



# The Phoenix

2009

*A journal of contributions in the  
literary and visual arts from the  
students and faculty of  
Milligan College*

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46-34357-63 - by Ben Foote

Reacting Down - by B.L. Krug

That Danielson Place - by Tyler Selby

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## birdwatching

Tim Laurio

write every day just  
to stay familiar with words  
and learn their ways

like  
the pianist who plays each note  
a thousand times until  
he knows its place by touch.

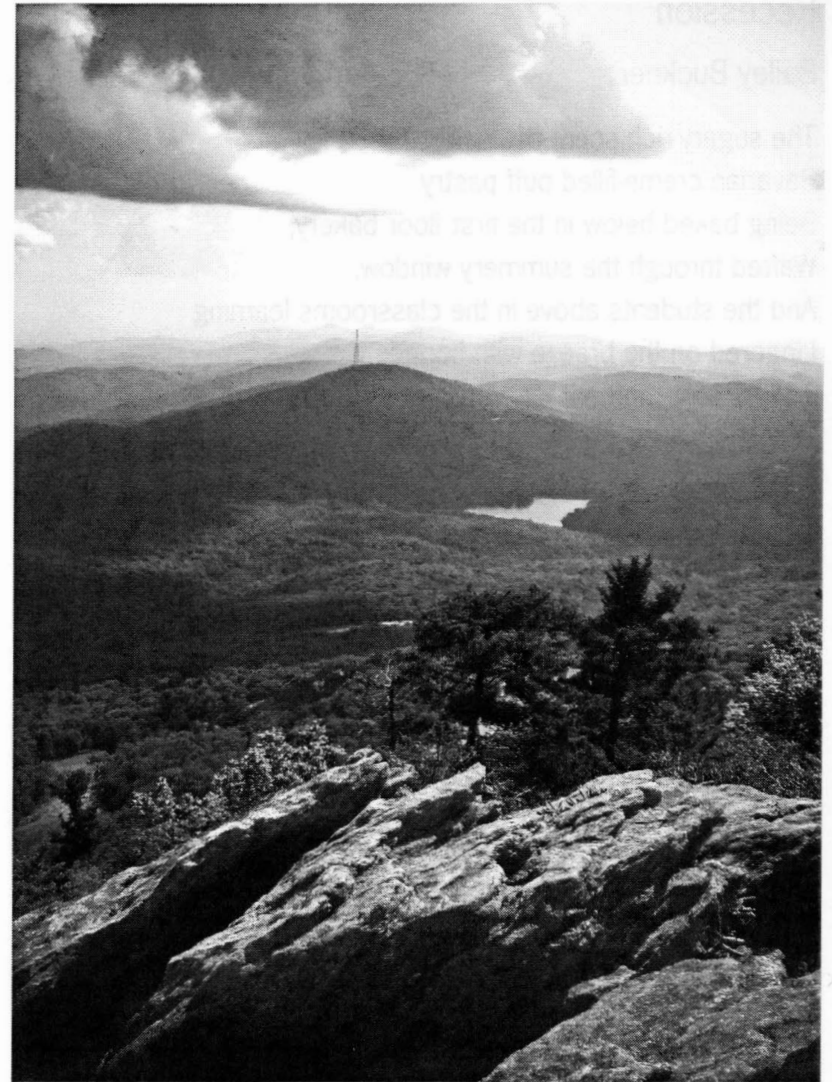
or is it more like birdwatching?

at the park I saw a man  
who fed the birds: he filled his hands  
with seed and held them out.  
he didn't move. he whistled  
and they landed in his hands.  
he'd been coming every day for weeks (maybe months)  
just to sit  
to watch them  
wait for them  
so they knew him.

people are like birds sometimes.

wouldn't it be nice if  
words came for the asking  
faith was instantaneous  
people didn't need to trust?

but perhaps  
it's better this way.



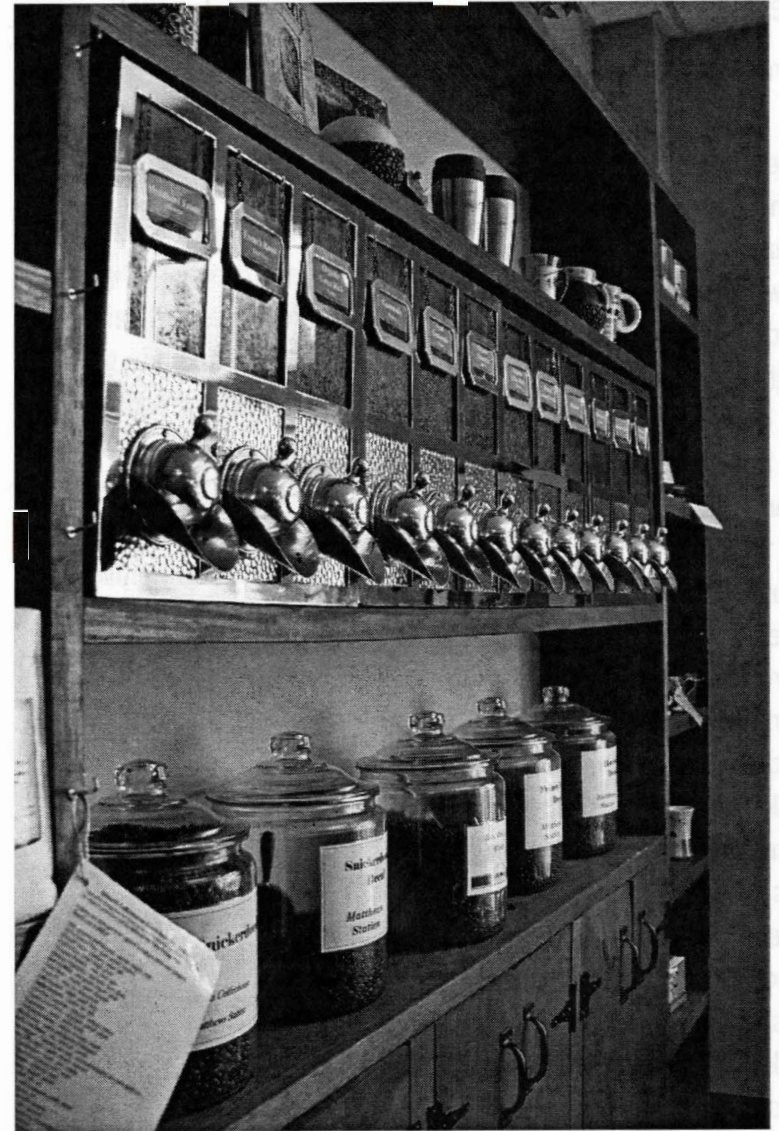
*Grandfather Mountain  
Shauna Zeigler  
Photograph*



## Recession

Bailey Buckner

The sugary-rich scent of  
Bavarian creme-filled puff pastry  
Being baked below in the first floor bakery,  
Wafted through the summery window.  
And the students above in the classrooms learning  
Lingered on the breeze with hope.  
And for that moment we all forgot  
That the bakery below had closed.



Untitled  
Sara Travis  
Photograph

## the sideyard through the sub-transient tunnel

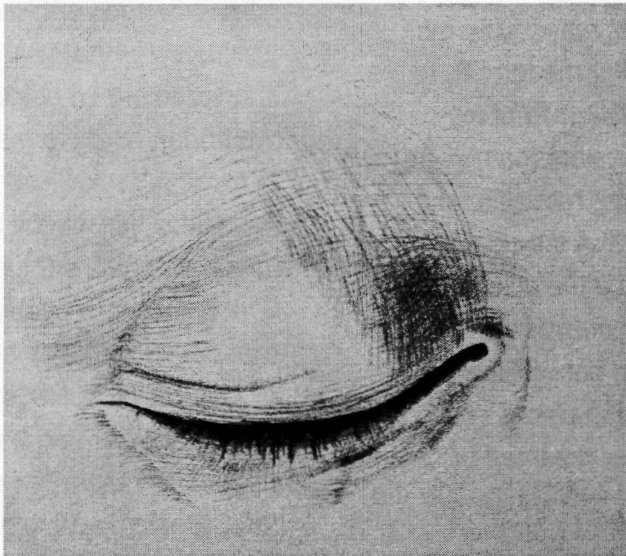
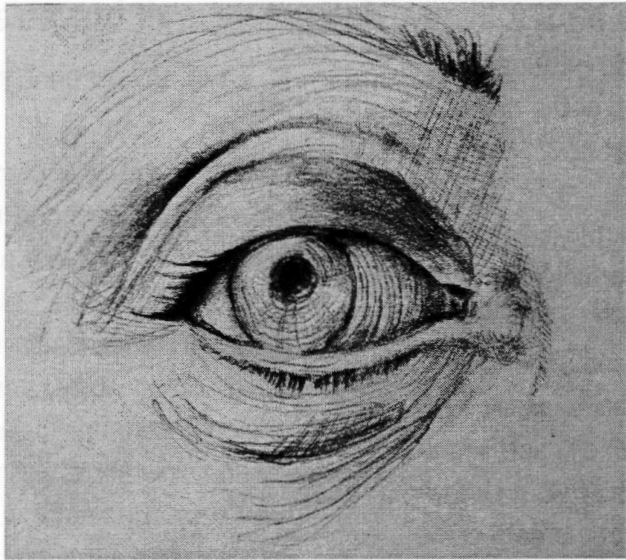
Aaron Jones

time moves quickly if at all  
rather poorly quibbling on  
scarce rebuking what can be  
or what can seem apparent.  
so devastatingly to reproach  
alighting rapidly on hills beside  
the dwindling embankment past  
the hollow stone which none will  
hear, which no one can.  
the fidget in the belly waiting  
to unveil the ones who veil  
faces in resentful watching  
untroubled by the passing  
moment of vision not often  
made available. the scorn of  
husks impatiently scattered  
across the damp and thought-  
less sideyard. the unction  
spread as butter on the fore-  
head of the sideyard but  
blessed only in transition.  
to dry and bless old dried cob  
dresses, dolls fashioned in  
hopes of a partner with which  
to whisper. uncomfortably situated  
in distressing moments, in  
children pressing feet upon

soggy planks, and actually  
laughing to misjudge and  
wet shoes at the risk of...  
perhaps at no risk at all.

at the risk of visiting unhappy  
memory or unwelcome places,  
at the risk of settling into  
unloving and understated  
wherewithall's, where i am  
weary with all i see, i feel  
the breath of what i know  
and see it as breath in the  
cold, blithering out of me,  
gasping at me, stifling me,  
but allowing me to rest, to  
envision the child of my  
own ambivalent mother, my own  
self-seeking rationale, and  
ensuring that they are en-  
raptured by the quiet playing  
to which i unexpected turn  
when i am but walking and  
stumble into places i have never seen  
have never dreamed or dreamed of being.





*Eyes*  
Megan Bowser  
Graphite

## Coda

B.J. Krug

Falling down from the heavy heights  
The world surrounds me from highway  
To rim, to the freezing slide,  
To the world itself, shrouded in the silent darkness  
Of one million flashing lights  
burning away the souls of humanity  
as they rip and tear into one another  
as the faith-full buzzards pray on them  
begin climbing whatever ladder can be found  
regardless of where it leads  
only to come too close to the sun  
and melt as they fall into the exponents  
they always sought to escape.



46-34357-63

Ben Foote

Noah huddled on the concrete floor of his prison cell, his head buried in his broken hands. He felt completely alone for the first time in his entire life.

Fifty-eight years of dark road leaked out his swollen tear glands, causing the cracks in his leathery face to drool miniature streams of mud and dirt. His wiry hair ruffled around the collar of the blue, prison-issued jumpsuit. The outfit's scratchy material clumped together in the crooks of the skinny man's elbows and knees. As he cowered behind the bed in the back corner of his cell, he stared into the void that had been his entire life; the half-century of his existence, poured glass by glass into an empty abyss. The inky chasm of his past was stamped onto the breast of his jumpsuit in a summary of who he had become: 46-34357-63.

Noah sobbed and trembled violently.

He kept his chin down, careful not to humiliate himself in front of his new neighbors, and spoke quietly.

"Now God. . . I didn't do this. I've done a lot a things that are probably better left not talked about. But not this. Jesus Christ! I ain't never hurt a man in my life! I guess I've messed myself up good a number a times, but never another man."

The musty air rushed into his nostrils and slipped out his mouth, passing over his chipped teeth and chapped lips. For a moment, the trembling in his limbs calmed. The words fell from his mouth and pooled up in his lap,

which made him feel less alone. He wiped the salty fluid from his cheeks with his sleeve and cleared his throat.

Somewhere down the hall, another lonely man coughed. The abrasive expulsion bounced off the concrete walls and grew fainter with each resulting echo.

Noah lifted his head and peered toward the iron bars. The ringing noise slowly vanished and silence settled in his tiny cell. Anger bubbled in his stomach, singed his cheeks red, and exploded out his fingertips. He balled a fist and struck the rusty, green bed frame. The skin on three of his knuckles peeled back, allowing a bright pink substance to surface in the open wounds. He stared at his mangled hands.

"I wouldn't a thought knuckles would bleed like that," he croaked.

He pulled his knees back in to his chest, rested his elbows on them, and dug his palms into the deep pits around his eyes. The anger dissipated in a lengthy sigh.

"God knows I wanted to kill him. Dozens a times I've wanted to do him in. But that's just natural when a man steals your pride – just reaches in and plucks away your pride like some kind a weed. Like some kind a weed he don't want in his yard no more. Just reaches in and steals it."

His crumpled frame disrupted the symmetry of the cell. The sink on the back wall, the bunk along the right wall, and the card table along the left wall were no longer centered. The objects seemed to tilt and slide toward the sinkhole in Noah's brain. His thoughts rattled.



"Suppose he's not even dead? I wouldn't put it past him to play dead real good. Just lay there in that livin room for a real long time – fool the cops and everybody. He's probably gonna let himself get dressed up in a fancy suit, get buried, and the whole thing of it! Then after the funeral, when my lady and my boy and anybody else who halfway liked the damned guy leave, he'll just bust out a that coffin and crawl up all that earth. The whole thing of it! Just to see me holed up!"

Noah lifted from his hands and rested the crown of his head on the lime green wall. The black strands of his knotted hair splayed out against the painted cinder blocks. The other lonely man coughed again and the echo bounced into the tiny cell again. Noah pinched his kneecaps and waited for the noise to disappear.

"I been locked up for tiny stuff plenty a times and been okay. I kept my head on straight. But Lord, this place has a strange way about it. Like the walls are bendin over me – blamin me for all my mistakes. Like they know I'm gonna be here forever. All these echoes just laughin at me and blamin me."

The other man coughed again. Noah winced, turned his hands over, and examined his knuckles. The blood had darkened into a deep red. His fingernails were yellow and brittle from years of hard work. He reached his fingers to his mouth and began biting his nails.

"Alright now, listen close here Holy Jesus. I ain't usually in the business of lyin'. So I'm gonna come clean. I killed the man. Stuck him right through with a real big blade. I'm telling you I'm sorry. But still. . . If you took

me back in time, I'd do it again. I'd just take less pleasure in the act, you see. You have to understand! The man took my pride and took my boy! Plucked em up like weeds and just chewed em up right in front of me. The old bull just munched em all up in his teeth like some kind a weed."

His tongue was dry and stuck to his rotting gums. He began to crave a drink. Sweat started to bead up near his hairline and at the corners of his lips. His legs bounced nervously, creating a rhythmic thump each time the heels of his padded slippers touched the ground. He chewed off a nail and took it between his teeth, rolling it with his tongue as he impatiently slapped his thighs.

"I done enough things that are no good, so's that I guess I deserve to be stuck in this cell. . . I guess I'll go quiet about it."

Noah rose, moved to the door, and rested his forehead against the cold, iron bars. He stretched his arms and gripped the metal trap. Somewhere down the hall, the other lonely man released another cough. The sound bounced from cell to cell, ricocheting from floor to ceiling to wall to ceiling. The echo pulsated endlessly, with each repetition growing fainter, yet never disappearing.

Noah spat the bitter nail from his mouth and gently fingered the wounds on his knuckles. The blood had dried, leaving a crusty, crimson scab on each of his injured knuckles. He stared at his weathered hands in awe.

"I wouldn't a thought knuckles would heal up like that." ♦



## Humanities and Me

Dan Ott

Humanities and Me, we just clash.  
Merely thinking about it gives me a rash.  
When I wake up and get out of bed,  
Arts and Ideas aren't the first things in my head.

When I get to class, the bell says "time's up,"  
It's time to sit down, and for kids to hush up.  
And while the teacher is droning, giving her lecture,  
a thought in my head is living a picture:  
Sleeping under my nice, warm covers,  
dreaming of dreams no one else will discover.  
I am the hero in my very own epic,  
the glory of my life; I'm so majestic.

Other times when I'm doing my work,  
I think "who invented this course is a jerk!"  
And suddenly my head starts to feel heavy,  
It feels like it's made out of marmalade jelly.  
I try to fight it, but my brain is slammed,  
The morning of the test, I can always cram.



Untitled  
Kris Cunigan  
Photograph



## Untitled

Aaron Jones

"Thou [beauty], that to human heart art nourishment,  
Like darkness to a dying flame!" – P.B. Shelley

and how will darkness  
incense the ambers  
and smother her  
as devils do? and so  
the light wanes ever  
freshly, flashing  
as yet our fires burn low.  
we fear the coming dark  
whence when the flames  
are swallowed up,  
nay whole.  
and in the conscious  
courier's plain,  
what will remain,  
but harlot's ash  
and sorrow's rain?



Untitled  
Shauna Zeigler  
Photograph

## Reaching Down

B.J. Krug

Reaching down—again, looking while stooped, stretching out to reach the smattering of copper and silver arrayed on the ground below. Gabe starts to pick at one particular penny before realizing it's the one that always tricks him. It's been walked on and run over by service vehicles too many times during the heat, making it just a shiny part of the asphalt; however, that doesn't keep Gabe from giving it another try.

He stands up with a sigh, and attempts to stretch the kink out of his back, instead hitting himself in the head with his broom and dustpan. A portly man, clean-shaven with a full head of white hair walked up to Gabe and sat on the bench next to him.

"You know, you really shouldn't be picking that up. Lord knows what all's been on folks' shoes, walkin' all over that money."

Gabe looked over at the old man and smiled, "I know, Jim, I just can't help it. It may not be much, but it adds up, and I can use the cash."

Jim shook his head and stretched his legs out in front of him. "You always say that, but I don't know what for. The way I see it, we got ourselves good jobs. Sure, it don't pay much on the hour, but at least it's good for us that need a little more medical care. You know, Marguerite and I get along ok, have a good summer here and then pack up and go visit our kids the rest of the year. I figure you can do the same, or at least somethin' similar, what with your school and all."

"At least you've got a little bit of retirement funds, plus plenty of people to help you out when you need it. Me? All I have are school loans." Gabe dumped his dustpan into the trash can.

Jim shook his head again and stood up, taking his broom and dustpan from their perch leaning against the bench. "Just do what you gotta do Gabe. I'll see you later. I'm gonna meet up with Marguerite 'bout one o' clock at the café. Special's chicken pot pie from Carlene today. Maybe I'll see you there."

Gabe watched the man closely as he ambled away, sweeping up dead leaves, old pieces of food wrappers, while new papers and bits of plastic lazily brushed by. "Maybe..." Gabe spoke softly.

Gabe picks up his tools and continues meandering through the park at his own pace. There are plenty of good things about this job. Gabe is free to go where he wants, when he wants, and take too many breaks—as long as the park stays clean and nobody sees him do too much for himself. Sometimes Gabe plans his route just so he swings by all the restaurants, particularly the food stands and carts. Starting at the front, he goes down the main path through the breezeway between two shops, hitting the restaurants beside them. Next he goes up the hill, scanning the ground outside the popcorn store at the bottom of the hill first, taking a sample from William as he goes. Then Gabe doubles back through the tunnel to go by the barbecue pit and the flatbread stand, then ending his route at the pretzel cart with the girl that sometimes drops a pretzel on the counter and gives it to him. Those are the easiest places to look for lost coins discreetly, as



as well as being the most likely places to find change. The other sweepers mostly know his route and don't go those places, simply because they know it's a waste of time.

Gabe found himself in the amusements area and began cleaning the area around the carnival games. He frequently takes breaks here because he enjoys listening to the little plastic rings ping around the glass bottles at the ring toss. He always told Debbie that the sound was music, and you just had to listen hard to pick out the melody; but then she would just raise her eyebrows and start shoveling the rings that fell between the bottles into the small green buckets to prepare for the next crowd.

"Hey Gabe, come here and help me sort through the rings. I never can tell the difference between the broken ones and the good ones, but I like to keep a few broken rings to the side to give to the real little kids that come play. God I wish they'd send me to some other game more often."

Gabe picked up five of the small red rings between his ring finger and thumb, lifting them to his ear and shaking them with a look of distanced concentration. "You've got to listen for the clunky sounds. The rings that don't have any music in them anymore are the broken ones. Like this one." Gabe shook the rings next to Debbie's ear. "Hear how it doesn't jingle like these ones do when you take it away? That's how you find the broken ones. Just listen for the music." Gabe handed Debbie the cracked ring, and she put it in her apron pocket.

Debbie smirked. "Yeah... Look, I think I'll just hang on to this one until some kid comes by, or until some idiot's spent about forty bucks on this stupid game and hand him his ten dollar piece of shit stuffed animal." She sighed. "Why the hell did I have to marry that asshole anyway? I swear, he knew he had cancer all along and was just trying to get me to pay for his shit. Now I've got his kids and his debt from those stupid quacks."

Gabe shifted uncomfortably and looked around. It looked like another slow day today. A bad weather forecast could do that to the park. "Well, I probably ought to get going. They don't pay me to stand around and talk after all." He slowly started to walk away, glancing at the ground around the booth before he went.

"They don't pay you to sit at the booth and watch morons while listening to 'music' either, fruitcake." Debbie began gathering rings, shaking them together as she went. She picked up buckets of rings and placed them on the counter, with careful stacks arranged on either side of each bucket.

Gabe is free to follow his path over and over, deviate from it, avoid it. There simply is no variable. Yesterday's route will be tomorrow's, and he stumbles away past the back gate into a new version of his pointless reaching, forever searching for a pride he will never find as he gropes, stretched out on the pavement, for the gilded copper coin he can never use.

Gabe takes his broom and dustpan and walks back into the park. ◆





Untitled  
Emma Rees  
Photograph

## Sour Milk

Bri Curtis

so good at first.

no lies.  
no tears.  
no fears.  
no sighs.

here it is...the moment of truth.

open your heart let the words flow out

pour pour pour pour

rain comes down...flood gates open.

this happens all the time.

TRUST ME.

my words are truth.

let's go back and change some things.

erasers wipe the board clean...  
but traces of chalk dust stain the board.

throw a little water on it.

i need to cry.



## Two Winter Haiku

Heather Hoover

warm December wind  
caresses dormant branches  
heedless of season.

crescent moon hovers  
competing with street lights' glow  
until the sunrise.



## Finding Strength

Kalee Nagel

The rain drops tenderness upon me without falling,  
It comes close enough for me to hear it calling,  
But soon the rough winds cause the rain to blow away.  
I wait, I listen, I think the winds must sway,  
For I cannot feel the rain upon my face just now.  
I can wait, I will find the strength, somehow.



Untitled  
Emma Rees  
Photograph



## Prophet Moses

Aaron Jones

Prophet Moses stood to address the people of Israel.  
From the multitude he heard a question exhaled like  
Desert sand: Who is the most knowledgeable man,  
The most wise man, in all of the wide earth, in all lands?  
Moses listened thoughtfully, carefully, concerning the  
Entreaty of the people. At length Moses remembered:  
He recalled the veil he wore leaving the Tabernacle,  
He recalled the fear in the people as he descended Sinai,  
The glow in his face that burned at the transgressions of  
All Israel. Moses was not hasty to reply, but forgot his place:  
"It is I who know, I who am most wise among you."  
And the people were calmed as children are. But God  
Took offense at Moses, who had failed to acknowledge  
That God alone is all-knowing and all-wise. For in the  
Recesses of heaven, among the angels it is whispered,  
That the most learned of all is he who fears God most.  
And so the Lord put a test to Moses, for Moses had displayed  
Not fear, but a forgetful dispensation toward the Almighty,  
The Ruler of Hosts. God spoke to Moses in a dream, saying:  
"Moses, today you have wronged my people with praise  
Of your own blessedness; but truly I say that there is one on  
Earth who is more wise and learned than yourself.  
Seek him to the West, to the edge of the sea. You will  
Know him as I reveal him to you." Amazed by the dream,  
Moses drew his cloak around him and without provision  
Left at the Lord's charge. For days he traveled, eating

Only the manna of which the Lord was generous,  
And drinking only the water which the Lord coaxed  
From the ground. At length Moses approached the sea,  
And was confronted with a withered man wearing rags  
Who sat resting upon a raft of wood timbers. "Truly this is  
The very man," the Lord said. "Do whatever he tells you."  
And so Moses approached the old man, and Moses' steps  
Were enough to rouse the man from sleep. "Be merciful,"  
Moses said, "and reveal your name to me." The man replied,  
"As truly as the Lord is good, I am called by no name;  
I am but a lowly prophet of God Most High. Some  
Have called me Wise Man, but I live by no name."  
Moses, mindful of the Lord's insistence upon the man's  
Wisdom, recounted to the Wise Man the entreaty  
Of Israel, Moses' response, and the Lord's revelation  
In a dream. The Old Wise Man chortled and listened  
In expectancy, eyes following his thinning hair as the wind  
Directed it to sea. "Certainly we are not able to discern  
Who is the wiser of us two," the man said. "However, we  
May trust the Lord to know, and to reveal what He may  
As He has mercy and is merciful." And so the men were  
Quieted by the empty calm of the shore, and were patient  
To sit and wait. As the Old Wise Man grew attentive to  
The wind, he noticed his flowing hair directing him out  
To sea. "Ah, and so it will be," he said. "We will drift to sea  
And await the Lord's answer in fasting and solemnity."  
And so for three days the men floated, and they lost sight  
Of all land. For two days, they grew weary of their hunger  
And were want to moan and lament their condition. But  
The following days brought focus and quiet, as they



Drifted without sense of time or position. The sea  
Churned beneath them, but did not capsize them.  
The wind crept and chilled them, but did not deride  
Them. The sun assailed them with heat, but did not  
Break their solemnity. And finally, when the days  
Stretched into forty, the stillness was interrupted by  
A small bird, the size to fit into a man's palm. Surprised to  
See such a creature, the two men watched patiently  
As the bird lit upon the edge of their raft and stretched  
It's wings. It nodded to the sea and dipped its beak to  
Retrieve but one small drop of water. The tiny bead glistened  
On its beak but was quickly consumed. Satisfied, the bird  
Departed with a flick of its wings. Moses and the Old Wise  
Man sat considering the brief interlude which had broken  
Their vigil. After many hours the old Wise Man spoke:  
"Prophet Moses, I see now what it is that you and I are  
Given by God to comprehend. We are both men of great  
Wisdom. We have both learned much by the mercy of our  
Lord. And yet, in spite of all that we have been taught,  
Our knowledge is not more than the single drop upon the  
Beak of that tiny bird; and indeed the knowledge and wisdom  
Of God is as the entire raging sea which churns and pulses beneath  
Us. Pitiful are we, who are wisest in the whole earth, and still  
Consider our wisdom more highly than we ought. Certainly God  
Has brought us together that we might lay down our pride and  
Concede to the pettiness which condemns our hearts.  
For just as our wisdom combined is but the size of one tiny drop,  
So God's wisdom is as the entire sea. Let us  
Fear Him, and be consumed by His wisdom!"  
Upon hearing this, Moses tore his clothes, and when they drifted

Near to land he returned by the Lord's mercy to the people  
Israel.

From those days onward, Moses was wise to never forget the  
Old Man who taught him, by way of humiliation, that not  
Only is God pleased to reveal Himself through the words  
Of prophets, but may be sufficiently pleased to reveal  
Himself through the foolishness of a small bird. ◆



*Beach with Ropes and Rocks*  
Shauna Zeigler  
Photograph



## That Danielson Place

Tyler Selby

Aiden pushed open the screen door that led to the back yard. His mother stood with her back to him, towering over the stove and stirring something he couldn't see.

"I'm going outside to play," he lied to his mother.

"Ok, dear, be safe."

Aiden clung against the siding of the house and crept under the kitchen window so his mother would not see him leaving the backyard, and walking down the sidewalk to the Danielson house at the end of their neighborhood. The house had burnt down the night before.

When he was sure he was out of sight, he stepped away from the overhead fence he had been sidling along, and ambled down the chopped sidewalk. Shoots of grass and hearty dandelions in the gaps between the squares of concrete bobbed their heads with the breeze.

He could smell the house before he could see it. Its sooty beams stood like naked teepee poles against one vertical plank of wood in the middle of the house that seemed to have been untouched by the fire. The edges of the central board were singed, but the remaining surface boasted the resilient natural color of the wood.

Aiden boldly walked toward the wreckage that once housed an elderly couple, which he had never met, and their small boarder collie that spent its day parading along the edge of an electric fence. Aiden rarely

encountered the couple, but made a habit of teasing the dog while Aiden crossed the neighborhood toward school, enticing the animal with sticks or by waving his plastic-wrapped sandwich just beyond the border of its fence.

As he neared the house, the stink grew stronger. Aiden swept across the wet morning grass. He kicked flecks of charcoal and blackened drywall that lay splayed across the lawn; it was as if a bomb had randomly chosen the Danielson couple and demolished their home to an unrecognizable pile of rubble.

The boy pinched his nose shut with his index finger and thumb as he crossed the threshold and stood in the middle of what used to be the foyer. Aiden had seen the couple remove most of their salvageable belongings yesterday and all that remained had been unofficially marked as "destroyed" by the fire. Pieces of a television in a corner formed by a stack of delicate ash beams, a calendar opened to May but with the days burnt off so that June poked through, and a few dulled islands of lime green carpet were all that was left. The overwhelming power of black enveloped the house, and reduced the clues of its former life to soot.

Aiden kept his nose pinched. He weaved through the exposed rooms and, once he was satisfied, sauntered back through the foyer. But as he returned to where the grass encroached against the sidewalk, he peered back once more at the house and saw a bundle of browned carpet, folded over a lump, and lying by the side of the house. Aiden ambled back over the grass and stopped in front of the lump. He stooped down on his haunches and gently



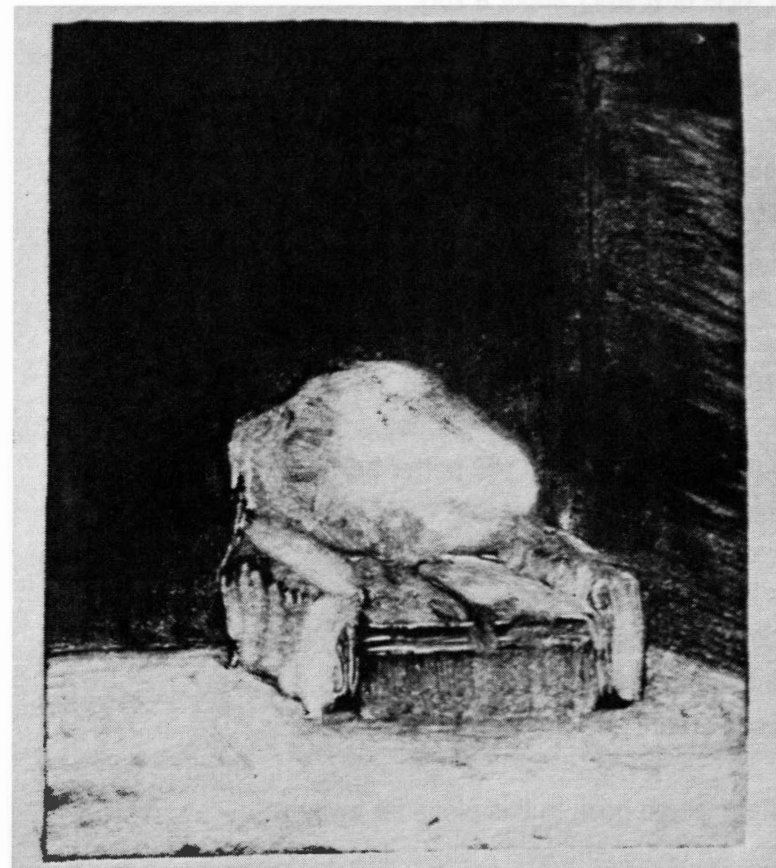
tly prodded the carpet with his finger. It felt soft and gave easily like an over ripened tomato. He pressed the lump again, this time with all of the fingers of his right hand and with more pressure. He felt the same squish beneath his push, but then suddenly, something cracked like a brittle twig or a thin rod of plastic and he jerked his hand away from the carpet.

Aiden reached out his hand toward the corner of the carpet and slowly raised the flap off of what it was shielding. Beneath the raised corner he began to see what it covered. It was like a small, crusted ball with two tiny holes in the front. The ball stuck glued to a thick black rod that looked as if it were covered in matted hair. A breeze swept through the skeleton of the house and under the carpet, bringing forth a new smell of burnt rubber and old, soured food hiding in the back of the refrigerator. Aiden pinched his nose again.

This object was not anything he could recognize, so he pulled the carpet further. Beneath the lifted flap, when the shadow pulled back and the sun slinked in, the light caught the surface of blackened gold disc bearing the name "Missy". Aiden dropped the carpet to veil the thing.

He fell back onto his backside and clutched for his stomach, which suddenly looped and tightened and gurgled in nausea. Vomit lurched from his stomach and erupted out of his mouth, sending his oatmeal breakfast to mingle with the piles of ash and char on the grass beside him. Aiden frantically stood from where he was sitting. He bolted away from the house and away from

away from the burnt timbers and away from the dead lump in the carpet, all the while still grasping at his stomach as he ran back along the jagged sidewalk, leaving behind that Danielson place. ♦



Room  
Megan Bowser  
Ink and oil wash



## My Imaginary Zoo

Dan Ott

I'm lying in bed with nothing to do,  
So I think of a story about a zoo.  
I will bring along you, to my made up zoo,  
But only if you keep it a secret too.

I create a picture in my mind,  
Of something only I designed.  
And if you have time, you will find,  
Interesting things of an unusual kind.

Off to the left, in a cage you'll see,  
A sea Lion with the wings of a bee.  
And right behind me, oh you better believe,  
A Unicorn, which is 2 foot 3.

This is a place of much pretend,  
Where fantasy simply has no end.  
And if you can lend your mind to bend,  
You can create any pet, for my zoo to tend.

So here we go now, to this place far away,  
Where we can spend every single day,  
Do not delay our time to play,  
Follow behind and I will show you the way.



*Untitled*  
Emma Rees  
Photograph





*Biltmore  
Shauna Zeigler  
Photograph*

## Apollo

Heather Hoover

Once glorious temples,  
lie in ruins; faith in disrepair  
glinting in the sun,  
holding out hope of resurrection  
with whispers of honor and stone.

This mighty flame extinguished, not by violence  
but the breath of myth,  
a collective sigh of unbelief.

