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POINT OF VIEW AWARD | "NOVEMBER MOOR" - MICHELLE MABRY
"RESURRECTION" - BENNY BOYAS

AWARDED BY FACULTY JUDGES ASSEMBLED BY THE FACULTY LITERARY ADVISOR FOR AN OUTSTANDING STORY, POEM OR PLAY.

RAY MILLS AWARD | "CHEMICAL X" - PAUL MICHAEL FRITZ
"OLD WORLD" - GENE ZIELNICKI

AWARDED BY STUDENT JUDGES FOR AN OUTSTANDING WORK OF VISUAL ART.

VIVIAN STEWART AWARD | "FATHER" - GORDY STEVIC

AWARDED BY STUDENT JUDGES FOR OUTSTANDING STORY, POEM OR PLAY.

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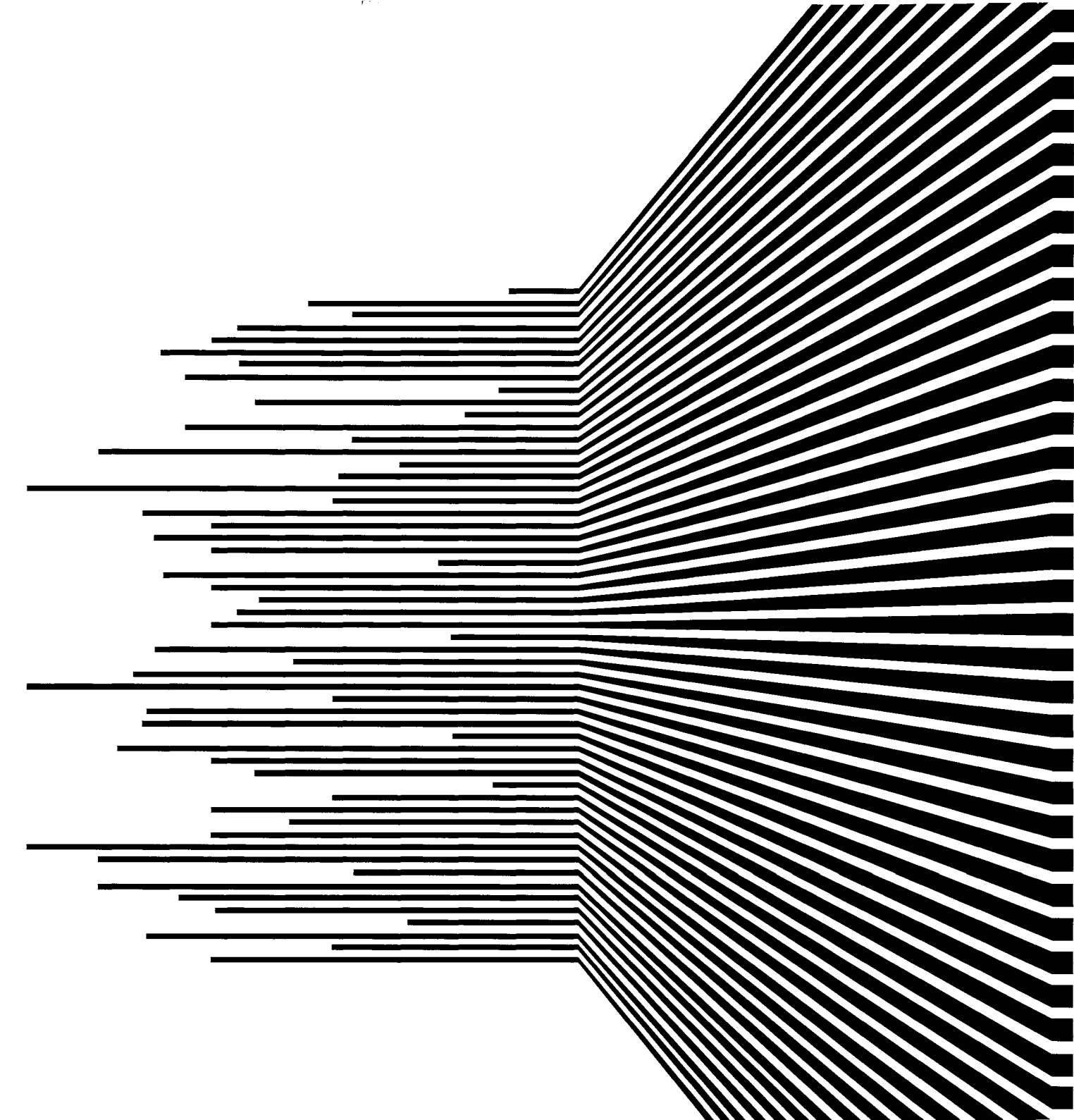
VIVIAN STEWART AWARD JUDGES | MICHELLE MABRY, BENNY BOYAS, NICOLE MISIC, GORDY STEVIC,
STAVROULA VOULES, SUNG YIM

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Beomho (Jack) Lee

Never Changing

Driving through scabrous deserts
Searching thoroughly on patrol
Sun's searing rays ripple across our
Sunburned, dazed faces; it's always the same.

I imagine lavish dinners with my
Serene and sexy wife seeking comfort
From my two courageous boys
Constantly causing chaos back home; never changing

Take a sip of blistering canteen water
In the silence of our sweating faces
Private Matthews hums a tune
That starts off a chain reaction; same old story

Sun sets, taking safety with it
Paranoia and fear strike our every movement
Quietly yet quickly we ramble in our ride
To a safe destination only a few miles off; never gets old

Silence is broken on the outskirts of the base
A rocket was launched crippling our craft
Private Matthews laments in agony
As the blood from his severed arm wraps my settled, stunned face; war never changes

The jeep fell cracked and immobile
In silence of shock, only fire could reflect my terror.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

DOUG TABBS

CERAMIC & RECLAIMED WOOD - 13"x45"x45"



Milo Zanghellini

You Might Think

You might say there's a storm in your bathroom,
your jacuzzi turned into an ocean last week.
It's a while you and your wife don't screw, the
last good bath you had was years ago.
The grab bar rusts, apart from the clashes
in your lives, past towels that don't live
through the winter, and a package of old leaves.
How old were you yesterday when you checked the
mail with a kiss dried on your neck?

She should tell you she doesn't love you
and laugh with a pinch of insanity; that's what
you can't see, the mocking harmless smile
that varnishes the fence. Save your faith for dinner,
for shirts, for the news and the moist reporters.
"If it snows tonight," she tells you, "I go over by the neighbors;"
she'll sleep there, between their blushes, in the opened
whiteness of your wishful desire. But it's a while the
jacuzzi doesn't moan, and it's not for you, the ocean.
I told you, save your faith for the very little things,
watch the news, drink a Coke, and fall asleep in
the open whiteness of your naivety.

Nicole Misisic

This Quaint Place

At the end of the modern rainbow
is this quaint place
where your business whispers
to your neighbors.

Shops and houses are pastel rays
of sun around the wishing fountain.

We'll live in the mint-green one.
On mornings you sleep in
I'll savor a cup of coffee and watch
out the window.

Did you notice
we're the only ones awake right now?
Our cobblestone echoes are following us.



Benny Boyas

Resurrection

To the old Ovaltine Factory, Villa Park, IL

The prairie path guards all twelve doors with disdain,
weeds and rancor abound.

Gone is the hustle-bustle of blue-collared pride,
cold-cut lunchboxed relief,
and end-of-day trucks docked in anticipation.
Rumored for months, that the smokestack will tumble,
it did today to make way for renovations,
an effort to purge the stale stench of sorrow.

Young children's break-ins, these make-believe spies,
act out Hollywood rituals of the clandestine,
though entering is easy, like burning a wart.

Scribble of graffiti on each cathedral inch lends street cred
much deserved: a murder here, a gang-rape there,
a mugging down by what's left of the accounts-receivable desk,
rooftop pleas, conversions to God
amidst snow-packed despair and profane prayers.

Next year, when the planned apartment complex debuts,
a woman, afraid of loneliness, will comfortably lease
the very same spot where the nameless once sat,
rekindling hope by fifty-five gallon fires,
rubbing their palms, vowing to outlive forever,
of all places, here, where only the good die.



POINT OF VIEW AWARD WINNER

HULDRA

ALYSSA L. PAULSEN

PIT FIRED CERAMIC & HORSEHAIR - 13" x 7" x 6"



REACH
CAITLIN WERES
MIXED MEDIA - 115" x 30.5"

Stavroula Voules

"Sonnet 18"

little lady in a

little rib cage

extracts a dynamite punch

though not devastating

like the sting in your lips

when you want to bite again

she's a warm-eyed liar

a poet

she'll recite Sonnet 18

after you whisper

embarrassing, embarrassing

self-mysteries

followed by a hot fuck with

anatomy on fire

but she shines a little longer

burning you out of the picture

Nicole Mistic

Sunflower Lane

Saturday morning
crisp-linen sky
embroidered with birdsong.
Grass cavernous.

Palatine traffic
exhales a sigh for miles
checks its breath with first-date nerves
roars like a sarcastic crowd going wild.

Yesterday's clothes
minus jeans
I am at peace.

Benny Boyas

Bedtime Routine

Goodnight hallway lights with a bonfire glow.
Sweet dreams warm bottle,
ivory tub,
both empty vessels full of foamy residue.

Welcome to the late show, lullaby blues,
lyrics caressing as sweetened green tea.
A pull of the chains, the cue to commence
the enticing ways of the ceiling fan's dance,
shellacked helicopter rotors to scare away death.

Here's your pacifier.
Here's your prayer.
Here's your kiss.
Here's your father, the insomniac,
standing guard outside your door.

Here's to you,
rum glugged in secret,
a toast to your future
free from addiction and vice.





LA REVANCHA
GIUSEPPE CARMONA
PHOTOGRAPHY - 11" x 19"



THE REAL MONSTER
DEVIN MORRICE
WOOD ENGRAVING - 7"x8"

Michelle Mabry

The Truth of Sleep

We curve in sleep,
 into each other,
 the years conspiring with their trust.
 A collision this eventual,
 of course we rumble,
 and we work ourselves
 to finely polished slivers
 'til our trunks splinter,
 and our looted arms cannot hold our hearts
 any longer.
 I wash the broken day down your house's drain
 and your fineness, a giant beside me,
 my planet seems far away,
 but we are real.
 The stem of my heart wears a skirt
 to entice your raven blood
 from dead things,
 things undone and split.
 Each cave in my chest glows,
 sugared with quiet.
 The laughing of your hands
 tricks each petal of cold
 to fall away
 like thin veils of frilled light,
 tracing across my bones,
 scarlet lanes to another life,
 lover,
 lover.

Decades will never notice
 the opening locks
 and unfurling chains
 of anchors.
 My magic slices those reins
 closed.
 I know how to
 wait.
 My patience keeps me warm.
 Coffee is my horse.
 I ride her dark fluid,
 holding early,
 early,
 to streak into the day.
 I fly all the hemispheres, tasting rain.
 My ships toss codes
 like Morse fortunes.
 My pinata bursting,
 my cloak sharp,
 my dagger close,
 ready.



Sung Yim

switches

my grandfather taught history, said
Japanese were as bad as white folk, lied in their books.
he visited their sea-coast cities to eat raw fish
fresher than he could admit, though
he held that bitterness on his tongue, always
maintaining, always ready to spout lectures.

he hit my mother with bamboo switches
taught her love can be angry and hot like summer earth.
and so he hated, too: told Japanese myths
the legend of Momotaro
son of peaches
killer of ghosts.
he closed his eyes during the good parts
even knowing myths are just lies
repeated. but when he spoke truth
about camps and comfort women
he was the sun, he was
hellfire in a skin-suit, the rage of every
dead old woman who'd never heard
i'm sorry
and every noseless soldier
who rotted in an unmarked grave.

my grandfather took walks while it rained.
he loved the look of
yellow ginkgo leaves windblown.
he loved the paper skin on my grandmother's
tired knees and his palms
smelled of tiger balm from rubbing them.

my mother loved me just like this, showed me
touch should take the breath away. when her
hands were on me,
whether dressing or stripping, whether
bruising or bathing me, i felt the same
tingle in my marrow, like disease was breeding
in my bones. i loved her, how i must love her!
for teaching me: at any moment

the ripeness of a peach
can turn black and cloying.

For my grandma, Charlotte

Michelle Mabry

Late Kitchen

I sleep in my cabinet,
safe from the night.
No one cooks here.
I curl up under years of pine,
baby teeth,
and my jaded plates.
A small pink slipper of a cup
leers at a blue apple for sugar.
Wait.

I count my sleep for minutes
in my dream of this silverware,
a gift from my mother
I actually want.

My sister ducks in
walking through the frame,
her middle name in her mittened hand—
Charlotte fiddles in my sink.
My heart explodes,
my oven shimmering with cookies.
A tiny green sword on my clock,
only red seconds turn
my time here.
I am early and preened
and everything is ready.

6:47 A.M. (THE MISSING KNIFE)

GENE ZIELNICKI

STONEWARE - 11.5" x 14" x 3.75"



Michelle Mabry

True Story

Ten years from now
you will be married.
Your silver pencil
will trace the pattern of light
that breaks the back
of a lover
and the times against walls,
touching your hand.
Cannons swept
across the shore
and the night opened up
like a starred explosion.

RAY MILLS AWARD WINNER

OLD WORLD
GENE ZIELNICKI
OIL PAINT - 16"x20"



Michelle Mabry

Target Practice

Five waffles ago
I wanted you to wake up.

Now I am busy & cold
& you sleep
like an oblivious bear.

Fully loaded,
I long to be part of your hibernation.





POINT
of VIEW



EYE OF THE FOX

NEAL SACHECK

PHOTOGRAPHY - 75"X1125"



RETICULATIONS
NEAL SACHECK
PHOTOGRAPHY - 13.5'x18'



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Gordy Stevic

Father

My father, a STOP sign—
red, flashing over his lip—
a birth mark,
not a scar.
All the same,
when he was young,
cowards called him “Stain,”
always behind his back and
never to his face.
But he had laser sight,
that piercing gaze could slice any skull in half.

My father, the desert hawk,
with a long, sharp beak—
not a nose.
He could smell bullshit a mile away.

My father, the satellite disc,
I can remember his wide ears—
flat cylinders absorbing the noise.
I remember his big, brown eyes:
barn owls, keeping watch over me.

When he died, he left me a gun.

VIVIAN STEWART AWARD WINNER

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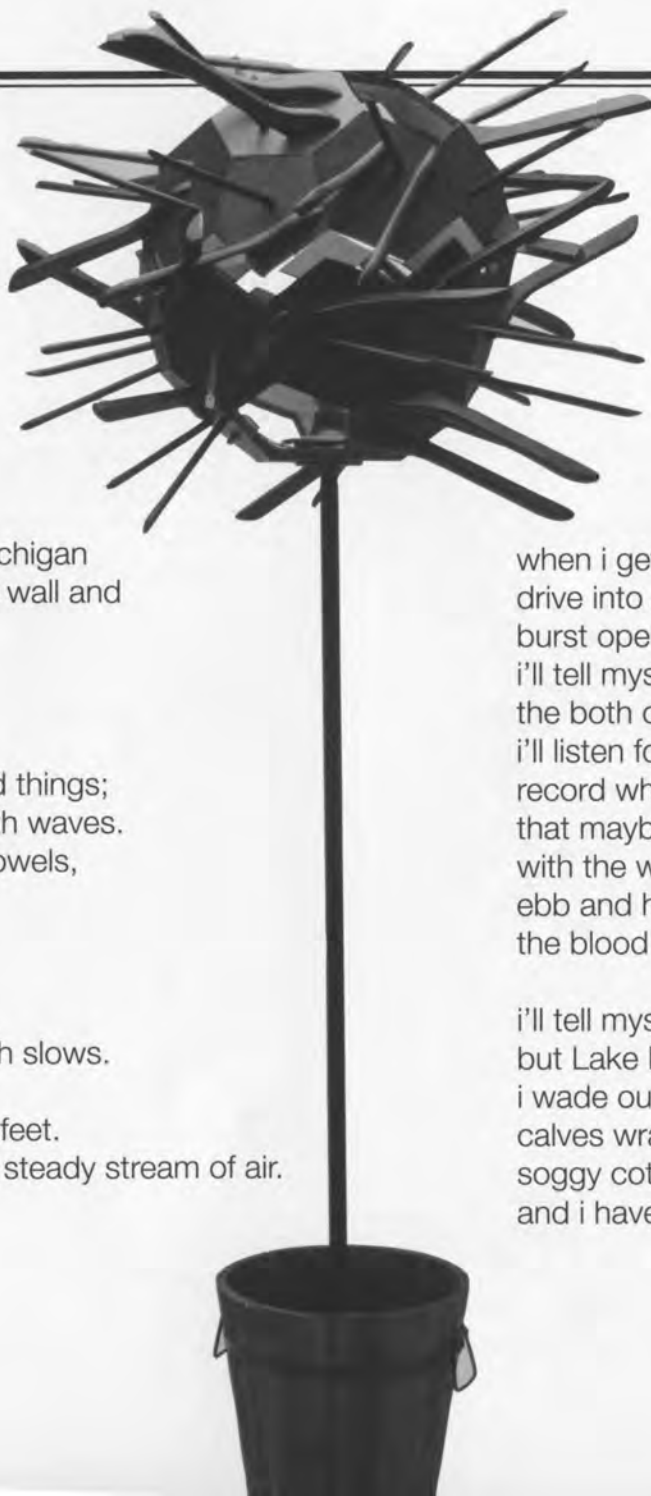
Sung Yim

pulls me into grit

i am soaking my feet in Lake Michigan
when you lean back against the wall and
put that bag over your head.
you step off into
whiteness.

water so warm, green with dead things;
my legs unshaven, wobbling with waves.
there are others lying back on towels,
building castles, children
squealing like pigs.

nobody has a name here and
one-fifty miles south, your breath slows.
each inhale scrapes you out
from the toes, the soles of your feet.
no flicker of fear or hesitation, a steady stream of air.
you're alone,
surrounded by drywalls.



LAMP

BRADFORD LURIE

MIXED MEDIA - 70"x30"x30"

when i get the phone call, i'll go off my meds and
drive into a mailbox, bags of garbage that
burst open, release damp trash into the wind.
i'll tell myself it means something,
the both of us being alone.
i'll listen for ghosts;
record white noise in your parents' house, supposing
that maybe i felt your pulse ebb
with the water from the sand.
ebb and halt,
the blood still.

i'll tell myself i knew before hearing,
but Lake Michigan is warm this afternoon.
i wade out till it's up to my waist,
calves wrapped in ribbons of kelp.
soggy cotton pulls me into grit
and i have no idea that you're about to vanish.



Milo Zanghellini

I Saw You

I saw you again
among the thousand cars of the winter,
running on a crystal sun,
locked in your little carrot-coat.
Little as we are
and our lost plays,
and today
this summer of us;
and the tuna can, sinking somewhere
through purple drops
in skies of laughter.

It has always been winter today,
today every day-with no difference
for you and
me,
ceaselessly borne on
our summer. What summer,
but naked,
naked
as those days of always.

Benny Boyas

Impasse

If two Big-Dipper Fireflies
with faces charred by lewd libidos
are estranged only by glass chapel doors
and still resolve to grow old together despite the dreary scene,
then it stands to reason that you are the ludicrous one
for giving up and leaving me behind.



SEE HOW THEY RUN
SHARENE SHAW
PORCELAIN 3"x3"x3" - EACH



Sung Yim

for women who value kindness over sense

the terracotta angel on your bedside table, the one
your grandmother sent from Peru,
watches me touch you, painted eyes full of God's judgment.
She plays the flute and sometimes
when i tune out the room, forget you're with me,
i hear the music.
But it hardly ever happens;
even with shades drawn, lights out, i pull the covers over my head
and hope you keep your eyes closed.

The way you move, how it moves me.
It's a coming together of stray cats
itching with mange.
Both of us seeking what cannot exist, an answer to misery,
why good things flee like bunnies from hounds.
It's the same way in which i run my fingers
up the curve of your breast,
hesitate at the base of your neck—i see a meadow
dappled purple with clover. i am running, the burrow so near.
You snap your teeth, yelping, gaining. your breath is
hot on my haunches.

it always ends like a bad dream—sweating, heaving,
you with your cigarette in some far corner of the bed.
I am the dog with teeth white and slick,
the flesh of your furred belly between my jaws.
I will gobble your guts,
lap up spilt blood, for it fills the white space
with red, warm red!
Your bones split and splinter, cut gums, but i do not mind;
the marrow is delicious.
I am hungry.

Michelle Mabry

November Moor

My hangar lost its airplane, and I prance around,
wheel chocks let the cat in.
Let the cat out.
Let the rain in.

The very first requirement,
asterisked:
windows that open on pinked air,
sheered sharp-
then I can look around and tell you.
Corners for young pieces of empires to rest,
I still fit in every one,
like snow for the afternoon.
I point-one lamp, two lamps, three lamps, four-
the speed of light calls so delicious,
a trimmed silence I never dared.
Give me trees for curtains
with farther further neighbors.
Take away the mumbler but leave the children,
my golden bear and my of the summer.
They heave my heart to open her locks
and our oceans mingle,
salt and freshwater like sugar and coffee:
melt each other like sweet hail.
My bed surrounded, the valley's lilies rampant,
the white little jokers fizz with bite.
Cocoa shells settle like pearls.
Fat pineapple mint chaperones the rose,
scolds her close treble for pressing scarlet,
pricking my fingers in my sleep.

To Anne Sexton

".....each spring will be a sword you'll sharpen,
those you love will live in a fever of love....."
-from *Courage*

My target in the distance,
of course there is a gun,
and the sky fall frames the shallows
magnificent.
I shoot to fill the center of want.
Lovely aim, love to aim.....
Bullets skim my desk uncovering
burrowed words.
Font splinters push delight,
dust my blinks to open.
Shelves press shy books together,
the scent of cedar kissing the words.
I lust right here, my bones built of want.
Lush fever is the sire
tipping my chair to the stake.
I burn with the quiet in my flames.

I invite the captor
for dessert and missing.
In my wind, by my night rules,
the maze you must travel to sweep me off my feet
shall mark your riled pelt.
Your coat shines without me
like some invisible ornament unpacked.
Spill your chocolate from that fucking darkness,
that bitter chair.
Your sweetness waits unbroken.
My atlas spreads her dreams.

Michelle Mabry

Her Mastery of Days

There's a green highway
and it tells the rain stories,
all the coming down
and about the goldness
of some lines-----
how yours are silver,
like the river in pieces.

It's just a regular Monday,
or Tuesday,
and the flipping click of wind
sounds tart and blue,
riding my window
beyond the curtain
of men.

Do not be frightened
of my winter sprawl,
the sharp grains gather you deep.
This is where you are from,
the cold gorgeous in the light.
The truth of stunning
can be the darkest mean.

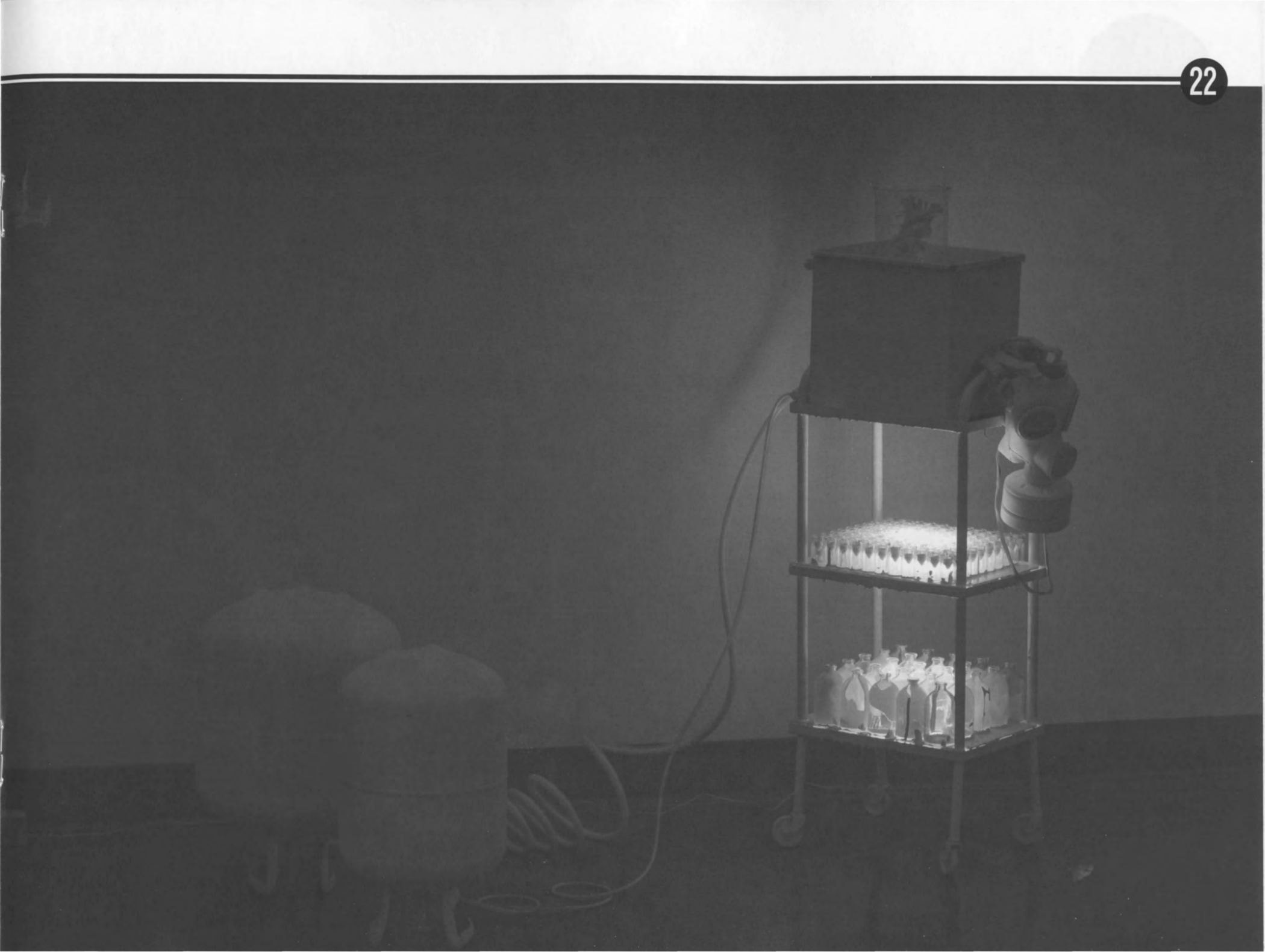
RAY MILLS AWARD WINNER

CHEMICAL X

PAUL MICHAEL FRITZ

MIXED MEDIA - DIMENSIONS VARIABLE





Gordy Stevic

I Like My Men Medium Rare

I

When my father died, my mother disappeared.
I found her hidden in a canning jar,
she said, "I loved only your father."

II

Do you know why I killed you?
That night,
I heard your cheating steps.
For months you carved soles out of my heart
you did not kiss them,
but glued them
on your shameless feet!

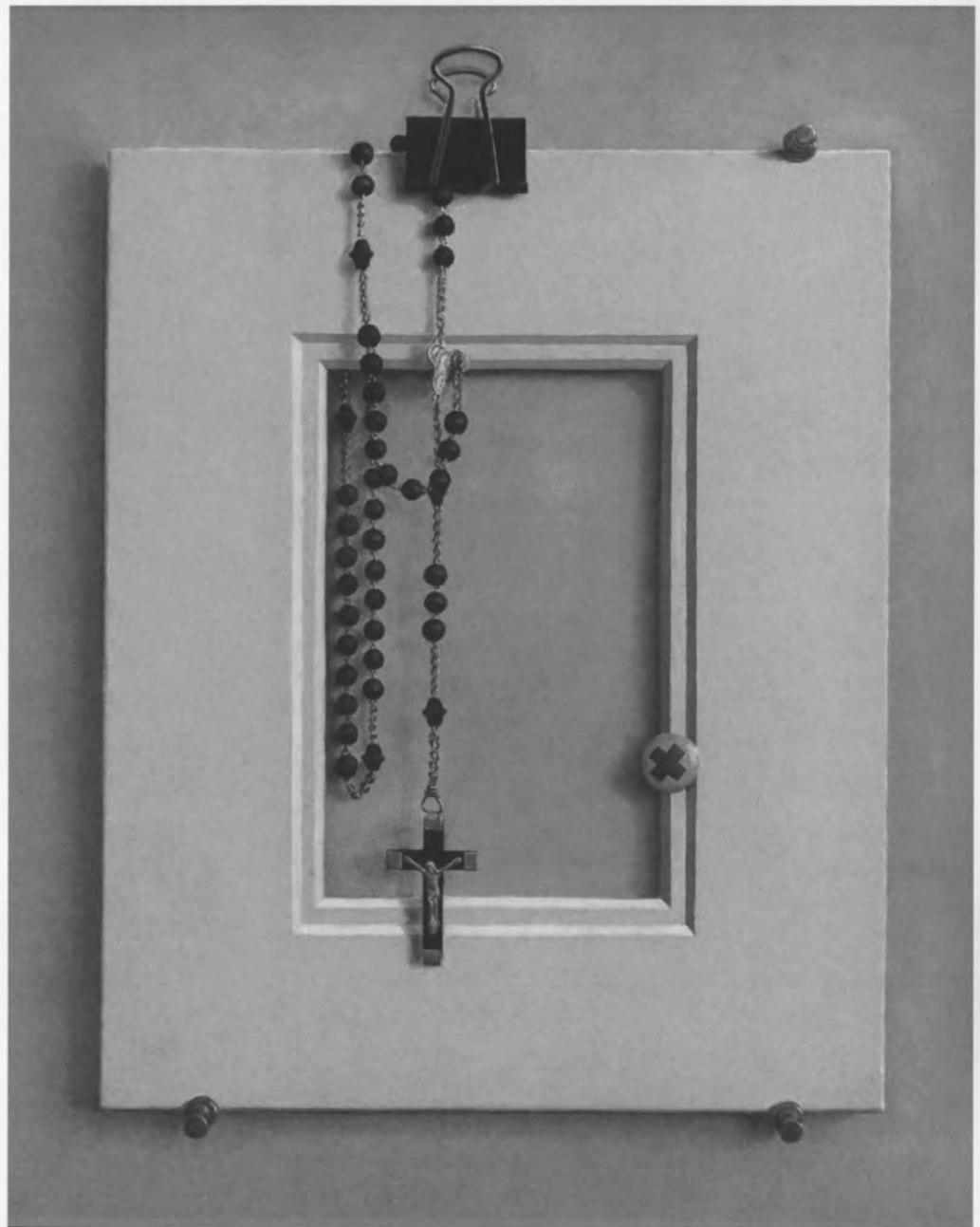
III

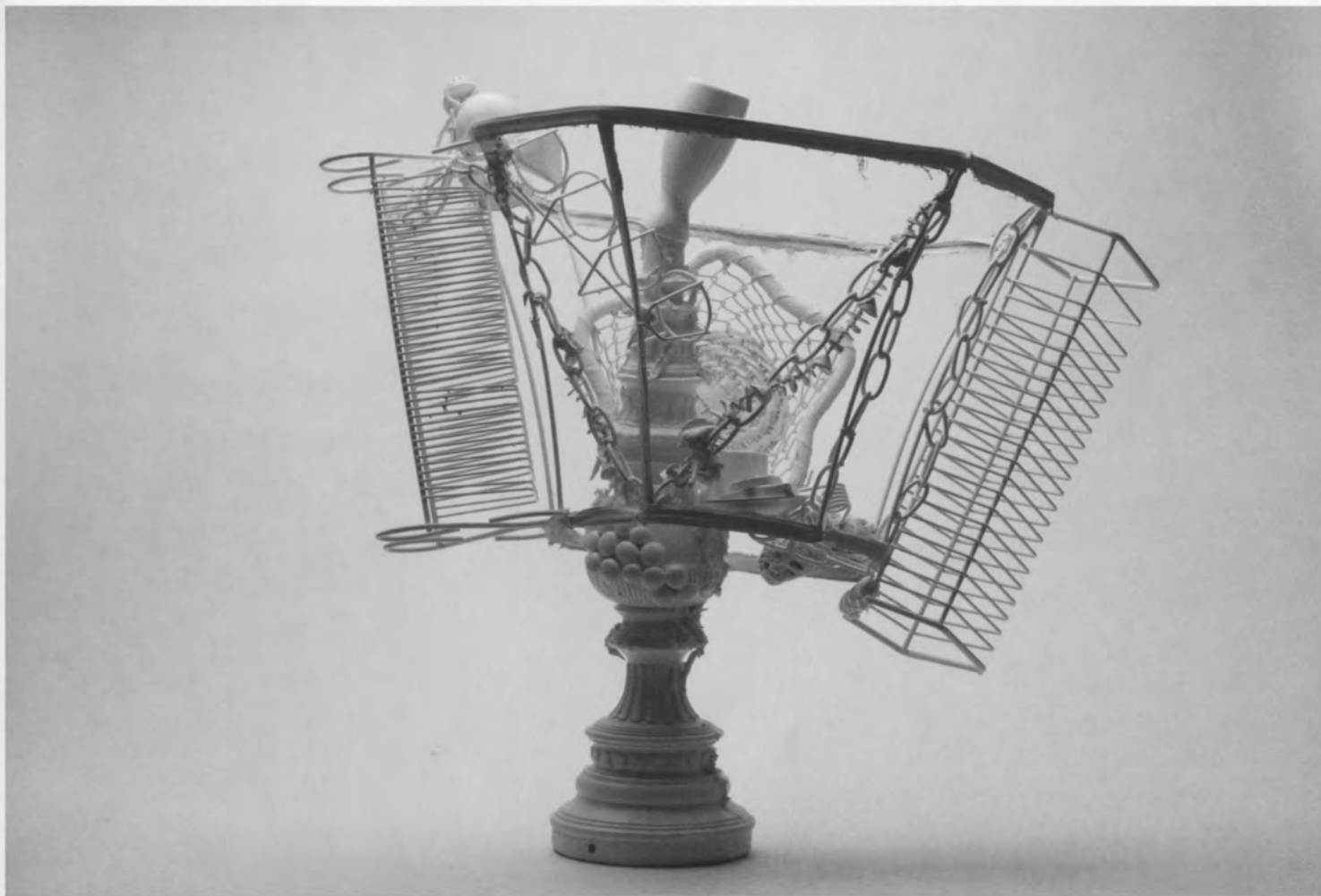
A thousand days later,
I woke up with a hungry hole.
Where my cardium used to beat
grew a ravenous worm.
First, he ate away my morals, next
turned me into a predaceous hunter.
Watch out, men:
with or without substance
I am on the prowl
for fresh meat!

RELIC (ROSARY)

GENE ZIELNICKI

OIL PAINT - 13"x11"





UNDER THE WHITE
DIANE COVARRUBIAS
FOUND OBJECTS- 23'x22'x15'



Leonard Morrison

The Real

the holy man fakes death
I pretend to live
and you with your cloudy breath, prepare to dance across my grave.

loveless and dressed for rain, bowing in the garden,
I follow the line of her favor

a veiled little devil
mouth full of fingers and edging towards heaven
she drags her nails across
and we collapse on the floor
naked, blind to the vagaries of time
and where we go when we die in our sleep

it's the approach
fertile ground for my crumbling ego
that's where the fear lies...

I make my way out of the junkhouse
into her narrow hands
and it hits me

all this time, I've been
playing in mud.
my hands are dirty, but so are yours.

where are you?
if you can't find me, I'm not here.

what are you?
empty spaces in the mirror.

I can see you on the other side.
don't look through me that way.

which way?

waves beaching
relentless

animal.

ripped from the ether
an unwilling accomplice
I dream of my return to the void

love is a crime
let there be night.

TANNGRISNIR, THOR'S GOAT
ALYSSA L. PAULSEN
CERAMIC AND PAINT - 13"x12"x12"





Sung Yim

once a drunk

ever since he quit drinking, my father slurps all kinds of noodles
big fat ones with black bean sauce

and curly ramen
in spicy soup.

he loves chow mein
lo mein

pad se ew with
oyster sauce.

my father loves great big steaks
slathered in ketchup

wine-marinated pork chops
with a fried egg on top.

he danced with my mother
only once, at the wedding.
stepped on her shoes
and gorged.

my father used to pass out on kitchen tile
cold linoleum quenching the boozy
burn in his blood.

he spoke most after the third drink
about wars he'd never fought, love he'd never shared
with Raquel Welch's hips in that
white bikini.

but he went mute after a few bottles, when he knew
his tongue was numb, fat with pressure.

now he's pretty much dried-out
sips watery plum wine at worst.
he never dreams. he'll die at his desk.
we'll eulogize about how hard he worked
none of us knowing
what roved beneath his hide

because love is no earned token
or spoken so obviously, but a feeling you get
kicking your father's side after midnight
trying to pour a glass of milk.



UNTITLED
KAREN MOORHEAD
WHITE STONEWARE/WOODEN FEET
9.25" x 8.25" x 5.25"



Sung Yim

Shift Manager

Almost closing time. Garfield's Pub is still decently packed. Piece of shit dive on Rand Road where a homeless woman hangs out. There's a shamrock on their sign.

Made bank tonight. Almost two hundred, counting what I stole from the drawer. I buy the other servers margaritas, recount stories of bitchy customers. Dance to Britney Spears when a girl in Ugg boots I've never met selects several tracks on the jukebox. I keep waving at her from across the room and tipping my drink. It's a riot. But when I look around, I get this crawly feeling in my fingertips and nape, like they're all laughing out of pity. They know I'm pushing thirty-five and sleeping with a body pillow. That animals don't like me.

I touch buttons on the arcade machines and sip fuzzy navels with vodka through a straw. Been swaying since my fourth cocktail.

No idea what song is playing. I've heard it many times.

Shift Manager Dan sidles up and nudges me into a corner by the pool table. "What's good, mama?" he says. He reeks of beer.

"Hi, Dan," I reply. I look the other way.

"I've seen you around."

"Like at work?"

"I mean I've seen you standing around. Looking sad."

What's there to say? I set my drink down on green felt. Ask for a cigarette.

Dan's place is a nice two-bedroom with a veranda. There's a flat screen TV on one wall of the living room, across from a burgundy leather sofa and matching armchair. The coffee table is sleek glass, metal. I slump down in the armchair and knit my fingers.

"Want a drink or something?"

I tell him I'm good. Scan the room, swallow back a retch—I will not get sick. I get up when he sits by me to browse his CD collection. He likes Journey. Shrug it off. Everyone likes Journey when they're drunk. "Do you like Floyd?" I ask him, putting back a Greatest Hits by Styx. "My friend Sandy says the Dark Side album is the best make-out music."

Dan pats the seat next to him.

I chew my lip. I'd fall down sleeping if my knees would unbuckle. Dan comes hulking over. His hands press heavy on wobbling hips. I clutch my clothes as he undoes their knots and zippers. Hooks. "You're Korean, right?" Dan asks, in a hushed voice. "Hosanna Kim?" Mumble yes. Gaze up at the ceiling as Dan's stubble grazes breasts. It sets my little digits straight. "Asian girls are so sexy," he says. "Are you on birth control?" I lie. He plods on.

Wake to pulsing temples and an empty apartment. The managers have a meeting scheduled, I remember. No note. A sharp pain in my gut comes and goes. Sweat under my arms and breasts.

My shift isn't until four thirty. I shower. Eat dry toast, thinking about what work will be like after this. I'll shower again at home—his shampoo makes me smell like a date rapist.

I count out forty bucks from the rest of my cash and stash it separately in my wallet for the morning after pill. After dressing, I walk outside to the parking lot. My car is at Garfield's. I sit at the curb in heels and groan. Cuss while dialing Sandy.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Sandy. It's me."

"What the fuck time is this?" asks Sandy. She sounds like she's been gargling sand.

"It's early. Um, I'm sorry for calling, but I sort of . . . I left my car at Garfield's? I stayed over at a friend's. And I was hoping you could pick me up."

After a long silence, Sandy agrees. She hangs up as I say goodbye.

Could she tell? Is this weird? My stomach lurches. I scoot back on cement, get into the half lotus position. I repeat a chant softly to myself—"It's just like high school."

I'm digging nails into knees when Sandy arrives.

"You look like a disco ball," says Sandy. She grins with shades on, leaning against her Honda CRX with crossed arms.

"Thank you"—I get up and dust myself off—"you're an angel. I just woke up and no one was here. I was like, wow. Way to leave me high and dry, you guys. Like, what the fuck?"

"You're so obvious."

A sob comes choking up my throat. I drop my purse.

"Whoa, whoa," says Sandy. She nudges my arm. "Look, I don't care. You fuck whoever you fuck. It's just sex, y'know? When I'm three fingers deep, I'm not picturing your fuckin' face, okay? Just get in the car."

I climb into Sandy's hatchback and strap myself in. Mumble another thank you.

"So I'm taking you to Garfield's."

Lick my lips. "Uh, well, could you please take me to the Planned Parenthood Express?"

Sandy thumps the gearshift. "Fantastic," she says.

I grit my teeth as we drive into Schaumburg. My head is womp-womping with the bass and Sandy won't turn off the music. The Planned Parenthood is next to a Subway. We've been there before, getting tested for STDs.

Sandy pays no mind when I plug my ears. The electric whine of guitars rakes me out. I can't blink.

"How—what's up?" I ask. Gripping my knees.

Sandy glances over. Those goddamn shades. I wish she'd show me her eyes.

"Well, I'm driving you to Planned Parenthood. It's barely nine AM on a Saturday. This is what's up."

I don't know what to say. Look out the window. Watch traffic pass. I'm only too eager to hop out when we pull up. Sandy stays put with her hands on the wheel, so I pop my head in to coax her out.

"Coming?"

Sandy's knuckles whiten. Without looking, she says, "I'm gonna get a sandwich. While you're—whatever. I'll see you in a minute, okay?"

Walking in, I watch her over my shoulder. She rubs her face, leaning back.

It smells like chemicals inside. There's a girl with hot pink nails and tattooed wrists sitting beside her mother. Her eyebrow is pierced. There's a receptionist in scrubs behind glass with her hand on a computer mouse. She doesn't look up until I clear my throat.

"Yes, can I help you?"

"Um, hi. My name's Hosanna. I just need the . . . Plan B," I say. I worry I wasn't loud enough, or that she doesn't need my name. She takes my money. She excuses herself to retrieve a slim box that I flip over to read.

"So take the first pill now and the other one in twelve hours," the receptionist says. Is she one of the nurses?

"Thank you. Have a wonderful day."

The receptionist looked at me funny. That pierced girl and her mother were watching, too. Maybe the word "wonderful" doesn't belong in there.

Sandy's car isn't outside. Clenching my fists, I walk down the strip to Subway, which I can already see is empty save for employees. I push through the entrance and smell sandwich bread baking. My insides quiver as I wave to the cashier. "Hi," I say, "I'm just, um, looking for someone? Did you guys have a customer in here, tall girl . . . dark hair, she's white . . . she's wearing a men's shirt?"

"Sorry, we haven't—"

"Shit!"

I yank the door open and walk to the curb. When I dial Dan's number, it goes to voicemail after two rings. I groan. A man smoking a cigarette looks over from across the plaza. I call my mother.

"Yubboseyo?" my mother says.

"Umma, can you pick me up? I'm at . . . Subway."

I tell her there was a misunderstanding with Sandy.

"I will never understand," grumbles Umma. "What kind of friend she is?"

"Just come to the Subway on Roselle. You know, next to that thrift store?"

"Okay. Coming now."

Take off my shoes, sit on pavement. It's freckled with calcified gum. I tear open my package and swallow the first pill dry. Shove the mangled box deep in my purse and rub my chest in big circles.

"Serenity. Serenity. Serenity," I say. I double over to hurl.

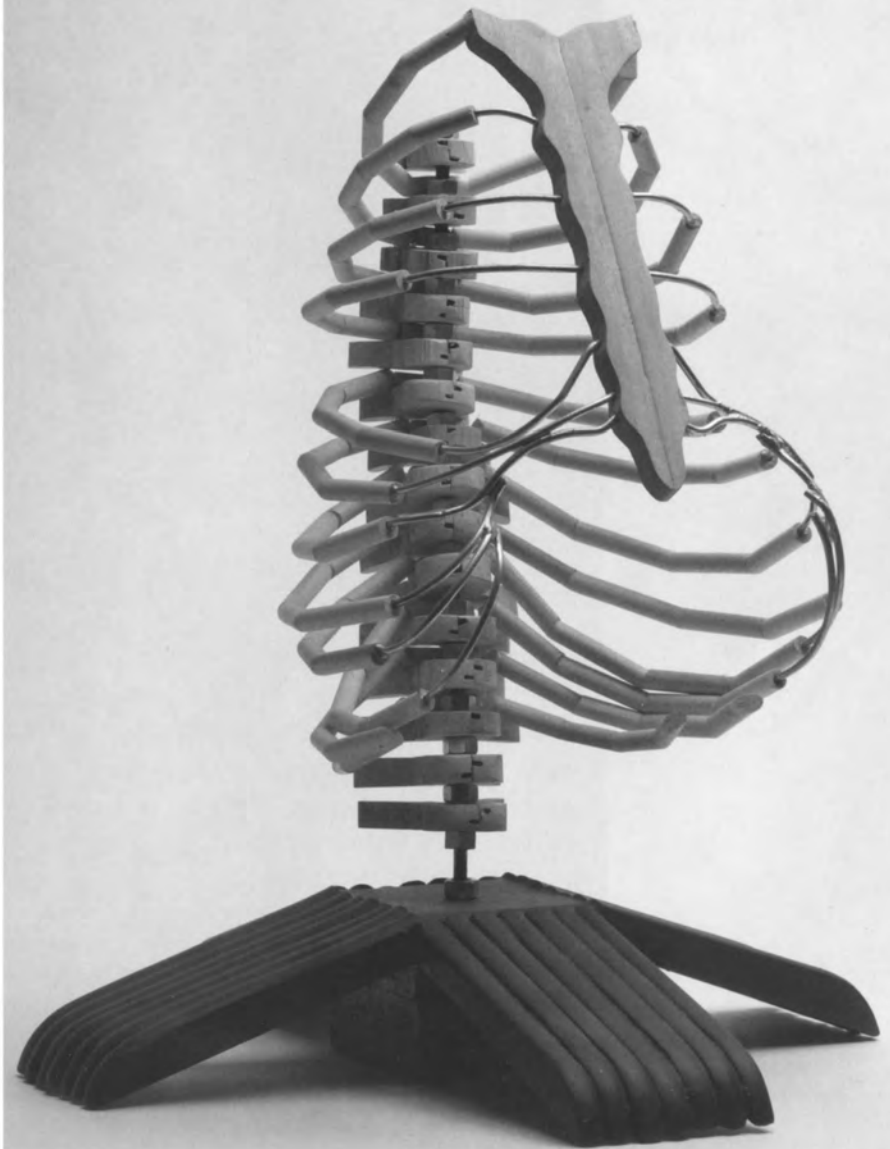
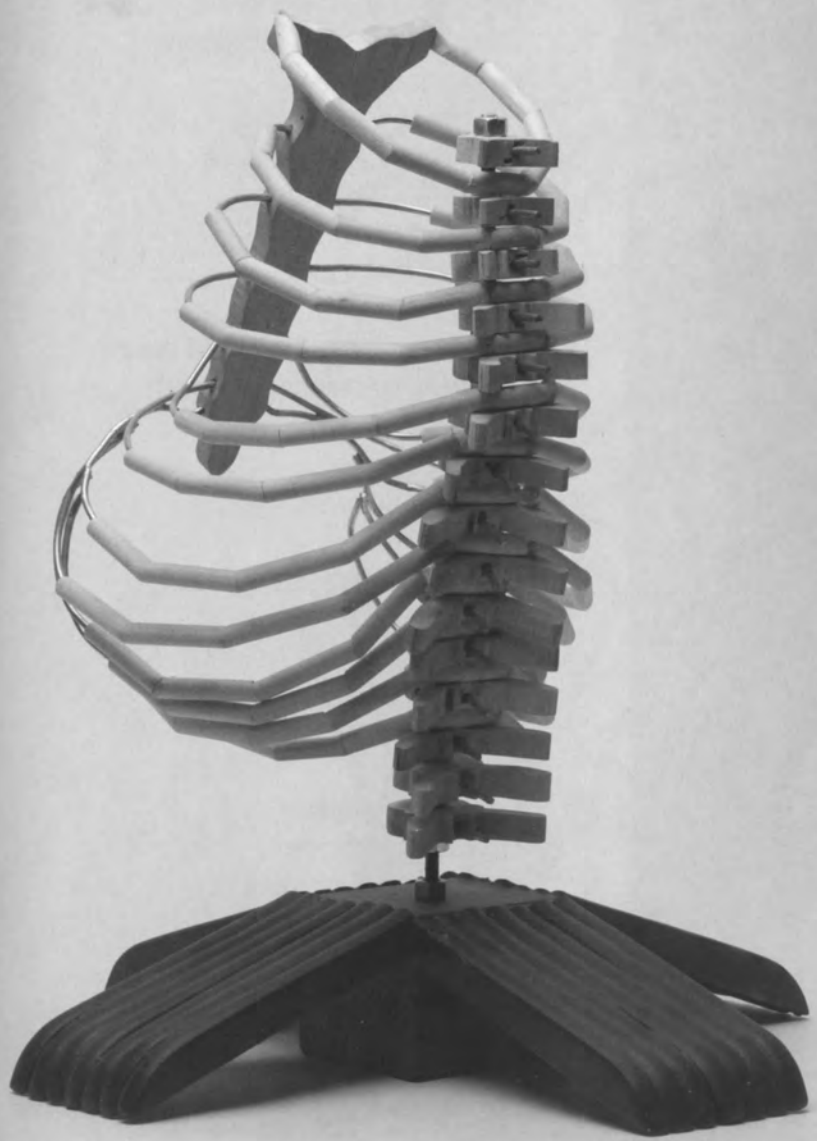
The smoker hears vomit splash. He cups a hand around his mouth to ask if I'm alright.

I wipe my mouth on my shoulder. Pluck the pill from the puddle of puke and examine it in the light. Intact. I moan, "Could I bum a cigarette?"



ELIZABETH
CHRIS DWYER
WOODCUT - 33"x25"

UNTITLED
JESSICA HAITHCOCK
WOOD & METAL - 20"x16"x16

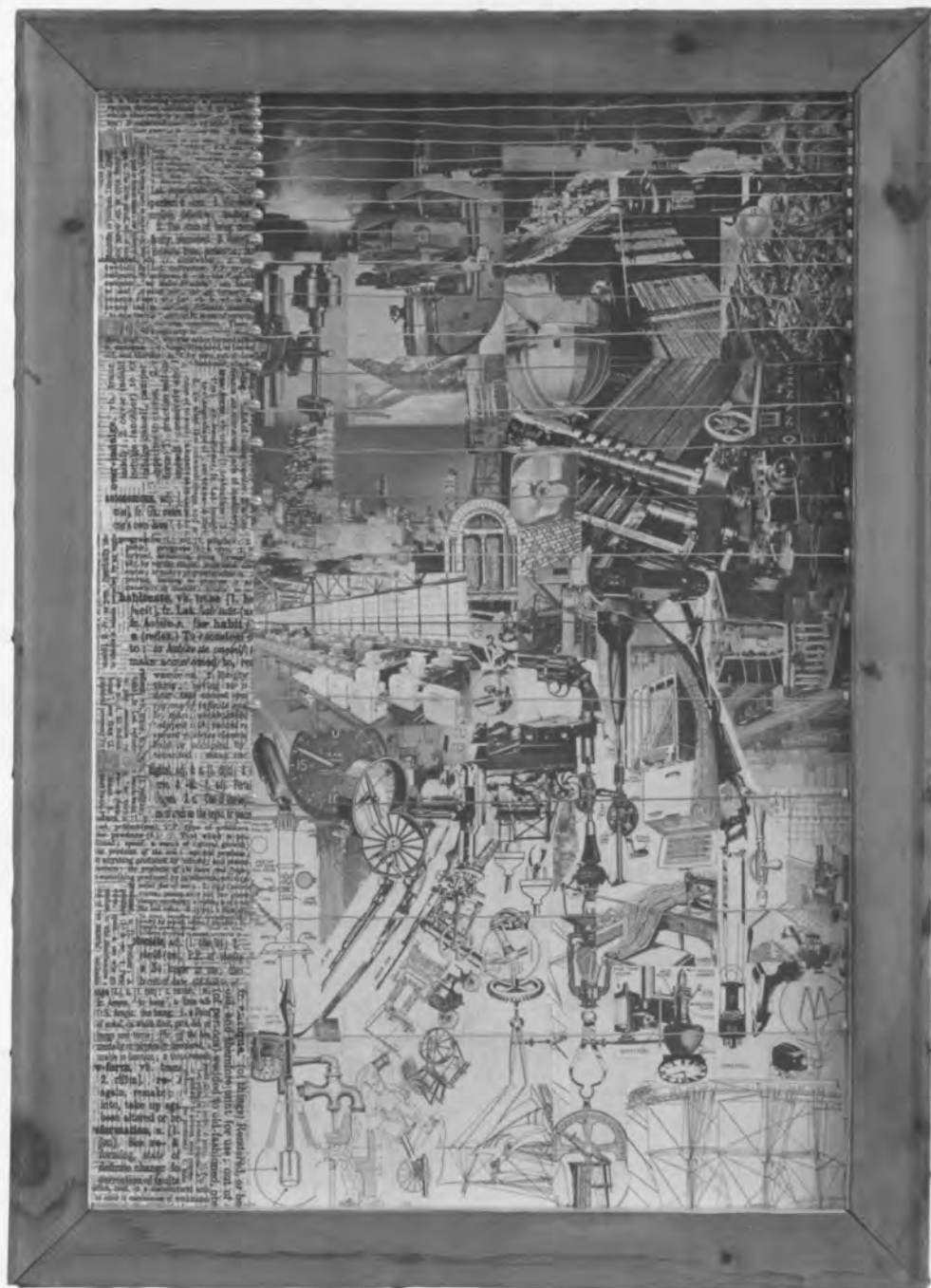


OBSOLETE

CAITLIN WERES

MIXED MEDIA (WOOD, COLLAGE, WIRE CABLE)

20" x 28"

**Michelle Mabry****Introduction**

I am green sugar,
words unwritten.

My grand train will leave you
sleeping, at shiny stations,
if you don't listen.

I am delicious numbers,
endlessly wrecked.
Add me, subtract me,
leave remainders.

I stay next.

Even as a negative, I still count-
infinitely, priceless,
imaginary, abstract,
real.....prime.

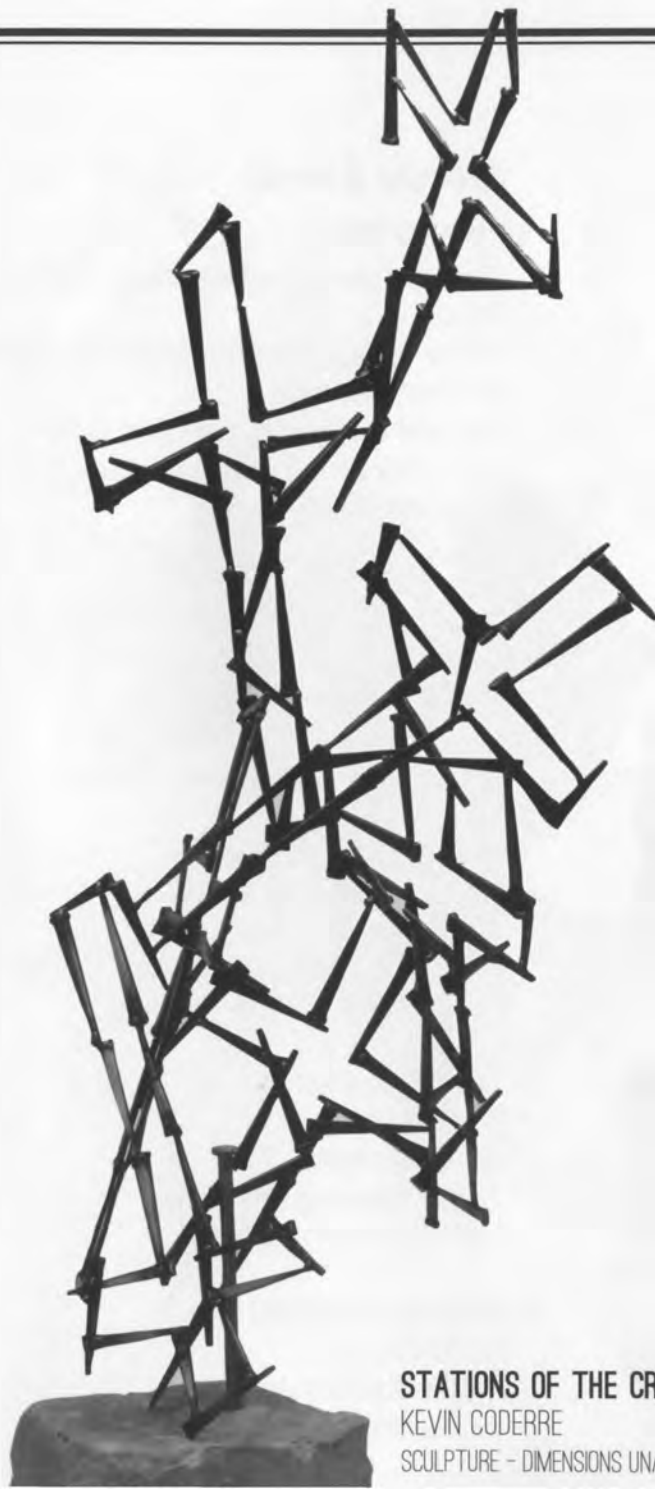
I am the answer.

I am the sleepless captain
placing rain,
for pining, in late golden
wait, wait, wait.
Want, want, want.

I am the alphabet,
shushing patrons.

My serifs melt closer
planting mines,
my letter ticking.

Can you see the little perky L
hover tight, feel the O shiver?
That's a lover,
not over,
I am the arrow.



STATIONS OF THE CROSS
KEVIN CODERRE
SCULPTURE - DIMENSIONS UNAVAILABLE

Lori Knoechel

A Night With My Mother Braiding My Hair

Her fingers laced in alcohol,
drips of ginger-colored mother's water
stick to her lips like liquid lacquer.
She takes one strand of hair
braids it into the other,
"I am your mother,
mother knows best."
She twists and tugs, together and tighter
until her fingers shine from
loose strands off my head.
Her eyes shrug,
glazed
"Your hair will be beautiful tomorrow,"
She says,
"Like wavy summer wheat."
She will not be there in the morning
as I untie my sticky knots,
brushing out waves cascading
down my shoulders.
With a pair of scissors glinting brown
in the dark rooms light
I mend out my hairs curvy edges,
trimming ripples off my head,
sticky from what mother
knew best.

With my hair cut so short,
there was none left to braid.

**MATTHEW**

CAITLIN WERES

PHOTOCOLLAGE ON FOLDED PAPER

16"x20"x3"

Gordy Stevic**Hungry Man**

I once knew a man who suffered from ravenous
thirst.

Every night, he dreamed of succulent thighs,
swollen with lust,
like rice fields with monsoon rain,
but every morning he woke up
with dry sex.

He was a voracious man,
lusting not for one, but many women.
White, dark, strong mares with wild ways,
his "pan handle" wide open
for any category five tornado.
I once knew a man with steel silo.

I felt pity for this man,
I offered my deep lakes
to his covetous lips.
I served his tongue with my Denali's breast;
he did not want me--old hag.

Once I was fertile,
deep river,
loved by many.
Today this stag ran away,
I felt like musky swamp.

The rain stopped,
my bed is dry.
I grow a poplar tree
for shade.



IMPERIAL JADE DRAGON
JENNIFER GODAT
WHITE STONEWARE - 7.5"x9"x6"

Laura Evoy

(based on "Orange and Yellow" by Mark Rothko, 1956, 91" x 71")

Best Together

I AM YELLOW.

I AM ORANGE.

when the grocery bag splits
in the parking lot,
lemons and oranges
roll into each other's arms.

yellow rides horseback on orange.
lemon giggles, orange gallops.

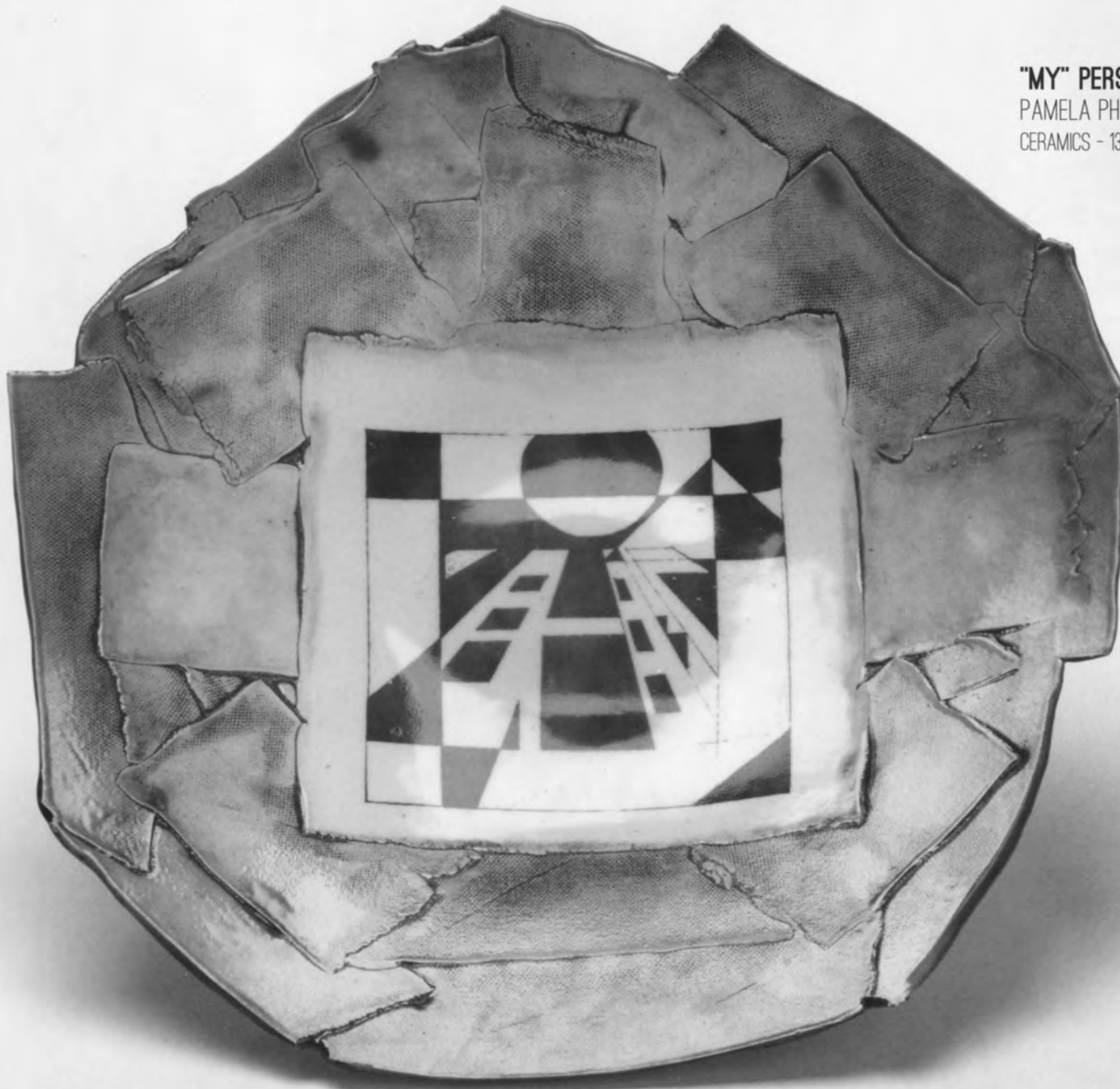
even the sun refuses to lower
unless a citrus pair meet
sweet and sour
at happy hour.

orange alone is orange.
yellow alone is yellow.

the yellow crayon stands next to orange
in a thin Crayola 8 box with its lip tucked.
when the yellow crayon went missing
the orange crayon turned grey.

yellow is only yellow.
orange is only orange.

yellow pushes the blues away.
orange moves nearer.



"MY" PERSPECTIVE
PAMELA PHILLIPS
CERAMICS - 13"x13"x2"

Sung Yim

A Walnut Stuck

what it is i don't know
 something's broken
 some secret book everybody's read
 they know how to feel
 and what to say when her boyfriend
 beats her sideways with a skillet
 when someone else says something's wrong with his son
 he's wet the bed six times in the last two months
 doesn't have an appetite something's
 just out of reach
 an itch
 buried under sinew
 a walnut stuck between layered roots
 pressed
 cocooned
 nutmeat rancid sprout-less
 i need to know what's missing
 tear it open nails peeled back
 kiss it murmur secrets
 hold it to my ear listen
 strain for any sound.

Nicole Misisic

Epileptic Episode

There is a thud,
 rug-scratching thrashes. My sister
 abandons her scrambling eggs,
 shrieks for Mom,
 alarm-clocks me.

Orion is sideways,
 face pried open.
 A brainstorm
 throttles him in the corner.

Suddenly he resets
 fixed
 pitted olive eyes
 sea urchin fur
 drool dangling
 with fried whiskers.

My baby is sick.

DIAMOND CUT TEAPOT

KAREN MOORHEAD

WHITE STONEWARE/BRASS FITTINGS - 7"x8"x 12"





Stavroula Voules

I-Chant

I am a late night poet
a Dreaming Tree drunken poet
say things two times poet
say things two times poet
a damn dog lovin' poet
no carin' for bloody food poet
a river riding poet
a yogi risking poet

won't call you back poet
but will smoke your cigarettes poet

activist against your man parts poet
a recognize me by my hair poet
a stoned all day pot-smoking poet
don't care about white-man dreams poet
curious about black dick poet
shave my legs when I get to it poet
a heart-shaped lip poet

take money from County Donuts poet
a confessional poet

skinny-dipped in your pool
when you were on vacation poet
introduced your daughter and son to pineal gland poet
with psychedelics poet

I am a bare facts poet
a now poet



POINT
OF
VIEW

POINT
OF VIEW



10

Practice
Practice
Practice

09

Take
risks.

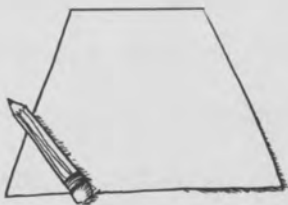


01

Carry a
notebook
everywhere.

08

Get off the
computer...
and phone.



02

Try free
writing.

10
WAYS
TO STAY
CREATIVE

07

Drink
Coffee.



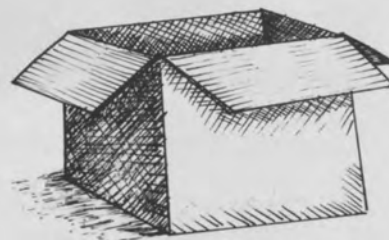
03

Listen to
new music.



04

Go somewhere
new.



05

Be open.

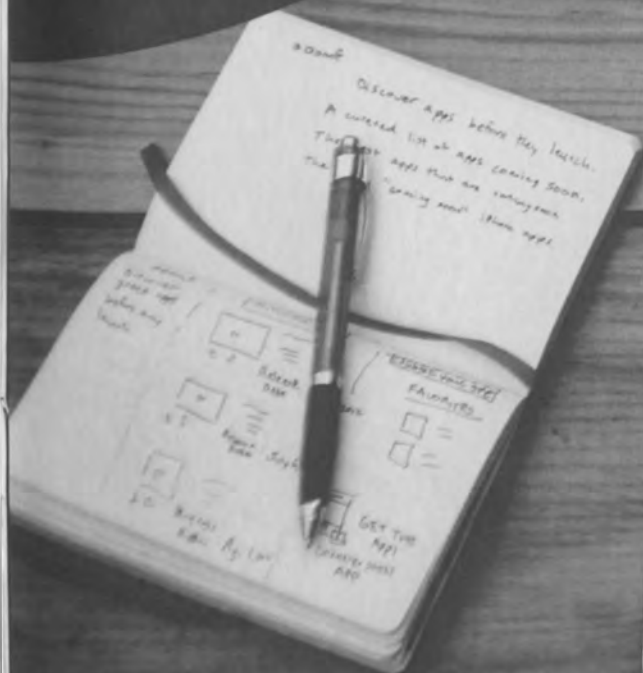


06

Quit breaking
yourself

CHECK OUT
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