned nonetheless. He was subject to searches, made to stay in line, to tolerate verbal abuse from those corralling him. At least that was the one thing those shows all got right: these were not people. They were numbers, dehumanized and disregarded.

“So, how have you been?” he began awkwardly.

“Good, it’s been good. I got the lead in the school play,” I said. “Sandy, from Grease.”

I saw his look of shock and pride. It had taken me four years to prove my talent to my director, to get the female lead in any show, let alone a musical.

“Wow, I bet that’ll be really great.”

“Yeah, thanks. I’ll make sure to record it for you.”

As we sat there in the hours we were allotted, he told me stories of the other inmates. I knew he was trying to convince himself that he didn’t belong there, that he was saner, less dangerous than the prisoners surrounding him.

“One of these guys, Bill, his new thing is alligator soup.”

“Alligator soup?”

“It was a teapot full of cafeteria beef and water.”

I tried not to gag and instead let him purge the stories from his system. The more I learned, the more uncomfortable I became, picturing the dad I had grown up with dropped here. There would be no mixtapes or chocolate-covered blueberries, no driving around on brick roads or watching old movies. He was stuck here, with alligator soup and khaki jumpsuits and thick, brick walls enclosing him.

I looked at him again and saw not my father, but what the guards, the taxpayers, the law saw him as. A middle-grade drug dealer. Not

society's biggest threat, but an outlaw nonetheless, someone who needed to be locked away in order to send the message that his behavior wasn't tolerated, that he wasn't tolerated. I rocked back and forth in my rusted chair, holding back tears, unable to listen to him anymore. He stopped his story and asked me if I was alright. I inhaled, the breaths catching in my chest. I couldn't answer him, could only ask a question in return.

"Why are you here? Why did you do the things that got you here?"

He stared at me, caught off guard by my question. Confrontation was not a trait of mine; it never had been. We sat in silence for a while before he finally answered.

"I don't know."

It wasn't an answer, but he was never good at those. Lack of explanation had followed every familial tragedy, like when his father died or he lost his job or when he left my mother. I went to the bathroom to blow my nose, then returned to finish listening to his stories. My recovery was quick; unknowns were my norm.

At last, visiting hours released their clutch on me. I tried to figure out a way to stop my heart from beating against my chest, tried to mentally reach inside myself and push it into place as I said goodbye, and gathered my belongings back from the guard. It took all of my power not to sprint back to the parking lot, to keep my steps even and slow. When I finally reached my car, I opened the door and slid into the seat, only to be greeted by the newspaper.

I leaned over and grabbed it, crumpling the pages beneath my fist, obscuring the story I practically knew by heart.

Cross-Country Drug Bust Incriminates Dozens.

A list of names, punctuated by line breaks, committing his identity to a felony for the rest of his life. The ink had soaked into the pages, black-and-white representations of a three-dimensional whole. The people who read the article would never know the way he watched golf because it reminded him of his father or the frustrated rasp his voice would get or how it felt to hug him after he came home from work. They would only ever know that he was part of a drug ring, that he had made a series of bad decisions and gotten caught, that he would face the consequences. They would never know his regret or his depression, would never hear the way he had apologized to me the first time I had spoken to him after he got caught. They would never know anything about him besides what was on that paper.

I sat in my car and tore up the article, piece by piece until no amount of puzzling could put it back together. The gas pedal hit the floor as I drove out of the parking lot, accelerating away from the jail, past the buffaloes, back to my now-fatherless home. As I sped down the highway away from the jail, I grabbed the pieces of newspaper off my lap and threw them out the window, letting them stream behind me.



Vulnerable
(from the "Society" Collection)

Paul Williams
Raku-Fired Clay



The Trumpeter

Lynzi Stringer
Photography

My home is home to many

Mario Stone

written @ Saint Matthew's House, homeless shelter in Collier County, Florida

Here time is sharp, cuts lights
out at ten as the lingering chatter dies down
like gossip found out.

Music persists
but louder than headphones are the snores
and sharper than time are the coughs
sporadically torn from
dry,
jagged
throats and wet
lungs.

It's half past two
and a hack of a cough is killed
in a pillow—a snuffle blips,
the night's most humble sound,
and the bite on my thigh
the loudest by far. Jealous,
the bites on my arms scream
to the bites on my calves
and the bites on my ankles,
a choir of fire. Nails
tearing skin add to the din,
and so it goes on—
cough itch scratch itch
itch cough itch scratch.
Itch.
Itch.

Sleep's no escape
as I wake to find
the black bed
bugs scurrying

My home is home to many

bloated
off me.

My nose curls
as I
jab
and feel
them crush
beneath my disgust
to red
fetid memories
on white sheets.

Relax

I take a deep breath
and let myself feel
my shirt shifting on my skin,
the night's only caress
except for my pen.



Flower

Connor Stump
Digital Painting

Paper Lanterns

Kate Marquam

the ghosts of the undead write
themselves into the strangest
places. the signature in a painting

on my wall, the restaurant I walk
past weekly but haven't entered
since the holiday art gala when

he wore Levis with a suit jacket,
swirling wine in the bottom of a blue
plastic cup printed with the name

of a charity. after dinner while everyone
was laughing he told me that September
Tenth of 2001 he was in the twin

towers, and what if the planes
had come a day early? then he pressed
a box of chocolates into my hand

and wished me a Merry Christmas.
I didn't throw the tin away until
I moved six years later. sometimes

I worry that I loved him into non-
existence, that I mistook my own
poems for answers, like when I wrote

that his ribcage was made
of rice paper. he tore so easily
but goddamn, he could light up

a room. the ghosts of the undead
write themselves into the strangest

places, and when I say undead I mean

alive and maybe happy somewhere
else. I mean maybe someday we'll
walk into the same coffee shop

and I'll tell him that I've tried to write
myself out of loving him for three years now,
but still can't take his painting down.



Octo

Harrison Higgs
Photography

Standardized

Corey Cole

1. What is education?

- a. Memorization of facts, figures, names, and dates
filed not only in the yellowed, dusty pages
of countless forgotten volumes,
but the vulnerable gray of 56 million youth
given few alternatives.
- b. Operation of gridded assembly line
classrooms completing black and white
make-work assignments
to fill empty vessels
and earn graduation pink slips.
- c. Indoctrination into the majority
whose glaring stares bully
the kid with a smudged free lunch stamp
on his hand which fails to rise
to his heart
as they stand and pledge
allegiance to a flag they don't understand.

Perhaps, none of the above.

Perhaps, thirty minutes isn't enough
time to find the true blue of the sky you're painting
or the right line break
in your poem.

Perhaps, the warm-up
of a Zumba routine won't get your heart racing
and Ode to Joy
isn't all of Beethoven's Ninth
and god forbid we let you have recess.



8.25



380

Forever Moments.

Isaac Schmitt
Photography



accident



pinned

Dwarf Planet

Ronan Harkins

You only saw me as a vagabond among the stars
Left to float adrift with no sun to call home
Constantly being filtered through the vast vacuum of space
I made like Icarus toward any sign of hope
But fell just as he did

And if it would make you happy
I'd drown with you in Neptune's waters
Because swimming in oblivion would be better
than enduring the distance between your flames and me
I'd propose to you with Saturn's rings
We'll swing amongst the debris of asteroids and tilt their orbit

We can honeymoon on Venus
And raise a family on Mercury
They are the only two planets in your solar system without a moon
They look only to you
Solitary in their revolutions

I almost didn't realize that there were bigger things
Than the ocean or the hundred-year-old sycamore
But you are bigger and brighter
Than anything that could ever grow inside of me

There are 92 million miles of emptiness between you and me
I long for the day that you'll reach out with burning hands
And take into your burning arms
All the lonely planets
Although a millennium seems too long
To have never touched the ones you love



if lovin screw is wrong, I don't
wanna be right

Will Knapp
Ink with Digital Color



Liquids

Ben Levart
Photography

Beauty

Best of Nonfiction

Elizabeth Coffman-Mackey

This is Danville, Illinois. It's the summer of 2003—June, to be more specific. The sky is blue, so bright it looks almost white, and it's the annual Arts in the Park festival. Heat waves shimmer just above the tar-black pavement of the streets, and the whole of Lincoln Park is filled with the noise of brassy bands and chatter, the scent of burnt popcorn and popsicle juice. I am sprawled on the sidewalk, an array of chalk before me and my tongue stuck out as I try to sketch out my masterpiece with childish hands that grip thick stalks of chalk in tiny fists.

I'm baking in the sun, bare knees chafing against the grainy sidewalk when I color and shade at the top, and getting indented by emerald green grass when I move to work on the bottom. I'm chalk-streaked. I'm in the zone.

I have lost the competition once again.

There is a girl three sidewalk squares down who has recreated the American flag. It stretches from one side of the sidewalk to the other, and she's gone over each of the thirteen stripes so many times that the red of the flag actually looks red, not just the dusty-pink-gray that is the closest sidewalk chalk can approximate to my favorite color. All fifty stars are evenly lined up, and there is no sign of the cement under her flag. It's boring. It's unoriginal.

It wins.

Flies are buzzing around my forehead, attracted by the sheen of sweat all over me. My square of the sidewalk is not a bastion of color against the street. The lines are not clear, and the judges say when they think I am not in earshot that they do not know what it is.

I had been practicing for the competition for months. This piece of the sidewalk, it's the epitome of my art. What I colored was a map of my fantasy world. I tried to bring to life with pale pigment on the ground the world I played in inside my head. It was comprised of lush, rolling, green hills, thick pine forests, a clear, blue river, and fantasy-red fruits. In my head it is gorgeous. On the sidewalk, it looks like scribbles even though I am six and much too old to be scribbling.

Even then, I know it's not good. But still I am heartbroken when the judges do not call me for first, for second, for third, or for runner-up. I cry on the way home, my hands still covered in dust in every pastel shade Crayola could make.

This is not a story about art.

This is Indianapolis, Indiana, sitting on the edge of my seat waiting for my classmates to say what they thought of my story. It's autumn of 2017, but it's so hot and muggy outside that the air conditioner is blasting all through the classroom. There's an institutional chill in the room, and the nervous tapping of my feet on the linoleum floor makes a horrible plastic-slapping noise.

"All I had to say was 'damn,'" my new favorite person in the class says.

"Well, that isn't a very helpful critique," my professor says.

The class full of kids masquerading as adults in the classroom goes around in a circle as they take turns vivisectioning the story on the classroom floor until it bleeds out and dies. Defenseless, my story is torn to ribbons. It is too confusing, it's too long, it's not long enough, it's showing and not telling and it's telling and not showing and the paper is bloodless, pale as it gets carved up with markers and pens.

"The real problem is that there's no moment of reckoning," the professor says. "This is a good story, but how does it come together? You've got to narrow your focus here."

I don't want to take my story back home with me anymore.

This is not a story about writing.

This is Urbana, Illinois, wearing my best velvet dress and listening to the symphony in Krannert Center for the Performing Arts. My best friend and my mother flank me in the plush, fold-down seats that start to hurt by Act Two.

The symphony is otherworldly. Instruments weave together like the tapestry of the fates. When I close my eyes, I am not in the crowded concert hall with 2,000 of my closest strangers, struggling to stay awake under the dim lights. I am back inside my mind, running through the lush forests that refused to be committed to paper, or I am swimming through a crystalline ocean that could not be conveyed with pens, or I am flying through the sky—I am a connoisseur of skies because they are different every day, even in my mind, even in make-believe.

My fingers on my lap try in vain to find where the notes should go, but I do not know these notes. The chords and the melodies do not sound like scales, and my hands fall flat as I give in and let the music wash over me, crashing in waves of sound that soothe and excite, calm and bring life.

"I wanna do that," I think to myself when the music stops. "I want to make music like that. I want to make people feel like that."

My mother speaks before I say any words out loud.

"You could do that, you know," she said. "If you practiced your

piano everyday like you're supposed to, you could sound like that."

Piano practice sounds nothing like that. I can hear new songs in my mind, folding and crashing and dancing like rivers. Music that sounds like water or adventure or love, I can hear, I could write it, I know I could.

But she's right. I can't play music. I can barely hit two notes at a time on piano without crying in frustration.

This is not a story about music.

This is an old beige Toyota with the windows rolled down, kicking up dust as it blurs past forests and mountains down the old dirt road. Rap music pounds out of the speakers and fills up the car. It should be drowning us, but just enough sound leaks out of the open windows that we can still breathe in the musty summer air.

She sits next to me, cool and in control in the driver's seat. Her makeup is perfect and unsmudged. Her hair blows around her face but never tangles up or gets in her mouth. Her waist is trim and her eyes are smoky. She loves me, sometimes, but not as much as I love her.

"You're perfect," I say, in more words, words that come out bitter and accusing.

"I try harder than you," she says in more words, words that sound like biting classroom insults, words like "lose weight" and "don't be a slob."

She is a whole human being, and I can't hold my shape at all. She is solid and I am liquid. She is disgusted by me because I'm not trying, and I can't tell her I am trying because if I'm trying and this is as good as it gets then that is so, so much worse.

This is not a story about love.

This story is me trying to say something and never having the words to, never having the guts or the balls or the brains to pull something to completion and not really trying to. It's a story about letting all the stitches show in your clothing, having a life that isn't seamless and art that's riddled with mistakes. It's about sending letters that aren't thought through all the way because it's better than agonizing over them forever and never saying anything at all.

This is a story about Kintsugi, the art of filling in the cracks of broken pottery with melted gold. This is about beautiful damaged goods.

This is a story about the mosaic I made when I was very young. It was made of pieces of broken glass pressed into wet grout, and it was supposed to be a sunset, but it didn't look like anything but colored broken

Beauty

glass.

But when the light hit it, it didn't matter.

No one knew what it was, no one knew what it meant. No one knew it came out the way it was supposed to, and it didn't. But no one could deny that it was beautiful.



Reflection

Caitlyn Bruszewski
Photography

Soft Boy

Ronan Harkins

Sweet princeling, you eat your strawberry jam
And drink their honeyed words, telling you who to be
You pray at night to gods thought long dead
One day, they will answer but you don't know when
In the morning, you study martial strategy and Latin
In the afternoon, they teach you grace on your feet
And plate your tongue with silver

Silly princeling, they know not what you dream of
Morpheus makes the images of beautiful blood-soaked men follow you
You've never held a blade with true conviction but you wish to
You wish to feel reverie for the trees and the battlefield as they do
You wish to walk the earth with no fear and the gods behind you

Savage princeling, they don't know your true form
You are a rabid wolf trapped in the body of a child
When you sleep, you feel the claws tearing your inside flesh
This skin is too tight
This skin does not fit your body

This skin is an unrelenting snake with endless coils of muscle

Soft princeling, one day you will be the man you wish to be

You will be queen, they say

No, I will be a man worth fearing

You are as a rose, they say

Maybe but I am thorn-mouthed and relentless

Softhearted, they call you

Yes, but that does not make me weak

I am not what you make me

Only I know me

Only the gods can make me



Victoria of the Insects

Matt Panfil
Cut-Paper Collage, Alcohol Inks



Mahogani. 2017
(from "The Within" Series)

Julian Jones
Photography

How to Walk to the Library

Best of Fiction

Anna White

Shrug your backpack over your shoulders and lock the front door behind you. Readjust your plastic-frame glasses and maybe your bra, if no one is looking. Check to make sure you remembered your wallet and take to the streets. Stand at the bus stop and observe the horizon. Watch as the clouds drift, and feel the gentle spring breeze play with your hair and shake the tulip buds. Board the bus, and spend the duration of the ride in 1964 South Carolina with Lilly Owens and Rosaleen from *The Secret Life of Bees*. Get off at your stop. Go along your way. Admire the art district, and the comic book stores and boutique shops bathing in the late afternoon glow. Think about the concert this weekend, and pull your skinny jeans up a little. Wave at your friends that you see as you pass. Keep walking, and turn the corner now.

Notice the strange man leaning on the stop sign at the end of street, wearing jeans and a dark jacket. Draw your head up; push your shoulders back. Keep walking. Try to think about your book, or your trip to the library. Glance about for people you know. Now look around for anyone. Inhale, exhale. Keep walking. Feel mechanical, like a robot thumping down the sidewalk. Imagine your knees are screws, your brain a motherboard. Inhale, exhale. Keep walking, even though you're nearing him. Raise your chin a little higher. Curl your robotic hand into a fist, and make sure your thumb is in the right place, just in case. Imagine that your flesh is metallic; you are no longer human. Inhale, exhale. You're getting closer now. He's looking at you, and he's standing a little too tall, staring a little too long. Keep walking. Wait for it. You're next to him now. His mouth falls open. Keep walking, and purse your lips, letting his voice ring in your metallic ears. When he finishes jeering, resist the urge to fight back.

Keep walking, and feel your metal skin convert to rubber. Your hair is plastic, too. Feel disgusted, dejected. Lower your chin. Imagine you are human.

Nosferatu

Mario Stone

I lurk in the black
room with one frail light
above me. She hovers

naked like a moon
draped in crimson. Around her
famished men with cadaver grins

and sickle fangs beg at her feet.
She holds out her palms and gasps
as they sink into her wrists.

She bites her lips
as her skin splits—blood drips
into their mouths. Their black veins

glisten and throb, pulsing
through taut skin.
Their eyes blacken

as she lays her head back,
moaning, her hair floating
amber smoke.

I watch her and purse my lips, gently blowing
strands of silver curling in the black
spelling words like “Love” and “Forever”

and “Only You”—her bleeding
stops as my words wrap
tight around her ankles and wrists.

She floats into my arms
and burns to gold. Her sweat
sweet mist as I kiss her. I feel her

pulse throb through her lips
as her eyes glow rose
and mine shine black.



The Infant Factory

Matt Panfil
Cut-Paper Collage



Frostbite

Zach Carrico
Photography

reflection.

Michaela White

I'm just sitting.

I'm sitting in the bathtub. My knees are up against my chest and I can see the scrapes on them,

My arms are wound around them, my veins showing through, my knuckles scarred, and

I can feel my ribs through skin though I am not touching them.

A few feet away my phone goes off, again and again,

People asking questions, looking for solutions I can't even find for myself--

For once I ignore it.

Water drips down my face, moving around the hollows of my eyes,

My freckles are stark on my paper-white skin, and I know that I look strange,

That I am a strange creature here and now and always,

Sitting in this bathtub with water running down my body, hair in my face,

Trying desperately not to think of anything.

I stare at the tiles of the wall, but they don't stop it.

The only color left is my bruises.

I wish I was not in love with color.

I am a strange creature. Believe me, I know.

Metaphor

Kate Marquam

the fall is not a
metaphor for my
father. the sunlight
strained orange and
gold through brittle
leaves is not his

eyes when pumpkins
replaced flowers in
grocery store parking
lots. my smile is not
that of a jack-o-
lantern—hollow

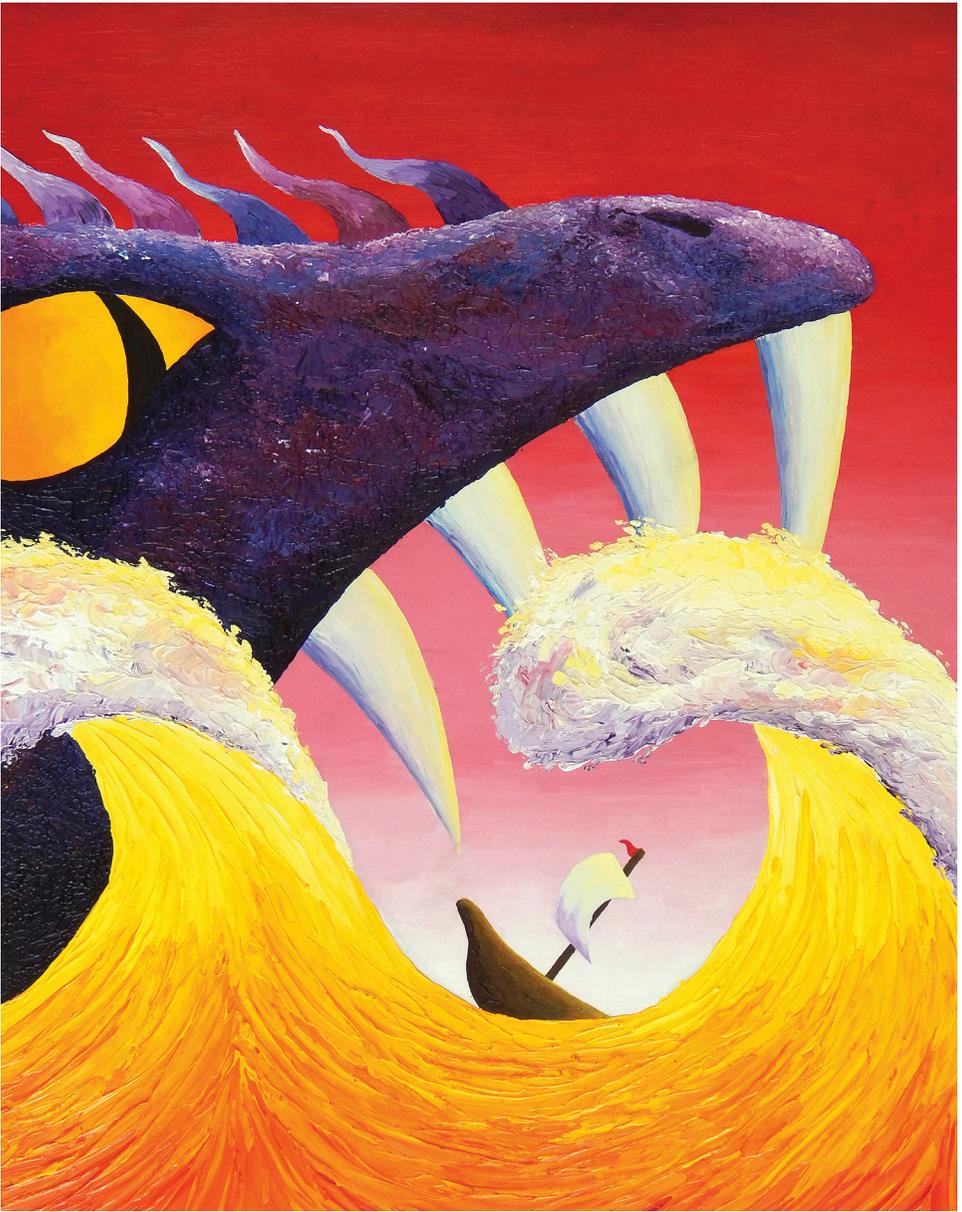
but glowing. when
people ask if I'm
ok, I tell them that
shit happens. people
die. the flowers die

every year and the
world never ends,
but the fall is not
a metaphor for my
father. my father

is not a broken
tree that couldn't
survive the long
winter, is not a

season, but I can't
watch the pumpkin-
orange sunset without
searching for his

eyes somewhere
beyond the horizon.



The Day of the Dreader

Best of Art

Serena Boehmer
Acrylic Paints



Liquids

Cover Art

Ben Levart
Photography

A Summer's Night on Skid Row

Corey Cole

Down the block
Addicts lurch and dodder
outside the service station
at 10th and Rural
like moths to a gaslight.

Strung-out whores
promise good times
desperately strutting like
feral cats on the prowl.
Their glazed eyes lit
by the orange glare
of street lamps.
Peering through
the night, my windshield,
and myself
coming home late.

Police and ambulance sirens,
M-80's, .38's, and the cruising bass
of a Monte Carlo with a bad muffler
mix with a train horn that separates
the right and wrong sides of the tracks
stir me from sleep
in my new bedroom.

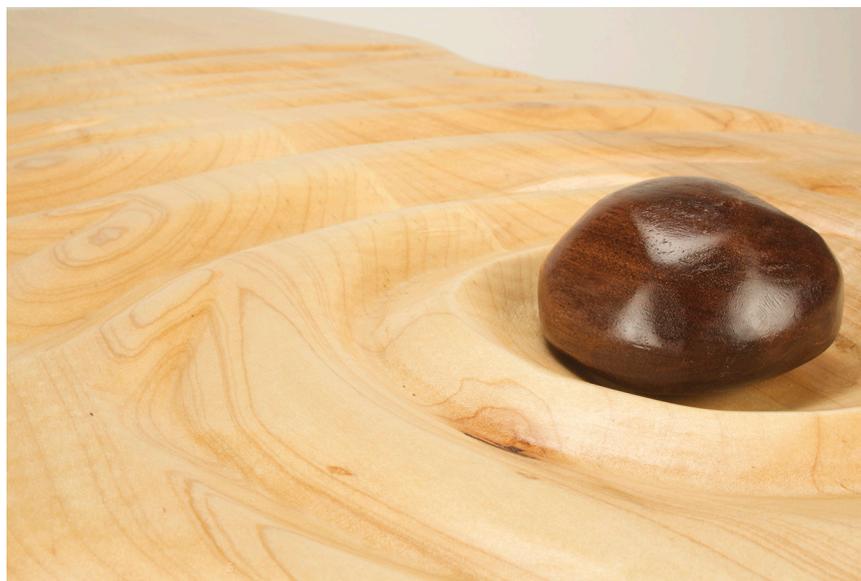
Light pollution and smog
render the sky a tepid brown.
What happens when
entire generations pass
without seeing the stars?

Life becomes a word
with a hollow and mundane meaning.
A checklist:
the next hustle, the next high,
the next meal, the next fuck.
Checking boxes
until Jesus or gentrification come.
I teach their children,
but they've seen more than me.



Ripple Bench

Devin Johannis
Soft Maple, Walnut



A Poem for the Next Generation of Women

Caitlyn Bruszewski

I walk the streets at night
hoping, wishing, praying
That my clothing does not hug my body too tight.
That you cannot see the definition of my curves.
That my perfume does not travel through the alleys
to those waiting for someone like me
to walk the streets at night.

Alone and unable to resist
when they say,
“Take off your clothes
or we will hurt you.”

But someone like me is always around
and in danger.
Someone like me is you.
Someone like me is her, and her, and her.
Someone like me is your mother, daughter, sister.

I put on clothing that masks my body
because I want to, need to, must hide
it away because it is an open invitation to a man.
If I wear shorts, a skirt, a dress, a tank top
my freedom of choice is an open invitation to a man.
To touch, to stare, to judge.

So I put on loose jeans and a turtleneck
because then I will not be seen by a man
as anything more than a prude.
But then it becomes a challenge.
The desire to conquer my body will wash over him,

And the judge will tell him he gets a punishment
of 6 months for branding me as his behind a dumpster
when I will die unhealed from the tragedy.

The land of the free is only referring to the man
because my body is not free.
My body is not my own.

Every inch of my being burns because I am told
that he has a right to touch me, grab me, take me
because I was there and beautiful.
How could he resist?

How could it ever be expected that a man was at fault for rape
when the woman was dressed provocatively?
But if I do not dress this way,
I am told that I will not be loved by a man
because then I am not a trophy.

Keep a man happy because he is your lifeline.
Be beautiful, quiet, sexy, ignorant.
Be all things and hope he accepts one of them.

But a change is growing within me,
rising like a wave
and I will crash
into this damn patriarchy
that has taught me to dress
to please a man but not to please myself.

That I was unfit for him if he had to
hit, cheat, rape, or demean me
because men do not want us to know
that they are weak.
Because only a weak man would
hit, cheat, rape, or demean
his wife, daughter, mother, sister, lover.

And I am learning not to give away
my freedom of choice to any man.
So I finally say,
“Grab me by the pussy,
and I will grab back.”

Contributors

Serena Boehmer is currently a junior studying Drawing and Illustration at Herron School of Art & Design. Over the years she has experimented in many styles and mediums, and although she continues to try different methods and techniques her favorite mediums continue to be charcoal and acrylic paints. When she graduates, she hopes to become a freelance illustrator working mainly in children's books.

Caitlyn Bruszewski is a second-year English major who aspires to obtain a certificate in Public Relations. She hopes to one day work in publishing, where her love of writing and photography can be most prevalent in her daily activities.

Zach Carrico is a queer photographer who is currently getting his B.F.A in Photography at Herron School of Art & Design. Personal & editorial/portraiture are two areas that heavily drive his work. You can see more of his work on Instagram: @faglogic.

Corey Cole is a senior P.E. major who will be student teaching in the spring. He would like to thank his family, friends, and professors for their support. Hopefully, he isn't left out of the table of contents this time.

Elizabeth Coffman-Mackey is a junior at IUPUI and a creative writing major. She has been writing fiction for as long as she can remember and recently branched out into nonfiction.

Ronan Harkins is a young man in search of adventure. Usually, those experiences happen between the covers of a book, but they are adventures nonetheless.

Harrison Higgs has been photographing for two years and documents everyday life through gestural movement and light. His inspirations stem from street art and artists like Tyler Shields and Vivian Maier. His passions lie with event and commercial photography.

Will Knapp is interested in space, drawing robots, and funk. See more of his art at willknappart.com.

Ben Levart has been an avid photographer for the last seven years. He looks to capture the audience by creating images that are shrouded in mystery, and that spark thought. Ben hopes to turn his photography abilities into a career in the future.

Kate Marquam is a creative writing major in her second year at IUPUI and a spoken word artist who loves writing poetry for the page and the stage.

Matt Panfil is a second-year graduate student at Herron School of Art & Design focusing on intermedia art including cut-paper collage, experimental film, assemblages, and interactive installations. Since February 2017, Matt has worked as the head curator at HEALTHNET, a new collaborative art & music DIY space in Fountain Square.

Devin Johannis is a junior at Herron School of Art & Design majoring in Furniture Design. His body of work emphasizes craft and design while still maintaining conceptual significance. When formulating ideas for furniture, he often references European design from the 14th to 16th century and re-imagines it for the modern era.

Julian J. Jones is a conceptual artist, with a passion for movement and expression. Featured in *Elegant Magazine*, *FEROCE Magazine*, *Volant Magazine*, *PUMP Magazine* and *Shuba Magazine*, Julian's photography displays his abstract style. After art school, Julian wants to move to Europe and work with elite modeling agencies and magazines.

Piper Rowley is an Individualized Major, with an interest in therapeutic writing. "Birth Giver" is her third submission to *genesis*.

Isaac Schmitt is a first-year student at Herron School of Art & Design. He is pursuing a degree in Integrative Studio Practice. The four images included were all taken at a public pool in St. Louis, Missouri, Isaac's hometown.

Trenna Soderling is a double major studying English with a concentration in Creative Writing and ASL/English Interpreting. She's an avid pursuer of languages and the arts who spends much of her free time with a book or journal in hand. Apart from this, she enjoys acting, soft blankets, scenic routes, and petting every dog that crosses her path.

Mario Stone, author of *The College Dropout's Guide to Poetry*, has returned from procrastination hell and self-imposed limbo to offer you a peek behind the madness. When he's not engaging in controversial acts of worship with pretty nuns, you can catch him laughing at the abyss at TameTheRuckus.com.

Lynzi Stringer is a journalism student also studying music. She's a singer/songwriter in a few bands around town and the culture editor at IUPUI's *The Campus Citizen*. She likes to take pictures a whole lot.

Connor Stump is a freshman at Herron School of Art & Design, focused on traditional drawing and digital art.

Michaela White is a first-year Visual Communication Design student at Herron School of Art & Design. She has been interested in writing free-verse poetry for as long as she has pursued art, and writes most of it during long nights owed to insomnia.

Anna White is a sophomore at IUPUI. She is a psychology major, and minors in Creative Writing and Spanish. "How to Walk to the Library" is her first published work.

Olivia Wilkins is a freshman at IUPUI currently studying drawing and illustration. She is passionate about all things art and has a unique love for florals, as displayed in "Bloom." Olivia plans to pursue a degree in the art industry and is excited to see where the next three years at Herron School of Art & Design take her.

Paul Williams is a freshman attending Herron School of Art & Design. While in high school he had mostly worked in sculpture, ranging from a variety of mediums, such as plaster, clay, wood, and cardboard, he plans on majoring in Furniture Design and is more than eager to pursue his career in the arts.

To our contributors:

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Have no fear of
perfection, you'll
never reach it.

- *Salvador Dali*

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