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spring 2011
eleven40seven
tcu student journal of the arts





eleven40seven

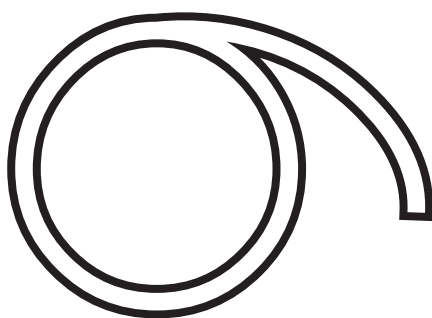
tcu student journal of the arts



spring 2011
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volume 6.2





“TO CREATE ONE'S OWN
WORLD IN ANY OF THE ARTS
TAKES COURAGE.”

GEORGIA O'KEEFE
AMERICAN ARTIST





C O N T E N T

HAIKU
JACK BE NIMBLE
EMMANUEL
AD ASTRA PER ASPERA
EXPOSED
THE WIDTH OF A HAIR
CONCRETE
THE WOODS
NIGHT VISION
MARY CHRISTMAS
A RUSH OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD
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* DENOTES AMON CARTER CREATIVE WRITING AWARD WINNERS





EDITOR'S NOTE

As you can see, the staff this year has made some changes to *eleven40seven*. For starters, we adopted a new layout and a new logo. We've tweaked our editorial process a bit as well. This semester, the staff decided that we wanted to branch out and incorporate new genres, like graphic design (Montana Currie's "Bauhaus Typeface") and screenplays (Becky Boeshaar's "Mary Christmas"), in what we decided to publish. We combed through our greatest number of submissions yet (two hundred and fifty-one) to find quality content that was strikingly original and "refreshingly unexpected."

We also had the honor of publishing the three student poems which received the Amon Carter American Museum of Art 50th Anniversary Creative Writing Award. The award was part of the annual TCU Creative Writing Contests this year, and called for original ekphrastic poems inspired by works of art housed in the Amon Carter museum. These poems will also appear in the 2011 edition of *descant*, Fort Worth's literary magazine. We would like to congratulate the winners for this achievement.

Despite an apparent love for Coldplay music (Jenna Simard's "Life in Technicolor" and Lauren King's "A Rush of Blood to the Head"), much of the work we published focused on how art makes us essentially human. Our cover (Jordan Mazurek's "Altar in the Alley"), Adam Ramsey's "White Night Over the Rhone," and Nathan Pardee's "DJ Anteater" each touch on the importance of artistic expression. Works like "Jack Be Nimble" by Alaina Behan, "Exposed" by Liz Rector, and "The Width of a Hair" by Allison Erickson showcase the bravery in sharing your art with others, in being "exposed."

In my (admittedly biased) opinion, the Spring 2011 issue is one of *eleven40seven*'s best; the visual art we received was more intriguing and masterful than ever before, the poetry we chose from was impressive in its command of sound and image, and the prose was fresh and inspired. If you like what you see in the print journal, then check out our web edition at www.1147.tcu.edu for additional student work, including Nathan Pesina's "Before You Get to St. Peter," which appeared earlier this semester in *Image Magazine*, or Lynn Kelly's colorful collection of artwork, including "Convergence."

Finally, I'd just like to say thanks again to all of you who submitted your work. As you know, sharing your art helps advance other art on campus, and it is my hope as a graduating senior that the huge upsurge in visual and written submissions we've received will only continue to grow ever larger. TCU needs a stronger artistic presence, and it is up to you, the artists, to change that in the future.

Keep TCU creative!

KELLI TRAPNELL
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF





HAIKU

Staring at the ground
is like watching a TV,
but it's much harder.

Wesley Gentle

Wesley is a senior Music and Writing
double major from Washington, DC.

Alaina Behan
Alaina is a sophomore Writing
major from Duncanville, TX.

JACK BE NIMBLE

Drool gathered at the divide of
lip and eye. The sunrise flicks its
jarring light. The candlestick melted down,
pulped the floorboards, where the mouth left a trail
of amber patterns. Have you self-medicated
this time? The thinly knitting cells have died,
your mush-mouth kicks in doorframes and bed posts.
Better this way, to sterilize the throat and brain.
Stars submerged in bile, then released
like silver beads. Clearly it's safer to fingertip the flame,
than to startle awake by a waxed window
with daybreak gnawing your hard-boiled eye.





EMMANUEL

Jenna Simard

Jenna is a freshman Strategic Communications major from Lafayette, LA.





Rachel Spurrier
Rachel is a sophomore Writing
major from Flower Mound, TX.

AD ASTRA PER ASPERA

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Pre-Main Sequence

When I was nine, I asked my father what would happen if the stars were to go out, one by one. He gazed up at the sky and said, *You know, it takes millions of years for the light to reach us. That star right there, he pointed, could be dead for all we know, but to us, it's still shining.* I asked, *How can a star die?* He sighed, put his hands in his pockets, and shook his head. Some things we aren't meant to know.

As a little girl, I cried when I understood that nothing lasts forever. Not the earth, not the sun, not the stars, not the universe. Everything has a beginning, and everything has an end. The earth will be consumed by the expanding sun; the sun will run out of fuel and burn out; the stars will collapse under their own weight and burst into a million pieces. Existence started with an explosion, and it will end without our knowing it.

Protostar

When I learned that we, too, are stardust, I imagined my blood carrying sparkling bits of stars through my body. The radiance was too much for me to bear, and I wanted to shine through my own skin. I reached for my mother's sewing shears, because if I collected enough of my dust in a bowl, I could make a new star in my hands.

One night, midwinter, I boiled water and filled a thermos with hot chocolate. My parents' old house creaked and moaned behind me as I sat cradled on a hammock in the backyard, curled under a blanket and waiting for the meteors. I swung back and forth on the groaning, withered ropes. When the showers rained across the sky, I prayed that he was watching the same spectacle, witnessing the same miracle that space and time have to offer.





Binary Star

How could you possibly understand it? How could you begin to know what I've been through? She had one eye on Orion's belt, the other on me. I turned away to hide my face. I stared up at the Little Dipper as the tears froze on my cheeks. My car keys jingled in my pocket while I bent over to dust snow off my boots. *I'm sorry, I whispered, I don't know.* She waved my words away with an impatient swish of her hand. The Seven Sisters were one blurred chaos when I turned my chin upward.

I was too afraid to skate on the fragile ice in the dark. The snow had thawed and frozen on the ice again, deceptively slippery and smooth. The snow twinkled an innocent sheen as she offered the skates to me. I stepped backward and slipped. I ran away up the hill, so she followed, waving the skates at my back. I sat down defiantly, and she stalked off, head held high. I watched her sharpen the blades and tie the laces, her bare hands fumbling. I couldn't stop hearing the ice crack as she twirled on the pond.

Fusion

The only light nearby flickered from the lanterns in the barn, where the calf, abandoned by its mother, huddled in the hay. The sky turned velvet-black, the stars sewn into the sky like jewels. The stars were so many and so bright that I couldn't find the constellations. He took my hand, but my fingers were too numb to feel the caress of his thumb.





A D A S T R A P E R A S P E R A

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I asked him to help me paint the sky, but he refused. *It's not for us to change*, he insisted. I held up the brushes and oils up to his face, pleading. He grinned, took me in his arms so suddenly that I dropped the paints and brushes, and twirled me around in the air. *You're my wild girl*, he whispered into my hair, his breath pine-fresh. The paints and brushes disappeared under the falling snow.

Mass Transfer

When the day was said and done, we watched the harvest moon rise, and the jack-o-lantern flickered and laughed on our porch, the mortgage sitting silent on the kitchen table. Goblins with green faces marched up for a reward snatched from the bowl we abandoned on the sidewalk. The orange moon loomed so large in the sky that my husband extended his hand to touch it, fingertips brushing the air. *I always knew there was a pumpkin in the sky*, he murmured, so quietly that I wasn't sure he said it. Mice and witches and ghosts skipped down the cracked sidewalk. They jumped over the fissures and giggled shrilly. Their pleas for treats pealed in my ears.

We fidgeted under the quilt my mother had just given us on our wedding day. The air smelled like smoke and roasting meat. The rusty swing screeched softly as we rocked back and forth. He twirled the ring on my finger. *I'm not sure we should have done this*, he said, and I nodded. *We can't undo it now*.

Supernova

I think that star is winking at me, Mommy. I followed my son's gaze and saw a blinking light rising in the sky. It was a satellite orbiting the earth, but I sang *how I wonder what you are* in his ear. He wrapped his arms

(continued, no stanza break)





A D A S T R A P E R A S P E R A

around my neck as I picked him up to carry him home. He buried his pink nose in my jacket and fell asleep as my footfalls died in the fresh snow. How are we allowed to have such gifts?

He opened his mouth, trying to catch snowflakes on his tiny tongue. Melting white flecks covered his miniature clothes. This small human trying to taste the world stood on the porch, a spotlight from the hanging lamp shining on him. The ray captured the speed of the falling flakes. I held out my arms and gestured to him to come inside. *It's getting too late!* I called. He danced in the light, waving his arms and grabbing at the air. *Just one more,* he pleaded. *I want to get one more!*

Pulsar

I grabbed his wrists as he tried to walk away. I tugged on them and felt the sinews and fibers struggling against my grip. He shook me off, and my hands fell limply to my sides. His breath condensed in the air, and each word he yelled escaped his mouth shaped in a puff of smoke. I shouted apologies, one burst of fog after another, expelled into dusk. I listened to the fading crunch of his boots on the packed snow as he walked away.

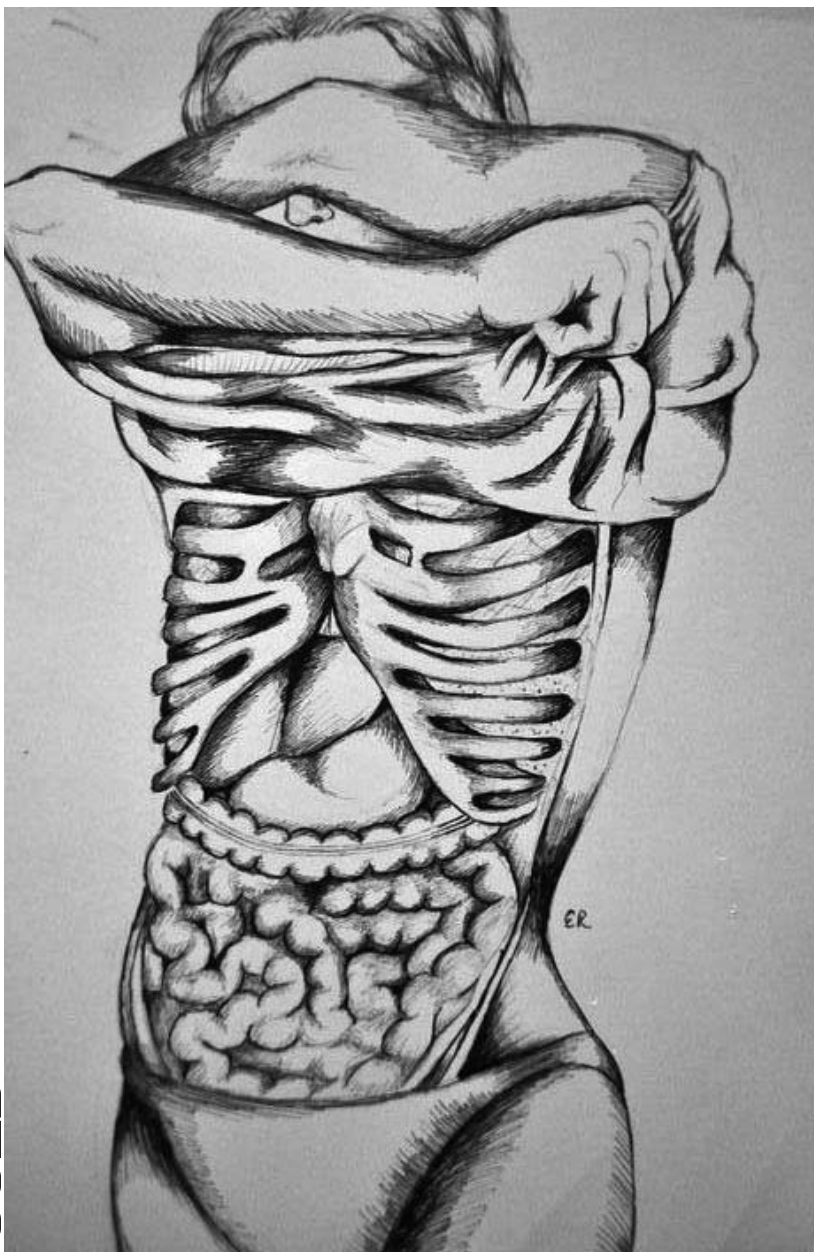
I pore over the papers hashing out who gets what, who sees our son and when, so I stay up late, worrying about when the next meteor will fall and crash into the earth, displacing the seas and the heavens. The porch is slick with ice, and the treads of my boots barely catch the grain of the wood. The early morning hours taste bitter on my tongue. Because the air is frigid and crisp, my movements create sparks.

For more of Rachel's work, please visit www.1147.tcu.edu.





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EXPOSED

Liz Rector

Liz is a junior Strategic Communications
major from Katy, TX.

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THE WIDTH OF A HAIR

We stand on the width of a hair.
We stretch the strand that strains,
tense as the rift of misspoken
needs and untold wants. As

deaf followers of those foggy
paths dance in the yellow courage
from music over open ears,
in ignorance, the strand snaps.

Allison Erickson
Allison is a senior News-
Editorial Journalism major
from San Antonio, TX.

Andrea Bolt
Andrea is senior News-
Editorial Journalism major
from The Woodlands, TX.

CONCRETE

A crumbled block of concrete is funny
to look at

Its chunky gray mass spills over the
black, unblemished street like flinty teeth

Abstract pebble and shard-like pieces
lie defeated next to themselves

Day in, day out, kicked, hit, stubbed,
pounded, pulverized into dust

Its future is a grim one

Poor hunk of falling down, leaking out,
formerly unbroken block of fusion;

Its gray color is ironic.

The funny thing?

It used to be whole.

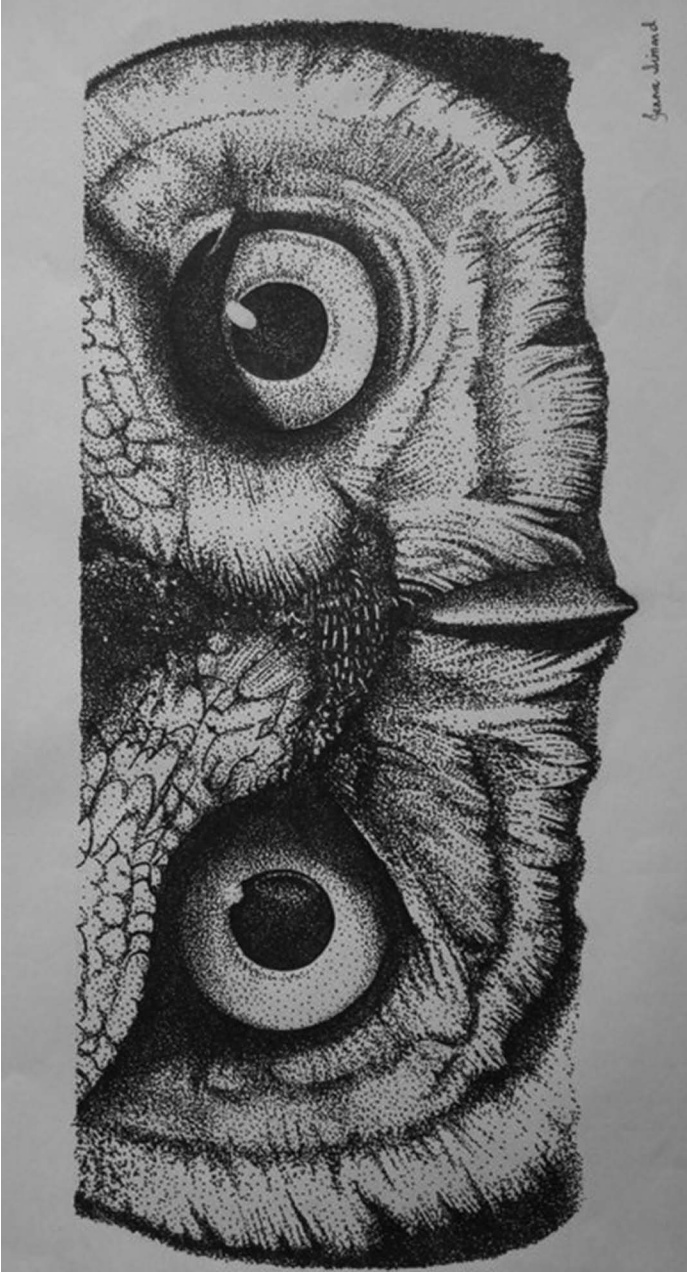


THE WOODS

Adam Ramsey
Adam is a senior Writing
major from Mineral Wells, TX.

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The cold is a murderer here. It devours the feeble and rides the strong—the bears, the deer, the red foxes, even the snakes, even the wolves with their bulky coats and keen ears—late into the season, sometimes dragging them across the borders of mortality. For years now, I have walked these well-worn paths in search of these decaying carcasses, beaten down by the wintry wilderness, and still find myself shaking shivers free from my spine and blanketed in a costume of horripilation at the sight of a fawn and its mother overtaken by fate—it's the part of life that is harsh and crushing and catches me off guard, that throws my perfect vision of the wild into a distorted blur. It changes me every time. But I know these woods. I know they will prevail. Each winter these trees will change from green to yellow to brown matrices, intricate labyrinthine systems spanning above the hardened soil from one end to the other—an unforeseen attractiveness so sweet and generous that, below it, to an untrained eye, would seem bleak, seem purposeless, seem unrefined, as though it were a plot of enshrouded soil rife with inimitable potential and promise—and each time I look up through the foliage and see their might, see what the inexperienced eye cannot, I'm overtaken, refreshingly shaken; I am renewed every year I walk these well-worn paths; every year I am hopeful again, engaged, in charge, colored in with an unobtainable happiness so rich I can only beg for the next new minute of cold, breathy air — it's what I live for. It's why I left. It's why I never came back home.



NIGHT VISION

Jenna Simard





FADE IN:

INT. SANTA'S HOUSE - EVENING

SANTA walks into his living room, which is decorated extensively with Christmas decor. He is followed closely by MRS. CLAUS. He searches determinedly for his hat while she tries to get his attention.

MRS. CLAUS
Are you listening to me?

SANTA
No.

MRS. CLAUS
Dammit, Santa!

He stops searching and looks at her, exasperated. Behind him is a giant portrait of himself looking especially jolly.

SANTA
Mary! Do you know what today is?

MRS. CLAUS
It's our anniversary.

SANTA
Its December 24th. I don't know if you know this after four hundred and twenty years of marriage, but it's kind of a busy day for me.

MRS. CLAUS
We've been married for four hundred and twenty SEVEN years!

SANTA
What? What do you want from me?

MRS. CLAUS
For just one year, I want you to spend our anniversary with me instead of almost every single other person in the entire world. I've been very understanding for almost half a millennium, but now I think it's my turn.

SANTA
Mary, I love you. You are the most wonderful woman in the world, but this is incredibly selfish.

Becky Boeshaar
Becky is a senior Film, Television and
Digital Media major from Kansas City, KS.

(CONTINUED)





CONTINUED:

2.

MRS. CLAUS
Selfish? I'm selfish? Hm...okay.

Mrs. Claus goes into their overstuffed closet. She puts on her coat, which is a more form-fitting version of Santa's, digs under the piles of boots, and pulls out Santa's tattered hat. She puts it on her head, and walks toward the door.

SANTA
How did you know it was there? Give it to me.

MRS. CLAUS
Sorry, I need it, baby. It's cold outside.

SANTA
You don't need it.

MRS. CLAUS
Yes I do, because I'm delivering presents this year, and you can stay home and...roast your chestnuts on an open fire.

She exits the house.

EXT. OUTSIDE SANTA'S HOUSE - EVENING

She leaves the house and heads toward the garage where elves are delivering the last round of toys to the sleigh. Now Santa is trailing after her.

SANTA
Mary, you can't go instead of me.

MRS. CLAUS
Why not? No one is supposed to see you anyway.

SANTA
The song doesn't say "Mary Claus is coming to town!"

MRS. CLAUS
Details.

SANTA
I'm serious. I know you're upset, and I'm sorry. We can talk about it when I get home.

(CONTINUED)





M A R Y C H R I S T M A S

MRS. CLAUS

You mean when I get home.

INT. SANTA'S GARAGE - EVENING

As they walk into the garage, Mrs. Claus walks up to Rudolf and strokes his snout.

MRS. CLAUS (CONT)

Hey, Rudy. Are you feeling better today?

The reindeer nods and his nose reddens slightly.

MRS. CLAUS (CONT)

Good. I thought that birch broth would help.

Rudolf nuzzles her a little. She smiles and hugs him back. Mrs. Claus now turns to a very official-looking elf, WERNER, who is holding a clipboard.

SANTA

Mary...

MRS. CLAUS

(To the elf)

Werner, are we on schedule?

WERNER

(Surprised)

Yes, ma'am.

MRS. CLAUS

Good. I'd like the bag organized by region this year. We've wasted a lot of time digging around for presents in the past, and I'd like to cut down on that.

WERNER

Good idea, ma'am. I'll get my people on that immediately.

Werner walks off to talk to the elves that are loading the bag with superhuman speed. He gives them instructions in the background, while in the foreground, Mrs. Claus hops into the driver's seat of the sleigh. She adjusts the coordinates on the dashboard.

(CONTINUED)





M A R Y C H R I S T M A S

CONTINUED:

4.

SANTA

You've made your point, Mary. Now
get out of the sleigh.

Mrs. Claus finds the right Christmas song on the radio. She
stops on "I'll be Home for Christmas."

SANTA (CONT)

Are you listening to me?

MRS. CLAUS

No.

SANTA

Dammit, Mary. How are you even
going to do the "Ho Ho Ho's?"

Mary hits a button on the radio, and Santa's voice booms out
of the speakers with his signature "Ho Ho Ho."

MRS. CLAUS

We installed that the year you had
laryngitis. Remember?

SANTA

Well, what are you going to do
about the cookies? How is Jenny
Craig going to feel about that?

MRS. CLAUS

Diets are meant to be broken.

SANTA

Mary, I'm not joking around
anymore. You need to get out of my
seat right now.

MRS. CLAUS

Go tell it on a mountain, Santa
baby, because I'm going.

Mrs. Claus turns around to check on the progress with
loading the bag. When she turns, the bag is loaded, and the
team of elves is sitting on the ground, fanning themselves
with their hats.

MRS. CLAUS (CONT)

Werner, we ready to go?

WERNER

(Exhausted)

We're all set, ma'am.

Mrs. Claus leans down and kisses Santa quickly.

(CONTINUED)





CONTINUED:

5.

MRS. CLAUS
Happy anniversary, cherrynose.

She picks up the reins, and snaps them once. The sleigh
pulls out of the garage.

MRS. CLAUS (CONT)
(Calling from the sky)
Mary Christmas to all, and to
Santa, sleep tight!

FADE OUT.

For more of Becky's work,
please visit www.ll47.tcu.edu.





A RUSH OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD



For more of Lauren's work, please visit www.1147.tcu.edu.

Lauren King
Lauren is a sophomore Graphic
Design major from Austin, TX.

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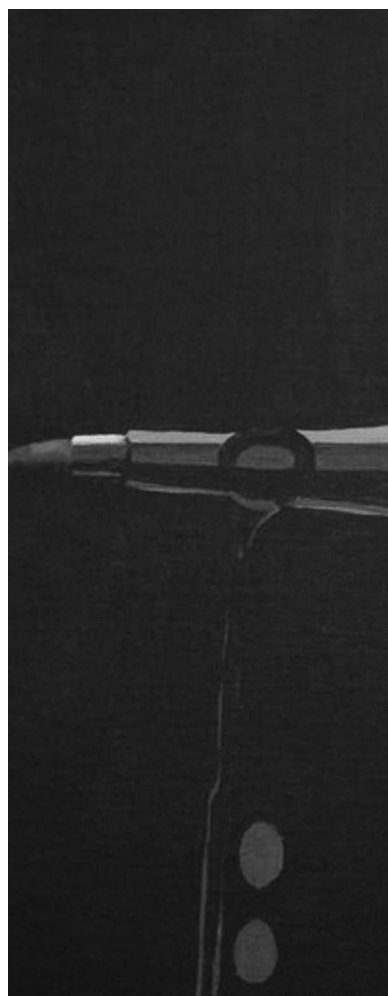
EMBODIED DEFEAT

Gary Yardley

Gary is a junior Economics major from North Richland Hills, TX.

22

Oh, those who croon woes despite the weather
Know not for what each cry was fought
Nor whether tears amount to naught, while tethered
Gravely to the ground, place high regard among the feathered
Energized or electrified by thought alone,
The black magic of skin against skin again
Grants soulless men the talent of soulful moan,
Again, again, 'til light is shone to show what is sown.
Mortified, sore, with a heart that is beat,
The men are the wail in the night, in cold
Or in heat, superstition unearthed, animate meat,
Bone against stone, pure rapture, embodied defeat.





LIFE IN TECHNICOLOR

Jenna Simard

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It's only the beginning of my only class
and I expect Cuban espresso
hanging onto my uvula for our life
punching the right buttons
to brew some ATP
(Attention
Tension
Paranoia).

But I haven't wedged my head
between the fridge and the pantry,
smelling my auntie count the sugar
crystals, explaining *medio*, balancing
the Bialetti perfectly on the circle
stovetop.

Crammed in an undusted crevasse
I would know every mite
bearing mote of my skin
to be *espumita*, a light brown paste
or a light brown foam,
sacchariferous, burning as she sketches

a portrait of me that looks more like
a Cubano Dean Martin or
an American Desi Arnaz.
She would mumble
Cuban love words,
fingers lost in a bag.

DEMITASSE

Wesley Gentle





Pursuing instructions,
I would glare at little Cuban
floating things.
The monomers:
the dust of a well-traveled
coffee bean, the crumby depths
of green and blue
bag that could be a whole
extra Dorito

If I didn't already have so many
lies to organize
I would overfill
the demitasse,
dissolve that perfect
circle of wasted energy
with a used tissue,
wiggle my head
until it could freely reach
the counter-top,

strain to hear
my *Abuela's* cancer
leaving tears
in the swollen segments
of my mother's face,
sharply look
down and realize
that Cuban men

(continued, no stanza break)





wear *Guayaberas* the color of tears.

Or they would,
if there was a Cuba
outside of Longwood, Florida.

They—sorry—
we would hang
onto Cuban floating things
for our life,
blinking out the fire
from America's aquatic artillery

if there was an America
outside of Seminole County.

They—sorry—
we would arrive
and find love
and scream Cuban love words
at the world:

¡Asere!
¡Te amo!
¡Pinga!

If we knew how
to rebuild a world,

We'd patch together
a new flag.
We'd sip in unison.





D E M I T A S S E

If I didn't already have so many
lies to organize

I would be content
with my cousin
landing on my glasses,

I would hold that dainty French cup
beneath that daunting Italian moka pot
and pour it all out.
And not be able to
see the mess.

But my head is free
from dust and memories,
my throat misses
my inheritance,

and we haven't completed any
microscopic puzzles

because I'm

in a place of higher

learning

and I haven't heard

the right type of boiling.

For more of Wesley's work, please visit www.1147.tcu.edu.





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DJ ANTEATER

Nathan Pardee

Nathan is a freshman political
Science major from Plano, TX.





MY EYES, POKER CHIPS

Spenser Davis

Spenser is a senior Writing and Film,
Television and Digital Media double
major from Fort Worth, TX.

I remembered my trip to Las Vegas.
You were you and I,
I was clad in neon,

Blinding you, beckoning you.
I cried no, don't lift your skirt for him

Please pull, pull my handle
Hit the jackpot.

I wanted you to kiss me
But my lips were lined with felt
My eyes, poker chips.

I wanted to draw you into
My bacchanalia

But you, you went
Home with him.

All the other girls,
Sequined and green

Tried to satiate me
But all I
Wanted was

For you to roll
The dice along
My lapping tongue.





WHITE NIGHT OVER THE RHONE

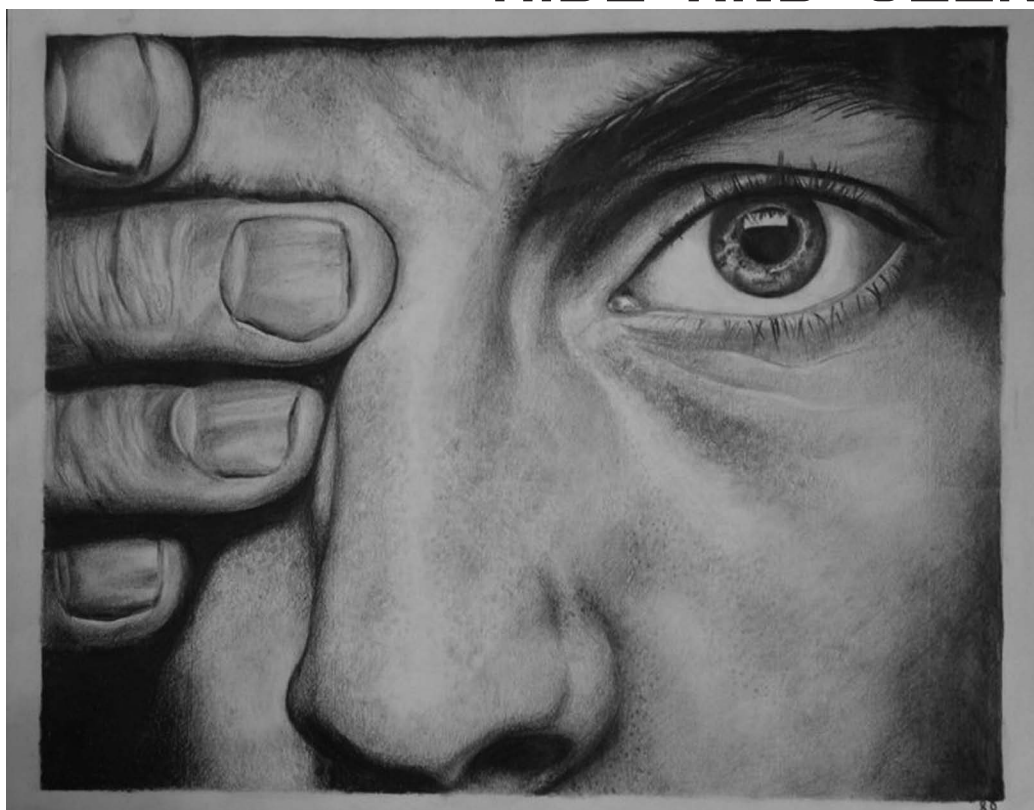
Every ultramarine, Palatinate, and midnight blue leaps from my van Gogh and nuzzles next to me, between the posts and under the sheets, until every scintilla of blue drips off the canvas and slips inside of me. I lay awake and stare at the saltless sky. The silence—strangely, recklessly, even though there are no more waves, no more night—becomes alive. The buttery yellows and glowing whites, the lights of Arles and the incandescent multiplicity of multi-tipped stars, unable to reflect, beg for attention on the now open whiteness; the three unmanned boats, sunken at the bottom of a waterless abyss, stay grounded as the man and his wife, spectators enjoying their view from the quay on the east side of the Rhone, take in what is left of the river's knee. The man, more than the woman, seems to be disturbed by the goings-on—the leaky sea, the disloyal sky—and removes his straw hat in an apparent fit of rage. He shoots a look, a dirty look, a look meant for a man who has done something wrong, into my pillow so bullish and resolute that it shrivels my bark. Why? I am merely a fixture, an observer, a lover of the delicate brush stroke; my pleasure here is driven purely by visual victory, the release that cools my nightly self-indulgence. But he is insistent. He cups his hands and fetches a spot of river water from the inside of his boot, splashes it on his face, and yells over and over again, *Vous ne devriez pas être ici, Vous ne devriez pas être ici*, You should not be here. You should not be here.

For more of Adam's work, please visit www.ll47.tcu.edu.





HIDE AND SEEK



Jenna Simard





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For more of Katie's work, please visit www.1147.tcu.edu.

IMAGE 5425



Katie Sheridan

Katie is a freshman Strategic Communications major from San Antonio, TX.





ODE TO ROYALTY

Anannya Mukherjee

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

You
tower,
(eyes a-shimmer),
a head above
the common folk
plus entourage,
sceptre
tucked away.

Bookended vertically,
with
spikes, and then they
vanish, and you're
In Disguise,
Undercover,
mingling
with us peasants,
but
it's hard
to overlook
your innate
nobility,

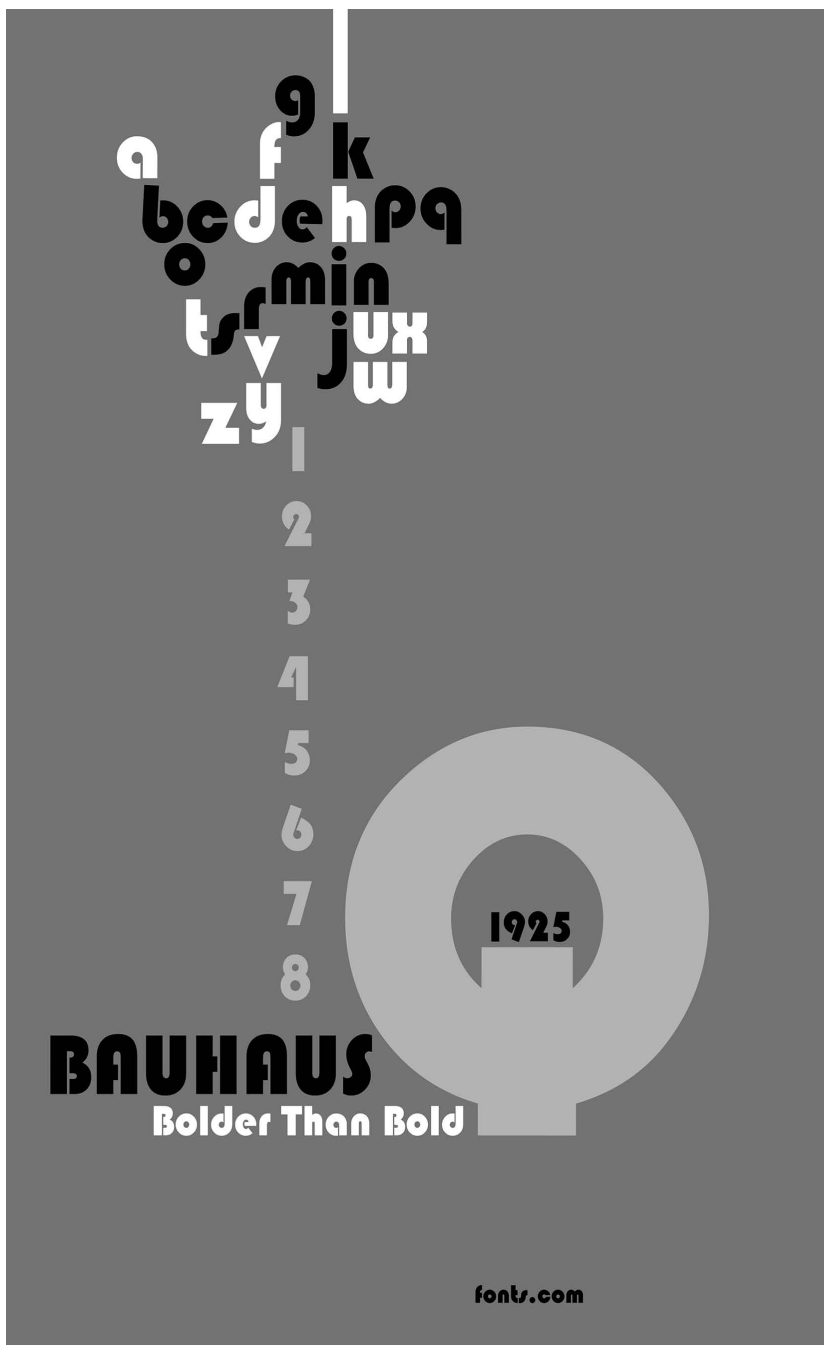
Queen.

You're caustic;
tongue jabs, waver cries,
we'd die
for kind words, and
softened
eyes.

Wield the sceptre
proudly, lady,
Rise among men,
or
indeed

Turn structure upside-down.

For more of Anannya's work, please visit www.1147.tcu.edu.



Montana Currie

Montana is a sophomore Graphic Design major from Fredericksburg, TX.

For more of Montana's work, please visit www.ll47.tcu.edu.



IF I DON'T GET PICKED

Ben Taylor
Ben is a sophomore Religion
major from Kennedale, TX.

These three bottle shaped bodies
filled with the words to pour into
the ego I call stomach
are the only ones I have
ever loved, or so I thought.
Beneath another night,
I felt my breath
and not some ominous sense of being
an expiration date on a carton of milk
they told me I wasn't having
enough of when my bones matched
the muscles that tugged me
this way and that
until I marked a tiny x
on the calendar for each day I didn't feel
fear. Soon I had an army of red crosses
and they're going to save some lives
if only I can find the words
to introduce the ending
of what I was made for:
we were two bottles of Root Beer
keeping warm in the fridge
More adult than the juicebox
More innocent than the top shelf
But dressing like we should be there
and looking more foolish for it.
Another hand reached for you

(continued, no stanza break)





and I haven't seen you since.
I now know what cold is:
It's growing old alone,
nearing that expiration date
in the most glorious of fashions
Sitting on the shelf
where the cheese has been
rotting as long as I can
remember. But I'm focused
on something greater than me
and I'll speak for those
poor leftovers
if it's the first
thing I'll do.
But if it falls
somewhere
in the middle,
we're all lost anyway.





BLIPS AND IFS

AFTER 'BLIPS AND IFS' (1963-64) BY STUART DAVIS

Yellowing, car horns swish around corners
Pedestrians sneer, mouths gaping black.
Words and thoughts all read aloud
And blurring through the night.
Stop lights blaze a screaming green
And GO means GO, for goodness sake.

Help—too tight a scribble-scrabble,
Once your peeling peeling pedals
Screech and hiss and choke and rattle
All the yellows bright awake.

Only wait till lights from street lamps
Sizzle the Jack and the Jim from the dash
Halting, faltering, stumble slowly
Through the echoes of the city's night
Across the threshold of your trap.

Kelli Trapnell

Kelli is a senior Writing
major from Houston, TX.





INHERITANCE

A TRIPTYCH AFTER 'A DASH FOR THE
TIMBER' (1889) BY FREDERIC S. REMINGTON

Travis Freeman

Travis is a junior Writing
major from Austin, TX.

questions

what are they made of,

these shadows that resemble

so much the sky?

is it the shadows underfoot that the
straining beasts pursue?

or is it the shadows themselves
that give chase?

and will this mad dash
be proven fruitless?

a last gasp like a
perch on the dock?

the timber will provide
no respite, boys –

only more ghosts,
more shadows...

perspectives

each face incredulous –

the horsemen, in the midst
of all this noise and rumble,

are given a painter's minute
to speak –

how now, ma,
did it come to this?

(continued, no stanza break)



bleeding and dying
in a savage land...
these, our boys –
the noble lords of the west,
in flight from the dark,
soulless menace that
swarms like ants when
you kick their hill

absence

the centering of the
horse without a rider—
where is our 9th hero?
Remington asks,
and I answer –
I am he – he is we -
the beneficiaries:
the prefab dwellers,
the navigators of western
desert pavements,
might's boney digits,
the makers and keepers of
straight-line geographies,
amnesiacs,
charlatans, ingrates –
the progeny of chaos.
Mr. Remington -
I know how
the chase ends...
I know the
persistence of
shadows...





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AMON CARTER MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART 50TH ANNIVERSARY CREATIVE WRITING AWARD WINNERS
HONORABLE MENTION

A DASH FOR THE TIMBER

AFTER 'A DASH FOR THE TIMBER'
(1889) BY FREDERIC S. REMINGTON

Shots are fired on the plain
Void of any grass or grain
And yet my eyes remain
On the cowboy who's leavin'

Horses running out to me
Only one man seems to see
The sight that troubles me
It's the cowboy who's leavin'

No hat, no gun, no rein
Just a single crimson stain
But I don't see any pain
In the cowboy who's leavin'

His face is to the sky
As if he's askin' why
He's the one who has to die
That poor cowboy who's leavin'

Mary Martin

Mary is a senior Biology/ Pre-Med
major from Texarkana, TX.





DAUGHTER



Blair Babineaux
Blair is a sophomore Graphic Design
major from Lumberton, TX.

For more of Blair's work, please visit www.1147.tcu.edu.



FISHERMAN'S DE-LIAR

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Nathan Pardee

For more of Nathan's work, please visit www.1147.tcu.edu.

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“LIFE BEATS DOWN AND CRUSHES
THE SOUL AND ART REMINDS YOU
THAT YOU HAVE ONE.”

STELLA ADLER
AMERICAN ACTOR AND TEACHER

