

spring 2008

eleven40seven



[www.1147.tcu.edu](http://www.1147.tcu.edu)

[www.1147.tcu.edu](http://www.1147.tcu.edu)

# 3

volume 3.2

eleven40seven

TCU STUDENT JOURNAL OF THE ARTS

spring 2008

"Behind every  
man now alive stand  
30 ghosts, for that is  
the ratio by which the  
dead outnumber the  
living."

~ Sir Arthur C. Clark

# c o n t e n t s

Editor's note	1
Ujaala Rashid	
<i>Naked</i>	2
<i>She, Myself</i>	3
Zach Jones	
<i>Spirit of the Wind</i>	4
Taylor Yarborough	
<i>Untitled 2</i>	5
Rachel Gollay	
<i>The Watchdog: Installation and Operating Manual</i>	6
<i>I Wonder How Long You've Been Here</i>	9
Jorden Cohen	
<i>Unfrozen</i>	10
Summer Russell	
<i>Shackles</i>	12
Sarah Dozier	
<i>The No Good Very Bad Day</i>	13
<i>Out of My Head</i>	15
Emily Stanislaw	
<i>Part of Adam</i>	16
Eric Stone	
<i>Aubade</i>	18
Lincoln Wiseman	
<i>Train</i>	19
Ross Harrison	
<i>My First Memory (of Death)</i>	20

## c o n t e n t s (continued)

<b>Brianna Saraceno</b>	
<i>Following in Your Footsteps</i>	22
<b>Kelli Trapnell</b>	
<i>Walking Horses Back</i>	24
<i>Morning Sun</i>	25
<b>Kurt Hare</b>	
<i>The Death of My Grandfather</i>	26
<b>Diana Dunigan</b>	
<i>Novocain</i>	29
<b>Lincoln Wiseman</b>	
<i>Even The Sparrow</i>	30
<i>Acknowledgements</i>	32

## Editor's Note

As a graduating senior editing my last issue of eleven~~40~~seven, maybe it is only natural for me to pick up on the themes of death and anxiety while reading through the selections for this issue.

We chose Taylor Yarborough's photograph "Untitled 1" for the cover art because the barren landscape provides a sense of both bleakness and determination. The front image shows the land and sky, a cactus and some rocks, but on the flipside, the back provides the viewer with a sense of hope. In this photograph, it is comforting to see a tree thriving alone in a desert. That image makes me feel persistence in a world where everything ends in death.

Rachel Gollay's piece "The Watchdog: Installation and Operating Manual" is a flash fiction piece written as an instruction manual for a home security kit. It plays on our sense of paranoia about intruders. The story makes the reader wonder what has provoked this anxiety. This fear of the unknown, of what will happen to us in the middle of the night, is often associated with death, because the person who ordered "The Watchdog" could fear being robbed, raped, or murdered—all forms of death in their own ways.

A reader can also find works about symbolic death, like the death of a relationship in "Naked" by Ujaala Rashid, or the death of a kitten—and in a sense—the death of innocence in "I Wonder How Long You've Been Here" by Rachel Gollay. Two other pieces that are obviously associated with death are Ross Harrison's "My First Memory (of Death)" and Kurt Hare's "The Death of My Grandfather." Both pieces deal with the death of a grandfather, one from a child's perspective and the other from a young adult's perspective.

These instances of literal or symbolic death—whether they are the death of a relationship, death of innocence, or fears about actual death—are all explored in this issue. As I leave college life and leave editing this journal, I can't help but think of how throughout college, all of us experience different kinds of "death," but "death" that allows us to persist past graduation and flourish the rest of our lives.

Katy Garrison

**P.S.**

Please be sure to read our web-companion at [www.1147.tcu.edu](http://www.1147.tcu.edu).



# Ujaala Rashid

## Naked

My eyes fixed on dust-frosted blades circling slowly  
The ceiling fan. Nearly unhinged.  
Light filtering in tangled with my cigarette smoke  
Made the whole scene feel old. Sepia toned.  
On my back. On a bed with broken springs.  
Naked,  
Save for my socks.  
His head on my stomach, I watched his rumpled hair,  
Rise and fall each time I took a breath.  
He's still here, I thought,  
Cooing about my beautiful lips, my beautiful eyes, my beautiful  
body,  
Our beautiful. Matching. Souls.  
I sighed loudly.  
Looks like we're both blowing smoke, I thought.  
Making promises of a future, our future.  
Why is he still here? I thought  
The Bible on the end table, missing pages, tragically stained,  
Well past its expiration date,  
Like us, I thought, expiring.  
And in a decaying motel room, lying on top of me,  
He told me he loved me.  
And there, I felt something so strong, something  
I'd never felt before...  
I felt like the worst kind of cliché  
Really I was just embarrassed.  
For him, for myself, for the entire soap opera scene  
'Did you hear me? I said 'I love you''  
I stubbed out my cigarette and closed my eyes.  
Poor boy, he's still here  
And with me having checked out so much earlier...



# Ujaala Rashid

## *She, Myself*

I sat holding the hand that might  
One day be mine  
Paper-thin skin stretched across draining veins  
Brittle nails and scarred knuckles  
The children they've disciplined  
The meals they've prepared  
The labor, the love, the pain  
All at once  
I sat staring into the eyes that will some day  
Become my own  
Fatigued and clouded  
Watery and smiling brightly  
The things they've seen  
The men they've teased  
The one man they'd leveled  
Completely  
The lines of a life well lived  
The lines of too many smiles  
Too many laughs  
A face ready for what comes next  
The face that will one day be mine.



# Zach Jones

## *Spirit of the Wild*

I couldn't believe it! There he was right in front of me sitting on his amp, but in no way hiding his massiveness. He was who he was, and one could tell he wouldn't jump for anyone. The floors dirty from the mud off his boots, but I wouldn't say anything. It seemed as if all of a sudden we went from reminiscing of the previous deer he just shot to playing the wildest spirit rupture I have ever heard. Although he doesn't tell me what to play, I can follow him with the greatest ease. One that I have never felt before, it all felt like we have been playing for years. We change chords through eye language, and stop the jam at the same time. "This isn't happening right now" I remember thinking. After finishing our legendary jam, we talked of the silent conversation during it. I felt a deep connection at one moment, and the next he was gone. I couldn't be happier.



Taylor Yarborough

untitled 2



# Rachel Gollay

## The Watchdog: Installation and Operating Manual

Thank you for purchasing The Watchdog, the premiere home surveillance kit for specialized use in Safeguarding Your Personal Space and Peace of Mind.

These products have been specially designed to alleviate the paralyzing fear of being watched in your own home. If you have ordered this kit, you are likely overwhelmed with paranoia because you have received unwanted attention from a trespasser or peeping Tom.

Before beginning installation, take a moment to confirm that all of the essential items have been included in your kit:

Four 500-watt motion-sensor flood lamps that switch on at even the slightest rustling in your yard, even if the rustling only happens to be the neighbor's cat in your hedges. \*\*

Two patented motion-activated infrared cameras, to acquire grainy, barely discernable photographic evidence of the trespasser.\*\*\*

One bottle of extra-strength sleeping pills, to aid surviving those manic nights of nauseating terror ...

One bottle of extra-strength sleeping pills, to aid in surviving those manic nights of nauseating terror, when you jolt awake from a cycle of nightmares about being brutally murdered in your bed. \*\*\*\*

\*\* (The lights may not function properly if the trespasser is an expert at using crude tools to smash light bulbs or creeping through the darkest shadows of your yard to avoid the illuminated areas).

*\*\*\* (Your local police authority will insist upon having such evidence, otherwise they will likely close your case due to “lack of sufficient leads”).*

*\*\*\*\* (These nightmares are perfectly normal and may occur frequently, particularly when you awake to see a stranger’s silhouette framed through the curtains of your bedroom window).*

## **Step-By-Step Procedure: Using The Watchdog**

### **Step 1: Spending**

Thanks to the low economical pricing of this kit at \$299.95, this should allow you to spend several hundred dollars more hiring an electrician to install the motion-sensor flood lamps and cameras, since the wiring may be too complicated for the average user to configure. Make sure the equipment is strategically placed in areas where you suspect a high incidence of creeper traffic (most likely near your bedroom window).

### **Step 2: Waiting**

Wait restlessly through the dark hours and expect the motion-activated flood lights to flick on at any moment; when they do, jolt out of bed and peek through the curtains to see nothing but maybe the neighbor’s cat in the hedges again, or perhaps a shadowy human figure slinking toward your back door—you can’t really be sure, the flood lights don’t reach that part of the yard.

### **Step 3: Expecting**

Now that your pulse is pounding, expect to see his pale, expressionless face looming above you while you lie frozen in bed with the covers up over your head; expect him to look like a chain gang vagrant clutching a gun/baseball bat/machete. Expect that you’re just paranoid, just imagining things, there’s no possible way he could break in without tripping the indoor house alarm—but dial 911, just to be safe. Expect the police to take twenty minutes to arrive, with sirens and lights blaring, and expect them to take a leisurely stroll through your back yard to confirm that there “ain’t nobody back there but a cat.” Expect that they won’t notice that the lock on your fence has been broken off. Expect to take matters into your own hands, but before you do this, try desperately to hope that for all the money you’ve spent, there’s still a chance the items in this kit might somehow prove useful.

#### Step 4: Ignoring

When you awake to find that the only photographs that have been taken by the infrared camera are a few blurry blobs that may or may not be a person hunched underneath your window performing a lewd act, and a few of that neighbor cat's glowing eyes, try to ignore the fact that the police have closed your case due to inconclusive evidence. Resign yourself to the fact that the asshole breaking into your yard is just too slippery to catch. Try to ignore the idea of his shadowy frame still lurking around your property in the eerie hours of the night, peering into the windows that you now have completely covered with blackout curtains, another \$150. The bottle of pills included in the kit may come in handy during this final stage. Ignore those lingering feelings of vulnerability as you drift into the drug-induced sleep you'll come to expect as routine.

*Resign yourself  
to the fact that the  
asshole breaking into  
your yard is just too  
slippery to catch.*

Once again, thank you for purchasing The Watchdog. Good luck!

The manufacturers of The Watchdog cannot fully ensure the success of this product in protecting your privacy or safety. Results are often temporary and the threat of being watched cannot be completely eliminated. The manufacturers of The Watchdog cannot be held responsible for crippling fear and paranoia. Where The Watchdog falls short of its intended purposes, consider the following two options:

Sell your home. Even if your last mortgage payment is a couple years away, you've invested thousands of hours and dollars on remodeling and redecorating, and it was formerly the one space in your hectic life that you could return to and feel tranquil and safe, relocating someplace far away is often the only way to ensure your safety—at least temporarily. Or,

Purchase a firearm.



# Rachel Gollay

## *I Wonder How Long You've Been Here*

I think: that you are a child's stuffed toy, left on the curb. Flung, perhaps, from a backseat window.

But—as my bicycle carries me closer to the crosswalk, I slide to a halt and see from the corner of my eye, you, little yellow rag doll, kitten, your eyes are shut tight.

You are not curled in the feline position of repose, but limply toppled, splayed, frozen while sunning or resting mid-frolic. Kittens do these kinds of things. I think I see your chest rise, vague as moth wings folding. Balanced on my bike seat, shifting my weight from foot to foot, I'm expecting a miniscule breath. But—you are on a busy street corner after all, where the wind won't quit whistling through my bike spokes and the cars barrel by in intervals, while I wait for the light to change and allow me a moment to cross. It's a long wait while I look at you.

The light changes. I push off the sidewalk, pedal against the gust and ride past the place where you lie, suddenly aware of how hard I'm struggling not to grind to a halt, crash to my knees to say, How much of this world is tucked away in gutters? I turn and pedal away instead.





# Jorden Cohen

## unfrozen

Your shoes are too big.  
I watch them fall to the sleet-darkened  
pavement beneath me,  
soaked through the ends  
because I stepped  
in a concrete tidepool  
My ice-toes flame with hotcold,  
shooting sparks of sensation.  
And so do my fingertips,  
tingling in fiery torment  
as I crumple the sleeves of your brown sweatshirt  
into my fists. Spackled and softened and streaked  
with rain.

Around me on me through me  
Streaming fluid clarity tumbles in torrents  
from the rumpled charcoal chalkdust ceiling  
I hug my torso and smell  
your cologne mingling with the precipitation  
And I wear last night on my baseball shirt--  
Ramen and a mixed drink (of your creation)  
a bad shift waiting tables  
a full night preparing for a midterm

My body shutters inside my skin  
Like coins that jangled in my back pocket  
twelve hours before  
And now the icerain deluge pops on the  
overarching banner of branches intermingled  
Across the street people streak into blurs  
hunched tiny  
Stretching their jackets into umbrellas  
The cold wet  
slices into me

[ stanza break ]

Piercing my face exposed  
My hair pulled down with saturation--  
every second more soaked through  
Draggling across my shoulders  
As I huddle back across soaking streets  
to my apartment  
I silently bless the rain with my whole self  
Feeling myself an organ of this body  
this descending gulf of half-frozen  
liquid-slush currency  
Wild and unpredicted and rapturous  
Drenched with renewing,  
furious, frozen, irrefutable  
My soul as unfrozen in this moment  
as it has ever been.



# Summer Russell

## Shackles

I wake before the wedding bells can stir me,  
My feet, unfettered, flying at the hall,  
Their wings the court of icy dawn disturbing,  
Their wings, like Icarus at morning's call  
Compelled to seek the warm delight of lightness,  
And die embracing sirens of the sun.  
My feet go chasing beams of dappled brightness  
Who leave their laughter fading where they run.  
Neath branch and bramble, over fen, I follow  
Til, at the shackles of the garden gate,  
They gather pools of silence in the hollow,  
And, shrouding me in echoes, stand and wait.  
The fog around my fingertips is trembling,  
The long-abandoned latch imparts a sigh,  
The latch, the gate, the walls, and I remembering  
With senses that are never touched by time.  
And there you are, at once, again, unchanging,  
Among the ruins, lithe and ghostly gray,  
Still ready, when the wild moon is waning,  
To seize my hand and dance my heart away.  
With eyes as soft as mothwing you are gazing,  
And offering the arms I loved so well;  
The light upon the leaded glass comes blazing, then,  
To ring the cruel cathedral bells.  
I wake to find the wedding chimes are singing;  
My feet encased in sorrow's heavy weight,  
I haunt myself with eyes as soft as dreaming  
As I go past the shackled garden gate.



# Sarah Dozier

## The No Good Very Bad Day

This morning you woke up exceptionally late and knew it would be a bad day. Something was going to happen and you knew you couldn't stop it.

Tae Kwan Do kicked your butt. You got out of your biology lab extremely late and you were then late for your next class and skipped lunch. For that class you left your homework on the printer. Oh, and the paper you got back was a glorious C. And unfortunately, you didn't get to eat breakfast and with the amount of homework you still have to do you might forego dinner as well. If your best friend knew he'd kill you. But that isn't the highlight. Today you got hit by a car as you were riding your bike through a parking lot. So far, this is the highlight of your day. On top of that you had the tremendous pleasure of limping home about eight blocks. None of your friends were answering their cell phones, so they couldn't give you a ride home. Yup, today you've had a wonderful day. Tomorrow, you might be able to walk, which would be nice because you have to get across campus in less than ten minutes. You hope your bike isn't busted. You get home to an empty house.

You've liked the same guy for about two years. He's also your roommate. You don't know this yet but he's going to make you dinner and ask you out tonight. You're going to say yes. Then he's going to kiss you. This time you're going to date for about two years, you've already lived with him for three years, and then he's going to surprise you with a marriage proposal.

You don't know any of this yet. Right now you're in the shower crying your eyes out and planning on putting some ice on your ankle as soon as you get out. You think there might be some ice cream in the freezer. It's even your favorite if you remember correctly, Dublin Mudslide, hurray for Ben and Jerry's. It's your roommate's, but he'll forgive you.

Right now you don't think anything good can happen. Right now you're praying that you don't slip in the shower when you get out.

Right now you're crying and you don't feel like stopping. Right now you think your life is falling apart. Right now you wish he loved you. Right now you just want to stop. Right now you don't think anything good can happen. Right now you're praying that you don't slip in the shower when you get out.

You get out alive and throw on a bra and some shorts and crash on your bed with your ankle elevated as per your nursing student friend's instructions. You're going to write one of your several papers that are due this week. It's an essay about Socrates's play *Oedipus*. You know all about that. You have no idea what time your roommate will get home, but you hope it's soon. You don't like to be alone when you're this vulnerable.

Your life will get better. You just have to wait for tonight.



# Sarah Dozier

## *Out of My Head*

During the night, a waterfall poured out of my bed. It sprang up from my pillows and flowed over the sheets. It spilled over the edge and down on to my floor. It flooded the hall and out the front door. My hopes and dreams swam down with the fish. New fears and nightmares swam upstream to mate in the place of their beginnings. They layed their eggs to grow and prosper there. Most chose to live there. I wish they would swim down again; I don't like sleeping with fish.



# Emily Stanislaw

## Part of Adam

Get up, (although you feel unable)  
To homogenize your thoughts.  
One arm forward is two years of life lost,  
Stepping backward from the need to touch  
all the lovely aesthetic trees  
Planted by my granddad.  
And lovers say that  
"The women are best natural with groves of leaves"  
Shipped over from Trinidad  
The pinkest hibiscus to level your thoughts  
One breath of the flower and your mind is lost  
Fade to black.  
Get up, (Although you feel unable)  
And know your thoughts are hypocrisy.  
The color of flesh under the skin is  
Black, blue, purple and white.  
Wind needs no boundaries--but the  
Fire smog-fresh air of your mouth tastes like car fumes,  
A retrospective of all our long years with thumbs,  
How lovely what we saved,  
Saliva to wet his tip with  
Breasts to bounce between tits  
Addictions of the early morning nicotine  
We all brutalize the gift it is to be a human being.  
Get up, (although you feel unable)  
To destroy your thoughts  
(One plus one plus one plus one plus one plus one)  
Annoyance in the back of the line  
(One plus one plus one plus one plus one)  
I release him! He's got a soul!

[ stanza break ]

So let him live for all my dreams of  
(One plus one plus one plus one plus one)  
Squeezing blood through an open wound  
Mothers carry their sickness of another consumed life  
Bought and paid for by the god who gave us souls,  
After we gave anger a name and hatred a place,  
More enslaved gritted teeth and lips  
Get up (Although you feel unable)  
And repeat to me:  
"There is no language of what we truly be."





# Eric Stone

## *Aubade*

When you hugged me with arms  
Warm as bears,  
The heavens unfastened their stars  
Like soft lions blossoming their manes.

My new wings clapped  
At the gift of your hands.

Worlds unfolded  
By your subtle, Etruscan smile  
Like an upturned rainbow.

The heat of your back poured into my veins  
Strings of silk melting, funnels of hot wax  
Unknown and unfelt by men.  
Was I the first to know that warmth?

The urchin of your chin  
Was smooth as a shell kissed by the sea.

New moons sprang  
From the crescent curl of your ears.  
Everything that dies appears again,  
Even the woman who killed me years ago  
Is eclipsed by the urn of your hips,  
By the scent and feel of brown hair  
And white fingers for the first time.

My blood quivers  
At the sun's strange bulb of honey  
Over the alien earth, stirred  
By the song of sea-lips which are your mouth.

Will the next sun dance  
When your lips open like a clam's  
For the pearl of your tongue?



# Lincoln Wiseman

## *Train*



# Ross Harrison

## My First Memory (of Death)

The first things I noticed while my Mom was walking me down the hall were how empty the halls were and their terrible color; the halls were totally vacant, and the walls were bare except for the pale yellow color of the paint. I did not like these halls. I hated having to sit in them while my Dad was in meetings. As my Mom was rushing me down the halls I was confused as to why we were walking so fast—I thought we were just going to visit Grandfather. We took a left turn. This meant we were close to Grandfather. I knew that every turn was a right until the left into his hall. The nurse who usually said hello and gave me candy wasn't there; more confusion was arising in my stomach. Butterflies were beginning to take flight. I didn't know why.

We turned into Grandfather's room and in it I saw every member of my family: my Dad, my older sisters, my Aunt Sharon, my cousins Andrew and Phillip, my Dad's mom B.B., and Nana clutching Grandfather's hands as he lay in the bed, staring eyes-wide-open at her, every now and then casting his glance over the full room. The nurses and doctors were crowded around the bed, Nana was the only one allowed near Grandfather. There were awful noises of sucking, like a vacuum, and there was a loud machine screaming in the room. Grandfather was yelling and coughing as the tubes went in and out of his throat, sucking a yellow-green substance from him. Nothing was how it was supposed to be.

Nothing was how it  
was supposed to be.

Fear began to creep over me, hands and feet becoming cold. The only thing warm was my sister's hand on my shoulder. No one was saying anything, everyone was watching intently. Mom, Dad, Aunt Sharon, and Nana gathered together. I couldn't tell what they were saying because the machine was screaming more than ever, but they seemed to agree on something. My sisters were holding me back in the corner, far away from everyone. I was getting colder—the butterflies were fluttering. My cousins Andrew and Phillip were in the corner closest to the door, adjacent to me. I was the youngest there. Nana said to take me out of the room. My Mom and Aunt Sharon walked

me outside, and the lady that usually gave me candy came and brought me a chair. She said everything would be all right. I said nothing. I sat for a long time; the cold was spreading through my entire body. The screaming of the machine had stopped, but I could hear the yells and cries of my Mom and Aunt Sharon. The butterflies were soaring. The halls made it worse, the pale yellow color of the paint on empty walls. I was cold. I was alone. I was scared.

The screams had stopped—there were only sobs. My Dad walked out to tell me the news; everything was blurry and glossy as I walked inside. I now felt warmth sliding down my face in streaks. I looked at the room, at Grandfather on the bed, at my family holding onto each other, and I knew death. I clutched my Daddy's hand and I knew death.



# Brianna Saraceno

## Following in Your Footsteps

I saw you, Mother, when I was just a young girl, picking up the small, tan carton and lighter filled with fluid, and the substantial smoke that came billowing from your lips.

I attempted to follow your example, and I heard you scream at me:

“Why would you do that?” But all I could hear was: “Do as I say, not as I do.”

We played in the front yard on soft patches of grass dotted with buttercups. You paced on top of the antiquated, graying deck stopping only to break up our petty squabbles – the ones that ended in stringy hair flying and small hands grasping at each other’s necks.

I saw your struggle with the hidden cigarette butts in crushed

Dr. Pepper cans, the acrid air freshener that you kept in the trunk of our black Ford.

I ask the questions:

Does the history I read in stiff-spined books repeat itself?

Or just history I’ve seen with through salty-stiff eyelashes?

Now I sit on a cozy beige futon in a room above the garage surrounded by makeshift ashtrays and a plethora of rainbow-colored lighters.

Watching gaudy glass-blown pipes whiz by me and the soft tinkling of beer bottles being slammed on a table, I reach for my pack and delicately place the cigarette between my lips.

Relapse isn’t always pleasant, but the painful nicotine burn dulls my senses and my heart beats wildly and unpleasantly.

(Will the world end in the periwinkle evening or in the arctic, icy tomorrow? Well, I don’t know.)

Can I manage to sustain abstinence in this cold prairie town?

The shapeless horizon is occasionally dotted with ageless trees  
with their gnarled,  
mangled arms.

Can I maintain this abstinence in an underground club  
with  
sticky floors – the remnants of lost and forgotten mixed  
drinks?

I have cried after spilling liquids, and I have kicked down  
anthills.

Breathless, I attempt to scale rocky peaks, capped off with snow.

It is the

untamable Mount Kilimanjaro, which I myself have created.



# Kelli Trapnell

## Walking Horses Back

Electric moon hung on a pole,  
the floodlight near the pond buzzes.  
There's still a while to go.  
Crunching grass and puffs of breath  
A distant yelp, a startled snort,  
glitter scattered overhead.  
Pickup truck sized spiders crawl alongside  
morphing into centaurs  
then gone.  
Rusty gate and throbbing fingers  
ropes chafe and strain.  
Wind rips through, separating bones, clothes and skin  
ears swivel forward.  
Up ahead, the first breaks away.  
Steady beat of breathing replaced by triple beat of hooves  
fingers numb, the power in your hands occurs to you.  
More and more rip from our grasp.  
Panic: Is the gate closed? No? They could escape.  
Is this blindness or darkness we walk through?  
Blood drums, eyes widen. Get rid of it!  
Let go! You'll be trampled if not! Let GO!  
And relentless cold and chest pain  
empty handed, but safe  
watch them go, beating the grass back  
like fire at their heels.



# Kelli Trapnell

## *Morning Sun*

Crisp white linen,  
She's barefoot but broken,  
wondering where he went.  
The sun that bathes the city--  
perhaps shines on him.

She's beautiful.  
Skin pink and shadowed in the light  
the light that is thrown onto the bed  
like he threw her onto it  
so many times  
before he left.

Beside her, no man lies, only a yellow  
square that highlights  
her solitude.  
Her cried-out eyes are black, coated with  
the mascara she slept in which  
does nothing to bring him home.

She hugs her knees and looks out on the city  
where the sun shines, where he is  
happy in the morning sun.





# Kurt Hare

## The Death of My Grandfather

My grandfather was seventy-three years old when he died on August 21, 1996. It took me a long time to recover from his death. I had established a close bond with him because of the time he spent with me at my home in Texas and my family's frequent summer visits to his home in Beavercreek, Ohio during the early years of my life. We shared the passion of watching sports on television, and I missed having someone to talk to about our favorite professional sports teams--the Green Bay Packers and the Cincinnati Reds. I have a picture of him in his military uniform in my bedroom which helps me remember him and think about the good times we had together.

He was diagnosed with pulmonary fibrosis in the spring of 1996 and my parents and I decided to spend a week visiting with him in June. It was frightening at first seeing him in the Dayton airport hooked to an oxygen tank, but our fears were diminished as we watched him walk without difficulty. He was still the same loving and caring grandfather I had always known. He seemed to be responding well to his cortisone medication and other treatments, and so we felt comfortable returning home to Fort Worth. In July we took an enjoyable trip to Crested Butte, Colorado, but when we returned home we found out that my grandfather's condition had seriously worsened.

The next day, my dad flew to Ohio to be with his father and comfort his mother. Since my grandfather was in intensive care at the Wright Patterson Air Force Base military hospital, only immediate family members could visit him, so my mom and I stayed back in Texas. My dad kept us informed every evening about his father's condition and told us that even with an oxygen mask he was still having difficulty breathing. My grandfather had developed pneumonia which had further compromised his breathing abilities. As a doctor, it was difficult for my dad to watch his father suffering and know that there was little he could do for him, but at least he was able to talk to his father's pulmonologist. He was then able to reassure his mother that his father was getting the appropriate medical treatment. My grandfather's condition improved on a regimen of antibiotics for his pneumonia and steroids for his fibrotic lungs. He was

released from the hospital after a week, and that was when my dad returned back to Texas.

Then in mid-August, his condition suddenly worsened. My grandfather could no longer breathe enough oxygen on his own. He was readmitted to the same hospital and immediately intubated and placed on a ventilator to assist his breathing.

*Then in mid-August, his condition suddenly worsened. My grandfather could no longer breathe enough oxygen on his own.*

Despite these heroic medical efforts, his condition continued to rapidly deteriorate and the pulmonologist told my dad that his father was dying and there was little that could be done for him. This time, my dad and his sisters, Mary, Carol, and Annette all flew to Dayton, Ohio, so they could be with their father during his last hours. My grandfather died the next day and his wish to be buried in San Antonio was

honored. He was cremated in Ohio and my Aunt Mary brought his ashes with her to Texas.

He had been a military veteran, so his ashes were to be buried at Fort Sam Houston National Cemetery. The funeral occurred five days after his death so that there was enough time for the Hare and Ley family relatives from Wisconsin and California to travel to San Antonio to pay their last respects. The religious ceremony was held on a cloudy Monday morning at the military chapel located at Fort Sam Houston. After the priest's sermon, my dad and his sister, Mary reminisced about their father's life and his accomplishments. One story that I remember hearing was about his experiences during World War II. He was a combat pilot in the South Pacific during the war. He flew C-47 transport planes to high mountain sites in New Guinea to deliver supplies to the native tribes so that they would continue to side with the Allies in our war with Japan. One of my grandfather's duties was to give sea shells to the tribal chiefs, which were used as necklaces and worn with great pride as symbols of great wealth. Most people were in tears during the service, but they were comforted by the words of the priest and the stories that his children told.

After the service, everyone went to the cemetery where my grandfather was honored by a twenty-one gun salute. I had never experienced anything like this before and was terrified by the noise from the gun shots. I felt better when my mom's cousin, Jim, gave each of the children a shell casing from the

guns that were fired. My Uncle Tim gave his sons and me framed photos of my grandfather in his military uniform and my father received the United States flag that was draped over my grandfather's remains. Finally, his ashes were buried at the site. Everyone went to my Aunt Mary's house for the wake. For the first time, I met some of my grandmother's sisters and brothers as well as my grandfather's sister, Aunt Eloise from California. Talking with Aunt Eloise really helped me learn more about my grandfather's early life and all of the hardships they had endured. She talked about how their parents had sent them to a Catholic boarding school in Wisconsin because they were too busy with their lives to take care of them. My grandfather was very close to my great aunt because he was the oldest, and felt it was his duty to watch over and protect her. In fact, he sent most of his salary home during World War II to his mother so that she would have enough money for extra clothes and food for my grandfather's brothers and sisters, who were still in the boarding school. Sadly, his mother spent the money on herself. Years later, when my grandfather learned that none of the money was used to help his siblings, he confronted his mother. In a most pathetic and cold statement between a mother and her eldest son, she stated: "I never expected you to survive the war."

Even though everyone was upset about the death of my grandfather, we all felt comfort and enjoyed being around family members we had not seen for a long time. It was a good ending to a very long and sad day, and I was glad that I was able to be a part of it. I often

think of my grandfather and have visited his gravesite with my father. When we visit the gravesite, my dad and I talk about the good times we shared together with my grandfather. Even though he has been dead for almost twelve years, I still think of him with fond memories.

*In a most pathetic and cold statement between a mother and her eldest son, she stated: "I never expected you to survive the war."*



# Diana Dunigan

## NOVOCAIN

I feel nothing  
as the Novocain begins to kick in.  
It's addicting as I slowly float  
into that surreal, injection-induced world.  
The numbness creeps over me  
starting with my feet,  
moving slowly, ever so slowly,  
up my legs, torso, chest.  
Over my shoulders and down my arms,  
submerging each inch of my body,  
and my body grows completely light.  
My mind is completely torpid,  
my breathing slow,  
my heart rate even slower. . .  
Shadows seem to creep and crawl across my vision.  
A rustle of feathers,  
a quiet,  
spine-tingling cackle.  
Panic sets in, but I can't feel it.  
My heart tries to race, I try to get up and run,  
but the Novocain holds me captive.



# Lincoln Wiseman

## Even the Sparrow

The butterfly floats gently by  
The blooming goldenrod  
The sparrow sings a lullaby  
To sleeping grass and sod

And in the park the old man sits  
To feed the singing bird  
The sparrow stops to twitter twit  
but not a peep was heard

The sparrow is too occupied  
To sing a little song  
She fills her mouth with crumbs of rye  
Then softly moves along

And as she carries bits and crumb  
To sleeping babes above  
The babes awake and then partake  
Of crumbs of from loving mum

The old comes to sit and feed  
Because he is alone  
His wife had died and while he cried  
He felt like quite a bum

And so he left his house and walked  
Down long Macarthur road  
And found a bench to sit upon  
Across from yonder pond

And here he found a sparrow  
Who had long looked for a meal  
And so the man took out some bread  
To feed the starving fowl

Now the old man sits alone, content  
And feels the gentle breeze  
The God all things, big and small  
Takes care for each of these



a c k n o w l e d g e m e n t s  
The Bryson Literary Society

Cover Art  
Taylor Yarborough  
"Untitled 1"

Editor in Chief  
Katy Garrison

Fiction Editors  
Marilyn Tran  
Chelsea Smith

Poetry Editors  
Kelly Hanson  
Christine Ngo

Graphic Design Editor  
Sarah Dozier

Faculty Advisor  
Curt Rode  
Department of English

---

Support  
Dan Williams  
Department of English

Carrie Leverenz  
Department of English  
New Media Writing Studio

Andrew Schoolmaster  
AddRan College of Humanities and Social Science

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

"If being a kid is about learning how to live, then  
being a grown-up is about learning how to die."

~ Stephen King