

# eleven40seven

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**SPRING 2012**  
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# 7

**VOLUME 7.2**

“ IF MY DOCTOR TOLD  
ME I HAD ONLY SIX  
MINUTES TO LIVE,  
I WOULDN'T BROOD.  
I'D TYPE A LITTLE  
FASTER. ”

Isaac Asimov

*Russian-American Author*

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# EDITOR'S NOTE

If you go into your parents' closet, you will most likely find that they have kept some of the drawings or work you did from when you were a kid. Drawings that they told you were nice, but they had no idea what they were. A poem they said was sweet, but made absolutely no sense. What's most unique about those crayons drawings is the motivation behind them.

Though the artists featured in this year's issue have certainly come a long way since the days of showing off scribbles, I still like to think of this journal as a place similar to what a box in your parents' closet is right now. The work may not necessarily go together, but they all share that spirit of just picking up a crayon and scribbling on colorful construction paper.

Kids are generally not inspired by anything except for the desire to play. If you put a crayon in their hand, they are going to draw, they are going to write something, or they are going to scribble. They'll do something with it even if it's not necessarily sophisticated. Not to call this year's group of submitters a bunch of children, but what I find special about this issue is that it is filled with a collection of work by people who took the raw materials at their disposal and basically colored with them.

The themes are a bit more adult and the execution is certainly stronger, but the idea is there. Katie Terhune took something as broad as the Mexican drug trade and narrowed it down to one of the most human stories you will find in the journal this year. Travis Freeman took physics and adultery to create one of the funniest pieces of prose I have ever read. Tiffany Oldani and Blair Babineaux took classic films and gave them a modern face, while Zach Steen took Jesus and turned him into your friendly neighborhood DJ.

It seems that we all miss those days of drawing with crayon and why wouldn't we? There was a freedom in it that we might not ever be able to find again. But I hope the artists who both submit and get published in the journal find something similar to that freedom they probably thought they would never have again.

You will never see anything like those drawings from kindergarten. You will also never see anything like what Xing You and Paige Perry capture with their eyes and cameras; or Bailey Betik's sprawling prose-poem, "alchemy"; or powerful demonstration of photo manipulation seen in Emily Vinson's "Field"; or the poetic prowess that we continue to see from Anannya Mukherjee.

You will never see a journal like eleven40seven. Enjoy this issue and all of those to come and while you're at it, please visit our website: [www.1147.tcu.edu](http://www.1147.tcu.edu) and explore some of our exclusive web content. We hope that what you see here will inspire you to break out your old box of crayons.

**NATHAN PESINA**  
**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**

# MY SISTER SELLS HER BLOOD IN A BORDER TOWN

Katie Terhune

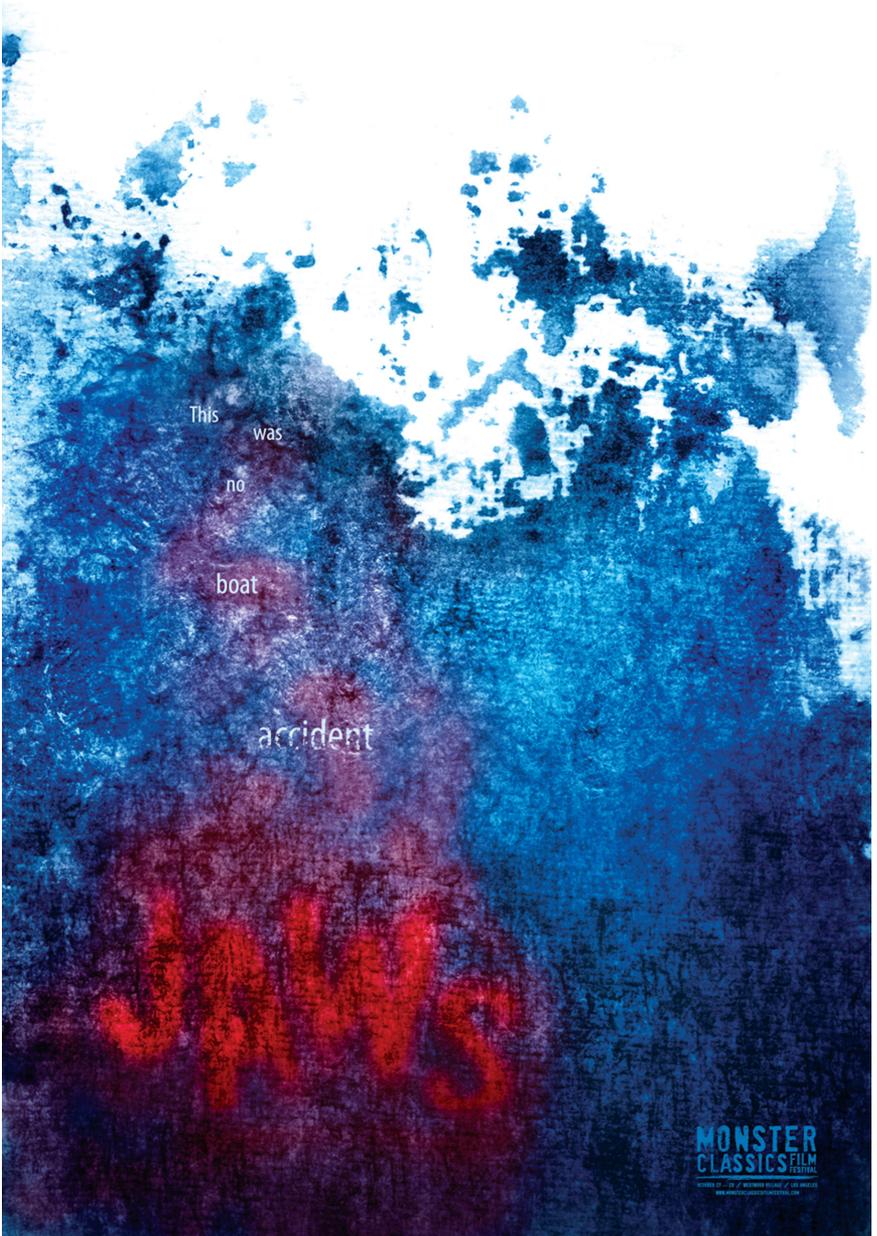
Katie is a senior Journalism major  
from Helena, MT

My sister sells her blood in a border town  
So her pink sandcastle of a house can keep the lights on.  
My sister eats oranges from her orange tree  
Avocados, cheap as the rich dirt they grow them in  
Down there.  
My sister has neighbors with an armored Mercedes  
With bulletproof windshields-they are almost never home.  
My sister says they are Cartel  
The same way you say "they are Christian," or "they are Texans."  
My sister learned all about Santa Muerte  
And Jesus Malverde  
From the gangster hooked up next to her at the plasma center.  
He showed her his tattoos through the haze of tubes and machinery  
Talked about bullets, who he prays to.  
My sister's seventh graders are skipping class, she says,  
To run drugs for the Zetas. They held an assembly about it at her school.  
My sister counted the empty seats.

# JAWS

Blair Babineaux

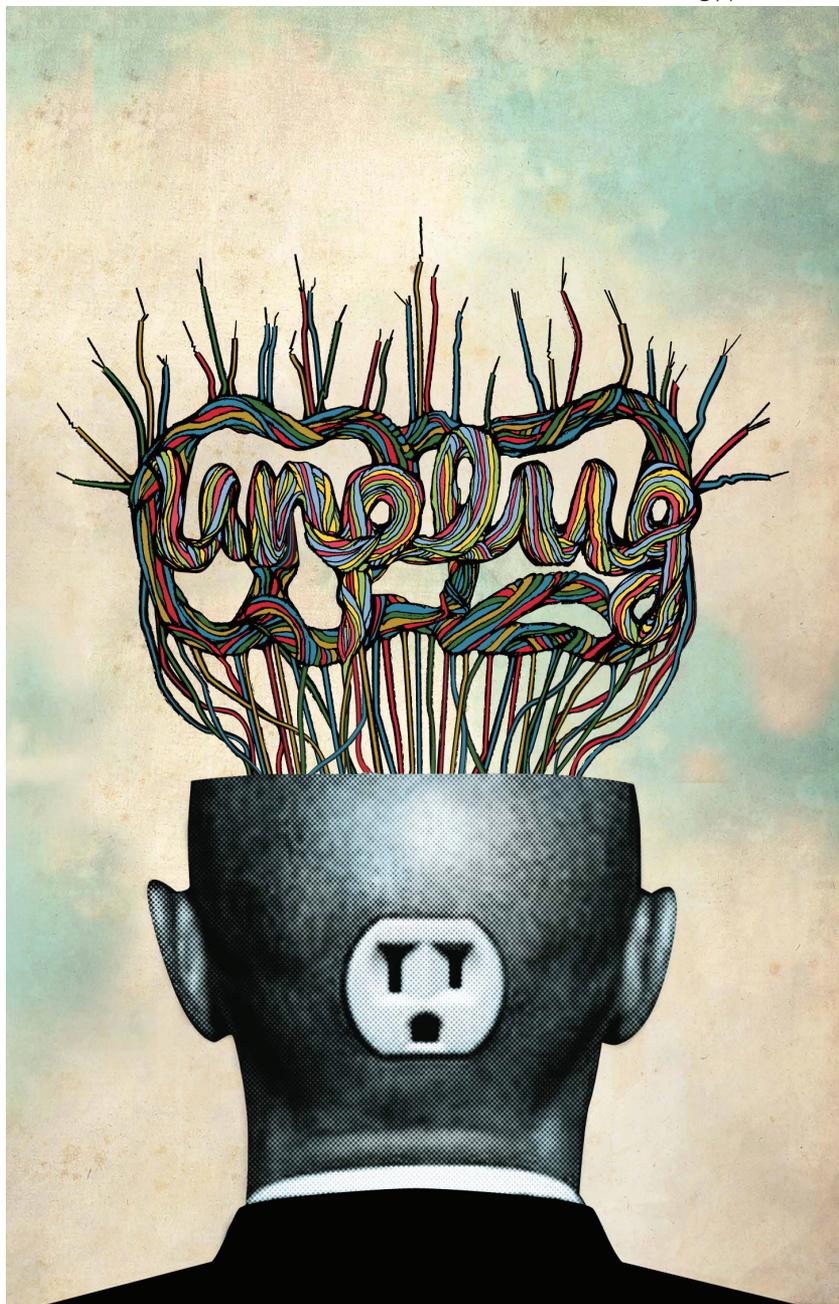
Blair is a junior Graphic Design major from Lumberton, TX



# THE DIGITAL AGE

Tiffany Oldani

Tiffany is a senior Graphic Design major from Cairo, Egypt



# OXYGEN

Anannya Mukherjee

Anannya is a junior English and Philosophy double major from Mumbai, India

I watch you sink into my couch,  
run my gaze down your skin,  
as you survey the ceiling, and  
I wonder, often, at the thrum  
of the pulse in your throat.  
At how each living cell,  
cased in fluid matrix,  
marches forth. A one  
and a two, and a surge of red

foot-soldiers, charging in unison,  
clamor and clang,  
brandishing swords.  
Joined by tributaries in red,  
wearing white helmets,  
forward marching, left right left  
as others join in, gushing, flooding,  
till the torrent overrides the drum.

Planting flags into capillary walls.  
Staking a claim on your soul.  
If I could become the miniscule  
general and lead your scarlet  
troops, I wonder  
what it might be like  
to pour through your arteries,  
and fill you with my life.

# OLD CAR

Paige Perry

Paige is a senior Studio Art-Photography major from Grand Prairie, TX.



# UNTITLED FILM STILL Paige Perry



# ALCHEMY

Bailey Betik

Bailey is a freshman English and Theatre  
double major from Ennis, TX

there are so many stories I have to tell you.

there are so many words that swim inside my stomach, the Gulf of Mexico, the Trinity River of syllables, the fricative ripples of the Mississippi swishing in my ribcage, flipping and flicking shining letters onto the pages, and I gobble them up, my mouth of criss-crossed net, straining to serve to you later, perfectly cut into bite-sized pieces and sprinkled with lemon pepper

there are so many sentences that I have to pen, have to scrape them off the soles of my feet like thick Louisiana mud, peeling off like flakes of old paint on my grandparents' rocking-chaired porches, the slithering slip of snakeskin as I scribble, etching earth into these lines, collecting the sun-dried syntax to fold into the furrows in the salty dirt, distinctly dug with my pinky finger

there are so many lines you have to learn, glass menageries of framed memories from my childhood, pressed playbills from my adolescence, stained with the slipperiness of stage makeup and set with sticky hairspray residue from summers past, thousands of songs and steps and crowds and chorus lines, and I flip through them, rifling them like the sound of distant applause and sketching out cues so that you can pick up in case I ever forget

there are so many songs I need to sing you, melodies I've gathered from the shoes of my ancestors, from deep within the creases of Methodist hymnals, drawn from the shouts of main street parades, in taffeta ball gowns, patchwork quilts

*(no line break)*

- A L C H E M Y -

and backseat drivers, and other places where sometimes  
the music is so loud I can touch it, and I do, and I tuck it  
away in my pocket for later and feel the chords through my  
clothes, through my sternum, pulsating against my skin

there are so many secrets I have to tell you, little pearls that  
sit on my collarbone, glistening between gemstones on my  
throat, because my mother used to treat the emeralds as  
if they were rhinestones, using words so carelessly, to tell  
me that my grandfather was dead, or that I would never  
be a writer, and so I use these to spite her, to glorify the  
significant minutiae she seemed to gloss over, and I show  
them off gladly, my crayon drawings, my crumpled ribbons,  
my cavities

there are so many poems I have to write you, that make  
you think about God and brothers and fictional lovers,  
about lost teeth and scavenger hunts and rainy day  
windows, about the threadbare carpets that line your  
brain, and about pages you've bookmarked, and pressed  
wildflowers, that make you remember the apple-crisp scent  
of second grade spelling bees, or of honeysuckle summers,  
or the taste of my perfume mixed with old wood, or the  
ridge of your finger prints against the slick pane of frost,  
so many poems, just like this one, that try to put life in a  
stoppered bottle

there are so many stories I have to tell you, but I can't  
remember any of them.

# ON THE ONES AND TWOS

Zach Steen Zach is a junior FTDM major from Columbus, OH



# COMPENDIUM

Molly Jones

Molly is a junior English major from Terrell, TX

I saw the canary colored sun rise  
with my brothers and sisters  
and collapsed in pain  
as my first life was stolen.

I spent my time in factories  
with the glues  
and threatening press  
the acidic smell carrying through the air.

I felt the suffocating clothing  
A cellophane coffin  
and the mainstream burial ground  
bought by the sneaker clad master.

I've felt the touch  
of eraser flesh  
and sticky finger prints  
pressure shaking with worry.

I've found my resting place  
on the shelf with lost relatives  
and new friends bound  
with the same dog-eared fate.

# BROKEN

Kristen Kilpatrick

Kristen is a senior Studio Art-Photography major from Fort Worth, TX



# BESTILL

Travis Freeman

Travis is a senior English major  
from L'Anse, MI

To begin, my dear, with the birth of all -

Let's assume that the Big Bang theory developed by physicists is correct - everything in the observable (and unobservable) universe began at an infinitely small point: "the atom of all", if you will. And this point at once bursts and expands, and thus is born our universe—all time and all matter. And since matter cannot be destroyed or created, everything that would ever exist has its foundations in that "atom of all" and the subsequent explosion. And since this explosion was a physical reaction, the movement of each and every atom that lay within the greater atom is simply a reaction to each and every other atom surrounding it. Therefore if we could account for every atom in the universe, we could determine the formula by which molecules and gas and stars and planets and amino acids and cyanobacteria and multicellular organisms and human beings perform and function. And since every action of every atom at all times is simply a reaction to every other atom at all times, every action ever performed in the entire history of the universe is determinable. And since we now know that time is not a linear progression, but rather something that has always existed, and our perception of the movement of time forward is an illusion created by our limited sensory capabilities, every reaction that will ever occur *has already happened*. The universe is in the midst of being born right now; it is also dying, and nearing the zero point of time, the ultimate death of all matter, the collapse back into the "atom of the all," where everything will return to a state of complete stillness.

Where does all of this leave us, my dear?

## - BESTILL MY PERIPATETIC HEART -

Well, there are a number of plausible scenarios -

The ancient Greeks were correct in their assumption of "fate" determining all action. The idea of fate is just the naming of the intuition that all action is predetermined; where the Greeks fall short is in the assumption that only certain acts are the acts of fate, wherein the truth is that *all acts are the acts of fate*. Odysseus was not only fated to follow through on his journey - *there was no other choice*. Choice is an illusion. The organization of independent atoms into molecules and subsequent matter does not negate the predetermined motion of said atoms. Molecules and matter only become further expressions of that original explosion.

And so for you and I my, love, there is no choice, do you see? All of the independent atoms that have bonded into molecules and further organized into matter, the matter that constitutes our very being, are only following the natural and determinable paths they were meant to follow, and have always followed, and will always follow. You and I have been brought together by the initial explosive birth of the universe, and all time (that exists always) has only led up to our being together, and this particular moment that our limited sense organs allow us to perceive.

So, again, let me state for the record that I am indeed so very terribly sorry that I fucked your sister, but there really was no choice in the matter, was there?

Another scenario, my sweet beautiful one -

Let's move forward from basic Newtonian physics into the realm of Quantum physics. One of the early principles that would go on to form the backbone of this branch of physics is that of the Heisenberg uncertainty principle.

- BESTILL MY PERIPATETIC HEART -

This principle is usually expressed thusly:

$$\Delta x \Delta p \geq h / 4 \pi$$

This mathematical theorem states that the uncertainty in the position ( $\Delta x$ ) multiplied by the uncertainty in momentum ( $\Delta p$ ) is equal to or greater than a constant ( $h / 4 \pi$ ). The constant is referred to as Planck's constant (where  $h/4\pi = 0.527 \times 10^{-34}$  Joule-second). In essence this theory states that the more precisely we measure one property (let's say position in this case), the less precise we can be in our measurement of another property (say momentum). The reason for this uncertainty in measurement extends from the very act of observation itself; if you observe a particle, there must be a probabilistic exchange of energy with the particle being observed and with light particles. The exchange in energy inevitably results in a change in momentum or position of the particle, so you therefore cannot measure both properties equally. This theorem is not a reflection of the technology we currently possess to measure particles; it is, instead, a constant principle, one that cannot be avoided. Even Einstein attempted to disprove this principle, but in vain. Uncertainty is the only constant.

Do you not see the implications, my dear, sweet love? As certain as I am in my undying love for you, how can I be certain in your love for me? Or if it be you that possess the undying love, how can you be certain in mine? Uncertainty is a simple fact that we mere mortals must come to terms with, and fix into our conceptions of true love.

In the same vein, how can you be entirely certain that I did indeed fuck your sister?

- BESTILL MY PERIPATETIC HEART -

Could not the very fact of your observation - namely your opening of that bathroom door at the Ramada Inn reception hall where your cousin was having her Quinceañera, to find your very drunken sister and I enjoined in a rough, uncoordinated coupling - have affected the very event you thought you were observing? I put it to you to try where even Einstein has failed, in a negation of one of the most respected and time tested of physical principles.

Yet another scenario, oh glorious love of mine -

Let us consider the events described by Schrödinger in his famous thought experiment. Although I am quite certain you, in your beautiful and infinite mind, are familiar with the experiment, I will record it here for posterity:

*A cat is penned up in a steel chamber, along with the following device (which must be secured against direct interference by the cat): in a Geiger counter, there is a tiny bit of radioactive substance, so small that perhaps in the course of the hour, one of the atoms decays, but also, with equal probability, perhaps none; if it happens, the counter tube discharges, and through a relay releases a hammer that shatters a small flask of hydrocyanic acid. If one has left this entire system to itself for an hour, one would say that the cat still lives if meanwhile no atom has decayed. The psi-function of the entire system would express this by having in it the living and dead cat (pardon the expression) mixed or smeared out in equal parts. It is typical of these cases that an indeterminacy originally restricted to the atomic domain becomes transformed into macroscopic indeterminacy, which can then be resolved by direct observation.*

- BESTILL MY PERIPATETIC HEART -

As I am sure you are aware, my dear, this thought experiment demonstrates a problem with Quantum theory, namely the expression of quantum mechanics in their relation to everyday reality. For we know that the cat cannot be both alive and dead; there is no equality of death and life that the cat can possess equally. But as the thought experiment shows, when considering quantum data, it can be both: it is both alive and dead.

In this way, before you opened that door of the bathroom (which your bitch sister swore was locked), I was both simultaneously fucking *and* not fucking your sister on the faux marble sink top, the crinoline of her hideous turquoise dress swaying like a stiff fog, choking my every breath. The event you believe you observed was in fact only one of two possible outcomes, and I plead with you to bear this in mind the next time you consider taking a croquet mallet to the hood of my car.

A final and equally plausible scenario for you, the center of my being - Einstein, in a letter to Schrödinger praising him for the content of his thought experiment, stated:

*"You are the only contemporary physicist.. who sees that one cannot get around the assumption of reality, if only one is honest. Most of them simply do not see what sort of risky game they are playing with reality—reality as something independent of what is experimentally established."*

Did you see that little phrase in his statement, that little morsel of doubt? "The assumption of reality": it sits like a

- BESTILL MY PERIPATETIC HEART -

smashed June bug on the windshield of quantum physics, a crushed and smeared exoskeleton that has dried to an impenetrable paste, with no amount of washer fluid or countless swipes of a wiper-blade that could ever erase the stain. Everyone - physicists, trash collectors, mailmen, you and I - we cannot escape the labyrinth that is the assumption of reality. The world spins and operates on the assumption that what we perceive - the sunrises and sunsets, the movement of clouds over a hazy bone-dry July horizon, the cars pouring through cities like rogue leukocytes, the deaths of our fathers and mothers, the peculiar, acrid-and-electric yet pleasing sensation of touching the tip of your pink tongue to the end of a nine-volt battery - is actually there. We can only make it through the day if we truly believe that the desires, the losses, the grasps for momentary relief from the drudgery and seeming indifference of the physical world with the embrace of another, the momentous confluence of events that we deem chance and synchronicity, are not in vain, but are the stuff of a very real and tangible world, a world with purpose and integrity, a world where the mere presence of someone we love annihilates the doom inherent in uncertainties and possibly poisoned cats.

Without you, this assumption dies for me. The universe turns instead into a piece of clockwork, a metal canister with a decaying atom waiting flip the switch and flood my lungs with a deadly gas, a cold and preconfigured system where I might be alive, but I am also most certainly already dead.

It is to you whom I cling, knowing full well that it is not the atoms from which you are formed that pulls me close, but what it is those atoms form—your face, your smile, your

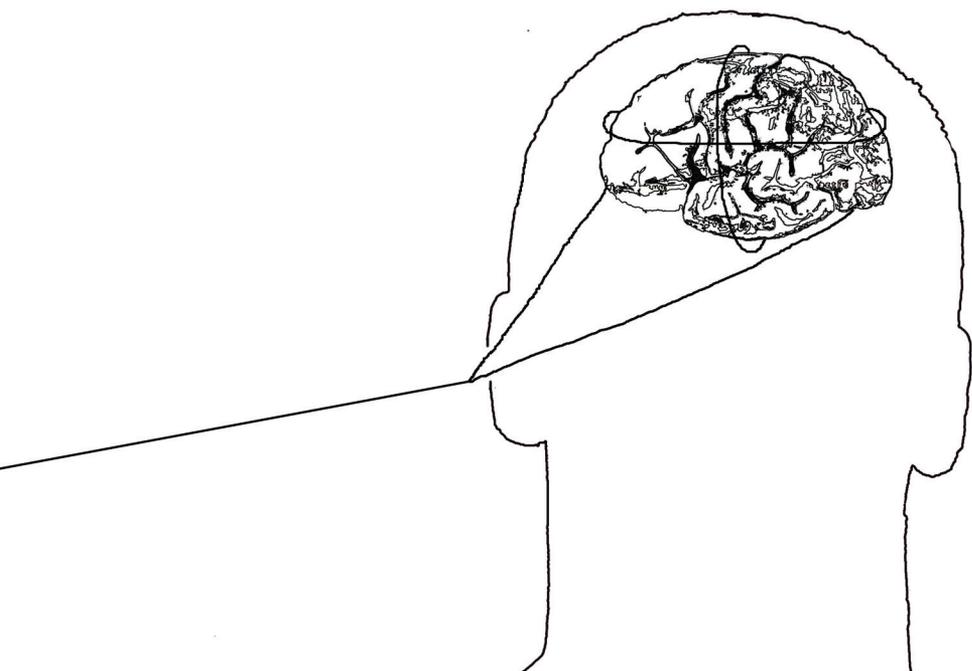
-BESTILL MY PERIPATETIC HEART-

seemingly limitless ability to love. And if fate may still play a role—if there be something that still intervenes in the miniscule and foolish lives of men—I only wish for your forgiveness, one action to undo the errant motion of a stupid and arrogant man...

# PULL MY BRAIN

Zach Steen





# SONNET FOR MADELINE

Peter Trigg

Peter is a freshman Music Education major from Little Rock, AR

It flies through space at speeds that ne'er I knew,  
The cold cannot keep hold of God's good fire.  
In time, a flash can meet the airy blue  
And run through heav'n and play off golden lyres  
Of cherubim and seraphim ablaze.  
And there, all things are happy for their days.  
But not contented is the fluid sun  
In taking course over the roads oft run.  
Down- Pierce the cloud and wind and leafy bough  
And sight reflect to me off that soft brow  
A journey years in making ends so sweet  
That lights upon her hair or on her feet,  
So thank the Lord whom light of stars hath bade,  
For also, she, our loving God hath made

# FIELD

Emily Vinson

Emily is a sophomore Studio Art-Photography major from Sunnyvale, TX



# DR. STRANGELOVE

Tiffany Oldani



# WRITING WRONGS

Taylor Haines

Taylor is a junior Strategic Communications major from San Diego, CA

Leaking out your darkest dreams,  
secrets, plots, and private things.  
Squeezing tightly, brows are created.  
Fingers cramped, and stress released.

Pierce the paper with punctuation.  
Stab the lines in pure frustration.  
Use me as your magic wand.  
Create new truths, untangle, bond

strings of words that hang in space.  
The pressure of your hand is placed  
secure and strong along my spine.  
Prepare yourself to mask the crime.

The dirt beneath your fingernails,  
the quickness of your short inhales.  
I'll shield you and I'll pass the blame.  
I'm your escape, I'll keep you sane.

Jot it down and then, prepare  
to speak with poise as eyes will stare.  
Your sweat will drip, the jury, still.  
Dark was your fate, that is, until

I bled your lie, your mask, your script.  
The truth I helped you to encrypt.  
You used me and it wasn't long  
before I worked to write your wrongs.

# LIGHTDROP

Sean Lyons

Sean is a junior Film-TV-Digital Media major from Watauga, TX



# IT Taylor Prater

Taylor is a junior Journalism and English double major from Grand Prairie, TX

Highways are not meant to be empty, just as the sky should not be this translucent nor the pathway ahead this obscure. Trees should not be threatening to swallow the gravel below, arching forward so ominously with every gust of wind or sideways swipe of dagger-sharp rain. Houses are meant to be secure, stable, safe, perhaps metaphorically split in two but not physically. People are meant to run from disasters, to evacuate the source, to steer clear away from the chaos instigating from some unseen, unsuspecting, undetected core.

Yet here I am, driving straight into it all without even knowing what the hell is going on.

Don't get me wrong. I've spent plenty of my days ambling around not knowing or even caring where I would end up. I'd spend hours just driving, driving, thinking *I'm sure I'll find where I'm supposed to be, I'm sure I'll just see it and know that's what my destination had been all along.* Thus, my life is constantly full of a wanderlust I simply can never satisfy. But I think it's worked out for me so far.

There's nothing I love more than getting straight to a scene at the beginning of the action, stumbling into the right place at the right time all because I seemed to just know something would be "going down" there. I've learned to never let a camera or a pad of paper leave my side, not even when I'm going to the bar for a drink or the grocery store for a tub of butter. You never know when a delivery truck might tip over and spurt gallons of milk in the street, or an argument over who gets to take the girl with the mojito home ends up in the total annihilation of the young bar owner's brand new place.

Both things I've somehow been fortunate and unfortunate enough to witness, but it's my job to not only know what's going on, but to let other people know as well.

But this whole situation...hell, I don't think a couple of sudden bar fights or even some accidental forest fires could have prepared me to report on something this monumental. Just a few hours ago I was shoved into my shabby excuse for a vehicle by my news director and told to drive out here, the only reason from him being *We gotta get someone out there and you're the only one at this station who can do three jobs at once and still have something to say for it.* He shoved a camera in my hands and said keep your radio on and look out for it and that was it. At 8 a.m. on a Sunday I was on my way right into what looked like how I'd always pictured the Book of Revelations, still wondering what my director meant by *look out for it*, because clearly he didn't mean the radio.

Up until about ten minutes ago my hand had not left the dial on that damn radio. Back and forth I've been through every single news station I can pick up, the entire time I've been driving, trying to get some background information on what exactly I'm getting myself into, trying to get an idea of what it is I should be reporting on.

*Flooding throughout several states in the southern side of the country, some report 150 mile per hour winds and fleeting quakes—*

*It's been said this is perhaps the largest catastrophe to hit in the history of the United States—*

*Casualties left and right, a tragedy this reporter has never witnessed in her life—*

*I tell ya Jim despite how old I am I wa'n't around for Noah's Ark but I'm sure as I'll get at that this is what it looked like—*

I'd been taught in school to prepare myself for situations like these, for monumental disasters that could happen at the flip of a switch, the drop of a match, or a quick glance toward the shifting tides. *If you want to be a journalist you have to be ready to put yourself in difficult and dangerous situations, and be ready to remove your emotions from it all to get to the truth, the heart of the matter.*

I thought I was prepared. I'd seen my fair share of floods, of bruised and beaten people, the middle of heated discussions between political enemies, noses inches apart, faces blood red. I've been yelled at and berated by my sources, accusing me of being a soulless psychopath for attempting to talk to them in the midst of a crisis or affliction, wondering why I can't just leave them alone and go shove my questions in places where questions should never go. I can't tell you the number of times I've been told to go to hell. Believe me, the last thing I want is to impose or offend in the wake of a life-changing matter, but in some cases I have to do what I have to do to let the public know what's going on around them.

Driving into the aftermath of Mother Nature's wrath, watching the dust settle and the winds slow and the rain begin to trickle away into a steady yet ominous *drip, drip*. I think back onto those experiences and wonder if any of it will give me some foresight into how to treat this one. I don't think it will.

The sudden jerk of my steering wheel pulls me out of my reverie. I am tossed around among the quick but rapidly decelerating *thump thump* of the wheels passing over tree branches, stumps, piping and remnants of wooden fences. Languidly, I attempt to grasp the wheel again, move my foot toward the brake to avoid losing my one ticket out of this twisted excuse for a city, or town, or wherever the hell I am now. I finally regain control of myself and slam my foot down to the car floor, jerking my entire body forward and nearly out the window, but at least stopped, for the time being. It seems I'd found the place where the highway ends and the clutter of every possible moving thing has congregated, obscuring further travel and forcing me to exit the "safety" of my vehicle and enter, at last, the heart of the aftermath: the center of the destruction. The place where those left behind have come to search for answers, to pray for protection, to dig through the rubble, to embrace, to weep, to mourn.

*It.*

I'm blown away by everything that surrounds me now, the

sheer capacity of desperate people in torn and tattered clothing, some throwing back blocks of wood in a pile as high as most buildings or what's left of them, either hoping to find someone or something underneath, or maybe hoping they aren't there at all. Between me and what looks like an old church is a woman folded flat to her knees on the ground, swaying back and forth and praying loudly *why would this happen, what can we do?* The cascade of muddy-brown hair covering her face, hiding what I'm sure is a red-streaked face of tear stains, lengthened between every hiccup and sob. To my right is a man attempting to escape his house through a gaping hole in the roof, using what little strength he had left to pull himself up, using a fallen telephone pole nearby as his stronghold. In the distance I see a different woman throw herself onto a man lying on the ground, motionless, her sobbing and screaming and thrashing and embracing and looking around frantically for help, knowing it's too late but still so desperately looking for a way. I see now that she's not the only one as I re-scan my surroundings, watching as people move outward from the center; some sprinting to other lifeless people so cruelly and unexpectedly taken from the world.

I don't know where to start. I stumble back, my hand searching wildly behind me for the car door, unable to remove my eyes from the disarray before me. *I've found it, I muse, now what am I supposed to do?*

I force myself to tear away for a moment to gather myself, to remember why it is I am here and what it is I need to do.

*I am a news reporter.*

*I am here to report the news.*

*I need to seek the truth and report it.*

*I need to be accountable.*

*I need to act independently.*

*I need to minimize harm.*

Minimize harm? Ha! I can be as respectful and courteous and compassionate as I want, but the fact of the matter is, I'm here in the center of these peoples' nightmares, I don't know what the hell I'm supposed to do to help *minimize the harm* of this catastrophe! The only one that can significantly minimize any harm here is God, and according to this woman ahead of me, he's not here right now.

In the passenger seat of my car is the camera, an enormous black backpack full of lenses, batteries, memory cards, USB cables, and anything else in the universe; I need to get quality news photos. *Hi, excuse me, I understand you're in the middle of possibly the most life-changing event you will ever experience, but I need to ask your name so I can use this photo in my report.*

If it were me, crouched in a ball, scarred for life, wondering where everyone is, if they're okay, how am I going to recover from this, where do I go now, and what do I do, would I be willing to talk to some schmuck who just snapped a photo of me for his little local news station miles away from here? I don't think so.

But,

*I am a news reporter.*

*I am here to report the news.*

*I need to seek the truth and report it.*

The truth. *It.*

This. This is *it*. I am *it*, she is *it*, he is *it*, we are all *it*.

*It* is always here, in our every day lives. *It* happens every day, to every person, in every possible different way. *It* is the same to some, different to most. *It* is now, and now is the time.

Before I slip into some other manic state I fling the door open and quickly assemble my camera, ignoring thoughts of *Oh God I can't I don't what the hell is even going on* and remembering what I'm here for.

People outside of this are wondering what's going on. People want to know the situation, to connect to the poor souls affected, to see how it is they are aching even though it makes them ache themselves and see how they can reach out and help and give and pray and move toward resolution.

There has to be a middle man. Someone to not only help those affected but help those who want to help those affected, by looking into the core of the matter and finding the truth and letting everyone know it. That is why I am here. That is why I do what I do.

It is with that strength that I drape the camera over my neck, grab my notes and move toward it.

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## Cover Art

Xing You  
"Nocturnes"

## Editor-in-Chief

Nathan Pesina

## Creative Director

Elizabeth Rector

## Editorial Team

Ian Yamagata, Katie Kennedy, Matt Lawson

## Support

Curt Rode  
Department of English  
New Media Writing Studio

Brad Lucas  
Department of English

Andrew Schoolmaster  
AddRan College of Humanities and Social Science

Rachel Spurrier  
Bryson Literary Society

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new.media.writing.studio  
[www.newmedia.tcu.edu](http://www.newmedia.tcu.edu)

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“ I WAS WORKING ON THE  
PROOF OF ONE OF MY  
POEMS ALL THE MORNING  
AND TOOK OUT A COMMA.  
IN THE AFTERNOON I PUT  
IT BACK AGAIN. ”

Oscar Wilde  
Irish writer and poet