



Open →



shale  
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of kentucky  
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# letter from the editor

There's something about the Commonwealth House library that draws you in, that invites you to linger over titles and sit cross-legged beneath its stained glass window as you read from yellowed pages perfumed with the classic "Eau de Old Book." It is a cozy, still place where the past remains preserved on wooden shelves, where curiosity begets inspiration and imagination. While scanning the rows one evening, I did not imagine I would discover a few editions of one of UK's previous literary arts journals, *JAR*.

They were gorgeous issues from the '80s with a lot of layout and sketch work done by hand. The late Jane Gentry Vance, UK professor and Kentucky poet laureate, was the faculty member who sponsored their creation, of which the Honors Program played a large part in, too. But this is just one example of the rich history *Shale* was born out of. After *JAR*, Eric Schlich formed *The Cat's Figment* around 2009, which would be renamed *Shale* in Spring 2012. Circa 2010, Shady El-Maraghi formed *In fi nI* to showcase works written in languages other than English. With his backing and approval, *Shale* dissolved *In fi nI* into its pages and began accepting foreign language writing in Fall 2012. In this edition, we feature pieces in Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, and Italian, the most variety we have seen in our world language section to date.

We also have a grand history of partnerships that have extended into the present. The English department, Gaines Center for the Humanities, Chellgren Center for Undergraduate Excellence, and the Department of Modern and Classical Languages, Literatures, and Cultures (MCLLC) contributed considerably to the printing of this edition and the meeting of all the authors and artists found herein. Moreover, we express our gratitude to the College of Design, College of Fine Arts, Department of Hispanic

Studies, Writing Center, Sigma Tau Delta English Honors Society, Graphite Creative Writing Association, and the Student English Association for their continued support. Their encouragement and assistance is invaluable, and we greatly appreciate and celebrate such creative communities.

Not only have departments and organizations helped to make *Shale* the journal it is today, but those passionate individuals involved with them. My deepest thanks are given to our advisors, Julie Human of MCLLC and Julia Johnson of English and the MFA program in Creative Writing. I am extremely grateful to Lynn Hiler and Philipp Kraemer of the Chellgren Center, Connie Duncan and Lisa Broome of the Gaines Center, and Liliana Drucker of MCLLC for their vital contributions to the funding of this edition and its reception.

Many more thanks go out to Pearl James, Jeff Clymer, the English department staff, Valerio Caldesi Valeri, DaHee Son, and Abbey Craig. To David Cole and The Hive, I send you the warmest appreciation from the bottom of my heart for the lovely podcast covering our reception this spring. I must also mention *Limestone's* Robin LaMer Rahija, Jenna Goldsmith, and Courtney Casero for all of their assistance with planning and hosting the Off the Ground at Common Grounds reading and open mic series. To our own Sarah Wagner—you are *brilliant*. Thank you for setting up our new, full-fledged website and making us look better than ever before with each printing. In the same vein, I would like to thank Jamison Barton at Advertiser Printer, Incorporated. Jamison and API have been integral in our transition to perfect binding and are immensely helpful with answering whatever printing questions we dream up.

As *Shale* evolves and as we look to the future, we must keep an eye to the past. Without years of hard work, challenges, and successes, there would be no present. My hope is that *Shale* keeps growing, refining—*improving*. Decades from now, I want to be able to return to the Commonwealth House library and see an entire sleuth of *Shales* taking up a row of their own, a row right next to the *JARs*. With that in mind, this edition is for our past submitters and editors, for our past Editors-in-Chief, Ashleigh Lovelace and Sarah Hayden. It is for Eric and Shady and Jane Gentry Vance, for future UK students, for artists and writers. But presently, this edition is for *you*.

Please enjoy!

**Katie Cross**  
*Editor-in-Chief*



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# John Reid Jumps an Iron Horse

David Cole / poetry

Train track train track unused  
but for freight and one man lone.  
Hustle along for two centuries  
still running but not the same,  
folks forget what you're for.  
Now just freight, one man lone.  
When it came roaring through  
Danville nights, I, up with no  
sleep no sleep for train track  
whistle out there, loud loud  
from one man lone, one machine  
calling out for some wise ass  
kid to hop on and ride awhile.

I trailed along behind, hid  
between twisted trees of winter  
and dead plant on ground and I  
hopped up and made that train  
track carry on one night for freight  
and two men. Lone.

# Que me enamoro muy fácilmente...

Alejandro Hernandez / poem in Spanish

Me han acusado de ser una presa fácil de esta fuerza primordial que nosotros llamamos amor. Que dentro de sus manos maternales soy una masa maleable que no logra moldearse en dura roca y es fácilmente trastocada por los hachazos de las personas y las cosas. Tontos todos ustedes, les digo. No comprenden el amor y apenas han tocado su superficie. Claro que me enamoro de todas las cosas, de todas las personas, de todos los pensamientos; es mi deber como ser humano.

Nada existe, nada permanece y todo se borra con un brochazo de la entropía. Del mismo modo, todo existe, todo permanece y nada se borra. Existimos perpetua y carnalmente en un estado cuántico de la incertidumbre: todo reencarna y todo muere; por ende nada reencarna y nada muere. Este punto en nuestro universo es fundamental y sin importancia. Todo lo existente es la conjunción de estos dos principios contraproducentes; no hay más. Por ello he decidido vivir con el gato de Schrödinger en mi corazón.

Todo lo que ven mis ojos es efímero. Nada perdura, nada queda; ni siquiera uno, mucho menos uno. Sin embargo, esto te hace permanente a mis ojos, hermoso. Todo lo posee en este mundo. Una mujer, un hombre, un animal, los edificios a mi lado, las ideas, una hoja, todo. Absolutamente todo. ¿Cómo no amar entonces por un momento, por una milésima de segundo, todo lo que veo? Ese pelo encrespado, esos labios o esa piel algo marchita. Y de nuevo, por qué seguirlo amando si es efímero. Del mismo modo, el amor que le he dado por unos segundos será eterno en su corto tiempo, en su minúsculo tiempo. ¿No lo hace eso más hermoso? No hay nada más hermoso que vivir así, como una golondrina que ama todo lo que observa en su caída final en su vuelo de muerte. Yo no soy más que ella, agitándome en el suelo una o dos veces revolviendo la nieve en el aire antes de dejar de mover mis alas y entesar mis músculos para siempre. Muerto, muerto por la hermosura plena en mis ojos.

## translation / **That I fall in love very easily...**

I've been accused of being a pushover of this primal force called love. That within her maternal hands I'm nothing but a malleable mass that fails to mold in hard rock and that is easily disrupted by the ax of people and things. You're all fools, I say. You do not understand love and have barely touched the surface of it. Of course, I fall in love with all things, all people, and all thoughts; it is my duty as a human being.

There is nothing, nothing stays and everything is erased by a brushstroke of entropy. Similarly, there is everything, everything remains and nothing is deleted. We exist perpetually and carnally in a quantum state of uncertainty: everything reincarnates and everything dies; hence nothing reincarnates and nothing dies. This point is crucial in our universe and also unimportant. Everything that exists is the combination of these two counterproductive principles; nothing more. So I've decided to live with Schrödinger's cat in my heart.

Everything my eyes see is fleeting. Nothing lasts, nothing is left; not even oneself, much less oneself. However, this makes you permanent in my eyes, beautiful. Everything this world has. A woman, a man, an animal, the buildings beside me, the ideas, a leaf, everything<sup>∇</sup>. Absolutely everything. How can I not love then for a moment, for a split second, everything I see? That curled hair, those lips or that withered skin. And again, why do I love all this if it's just ephemeral. Similarly, the love I've given you a few seconds will be eternal in its short time in its tiny time. Does that not make it more beautiful? There is nothing more beautiful than to live like this, like a swallow that loves everything she sees in her final fall on his flight from death. I am only her, waving me on the floor once or twice stirring snow in the air before stopping my wings and my muscles stiffen forever. Dead, dead by the full beauty in my eyes.

# Old Man Gibson

Richard Combs / prose

We were cycling out to Old Man Gibson's to bombard his tin-roofed house with crab apples. Giving Old Man Gibson a hard time was one of the pastimes of our gang, The Rangers. It was a lot of fun, though it was kind of dangerous. I mean, you never could be certain when the old geezer's shooting would improve and he would fill one of us up with buckshot. Another ever-present danger was that one of our parents would find out what we were up to and put an end to our carrying-on. Even worse, his humongous dog, old Bruno, would have one of us for dinner, and I don't mean as a guest.

As we rode along, Grungy Wilson was making the other three of us aware of another danger. What if Laurie, his sister, decided to tell on us for smoking and some other stuff she knew about? Being a girl, there was no way to tell what she might do next.

On occasion we Rangers would all puff away on cigarettes in our headquarters—a tree house in Grungy's backyard—and Laurie was fully aware of these escapades. As a matter of fact, she snooped around our clubhouse one day, when we were all gone, and found our stash of cigs. She threatened to tell if we didn't let her in the Rangers, but so far we had been able to hold her off.

We got to Old Man Gibson's and parked our bikes. The four of us climbed up on the board fence that surrounded his property. His tin-roofed house was within throwing distance. We were all just sort of relaxing, sitting there on the fence, eyeballing the house. I looked at Grungy.

"Man, she never quits." He was still talking about Laurie.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"The other day at breakfast my dad was talking about how hard it was for him to quit smoking. Laurie had a real smart-alec look on her kisser.

She said, ‘Oh yeah, Dad, I know. Timothy and I (at home they all called Grungy Timothy) know some guys who are trying to quit and they are having a real hard time. Don’t we Timothy?’ She fluttered her eyelashes like a real smartinsky. It was a real bummer.”

“Oh man. What did your dad say?”

“Nothing much. He was too wrapped up in his own problem to pay a lot of attention to us.”

There was an old crab apple tree with branches hanging over the fence and the apples were everywhere. We all picked up a couple and started heaving them toward the house as high as we could. We had the idea that the higher we threw, the more noise they would make when they came down on that tin roof. The noise was really loud from outside. It must have been deafening on the inside. The more we threw, the more we got into it. We were now throwing and yelling at the same time. Grungy let fly as he hollered, “Hey Gibson, take that, you old geezer!”

Just then one of the kitchen window curtains was drawn back, and I thought I must be seeing things. The person scoping us out looked just like Mrs. Shewmaker, the music teacher at our school. Nah, it couldn’t be, what would she be doing out here? I looked at the other guys, but I could tell they hadn’t noticed anything. Mrs. Shewmaker was married to a real skinny guy that had a head shaped like a pear. Blinky Elliott’s older brother Ralph and some of the other guys called him Mr. Fruit—when he wasn’t around, of course.

Suddenly the back door was thrown open, and we all knew the fun was about to begin. Bruno was loose, and here he came like a big tank frothing at the mouth. The spit and drool was flopping alongside of his head like steam escaping from a locomotive. I don’t like to curse because my mom doesn’t want me to, but Grungy didn’t seem to mind. He said that big Bruno was just dying to get a piece of somebody’s ass and, watching him barreling toward us, I believed him. It was a good thing that the wire surrounding the fence held him in.

He hit the enclosure like a hurricane and bounced off as we increased the apple barrage on top of the house and screamed insults at Old Man

Gibson. Bruno always reminded me of a small rhinoceros with his tank-like body and small ears.

Then the real fun began. Here came none other than Mr. Gibson with his old faithful shotgun. He hustled out the back door, making a show of pumping rounds into the chamber. Bruno growled and yapped and tried with every fiber to get at us, and Old Man Gibson called us little bastards, and threatened to kill every dad-blamed one of us. I got a strong whiff of what must have been the shotgun shells exploding. It smelled kind of like a bonfire, but not as strong.

He'd fire a couple of rounds and curse and then let fly with a couple more. I never could figure out how he expected to hit anything since he always shot into the air. I got a real good look at his huge body and his flaming red hair as he drew closer and pulled the gun away from his body to re-cock.

It was time for us to haul it out of there. Shouting and yelling all the way, we leaped on our bikes and took off. I looked back over my shoulder and noticed a familiar-looking car cutting a chovie from the front of Old Man Gibson's house.

We were all in a great mood and got to talking about how old we all figured the old man was. Blinky said Gibson must be at least in his thirties because he sure looked a lot older than his dad, and he was only twenty-nine. After scratching his head he said, "Heck, he might even be forty."

• • •

Saturday rolled around, and I was out on my bike. I stopped by Grungy's and found him and Blinky out in the clubhouse. We all clowned around for a little while and then decided to take a ride out to the state park outside town and see what was going on. It was around noon by the time we got there. We rode around the bike trail for a while and then took a path we knew about that led to a little enclosed area where you could see down on a huge parking lot.

We parked our bikes and laid down on our bellies and scoped out the

area. That was when I spotted just below us the same car I had seen the other day at Old Man Gibson's. When I looked at Grungy he whispered in an odd voice, "Hey look, there's Mrs. Shewmaker's car."

What could she could be doing out here? We were gawking to beat ninety when lo and behold who should climb out of the passenger side but Mrs. Shewmaker. Then, of all people, Old Man Gibson slid out the driver's side. They both got in the back seat and closed the doors. By this time we were all at our wit's end trying to figure out what in the world was going on.

In a couple of minutes the car started shaking and Blinky asked nobody in particular what they were doing.

Grungy filled us in. "Don't you guys know nothing? It's plain as day that they're wrestling." Nobody said anything but I was trying to figure out why they had to get in the backseat in order to wrestle. I mean there was a huge parking lot that offered a lot more room. Old Man Gibson must have won the wrestling match because in a few minutes he was the first one to crawl out, followed closely by Mrs. Shewmaker. They jumped back in the front and didn't waste any time departing.

We were all pretty confused as to what we had witnessed, but it wasn't long 'til our attention was focused on other things. Before I knew it, I was home in bed, reading a story by a guy named Rudyard Kipling about a mongoose.

• • •

The next Saturday afternoon I was at home just goofing around, watching some TV, and Mom and Dad were in the kitchen talking. Mom stuck her head out the kitchen door to see where I was, and then ducked back in, closing the door behind her. I knew what that meant: She and Dad didn't want me to hear what they were discussing. I gave it a couple of seconds before I sidled up to the door and listened in. I could hear every word.

"George, it was the most horrible thing. Poor Mr. Gibson," my mom

said.

“What about poor Mr. Gibson?” Dad wanted to know.

“George, I swear sometimes I think you live in a vacuum. Everybody knows that Mrs. Shewmaker and Mr. Gibson have been fooling around. It seems that you never hear anything. Mr. Shewmaker shot Mr. Gibson last night.”

“Why did he go and do such a fool thing as that? Where did he shoot him anyway?”

“At the Sunset Motel outside of town.”

“For god’s sake, Doris, I meant in what part of his anatomy?”

“It’s really very embarrassing George, but if you must know, Mr. Shewmaker shot Mr. Gibson.” She hesitated. “Well, you know... down *there*.”

I couldn’t believe my ears. I reeled away from the kitchen door and staggered through the house. I made it outside to my bike. *Man, that must have hurt something awful*, I thought as I rolled along. I wondered if Old Man Gibson had been shot in the foot, or lower leg, or what. I needed to talk to the Rangers. I hot-wheeled it over to the clubhouse and slid into Grungy’s backyard. I jumped off my bicycle and scurried up the ladder. I could hear jumbled conversation as I climbed. They were all there and everyone was talking at once. When I got inside, Blinky had the floor.

“Yeah man, Mr. Fruit shot old Gibson’s pecker plumb off.”

Pecker? Blinky must have heard that word from his older brother. It sounded like a really grown-up word. I cringed as I realized what I almost did. If I had said something about Old Man Gibson getting blasted in the foot I would have been the laughing stock. Man! After a little while we all got tired of the subject and everyone, including me, headed home.

I was lying in bed that night thinking everything over. Mr. Shewmaker must have been really upset to do such a thing. I wondered what caused him to be so mad. Could he have been teed off because Old Man Gibson had beaten his wife in a wrestling contest? I took a peek under the covers and one thing became quite clear: You can say what you want about Mr. Shewmaker, but no one can deny it, he sure is one heck of a shot.

# attraction

Meg West / poetry

death is a handsome boy.

he asks me to dance  
and i slip up  
and reach out my hand,  
and we swirl  
and we twirl  
and he dips me low,  
and our waltz continues  
with his hand  
slightly below the appropriate  
place for death to  
ever touch

he tells me i look beautiful  
and i blush.

then we're on his doorstep,  
and he's fumbling for keys  
with his arm wrapped around me,  
my waist,  
and i'm pulling at the fabric  
of my dress  
and he's kissing my neck  
and the door's opening  
and my zipper's falling  
and his fingers are walking  
down the steps of my spine  
and his lips are on mine  
and i whisper –

*“stop,  
“i'm not ready.”*

he takes me anyway.

# Home Run

Dorian Hairston / poetry

*(Persona poem - Josh Gibson)*

She remind me of my first time  
her legs stretched long and straight  
something like 300 or so feet it seemed  
from there She curved  
trying to tempt me  
to understand her boundaries  
and boy was She deep  
up the middle

She remind me of Helen  
how nice it feel to slide into  
a base  
or dive to make a catch

She remind me why I love her  
every time I connect with the pearl  
in just the right spot  
and watch it race the birds to the sun  
or moon  
and hear the screams  
the begs and pleads for more  
as I slowly take a victory lap around her edges  
making sure to always  
be very gentle when I finally touch home

because eight batters from now  
we going for round two

# The Pelican

Sam Cox / prose

*I will not be Number Seven.*

Dietrich clung to the ship's wheel with utter determination as his little dory was thrown between the increasingly larger waves crashing against him. His feet were knocked from under him by a wave spilling over the gunwales, but he managed to pull himself up, just as the next swell poured over the sides. The storm was intensifying and he was still, to the best of his knowledge, 20 miles offshore.

*"Dee, the only thing predictable about Oregon weather is how unpredictable it will be," young Dietrich's father said as they unloaded their eighteen-footer onto the beach. To Dietrich, the storm clouds looked menacing, and he was afraid of what would happen to The Pelican when they got her out to sea. He had gone out on short trips with his father before – around Cape Kiwanda, up and down the beach near Pacific City, around Haystack Rock – but never far into the open ocean, and never on a day as dark as this. But, his father had been telling him for months that on his tenth birthday, Dietrich would actually get to go out with him to fish for tuna, and today was the day.*

Dietrich had thought he knew these waters better than this. After all, he had been out fishing this coast ever since that first experience with his father 25 years ago. On that day, the storm ended up being a light drizzle that resulted in both he and his dad having the sniffles for a few days afterwards. This, however, was a different matter entirely.

He had put out at around 8 A.M. and was prepared for the worst – the forecast had called for steady rain and ten to fifteen miles-per-hour winds – but he had nonetheless decided to brave it. He and his father had made a tradition of going out on his birthday every year, regardless of the weather. Ever since his father had passed all those years ago, Dietrich felt

it necessary to carry on the tradition by himself, rain or shine, not to fish, but to be in the only place that he could still feel his father's presence – the open ocean.

Around one o'clock, the winds picked up, as did the rain. The swells rose higher and higher and the little dory began to rock more and more. Even at this point though, Dietrich still felt secure. He had experienced far worse. Every dory man in Pacific City had at one point or another. He would outlast this little shower and then head back in a few hours. Then came the lightning.

*"Hold on Dee!" his father shouted, almost laughing. "Grab onto what you can!" Dietrich felt like he was one big wave from being washed overboard, but he could sense the adrenaline his father was experiencing. He couldn't help feel some of it as well – the feeling of man against nature, all alone out at sea. This was the biggest storm he had been in with his father, yet there his dad was, grinning through clenched teeth, letting the rain and ocean splatter across his face. Then, amidst it all, he threw back his head and let out a roar of laughter. He continued to laugh and shout at the storm through it all. "You trying to make me Number Seven!?" he yelled at the sky. "Have to do better than that!" He then continued laughing and shouting at the top of his lungs, while Dietrich crouched against the gunwales, puzzled by his father's yells and continued laughter.*

After the first flash, it seemed to him like he was in the clouds. The lightning was everywhere around him, and he realized the situation was quickly becoming more and more dangerous. Each bolt was brighter and each thunderclap was louder than the last. He turned the engine on and turned the boat about, ready to ride this storm in. As he throttled the engine, a lightning bolt struck the radio antenna, shocking him and knocking him to the deck unconscious. He woke as yet another wave surged over the gunwales and momentarily submerged his head. He sat up coughing and choking just as the dory lurched to the side and threw him into the wheel.

Grabbing hold, he began to wrestle with it when he noticed that it wasn't responding, nor was the boat moving by its own power. Amidst

the swelling sea, he tried turning the key on and off repeatedly, but it appeared that the lightning strike had killed the boat's battery. The only option was the pull cord on the motor, but it was an "emergency only" addition, and he had never before used it. As another surge brought *The Pelican* dangerously close to tipping, he decided he had no choice but to try it, meaning leaving the one firm hold he had in his small, tossing boat.

He let go just as the bow of the dory hit the crest of a wave, sending him off his feet again and sliding aft to the stern. He opened the top hatch of the motor to find the cord. Grabbing the knob on the end hastily, he yanked as hard as he could but was met with immediate resistance, and could feel tendons in his shoulder tear. He yelled out in pain but was cut off by a surge of seawater filling his mouth and lungs.

Trying again, he almost collapsed from the pain in his shoulder, before switching hands. He tried it more slowly this time, and got a little more give from the rope, picking up pace with each tug. He could hear the whirring and puttering over the storm, but could not make the engine start.

*"You better not be thinkin' about givin' up on me boy!" his father shouted at him. Dietrich had been wrestling with this fish for what seemed like an eternity and he had nothing left. His arms and back burned, the sweat dribbling down his forehead mixed with the ocean spray had effectively blinded him, his wrists were bleeding, and he wanted nothing more than to just throw the dang fishing pole into the ocean. Still, his fear of disappointing his father drove him on.*

*It took another good half-hour before he finally reeled the tuna in, his dad helping haul it aboard. It was his first big catch. Until now, his father had always handled the ten to fifteen pounds and heavier fish, and had let him take the rockfish or smaller lingcods. Sixteen seemed like as good enough as any age to take on the "bigg'uns," as his father would say.*

*This one ended up at 33-and-a-half pounds, and Dietrich was almost as proud of the catch as his father was of his son.*

*"Now just think if you had gone and let that little guy get the best of you. You'd be back here with nothing but a bucket of chum and some blistered hands," his father*

*said, wrapping his arm around Dietrich's shoulders as his wife took a picture.*

Dietrich began pulling harder and harder, trying to sync his timing with the natural rotation caused by the release of the cord. It was becoming more and more impossible as the water poured over the sides and onto the deck with each new swell. He was knocked over several times, and fatigue was beginning to set in. His arms were as sore as they were that day he caught the tuna. Blood was gushing from his face from every time he had fallen and hit it against the railings or the deck. He didn't know how much more of this he could handle when a sudden lurch in the stern of the boat sent him sliding back towards the bow, still clutching the engine cord. He screamed again as he felt the same pull in his shoulder as he had before, and let go, sliding into the helm's pedestal.

He reached up to grab the wheel when he noticed the smell of smoke and gasoline and looked to see the motor had sputtered to life with that last heave. He was briefly rejuvenated and pulled himself up again to man the helm. His hopes were dashed immediately however, as he realized the dead battery meant that there would be no power steering from the wheel.

*"Dee, come check this out!" his father yelled from their screened-in porch facing the ocean. As he came to stand next to his father, he was mesmerized by the brilliance of the flashes from the storm. One after another, streaks of light would shoot across the sky in jagged pattern. He turned his gaze to the coastline and saw the surf pounding the beach even harder than usual, and the few brave gulls fighting the wind to get back to land.*

*"You see that guy still way out there?" his father said, pointing towards a distant shape. It took a moment for Dietrich to make out the pointed hull of a dory out in the distance*

*"Watch this guy come in," his father said. "Watch how easy he makes it look." Dietrich had watched the small boats fly in and shoot right up the beachhead countless times before; it had always seemed amazing how effortlessly the boats rode the waves, surging at full speed, pulling up their motors at just the right moment so as not to ruin the blades against the wet ground, and gliding across the sand, coming to a rest meters from their trailer. This, however, would be completely different; the waves were more*

*intense, the wind was blowing more fiercely, and the sand would be rock hard. The slightest mistake could easily result in anything from a broken-off motor to a capsized boat.*

*Dietrich watched as the boat appeared to get larger and larger and he could tell this boat was really flying. The skipper timed it perfectly, ramping the last breaker and letting it push the dory the rest of the way in as he pulled his motor up.*

*“Mmmhmm, that guy is good,” his father noted.*

*“Why was he out all by himself?” Dietrich asked.*

*“Few things are better than taking on an Oregon storm by yourself and beating it,” his father replied. “And we dory men are pretty darn good at it, lemme tell ya. Only six men from Pacific City have ever died at sea in a dory, and don’t you forget it. No one in the world can handle them boats as well as us.”*

With the dory lurching forward in a direction chosen strictly by the surge of the storm waves, Dietrich found himself not much better off than before. Unless he could get back to the stern and take on the tiller manually, he would continue to go on in random directions until he ran out of gasoline. Despite the storm, he still had a vague sense of direction, and thought he could hit land if he could just keep *The Pelican* in a semi-straight direction.

He waited for a relatively calm spell, and then again sprung aft, trying to get ahold of something substantial with just one leap. He was able to briefly grab a cleat on the railing, but quickly lost ahold of it as the spray pushed him off and down to the deck. After sliding with the rocking of the boat, he reached up to grab the gunwale and pulled himself up. Reaching over, he grabbed the small metal bar jutting out from the motor.

His shoulders still searing with pain, he attempted to orient the boat back towards where he thought land was. Each time he thought he was about on course, another breaker would knock the little boat sideways, throwing his body from his crouched position. He refused to let go of the tiller though, determined to fight through the burning in his body.

*His father died in his bed six days shy of Dietrich’s eighteenth birthday. He had*

*developed pneumonia after going out to rescue a storm-lost fisherman one night. Two other dories went with him in the rescue mission, but both were eventually lost; Dietrich and his father in *The Pelican*, however, saved the men, along with the original distress caller.*

*Almost all of Pacific City came out in the drizzle to see one of their finest put in the ground. They all huddled together under their umbrellas close to the pastor as he gave his eulogy filled with biblical sea references. Dietrich stood apart from the crowd, umbrella unopened and at his side, letting the rain soak through his moth-ridden black suit. Through the service, he didn't look at the casket, or the pastor, or the mourners. He instead looked out at the Cape. He looked at Haystack Rock, which stood firm against the crashing waves beneath it. Then, for a moment, a flash of lightning illuminated the sky. In the distance, Dietrich was sure he saw something, but couldn't quite make it out.*

*The pastor resumed reading a verse from Psalms, after briefly pausing for the rolling thunder, "Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them."*

*At that moment, another lightning strike brightened the horizon enough and this time Dietrich was sure he saw it.*

After almost an hour of gunning *The Pelican* at full speed, Dietrich was in the same position he had been in all afternoon. He was soaked, tired, bloody, and had no idea where he was. It was like he was fighting a beast that couldn't be killed. How had the other dory men done it?

He was about to attempt to alter course when another burst of seawater hit him full blast, forcing him to turn the other way. When he did, he thought he saw what looked like Haystack Rock through the rain and waves. As if on cue, a lightning strike lit up the rock from behind and he could clearly make out this sign that land was close.

As he neared, he became aware that it was actually not *the* Haystack Rock, but rather, one of the many smaller haystack rocks. While that meant he could be anywhere along the coast, it also meant that he was closer to land than he anticipated. He made these calculations in his head just as he saw what appeared to be a beachhead a little ways past. Dietrich

knew that correct seamanship called for deliberate and precise timing of an approach, especially in this weather, but he also knew that his little motor was on the verge of puttering out.

Giving it one last go, he shot ahead as fast as *The Pelican* would go, bouncing over the waves, seeing the beach become larger and larger. He was still several hundred yards out when suddenly he was thrown from his seat as he felt an immense lurch and heard the sickening sound of splintering wood. He was still trying to make out what had happened as he splashed into the water, the large pieces of his fractured *Pelican* falling all around him.

*After the service, he walked down to the beach to stare out at the ocean again. He peered over the waves through the rain hoping to catch a glimpse of the apparition he had seen before, but no such vision occurred for quite a while. As he was turning to walk back up to his Jeep, one last flash shot across the sky and Dietrich followed its trail with his eyes all the way down to the horizon where, right at the spot it hit, a single dory braved through the storm. And then it was gone.*

Dietrich woke up in the hospital several days later in a neck brace, his left shoulder in a sling, and bandages around his head and hands. His doctor told him that two kids had found him washed ashore face down in the sand, barely breathing, with bits and pieces of a shattered boat all around him, and had called 911. His dory had apparently struck a sandbar and had disintegrated. He had been in and out of consciousness with a fever for the past few days, and had suffered a serious concussion, but was beginning to change for the better. After a little over a week in the hospital, the doctor finally let him go. As Dietrich slowly walked out, the doctor grabbed him lightly by the elbow.

“Don’t you go trying to be that Number Seven again any time soon, yeah?”

Dietrich smiled and walked out into the steady drizzle and fresh ocean breeze.

# Where They're From

Stephen Aspinall / poetry

It's all whisky and wanking; spelled without the 'e'  
And Faith and Grace are merely the names  
Of the two girls down the street.  
Faith says she believes in nothing; she has a vocabulary  
As filthy as the dank Liverpool coal mines  
And they love it  
Where they're from.

They tell tales of tavern sins like politicians,  
Only with less fucking and more truth.  
The sweet grandmother cackles,  
*"The Prime Minister's an arse  
And what do you expect from an arse  
Except a pile of shit?"*

A golden cane is used  
As a make-shift, English spine  
For those in the rooms of aged oak and old leather.  
John jokes about the glass ceiling, and how it lets him peep up the ladies'  
skirts.  
They pretend not to know that the cane is Excalibur  
Shoved snugly into the backside of that country.  
They pretend not to know that they can't touch it,  
Where they're from.

# You

Samantha LaMar / poetry

You

You said this was best for us—  
To stop feelings before they grow  
And, before we know it,  
Tomorrow morning is  
May.

But

I left my clothes on your bathroom floor

And my necklace with the tiny turquoise stones  
Rests on the shelf above your toilet.

I need them back.

# Iter Periculosissimum

Nicholas Federico / prose in Latin

O Magister, si hanc terram novam videres, numquam ad patriam frigorum tuam voles redire! Haec terra abundat tam multis pomis ut omnes homines nostri secum ea gerere non possent. Quamquam terra placida est, iter tamen difficillimum erat. Dum navigabamus, tempestas acris nos oppressit, et ventus hostis nobis erat. Nubes tenebrae errant, spes nostras rapturae. Dum per mare navigabamus, nautae sperabant se solem aspecturos esse, mortem ipsam timentes. Cum tempestas tandem discessisset, quanta calamitas esset conspiciebamus. Navibus nostris devastatis, insulam quaerere coepimus, in qua navem aliam aedificemus.

Insulam magnam inveneramus, sed ea ita plena animalium ferocium erat ut castra facere non possemus. Quoties iussimus homines invenire cibum, ab animalibus occisi sunt! Homines sortem turpem acceperunt, et animos demisimus. Homo fortis tandem ex silva redivit, iter suum ad mediam insulam declarans. Homo duxit nos ad oppidum antiquum, navem novam aedificatum. Dum in oppido stabamus, incolae armati nobis appropinquaverunt inflicturi. Incolae nos duxerunt ad montem ignium tam magnorum ut circum montem caelum rubuerit. Hi incolae montem laudaverunt, et in ignem cadere debebamus!

Incolae deos clamaverunt, dum viros nostros terruerunt. Primo, ei virum unum in ignem clamantes impegerant, quamquam viros ceteros non tetigerunt. Alio occiso, sanguine eius bibito, et carne eius consumpta, et viri ceteri contra incolas coeperunt pugnare, mortem timentes, postea proelium secutum. Non arma habuimus, at mons coepit movere ita vehementer ut incolae in ignem ceciderint! Quam celerrime monte descendimus ne incendio caperemur. Nemo incolarum monte descenderat, et oppidum ipsi cepimus.

Intra annum, nova navis aedificata est. Hanc insulam tamen relinquere non cupio. Fructus dulces, arbores fortes, mare placidum. Hic vivam usque ad senectutem, tibi similis! Vale, O magister, exspecto me lecturum esse rescriptum tuum ante mortem meam!

## translation / **A Most Dangerous Journey**

O Teacher, if you could see this new land, you would never want to return to your cold homeland! This land abounds with so many fruits that all of our men were not able to carry it with them. Although this land is calm, the trip was most difficult, however. While we were sailing, a fierce storm overwhelmed us, and the wind was our enemy. The clouds had become shadows to take away our hopes. While we were sailing, the sailors were hoping themselves to catch a glimpse at the sun, fearing death itself. After the storm had finally left, we could see how great the disaster was. With our ships devastated, we began to look for an island, on which we could build another ship.

We had discovered a large island, but it was so full of ferocious animals that we were not able to make a camp. As often as we ordered the men to find food, they were killed by the animals! The men accepted the disgraceful fate, and our spirits sank. At last, a brave man returned from the forest, making known his trip to the middle of the island. The man led us into an ancient town, in order to build a new ship. While we were standing in the town, armed natives approached us, about to strike. The natives led us to a mountain of fires so great that, around the mountain, the sky was red. These natives praised the mountain, and we were meant to fall into the fire!

The natives yelled to their gods, and frightened our men. At first, they pushed one man into the fire, yelling, but they did not touch the others. Another man was killed, his blood drank and his flesh consumed, and the men began to fight against the natives, fearing for their lives, and a battle followed. We were not armed, but the mountain began to move violently in such a way that the natives fell into the fire! We descended the mountain as quickly as possible, so that the eruption did not capture us. Not one of the natives descended the mountain, and we took their town ourselves.

We had built a new ship within the year. However, I do not want to leave this island. The fruits are sweet, the trees are tall and strong, and the sea is peaceful. I will live here until I am an old man like you! Good health to you, O Teacher, and I expect to read your reply before I am dead!

# The Old Guitarist

Cia Scott / prose

I am an old, lonely man. I am always on the same corner, playing my guitar, waiting for her. I'm waiting for my love, though she probably doesn't love me anymore. It all started about thirty years ago. I was young and poor, yet I still found love.

...

I was sitting on the corner of Park Avenue dressed in my regular all red attire. Red used to be my favorite color, until time got to me. Some say that red is a feminine color, but it always did well for me. I was playing a song I wrote on my guitar when a beautiful young woman walked up. She had rosy cheeks and lips as red as the blood that was coursing through my veins as my heart raced. But it was her eyes, green, evergreen like a forest, concealing mysteries held deep within their bountiful beauty. She was wearing various shades of blue. They were subtle, like the whisper of the wind across the cascading waves of her jet black hair that stuck out like a crow perched on a fencepost. From this, I should have known. She asked what song I was playing and I told her it was my own. She was surprised, but still, she complimented my talent. She then surprised me by sitting next to me. There were gasps and looks from people walking past us on the now warm pavement. I do admit, it was a rather shocking sight to see a wealthy woman dressed in lace and silk, sitting next to a poor man dressed in rags. We ignored the gawking. At that corner, we sat into the night playing, laughing, and talking of vastly different worlds that we had and had not yet seen. Night fell and she had to go. Weeks passed by, and she continued to sit with me every day on the corner of Park Avenue. That is where we fell in love.

With all the money I got from playing my guitar on the streets I

bought a circle-shaped broach. The circle, our undying love. It was violet, a mixture of our favorite colors—blue and red. Finally, a way for our unity to be displayed. I soon started wearing blue, and she, red, realizing that the colors suited us quite well. As we walked through the streets all those years ago, guitar in hand, her hand in the other, I took the broach out of my pocket. I slowly opened my palm for her to see the jewel. I didn't even have to explain. She took our love and pinned it to the collar of her dress, beside her heart.

Upon seeing the broach, her father was disgusted and moved her far away to live with her aunt. She kept the pin and gave me the jewel, telling me to trade it for money and travel the world as I had wanted. She loved me, she said. I never told her that I loved her, too.

• • •

Thirty years later, I sit here, playing my guitar. Dressed in blue, skin tinted white, heart painted green, and soul forever violet. Violet. I take the jewel from the broach out of my pocket and lose myself in its facets of memories, chained to the corner of Park Avenue on the cold pavement...

I wait. I find myself between satin sheets with a French prostitute. I wait. Begging under a bridge while a storm passes over London. I wait. While pouring myself another beer at a Scottish pub. I wait. On the beaches of Normandy. In the Sahara desert. I don't know where I am. I breathe, "Caldonia." I find myself catching a train to Spain. Crossing miles of land and country, traveling back to that same damn corner. Damn Park Avenue. Damn this whiskey, damn me, damn every woman except her. No, not her. She waits for me, I know it. She waits for me on the terrace of an Italian café. She waits for me behind the walls of Germany. She waits for me in the Himalayas, across the Soviet Union, into the Pacific. She waits for me in Manhattan, singing show tunes. She waits for me as she pushes her lover away and storms out the door. I wait, here.

Here as well.

A shadow casts over me. It's the figure of an elderly woman. She has

rose-red cheeks, lips that whisper, “Ishmael.” Her eyes look me over and know. They know everything. They smile, reflecting the green that marks a new beginning. She wears a red dress which has the gold- trimmed outline of a broach pinned over her heart. I take the violet jewel out of my ragged pocket and hold it out for her to see. My love looks at it with tears in the forests of her eyes. She kneels down, and places her delicate hand over my broken heart. I place my calloused hand over hers. We hold each other in this moment and lose ourselves in the depths of our souls, into the infinity of our destiny, which brings us together. Together. We sit at the beautiful, damned corner of Park Avenue, playing, laughing, and talking about our future. We see ourselves in an estate in the Spanish countryside. We see ourselves sailing across the Black Sea. We see ourselves having dinner with her father. We see ourselves in the swirls of colors in a painting of unrequited love. Shades of blues overwhelm me. I reach out, and add strokes of red. She blends them and they are violet. Ever so violet—as the night sky. It falls and she doesn’t leave my side.



I can hear these voices that sound so familiar  
but they are far away and broken up like a radio  
station comin in through the static.           Who?

Ramblin men. Outlaws. Rugged. Long gone  
    off this precipice before me. Found where  
        it hangs and where it goes down below.  
What is next and how that place smells,       feels.  
The answer to both is "like Texas," they tell me.  
    Smell of dust kickin up  
        and feel of a blue norther's  
            wind on my face.

The grit caught in my teeth buzzes, and they say I should follow  
on down and over. Find out where this here thing goes.   Time and

I spit into the wind and let myself tumble on over,  
let its last sounds pick up and rest in my ears.                   I'm gone.

# Dear Mama

David Cole / prose

*Dear Mama,*

In Brooklyn, there were two ways to make a living for anybody fitting my profile. One was shameful, dangerous, and absent of happiness. The other was blue collar work. I hope that, in making the choice that I did, I have made you proud. I hope that I would have made Papa proud, too.

It was simple enough, at first. We started a business in a little red-brick building on 42nd Street and, after what seemed like ages, business began to roll in steadily enough. Actual work is a far cry from the life we led back home, Mama. I don't think I ever realized how hard you and Papa had it back then, breaking your backs to feed and raise two boys in a world where people like us didn't have the kind of respect we do now. It's hard in Brooklyn, too, but it can't be as hard as back then.

I've always been a simple kind of man, I think. I can remember how we would run around the back yard and have such fine adventures. Those were such satisfying times. Like all I ever needed was a yellow towel tied around my neck as a cape and a dose of shining sun. Fixing drains and laying pipe isn't anything like an adventure. Not a fulfilling one, anyway. With just two men in a small place that doubles as a living space and an office, it's not a very hopeful situation. I'd been having trouble dating, too. It became too difficult for me to get close to a woman and know that, in time, I would have to show her the room I share with my brother. Or even the conversation far before that, about careers.

"So... what do you do?"

"Oh, I unclog toilets. Professionally."

It was too much for me, Mama.

Don't think that I'm ashamed of my brother, though. Never think that. When he looks at me after we officially complete another day's business, I can see the respect just beaming out of his eyes. I don't know how he

thinks of me the way he does. I never have figured it out. It just amazes me how anyone could look at me and see someone worth looking up to. Especially my brother. As well as he knows me, he should know better.

I wasn't happy, Mama. I hadn't been happy for so long that I don't think I remembered what it was like. Even memories of those backyard adventures had escaped me, when day in and day out was the same story. I wasn't cut out for the family business, and even such a city as New York didn't do anything to temper my own feelings of worthlessness and misery.

But if there's anything I've managed to figure out in all these years, it's that staying still is as good as being dead. I wasn't happy, so why was I not changing my situation?

It's so strange thinking about the business now. It seems so far in the past. I have these strange flashbacks whenever I have to do minor plumbing around the house (the house, Mama! God, a house!). I smile when plunging now, though, for I know it is but a small task and not the future.

I think it is all thanks to her, Mama. We may have met under strange circumstances, but she was able to see past my work. She thought I was a hero, really. I corrected her, of course, but it didn't matter. To her, I'm a hero still. The difference with her is, unlike my brother, I don't feel that I should somehow convince her that I'm not anything like what she thinks I am. She makes me feel genuinely important. Like her opinion of me is somehow more important, more correct, than my own. She breathes into me a sense of wellness, of satisfaction. She is adventure, in a way, the way she attracts and gives rise to it. That is the most beautiful thing a person can be, I think.

How someone such as her, who comes from the stock she does, could ever have fallen for a fat plumber from Brooklyn is a mystery to me. She's a princess, Mama, and I'm the kind of person she should have avoided. But instead she continues to lift me up. She urges me to go that extra step, to raise one more flag. I'm a fortunate man to have her in my life, Mama, and regardless of what our future may be, I will never let harm befall her.

I don't know if she loves me, or if she ever will, but she's too important to me now. She's the only one who has ever made me feel worthwhile. For that, she has my eternal gratitude.

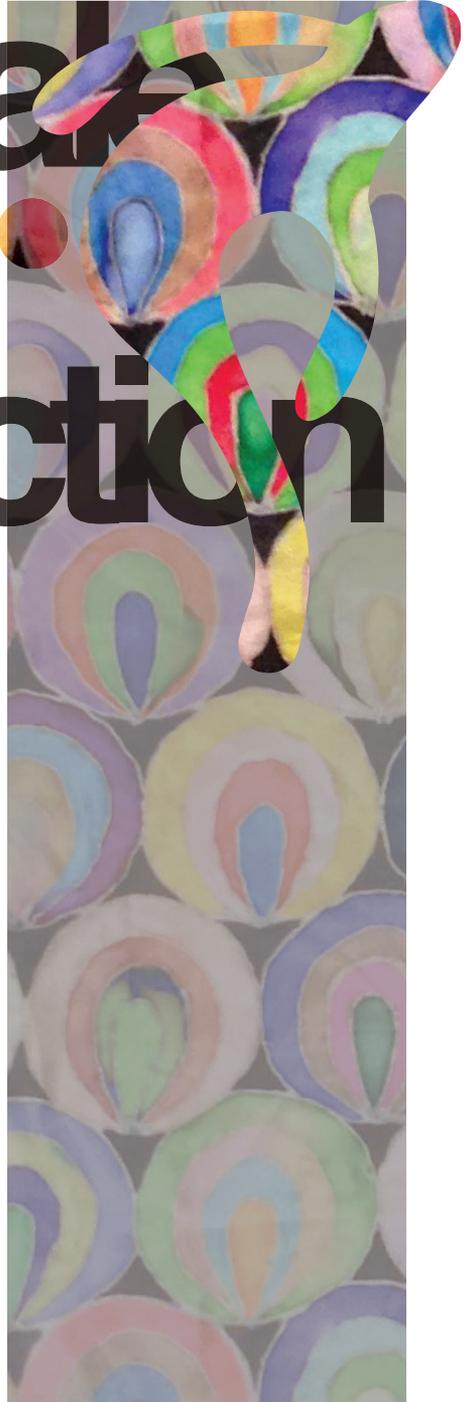
I started this letter to make the same offer I always do. I know you don't want to leave the old home, but I have plenty of room here. This country is so inviting to newcomers. Even people like us. I wish you would stay with me, even if just for a while. I'll be playing tennis again with everyone soon. I have told you how it's become my favorite pastime, yes? It would be a perfect opportunity to meet her. And I know she would adore you, Mama, and you her! How could she not? How could you not?

At least... promise me you will consider a visit. If nothing permanent, just a vacation and time to get away from all the work you have to do by yourself now. It can't be easy. Adventuring alone never is.

*With much love and starry eyes,*

*Mario*

**shar  
art  
section**



## Cast On

Olivia Lasheen / cast aluminum

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## Teapot

Brooklynn Poe / clay





## Interpretation of a Piranha

Shane Wireman / 21500 nails, wire, & mesh



## Bound

**Hannah Schomaker** / muslin, plastic boning, cotton thread, elastic, & macrame cord

## Overreaching

**Taran Parsons** / graphite drawing

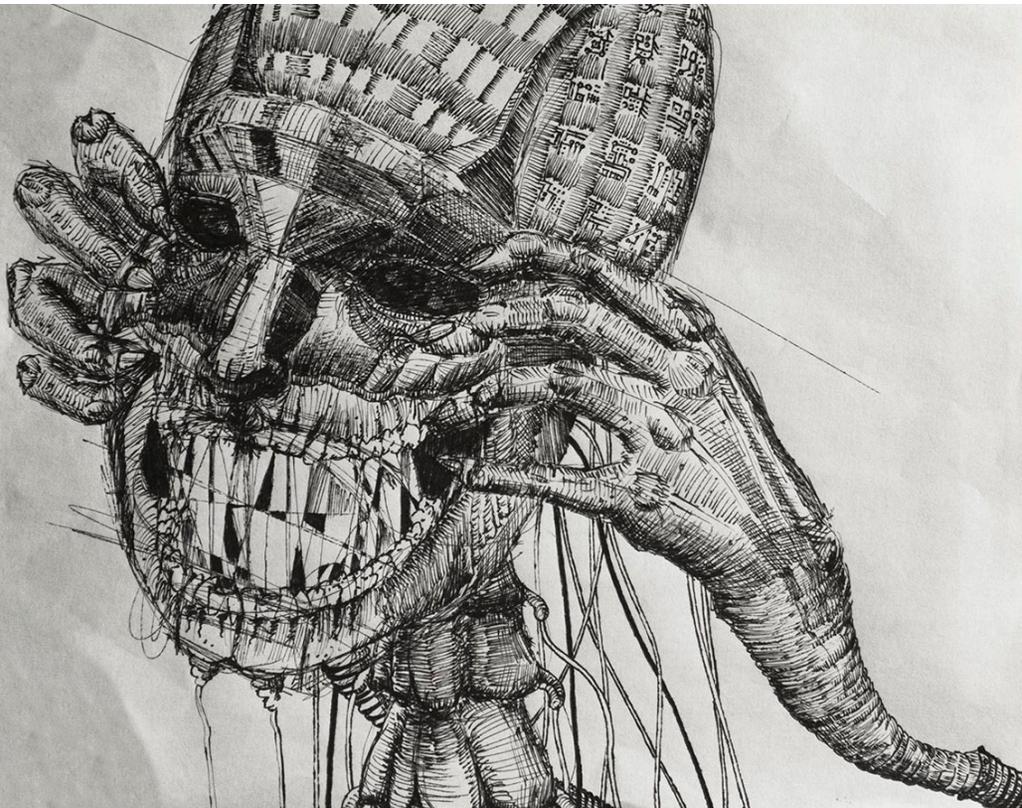
# Drifting City

Irvin Shaifa / pen, ink, & watercolor



# No Filter

Dallas Conn / ink on paper



# Discovery

Sarah Detraz / chalk pastel



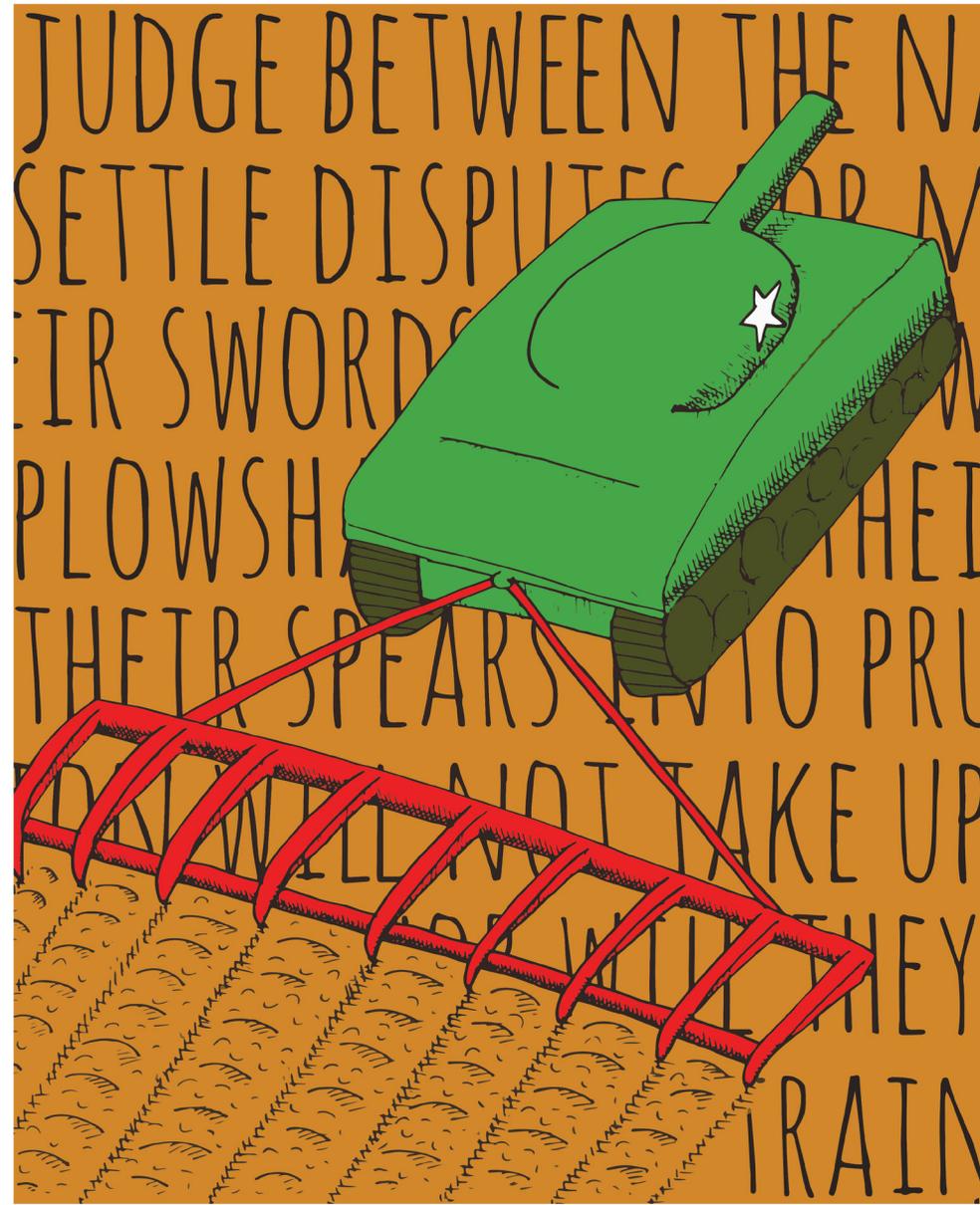
# Music Frozen in Architecture

Pooya Mohaghegh / mat board



# Industrial

Katelyn Elliott / digital photography



"Swords Into Plowshares"

## Swords Into Plowshares

Tom Baker / digital illustration



# Thinking Outside of the Box

Matthew Ireland / digital vector printed in vinyl



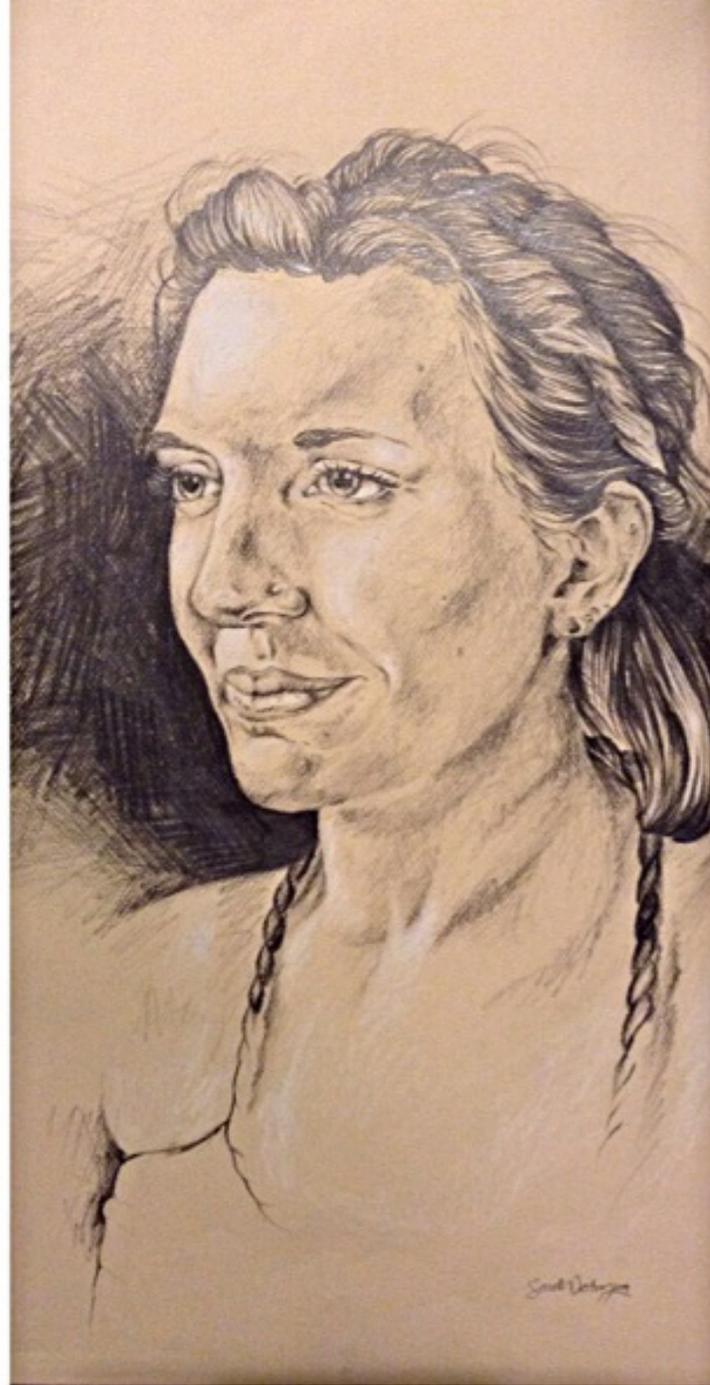
# Goldfish

Brooklynn Poe / clay

# Rebirth

Reese True / digital photography





**Engagement Drawing from Life**  
Sarah Detraz / graphite & white colored pencil



## Ghana

Margaret Lewis / digital photography

## Inveiglement

Melissa Shelton / acrylic on canvas

# FruitFull

Melissa Shelton / acrylic on panel



# Dry Land Fish

Taran Parsons / dirt, clay, & canvas

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# Unaimed 72

Janie Kegley / hand-painted silk scarf  
*cover image*

# La magie de l'innocence

Kaitlyn Marsh / poetry in French

Une dame doit affronter des obstacles  
Ne doit pas être impuissante  
Et quand elle est toute seule dans une débâcle  
La magie plaide en son sens contre.

Les dames malfaisantes ne savent pas  
Qu'elles font des choses diaboliques  
Et quand elles menacent une innocente  
Elles se blessent mutuellement.

# The Pages

Anne Baillie / prose

2,000. That is the approximate number of books my coworker, John, and I are being required to move. Debbie, a reference librarian, isn't technically our boss, but she does act as the overarching supervisor on the Saturday shift. Of all the librarians I have met, she is the closest to looking like what a Hollywood movie would cast as a librarian. She's in her late sixties, petite, with pale skin and a crop of light gray hair cut in a traditional boy's style. Today, she wears her famous plaid jumper. The dress is red, black, and yellow plaid, with two larger straps and goes down to her mid-calves, with a solid black shirt worn underneath.

"We need you to move the books," she says, "so that no books are on the bottom shelf." John and I pass a silent look to each other. This is insane. Just a few months ago, we had been instructed to move all the books so that they were on the bottom shelf. Surely, she's making a very rare joke. I wait for the punch line.

It never comes.

"I know you guys have done similar things before," she says sharply. "You know how to use the identifying tags on the shelf to measure out where on the shelf you should place the book ends. You know to dust every shelf with the green cloth. Start whenever you're ready." With a smile, she walks away. John and I neither smile, nor walk away. We stand in the middle of the Lemont Public Library's non-fiction section, staring at the fourteen rows of cream metal shelves, all six shelves high and twice the width of a person, illuminated under the florescent ceiling lights to look like something on display at a torture museum.

John turns away from the horror first. "Well, I'll go get the cart." He returns with a single, beige metal cart, with four shelves for books and four small wheels. It is solid and stronger than it looks, just like John. He is tall and solid, with floppy black hair he's always trying to spike. He is

wearing a pair of relaxed fit, light blue denim jeans, and has on a striped t-shirt that's cut at the arms in such a way that you couldn't tell he lifted fifty pounds every night. That's the way he liked it.

"You're going to Kentucky in four weeks?" he asks.

"No, five. My last Saturday shift is four weeks from now."

He nods. "Let's get to work."

• • •

1,800 books. Both of us, luckily, had gotten a chance to move some on our weekday shifts. I work on Tuesdays; John works Wednesdays. We are both pages at the library. A page's main responsibility is to put library books back on the shelves. The process is a cycle, and the same for every book:

1. A person, called a patron, checks out a book.
2. The patron returns the book.
3. A worker at the circulation desk, called a clerk, checks the book back in. The book is put on a metal cart in the back, the same the pages use, depending on where the book is to be shelved in the library.
4. The page shelves the book.
5. Someone else checks out the book.

And so on, ever-repeating, until that knowledge is spread to every single person who desires it. Or until the pages are told to move every nonfiction book instead, whichever comes first.

John and I start moving the books. We fall into a rhythm quickly, as we have done this many times over the past year. We have worked together for fifty-two Saturdays, minus the few when I visited UK, when I was on vacation, and the one time John's family went on a day trip to downtown. We know not only our task, but how we need to work together. We know that I need a red, metal stool to move the books on the top shelf. We know that John will always be careful about using a shelf label that is accurate to whatever the subject is. He will use the dance label for the books about ballet, the cooking label for the gluten-free cookbooks.

The books of that Saturday are mostly in the historical and travel sections. We shift the books carefully. *Shift* is the official name for when pages move many books in a single section. The reason it's given a special title is because it involves more than just placing the books somewhere new. It's about moving the books, organizing them, placing a book end in the same place on every shelf, and dusting the shelves.

Because John and I have discovered our rhythm, we begin to chat. We talk about what classes he will take this fall as a senior at Lemont High School. We talk about the end of summer parties that are coming up. We eventually land upon the topic of the shrinking TAG team.

TAG stands for Teen Advisory Group. The team is appropriately named, as it is a group of teens who advise the library on what teen programs should be offered. A long time ago, the group had nine members.

Now, it is just me and John.

"I'm going to be all alone next year, Ann," he whines.

"That's not true. Maybe a cute little Polish girl will move in, someone you can fall in love with and get married."

"Why does she have to be Polish?"

"Isn't everyone in your extended family Polish?"

"That's... true," he concedes. He smiles at me, a large toothy grin. I smile back.

We look at the clock on the wall of the library. It's 3:00, which is the end of John's shift. I work for another hour after him. Together, John and I walk to the employee only section of the library. On a small metal table next to the copy machine is a black desktop computer. The computer is used to run one internet browser, which solely displays *Paylocity!*, an electronic punch in/out system. John punches out.

"See you next week, Ann!"

I smile. "Bye, John!"

• • •

1,500 books. By now, John and I are on the section of celebrity biographies. This is a terrible section, as the books are usually out of order from careless patrons who pick up books, decide they are uninteresting, and put them back any which way without looking at the call number. I will never understand why people say the Dewey Decimal system is confusing. It is not. Like all things in a library, it is made for fast referencing and easy access. The system works like this:

1. Each book is placed into a hundreds group from 0-9 based off topic. Computers are 0, for instance, and entertainment is the 7s.
2. Each book is then assigned other numbers, depending on how specific the book is. A general cookbook, for instance, will likely be 641, but a book specifically about the cooking of tomatoes in American culture will have decimal points trailing after it.
3. The first three letters of the author's last name are added to the bottom. If there is no known author, the first three letters of the title are used.
4. Place books in numerical order, followed by alphabetical order.

See? It's really quite simple, yet patrons always insist that they can never find any books, nor are they capable of putting the books back properly. This means that John and I must slow down our rhythm, so as to add time to fix the books' order. We are silent.

John looks at me. "You only have two Saturdays left."

"I know."

"Are you excited to go to Kentucky?"

"Very."

"Are you sad to leave here?"

"Yes and no. No, I'm not sad to leave Lemont. But the library? That I am very sad to leave."

"You will come back though, won't you?"

"Of course, they don't let you stay in the dorms over winter break."

"No," John says, "that's not what I meant. After you have gotten your English degree and you MLIS, then you'll come back here, right?"

His big brown eyes are hopeful. I want to scream yes. I want to tell

him I will always come home, that the future is certain, that the prodigal daughter will return, better than ever and as an actual librarian.

I sigh. "I don't know."

I cannot lie to him. We have known each other too long, too well - too many years as friends for that.

"Why not?"

"It'll all depend on where I get hired."

"They would hire you here!"

"We don't know that, John," I say.

He sighs. He knows that I am right. We stare at each other, not in an angry way, but in such a way as to show one another we appreciate the gravity of the situation. We know that, regardless of whether or not I return, it will not be the same as it was when I left.

"I don't like change," he says.

This doesn't surprise me. John has said this many times over the years. It's the reason he gives for loving Tony DiTerrlizi's *WondLa* series, despite the awful plot. To John, it is all about how everyone in the circle of friends in the book remains friends the entire time, despite changes.

"I know you don't, John. But everything will work out. I know it will." We look at the clock. It is three. Again, I go with John to clock him out.

"See you next week, Ann!" His serious demeanor is gone. Once again, he is the John I know well, the always optimistic one.

"Bye, John." I smile.

• • •

1,350 books. These are books about repairing the home. They discuss how to update bathrooms and build decks, how to remodel kitchens and create sheds.

"In our apartment, we won't have to fix anything," John says.

"Of course not. The janitors will do that for us."

'Our apartment' is not really our apartment. Rather, it is the penthouse suite of Trump Tower, and it costs a cool \$32 million to live there. The

place is huge, almost a floating mansion. John is an expert on the lifestyle of the wealthy throughout the country, but especially in Chicago. John has vowed that he will live in that tower one day. We have a deal that after I am rich from my best-selling, award-winning novel, and John is rich from winning the lottery, we will split the bill and share the place. There are plenty of bedrooms, so we should be okay.

“Have you given any thought for what you want to do?” I ask.

“No, nothing new.” This means John is sticking with his original plan: win the lottery and use the money to build a casino that is on top of high rises, so it looks like it’s floating over Chicago.

“So you haven’t given any thought to what you want to major in?”

He shrugs. “I might do business. I would get to talk about rich people.” John loves to do that. He is constantly reading the Forbes 100 list, and telling me all about it. In fact, the conversation branches off to who has been moved on the list, how many people on the list live in Chicago, and why it’s such a low number.

We look at the clock. It is three. Once again, I walk with John when he clocks out.

“See you next week, Ann!”

“Bye John.” I smile.

• • •

1,100 books. John and I do not shift much. It is my last day, so I have brought a cake, and we are determined to celebrate. We sit in the library’s break room. The room has the same gray carpet as the rest of the library, a solid black dishwasher, beige cabinets filled with plates and bowls, a small folding purple and green couch, a dark metal round table, and four short gray metal chairs. John and I are sitting at the table, eating cake.

“This is good cake.”

“Thanks, John.”

“Are you excited to go to Kentucky?”

“Very.”

“Are you sad to leave?”

“Very.”

“Ann, will you text me once you’re there?”

“Of course I will! I’m going to text you every week.”

“You will? I wasn’t sure if you would be able to.”

“If anything, I won’t be able to not text you.”

He smiles. “Okay, good. I’ll keep you updated about the library.”

I smile. “Okay, good.” We discuss the end of summer party at the library that night, and how we will both be there. It will be the last time we see each other until Thanksgiving.

We look at the clock. It is three. I walk with John when he clocks out.

“See you later, Ann!”

There are so many things I want to say in that moment.

I want to say, “I’ll miss you every second.”

I want to say, “The idea of not seeing you every day makes me not want to go.”

I want to say, “How am I supposed to get through any of this without you?”

Instead I just smile, and say, “Bye, John.” He leaves.

# the patient victor

Shelby Bevins / poetry

grass, sprouts –  
you crack open  
the old, used asphalt  
and triumph  
because you live.  
no one else can  
reach their hands  
through the concrete  
vault that lines their tombs.

## غربة بين الاحباب!

Abdul Majeed Al Hashmi / poetry in Arabic

في ظلمة حالكة مع الغرباء...  
 على ظهر بحر عميق...  
 لم أجد طعم الصداقة أو الحقيقة...  
 فجميع من حولي تنكر وأظهر أشد الجداء...  
 عدم المبالاة صورة مجروحة...  
 أملي أن يكون نوع من الابتلاء...

في الواقع...

لم أعد أعي الكثير من حولي...  
 تُراودني كثير من الاستفهامات...؟ والتعجبات...!  
 هل ثم خلل؟!  
 وهل الخلل بي أم بهم؟!

في الواقع...

لا فرق بين العدو والصديق...  
 صنف واحد فقط يُكشف وقت الضيق...  
 أين الخطأ؟  
 هل كان الخطأ لأنني لم أسوي فكري بهم؟  
 أم الخطأ كوني لم أوفق في اختبارهم!

ولكن لا ضئير...

ولا ضير...

ما دمتم محبوباً في قلوب من أحبهم...  
 فهنا أستطيع أن أقول:  
 قد تنجلي الغربة...

## translation / **Foreignness Among My Beloved**

In the ominous night with strangers...  
Riding the deep sea...  
I couldn't find the taste of truth or friendliness...  
Everyone around me disguised and showing hatred...  
Carelessness in a wounded picture.  
I hope it's a kind of tribulation.

In fact...

I can't comprehend much around me...  
Many questions? ... Exclamations! approach me...  
Is something wrong?  
And if there is, is it my fault or theirs?

In fact...

There is no difference between enemy and friend...  
But only one is revealed during times of trouble...  
Where is the fault?  
Was the fault because I didn't level with them?  
Or was the fault that I wasn't blessed in choosing them?

But no harm...

No harm...

As long as I'm still loved in the hearts of my loved ones.  
Here I can say...  
The foreignness may end.

# Strange Genes

David Cole / poetry

She looks at me in grade school desk  
next to her. She stares at my huge  
nose and scoots away, centimeter  
by centimeter so the teacher doesn't  
see. But the class does. At recess  
she says I look like The Blob and I  
watch it at home because I do not  
understand the joke. She ruins "she"  
for me then and there. Maybe forever.

Across the ocean, Pete Townshend,  
ugly and British and playing guitar  
writes a lengthy song about feeling,  
for one moment, that he is beautiful.  
His handsome vocalist friend sings it.

Down the road, across the pond,  
she looks at me through this loud  
shirt and voice designed to distract.  
She doesn't think I'm funny and that  
is the kindest thing anyone ever said  
to me. She revives "she" with hand  
soft-perched on my neck when it aches.  
She revives "she" with whispered words  
in my ear as she becomes the only  
person to ever inch closer to me. She  
makes me feel, for one moment, like  
an ugly British guitarist.

# Still as a Stone

Austin Wilkerson / prose

Still as a stone he stood upon the stage, letting the silence weigh in on him and testing its potency. Once upon a time he had drawn a perfect figure. Youthful, electric, wild hair and even wilder clothes. With his magnetic stare and a flick of his wrist he had commanded the entire auditorium. Every last rabid youth had scrambled to get a glimpse of him, begging him to fill their senses with his molten iron sounds. He'd dropped 'em like flies, every last one. But now he was a little older. A little more grey. A little more stooped, but proud nonetheless. He had earned this, certainly. This was the fruit of all his labor, all his years. Well, there'd been Ricky too, arms crossed as he and the suits talked about dough in the corner. And then there was Sanza, perched behind his drum kit like some great horned owl as he mapped out the upcoming performance. But they were both long dead. Now it was just him, but hell, he'd written the songs anyway. He stood there, trying to picture himself as a piece of chiseled marble, carved out of the mind of some shadowy Renaissance sculptor. Bowing yet unbroken beneath the blinding stage lights, stoic-faced and confident. Yes, that was him, still with all that wicked magic. After all these years. A trance-inducing, hex-muttering boogey-man straight out of some forgotten swamp legend. *Flick your wrist. Drop 'em like flies. Ha, maybe.* His story, this legend of He, was a tragedy and he knew it. Tonight was his denouement. Tonight was his final, futile leap before a nice, smooth slide down and away into oblivion. Just like Ricky. Like Sanza. The clap of thunder that rolls into the distance where finally everyone forgets just how loud it had clamored in their ears only moments before.

In his hands he held his fabled instrument. He looked down at it, cradled in his arms like a lost love, like a mature, beckoning woman. Its scratches and worn edges held many tales, guarded many secrets, boasted many victories. Most of which had gone down as legend, he figured.

The strings had long gone to rust, pulled taut beneath the weight of his calloused fingers. He had worked many an hour to build those calluses. There had been blood. The sweetest pain he had known. Not unlike the pain he was experiencing now, poised like a mannequin up there on the stage, once again suspended in space for all the world to see. Him and his baby, somehow the only survivors, together for one last show.

He knew they were all waiting for him. They were all sitting out there. People, real people, just floating in the blackness beyond the blinding aura of the stage lights. An old, familiar heat. There were red and blue and green lights, all sorts of colors really. But most of all, there was that piercing whiteness. Can't escape that white light. Took him a while to learn it. Maybe he needed to get older. In his younger days he had worn the big sunglasses to keep it out. He had worn the sunglasses to keep the other things out, too. The managers, the press, the screaming fans. The white noise that permeated the bus at night on the long roads between shows. He'd worn them to keep out the disgust and the sickness and the gulping despair. Boy, he had thought those glasses were pure magic. Took him a while to realize they didn't work.

He knew they were restless now. The audience, yes. That ravenous beast. He could hear their energy beneath the silence, feel it seeping into his skin through osmosis and ricocheting off his slimy old bones. Still he held the strings down, but still he did not strum. He listened to the gentle hum of the amplifier. Whatever amplifier it was these days. It had been so long since he'd set up his own gear. The far-gone days of lugging around his own rig seemed like a sweaty dream to him. There had been Ricky with his arms full, red-faced and jittery. There had been Sanza above it all, quietly mulling over the exact placement of his tarnished and imperfect cymbals. Another victim of the white light.

He was tense now. He'd waited long enough. *They* had waited long enough. Twelve long years to the day, dammit, and so now here he was, drug out of his hole to send them off right. He tested his picking hand, watching the old knuckle bones piston up and down, smiling toothlessly up at him from beneath their blanket of arthritis meds. Keeping it easy.

*'This was easy. Here we go. Just flick your wrist, John. Drop 'em like flies. C'mon, strum. Pull all six strings and let 'em ring. Six ringing strings for the six mates he'd lost along the way. No, that wasn't right. Six strings to form a G chord. How exactly did he end up here alone again? Ricky, Sanza. It didn't matter. He knew what he had to do. He'd always known exactly what he had to do. C'mon then, do it. Just flick your wrist and drop 'em like flies.*

# Suam Beneficium

Kaitlyn Marsh / prose in Latin

Parva puella rogatus scribere narrationem diei, quamvis nemo crederet suam beneficium.

*Cum coxissem mihi ivi foras datum aliquem cibum alteri puellae in nostrae viae. Quia monstraverat mihi beneficium idem cum eram aegra, iter faciebam domum amicae ut ferrem cibum ei quasque hebdomadem. Ambulabat ex domu ut luderemus una et puerum ad nos ambulabat, "Si esses pulchra," dixit meae amicae, "Non necesse esses pascere cibum istum."*

*Erat tam crudelis ut esset tristis.*

*Mea amica lacrimante defendebam eiae dignitatem contra puerum minantem.*

*"Vivis insultando; vivimus amandis amicis."*

translation / **Her Kindness**

The little girl was asked to write down the story of the day, although no one would believe her kindness.

*When I finished cooking for myself I went outside to give some food to the other girl on our street. Because she had shown me the same amount of kindness when I was sick I traveled to my friend's home to bring food for her every week. She walked outside of the house so that we could play together and a boy walked by and said, "If you were pretty," he said to my friend, "then you would not need to beg for that food of yours."*

*He was so mean that she was sad.*

*Because my friend was crying, I defended her honor against the menacing boy.*

*"You live for insulting; we live for loving friends."*

# Sweet Tea and Self-Righteousness

Claire Kellen / prose

On my first day in Lexington, I ordered an iced tea at lunch. I nearly choked on my own confusion at the foreign sweetness. This was *not* what iced tea tasted like in Chicago. A few months later, a teacher at my new high school commented on my manners, something I had never felt I was lacking. She was slightly taken aback that I never followed “yes” with “ma’am,” a title I was not even aware that I was supposed to be using. Though the culture clash was hardly extreme, these small changes served as something of a microcosm.

For a considerable amount of time, I had no intention of remaining in Kentucky one day longer than was absolutely unavoidable. I preferred skyscrapers to horse farms and was steadfastly opposed to having my “little heart” blessed. But almost despite myself, I have grown to feel at home in Kentucky. I suppose that unflinching southern hospitality eventually melted my icy northern aloofness, which I only subconsciously surrendered. Five years after that first lunch out, I still ask for my tea unsweetened, though I no longer send it back when the server mishears me. Far more trenchant than growing fond of my new home state, however, was the glimpse it gave me of what it means to be human. The evolution of my relationship with a horse farm’s stone fences has implications whose magnitude I did not immediately realize.

Our personal and cultural identities are most often inseparable from the place we call home, and of these things we are inherently defensive. This is not hard to see. The consequences, on the contrary, are often hard to recognize. We forge our own ways of doing things into double-edged swords, rashly dueling with anything we sense as a challenge. We only half-jokingly bicker over these differences, like whether “pop” or “soda” is the correct term. We are the Lilliputian kings from *Gulliver’s*

*Travels*, starting wars over which end of an egg must be eaten first. Our irrationality creates a false dichotomy. We do not recognize the flaws in our “us-versus-them” mentality, because slivers of smugness and superiority are irresistible. They are the poison apples offered by the wizened hand of pride. It is pride who whispers in our ear as we dig trenches from which to wage war, gaining no ground and destroying what little we have. As we forfeit empathy and understanding, our acknowledgement of the humanity in others sinks below the horizon; by night we plant our flag of coldness to mark our grounds, a rejection of negotiation with anyone whom we deem “other.”

Thus we prevent ourselves from making our sometimes unbearable world a little more bearable—a task which is impossible as long as exclusion, intolerance, and ignorance still exist, a task which is the point of being human. As I enter into brave new worlds, I remember that while I carry pride on my shoulder, I must continuously temper it with empathy. This knowledge is my driving force—though I sometimes swerve—as well as my source of purpose, a path of escape from myself.

# Διερχομένη

Lauren Wilson / poetry in Greek

χαίρω ὡς ὄρνις  
ἐν χώρᾳ πετομένη  
ἐν νυκτὶ νοστεῖν.

translation / **Journeying**

Like a bird, I rejoice to roam;  
and yet, in the evening  
to come again home.

# Frivolous Things

Grant Forbes / prose

When I was in second grade, my classmates spent their recesses on frivolous things, like kickball and fun.

I myself would have none of this. I had higher aspirations. I wanted to use my recess time for a greater cause. I wanted to make something; I wanted to leave a lasting impact on the playground that other children would appreciate for eons to come. I wanted to show my classmates how silly all their ball-kicking and fun-having really was, compared with the great things I could achieve. I was going to change the whole school with my recess time. No, not just the school. I was going to use my recess time to change the world.

I was going to spend my recess time that year digging a hole to China.

It was an idea like none other. It was so brilliant, yet so simple in its premise, that I was astounded nobody had ever thought of it before. The only explanation I could really think of as to why they hadn't, in fact, was that I myself was a genius, the likes of which the world had never seen. I was a second grade genius, and this was to be my life's greatest achievement.

I approached my two best friends at the time, David and Tanner, and told them of this grand idea of mine. They became quite enthused. They thought China would be cool, and we would get super famous, and we might even find some buried treasure on our way there. I mean, we were bound to find some buried treasure eventually if we dug deep enough, right? Right. How could we not?

The recess after I explained my master plan to them, we set out on a quest across the playground to find the perfect patch of soil on which to begin our masterpiece. We trekked for feet and feet until we found it. It was an inconspicuous spot, under a tree, near the edge of the playground. We figured it was as good of a spot as any and started digging. We didn't

really have access to shovels of any sort, so we just used our hands. We were fine with that. It would just seem that much more impressive when we finally reached China.

Each day, we would go out on the playground and walk past the purposeless frolicking and wild cavorting of our less sophisticated classmates, headed towards our hole. Each day, we would dig a little bit farther, getting closer to China with every scoop of dirt. Each day, I would go home to my parents and talk excitedly about how far we had dug, and how we would become world famous, and how we were going to improve trade relations between the U.S. and China, and oh how surprised those Chinese people would be when we came up through the ground.

My parents did not share my enthusiasm about this idea. They questioned its feasibility. Silly parents. Couldn't they just see how great of an idea this was? They were probably just jealous that they hadn't thought of it first. I ignored them and determinedly kept on digging.

After a few months, we discovered something that was clearly buried treasure. We eagerly uncovered it. It was not buried treasure. It was a root of the tree we were digging next to. It raised our spirits, nonetheless, and we redoubled our efforts.

I went home and excitedly told my parents about this promising development. They weren't impressed. They still didn't get it. They didn't think I would have enough time to get all the way to China. They were making a ridiculous assertion, of course. I had a whole year. A whole year! I was going to use all my recesses for a whole year. That's basically like forever.

We kept digging.

About halfway through the school year, I started examining our hole to see how far we had really progressed, doing rough mental estimates to determine whether or not we were on schedule. I realized that, in relation to the diameter of the earth, our hole actually wasn't that large yet. I wasn't unreasonable, of course, so I figured that we would have to somehow speed up our digging process if we wanted to get to China before school was out. We decided to go about this by recruiting other

students to help us.

We told them about how cool China was going to be, and about how they could be famous along with us, and about how we might discover buried treasure on the way there; we had already discovered a tree root and everything. The other second graders knew a worthwhile endeavor when they saw it, and the recruiting efforts were a huge success. Many more kids decided to give up their frivolous, kickball-playing ways, and enlisted to join in on our quest. Eventually, we had anywhere from five to eight people digging on any given day. Everything was going great. We were going to get to China in no time.

But then, our quest started facing more and more setbacks. For one thing, whenever it rained, dirt would wash back into the hole, erasing whatever progress we had made in the last few days. There was also an anonymous group of kids with a different recess time than ours who would occasionally romp around in the dirt piles we had created, causing the dirt to slide back into the hole. We could never find out who they were. They were probably first graders though. First graders were just like little kids.

There was also the issue of mathematics. In three fourths of the school year, we had only dug around four feet deep. I tried to press on and keep people motivated, but a second grader's attention span only goes for so long, and the hole-digging population slowly dwindled. Eventually it was back down to just David, Tanner, and me.

We kept digging.

Then we found it. David exclaimed that he had spotted something shiny. He quickly uncovered it, and the three of us gathered around and stared in awe at our discovery. We had truly found buried treasure.

It was a dime. We were ecstatic.

We had already decided beforehand that we would evenly split all the profits from anything we found. We used this opportunity to apply our recently acquired division skills. Ten divided by three was three, with a remainder of one. We would each get three cents. With a remainder of one. Everyone was happy.

Then the question occurred to all of us, simultaneously. Who would get the final cent?

We all started making our cases to the others. I thought that I should get it, because the hole was my idea in the first place. David thought he should get it, because he was the one who first saw the dime; we might not ever have even found it without him. Tanner thought that he should get it because, well, he really, *really* wanted it. All compelling reasons. With no objective fourth party to act as a moderator and judge among the three of us, things got a little heated. We each became very determined that we were going to be the one to get that extra cent, gosh darn it. Who did those other two people think they *were*, anyway?

The dispute escalated up to the brink of name-calling based on bodily functions (a second grader's greatest weapon). Then David had an epiphany. He picked up the dime, almost as if in a daze. He looked at it amidst the heated debate surrounding him (I don't remember exactly what words were being said at this point, but I'm sure that both Tanner and I were making logical, well-reasoned arguments), and he froze for a second. Then, without a word, he threw the dime over the fence.

Tanner and I looked on in horror. Didn't David realize that dime was the sum total of the treasure we had collected thus far? Didn't he understand the significance of that? How could he have done such a thing? When queried, he just sort of shrugged. He then said something to the effect of, "It wasn't worth fighting over." There was a field of tall grass outside the fence. The dime was nowhere to be seen. Tanner and I looked around and dug dejectedly for any more coins that might have been buried in the dirt. We found none.

This event with the dime kind of helped me to do math more objectively with regards to the hole, for some reason, and realize its implications. In about three fourths of a school year, we had dug about four feet. Four feet. We were probably not going to ever get to China.

I talked about this with David and Tanner. They agreed.

We spent the last few months of our fourth grade year doing frivolous things, like kickball and fun.

# Neal's Office

Sue Mize / poetry

*For May Swenson*

I like being in your office, and not disturbing a thing.  
As on a snowy day, I wouldn't want to make a track  
or change the way the sun glistens on the drifts.

The stack of red and brown history books belongs right there  
around the green leather chair. I haven't moved them  
because I like the way they look there waiting for you to read them.

# Escape

Dorian Hairston / poetry

*(Persona poem - Hooks Tinker on the Negro Leagues)*

Some folk say Black Ball ain't baseball  
an they right.  
When folk spend they last  
dolla come see us play  
it become more than a game.

It like we finally able to shine  
somewhere.

I seen a whole white family  
bring they lunch boxes an  
they gloves an they dog to the park  
an spend they whole afternoon  
rubbin elbows, an clappin,  
an cheerin with us colored folks.

Once, I seen a man  
get down on one knee,  
right down third baseline,  
an ask his woman  
to go to every  
game with him  
for the rest a they life.

So when people say Black Ball  
ain't baseball  
I tell em it's more than that.

It's our escape, the one place a Negro  
no longer a slave.

# La mente del cielo

Andi Clark / poetry in Italian

Il cielo sembra cambiare la sua mente.  
Durante il giorno lui pensa ai quadri,  
brillante, lustro, lucente

Però per preparare la notte immagina una rosa  
l'iride di un giglio, i petali di una viola  
affinché può trasformare i colori in qualcosa

Mentre la notte aumenta d'intensità,  
il cielo deve creder alle stelle, la luna  
sussurrando gli incoraggiamenti sopra la città

Permette i luoghi di nascondigli  
per gli abbandonati del mondo, una coperta  
lui traduce i loro pianti in consigli

Il cielo è ispirato dalle stelle a creare l'aurora  
Lui chiede loro di andare tranquillamente, lentamente  
A usare lo spazio e dipingere una pletora

E il cielo sembra cambiare la sua mente con il sole  
Durante il giorno lui pensa ai quadri, le gemme  
brillante, lustro, indescrivibile

translation / **The mind of the sky**

The sky seems to change his mind.  
During the day he thinks of paintings,  
bright, lustrous, shiny

But to prepare for the night he imagines a rose  
the iris of a lily, the petals of a violet  
so that he can transform the colors into something

As the night increases in intensity,  
The sky must have confidence in the stars, the moon  
whispering encouragement over the city

He allows hiding places for  
the abandoned of the world, a blanket  
he translates their cries into advice

The sky is inspired by the stars to create the aurora  
He asks them to go quietly, slowly  
To use the space and to paint a plethora

And the sky seems to change his mind with the sun  
During the day he thinks of paintings, gems  
bright, lustrous, indescribable



I woke to the news of my brother  
murdered in cold blood  
holding his hands in surrender  
armed with a peach tea and skittles  
whistling peaceful music while a white woman crossed the street  
bullets making molded swiss cheese  
hot pavement making a limp boy rot even faster than his skin does  
a rope winding around his neck so tight the black almost falls off the bone  
Through all this I wonder  
If the unjust can even dream

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*architecture*

**Janie Kegley**

senior  
*arts administration & art studio*

**Kaitlyn Marsh**

senior  
*classics & history*

**Katelyn Elliott**

junior  
*history*

**Lauren Wilson**

junior  
*nursing*

**Margaret Lewis**

freshman  
*undeclared*

**Matthew Ireland**

senior  
*architecture*

**Meg West**

freshman  
*journalism*

**Melissa Shelton**

senior  
*art studio (painting)*

**Nicholas Federico**

junior  
*biology*

**Olivia Lasheen**

senior  
*art studio*

**Pooya Mohaghegh**

freshman  
*architecture*

**Reese True**

sophomore  
*civil engineering*

**Richard Combs**

junior  
*english*

**Sam Cox**

senior  
*english & german*

**Samantha LaMar**

sophomore  
*english*

**Sarah Detraz**

sophomore  
*art education & spanish*

**Shane Wireman**

sophomore  
*architecture*

**Shelby Bevins**

senior  
*english*

**Stephen Aspinall**

junior exchange student  
*english literature*

**Sue Mize**

Donovan scholar  
*english*

**Taran Parsons**

senior  
*art studio*

**Tom Baker**

senior  
*art studio*

# staff

## Katie Cross

**editor-in-chief / senior**

*english, psychology minor*

I was born in the supermarket., but knew life before I left my nursery. I like to eat chocolate cake (which I keep in my pantry near my cupcakes) from a bag while walking in the Alabama rain. "Happy Days" is my favorite theme song. My silence is my self-defense. Every now and then, I get a little bit restless and I dream of something wild.

## Kelsie Potter

**assistant editor-in-chief /**

junior

*integrated strategic communication,  
english minor*

My interests include comic books, poetry, television shows, and Romantic poets.

## Sarah Wagner

**layout & design manager /**

junior

*architecture & english*

Interested in building spaces, literary and physical.

## Shannon Newberry

**auxiliary designer / junior**

*architecture*

Shannon is a connoisseur of aged root beer and fine zebra cakes. She is often found prancing about in the woods with unicorns.

## Mary Kate Elliott

**poetry manager / senior**

*english*

Katie Cross is an overachiever. I am not.

## William Montgomery

**poetry editor / senior**

*economics*

I like good beer, The Beatles, and minimalist poetry. My shoes are usually dirty.

## Jonathan Sarfin

**poetry editor / junior**

*english*

APENETRATINGANALYSISBalugaEgalitarianismSnifflesProcrastinationRazzleberryFermentationSpanishSpanishSPANISHyellow-belliedobsolescenceentrapmentHORRIDINSUFFLATIONconglobationOssuary !!!Ossuary !!!Futility!!ANENCHANTMENTpenguin-monstercadavermaladaptiveconsummationbloatedseragliodisasterdiaster!ANUNCOMFORTABLYPENE-TRATINGANALYSIS

## Ashley Dunomes

**poetry editor / junior**

*english (imaginative writing) & arts administration*

I love all things created by Shonda Rhimes. I tend to write stories that involve unnecessary character deaths. I periodically get into debates with people over social justice issues. Also, I sing embarrassingly loud in the shower.

## **Nathan R. Petrie**

**poetry editor &  
social media manager** / sophomore

*english*

I tell stories, read comics, and find geocaches. 116.

## **Jon Fish**

**prose manager** / sophomore

*political science & history*

If you are reading this copy of *Shale* then you *are* the Chosen One. I am the version of Jon Fish from the year 2032 and I have traveled back in time to deliver this message. The very next person who speaks to you will be a robot impostor from my future sent back to assassinate President Nelson in 2021. You *must* destroy the impostor. The fate of all our timelines depends upon your success.

## **Elizabeth Angell**

**prose editor** / junior

*equine science, english minor*

I'm a bit of a writer and a bit of collector. I love reading and writing fantasy, queer romance, and mythological pieces. Good cups of tea and homemade pastries steal my heart and soul. "Make good art." - Neil Gaiman

## **Kimber Gray**

**prose editor** / junior

*english (imaginative writing),  
communication minor*

I enjoy listening to my favorite songs on repeat, thrift stores, art in every form, long walks on sunny days with my dog, espresso, Shakespeare, and writing fiction of my own.

## **Erica Stapleton**

**prose editor** / sophomore

*english & international studies,  
folklore & mythology minor*

This is my first year with *Shale Literary Journal*. I love to read, write, and travel. And I LOVE movies. I drink a lot of tea. Oh, and *Game of Thrones*. I adore it.

## **Karly Walker**

**prose editor** / freshman

*english*

My likes include reading, writing, swimming, watching UK basketball, sleeping, procrastinating, and going out with friends! I love working for *Shale* and getting to read all the wonderful prose pieces everybody sends in!

## **Ashley Worley**

**art manager** / junior

*art education & art studio*

I make stuff. I'm emotionally attached to all of my paintbrushes. I spend entirely too much time looking at baby animal pictures online. Breakfast is my favorite time of the day.

## **Amy Hoagland**

**art editor / junior**

*art studio, psychology minor*

Strong coffee, good music, art, dogs, dark chocolate, Sour Patch Kids, the outdoors, and traveling give my life purpose.

## **Cassie Payne**

**art editor / sophomore**

*art studio, communication minor*

Slytherin. Enjoys sushi, poetry, trees, video games, watercolor, and dogs. Sometimes she time travels.

## **Marie Nazari**

**spanish editor / senior**

*english, spanish, & linguistics;*

*music performance minor*

Interested in anything artsy. I want to build this world up, not tear it down. Fashion, makeup, writing, playing clarinet, drawing, anything that adds a bit of beauty. I am also that weird person who actually likes school and learning and reading nonfiction for fun. I am obsessed with abnormal psychology because the mind is a fascinating and scary place. Oh, and because I have just about as many disorders as one can have and still function, including the ones that cause me to be obsessive and compulsive in the first place. Ah, isn't life poetic.

## **Anita Shanker**

**french editor / junior**

*french & biology*

My interests include learning about other languages and cultures, baking, and playing board games.

## **Yvonne Johnson**

**german editor / sophomore**

*english & computer science*

Some of my interests include studying languages, writing, doing triathlons, watching anime and exploring social psychology.

## **Gingy Gibson**

**guest latin editor / super senior**

*history*

## **Christina Zeidan**

**guest arabic editor / senior**

*anthropology & political science,  
islamic studies minor*



shale  
under-  
graduate  
arts  
journal  
university  
of kentucky  
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