



crest





*Visualize your goal and let this image guide you forward.*

- Neil Somerville

*It is art that makes life, makes interest, makes importance  
and I know of no substitute whatever for the force and beauty of its process.*

- Max Eastman

*Creative work is play. It is free speculation  
using materials of one's chosen form.*

- Stephen Nachmanovitch

*What was any art but a mould in which to imprison for a moment the  
shining elusive element which is life itself - life hurrying past us and  
running away, too strong to stop, too sweet to lose.*

-Willia Cather

*The purpose of art is washing the dust  
of daily life off our souls.*

-Pablo Picasso

# Notes from the Editors

It is the hope of most artists that their work will progressively develop and with time grow in intensity and force: in a word, to crescendo. Ultimately, the work of the artist is done alone but the support of an enthusiastic and talented community undoubtedly is a necessary part of the individual's artistic progression. With this in mind, we would like to applaud the individuals who have submitted their carefully crafted work to this publication as well as the professors, friends, mentors, and peers who support their endeavors. We would also like to thank McKay Press and the Alma College English department for their financial support, without which this publication would not be possible.

We hope you enjoy the 2005-2006 edition of the Pine River Anthology.

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*The Wind*  
Jessica Millis

Today the wind  
cut corners, blew  
into places it had never

seen, scattering leaves  
along its warpath

As it tossed my hair  
around my face  
and against my cheeks  
I felt a rush, a thrill  
at this unexpected siege

I wanted it to carry me  
to swirl me in its wrath  
and shake loose my debris  
to strip away this armor  
and let me soar above this ache

*Out Back at Farwell*

Amber Billman



linocut

## *Long Island Summer*

Dena Sanders

I remember best the sand, the way it invaded every crevice inside the cottage, small, white, and weathered. My grandparents and I were its summer tenants. The sand's sprawl was uninterrupted save for the errant blades of grass that combed through it, making it impossible to mow.

Most remarkable was the garden that my grandfather had somehow fashioned into something yielding and fruitful. Working one afternoon in the blackened soil, he yelped to discover the stinging precision of a nest of yellow jackets. They swarmed about his calves, making him straddle the air as he hopped warily from foot to foot. With the smell of loam pungent in the air, he strode by with determination, returning with a can of lighter fluid.

He doused their hidden lodging and struck a match. He watched with glee as each insect droned its last. The once-yellowed bodies became a unified black. Assassination, ending in quiet. Years later, it made me think of the mafia rumored to be living on the island, down a drive made private by the neighbors' apprehension.

*Recreation of Twilight in Wilderness*

Tony Sigmon



charcoal

*Freedom*

Katie Matonich

The box you put me in is just empty space

Yet it **cannot** contain me  
for it is filled with invisible promises of  
hate

impurity  
and judgment  
lack of knowledge  
style  
and grace.

A box this empty is **far too full** to hold me

The nothingness consumes  
Even the *smallest of things*  
Reminding me that it is not my duty  
To think  
Speak  
Or *exist* outside of you.

You try to detain me

In this box of your dreams  
Filled with your “*glory*”  
Your ideals  
Your ways  
Telling me that without the box I am  
**NOTHING**  
But with it I am no more than a container  
Of *emptiness*.

Do not define me with your words  
Your box  
Your lies  
Your *emptiness*  
I am far too full of my own dreams  
To be *submissive*  
To a master of no more  
Than a **box**.

*Boxed*

Ryan J. Pete



gelatin silver print

*Soapbox*

Heidi Larson



steel, re-bar

*Hold 'Em*

Rachel Gerds

I'm the kind of person  
Who gets a seven two off suit and won't even fold.

Take my chances on the flop;  
Some call it stupid; I prefer to call it bold.

And when all hands are dealt,  
Bets are placed, and it seems like the tale has been told

Remember, if you never take a risk  
The river's not going to help you no matter what hand you hold.

*Dancing Table*

Kyla Crawford



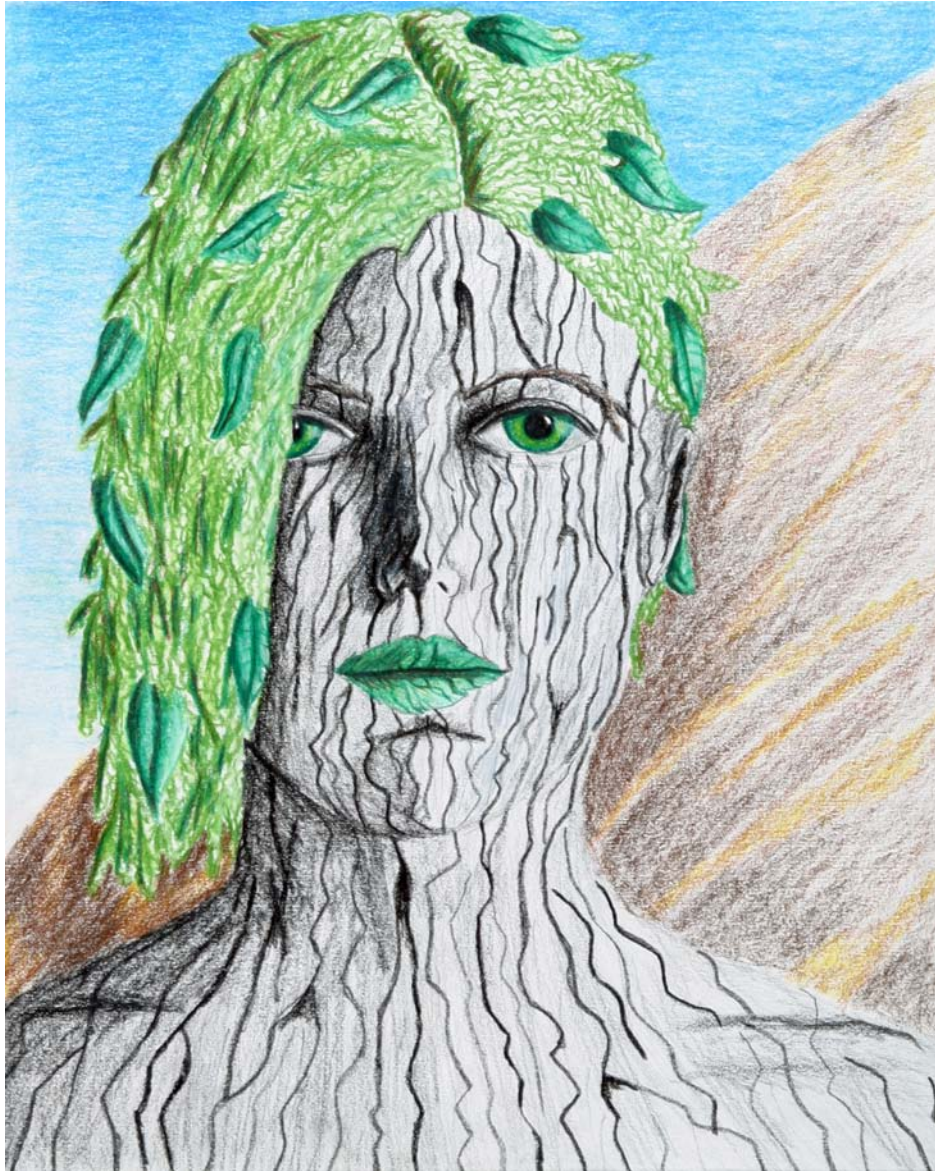
steel, painted plexiglass

*High Heel*

Jamie Roggenbuck



wood, metal, material



*Pretend*  
Laura Bryan

*Written in memory of the burden of Alzheimer's that Grandma carried for so long.*

Ivy destroys. It tears buildings to the ground, and strangles full-grown trees. It can grow over a mountain, and reduce it to gravel. Ivy starts small—innocent. Only when the giant is swallowed do we notice the culprit. But ivy can be cut. It can be burned and the ashes buried. Grandma's ivy has never been humbled by shears, nor punished in flame. Where Grandma lives, just the right amount of it creeps elegantly up the wall around the ornate, oak front doors. As I cross the threshold, I know the ivy will immediately grow over the entire building—trapping me here—taking me prisoner like in the fairy tale Grandma used to tell at bedtime. Except I know that here there is no slumbering princess and no happy ending.

I've been here so many times before, every time harder than the last; every forced conversation and every blank stare is another burden. Every time I see her, I leave another piece of myself tangled, lost in her ivy. Once inside the doors, I'm careful to keep my head level with the ground, lest anyone see that I loathe this place. Out of routine, I sign the guest register at the tall, oak desk to my left, just inside the doors. The receptionist there greets me, smiling. I hate her; she can smile.

Brushing ivy leaves from my hair, I glance around the Alzheimer's ward, looking for the nightmare hiding in the shadows. I look past the hand-painted porcelain vases overflowing with ridiculous spring flowers. I see no contemptible pink walls and elegant chair-rail. The pretty green carpet may as well be dirt. Various couches gather around a fireplace, cold and empty in the rising heat of spring. The frothy details provide me with no consolation when I lay eyes on Grandma, sleeping on a couch in the entryway. It's a wonder a nurse hasn't shooed her away, fearing that a visitor might meet the wraith. Lines of distress gouge Grandma's porcelain face. I don't speak to her. I can't say a word. I can hardly breathe. A thread of ivy falls across Grandma's throat. *Why, I wonder, didn't a wolf gobble her up while I was away?*

Grandma opens her eyes, blinking in confusion. After a second or two, she focuses on my face. My breath catches in my throat, and I choke. Grandma smiles at me, her eyes like glass bulbs, depthless. She reaches up to hug and kiss me as she always has: as if she recognizes me. Grandma always was a great actress, but her act rings false when she asks for another kiss. Another. Another. Soon, I know, I'll have to pry her fingers from my hair and unlatch her hungry mouth from mine. I press my lips against hers a few times, bitterly fulfilling my duty as a granddaughter. Grandma doesn't know what a kiss is. She hasn't given me a hug

in years. Nearly overwhelming anger swallows me. I want to grasp Grandma's shoulders and shake her. Hard. I want to kiss away her loneliness. I want to gather her into my arms, protecting her from herself, taking all her pain into me. *This is a hug, Grandma. Don't you remember hugs? Grandma, why don't you remember how to love me? Can you pretend?*

Grandma blinks at me with her glass eyes. I'm a pretty doll with glass eyes of my own. I know nothing, just as she knows nothing, and together we can live in our land of pretty nothingness. I take her arm in mine, and walk with her down the building's one pretty corridor, chatting at her of the pretty spring flowers outside, and telling her stories of her pretty home in Iowa, of her pretty children, all grown up to have pretty children of their own. Grandma doesn't even look at me. She looks at her feet, and leads me around by the arm.

After an hour or so of walking an endless path back and forth along the corridor, wading through the leaves, I tell Grandma that it's time for me to go. For the first time since my arrival, she looks at me, seeing me for someone she once knew, someone she once *loved*. I wish I could be with Grandma in this moment forever—a moment before the disease took over, in which I am still her granddaughter whom she loves, and not a faceless stranger. The torment begins. Grandma's eyes, blinded by ivy, brim with tears as she asks me why I have to go. Holding back tears of my own, I make my excuses. She can't understand. I tell her I'll be back soon, but she no longer senses the passage of time. Eternity is all she knows. Grandma asks for a hug and a kiss goodbye—she's gone again. She hugs me five times and kisses me eight. It's all I can do to push her away and run in the opposite direction. She'll follow me if I let her.

Ivy snares my hair and tears at my flesh as I flee. It wraps its tendrils around my ankles and wrists as I try desperately to get away. I refuse to believe it can hold me forever. The pressure of the vines on my flesh leaves tiny imprints of leaves in my skin. I wonder if they'll ever go away.

The ivy strangled Grandma on October twenty-first, two thousand and four—a Thursday. I sat with her as she struggled against its vines. I held her hand and sang hymns as the leaves filled her mouth. I read to her from my Bible. Unconscious for a long while, she woke once to find me weeping. She looked at me and *saw me*. And for once, I saw her too. Not the disease riddled shell of a woman, and not my own pain mirrored in her face. I saw Grandma: the woman who once wrapped me in old curtains and dabbed my cheeks with rouge when we played dress-up on rainy Iowa mornings; the woman who spent entire afternoons fixing chilled rhubarb sauce for my afternoon snack; the woman who was never seen in public without Grandpa's hand cradled in her own; the woman who spent her life struggling to provide for her family and struggling to obtain every pretty *thing* she laid eyes on. I saw Grandma. Not long later,

exhausted from her decade-long ordeal, Grandma slipped away and let the ivy swallow her. Release. After ten long years, the ivy's grip relaxed. I glanced at my arms, noting the leaf-prints where the vines held me. I passed my fingers tenderly over a scar, hating it and cherishing it all at once. Looking one last time on Grandma's tired, porcelain face, I laid her cooling hands on her breast. Finally, I whispered goodbye. I hope she heard. *Sleep well, beloved princess.*

*Natural Boundaries*

Ivyrose Hess



gelatin silver print

*My Purse*

Emily Shier



stoneware

*Something Growing out of a Chair*  
Eowyn Knoll-Orawiec



aquatint

*Looking Up*  
Emily Earnest

Three years old  
Face up to see the world  
A ballerina,  
Always on her toes.  
“Hi daddy” –  
She looks up to him.

Many years later  
Daughter the image of father  
Eye to eye; equals in the world  
A career woman,  
The clicking of heels.  
“Hi daddy” –  
She looks up to him.

*Self Portrait*

Jessica Odette



gelatin silver print

*Red*

Holly Schafer



etching

*Wrinkled Lovelies*

Rejena Smiley



oil

Katherine Renkie

*White*



pastel

*Chauvin-isms I*

Lillian Peterson



gelatin silver print

*A Morning Moment*  
Adam Sypniewski

I lolled out of bed  
And labored my way  
To the kitchen where  
I found myself staring  
At the peach.  
It lay on the creamy tiles  
Basking in the golden curtain  
Of the 9 o'clock sun  
Like a tired and contented  
Cat, curled in on itself  
Yawning in every particle  
Of light.

I sent out my hand to  
Touch the furry hide.  
I could feel its skin,  
As bright and warm as  
The fall leaves,  
Give way to my fingers  
As they molded gentled valleys.

I wanted to take a bite of the peach  
But I think it really bit me,  
And as I felt its icy juice,  
Like the stream left by some  
Sea-blue glacier, sliding down  
My chin, down my neck,  
I think I was happy.

*Within His Soul*

Mary Sugiyama



aquatint intaglio

*Mayan Culture*

Amanda Brady



underglazed painted earthenware

*Flower Bottle*

Mary Ann Boyer



raku

*Anniversary*

Shakaria Ma'rae Kirk \* Yulin

*Damascus, Maryland. There is a simply furnished living room. The couch is somewhat center. There is a bookcase stage right next to the bedroom door that is never closed. Stage left is the main entrance door that is closed. There is a coffee table in front of the couch. Whisper is sitting on the couch. The coffee table is covered in candles and the couch in rose petals. She admires the setup. Jason enters. He has a newspaper rolled up in his hand.*

**Jason:** Whisper, what are you doing here?

**Whisper:** I caught the plane from Chicago early.

**Jason:** How is this possible?

**Whisper:** Well you see planes fly, sweetie, and they move pretty fast. It takes about an hour and a half to get to the airport, and then I caught a cab, which went a lot faster than usual, I admit. Then I walked up the stairs, opened the door, which you should have locked silly boy, and I found all of this.

**Jason:** Yes, but...

**Whisper:** What's wrong you didn't get to finish? I'll leave and then come back.

**Jason:** No...no don't. Sit, please.

**Whisper:** Oh good, I was beginning to worry that this extravagance wasn't for me.

**Jason:** We should talk.

**Whisper:** Oh?

**Jason:** Yes, about...about your trip.

**Whisper:** Are you okay? Oh, you missed me, didn't you?

**Jason:** You have no idea. *(Whisper hugs him tightly)*

**Whisper:** Okay, about my trip.

**Jason:** *(the phone in the bedroom rings)* Hold that thought. Just...*(He kisses her)* hold that thought. *(Exits into the bedroom)*

**Whisper:** What's this? *(Picks up newspaper)* Oh my God! Jason baby! *(Jason enters)* You've published it, finally! Why didn't you tell me?

**Jason:** Whisper, I have to tell—

**Whisper:** Omigod! The critics love it. When did you get published, you punk? Don't even bother to tell your own wife.

**Jason:** Honey, please.

**Whisper:** Wait; this wasn't what you named it originally. Cruel Shadows? Doesn't quite ring fantasy, but if the editor liked it.

**Jason:** It's not fantasy. I mean it's fiction, but it's based on...

**Whisper:** So you didn't publish the fantasy novel?

**Jason:** No.

**Whisper:** *(She continues to read the critic's article)* This story is about true love gone wrong. The main character's pain feels real when his wife, Winter, commits adultery with her sixty-year old boss, Don. He then finds new love, but has to choose to either remain faithful and forgive his wife or take a chance on a new love.

**Jason:** It's not what you think.

**Whisper:** Oh really, Winter, Jason. Winter! Sixty-year old boss sounds really fucking familiar.

**Jason:** Please calm down. It's just fiction.

**Whisper:** Fiction my...! What about this part about the husband, you, finding a new love? Is this true, did you really find a new love?

**Jason:** Whisper please, just calm down and I'll explain every thing to you.

**Whisper:** You promised.

**Jason:** I'm sorry, but Babe said that it was a really good story.

**Whisper:** Who?

**Jason:** This isn't right.

**Whisper:** You lying piece of shit!

**Jason:** This is my best work. I didn't originally want it published. It was... an accident.

**Whisper:** Oh my God!

**Jason:** It was!

**Whisper:** Then how did they get this, Jason?

**Jason:** I don't know. Babe must have mistaken it for the other story—

**Whisper:** How?

**Jason:** I gave it to her, but it was an accident.

**Whisper:** So she published the wrong story and you didn't know about it at all. For some reason, Jason, I find that very hard to believe.

**Jason:** Originally it was an accident, but...

**Whisper:** But you knew she was going to publish it all along.

**Jason:** Well yeah, but—

**Whisper:** So you just lied to me just now.

**Jason:** Yes, no... I mean. It really wasn't meant to be published, at first. It was just a means for me to... I don't know... vent.

**Whisper:** Bullshit. You always had publishing that book in mind.

**Jason:** Not always. Fine! Yes I did, but I was gonna wait longer. Until I was over—

**Whisper:** You sonofa—

**Jason:** What? Fine, I did it to hurt you on purpose! Is that what you wanna hear? Jesus! It was an honest mistake. *(Whisper exits into bedroom)* I thought it was my other fiction novel. The disks look the same. I'm sorry. Damn it!

*(He picks up the newspaper and reads the article about his story)*

Heartfelt and compassionate. A real page-turner. That's what they always say. I should have never let Babe publish that damn thing. (*Whisper enters again. She is calm, but still angry.*)

**Whisper:** Have you listened to the messages today?

**Jason:** Yes Whisper, I've heard them all.

**Whisper:** My entire family and all of my friends. They read about the story Jason. This means that soon they'll read the story. How'd the hell they know ...

**Jason:** They were just congratulating me on my success.

**Whisper:** Success at my expense.

**Jason:** Well excuse me for having the audacity to write about my life!

**Whisper:** It's my life too...dammit!

**Jason:** They don't know whom the story is about, so relax.

**Whisper:** It's not about them. It's about trust. I trusted you. You promised that you would never bring that part of our past up again. That only you and I would know.

**Jason:** You and I and what's-his-name...David? Daniel? Get over yourself; most of the book isn't even about you!

(*Realizing that he said too much Jason turns away. There is a slight pause.*)

**Whisper:** Then who is it about?

**Jason:** It is. (*Jason sees a chance to recover from his previous blunder, but stumbles*) Some of it, well, is based on you.... Most of it is made up...that's it. I swear.

**Whisper:** You're a shitty liar.

**Jason:** What do you want me to say?

**Whisper:** Her name. Who is she?

**Jason:** There is no she. She's made up.

**Whisper:** Bullshit.

**Jason:** I need a drink. Do you see this, Whisper? You drive a man to drink.

**Whisper:** No, you will not make me out to be the bad guy. Not this time buddy. I may be a bitch but I don't deserve this.

**Jason:** No you deserve your boss, your sixty-year old boss!

**Whisper:** That was a long time ago.

**Jason:** Four years! Four years Whisper. Four years is not a long time.

**Whisper:** Only in your fucked up mind. It was a long time for me. I was so naïve. I thought I could get ahead in the office.

**Jason:** Now what the hell made you think that?

**Whisper:** My sixty-year old boss. Do you think I enjoyed it? I felt nothing for him. He repulsed me! All I could think about was you!

**Jason:** That's not very complimentary.

**Whisper:** I meant all I could think about was how I was hurting you, but we had nothing. You didn't work so all the expenses fell on me. I felt I had no choice, although I know better now. Wait, what the hell

am I doing? Why am I defending myself again? You're the one that's cheating now.

**Jason:** What the hell are you talking about?

**Whisper:** Babe. Who is she? Some stripper you met during a bachelor party.

**Jason:** Right, and the last bachelor's party I've been to was three years ago.

**Whisper:** So then who the hell is Babe? How come you never mentioned her until now? How come she was able to charm you into publishing that God-awful story?

**Jason:** My story was not God-awful. Read the fucking reviews.

**Whisper:** You don't even read the reviews. Reviews mean shit to me. They can't tell me how I feel right now. I know how I feel. Betrayed.

**Jason:** Why are you still here? Why haven't you left yet? I mean as if enough of this doesn't make sense, but if I am making you so fucking sad, if I betrayed you why are you still here? Why haven't you moved on?

**Whisper:** Because I can't! *(There is a knock at the door)* Well...aren't you going to answer that? *(The knocking continues)* Who is it?

**Babe:** *(Calmly as if nothing is wrong)* It's Babe, Jason open up.

**Whisper:** Babe?

*There is a moment of silence with the exception of Babe's impatient knocks on the door. Jason stays still trying to decide what to do next. Whatever move he takes could equal disaster. Babe's impatience takes over and she opens the door. She carries with her a bottle of wine and gourmet cheese. When she enters, she does so like she owns the place.*

**Babe:** There you are? *(Babe only speaks to Jason)*

**Jason:** *(Looking at Whisper)* Babe, you shouldn't have--

**Babe:** But I did! Now you're going to drink this wine and enjoy it. 'Cause we're celebrating.

**Jason:** No, that's not what--

**Babe:** Oh, please. Do me a favor and drop the humility act. You are the number one fiction author in America. Alright! Now enjoy it while you can, because these things don't last long. I mean really, you have got to be the best writer I have ever published. I mean true I was skeptical at first, after you gave me that story about...what was it-- *(She opens the bottle of wine. Whisper stands mouth wide open)*

**Jason:** Zindel the Pixie Kingdom.

**Babe:** Yeah. It might have worked, if I was in charge of children's literature.

**Jason:** Too much adult content for children.

**Babe:** Exactly why I didn't try to get it published.

**Whisper:** What?

**Jason:** Oh, God!

**Babe:** What?

**Whisper:** There was nothing wrong with his story. He is a talented writer. You wouldn't know a good story if...if it bit you on the face. Are you listening to me? Hey, tramp! Do you hear me?

**Jason:** Oh, dear God!

**Whisper:** Who the hell does she think she is? Ignoring me like that!

**Jason:** Oh God!

**Whisper:** God has nothing to do with this!

**Babe:** What's wrong?

**Whisper:** Are you stupid or something? What the hell do you think is wrong? Barging into to my house like...like you live here.

**Jason:** I made a mistake publishing that book, writing it even.

**Babe:** What? Paparazzi already?

**Jason:** *(Jason looks at Whisper)* No, I wish that were it.

**Babe:** Are you alright? You've been acting really weird today.

**Jason:** I'm physically and emotionally drained.

**Babe:** Oh, poor baby. *(she kisses him)* Why don't I do something to fix that?

**Whisper:** How dare you! Get the hell out of my house!

**Jason:** No. *(He pulls away from her)*

**Babe:** What's wrong with you?

**Whisper:** Did you hear me? I said get the hell—

**Jason:** Whisper, please.

**Babe:** I'm not talking loud!

**Jason:** No! That's not!

**Whisper:** I knew it. You lying bastard! You've been with her all along! All while I was away, right?

**Babe:** Are you alright?

**Jason:** Yes! I mean. No.

**Whisper:** That's it; we're through!

**Jason:** Honey, please don't—

**Whisper :***(At the same time as Babe, only with callous intent)* Don't what?

**Babe:** *(At the same time as Whisper, only with an intent to comfort)* Don't What?  
*There is a beat.*

**Whisper:** What's going on?

**Jason:** I don't know. I don't know how to explain this.

**Babe:** What are you talking about?

**Whisper:** It's really over, isn't it?

**Jason:** No, don't leave. *(Babe goes to Jason to calm him down)*

**Whisper:** Goodbye Jason. *(She turns and exits through the bedroom door. Jason runs after her into the room.)*

**Jason:** *(We can hear him offstage begging for forgiveness)* No! I need you! I have to explain. Don't go! Please don't go! Not again! No!

**Babe:** *(Babe yells at him, completely freaked out)* Who the hell are you talking to?

**Jason:** *(He staggers out of the bedroom and falls onto the couch)* She's gone.

**Babe:** Who? Who is gone?

**Jason:** Whisper.

**Babe:** Whisper? Whisper. Your wife. Your wife? Jason your wife has been dead for three years now.

**Jason:** She was still here. Right here with me. I saw her. I heard her. I even felt her.

**Babe:** Why would she come back?

**Jason:** Today's our anniversary.

*Black out!*

*Goose and Boot Still*

Ah Hyun Kim



graphite

*Hair Straightener Series, 1 of 3* Melissa Ager



prismacolor

*P. M. S.*

Elizabeth Saylor



graphite

*Hey Jude*

Eowyn Knoll-Orawiec



oil

## *Dinner-Table Philosophy*

Kevin Bilbrey

The question always comes up to test someone's logic, ever since the third grade. It's that question that asks, "A rooster lays an egg on the point of a barn, which side does the egg roll down?"

The answer, of course, is that roosters do not lay eggs. But I have to wonder, what if it did? After all, people always question which came first: the chicken or the egg. Perhaps it was the rooster. It wouldn't be the first time that God chose to have a man give birth to woman—that is where Eve came from. Not an egg, no, but she still came from Adam.

I wonder which side of the barn she would have fallen down. Probably the side nearest the sun, since humans generally find themselves to be afraid of the dark. Then again, we are also all born with the fear of falling, so maybe she would have tried to keep from being on the barn at all.

That's beside the point. I was talking about roosters. I guess a bigger question would be how did the rooster get up to the top of the barn in the first place? And why? Maybe it was some poultritic form of irritable male syndrome brought upon by the impending birthing of the first egg, driving him to scale to heights previously unknown to rooster-kind (in other words, him) in order to give his child a chance at flight. Or perhaps he just liked the view.

But I forget myself. Roosters don't lay eggs, and God demanded a rib of Adam before he created woman, and no such thing was ever taken from the rooster. Now, who wants to break this wishbone with me and see which side it splits on? I'm going to guess yours—I can see the light a little more clearly over there.

*No End in Sight*

Craig Boyles



digital inkjet print

*Chinatown*

Peter Johnston



gelatin silver print



*Whiskey Clouds*

Lauren Russell

The clouds form over  
one  
certain house.  
A dark house.  
Every night when he comes home  
in a drunk disarray.  
Clouds  
the color of  
Whiskey.  
The house,  
dark  
like their secrets.  
Hiding the pain  
that goes on inside it.  
But all can see  
the clouds  
that hang over them.

gelatin silver print

*My Grandfather's Murder*  
Christopher Walker

How bitter the cold steel must taste.  
With a click of the hammer  
You know  
There is no hero or angel  
To save you,  
Only the sickening weight of the twelve gauge  
Clenched between your teeth.

*Ominous Skyline*

Kyle Brandt



oil

*Blue and Orange Tree* Kyla Crawford



chalk pastel on stuffed muslin

*Bridge*

Sarah DeYoung



wood, steel, aluminum, rawhide, leather

*Outside My Window*  
Alaina Vajcner

Leaves dance by my window, like butterflies in the breeze. Some race one-another to the safety of the earth while others drift lazily, following the current of air as tubers do floating down the river. And yet others soar like birds past my window, defying gravity as they perform unbelievable acrobatics in the air. Then I notice a single leaf, clinging to a branch, shivering like a forgotten child, unnoticed by the people walking by.

A tree, half naked from the lustful wind, sways seductively to the slow rhythm of passing clouds. It yearns for attention because it knows that in a few short weeks, it will resemble nothing more than a pile of bones, waiting to be buried by the snow.

A gust of wind creates a symphony of leaves, twirling and whirling about, following the synchronized conductions of the trees. The setting sun cues the final curtain call; the trees take one last bow as the leaves sink slowly to their resting place. Pleased with their performance, the leaves snuggle together for warmth, completely unaware that early tomorrow the grounds keeper will be mowing the lawn.

*Rhapsody #1*

Kate Bruder



gelatin silver print

*Letters from my Father*

Tiffany Balducci

After I lost my first basketball  
game

    you were there,  
on my desk –  
    stamped “JAIL INMATE.”

Three days before  
my first dance  
you wrote and told  
    me not  
to compromise my values  
    that you never instilled.

    When I received my driver’s  
    license, you had another  
inmate draw me a cartoon  
    about a talking car.

The night of Homecoming  
    All the other girls  
on court  
were escorted by their  
fathers –  
    mom sent you pictures.

For two years  
    You  
Had your freedom  
And you did not  
Send one letter.

Now you care  
about my classes,  
my social agenda,  
my drinking habits –

suddenly  
when you are  
caged once more,  
I see you in my mailbox

and I wonder  
will I read your censored letters,  
written with a golf pencil –  
when I graduate from college,  
get married,  
have children?

Once your five  
to ten years have gone,  
I don't expect  
I will ever hear  
from you again.

*Untitled*

Ashley Moyer



gelatin silver print

Let Your Voice  
be Heard.

*crescendo*

