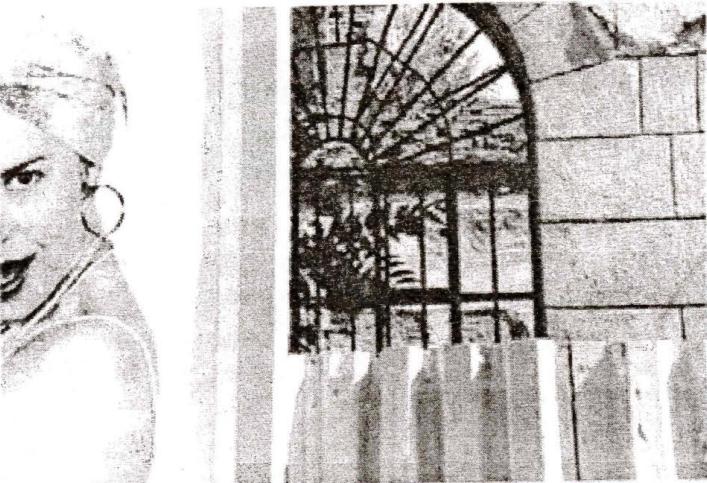


*the phoenix*  
2005

**The Phoenix  
Literary Journal of Milligan College  
2005**

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*by Jennifer Kraicinski*

**I move to Jazz**

*by Danisha Bethune*

I move to Jazz

I move to Blues

I move to twist and turns

I move forcefully, but not violently

I move gracefully, but not superficially

I can hear the trumpet

I can feel the drum

I know where my legs are taking me

To the church  
To the streets  
To work  
To play  
To pray  
To love

I move to Jazz  
I move to Blues  
What force moves you...



*By Emily Hand*

**journey's end**  
by Roseanne

traveling through  
walking along  
running the race  
crawling through  
sitting still  
looking back  
looking forward  
still sitting  
through with crawling  
race, running anew  
along the way now walking  
through with traveling  
I know my place

**Seasons Along The Buffalo**  
by Mary Stephens

I

Before footsteps touch, the faded etch,  
On stony steps, of Lover's Walk,  
Two brick-red posts frame moving sketch  
Of Cricket-dance, and Bumble-talk.  
Over waterwheel and ledge,  
Flow silvery strands of Earth's aged hair—  
A blessed day, the Muses sing!  
'Til Conscience strikes from ivy hedge.

II

My amber eyes gaze lonesome out  
These crosshatched panes, to green and gray.  
They say not, "Heal, this stirring doubt,"  
But, "Make my soul dust, as the haze,  
For I have not the dim resolve  
To stretch the span of Leo's limbs,  
And words have waged, and fallen down,  
So vanquish me, from out, within."

III

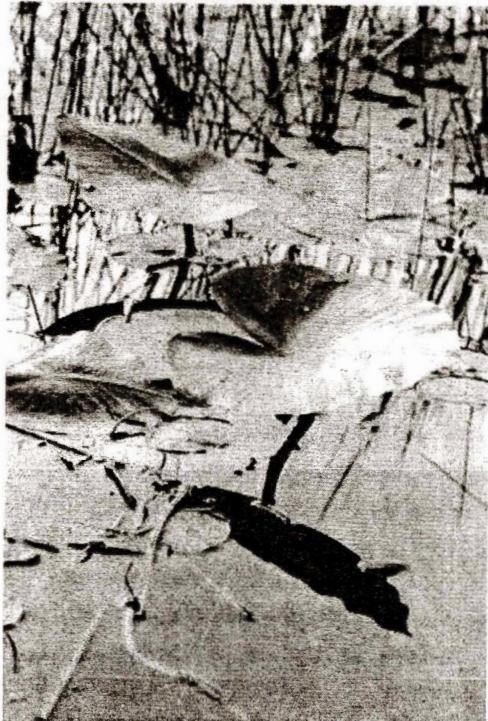
The Chapel Bell chimes Lenten song,  
The poet says it tolls for me—  
To watch the setting of the Sun,  
To reach for Day before He leaves—  
To lift my head from winter's sleep,  
And chase the hues of His procession—  
They grace us now—*just as He leaps*  
Over the Buffalo Mountain.

IV

They call you Weeping, and I do feel  
Your tears falling down over me,  
But even more, mine are the tears—  
And yours are there to comfort me,  
When I am dead, I will return  
To walk with willows along this stream,  
And should *you* think all hope is gone,  
I'll lend my tears back out to thee.

**a dandelion on the curb**  
*by Hannah Bader*

i fear  
above all else  
the restraint i see in me  
the violent control  
just under the surface  
that stems from a  
damp, dark well of doubt



*by Emily Hand*

**Down the List**  
*by Danisha Bethune*

The FAT want to be skinny,  
The SKINNY want to be beautiful,  
The BEAUTIFUL want to be loved,  
The LOVED want passion  
Those with PASSION want normalcy

When will it all end...

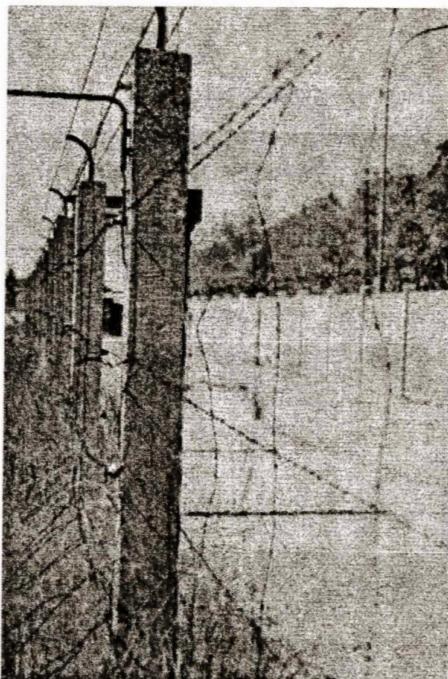
The list continues  
In our hearts  
In our minds  
In our dreams  
In our fears

I say BURN the LIST  
OR die without knowing how BLESSED you truly  
are

**there are too many questions**  
*by Hannah Bader*

it is comforting  
(in some degree)  
to see the trees  
so stern  
so stark and skeletal  
against such foreboding

skies, shiveringly surviving  
despite the  
snapping teeth of fierce  
breeze beneath the collar,  
  
despite the harsh realities  
of the southerly winds.



*Dachau, by W. Andrew Gibbens*

**Victor's Folly**  
*by Sharon Pridemore*

Well, Victor, I reckon you've ticked her off now –  
A rooster, you promised, eight hens and a cow,  
A clock for the mantel, a good wooden churn,  
A horse and a carriage, new lanterns to burn,  
An out-house, a woodstove, a clear-running spring,  
A cabin with windows, a gold wedding ring.  
With only your unwitting freedom to lose,  
You shaved and you cleaned up and shined your old  
shoes,  
Slicked back your hair and put on your good shirt,  
And set out to find you a fool in a skirt.  
In the buggy you borrowed from old Mister Brown  
You descended the ridges and rode into town;  
Then you began seeking a suitable wife  
To lighten your load and to brighten your life.

You spotted the spinster who posted the mail  
And made her acquaintance and told her your tale  
Of life on the mountain, the views and the breeze,  
The fragrance of pine drifting up from the trees,  
A sheltering haven away from the crowd,  
A dwelling for dancing and singing aloud.  
For a month you continued your cunning campaign  
With rides in the country and walks in the rain;  
You courted and wooed her and put on such airs  
She deemed you the product of passionate prayers.  
You painted a picture of such a good life  
The spinster agreed to become your new wife  
And, eager for pleasure, adventure and thrills,  
She followed you back to your home in the hills;

But you failed to mention to your happy bride  
The three younguns you had with your woman who  
died,  
Shabby and ragged with knots in their hair,  
Who greeted her with a unanimous glare.  
The ring that you gave her had been worn before;  
The churn had no dasher, the outhouse no door;  
The buggy was borrowed, the lanterns were black.  
To get to the spring is a mile there and back;  
The hens hid their eggs and the rooster attacked.  
You imagined the fire-wood all chopped up and  
stacked  
And ready for stoking the rusty wood-stove  
To keep the fires burning to cook for your drove.  
You pictured a substitute taking the place  
Of your dutiful, quiet, obedient Grace,  
But you overlooked what you should have known –  
That the new missus has a strong will of her own,  
And, slapped in the face with your shameful deceit,  
And refusing to make a defeated retreat,  
With vengeance to fuel the fire in her veins  
She tied on her apron and grabbed up the reins  
And set out to straighten your mismanaged mess.  
She vowed if this were to become her address,  
Your dump would become the delight you'd  
declared,  
And thinking the rod had too often been spared,  
She first started work on your three spiteful sprouts  
Pointing her thumb at the slovenly louts,  
She said, "Get to work, boys, and get to it quick!"  
She gave one a shovel, another a pick  
To dig up a suitable vegetable patch,

Demanded one build a john door with a latch,  
Then directed her venomous anger your way,  
And, determined you'd soon be regretting the day  
You plotted to make her the prey in your trap,  
She drew back and gave you an echoing slap.  
She said, "Listen here, you despicable louse.  
I won't live in this nasty old ramshackle house.  
You tricked and deceived me – for that you will  
pay,  
But married we are and so married we'll stay.  
Now you'd better shuffle your sorry behind  
If ever you reckon to see peace of mind."  
And, eager to keep her and lessen your sins  
You set about building a house for the hens,  
Penned up the rooster, got the cow a new bell,  
Had a water-witch come and divine for a well,  
Straightened the house and the yard and the stalls,  
Put panes in the windows and paint on the walls,  
Shined up the lanterns and leveled the floor;  
Now your dwelling looks better than ever before,  
And the missus you brought here to get it all done  
Rocks on the porch in the warm morning sun.

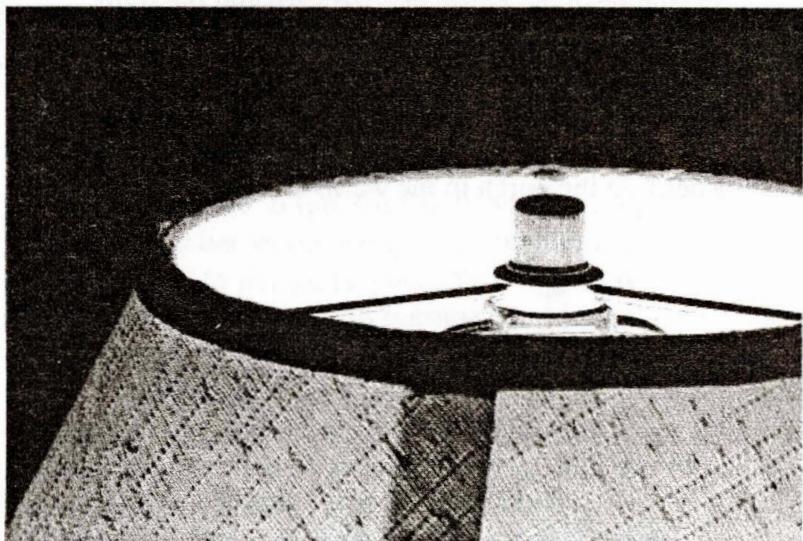
**indiana**

*by Hannah Bader*

the miles melt from under us  
like chocolate on the tongue

yet the white remains—  
endlessly glowing  
stretching through the night  
like a late afternoon shadow

milky brown landscape  
encased in sterile chill  
and emotionless ice



*by Emily Hand*

**the first law**

*by Hannah Bader*

i think

i would  
be static

i could  
be static

for you  
if only  
you'd ask.

but  
you won't  
you don't

and i  
can only do

what i can  
do and so i

remain in motion.

## Fears of the Future

by Amber Saferight

God, where are you leading me?

Lord, I don't know where my future is going to be like. You do. And I pray my future revolves around you. "I think we're going... somewhere." I don't have a roadmap. Can you possibly provide me with an atlas? Highlight the path that leads me to you. I'm clueless. I've never been good with directions. So off I blindly go.

No syllabus? No agenda? No timeline?

I guess it's all the same to you, a thousand years like a day. You're "outside time" and time doesn't exist. (That's why Llama wears two watches.) Time... patience...

Two years where I feel like I must figure it out. Then a lifetime to say, all right, what did I go to school for?

"Where are you going... can you take me with you?"

Sometimes I think if I trust you enough to let you carry me there I'll get there. But trust?... I'll walk, thanks. I need to lose the pounds anyway.

Thanks for having a sense of humor. I see your humor with every moment I get impatient, and the slow driver gets in front of me, and the 10 item limit in the Wal-mart express lane gets 30 items from a little old lady who can't figure out the debit swipe. Your humor with my anxiety.

It takes no work for me to let you carry me, or any faith if I meander my way on the winding path. If I follow you, walk beside you on your path, grab your hand and not loosen my grip, is that what you'd prefer?

I reach—

I'm not sure what you want. I take that back. You want all of me. My present, my future. My heart, soul, body. My pleasures and pain. My time, my studies, my everything.

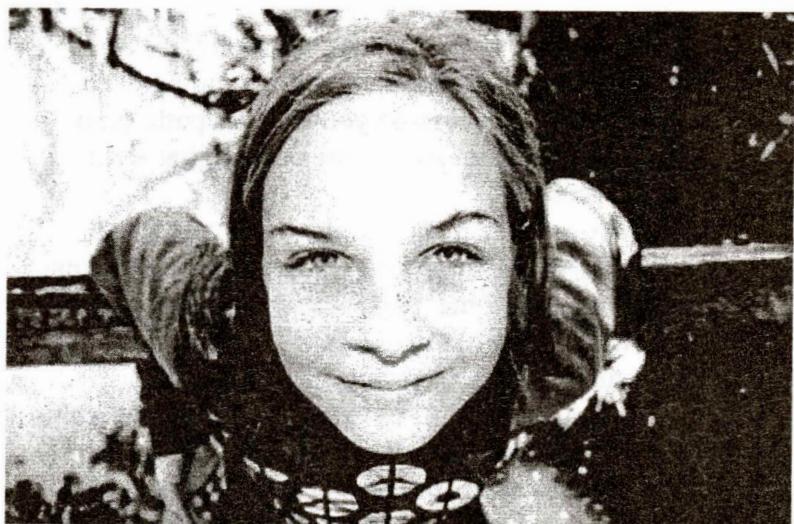
"I've got nothing left to lose, I lost it all when I found you—I wouldn't change a thing."

Will I give it all is the question.

It's not like I can avoid the question... I can run away, but knowing you, I'd be in the same path circling around the same scenery until I finally return to you. You are my destination. You are my journey. My purpose, my priority.

Let this not simply be words on paper. Empty, but sweet while you can taste them. Let them be substantial.

Food for life.



*by Sarah Shepherd*

**Untitled**

*by Olivia Jean Kerkhoff*

The harder you push,  
The stronger I'll pull.  
So, then, neither push nor pull at all.  
But like a bird, give me my wings.  
It is then I will come back again.

**Untitled**

*by Jaime McConnell*

I wanna say something deep and profound  
Something that may turn someone's life around  
But the words won't come; the thoughts aren't clear  
The room is getting smaller and I'm the only one  
here



*by Sarah Shepherd*

**I DON'T BELONG HERE**

*by KAF*

Up between the mountains,  
Where that eagle flies to,  
Where the echoes migrate from,  
Where the sun reigns eternally,

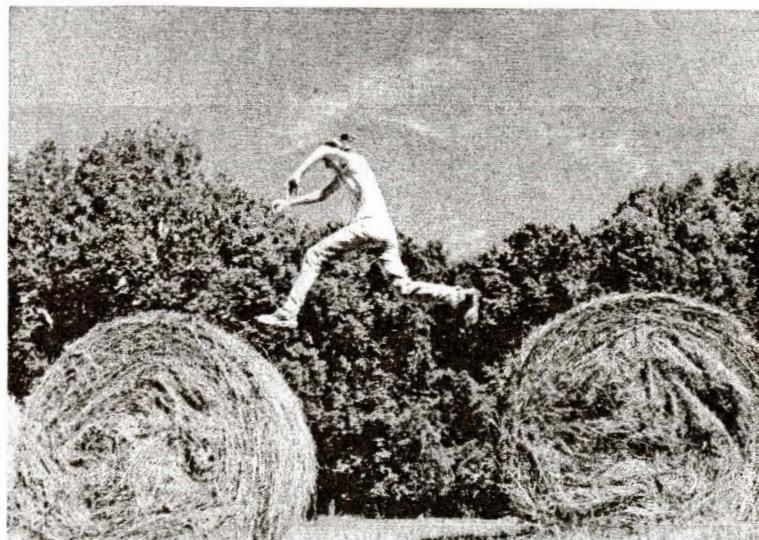
With its finger-rays,  
Brightening every dark spot.

Down by the riverside,  
Where the sea roars soundlessly,  
With the melodious voices of an angelic choir.  
Where "thirst" is a taboo word.

On the bank of the river,  
Where the ground is coated by the shadow of trees,  
Up there is my destination.



*by Sarah Shepherd*



*by Jessica Williams*

### **Untitled**

*by Sarah Black*

A blink, a nod, soft smile  
Lazy summer days  
Please... last awhile,  
Stay awhile

Orangecicle, banana skies  
Chirping crickets  
Windy sighs

Cool, crisp sheets  
Light sugar breeze  
Rising stars, setting sun  
Cotton dresses to my knees

Stillness, calm  
Barefoot in dew kissed grass  
Moonbeams and rocking chairs  
Front porches, easy conversation.

**blood-red roses**  
*by kathleen*

blood-red roses for my blackened soul  
bittersweet tragedies temper  
an otherwise pleasant existence  
my body knows it's wrong, fights  
the crimson tide streaming  
from newly formed rivers  
within my skin  
my mind cries out, demanding  
an explanation for this  
ruptured adolescence  
but my soul understands, knows  
the need for pain  
to distract from emotional suffering  
sadly, my soul silences  
my body, my mind  
for it has fallen in love with  
the one who brings me  
blood-red roses for my blackened soul

**She**  
*by Jaime McConnell*

Your lyrics ring on  
“She” must be beautiful  
Loving and  
Free  
But I cringe at the thought  
Of who “she” could be  
Because the “she” in your song  
Isn’t me.

**She Lingers**  
*by Aaron Gray*

Slipped through my fingers.  
And though it’s been days,  
Yet she lingers,  
Still she stays.

My heart drags its heels  
With roused appetite,  
Seeking the thrill  
Of that one night.

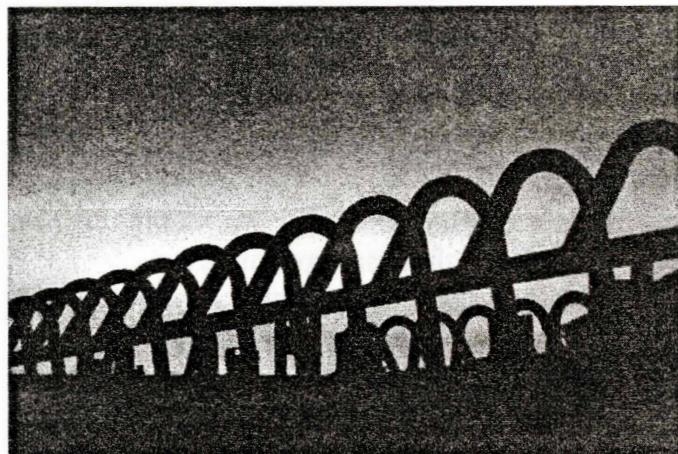
Pulled along, it fails  
To grasp what it sees.  
Blinks at dry wells,  
Fights against me.

Ire while I suffer  
In terrible health.  
But crushing her,

Would crush myself.

I look to others  
But only to find  
I look for her.  
--have her in mind.

Slipped through my fingers.  
And though it's been days,  
Yet she lingers,  
Still she stays.



by Diane Hostetler

**control**

*by kathleen*

control  
such an illusion  
such a lie  
epitome of a paradoxical world  
you think you have  
control  
that everything is  
okay  
in your little world  
when in reality  
(what is real anymore?)  
things have spun out of your  
control  
slipped from your grasp  
dictatorial attempt to reign over  
a chaotic (anarchic) world  
the mask of ultimate freedom  
behind it the truth  
(what is true anymore?)  
of complete loss of freedom  
the more you think you have  
control  
the less you win  
this game  
(a never-ending game)  
this search for  
the source of power  
to finally regain  
what you've been missing  
control

## **Whirlwind**

*by Amber Dawn Carderelli*

Emotions, confusion  
Whirl around,  
Which way is up?  
Is up now down?  
Still it whirls around.

Do you hear my thoughts?  
Am I missing something?  
Or am I just not listening  
With all the whirling.

Is there something I should do?  
Is there something else I could?  
Is my focus not on you Lord?  
But on the thoughts that whirl inside my head?

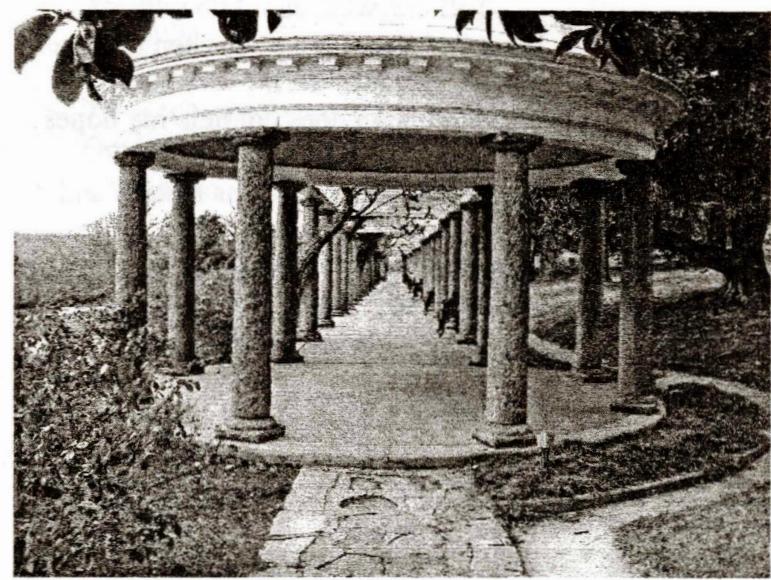
I'm looking hard for answers;  
I'm seeking to do what's right.  
I just want to know that you are with me  
As the thoughts whirl through the night.

Maybe you could help make it stop,  
Help me see you strong again,  
It's dizzy here, and I can't stop the thoughts,  
The thoughts that whirl around my head.

## **Alone**

*by Julie Grimm*

Let the solitude soak through,  
And the peace settle calmly,  
Allow the wind to warp its way  
Through your entanglement of hair  
As the trees whisper hollow sounds in your ear  
And your mind runs a race against itself.



*by Matthew Buddenborg*

### **A Broken Heart**

*by Irena Loloci*

What can I do with a broken heart?  
Can the wind travel and find all the lost  
pieces?  
Can the hand reach deep into the soul?  
Can a smile change the destiny?  
Can a flower bloom when the spring refuses  
to come?  
Tell me, what can I do with it?  
What do I do with a rose when its petals  
fall?  
When the rain does not help my hopes  
grow?  
I have heard that love has a name and a  
home.  
I have heard its roots go deep into the soul.  
I wonder if the broken pieces will ever find  
their way home.

### **I lingered long with poetry**

*by Mary Stephens*

I lingered long with Poetry—  
To paint the world as she saw fit,  
She cared not for eternity—  
For all her grace and wit.  
She'd take me to a mountaintop,  
Then toss me off for Literature's sake—  
Commission from me a sonnet,  
Then watch as I drown in the Lake.



by Sarah Shepherd

## CONFUSION

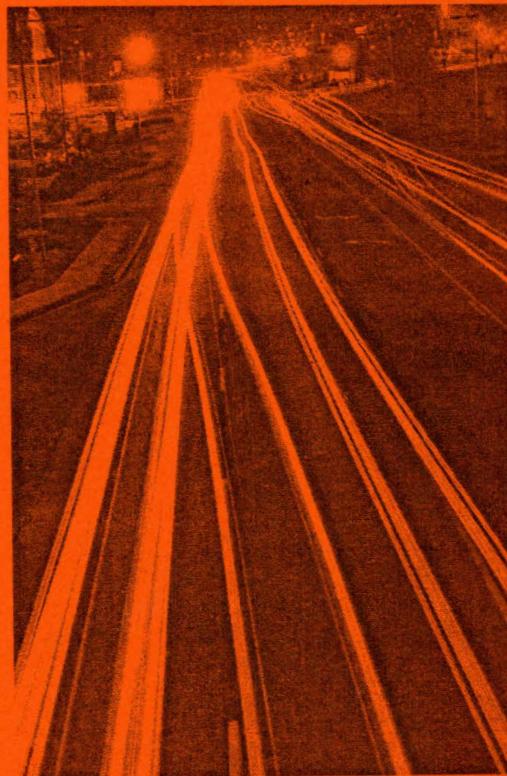
by KAF

I saw her wearing a black robe with a white collar like a crow as she waded through the shaved grassland. She carefully moved from one grass spot to another, like she was stepping through an overflowing sea of splashed glasses. Every step she took drew a waterfall of a red and white liquid out of her sole. The hidden, but obvious pain of her wounded sole turned her facial expression into the shape of a half moon. Her left side was filled with hope and the other half occupied with hopelessness. Her eyes were dimmed and the pupils were fading away slowly at the speed of a snail.

I asked her, "Can you see the light?" And she answered, "What light?" I commanded, "Can't you see the light sitting at the corner?" But her answer was still the same. The more questions I asked, the faster her blindness rate increased from a snail's speed to that of a rabbit. But at the end of every question, her answer was still the same—"What light?" As I looked into her eyes, I was cloaked with fear, showered with failure and drenched in the cold water of sorrow. I looked straight into dim eyes, as they were slowly fading away, with a hope of a miracle. But that hope seems to be a wish of walking on water. It seemed to be impossible. I was about to surrender to hopelessness, when I felt heat on my back, right my neck and collarbone. I turned around only to see, the light has moved closer. It has bounced off from the corner to stand by us. I

felt the heat and saw the light, but I knew she could feel the heat, but all she could see was darkness.

After a while, a voice said "Bring her to me." I shrank at the hearing of the voice, because the louder it got, the more her eyes faded and the more we sweated as a result of the heat. My head divided into two, with one side poking me to bring her to the light with hope restoring her eyesight. The other half was pinching me to take her away from the light with the hope of not doing any more damage to her vision. I stood there debating over the choices, but I was arriving at no decision. The voice that was saying "Bring her to me," got louder, but I did not want to move. I stood there between her and the light in an attempt to prevent light from doing any more damage to her eyes. The light seemed to move closer, because the pool of sweat in my palms began to evaporate. It moved closer till I realized that the only distance between the light and her was a body length-my body length. The voice changed from "Bring her to me," to "Move." The voice increased in volume, until it overcame my resistance. It overcame my resistance, but it did not defeat my will to stand between it and her. I began to debate—"Should I move?, or should I stay?"



*by Jessica Shotwell*

### **Drive**

*by Julie Grimm*

Drive, Drive on  
Let the fog emerge  
And the darkness run  
Til the sweet taste of life  
Explodes in your mouth

