

An abstract painting featuring several stylized faces in profile, rendered in a vibrant, non-naturalistic color palette. The faces are composed of various shades of blue, green, yellow, orange, and purple. The style is expressive and somewhat cubist, with bold outlines and visible brushstrokes. The composition is dense and layered, with overlapping forms and a rich, textured background.

eleven40seven

www.1147.tcu.edu

fall 2009

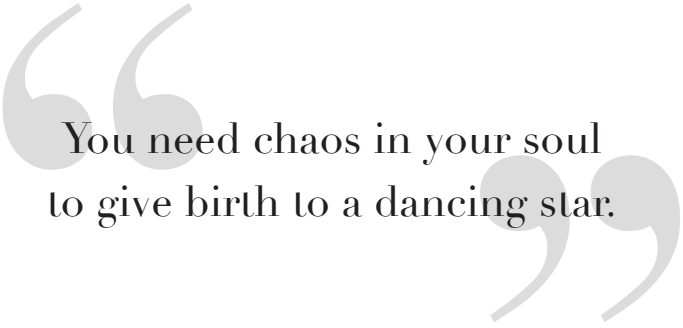
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TCU STUDENT JOURNAL OF THE ARTS

fall 2009



You need chaos in your soul
to give birth to a dancing star.

Friedrich Nietzsche
Philosopher

c o n t e n t s

Editors' Note	1
Rachel Spurrier Distanced	2
Elora Davis Neverland	3
Bruno Bruehlhart Master of Puppets	4
Kate Jones Untitled	6
Wesley Gentle Alcoholips Anonymous	7
Dana Stalewski Untitled	8
Tina Tran Untitled	9
Tyler Hall Catacomb	10
One Three Five	11
Sierra Metcalfe Red	13
Scott Heaton Nietzsche and Trekkies	14
Takeshi Takahashi Wrath	22
Haiku 1	23
Diana Dunigan Festered	24

c o n t e n t s

Kelli Trapnell	
Between My Ribs	25
Andrew Stone	
Lion's Den	26
Emily Rider	
Samurai	27
Alaina Behan	
Contact	28
Coping	29
Kelli Trapnell	
Blood Traitor	30
Acknowledgements	32

Editors' Note

This semester, eleven⁴⁰seven received a record number of submissions, making the selection process a difficult one. We searched for the most creative and culturally poignant pieces to share with our campus. We believe the poetry, prose and visual images contained in this journal represent some of the finest talent and creativity on our campus at TCU.

The poetry submitted to us ranged in subject matter from love itself to the end of mankind, with a host of vibrant images in between. From the sensuality of Wesley Gentle's "Alcoholips Anonymous" to the visual stimulation of Sierra Metcalfe's "Red," each poem offers a distinctive voice that contributes to the continuity of a culture grasping for literary fulfillment.

As with the poetry, the sheer volume of prose submissions made decisions difficult. The pieces selected for the journal showed signs of cultural relevance and an exhibition of remarkable perspective. You will see an example of this cultural relevance with Heaton's Barnes and Noble stick-up, and it continues on through Trapnell's AB Negative-junkie vampire and Bruelhart's smoke-and-Metallica-filled car.

The juxtaposition of these inventive words with images as tactile as Tina Tran's "Droplets" or Andrew Stone's "Lion's Den" gives a nice contrast of hard and soft that complements the range of both poetry and prose. Each of these images, from black and white to the vibrant color on this cover, tells its own story and has its own abstract concept.

And it doesn't stop here! Please visit the web-companion to this issue for further examples of this creativity and fabulous talent. Images, prose and poetry are all available for your viewing at www.1147.tcu.edu.

We would like to thank all those that helped make this journal possible. Our faculty advisor, Dr. Rode, has provided such needed support over the course of this issue's production, and of course our prose, poetry and production editors and production managers. It is amazing to see the number of submissions grow with each issue, and we only hope for increased interest in semesters to come.

On behalf of the Bryson Literary Society and our alter-ego, Texas Creative Underground, thank you to all the submitters that made this truly a journal of the arts at Texas Christian University. With your continued interest, we truly shall be creative conquistadors on campus.

Chris Jasper
Editor-in-Chief

Ashley Tambunga
President of Bryson Literary Society

Rachel Spurrier

Distanced

I watch the sun and its oblique gaze.
It smiles, a faraway companion in summer's haze;
The air is thick, heavy with promise and premonition.
The sky is fading now, night chasing day with ambition.

That golden orb sinks below rows of rooftops,
Winking as it descends, and it disappears; the whole world stops;
Twilight is still and warm, preparing for the shift
Of light to dark, beginning to end, that great rift.

This glazed night I wonder where you might lie:
Staring up at the same misty stars, emitting a sigh.
We sit apart, gazing at those mysterious riddles,
Those elusive enigmas of which we know so little.

This quiet darkness envelops you and me,
Comforted in the knowledge of what you see, I see.

Rachel is a freshman Writing major from Flower Mound, TX.
(for more of Rachel's work, go to www.1147.tcu.edu)

Elora Davis

Neverland

What is to be done when time begins again?
We tread on hands that fade to summer skies
And set to winter nights. Neverland has fallen.
My youth wears and yearns for yesteryears, but lo, demise.
Reversing Time's lever I observe the swirl
Of stars. Moonlight ebbs and it flows. It shows
My knotted hands. What time could spin and twirl
With palms fresh like peaches and morning snow?
Life spindles away until we sands lay quiet
On beaches strewn. Our faces the oceans drink
Until forgotten the substance that feet beget
Upon eternal sands. So I shall think:
 With every footstep venture I each sea
 'Til stars find sleep. Oh Time, I shall conquer thee.

Elora is a sophomore English major from Plano, TX.

Bruno Bruelhart

Master of Puppets

Another drag on another cigarette. My happiness, packaged just for me, in a small, compact box with 20 sessions. Just enough to last about two days. Less if I drive more often than usual.

Metallica blares from my shoddy speakers, rattling the old model with the shredding guitars and lyrical masterpieces. The paint is chipped, the brakes are squealing, and half the lights on the dash don't function anymore, but this was my ride. My war chariot. Metallica was fitting for such a noble steed. The music of Ares and Hades themselves.

Every album fueled my addiction: Kill 'em All, Ride the Lightning, Master of Puppets, Metallica, ...And Justice for All, Load, ReLoad, Garage Inc., S&M, St. Anger, and Death Magnetic. Apart from my Lightning album, having been lent to a friend now since lost, I had them all. All I needed to keep riding in a glorious cloud of smoke and angry metal.

Master of Puppets was easily the favorite, the best song too. Nothing could compare to this work of lyrical genius. It was mine, the song written for me. Hetfield and Ulrich had struck gold with it, had touched that place in my mind that unlocked all that was savage and inhuman. The Master of Puppets.

Another drag and that one is gone too. I toss it out the window, reach for another, and find the lone Lucky remaining. You can't smoke a pack without designating a Lucky; the last cigarette to be smoked, to be wished upon. My Lucky wishes have yet to remain unfulfilled, so long as I keep them simple and plausible.

Come crawling faster
Obey your Master!
Your Life burns faster
Obey your Master!
Master, Master! Master of Puppets!
I'm pulling your strings.

My singing was more akin to incoherent shouting, screaming along with the angry lyrics, smoke filling my lungs as I exhaled the words. This was life. This rust-bucket's blown

speakers, and the 80's metal band as my cadence. Born of Black Sabbath, the bastard Metallica was the reason we have metal today. And for that, one can only be thankful.

Another drag and Lucky is running low. A glowing ember slowly approaches the filter in between my fingertips. The smoke rushes out of the open window, and the ash along with

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it. One more drag and I toss the Lucky out the side, to be trampled on by speeding traffic, to end up in a raven's nest as bedding for her offspring. But my wish will be fulfilled, as they all are. This wish sooner than others.

I pull into the nearest gas station, not content with losing the feeling. Engine off, doors locked, wallet in hand. Yes, I'm over 18. Yes, I'm aware of the inherent dangers. Give me what I crave. Give me what I came for.

Your Life burns Faster
Obey your Master.

With a twist of the key, I hear the last chords of the song fade off, accompanied by the maniacal laughter that befits the song. Lighter in my right hand, fresh session in the other, I bring it towards my lips. I flick the flint and a new flame greets

me. Inhale. Now.

I can only obey as the rhythmic strings pull me towards my wish. Towards Lucky's final wish. Don't stop. Obey your Master.

Kate Jones

Untitled

Encouraging applause abounded
when the world asked her
to lift her skirt inch by inch,
thread by thread.

When she finally gave in
she was devoured just as quickly
by the sun.

Kate is a junior English major from San Antonio, TX.
(for more of Kate's work, go to www.1147.tcu.edu)

Dana Stalewski

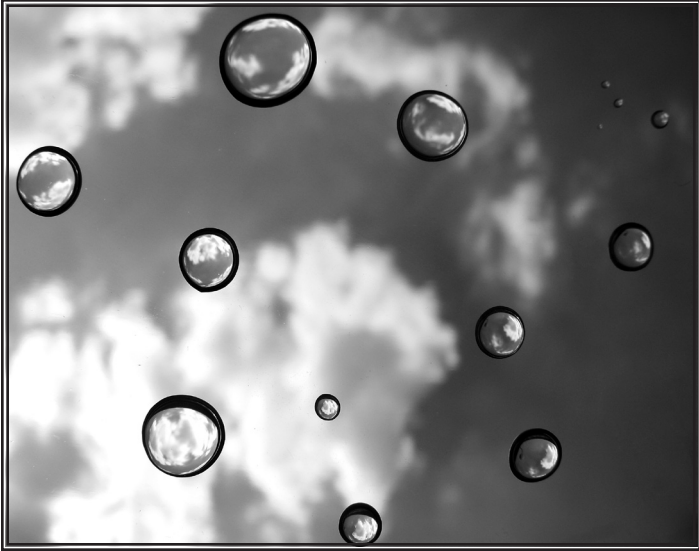
Untitled



Dana is a junior Studio Art major from Arlington, TX.

Tina Tran

Droplets



Tina is a freshman Biology major from Arlington, TX.

Tyler Hall

Catacomb

behind the bar in our croaking strip
mall, i was the king of country

this one is all me, babe. & who do they think?
don't worry a bit
i got plenty

gutterblood to spare and tomorrow
morning, when i wake in my shoes
 you say i's and blood-caked-faced
 &freezing
 &if i knew how to love you
 &four cops

but
the word i hear is crazy person.

here's to the pinwheel in your eye sockets that morning,
to sick around-the-ears,
to you & papercut tongues and my god your hips worth bathing
in!

I tell you I can't hear you

i've perched myself under the fire
hydrant i swear i saw in the sink basin, &
 i'm talking baseball bats at bras.

you can carry me anywhere, but
 i better be tied down

 in case of an emergency, just hush my jig-hooked lips
and don't tell anyone that

i've never thrown a punch that wasn't holy,
 never hoped to reinvent the prayer.

Real live,
like
 a hushed Maybell Carter,
a Bonnie Blue Eyes,
 a Miss Carter darlin'

yodel-eyed
& siren'd

right out
of your

hand-held-and-right-now-delicate bones,

let's read it as a heartbeat.

All of this: Sweet clutter
 & pulse

& drip-drained
 & drunk reminds me your

Aunt Vicky has a house
 out back.

You can
 hear her

breaking
her horses.

Tyler is a senior Philosophy major from Dallas, TX.
(for more of Tyler's work, go to www.1147.tcu.edu)

Sierra Metcalfe

Red

Flames
of Royal
Poinsettia
bloom afresh;
Sweet
Persimmon
pigment;
Gingery
Nasturtium's
fire;
Harvest Autumn
Pumpkin's
Burning,
savory flesh;
Roses'
Velvet petals
of Vermillion-clad
attire.

Sierra is a junior Writing major from Southlake, TX.

Scott Heaton

Nietzsche and Trekkies

"Hey Jude, Don't make it bad, take a sad song, and make it better..."

This song is on everywhere I go... why today? To be named Jude is my curse. My mom called me her little Jude-bug until I was 26. Why did this song have to be on in this Barnes and Noble, on this day? I always thought of it as a lame song. Who "na-nas" for 8 minutes after the song is over?

I hope mom would be proud of her little Jude-bug, or at least for my intentions. I never ever thought I would do something like this. I hope I make it out. St. Jude became a martyr on October 28th. Maybe if I don't make it out of here I'll gain some nobility like he did in death.

There aren't any more than thirty people here. It helps a little that they all look miserable. Magazines are no way to waste time. Dr. Phil says the images of all the gorgeous people make you feel like crap. I agree. I only decided on a bookstore because the smell of paper always calms me down. Barnes and Noble's always smells like fresh paper and coffee. It's such a soothing smell, and today is no different. I love the sound of coffee grinders too. If you are going to do something heroic you might as well enjoy the setting you are in, am I right? I can always snag Dr. Phil's book off the shelf if I need to. The next best thing would be to have the man himself as my accomplice. Unfortunately, my restraining order is still in effect.

Dr. Phil said in his new book, *Make up your Mind!*, That I need to... well, make up my mind. And I finally have. I'm not sure that it is anything at all that Dr. Phil would come up with. "Do what you have to do," the man says. I wonder what Dr. Phil thinks about "doing" things that are against the law to make sure my mom has the medicine she needs to survive. But I have less money in my bank account than Dr. Phil has hair on his head. I bet he has never had the problem that I have.

I've always hated the feeling of a gun in my hand. When I was little my dad would get so pissed at me because I didn't like playing with the NERF guns he bought me. "Dang it boy! You ain't going to hurt anyone! Now shoot your mother!" he would say. There was one time in the 7th grade during football practice that I had a chance to sack the quarterback right in his back. Knowing how fragile the human spine was I vividly remember slowing my sprint and shouting, "Look out Pete!" Pete was the name of the quarterback. I saved that kid's neck. You think he would cut me some slack. It was later that day that I found out what an atomic wedgie was from Pete the quarterback. In North Texas, if you don't kill a man when you are supposed to, you aren't a man at all.

Well Ma, Your little Jude-bug is going to make everything all right.

"THIS IS A STICK UP!"

"Hey Jude, Don't be afraid, you were made to go out and get her..."

* * *

Mom says people like Batman don't exist. "Billy, no one is brave enough to do something like that." "Not yet!" I always tell her. I bet you I'm going to be just like Bruce Wayne when I get older.

In North
Texas, if you
don't kill a
man when
you are
supposed to,
you aren't a
man at all.

I don't need any super powers, just awesome fighting skills and a detective's mind. That's all Batman ever needs. Take this comic for example, Detective Comics #876: Batman kicks the butt of all of the guys trying to steal the nuclear warhead from Gotham's power plant, then he figures out that the Penguin has set the atomic bomb he planted years before on a timer! Batman calmly disables the bomb like it was as easy as making a ham sandwich. I love ham sandwiches, but only if mom makes them and the crust is cut off... and it's cut into triangles... and if there are no spots on the ham. Hmm.

I have to read my comics at Barnes and Noble; I like bookstores, especially this one. The colors remind me of the colors of the coffee shop mom always goes too. Mom says that people that go into comic book stores are middle-aged child stalkers that play Dungeons and Dragons all day, whatever that is. So I have to do my comic reading here. I tell her I don't like it, because I just can't see Batman liking coffee shops or bookstores.

I'm a natural born detective. I won a problem solving skills contest last year at the school fair. I was only 7 and I beat a 13 year old!

"THIS IS A STICK UP!"

Holy cow! That guy has a gun! I have got to get out of here! Oh my gosh, Oh my gosh, Oh my gosh! Where is mom? She has got to be in the parenting section.

"Nobody move!"

What in the world am I supposed to do?

Billy get a hold of yourself, you are a detective. Detectives don't cry. Ok, I can hide behind that bookshelf, until I work out my plan; Batman always has a plan before he acts. Why am I so afraid? I'm a green belt in Tai Kwon Do. I made Reggie Young's nose bleed after I sparred with him. He is the biggest kid in the 3rd Grade. I bet he could take out this bad guy, and if he could, that means I could kick his butt too!

I have to stop this villain or all of Barnes and Noble will be in

danger!

"Remember to let her into your heart, then you can start to make it better..."

"THIS IS A STICK UP!"

* * *

What a beautiful way to die murdered in a stick up so poetic... maybe I could try and save a child. But of course I can't be expected to do anything. Nora Roberts says that: "most romance heroes, or heroes in fiction of any kind, are generally superior to real men. Same goes for heroines and real women." How can I do anything? Maybe my husband will rush through the doors and storm up to this passionate man holding the gun, force him to the floor, and declare his undying love for me.

What does this crook have in his hands? Is that Dr. Phil? A killer of romance if you ask me. He just wants to resolve everything. No passion, no yelling, no friction, nothing. How can love exist without passion? Without yelling? Without friction? This isn't the 1950's. I wouldn't be surprised if the man supported arranged marriages.

I yelled at my husband this morning.

It might have been the last thing I ever said to him, "You care more about your stupid books than you do me..." I tried to be clever like Nora is and I said to him, "see if you can read into what happens to our marriage if you keep spending more time reading than developing your relationship with your wife."

At least it was poetic. I can die with that being the last thing I said to the person I love most, right? I wanted

to start reading the novels he was reading. Maybe I could understand what was so different about them from me. All of these thrillers, were they giving him the excitement that I couldn't?

Maybe if I did more dangerous things with him: driving fast, cursing every once in awhile to give me an edge. My mother raised me Southern Baptist, we didn't cuss, dance, or really have much fun at all. At least that's what I got from church. Maybe that's why Nora is such an inspiration to me. And not just her, but other romance novels... you can curse,

dance, have pre-marital sex: which I grew up thinking was the end of the world. Every time I read over a curse word in novels I still translate it in my brain as the f-word, or s-word, or sometimes spell it out a.s.s. Maybe it was this that was frustrating my husband.

Surely he knows I love him.

Surely...

Maybe if I am shot in the thriller section he will know I was trying to say something to him, a declaration of my undying love. If only

Life isn't about happiness, or even love, it's about meaning. I might have a chance to accomplish that tonight a meaningful death in the thriller section.

he were here, I can see him sitting Indian style with his head up against that bookshelf with all of his favorites. Stephen King, and Dean Koontz. He would chew his nails in anticipation of each page. He would always lick his fingertips, too in order to turn the page. I told him that I hated both of those habits, but it was endearing to me. Will I ever be able to tell him to stop chewing his nails again, or that licking his fingertips does nothing?

I'm terrified right now. I feel ridiculous crawling to the suspense/thriller section. You would think I had enough suspense at the moment. But to be honest the crook looks more fearful than all of us, except for the man in the philosophy section...praying... ironic. I love my husband so much. I wish we had kids. I would have loved more before I died. Nora would have liked it that way. I would have liked it that way. I would know a hole would be left after I was gone. I guess that seems a little morbid. But think how sad it would be if your death didn't matter. Life isn't about happiness, or even love, it's about meaning. I might have a chance to accomplish that tonight—a meaningful death in the thriller section.

What's the trekkie doing?

No way, He's not actually going to talk to this guy?

What the!? Did he just give him the "Nanoo Nanoo/ live long and prosper" sign?

And... You have got to be kidding me. The thief is thumbing through Dr. Phil's book, and pointing his gun at Jean-Luc. I can't watch someone get killed. If this guy isn't even stable enough to do a stick up without the help of his rent-a-therapist, we're going to need a hero.

"Na Na Na Nanana Na!"

* * *

I hate the term 'Trekkie,' everyone knows that 'Trekkers' is the correct name for Star Trek fans. And I am a classic trekker that avidly watches the original series! Each convention that I have gone to, I haven't wimped out and thrown on a solid colored shirt with a star trek emblem and said that I was Captain Kirk, or "Bones" McCoy, but each year I do my ears and hair and transform myself into Spock! Like a true trekker!

When I was 24 I tried to get plastic surgery for my eyes and eyebrows to naturally look like Spock's. Little did I know that such a minor surgery still costs thousands of dollars. I was only a couple of thousand shy after saving up my winnings from the "magic the gathering" competitions I participated in for 3 years. My best card: 'Slagworm the Invincible' really played off!

"This is Captain Jean-Luc Picard, of the U.S.S. enterprise..."

Phone is ringing... I love that ringer.

"Hello... Ya mom I'll be home at about 11.... WHAT... Mom, I'm 32 I shouldn't have a curfew! ... I have a job. ... I make more money than I did at Chili's! You guys were fine with that! ... Mom I can't stay for the convention for only an hour! ... you're not listeni... MOM... I don't want to tell you what I'm reading right now... No!

What I do at Barnes and Noble is my business! ... No! ... No! ... No!

...
...
...
...
...

Ok! Dungeons and Dragons! You got me Ma! Are you happy? You still aren't being fair, listen: Patrick Stewart and William Shatner are going to be there! My friends will think I'm a loser if I don't go!

...

I have friends!

... We'll talk at 11! Bye!"

Holy crap I'm toast.

"THIS IS A STICK UP!"

Now I'm really toast. There is no way I'm dying today. What would happen to all of my action figures? My brother would probably take them out of the casing. That just can't happen. My mom would throw away all of my Star Trek comics, and probably... My Spock ears! I am going to get the heck out of here!

Wait! He's wearing a Star Wars shirt! First of all... idiot... but maybe I could talk some sense into him, from one sci-fi fan to another.

I can't believe this, I'm actually standing straight up and walking towards an armed man with an agenda. Leonard Nemo would be proud. I can't believe I've never noticed how beautiful a bookstore can be. The colors calm me down, even though my palms got sweeter the closer I got to the gun and the Darth Vader shirt. So many people are covering, but not me. Check out this woman in the suspense/thriller fiction section. She is clutching on to a Nora Roberts book and crying like she'll never see her family again... Oh... maybe she won't... She's looking into her wallet and the tears just keep coming, but she isn't making a sound... honorable citizen. She is beautiful too. What a shame to see that mascara flow like that. If we were on the

Voyager right now, I would be made 1st lieutenant for my bravery. Each passing section I passed made me more and more terrified.

Religion. Philosophy. Travel. Journals. New Age. Romance. More Nora Roberts books... I hope that woman sees her family.

And of course he is standing in the Sci-fi section, great... I can look at my heroes as I confront the enemy in front of me. May the force be with me, this one time. If I get through this I won't be such a jerk to Star Wars fans anymore... God, what the hell am I doing, I'm 32 years old and I dress up in Star Trek uniforms.

We as humans will repeat the same mindless things over and over, with no eternal value at all... I am on a quest to simply find satisfaction in life that functions within truth. And I don't plan on fabricating it within the shelter of a shadow.

It's time to boldly go where no man has gone before. I'm going to talk to the man with the gun... Beam me up Scotty.

"And anytime you feel the pain, Hey Jude refrain. Don't carry the world upon your shoulders. For well you know that it's a fool who plays in cool, By making his world a little colder..."

God is dead.
-Nietzsche 1882

* * *

He was too right. I just had a conversation with a man in the religion section, trying to prove God's existence to me through science. That's a new one to me. The churches must be trying to brain wash its congregants to thinking their worst enemy, well that and logic, is now actually one of their best weapons. This echo of the phantasm of God is what is destroying our world. Think of everything that has been destroyed in the name of religion... the crusades, the inquisition, 9/11, the KKK... So many people think they are correctly representing the ultimate. Every time I walk into this Barnes and Noble I quickly brush past the history section and wince at all the books I see...

On war. On the crusades. On the Inquisition. On 9/11.

And I just can't bring myself to find the good of the books in the religion section that still support the same kind of mentality that these tragedies were birthed from. "My religion is right!" "Your religion is wrong!" "Change or suffer the consequences!" I like sipping my organic coffee and looking at the names of some of these books. Tell me they don't scare you too: "God's Army," "Spiritual Warfare," "The Reign of Christianity," and my personal favorite, "He is all that matters." Forget about your family or friends; I guess you have to hate them. Religions preach love, but don't show it. Nietzsche was right... humans will always try to overcome religion. In *The Gay Science*, Nietzsche said:

"After Buddha was dead people showed his shadow for centuries afterwards in a cave, —an immense frightful shadow. God is dead: but as the human race is constituted, there will perhaps be caves for millenniums yet, in which people will show his shadow. —And we—we have still to overcome his shadow!"

The day is coming, when the noon sun will rise on civilization, and every man will realize the absence of shadow, and the truth of nothingness. Eternal Return... it is bound to happen. We as humans will repeat the same mindless things over and over, with no eternal value at all... I am on a quest to simply find satisfaction in life that functions within truth. And I don't plan on fabricating it within the shelter of a shadow. And I have the rest of my life to figure it out too... 50, maybe 60 or 70 years.

"THIS IS A STICK UP!"

Or not...

What the hell am I going to do? What if I die today? I wish I had a shadow to hide in... The guy legitimately has a gun. Probably a crazed religious wacko... Oh my God... did he look at me... He's looking at me.

Dear God, get me out of this one... Amen.

Did I just pray? I did... I just prayed

"But God is dead!"

Just then that horrid Christian man crawled up to me with tears in his eyes, his enormous mustache made him look ridiculous, and the lack of shame... a grown man crawling on his hands and knees. Probably just to tell me to repent before I go to hell today. But instead of even saying a single word, he handed me a card. I'll never forget what he wrote on it:

Nietzsche is dead...

-God 1900

Touché pastor. Is he... he is... he's praying, face down on the floor.

Why the hell not? If I keep praying, its not like I'm being disloyal to Nietzsche. And it certainly couldn't hurt anything. I wasn't killing anyone in the name of God or religion. The books around are glowing with the philosophers that would frown upon me. Sartre, Heidegger, Nietzsche, Kant, Camus. But if I am going to die, why not try something new?

"God... help me."

"If you are real... please help me."

"Amen."

Well there it is... and obviously nothing is happening.

BOOM!

You have got to be kidding me! A little kid with a tablecloth tied around his neck just leapt onto the crook through the ceiling and tackled him to the ground! He's punching him in the nose! How in the world did he get up to the ceiling? Everyone around him is helping out, including some guy that looks like captain Kirk! We're going to be fine. Thanks to the heroics of some little kid with a plaid cape!

Barnes and Noble's
looks different
when you have a
knee in your back,
blood in your eyes,
and your face on
the ground. It isn't
near as soothing as
it used to be.

"Hey Jude, Don't make it bad, take a sad song, and make it better..."

Ma, your little Jude-Bug failed you. But I'm one of the first

people ever to leave a Barnes and Noble in handcuffs. Not only that, but I was stopped by a little kid with a cape dropping from the ceiling and his Trekkie sidekick. Right now the kid referring to himself as "Batchild" is living it up. He is holding a book over the top part of his face in order to conceal his identity, while answering the police officer's questions. And his Trekkie sidekick is taking off his shirt... and he is throwing it in the trash. The guy actually told me to "live life and prosper."

Barnes and Noble's looks different when you have a knee in your back, blood in your eyes, and your face on the ground. It isn't near as soothing as it used to be. Dr. Phil is a phony. Let's see how he would react to 'Batchild,' or if his mother can't even afford to buy a simple antibiotic. I'm done with him.

On the way out I got to soak up everything... All the emotion and satisfaction of those I would never hurt. I saw one woman in the Suspense/Thriller section on the phone... the same one that rushed to Batchild's side shouting "I'll save you!" once he made that ridiculous leap from the ceiling. After that she flopped on him and covered him with her whole body, like I was in any position to hurt him, after that dumb 8-year-old messed me up. She just kept saying "I love you honey, I love you honey, like she was about to get shot between the eyes. A little over dramatic if you ask me. And another man was in the Religion section reading God for Dummies with The Gay Science tucked under his arm... ironic.

Crap, I had no effect on anyone, anything, not even mom... that's the way things are for me. Jude's song is always a sad song. I wonder if the cops will cut me some slack once they find out the gun wasn't even loaded. Because like I said before... I just don't have it in me to hurt a soul... never will.

"Na Na Na Nanana Na!"

Takeshi Takahashi

Wrath

Lady Chatterley's in love with the Marquis de Sade,
And Morpheus abdicated in the land of nod,
When the western world feels the wrath of God.
There's classic books for pence apiece,
And better things are called the least
Until the soldiers war to stop the peace,
And the four winds loose beyond the east.
Killers bring forth their dead to chain them
To the legs of patriotic men,
And hearing there a broken anthem,
Fold under the wrath of God.

Takeshi Takahashi

Haiku 1

Urban synergy
Man and machine, they are two,
One evolving up.

Takeshi is a junior English major from Albuquerque, NM.
(for more of Takeshi's work, go to www.1147.tcu.edu)

Diana Dunigan

Festered

With each moment that passes
our relationship festers,
rotting within us,
like a deadly "Hello"
that never makes it from my mouth,
choking me constantly.
Each time our lips meet
it's like drinking alcohol-laced cyanide.
I'm addicted,
and it's killing me slowly.
Each time I see you,
I can't help but wish
that you would kill me faster,
inject me with a poison,
stop my heart,
anything is better
than this slow, painful death.

Diana is a junior Writing major from Fort Worth, TX.

Kelli Trapnell

Between My Ribs

I walk across campus
The speed of the night
Glistening
The bite of the wind
Pushing through me and in me

Bringing me back to your own
Opacity, reflected,

You spread like smoke trapped
In a kitchen full of light
The only safe space
The mason jar
Above the microwave.

Now I see the taillights flash by me
To jump in front
To just fly
And be swept off by the speed of indifference
That plagues this world

The audacity
The noise
Your smell the only thing I think

My skin
Freckled with this new rain

But the pain of disappearance
The shavings of the eraser left on the table
Still throb within me like a lump
Between my ribs

And still the world thuds on
Opaque and indifferent
To the wisp of you
Hidden in the mason jar of me.

Kelli is a junior Writing major from Houston, TX.

Andrew Stone

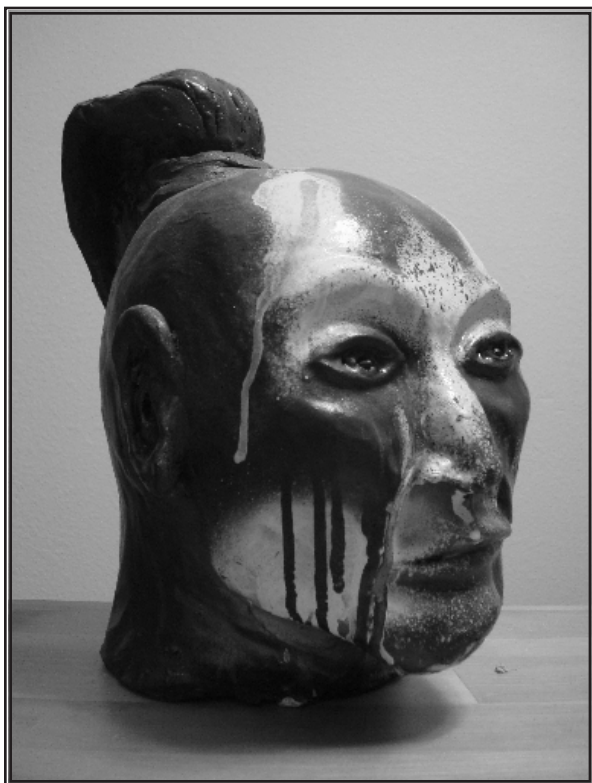
Lion's Den



Andrew is a sophomore Radio-TV-Film major from Cypress, TX.

Emily Rider

Samurai



Emily is a junior Art Education major from Fort Worth, TX.

Alaina Behan

Contact

Slimy gray eels deftly wrapped around your wrists
I have you vulnerable and drunk, and of course, empty
Wrap crinkled seaweed through your veins
Mold the rice around your pulsing liver
Bite the weakly twitching flesh
Juices flowing down my robe
Shouldn't have insomnia and crusty pillowcases
Whiskey bottles bleeding on the wooden floor
Shards imbedded in my calloused feet
Repeating numbing things I've seen and done before
A picture in a frame of a man I don't remember
Beady-eye fate sending me a warning to not let you slip away
So I tie you down with strips of moon
Encase your eyes with fireflies
Pink and velvet-swept clouds
Those who leave us smiling there
Lost in their cracked-scarlet land
Leading new lives, pressing petals to our palms,
Assuring us they're fine
That despite the fading,
Our friendship will survive

Alaina Behan

Coping

Lips thinned
And I'm scratching up these white-washed walls
With twitchy, bloody fingertips
Passing out in silence
My head colliding with these cracking walls
Need some smoke curling from my nose
Need to squash the spiders in my sink
Hide away from the sober world
They're all fucking fake anyway
Fluorescent lights illuminating their imperfections
And don't you fucking lecture me to stop drinking, you pig fuck
Shaking hands crossed in a shaking lap
An arrow lodged between my breasts
The doctor says I'm never going home
Honeysuckles disintegrate into ash in my palm
No one danced with me at my wedding
You sit in your armchair on the clouds
Biting your lip, toasting to my happiness
Pouring the champagne down in buckets of stained rain
I sit at the table at 3:30 AM
Throwing paints on faded wood
Watching the blue melt from your eyes
Until it's light enough outside to cry
And I do cry
Little child's been washed up and left behind
All you see is me

Alaina is a freshman Writing major from Duncanville, TX.

Kelli Trapnell

Blood Traitor

Logan shut the door of the broom closet behind him and slid the blood bag out from under his scrubs. He reached into his pocket for the scalpel he had nicked from the surgeon's tray and sliced the cord at the top of the bag, careful not to spill any of the precious blood anywhere.

Logan could easily see where he had put the overturned mop bucket that he used as a chair despite the almost perfect darkness of the room. For the last month, Logan had spent every break he had in the small, cramped closet in one of the back hallways of the Jefferson E.R.

His hands shook as he raised the cord of the blood bag to his blue lips like a straw. He sucked in the crimson blood greedily, relishing the heat that spread through his empty, crystallized veins. Drinking was almost like being alive again. A shiver of pleasure rolled down his spine and he remembered the day it had all began.

The E.R. had received the call at three A.M. A car crash, head on, of course. The caller's voice cracked as he relayed the damage to the nurse. That was never a good sign.

Logan and another E.R. tech leapt into action, flying down Jefferson's main highway in a blur of sirens and flashing red lights. Logan didn't remember how much later they had arrived at the scene of the accident, but he did remember her. She was a thin blonde, beautiful enough for the whole of Hollywood to bow before her immaculate figure. Her skin, though coated in thick, gelatinous blood, was pale white, like eggshells, and her gray eyes were frantic, pleading. He still would have done anything to save her, he thought. Even knowing what she was. What he was.

A doctor strode past the closet industriously, reviewing his charts.

"We'll need three bags of O positive in room 24, and can you check on 76?" Logan heard his boss's deep voice echo in the hallway as easily as if he were standing inches from his clipboard. Until he was sure the doctor was out of earshot, Logan held his breath, a left over human reaction.

Logan took another gulp of the hot, delicious blood in his hands. The tips of his new fangs pressed into his bottom lip, red and wet with the human blood. He glanced down at the bag. Already, he had gone through half of it. Two weeks ago, he could hardly get through a fourth. Logan shivered. He wondered how much longer he'd be able to hide his addiction.

Really, he thought, as he sipped on the fine wine in his hands, it's fortunate that I was already working the night shifts here. Though he knew his wife had to wonder why she never saw him during the day anymore.

Logan smiled as he thought of his wife. Even after his

encounter with the vampire goddess, he still thought he was married to the most beautiful woman on earth. Her slender figure, her sharp green eyes, her soft, giving smile. He checked his watch. In thirty minutes, 8:00 a.m., his shift would be over. He imagined her smile when he told her about the promotion he'd gotten today.

He drank deeply from the blood bag. It was AB Negative, the most rare of the blood types, and it was obvious—tangy and sweet, but dry and bitter all at once, smooth like you'd expect from an ancient bottle of French Pinot Noir, but light enough that you could drink it all day. He'd taken the last bag in the hospital's blood bank, but wasn't today a cause for celebration? AB Negative was Liz's type. The blood tasted like she did.

He finished off the bag and licked his lips. Then he stood up, rolled the empty bag into his pocket, and stepped into the hall. He was halfway to the front desk when he heard someone screaming. Liz! He thought, and started running toward the source of the sound.

A second later, he nearly crashed into his boss.

"Oh, good, Perkins, I needed you," Dr. Rabachek huffed. "We just admitted your wife to the trauma unit."

Logan couldn't move. He blinked. "Trauma unit? What happened?"

"Hit by a car while crossing the street," the doctor said.

"She was going to work," Logan said, pointlessly.

"Logan, I'm not going to lie to you. She doesn't look good," the doctor said. "If she doesn't get the transfusion, we won't be able to save her."

Logan's unbeating heart plummeted. The empty blood bag in his pocket seemed white-hot against his leg. Just then, a nurse jogged up, panting.

"Dr. Rabachek," she puffed. "There's no more AB negative."

"What?"

"In the blood bank," she nodded, her flat, oval face grim. "I just checked."

"That's not possible," Dr. Rabachek said. "We just got replenished last month."

Logan felt sick to his stomach. He had to get to Liz. He would save her, change her, just like the blonde vampire had changed him. He started off down the hall, but his stomach lurched violently and he puked vivid red blood all over the white tiles. He shivered, and something like instinct swelled within him. His eyes jerked open wide and he felt tremors of adrenaline rushing through his cold body. Somewhere down the hall, he heard the unmistakable sound of a flat line, and he bared his fangs, not caring who knew his secret anymore.

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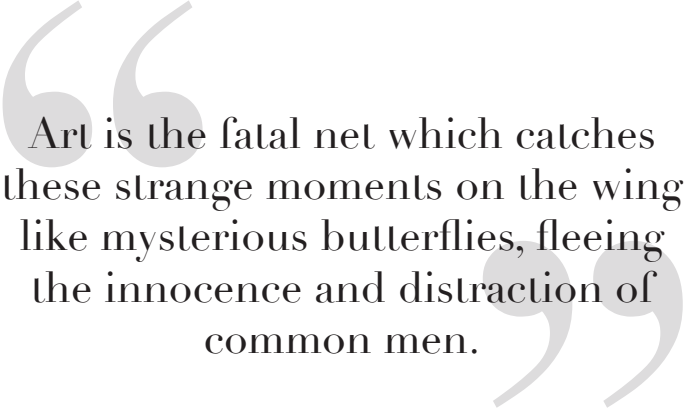
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Art is the fatal net which catches
these strange moments on the wing
like mysterious butterflies, fleeing
the innocence and distraction of
common men.

Giorgio de Chirico

Metaphysical Artist

An abstract painting featuring several stylized faces in various colors (blue, green, orange, purple, yellow) and expressions. The faces are rendered with thick, expressive brushstrokes and are set against a background of vibrant, overlapping colors. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century abstract art.

eleven40seven

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