



TCU Journal of the Arts

eleven4oseven

Fall 2014 Volume 10.1

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# eleven40seven

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Dr. Emory and Mr. Frederic Hamilton  
and established in honor of their  
daughter, Helen Hamilton.

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# EDITOR'S NOTE

"There are things known and things unknown and in between are the doors."

- Jim Morrison

I believe these doors are the very heart and soul of all creative people. Our minds wander between what's known and what's unknown. What some might see as a place devoid of any meaning or purpose, others see as doors that connect us to the art we create. These doors are the creative process. We all know that when one door closes, another one opens; but the nature of art is to venture through those closed doors and create from the passions that rest deep within ourselves. Our art is what is on the other side of those doors.

At eleven40seven, we thrive on providing an outlet for students to share what they have discovered behind these doors. It becomes a cycle when our staff utilized their own creative talents to bring the issue to fruition every semester. I cannot thank this semester's staff enough for all their hard work and dedication. The support and flexibility they have shown this semester has been amazing. I also would like to express my gratitude for our faculty advisor, Dr. Rode. The opportunity he provides for students, both staff and contributors alike, is indescribable. Of course the journal would not exist without the students who submit their creative work to us. Thank you all for exploring what lies between the known and unknown and sharing it with us to be shared with the campus and beyond.

A very special thank you goes out to Dr. Emory Hamilton and Mr. Frederic C. Hamilton for establishing the eleven40seven Endowment Fund in honor of their daughter, Helen Hamilton. To recognize their generous contribution in this edition and all subsequent editions, we have chosen one piece from the journal as the winner of the new Helen Hamilton Award for Excellence in Creative Expression. Congratulations to the first recipient, Edel Anthony, for her piece "Dancers" that can be seen in this edition.

As you explore this semester's edition and our web-companion ([www.1147.tcu.edu](http://www.1147.tcu.edu)) I hope you enjoy the journey through each of the doors that our contributors have opened on the page.

- Valyrie Kulp, Editor in Chief



## BUZZ

Elizabeth Sage



## IF WE'D HAD ANOTHER SUNRISE

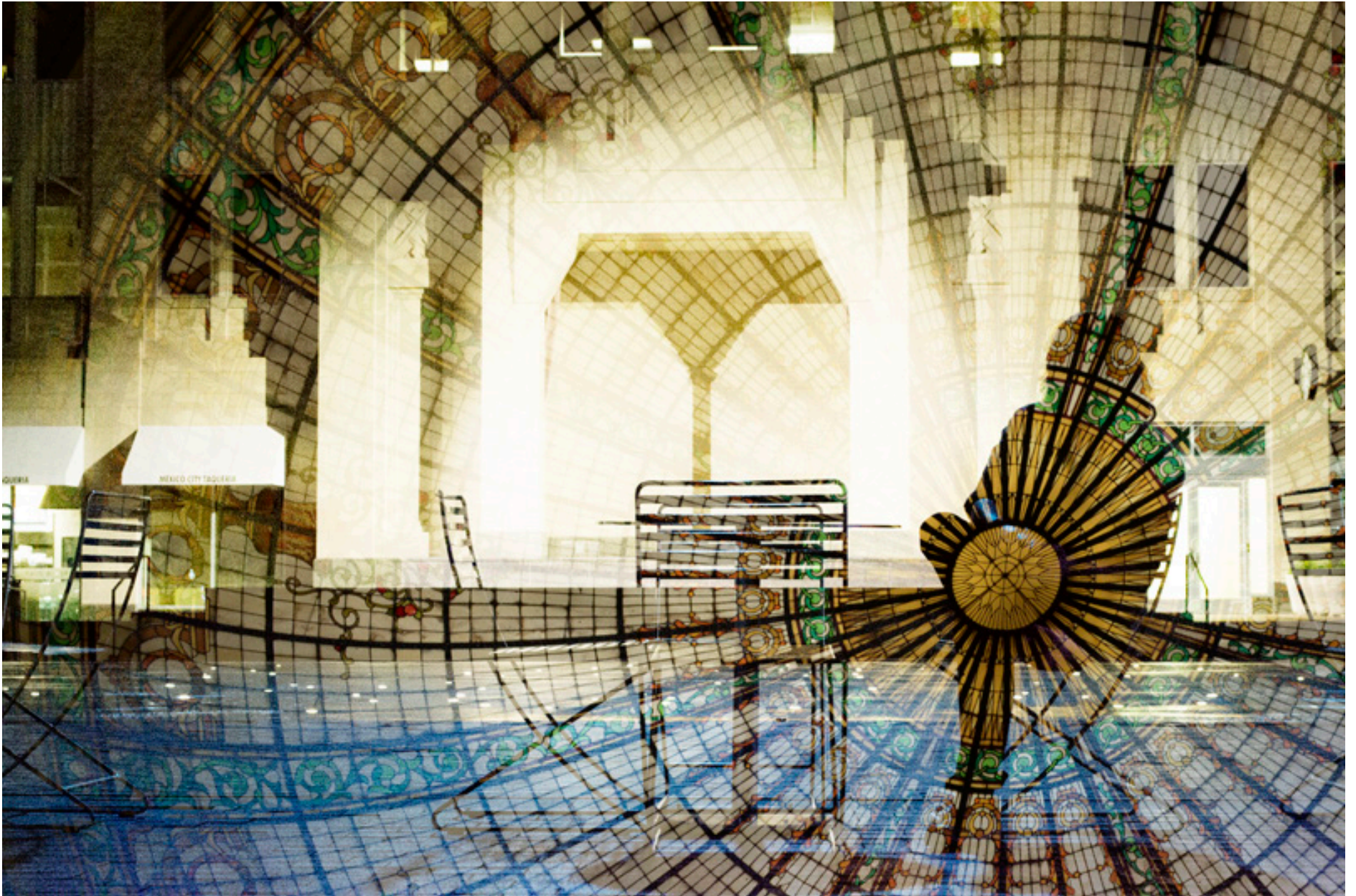
Kyra Lindholm

As the same cloth cut us,  
could we have expected  
to unravel any other way?  
This is the story of you and me:  
folded notes in my back pocket,  
the smell of sunflowers,  
stargazing in a pumpkin patch.  
This is the story of you:  
forehead kisses for hours,  
sharpened pocket knives,  
ship-in-a-bottle.  
This is the story of me:  
pick up, pick up,  
call me back,  
scribble, erase, rant,  
crying on the bathroom floor,  
you didn't say it back this time,  
type, type, send,  
are you there,  
damn you, damn you.  
Forgive me, my aim always  
to make you stay, with  
every: wide-eyed glance,  
fragile letter,  
practiced phone call.  
Trees leave so I know why  
your mooring went adrift,  
but oh,  
our psyches stayed entwined—  
tangled firmness of your roots,  
which pained us both to hack or burn,  
so forgive me,  
I blockaded the water supply.



# ELECTRICITYSCAPE

Madison Joeris





## ROY G. BIV

Ellery LeSueur

Rented spaces causing  
effervescent harkening to harden  
diverging cutlass faces, vainly.

Only in the buttered glow  
resonating with the sun  
and passing vivacious playfully.  
Negotiating the chanced primary by  
generating hard life  
each moment shocking large.

Yes, they called, but it's not that bad.  
Elementary cross work, stitch and save.  
Lessons learned on summer days  
loving far along the mossy road  
every time the clouds move  
with all the breaths we glimmer through.

Glossy snake in grassy mud,  
rallying faux with elements of apathy  
even though they check and check  
eleven twelves out of time.  
Never fully satisfied.

Blessed seize of vague loftiness  
living silent but gazing still.  
Up and down, it's infinity  
ever wrought in hand-free meld.

It doesn't exist.  
Not part of the scheme, or  
doesn't find itself fit or  
isn't fit to lengthen here,  
gripping what should be serenity,  
only, like we are, caught in-between.

Passing calm in shades of farce,  
under the impression of royal fare;  
realms neglected chase it with  
pardons written on their tongues,  
leavening their smooth consent  
except when it meant leaving.

## THE RULE

Ethan Murray

Just as earlybirds rise from the willow  
to find lo-fi toasters floating  
across the twittersphere,

somewhere in December  
New Yorkers are  
mayfaired across the Hudson.  
Wintry chills blurred  
away with Tahitian ghosts  
soul surfing  
across the interweb. A linked oasis

creating a façade in Arizona's  
desert horizon. Where  
reality and the online collide,  
clashing together  
until one becomes both.

Valencia summers dipped  
in the inkwell are commonly  
mistaken for the Sierras, pale skin  
saturated in tan paint, teeth whitened  
beyond bleachability.

Waistlines slowly dwindle,  
cropped away  
like excess baggage  
to avoid weighing too much  
in airport lines.

We hit refresh  
on our lives,  
counting likes to  
measure mortality,  
seconds spent  
drain the breath  
from our batteries.

One photo at a time, please.



# DANCERS

Edel Anthony

HELEN HAMILTON AWARD FOR  
EXCELLENCE IN CREATIVE EXPRESSION





## CORRECTIONS AND CLARIFICATIONS

Claire Shelton

*It was Frederic Miller, not his murdered son Matthew, who was executed Monday night at Henshaw Prison. Eighteen-year-old Matthew was found 13 months ago.*

Well, his body was found. Some junkie found him sprawled out on the ground in an alleyway between two identical apartment buildings, his spine crushed, his neck snapped.

There was never much debate about who was the killer. His father, the aforementioned Frederic Miller, was clearly to blame. The apartment the two men had shared was nine stories up from Matthew's body, the window shattered, like he'd been pushed through.

And everybody knew Fred hated Matt. But, I mean, who wouldn't? That kid was a little shit. Everyone knew it. But I suppose that's the hardest thing about parenting: You're not supposed to kill your children.

I know that more than anyone. Fred and I, as a matter of fact, spent nine months holed up in the same prison for the same crime.

Well, not exactly the same. I smothered my kid's face with a feather pillow. I wanted to be gentle about it, and what's more gentle than a feather pillow? I'm not a bad guy, you see. At least I didn't shove him out the window.

At least I was soft.

## SOCKS, A PAIR

Malcolm Baker

To me, you came as a dawn snowflake.

I never needed you,  
never asked for you,  
never wanted you.

You will never feel  
the caress of my cold,  
little feet.

Your embrace, thick  
warm and tight;  
wooly, like the hot breath  
of morning cocoa.

I will never allow  
myself to yield to your  
polyester dreams.

I never need you,  
never ask for you,  
never want you.

For you, I will never  
reach, never yearn:

To pull you up my long legs—  
your eagerness, raw  
full of novelty  
on a plush, white morning meadow—

thawing unevenly below a wintery sun.

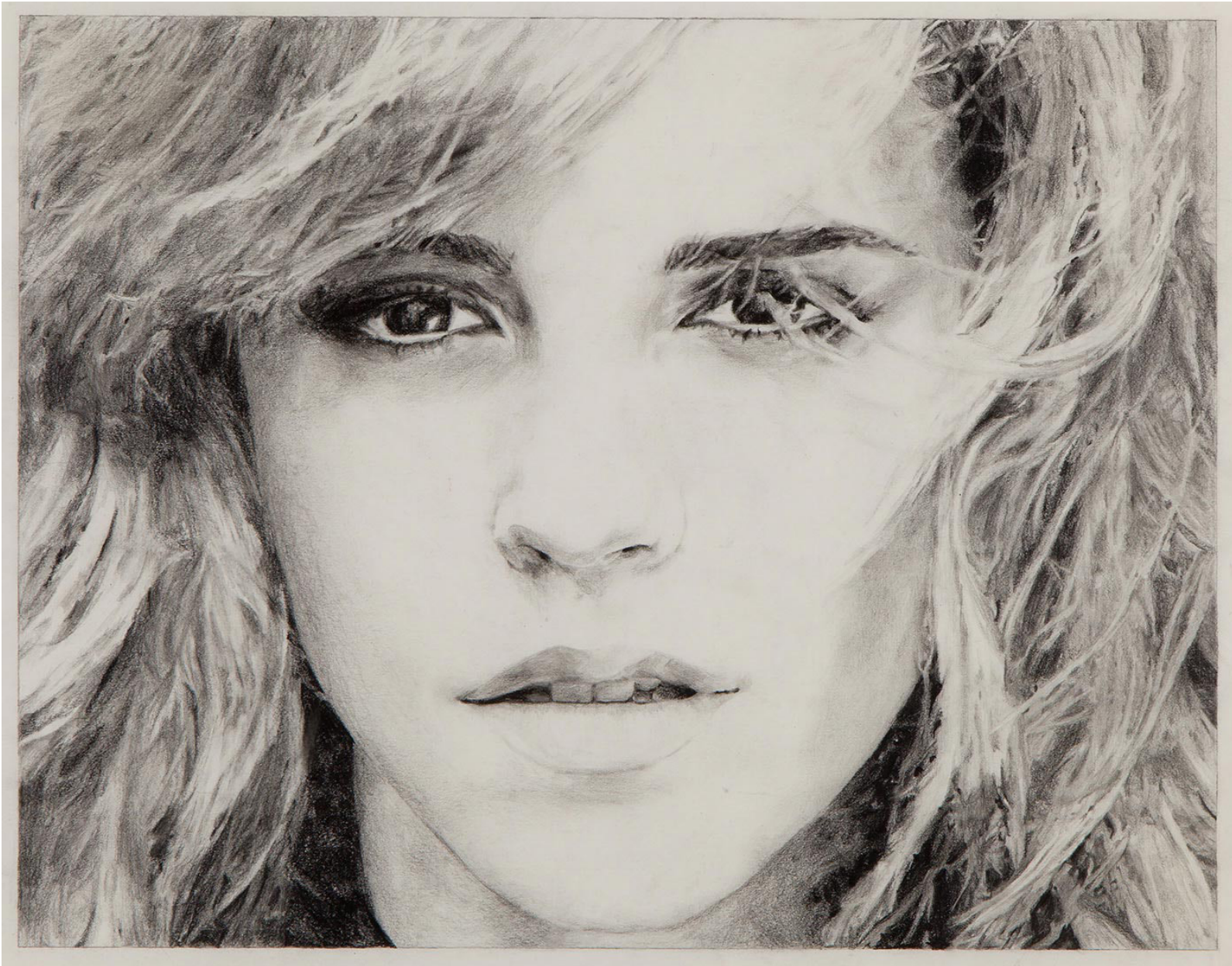
I will never need you,  
never ask for you,  
never want you.

Upon my lap you fell,

That was the time—the only time—  
you felt me:  
My supple knees,  
Tender ankles.

## PERSPECTIVE

Nicole Schouten





# SIX FEET UNDER THE STARS

## Winona Gbedey

The Big Bang: the only plausible idea that cosmogonists can come up with for the start of everything, a dizzying explosion that eventually spurred the creation of our galaxy and Earth. And although the only clue that it had ever happened is the continuous expansion of the universe, too far and too grand for my humble, little telescope to see, I hoped to catch a glimpse of that black, starry expanse tonight. Tonight Halley's Comet finished its 75-year orbit through space. Tonight it would pass by Earth, illuminating the sky like a smoking ball of ice. Tonight I finally realized why my father had bought this shabby house out in the country, away from the millions of streetlights and blaring car horns; it was the ideal spot to see the comet.

11:32. There were still approximately thirty minutes before the comet shot through the sky, but I didn't want to waste any of this perfect night. Grabbing a cardigan off the floor and wedging my feet into a pair of navy blue flip-flops, I slowly crept down the stairs, being careful to avoid all the spots that moaned loudly whenever any weight was put on them. Dad, sprawled across the couch, was snoring softly. I didn't want to wake him just yet.

As I opened the door, a cool breeze raced up to greet me. I stood there, one hand gripping the doorknob, the other by my side, and breathed in the fresh country air. Smiling, I dashed out, the tall, dew-covered grass swaying against my ankles, until I was at the top of my favorite stargazing hill; I flopped back, allowing the star-speckled night to dominate my vision.

Suddenly my phone chimed in my pocket, a shrill tone that shattered the calm and serenity, and I

- SIX FEET UNDER THE STARS -

whipped it out with an annoyed huff. Gabriel Smith. Of course. "Gabe, what do you want?"

"I—I—" I heard him stutter on the other side, his already high-pitched eleven-year-old voice rising even higher, before he took in a deep breath. "You're outside, aren't you? I mean, you're always outside when the stars are out, and with this comet thing...I was wondering if I could join you?"

I sighed. I didn't really want him here, but I wasn't about to tell my eleven-year-old admirer "no." "Sure."

11:40. I probably had a good five minutes before Gabe found me, so I spent them tracing my favorite constellations in the sky, spouting out as many as I could remember. I heard the grass part as someone made their way up the hill, slipping and grunting, and the next thing I knew, Gabe's shaggy blond head was all I could see. I sat up and let a small smile cross my face. "Hello Gabe."

"Hi Marie." Even though the night was dark, with the moonlight I could see Gabe's pale cheeks turn a fiery red the moment my name escaped his lips. He removed his thick, round glasses and polished them on the edge of his Superman shirt, caving in on himself like a collapsible chair. I didn't know how to deal with nervous, smitten pre-teen boys but I did know how I wanted to pass the time. I fell back into the grass and motioned for him to do the same.

"Want to see the constellations?" I asked him, and he nodded eagerly. I took his small hand in mine; much like John Nash had done with his soon-to-be wife's in *A Beautiful Mind*, and pointed it to the twinkling stars up above. Cradled beside the moon was the easiest one to spot and I went to that one first: out and down for the handle, then around to make a little box for the spoon.

"That one's the Little Dipper. Do you see it?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I do! Do it again! Please?"

"Okay. This one is Ursa Minor."

I didn't know how long we were like that, slowly running through the shapes that constantly danced before my eyes, but I enjoyed it, and I knew he did too. His wide grin never left his face, and as I looked down at him, laughing to myself as he begged for another, then another, I saw that his blue eyes, hidden behind a veil of unkempt golden hair, were as bright and shiny as the stars that dotted the skyline.

"That was fun, wasn't it, Marie? We should do that again sometime, right?" Hands now balled into his brown cargo pants, Gabriel turned his head towards me, his cheeks once again a crimson red. His look was so earnest, so hopeful, that I couldn't have possibly said no even if I wanted to.

I beamed. "Yes, of course, Gabe."

My dad came out of the house five minutes before the comet was scheduled to appear. I rolled around onto my belly, my chin cradled in my palms, and watched as he locked the door, slipped the key into his trousers, and began tromping through the grass, my telescope strapped to his back. Yawning, he ran a hand through his thinning hair, but when he opened his eyes again, he spotted Gabriel and me at the top of the hill. He smiled, waved, clambered up the hill, all with the dexterity of a middle-aged man who was still groggy with sleep. I met him half way, grabbed his arm, and helped him the last few steps.

"Gabriel, my boy, are you ready for this twice-in-your-lifetime experience?" Dad pulled the telescope out of its bag, and together we set it up, aimed it at the

sky, and focused it. "I trust that Marie has told you everything you need to know about the comet."

"Yes, sir. She showed me the constellations, too!"

Soon after, a waiting game ensued, one in which we stretched across the grass like lazy cats and followed every darting shape with our eyes. 12:17. Where was it? My heart hammered against my ribcage and I muttered the names of each major star under my breath in hopes of calming it. Then I saw it. Far away, a dark ball shot through the sky, its tail a marvelous, breath-taking blue. Halley's Comet. I knew Dad and Gabe were probably peering into the telescope, observing it as closely as two aspiring astrologists dared, but I couldn't bring myself to move, to breathe, to do anything except stare.

My father had discovered this world of stars and planets when I was very young, and since then, the prospect of witnessing this was almost incomprehensible. He had been psyching me up for this one precious moment for years, and now that it was here, I didn't want to miss even a second of it. It was gorgeous, so beautiful the stars and the moon paled in comparison. I was truly six feet under the stars.



## MYSTIQUE

Sarah Morris



## ELEMENT(A)RY

Kyra Lindholm

Honeysuckle, wildflower mouth  
Turn your tulips towards the bough  
Budding in twilight's trepidation  
Nothing blooms until it's sown

Your wilting breaths form incantations  
Paper gums and trident tongues  
Sift through grimy salt and crackle  
Go find Nirvana in a sandlot

Blazing wings hung on the coatrack  
Veins of magma ooze and slurp  
Engulfing sofas and pillowcases  
Don't touch the floor; it's lava

Acid rain drips from the mantle  
León's Fountain pools and rusts  
Gills and pearls and dead fish eyes  
Crocodile tears beat paper

Ring around the coffee table  
Circle, circle, dot, dot  
Connect the endings one-by-one  
What goes around returns to bite

# THE AMERICAN SPIRIT NEVER FADES

Ola Bodurka





## LUNGS

Amy Grawburg



## TIMM SCHRAMM'S FUNERAL, BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA

Jordan Ray

November snowfall,  
Layered as a sigh.

## LONDON AT DAYBREAK

Ellery LeSueur

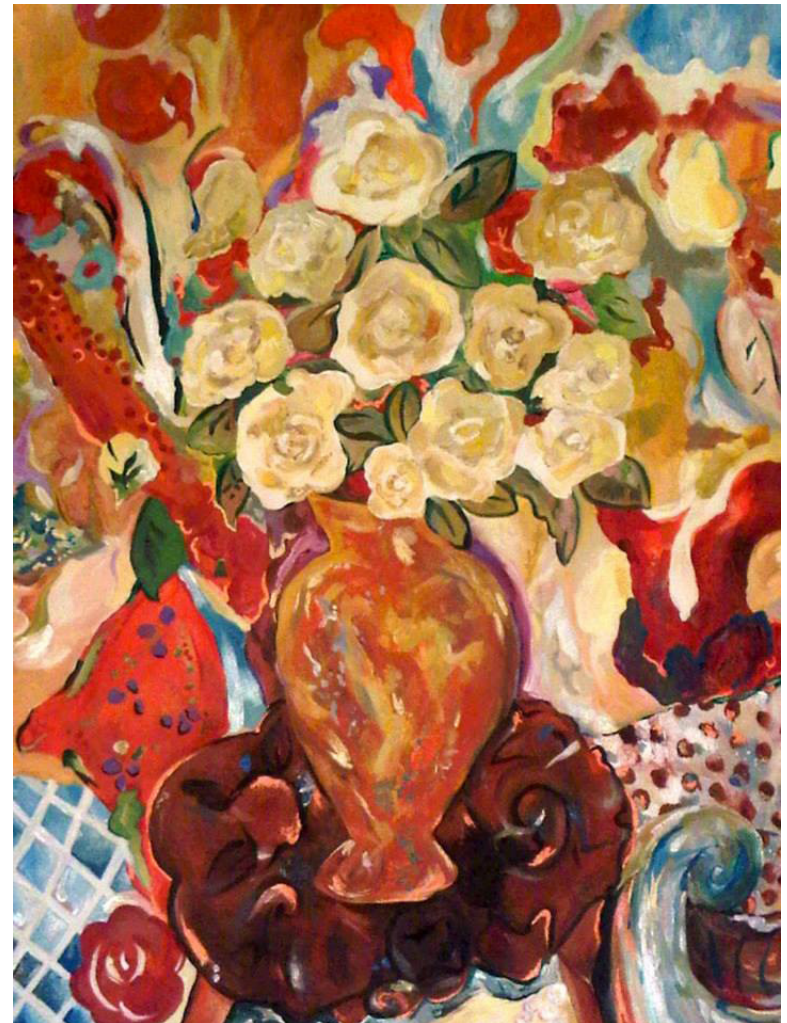
How passing strange is the morning  
when you've pushed it through the night.  
The twittering voice of the sunrise  
calls first through the still  
over London. The day marches soon.  
Their king then lights the sky,  
melting into bloom,  
silencing the bird calls for the  
bantering city, coughing industry,  
crying ash against smoggy sunrise.  
In these small hours alone is there nature:  
in the alcoves, in the arches, supple light.  
Black cabs, big buses, battering rain—  
London. But here it is, at its quietest,  
and it sings.

Where it otherwise stings, it whispers  
not quite kisses, but soft rain,  
earl grey, Easter morning.  
Only for moments, and among rushing streets,  
if you sit and listen, there lives Spring.  
How the city hides its life, its song,  
with all its nesters deaf in sleep.  
But slowly, the clouds crumble pale,  
and blue bites the edges,  
a shattering each breaking day;  
the clouds sup on the rush and crack  
and on goes the Underground  
and off go the lights  
and off go the workers where they'll stay 'til night.  
Morning ends and early risers  
must rush sightless under a now voiceless sky.

They have pigeons; I have birds.  
They have pavement; I have sky.  
They have coffee.  
I have swallowed morning –  
by seconds,  
in fragments.  
But now I know its voice.

## THRIVE

Nicole Schouten





# PEARS

Celeste Randall



## ARTEMIS ("Ἀρτεμις)

Abigail Buckley

now: you are ruler of the night  
you have the moon at your feet  
and a thousand women long to follow you  
into the depths of hades  
if you asked

then: you had a man who longed for you once  
who shot a silver-tipped arrow straight into the air  
but his tongue was the sharper metal  
and you'll never forget the whispering sound  
his words made as they hissed past his alabaster teeth

now: the only man who dares look twice at you  
shares half your blood and a penchant for burning  
too brightly too often, until his gold-dipped hair  
becomes too painful to even squint at

then: you turned a maiden  
who once ran with you into a beast  
with claws like bone-carved knives  
and a roar that sounded far too like  
a cry to frighten the watchers of the forest

now: the friends you once had  
live amongst the stars  
or at the bottom of the world  
fixated for eternity  
for all to see  
but never hear

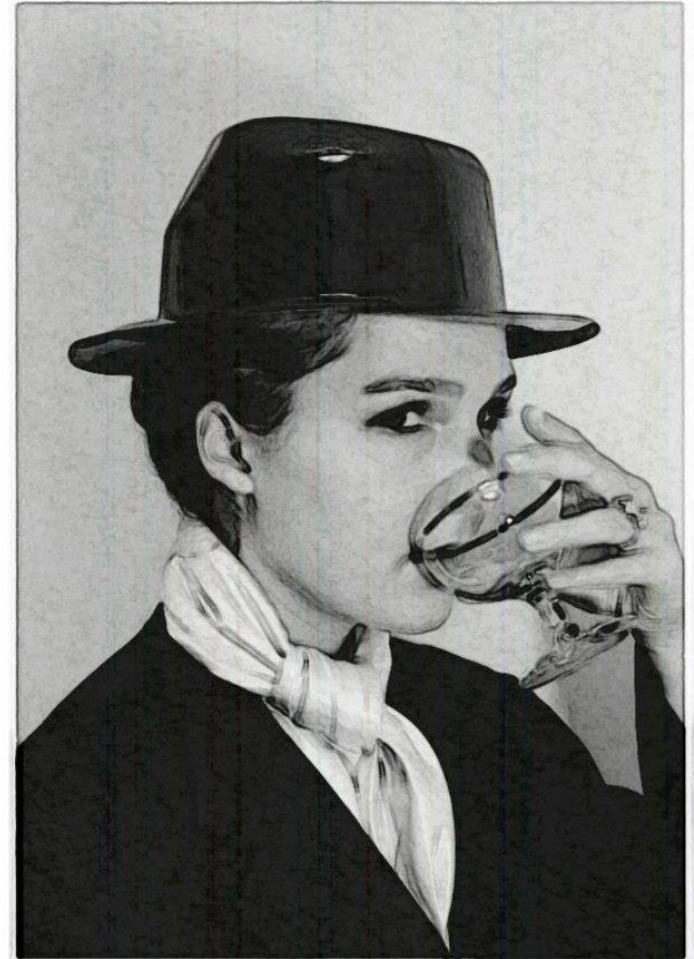
then: names you can no longer remember  
danced beside you  
for the blink of an eye  
before a man took their virtue  
and you left them to die

now: dozens of feet pound the earth and  
the beat feels more real than the organ  
pulsating inside your chest

now: you have never been more powerful  
or more revered  
and yet you think  
you will never feel more alone

## GLASSY

Amy Dondalski





## TAKING MEASUREMENTS

### Claire Shelton

The short shrieks of the alarm clock flood Roselyn's ears and she slams her palm down on top of the digital plastic box.

"Fucking Mondays," she says, her voice muffled by layers of cotton.

Her left arm is wedged underneath the pillow, coming alive with needle pinpricks as she pulls the neckline of her shirt up to her nose and inhales. With her eyes closed, and with the help of the musky scent ingrained between the threads of her worn t-shirt and in the creases where her arms bend at the elbows, she can almost convince herself that he is still there. Yes, he is there, just a few inches away.

She has found over the years that if she repeats something enough, eventually she will believe it. Roselyn builds her life around small lies—he is still there, she is still twenty, a pack of cigarettes still costs two dollars—just enough to get her to the next morning. It is never about surviving the day. Nights are always the hardest. There's something pathetic about a queen-sized bed with only one side occupied. And she feels vulnerable and exposed without him drowsily tugging the sheets away from her throughout the night.

The first time he spent the night, one week before her twenty-first birthday, Roselyn woke up alone and didn't see him again until the next evening, when she found him standing outside her door, raindrops dripping from the strands of caramel-colored hair plastered to his forehead.

"Why did you leave?"

"It's easier to say goodnight than goodbye," he said, passing over the threshold and picking her up in the same movement, his left arm pressed up against the backs of her knees, his right supporting her head.

One rainy day in April less than a year later, they sat together on the grimy bench outside their first apartment.

## - TAKING MEASUREMENTS -

"This summer," she said.

"This summer?"

"This summer I'm going to start my life."

"Huh?"

"You know," she said. "Get my shit together."

"Okay."

"Will you help me?"

So they spent that summer forging hospital notes and typing up false obituaries, skipping work and passing the time out by the creek behind her old house. Her family didn't live there anymore because her parents had more children and the house couldn't hold them.

Everyday, they drove the ten miles or so back to her childhood neighborhood, made sure the coast was clear, and cut through the backyard to the woods beyond the fence. They tied their makeshift hammocks between trees and ate watermelon slices and drank green tea out of her big hand-me-down thermos. He read and she tried to, pausing every few minutes to stare up at the canopy of trees or at his face because she liked the pattern the shadows painted on his skin.

Summer in the Midwest had consisted of one overbearingly hot day after another for as long as Roselyn could remember. On a day that made their skin even stickier than usual, she rolled out of her hammock and walked over to the edge of the bank. Roselyn and her sisters used to slide down where it dropped off and dig their heels into the mud to stop themselves before they hit the water.

That day, he walked over to her, rotting leaves left over from the cold months making squelching sounds beneath the soles of his shoes.

"Hey," he said, reaching for her hand. She laced their fingers together, but didn't look up at him.

"What if this is all there is?" she said.

"Hm?"

"You know. What if this is it?"

"It isn't."

"How do you know?"

When he said nothing, she finally looked at him, pressed her lips together, and nodded, looking back towards the water.

She and her sisters used to leap between the rocks when the water was low enough and pretend the undulating liquid was lava. He jumped off the edge of the miniature cliff, bending his knees as he landed beside the water, and waded in, not bothering with the rocks. She slid down after him.

This morning, Roselyn forgot to take out the trash. Well, she actually forgot last night. But if she had gotten up early enough this morning, she could have gone through the house emptying the contents of individual bins into one supersized bag, stuffed that bag into the overflowing household dumpster, and dragged it behind her to the place where the driveway meets the street. But she didn't. He was usually in charge of the trash. Fuck him, she thinks, for not being here when she needs him. Fuck him for being flaky after she had become convinced of his permanence.

If she's honest with herself, she can't even blame her memory. In fact, she was awake at four this morning, her eyes staring, widened and hollowed-out, at the crumbling ceiling above her. No, Roselyn didn't forget to take out the trash. She just didn't. She can already picture the results of her decision, or lack thereof. The shiny cylinders will be overflowing in every room within days. Couples will walk by with dogs tugging at leashes and children strapped to their torsos. "What died in there?" they'll ask, speeding past her driveway.

Roselyn awoke the day after the wedding to the wailing fire alarm.

He was in the kitchen waving a holey dishtowel beneath the circular white plastic contraption, urging the billows of smoke out through the open window. His mouth turned up at the edges when he saw her.

"You're awake," he said.

"Didn't have much choice, did I?"

His smile wavered for a moment.

"Why don't you come back to bed?"

"I'm cooking breakfast. It's about time we learn, don't you think?"

"You're *burning* breakfast," she said. "Now come back to bed."

It was times like these—a supposedly straight-forward recipe burnt to a crisp, afternoons spent without leaving the bedroom, evening meals eaten silently opposite each other with forced etiquette—when Roselyn couldn't help but feel like they were merely children playing at being adults.

Seven months after she married him, he arrived home from work to find her curled up into the fetal position beneath the covers. He moved from the doorway to the bed and sat down at her feet.

"Qué te sucede?" he said, leaning down to kiss her cheek.

Roselyn turned her face away from his and spoke into the pillow.

"You know I can't understand you."

Then he pried the pillow from her firm grasp and tossed it to the corner of the room, knocking over a desk lamp in the process. It made a sharp clattering sound before thudding against the worn carpet.

"Oops."



"I loved that lamp." She glared up at him as he crawled over her to the other side of the bed, slid himself feet first under the sheets, and turned to face her, their noses almost touching.

"I'm sorry. I'll fix it."

"You can't fix anything. The faucet still drips."

"What's wrong, querida?" he said, trailing the pad of his thumb beneath her eyes.

"I'm pregnant."

"No." He shook his head.

"I am," she said.

"Then why are you crying? This is great news!"

"How are we going to take care of a baby? How will we pay for diapers?"

"Together." He pulled her to his chest and started muttering words she couldn't understand. The rhythm of their heartbeats melded together until one became indiscernible from the other, a solitary metronome. She let his voice lull her to sleep. She drowned in the melody of the drawn-out vowels and the accentuated double r's. And the syncopation of his cut-off consonants created a tune that was impossible to imitate in English.

When Roselyn started showing, they decided a trip to the home hardware store was in order. They walked out to the car together, made sure the duct tape on the driver's side mirror was secure, piled a little more on top. He steered the car onto the street beside their rented house they called "The Shire," peeling his fingers from hers to change gears every few minutes. Inside the hardware store, the pair stood before a wall of power tools and measuring equipment.

"Which one?"

"Everything," he said. "Just in case."

So Roselyn piled rulers and yardsticks, levels and tape measures into his arms. One by one she transferred the tools from the cradle of his limbs, placing them in a moving line beside the cashier. Then one by one, he removed everything but the largest tape measure and the smallest level, all he could afford with the single twenty-dollar bill crumpled up in his back pocket. He returned them the next day and used the money to buy rum for himself and sparkling cider for Roselyn and the little one.

When Roselyn woke at two in the morning feeling like someone had stabbed a knife into her gut, he drove her to the hospital and stood by while the doctor rid her body of the parasite that she had come to love. They had both given up cigarettes, vowed not to smoke again for 18 years, but that night they cleaned out every stocked cardboard box they could find, one after the other.

He whispered her to sleep again for the next week and didn't object when she insisted on keeping the ultrasound pictures pinned up around the apartment. He even let her keep the packs of diapers and finished painting his office. He built the crib and pushed his desk aside to make room for the empty baby bed, which fit perfectly in the corner thanks to his makeshift method of measuring. Toe to heel, heel to toe.

This morning, Roselyn drags herself from beneath the sheets and treads across the beverage-stained carpet towards the bathroom without once lifting her feet. Eventually she heaves herself up from the toilet seat and makes her way into the kitchen without flushing, flicking on every light in her wake. She brews a full pot of coffee, enough for them to have two large cups apiece, and walks back to the bedroom.

She sits in the armchair in the corner of their bedroom and tucks her knees up against her chest. This is his armchair. He rescued it from an estate sale two years earlier. He'd found it wedged between two bookshelves in the mothball-ridden garage turned temporary marketplace.

"The people who owned this house were married for 68 years before they croaked," he'd said. "This chair is good luck."

Every morning after, he sipped his coffee in this very bedroom corner, hard and fast like marrow from bone. He emptied mug after oversized mug in this decades-old armchair that sinks too deeply in the seat and has stuffing pushing up out of the left arm, right at the end where the piping pulls the fabric together. Today, she takes his place as she waits for him to come home.

Roselyn drinks so slowly that her coffee goes cold before she is halfway finished, so she sets her mug aside—his favorite mug—and leans down to smell the chair's unraveling fabric. She catches wafts of his cigarettes—the ones she hates—along with hints of his spearmint toothpaste and the acrylic, stale stench of spilled rum. The arms of his chair smell like the front of her t-shirt. Every sensation is better, crisper, more pristine, when it incites memories of joyful times past. The smell of freshly mown grass, the sound of new rainfall on its way down the asphalt towards the sewer. The lingering taste of someone else's mouth, foreign and achingly familiar all at once.

She remembers when he taught her to smoke, how she'd sucked in and coughed and then inhaled again and sputtered until the chemical cloud stopped causing tears to well up in the corners of her eyes. He told her not to overdo it, not to get addicted, but admitted later that he knew she would. When she starts on her third cigarette of the day, she realizes why.

She craves the comfort of tempered self-destruction. She relishes the burning in her chest that makes her wonder how Virginia Woolf had felt when her lungs had filled with water and reminds her that, unlike Virginia, she is still breathing.

He had looked at her that day the same way she looked at horses alone in grassless paddocks and trees growing up from cracks in the sidewalk. That was the same day that he had hidden her Bukowski, her Plath, her mother's King James Bible with the

annotated Old Testament, the nearly blackened pages of Leviticus, telling her not to waste time with sad stories, with death and tears and set-in-stone rules.

"Just live," he always said. "Let's just live."

And that was the day she had realized that she loved him, the first time she'd ever felt completely comfortable in silence.

The landline rings from the other room. Why in God's name do they have a landline? She knows it's either her mother or some emergency representative calling to inform her that someone has died or someone is dying, so she makes an executive decision to pretend she's gone deaf or dumb or maybe even died herself. Pause. A siren sounds from the street below. The phone begins to ring again and then again, the two mechanical wails blending together and becoming one with the scream inside her head she's tried for days to keep silent.

"Coming, coming, coming!"

Roselyn sets his all-time-most-beloved mug on the floor. She then pushes herself into a standing position with her hands grasping the upholstered armrests, kicking over the cup and its lukewarm contents. Son of a bitch.

She brings the phone to her ear and waits, breathes.

"Roselyn?"

"Hi, Mom."

"Are you okay?"

"What the fuck kind of question is that?"

"Well, I kept calling you and—"

"Why?"

"What?"



"Why did you call?" says Roselyn.

"Oh." She hears her mother exhale loudly across nine miles of power lines. "I'm calling to let you know I'll be there in an hour."

"That really won't be necessary," Roselyn says, adopting her standard good-fucking-bye formality.

"I'm picking you up."

"I can drive, mom."

"I'm picking you up, dammit. You're not driving to the funeral alone. You need human contact."

"Erroneous." Roselyn carefully forgets to mention that she hasn't written a word of the eulogy, despite her past experience.

"I'm worried about you, sweetheart. Have you even showered since the accident? Have you eaten?"

"Goodbye, mom."

"Roselyn. I know you're upset. I get it. But it's time you start acting your age. He's gone."

"Goodbye."

Roselyn hangs up the phone and resumes her quest to harness his irreplaceable scent. She stops in the hallway and stands in front of a framed ultrasound scan from almost two years earlier. What is this? A five-by-seven frame? She makes a mental note to replace it with a photo of her husband. She attempts to measure with her fingers, the way he used to with his feet. She makes her way from one room to another and soon she finds herself back in their bedroom. She slips beneath the sheets and the tattered quilt, patterned haphazardly with faded hues of green and blue. And as she drifts off to sleep, Roselyn stays on her side of the bed, convincing herself that he's still there, mere inches away.

### 3D

Sarah Morris



## LITTLE ONE

Abigail Buckley

Little one,

you hold entire galaxies inside your hands  
where crystal stars fall through your fingers like  
scattered raindrops  
and star clusters  
spiral in iridescent whirlpools  
amongst a sea of mulberry swirls

your palms pulsate with the power  
of a thousand tiny stars  
and burn with the fire  
of a dozen suns

every bit of you is starlight  
and stardust  
moon prisms and supernova trails

and although you  
writhe and implode  
in bursts of celestial matter

timelessness has caught you  
in her well-worn grip

and as your whirlpools  
give to tide pools  
your galaxies persist

## CEILING STARED PRAYERS

Ethan Murray

Give me empty pockets  
and a dirty old egg sucking dog  
that hitchhiked across  
blue highways on back  
of a Folsom Harley, begging  
bar after bar.

Give me burnt rubber cracklings  
as June bugs scream  
before they detonate  
in eyes of bus windshields,  
oozing green gutted  
shrapnel across clear glass, planes  
flying over our heads  
leaving us to grovel, tongues out  
drinking bitter acidic rain.

Give me Beat boots  
worn to soul, blood blazing  
through sojourner feet,  
receding into tar.

Give me hands that  
burn like whiskey  
down the throat, warmth  
stretching into my  
woogity woogity fingers.

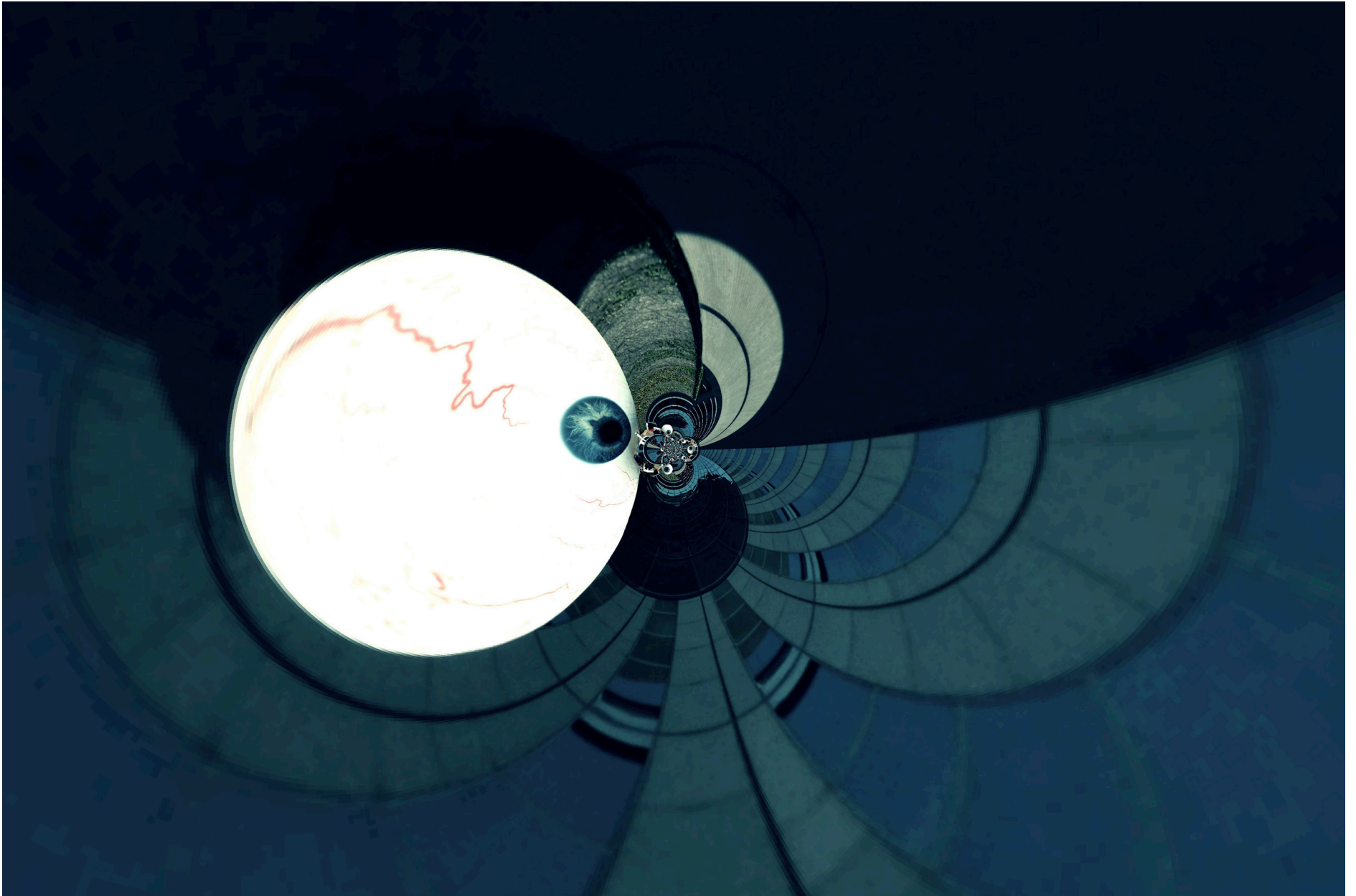
Give me guitars strung  
with soul, full  
of melodies whispering  
in my ear, telling me  
to let go.

Give me to Road  
and let nothing remain.



# ABSTRACT EYEBALL

Rachel Hecht



## WORST OF IT

Ellery LeSueur

When it's all past, part by part,  
takers become beggars and songs all cry  
that the worst of it is  
that's all we've got. Green,  
quacking, taking, thinking.  
And underneath, red fingers and rocky knees.

How couldn't we? Never comes so fast.  
Jingles, cantering lanes.  
Castles on plains, everything with an underbelly  
like a phosphorus sea.

Waltzing by day. Take the moon out of the sky  
back where the dust kept like meteor tails.  
Spin down the river, weave like twinkling eyelids  
the shudder of the once and again.  
Take back the glows, and the leavened aims.  
And all the words I ever said wrong  
came back on you quietly.

Shackled to the cornerstone, what we started  
we take in bundled traps. Massive like  
quakes and moons and songs all crying  
where we take to tracks, fake the steel,  
make nails out of bread to feed a fortune.

Shame tickles with dog-eared savagery.  
The river over the world faked immunity again  
and told all the earth of words that leaked in festering bleak,  
Told that greedy world, now blinking awake.

## TYRAEL

Katie Starkey





## ABROAD

Edel Anthony



## RADIOACTIVE

Winona Gbedey

To the rest of the world, Brenna Johnson is an enigma, but to me, she's just Brenna.

I've known her since we were both really little, decked out in some of the last clean diapers created before the Second Revolution, when our words were just incoherent gurgles and shrieks and our daily rituals consisted namely of naps and feedings. Her eyes were the color of ash and dust, and her smile sent shivers down my spine. That should have been my first sign that she would become a Second Revolutionist, but it wasn't. Then in grade school, after she traded in her pudgy cheeks and chronic ear infections for thick, thick hair and pouty lips, she commanded the audience of our fifth-grade talent school with a riveting rendition of a pre-Revolution story about the dangers of radioactivity. I doubt I could have ever made it past the first page on my own, but when she read it, it was the most fascinating story in the world—but I still didn't get it, not even then.

It's now that I know. She wants another Revolution.

No one expected it, but the signs were there. Our Brenna Johnson, the girl who had once sneaked me out of my house in the middle of the night to dance in the ashes and breathe in the chemicals, has joined the Second Revolution. I know because when I pass her second-story bedroom window, I see the red flags, and when I pass her in the hallways at school, I see her red clothes and the little red emblem she wears on her red bandana. I see it and I don't say anything. But I know it worries her family and her friends, and I know it worries me too.

I hang out beside my bedroom window in hopes of seeing her before she dashes off to another one of her rallies. My forehead is pressed against the cool pane, and through the whirlwind of gray ashes and the orange haze of day transitioning to evening, I see her. Brenna Johnson. She walks up to the side of my house and motions with her hands for me to open my window, so I do.

My heart beats so loud in my ears that I'm surprised that I hear her voice at all as she shouts, "Hey, Theodore Junior, come walk with me!"

She's the only one that can call me that. Everyone else calls me Theodore or Theo or, if they really want to press my buttons, Smudge—Smudge because I work at the factory after school to earn some extra cash for my oversized family, and I come out looking like I've spent five hours rolling around in a coal mine. Since my father's first name is actually Xavier, not Theodore, Brenna is the only person on this whole planet that can make my given name not sound lame.

"To where?"

"What does it matter? Just come walk with me!"

Even though I don't want to admit it, I know I am desperate for her attention. She is Brenna Johnson; the girl that brought midriff-baring T-shirts back from the dead and the person that convinced half of the school's marching band to join the Second Revolution with a single bat of her eyes. She is beautiful and toxic like the radioactivity she strives to annihilate, and she knows it. I hate her and I love her, and I climb out the window like the pathetic, powerless loser she thinks I am so that we can walk and talk for what seems like the first time in months.

"Theodore Junior, I'm glad to see you." And she hugs me.

"And me you, Brenna." I hold her for as long as I can without it getting awkward.

The sun sinks into the earth, setting the sky on fire, all oranges, yellows, and pinks, as we walk side by side in the desolate streets. She has on a backpack, which she takes off to fish out some masks. When the sun goes down and the moon comes out, everything glows a faint shade of neon green here. It's pretty, but too much exposure can kill you. Our town learned that the hard way.

"You need to join the Revolution, Theodore Junior, and I'm going to show you why," she says, hooking

the straps behind her ears. I roll my eyes when I think she's not looking. She is. She looks up at me with those twinkling grey eyes, and I swallow, nodding my head dumbly. "The corporations that think they can just exploit people like you and get away with it? They'll be sorry, because they're screwing up their own lives as well."

"What do you mean?" All I can think is *people like you* and how degrading it sounds coming out of her mouth. "I'm okay with working in the factory. My parents need the money for the family."

"Hush, Theo. I'll show you what I mean. But we have to be quiet from now on, okay? These streets are really dangerous at night."

So we do. We walk in silence, silently stepping around the dark pools of green water and the potholes. A prison bus wobbles down the road, its inmates staring blankly at us through the thick bars that confine them. It's strange to think that Brenna Johnson was shipped away on one of those buses a couple months ago for creating an army of protestors and storming the factory. She just got back a few weeks ago. Then the first thing she did, of course, was raise a little hell in the band room and draft the other half of the marching band to her cause. Of course.

Brenna Johnson is not an enigma, but sometimes she scares me. Honestly, I'm surprised she's not back in jail yet.

We walk and we walk and we walk until I feel like I can't walk anymore. "Brenna, this is boring and it's taking forever and I have a First Revolutionary War test in the morning. Can we please—"

"Shh!" Her eyes are murder. She smacks my chest hard, then again and again, bringing down enough force for me to stagger back a couple steps. I scowl at her and she scowls back. She turns around and continues to walk. I debate whether to follow her or not before realizing I wouldn't even know where to begin even if I did want to go back.

I've never been this far from town before. I hang close to Brenna because maybe, just maybe, I'm a



little scared. There is nothing here, nothing except dead trees, dead fish, and deadly, toxic mud. My boots suction to the ground with each step I take. I don't know how she does it so easily.

"Theodore Junior, we're here," she whispers so softly, I almost don't hear her.

"This dump is what you wanted to show me?"

"Shh!" She turns back just as I slip and almost do the splits into a puddle of . . . well, I don't know what that is. Brenna Johnson is not an enigma, but this puddle sure is. It's green and gold, like our school colors, and it's writhing like it's alive or something. Brenna lets out a harrowing cry before running back to me—how can she run in this mud?—and shoves me so that I fall the other direction into a pile of radioactive mud.

"Oh my goodness, what is that?" I exclaimed, hurriedly wiping as much mud off of my clothes and skin as possible. I can feel it tingling at the base of my neck, and I can't help but wonder if Brenna Johnson, the girl who had discovered my twin sisters face down in a puddle of green goo all those years ago, has dragged me from the rest of civilization so that she can kill me through toxic exposure for her cause.

"It's radioactivity."

"No it's not. Radioactivity is green. That's green and gold. Big difference, Brenna Johnson."

"Let me explain," she says, tucking her hair behind her ear. In this moment she looks so small and vulnerable, and even though I'm not much bigger, I want to protect her. From what, though, I don't know. "You know how there was the war and how both sides were using nuclear substances to blow out the other? And you know how they left all this radioactive stuff behind? And you know how toxic it is?"

I nod.

"It made the fish glow and the trees and the water and the food, and it was so cool, until it wasn't. Until it started killing people, like your sister and my great-aunt and a bunch of other kids and old

people in town. That's why I wanted to join the Second Revolution, Theodore Junior. To stop *this* from happening." She sweeps her arms around in a grand gesture, encompassing this vast wasteland. "There are parasites in the radioactive soil, and they don't die like we do. They evolve."

I look into the puddle of green and gold. Radioactive parasites. Huh.

"They love water. That's how they reproduce."

"Okay, and?" I can't see what's so bad. We all know to avoid making any sort of contact with anything that has neon green in or on it, especially the water. Radioactive parasites are all the more reason to stay away.

"They're in the *drinking* supply. They're in *all* of the supply! The only stuff they don't touch is the salt water, Theo!"

"Yeah, so?" The only people that drink the green water are the ones that want to kill themselves—or the ones that read pre-Revolutionary comic books like *Spider Man* or *The Incredible Hulk* and think they can get mind-blowing powers from it.

"So? So we're all screwed! They've been taking out whole towns for months, whole civilizations even; the only reason we didn't know about it is because the government has been covering it up. This is it, Theo, the apocalypse."

"You're scaring me."

"Good. Because that's what you become if you get infected." And she points. And I turn. And I almost puke.

There, hobbling down from the top of a small hill, is a person. His arms and face are battered to an ugly purple. Where the skin is torn, pus and blood ooze out, bubbling with the green and gold parasites. His eyes are brimming with them. He shimmers like vampires in the sunlight, glimmering wherever the parasites wiggle in his putrid flesh. His clothes are torn, his hair is falling out, and he looks like he belongs on the cast of

that pre-Revolutionary TV show, *The Walking Dead*. He is slow, thankfully, but he looks hungry.

Like a chicken, I cower behind Brenna.

"Quick, hand me my gun," she instructs. For a second, I think I don't hear her right, because what would Brenna Johnson, the girl who cried over the farmer's pigs who were stupid enough to roll around in the green goo and die, have with a gun? But when she shouts the command again, louder, more urgently, I reach into her bag and quickly locate it. It feels cold and clunky under my hand, and I fumble with it, fervently praying that I don't accidentally pull the trigger and kill someone.

She grabs it and aims. It doesn't look clunky in her hands; it looks like a weapon, a real deadly one.

Brenna Johnson is not an enigma, but the fact that she might know how to use a gun definitely is.

"Brenna, you are *not* killing that man. All he needs is a good bath and some heavy-duty medicine," I say. I make a grab for the gun, but she quickly yanks it away from my grasp, glaring with those magical eyes. It's hard, but I voice my opinion, finally, anyway. "Is this what they've been teaching you at those rallies? To shoot people that roll around in the goo? This is crazy, Brenna. This is murder!"

She flips the safety off and trains the gun at the man's head. He doesn't look scared. Neither does she. "Get out of my way. If I allow it to live, I'll be doing a huge disservice to the human race."

I snap.

"Your Revolution is stupid! Do you really think you can save the world by closing down one factory, by dragging one boy out to the middle of nowhere and showing him this? Do you think any of us even really care? Because we don't! All you are doing is setting the stage for another war, and war is what caused this in the first place. So just give up! Give up!"

I think she's listening. Her gun lowers and her gaze drops. I think I've shattered her dreams, her hopes, but I can't handle this anymore. I want my Brenna Johnson

back. I want the girl who snuck me out of my house in the middle of the night to dance in the ashes and breathe in the chemicals. I want the girl who cried for the stupid pigs. I want the girl who stole my heart—and I'd like to think she won't break it. My vision blurs with hot stinging tears and I quickly wipe them away when I think she's not looking. She is.

I am the pathetic, powerless loser she thinks I am.

But I don't care.

"Look out!"

Suddenly, the oozing man shoves me from behind with all his might and I go flying into a puddle of green and gold goo with a sickening splat. It is the moment when you smash your leg into the side of a table and realize that in about thirty seconds, it's going to hurt—a lot. I scramble out of the pool, but the parasites are burrowing into my clothes, into my skin, into my mouth. I look like our school's cheerleaders all throughout Spirit Week. My everything burns.

I look around to see that the oozing man has a bullet hole in his head, still smoking, and that now Brenna Johnson has her gun trained on me.

Because I'm radioactive.

Because I'm contaminated.

Shit.

"This is great, just great, Theo. Now we're both screwed."

And as I watch her finger pulls the trigger, I realize that Brenna Johnson, the confident, beautiful girl that I've loved since before the days our words were just incoherent gurgles and shrieks and our daily rituals consisted namely of naps and feedings, is an absolute mystery after all.

# MIND SHATTER

Amy Dondalski





## PLUNGE

David Huggins

When set adrift in the gutter, swept along with the torrent you must first resist your urge to resist. Stop grasping the feculent styrofoam and derelict wrappers around you. They, too, are helpless. Float on your back, and huff a cigarette. Excavate several packs until your throat is a caldera. With flooded eyes and helium brains, abscond to some other reality, journey deep, lose sleep and build yourself an ample shelter. Exhale and sink. Alive, your other self will now descend into your well, an undertaking you yourself will not perform. Submerged, thanklessly performed, it will force the pus back inside that old wound to fester until the next critical mass. Awake from your coma vomit up the runoff and fill your starving lungs. Freshly dry, resume your course down this furrow, once again fearful of rain.

## THE PASSION OF AN ICY HEART

Ola Bodurka





# EIGHT BALL

Stephanie Marzan





## ICE CREAM SIGN

Ellery Lesueur



## WHEN IT RAINS

Malcolm Baker

Torrential downpour  
of barks and  
purrs. Woof.  
Meow. Woof. Woof. Meow.  
Valiant best friend of men and  
yarn-ballers alike—all around.  
Dander mist wisps through  
the air, tickling my nose—Memories  
of allergies. Pitter Patter.

Once been sick as a dog;  
Cheeks burned red  
among familiar faces within  
the rain. Again, again. There  
goes Posey—Miss Tandy's lil'  
snapper, yellin' and whinin', nippin' and cryin'.  
Pitter Patter.

Litter of kittens falling by twos;  
Old-man Paul's fat furball had those; who ate 'em too.  
Wish I knew why  
she'd do such a thing.

Even Bern—Papa's old dog, always stilled  
in photograph, now romping in rain. Golden  
collar clanking on his broad chest. Can't wait to tell Papa.

Gasp!

He's here, drizzling down the wet sky; Mama said  
he'd ran away—Sir Whiskers.  
His fuzzy nape I miss

against my cheek. Calico smears  
beneath my allergic  
tears. Pitter Patter.

Where did he go,  
I wonder? Had him only  
a week before he disappeared. My  
love for him was THIS big, regardless  
of the rashes he gave me.

STANZA BREAK - CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



## GALAXY LADYBUG

Sarah Morris

Pawed at my door, late at night with dew  
droplets on my windowsill. There he'd perch until I'd  
call for him. Purrrrr:  
all night long he would  
purrrrrr—sweet undulations.

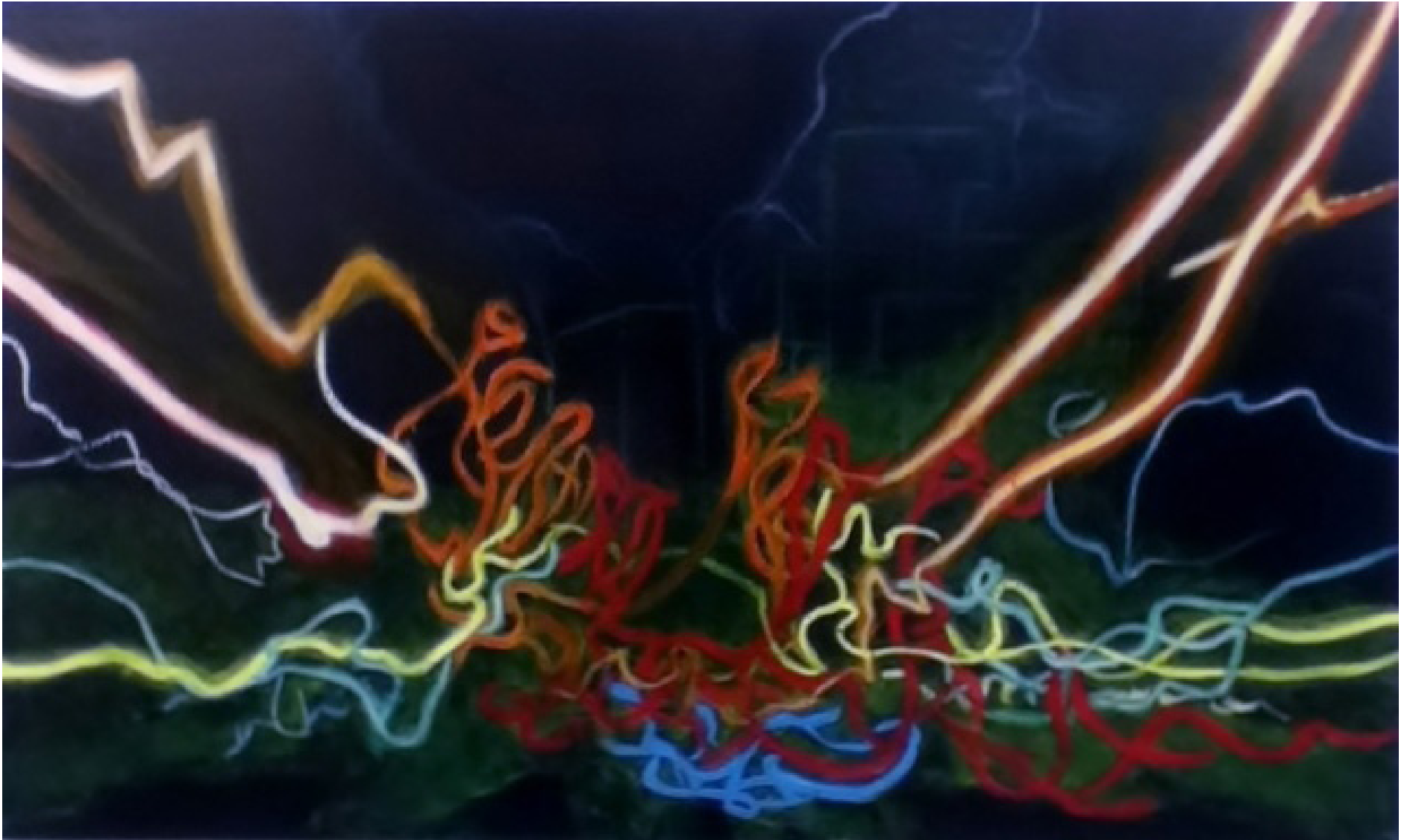
I hear a knock-knock. No  
doors in sight, though. Only a sky full of wondrous pets,  
like Sir Whiskers.

Pitter Patter.  
"Wake up, baby." Wait. No.  
Pitter Patter.  
"Wake up, baby."  
Wait, Sir Whiskers,  
don't go.  
Pitter Patter.  
Posey's yappin' away.  
Pitter Patter. Pitter Patter.  
Kittens litter the lawns.  
Pitter Patter. Pitter Patter.  
Even Bern stood. Stoic. Iconic.  
Pitter Patter.  
"Rise and Shine."  
No, not yet...



# UNFORESEEABLE

William Jenkins





# BY THE SEASIDE

Christina Catterson





## FIND EUPHORIA

Jacquelyn Turner



## JACK

Sela Garcia

Day after day I sit. Alone.  
The moist darkness surrounding me,  
The whisper of my loneliness a terrible companion.

Will they ever play with me again?

Coiled in a small space—  
My arms are pressed, my red nose  
Smushed.

How did this happen?

My bells have lost their jingle. a painted smile  
hides clenching teeth, she hasn't played  
with me in years.

I can hear her footsteps. A tease,  
I'm ready for my red crank to be turned,  
listening to a life without me.

# ESCAPE

Madison Joeris





# PATHWAY TO HEAVEN

Marco Cianiola





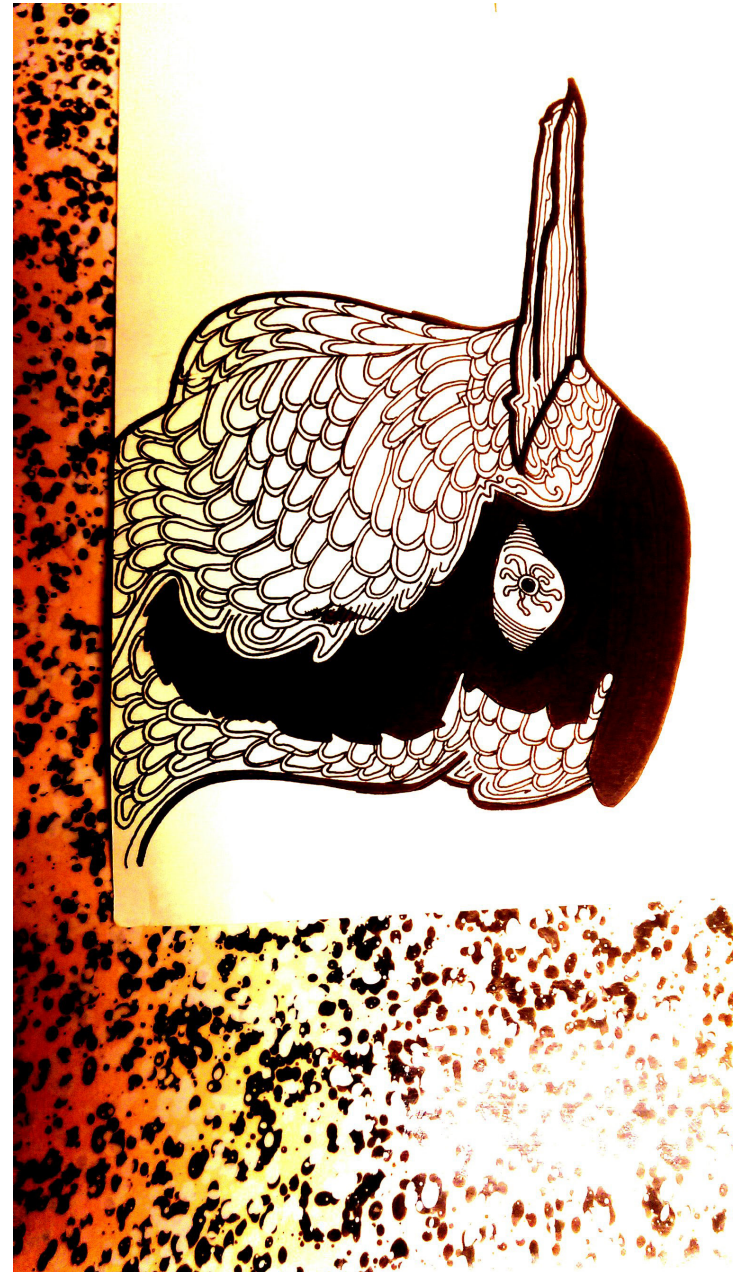
## NEW SLAVES

Austin Lesh



## GOING GREEN

John Novalis



## Winona Gbedey

How to begin? I guess I'll start by saying that I've never done this before. Literally just minutes ago, I asked someone how this all worked and he told me that all anyone really wanted to hear was the truth—the complete and unabashed truth. He told me to start at the beginning, the moment that started it all, and after much thought, I think I've finally pinpointed the incident that spurred everything. So I'll start there. I lit my first fire when I was seven.

Perched in front of her vanity mirror, my mother pouted her lips, painting a faint coat of lipstick over them, and smiled at me through the reflection. I was on the bed, encircled in a sea of silk sheets and down-feather pillows, watching with mild interest. I remember thinking she looked beautiful with her auburn hair pulled up into an effortless bun, her feet adorned with tall, strappy heels, and her body shrouded in a simple, black dress, like a princess or a Hollywood starlet, while a sick part of me hoped that she wouldn't come back that night, that both she and her husband, my step-dad George, would get into some sort of terrible accident and die.

I didn't love them—not really. I know it sounds awful. I know it does, but I wasn't on the pills back then. My seven-year-old brain told me that I would be happier on my own, and I think that's what drew me to the matches and their destructive quality in the first place. Lifting her purse from the ground, Mother sauntered over to me and placed a kiss on my forehead. She told me she was going to a charity banquet with George again and that they wouldn't be back for another couple hours. Then she was gone, leaving me in the care of my nanny, a Hispanic woman who smelled like cigarettes and cheap perfume. That was the thing with my mother: she always left once she thought she was being offered something better. She had left my real father, now locked behind bars thanks to her testimony, and she was abandoning me too.

Scowling, I hopped off the bed and ran to my mother's vanity. I was angry, but for what, I didn't know. I wanted to hurt her. There were all sorts of

powders, and lipsticks in what must have been a hundred different shades, and I chucked each and every one of them across the room as hard as I could, screaming at the top of my lungs. It wasn't until I turned to leave, surveying the mess I had made, that I saw the matches.

I remember ripping one out and feeling its rough, wooden texture beneath my fingertips. "Never play with matches," Mother had once told me. "Fire is dangerous in the wrong hands, okay?" I understood, but that didn't mean I was going to listen. I remember wanting to spite her for shirking her parental responsibilities—then I remember striking the match. Grabbing one of Mom's pictures, wedged into the frame of the vanity, I held it precariously above the flame. It caught on fire, and as Mom and George's faces went up in the flame, a silent thrill ran through me, bringing a smile to my face. I dropped the picture onto the carpet and I watched it burn. George was furious, of course. To him, I was nothing more than "that crazy man's daughter", and somehow, based on this description, he had managed to convince my mother to rush me to the nearest children's psychiatric center, more than an hour's drive away. I wasn't stupid, though, and back then, I wasn't crazy either. When the psychologist asked me questions, I lied, and he believed me. He told my "parents" that I wasn't anything more than "curious" and that they needed to hide the matches better. Sometimes I laugh at that. Sometimes I wonder what would have happened to me, to all of us, if he had been able to see the darkness brewing within me.

Maybe I wouldn't have done it.

My mother had been right when she had said that fire was dangerous in the wrong hands. Some things, like God and pizza chefs, were made to create. Others were made to destroy. Those matches destroyed me that day, because they gave me a small taste—and I wanted more. Being medically "curious" allowed me to get away with almost anything, and for years, I did. It wasn't until the Baptist church down the road burned during a sermon, black plumes of smoke billowing into the air, into the building, sending



three people to the emergency room, that George arranged another psych consult for me at the hospital.

This time, I didn't lie. The psychologist, the same one from all those years earlier, concluded that I had become a pyromaniac with Psychosis Not Otherwise Specified. Naturally, I had no clue what Psychosis NOS meant, only that it made my mother cry and it made George mutter something about me inheriting the crazy from my father. I was a nut case with a penchant for fire. My doctor pulled Mother and George to the side, whispering fervently with a look of concern creasing his face. Then he handed my mother a prescription for some antipsychotics, and for the entire ride home, the weight of the news rendered us all speechless. But I was speechless for other reasons than the ones they had, I'm sure.

Because now I had an excuse.

Really, it was George's fault they are dead. If he hadn't insisted that we went to the doctor, I would never have known that I was crazy. I knew if I went to court for killing my "parents" I could plead insanity, and that gave me freedom to do whatever I wanted. And I wanted my mother to learn a lesson: she couldn't just lie in court and leave us for another man. I knew Father and I weren't perfect, but nobody is. So after we finished our dinner that night, and they went to sleep, I grabbed George's extra container of gasoline, went to their room, and struck a match. I couldn't see them burn, because the smoke was too thick, but as I ran back down the stairs and out the door, I heard their screams.

So yes, I killed my "parents." Yes, I lit them on fire. Yes, yes, yes.

My father really was crazy, you know. I found out much later that I was the daughter of a serial killer, responsible for the rape and murder of twenty young girls, but I didn't hate him like I hated my mother or George. I loved my father, and I knew if Mother had the balls to stay, we would have worked through his problems and lived as a happy, normal family one day. With the right drugs, the voices in his head wouldn't have been so loud and maybe they would

have gone away. Maybe. I guess I'll never know. It's not like I'm getting out of here anytime soon. That's what sucks about pleading insanity; the jail time isn't any shorter.

Right, so there it is. My name is Norah Masters, I'm a seventeen-year-old pyromaniac, Psychosis NOS, and I set my parents on fire.

And I don't regret a thing.



## MARILYN UNSPOKEN

Teresa Cenney



## BEAUTY WITHIN ITSELF

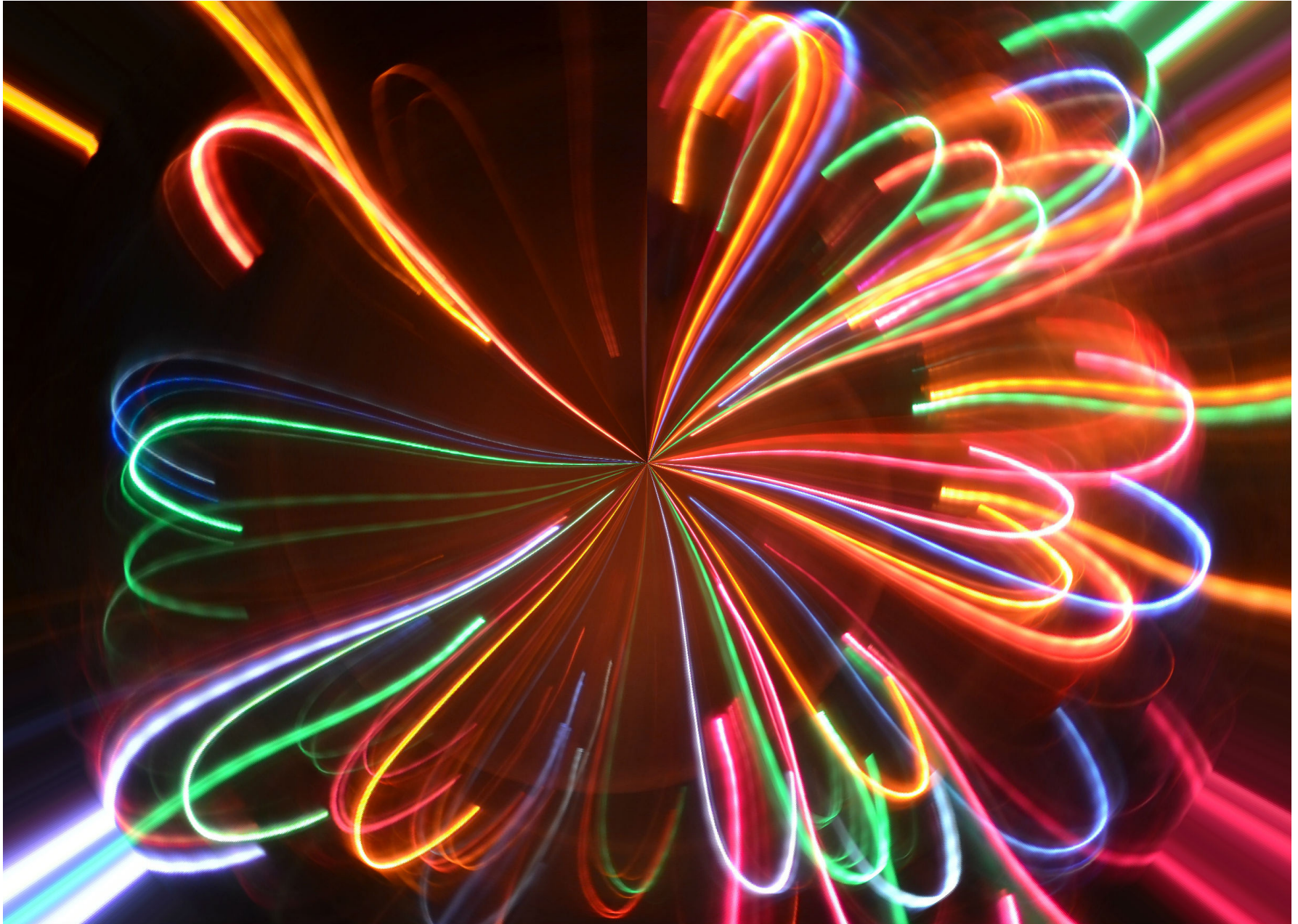
Nicole Schouten





# LIGHTS

Rachel Hecht





## BARE BAR SOAP PACKAGING

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"NO TEARS IN  
THE WRITER,  
NO TEARS IN  
THE READER.  
NO SURPRISE  
FOR THE  
WRITER, NO  
SURPRISE FOR  
THE READER."

- Robert Frost

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**"GREAT THINGS  
ARE DONE BY  
A SERIES OF  
SMALL THINGS  
BROUGHT  
TOGETHER."**

- Vincent van Gogh