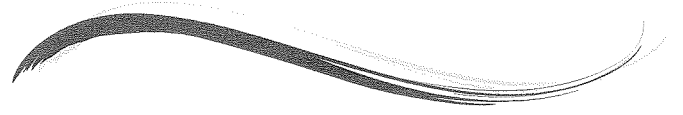
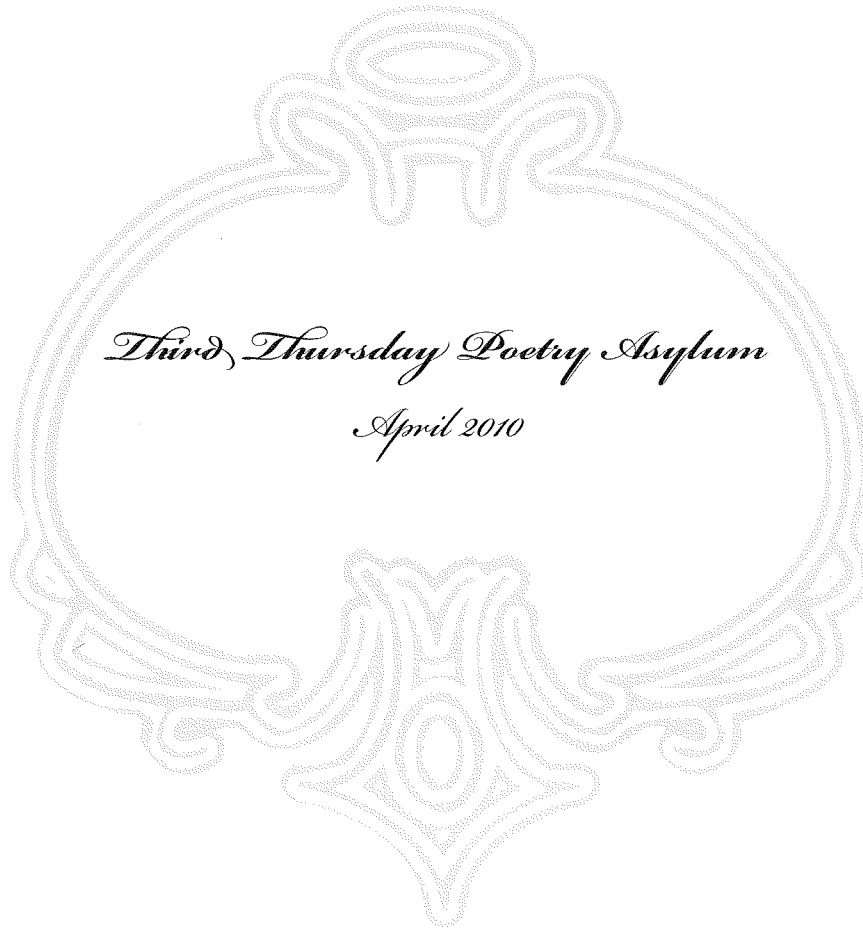


SUBTERREANEAN

SubTerraanean





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❖ Note from the Groundskeepers

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w e l c o m e . . .

...to *subTerreanean*, a project that grew out of the monthly open poetry readings we hold at Coffee Grounds in Terre Haute, IN.

Poetry at the Grounds began in October 2008, open to readers of both original poetry and poetry by the readers' favorite authors. As the readings have built upon each other, an eclectic array of topics has unfolded: senior belly dancing, Autism, death, computer programs, Tai Chi, politics, religion, knitting, sexual orientation, drug addiction, cats and zucchini. Each month, moods flow from anger to heartbreak to joy and wonder - all thought-provoking and inspirational and, we daresay, healing.

The age of readers has ranged from an eight-year old girl who confidently read James Whitcomb Riley's *Little Orphant Annie*, to the 81-year old man from Clay County, IN. who shared his original work. Poetic skills and styles have an equally broad range and all who share their work find a welcoming and supportive atmosphere. The controversial and the cozy peacefully co-exist in our Third Thursday poetry community. Asylum is granted to all.

Consider this an open reading in book form. Instead of 5 minutes at the microphone, participants had 2 pages to do with as they liked. We extended our invitation to musicians and artists in the community. Contributors were responsible for creating their own page, and handing in 200 copies. Then the groundskeeping team went to work. Myke Flaherty and Sasha Krasutsky brainstormed with us, created the covers and extra inner pages. We commandeered the tables at ArtReach and collated and stapled and numbered.

We think *subTerreanean* turned out much like the readings - funky, communal, and fun. With heart.

We'd like to thank everyone for their enthusiasm and their contributions to *subTerreanean* and to *Poetry at the Grounds* each month. Special thanks goes to Myke and Sasha for being fabulous to work with.

Sarah ZANN

Sarah Long & Zann Carter, Groundskeepers
Third Thursday Poetry Asylum

POETIC REVELATIONS/POETIC REVOLUTIONS

BY REV. WALTER BECK

Breakdown Blues (Ceremonial Edit)

The shadow of the warmer months begins to dawn and the war drums pick up in the distance, the Healer was disposed of and the Dynasty finally fell, the Green Gods still scream for the ones whose blood is boiled sugar, Twenty bucks for three minutes of love, sorrows and worries dying in a field of barley, corn and rye; another empty soul shatters in a spray of brown glass, feeling like my broken heroes drowning in dissolved tar and melted snow with guiltless lust wrapped around my head, skin permeated with the scent of the Garden, "Indulgence not abstinence" as the Doctor said, the man of the street clashes with the man of the forest, feeling as free as an Eagle with clipped wings. No Doz wears off, leaving a rusty shell, a tired brain drifts off, the soul's hangover slowly takes hold, hearing Nick Cave's words follow me down, "Lazarus dig yourself back in that hole!"

40 Years Buried

No blade I've seen cuts as deep as the edge of a dollar bill, the honorary beast chews on the fat of our mother home, pages of the acid scriptures used to light back door cigarettes, another rung up the ladder and the fire begins to die, no greasy hands or black soles can breathe the thin air, old-school and by-the-book, the last hope is a discarded Guy Fawkes mask lying on the street with an empty bottle of bubbly broken next to it.

Tight-Wired Summer-Heated Mind

Carving up lines
Like a rock-star;
With a keyboard
Instead of a razor blade.

My old boss burns the bodies
Of Man's Best Friend
To earn his keep.

A cranium of flame,
He renounces our Trinity
And pisses on the pagan pyres.

When I burn out
From life on the Wilderness Stage,
Bury me in the Colors,
Throw me In This River,
And remember in our world...

The acid pig is
The giver of life.

Inheritance

Modern street freaks
No longer stomp their anger
To the beat of Birmingham Steel;
They wave their signs
To a synthetic rhythm
And turn a bloody rally
Into an electronic bash.

Prince Charming

He stands stoically
In front of the green altar;
He's been Docked,
Sold with dirty Money.
Iron eyes
Which hold no joy.
Broken, bloody arrows
Drip with the condescension
Spilled for you and for many.

Bastard Child of the Love Generation

Spiritual sludge
Fleshed out and filled in.
Dripped from bad acid trips,
Stale ideas of Revolution,
Encrusted dope residue
Scraped from rusted roach clips,
Dropped from the broken remains of old
records,
Congealed, fully formed and in the flesh.
Decked out in the black of the night.
An ugly stain
On your bright colors
As plastic as a Tide commercial
Plastic grins and plastic lives
Run through plastic cards.
The bastard son
Sent to carry the torch of Rebellion
Through the re-amplified chorus
Of "Street-Fighting Man"
And shatter your greed-driven fantasy lives.

Christmas Wish

Fantasies about
Smashing the glass cage
And poking out the glass eye.
Letting human blood
Fill the veins again.

Acknowledgements:

Thanks to Zann Carter and Sarah Long for hosting Poetry at the Grounds and having me perform on multiple occasions. And thanks to everyone who's seen me perform and took something from it. And thanks to my friends who have come out for support or seen the videos I've posted of performances. Finally, thanks to those in my life who have inspired these works of art and many others.

-Rev. Walter Beck

GRUNT UNITY! GRUBSNAR ETERNAL!

"Right now, it's time to kick out the jams!" –MC5

Revelation Theory

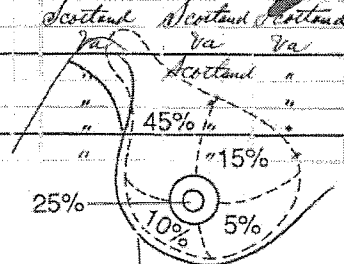
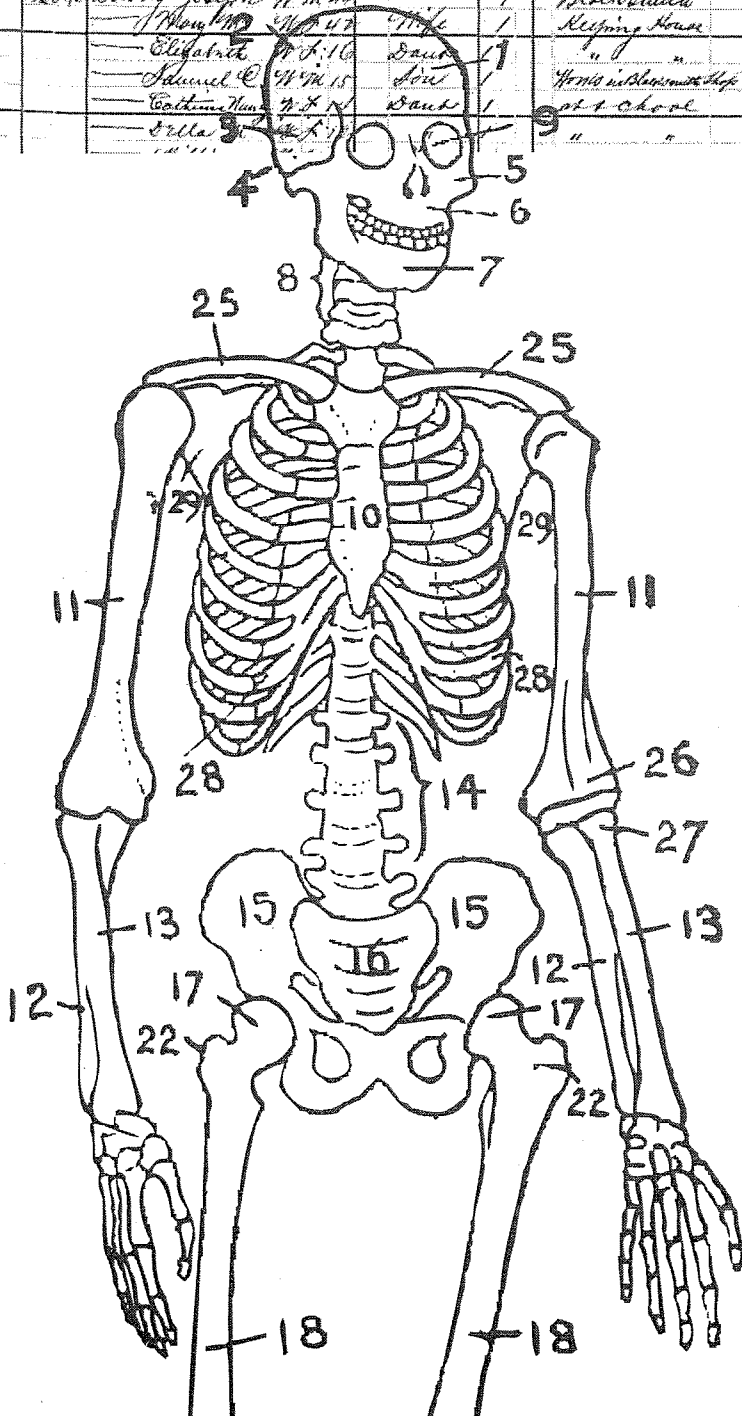
Bros drink watered-down rotgut hooch
Like preppy junkies fixing on Cheese.
Street freaks savor straight Scotch
As they march on the line of Lost Cause
And Last Chance.
A Red Star burns just as fast as a White one.
Broken speakers spread socio-masochistic
messages.
A well-scrubbed brick walkway
Becomes the trenches of a well-worn culture
war.
How can you preach the gospel of self-
immolation
If you've never known the smell of gasoline?

Last Stretch Blues

I'm coming home soon,
Changing these white bricks
For worn green canvas.
Oh I'm coming home soon,
Changing Acid Bath and Type O
For Eddie Cochran and Alice Cooper.
Yeah, I'm coming home soon,
Changing this hard concrete
For the soft dust and mud.
I'm coming home soon,
Changing this cheap AC
For a gentle cool breeze.
Oh I'm coming home soon,
Leaving this drunk-riddled hell
And coming back to you.

479533	Maggie	W F 3	"	1	at home					
	Blanch	W M 31		1	at home					
	Kate	W F 27	Wife	1	Keeping House					
	Nicholas	W M 10	Son	1	at school					
	Joseph	W M 8	"	1	"					
	Nora	W F 3	Daughter	1	at home					
	Christina	W F 1	"	1	"					
483574	Walter	W M 41		1	Trades/Speculator					
	Eliza	W F 17	Wife	1	Keeping House					
483585	Jessie	W F 57		1	"					
	Lawrence	W M 48	Brother	1	at day labor					
	John	W M 48	Brother	1	"					
482	Kate	W M 35		1	Helping	Rheumatism				
	John	W F 34	Wife	1	Keeping House					
	Jessie	W F 7	"	1	"					
483577	Calista	W F 25		1	Keeping House					
	John	W F 24	Wife	1	"					
	John	W F 24	Wife	1	"					
484579	John	W F 67		1	at home					
	John	W M 27		1	"					
485589	John	W M 67		1	at home					
	Daphnia	W F 41	Wife	1	"					
486570	Dorsey	W M 44		1	Bleed with					
	Wong	W F 47	Wife	1	Keeping House					
	Elizabeth	W F 10	Daughter	1	"					
	Samuel	W M 15	Son	1	"					
	Esther	W F 15	Daughter	1	"					
	John	W M 17	"	1	at school					
	John	W M 17	"	1	"					

Tumor,



you are mistaken:
 you are actually a bag of poppy seeds.
 I will plant you in my yard.
 Come summer, all your petals will go haywire —
 orange, and red!
 You will not spread.
 You will grow flowers instead.

Tumor, you are mistaken —
 you are actually an old wooden desk.
 I will rest my head upon you.
 On your surface, lovingly,
 I'll carve three words next to my name.
 You will not spread.
 You will support my books instead.

Tumor, you are mistaken!
 You are actually my favorite cotton skirt.
 I will put you on in winter.
 When the winds come,
 you will not hinder their pathway to my knees.
 You will not spread.
 You will fit nicely instead.

Tumor, you are mistaken.
 You are actually a small, frenzied moth.
 I will watch you from the front door.
 You will kiss the light on my porch,
 find in its brilliance fatal joy —
 you will not spread.
 You will die for love instead.

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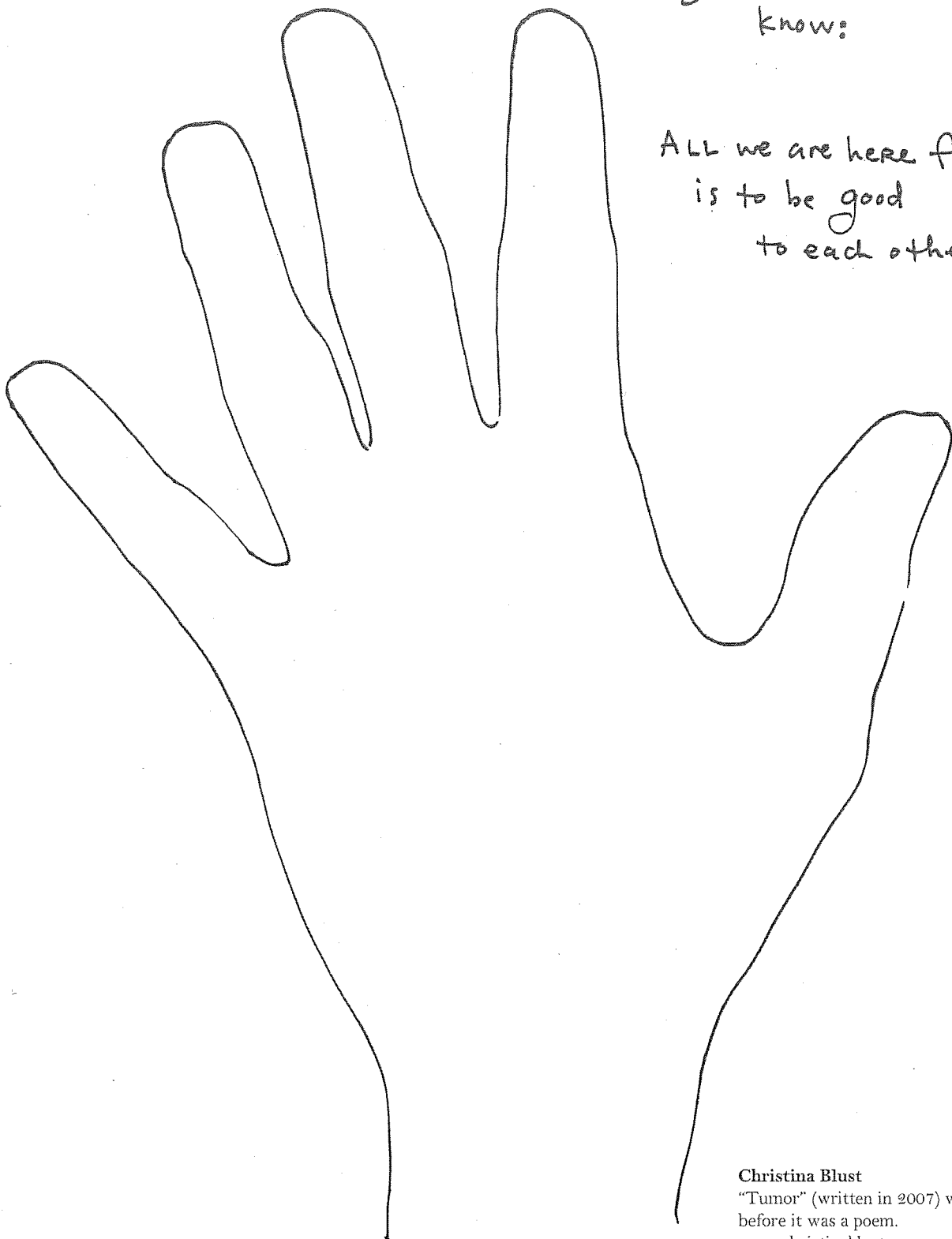
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there is
something you should
know:

ALL we are here for
is to be good
to each other.



Christina Blust
"Tumor" (written in 2007) was a song
before it was a poem.
www.christinablust.com

for my friend Robbie -
and for all others dealing
with autism

Original Works by Emily Brown

"Robbie"

Robbie remembers everything.

I'm not sure if he wants to but he remembers,

Remembers as if there was a tiny vault inside his head just counting and counting
and counting, and mem or iz ing

He looks past you to know you and to love you,

His arms spread wide when he sees you.

Accepting a hug from Robbie is accepting a ticket to heaven,

because he will remember to tell God you were good to him;

because Robbie can remember everything.

Days of the week from weeks past, the weather this time last year.

Whether or not you passed that test on April fourth, two thousand seven,

and what time it was the last time you walked by.

I am... thankful for my friend Robbie and his ability to make someone's life special,
just by remembering to remember.

But I'm not sure if he remembers why you were... laughing at him the other day.

I'm not sure if he remembers exactly why you threw something at his face.

I'm not sure if Robbie remembers why he wasn't treated the way he should have been,
because I'm sure he remembers the way he's supposed to treat you...

But its different that way right? Because you're normal ...right?

You're normal because you can't remember thousands of different birthdays.... but
why would that be important anyways... right?

Well let me tell you something about birthdays,

birthdays are important only if you are and I know I am important in Robbie's eyes.

Because the only happy wish I got on my birthday last year,

was from my mom, my dad, and from Robbie.

Now look me in the eyes and tell me there's something, wrong with him.

Look me in the eyes and tell me not to be overjoyed every January 8th,

when I hear that wonderful sound at the end of the hall.

He is not ...simple. He is not ...dumb.

Don't you dare call my friend retarded because there is nothing remotely wrong with
him at all.

And if it is a curse to be like Robbie then I wish I was cursed because Robbie makes my
day almost everyday.

And if I could impact *anyone* the way Robbie has impacted myself, and thousands of
others,

I surely would jump at the chance. But for now, I'll leave that up to Robbie... maybe he will remind me later.

"Nervous"

I'm, nervous.

It's the reason I hold this paper to remember my words, cause I'm...nervous

It's the reason my hands are shaky and my feet are sweaty, I'm so nervous

I can't stop this trembling in my spine, can't stop the room...

I wish I could freeze time, cause I'm nervous in front of you.

Any group whether it be big or small, always makes me anxious.

I stand proud to deliver my soul, and my guard is down so I'm anxious.

My eyes dart from side to side, I pace around the mic I'm so anxious.

My voice has cracked at least three times, oh lord I'm so anxious.

I get scared when you stare at me, expecting much more than I can deliver.

You look into my eyes and see everything, my every thought, my every quiver.

But it's worse when you turn away, because who knows what you're thinking!

"This girl is dumb, so young, and so naive, so not... thinking."

I see it in your faces... and you know that I know.

So ill see that your faces turn up by the end of my show.

For all the negative thought you may have had, will be thrown out the window.

Because now, I'll prove myself, and go to that place I dared not go when I was nervous.

As I speak your ears will perk up, because the sound of my voice is enough to wake you up.

I know you hear truth in my genuine words.

I'll make your heart flutter when you realize I've matured.

Through the course of this poem I have learned.

I will not be nervous anymore, next time you see me I'll leave you wanting more.

I will speak with confidence, without my stupid paper.

The only guide I need comes from Mother Nature.

I have this gift of poetry that I will not be afraid to let shine.

For poetry is in all of us, and what's yours, is mine.

You have inspired me and made me shine

For poetry is in all of us, and what's yours, is mine.



Along with poetry I also love to paint and create wearable works of art. Examples of these can be found on my website – www.emilyoutrageous.etsy.com.

Molly Burkett

BEFORE MOVING TO NEW YORK CITY

I picked up the tourist guide to my city
and checked off all the restaurants I'd been to
and dog-eared the pages that said
nature
and hot-air balloon rides

and I wondered how many people
came to the restaurant where I used to serve pizza
because this brochure said it was "Bloomington's best"
and were disappointed

when their server was a frazzled redhead
who forgot who ordered which drink
and was short with them when they asked
if the mushrooms were canned,
if the root beer was Barq's or A&W,
where the restrooms are,
what time is it,

do you serve beer, (and then, why not),
for extra napkins,
another order of breadsticks,
a to-go box,
two to-go boxes,
a piece of foil,
a bag to carry it all in,
a Coke to go, no more ice,
no nothing thanks,
no we're fine,
no thank you,
thanks, you too,
bye-bye.

MEETING YOU

As it turns out, I thought we met at the bar
but you always reminded me that we met at Café Pizzaria
You had braids back then and I was heavier
but you totally thought I was hot
and now that I think of it I do remember you
I just didn't know it was you that I remembered,

you sat at B1 with friends, you were to my left
and you ordered a weird chicken Stromboli,
you wanted something that wasn't on the menu,
and another server told you it was impossible
but I just wrote out the hieroglyphics
½ strom +chkn -sce xchz +m +Gr + JP -S +P

or whatever that bullshit was,
and the make boy probably talked some shit about it,
but I wanted to please you at any cost.
First night you came over you rapped me something you wrote
and made "pizzaria" rhyme all cute with something like "meet ya"
and you kept talking nonstop about yourself

like you were pleading your case,
and giving me art as evidence
like a watercolour rocket ship
on the back of a New York City postcard,
Exhibit A: "this is how we're gonna get there"

Molly Burkett is a writer, dancer, photographer, filmmaker, dress-up fiend and muse for hire. You can find more of her work and documents of her daily outfits and artfits on MollyBurkett.com.

Dig

This is the summer of the dig,
of shoveling heavy sand,
of faltering in simoon winds.
Of saying adieu and refusing
the folly of explanation, justification.

The future is buried deep.

My friends note my absence, peculiar
conversation -- a bizarre archaeology
of secret disasters they cannot apprehend.
I estrange them,
offering only opaque mystery,
a possible pyramid.

Unsatisfactory, they murmur, moving away
to their cafes, their mountains, their light.
They seek milestones, timetables, successes
apparent enough to celebrate.

They practice revolution in the back yard.

I unwrap miles of gauze in a dim chamber,
hands reeking of eucalyptus oil, old annointments.
An arcane calendar allows me yet-to-be.
There are strange violences to decipher,
heiroglyphs which demand a solitary discipline.

There is bone here. And heart.
Metal beaten thin as a fingernail,
bracelets of paradox, silent stacks
of locked boxes.
An array of sealed chalices confronts me.
I touch nothing yet.

Juxtaposition

is everything.

(1979)

Bitter and beautiful: all winter

those words haunted me.

Day after day
Crow perched on them

and turned her sad
wise eyes to mine.

One winter I plan to grow
small

so Crow will make me
her baby.

She will carry me from
bitter to beautiful

and back again
over and over

and I will sleep
and sleep

through it all.

(2009)

i have moved away

from myself
for a moment,

wanting to see
the forest of her
being.

i see how green she is,
how much her life reaches
upward,
devouring light,

how the shadows of flying
birds, great and small,
shift across her face.

i see the birds come to rest
in her,

laying eggs,
dropping feathers,
dropping shit, singing

to the sun.

i see clearings
filled with stones, layered
with things fallen
and decayed.

i see the designs water has carved
in the earth of her

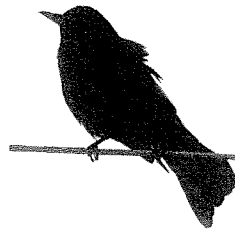
and how water carries
pieces of her
away

and i see where great storms
pounded, rearranged
topography

and i see

rainbows bending
over
her.

(2009)



Zann
carter

www.zanncarter.com

P R A O M e n t s . . .

.....stories never finished....poems
begun...random notes...

Aunt India came to save us.

We were wandering around that big old house like planets bereft of their star, wobbling unsteadily around the universe looking for a new orbit. Aunt India came to be our new star.

At first, if it wasn't perfect, it seemed nearly so. French toast in the morning with butter and honey. With the sun coming through the windows, pouring its light first through the branches of a great poinciana tree. Those mornings were all warm browns and golden sweetness. Lacy light that trembled if there was a wind. Aunt India wore a blue apron printed with yellow stars and waved a spatula like a wand. Papa read the papers and drank coffee and went out to work. Kip and Baby Addie played with wooden blocks in a corner of the great kitchen. Black and white linoleum squares like a giant gameboard we thought laid just for us.

Then suddenly Papa was gone, too. He hadn't died like Mama, but he was as gone as she.

What happened to Mama

i know it was night...
(11/08)

happiness as appearing and disappearing
stigmata of happiness
evaporating
breath

vapor breath
on a mirror

Fully awake, she smiled at the travels her thoughts made, winding their way from the landscape of sleep and dream to the hard-edged realm of her sunlit bedroom. Conscious. Reality. Light leaked in bright lines around the sides of the dark curtains. Her windows faced east and most days her mornings were brilliantly lit. She heard raucous birds.

In the bathroom, she breathed on the mirror and saw her face through the blur of the fog, watched as it reappeared,
(01/08)

augury

The Augur (pl: augurs) was a priest and official in the classical world, especially ancient Rome and Etruria. His main role was to interpret the will of the gods by studying the flight of the birds (flying in groups/alone, what noises they make as they fly, direction of flight and what kind of birds they are), known as "taking the auspices."

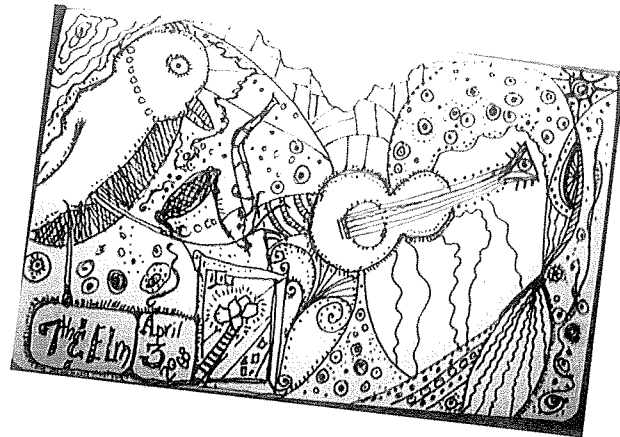
disambiguation

clarity

Iterations of A
moon ambiguity
clarity

train tracks
(04/08)

shadow



PapaPatty & Travis Dillon at 7th & Elm (2008)

In the morning
the light seeks you.
(07/06)

In the grocery store, a small man handed out homemade flyers. Tied to his shaved head was a small globe pencil sharpener. His flyers were handwritten, dense with words - black ink thicket on torn pieces of brown paper bags.

I prayed that he would pass me by.
Strange people often start talking to me and tell me intimate things.

I did not want to know anything about this man.
what he thinks is wrong with the world
how we can make it right
i wanted only to buy my strawberries and gladiolus.
Now I'm old enough to know that the world is full of mystery disguised as crazy and that sometimes craziness is wisdom

and I will always wonder what he wrote
I pretend to believe he had merely copied the text from Dr. Bronner's Peppermint Soap labels.
(09/07)

corrosive

the terrible acid
of her words
or the slow fire of rust
(04/09)

**MY HEART FEELS...
SORE.**

**PATRICK HAD
ELEGANT HANDS**

(whisper) an infinity of worse.
(02/09)

be a hinge be a rose
(09.07)

Lesson learned: Speak up or some nonsense apple policy could become the status quo.

A short rant by Imus DeGoodolays



As I gathered my things, I decided to make the best of this and take the 5 mile walk into town. Upon leaving the sterile campus, I saw 2 road-worn, street hardened, hitchhikers who both proceeded to give me "the nod"...as if they knew I was stuck here too. I made my way into to town via the not-so-pedestrian-friendly road (there is no sidewalk on that particular part of Wabash Ave.) Forced to climb a muddy embankment to avoid the speeding trucks, I was eventually forced into someone's backyard. It was there that I feared I may be shot on sight for trespassing. I continued my walk and took notice of the vegetation growing among the empty bottles, food wrappers, and other assorted litter scattered about on the side of the road. As I climbed over some guard rails, under an overpass, a sidewalk and a town finally began to emerge. In my mind I like to compare this to the scene from the 1985 movie, "Back to the Future", where the hero Marty McFly, walks into the town of Hill Valley for the first time in both the past, and in the sequel to the film, the future. This was neither the past nor the future though; it was some alternate version of the present, January 2008. As I approached town, I had a lunch that consisted of an orange and some peanuts that I purchased for a total cost of 99 cents at some 1950's era supermarket. One of the best lunches ever. I also bought an apple for safe keeping, which would become a point of contention at a local bar later that night...

...pleased with this encounter I made my exit into the dusk, and decided to head to a local tavern. I cannot remember the name of this bar for the life of me, but it was the same place I had been the night before with John and his friends. Knowing that John had classes and exams, I figured I would stay out for the evening and enjoy Terre Haute on my own. Upon entering the bar I ordered a red wine and made small talk with some of the locals. I decided that this would be a good time to eat my apple. As I started to take, what I perceived to be, an unobtrusive chomp into this delicious apple, I was informed by the bartender that no outside food was allowed. Bar policy. "But, you don't serve apples in here, do you?" I said. "No, but we have a menu..." I looked at the menu and said that I did not want a wadded beef burger or some double fried grease fries, American style. Don't get me wrong, I'll eat most crap offered to me, but not while on a road trip. Not this road trip. I had to keep my energy high and eat efficiently. So, I made my point that I was not cheating the bar out of a food sale and that I was, in fact, a paying customer and that it was better I buy a few drinks and eat a damn apple, than not buy anything at all, or take my business elsewhere. As he begrudgingly conceded, he fearfully pointed out a surveillance camera, and said I should eat it quick and not face the camera for his boss might see me. How frightfully Orwellian I thought. . .

The Voice of the Spirit

Some will take my voice away, but not my spirit
Their fear and hatred will darken their sight
I will be here on earth, through the voices of others
So my voice will always be heard

The spirit of my people will have sorrow in their hearts
Tears will be in their eyes from the abuse
The authorities will want to silence them
But my voice will always be heard

I have received elixir that poisoned my veins
To put me in eternal sleep that makes me away
To see my people grieve from up above
But my voice will always be heard

Hearts of sorrow have enveloped the earth
And hardship from authorities have poisoned the minds
With silence that dominates my people's minds
But my voice will always be heard

My spirit sees the sorrow of life
The authorities will enslave their critics
The tears of the people will flow like wine and blood
But my voice will always – ALWAYS! – be heard

House of the People

A graying sunlight envelopes its majestic facade
Concealing the ghosts of what was once its glory to all
One looks into the fading windows of the once grand castle
To a past life of pride to all of a time not so long ago

Where people roamed the majestic residency
Demonstrating their lives, whether large or small
And, at times, celebrating and reflecting
With the world around them unlike themselves
Now disclosing its hidden treasures, whether there or not

And in the memories of the past
The question posed for the here and now
Is whether the hotel of the people will again arise
Or will the proud treasure shine anew

Two Sides of the Mirror

*Love...and ignorance
Respect...and hate
Knowledge...and greed
Trust...and bigotry
Truth...and spins of it
Understanding...and closed ears
Sight...and closed eyes
Rays of light...and all darkness*

Two sides...but which to choose?

There are two sides to every mirror
One can see clearly, the other can't
In every life we can blend the mirrors
But, in the ending, you may decide
Which side to be on, and which side to not
Which seems so hard to experience where
You are to look at: *is this the right side*
Or are the sides too blurry to see the wrong?

Look carefully, then choose your side.

Quiet Serenade

*When the morning comes and your life can be a mess
You may look outside to the sky above
And see the quiet beauty all around you
To soothe you for the upcoming day*

*Like a little spirit whispering to you good morning
And see the trees standing there being themselves
With little dew drops spinning around
Into webs of silk that disappears in the sunlight like
a natural dream catcher
Giving us the dreams of peace to the city concealing it*

*And as you may wake up in distant lands
You may see the quiet majestic mountains of calico
colors and shades
Dotting itself with evergreens to conceal its
grandness
Hiding beside streams of clear playfulness all around*

Yes, the quiet serenade is beside us. Good morning.

A Creation of Peace

*Glistening of starlight
Hearing the water stream down
Peaceful, this world we must live in now
Of the past that we can
See the love shine in the past*

*All have their memories of little children
Splashing and boating in a small pond of the past
And surrounding around blazing campfires
And always remembering the voyage they went on
In the greenery and the darkness
Of distant summer passing from long ago*

*The memories of peace from long ago
Of childlike innocence and wonderment all around
Discovering the world in their life's travels
And learn to grasp it when you grow up
To spread good cheer and peace to the world*

*And when these children become adults
On a quest on what the spirits are telling them
The memories of their days of youth
Allow the thought of harder times
To flow in a creation of peace
And the calm of younger lives
That all might have forgotten*

*Glistening of starlight
Hearing the water stream down
Peaceful, this world we must live in now
Of the past that we can
See all peace on earth*

Wings of Darkness

*On wings of darkness, nightfall flies above
In the air of night and day
Trying to grab treasures below
When the air is crisp and cold
And the ground is browned with leaves and grass
Where sounds of dogs are buzzing around
Giving indication to when it is*

*That the wings of darkness tell winter is near
Where happiness might pass away*

*The trees are quiet, and clouds sound like banshees
And pastels of spring and summer blow away
To peaceful colors of fall autumn
And as I walk around this bustling metropolis
I hear crows above instead of other birds
With their wings of darkness blowing peace away
The seasons yet to come in months ahead*

*In hopes of happiness to come right away
Let this darkness blow away*

To God's Children

My love everlasting,

*An air of grief, a sound of silence
A light of darkness in a shining grove
Such as I write to you, my dear
From here on earth while you're away*

*I am so sad to see you leave me
You'll be my heart that beats forever
You'll be my soul that will not depart
Your spirit will sooth the rage inside me
But your face not I will forget*

*I feel a thousand smiles from your spirit
Touching my face as soft as snowflakes
Feeling a universal love so strong
That our separation will never be eternal*

*You'll leave your shell
And live inside me
Through all eternity
God will bring peace right now
And it will begin with me*

Your soul,

About the Author



Sarah Dillon is a social activist who works with the Green Party. In her free time, she writes poetry and can be reached at

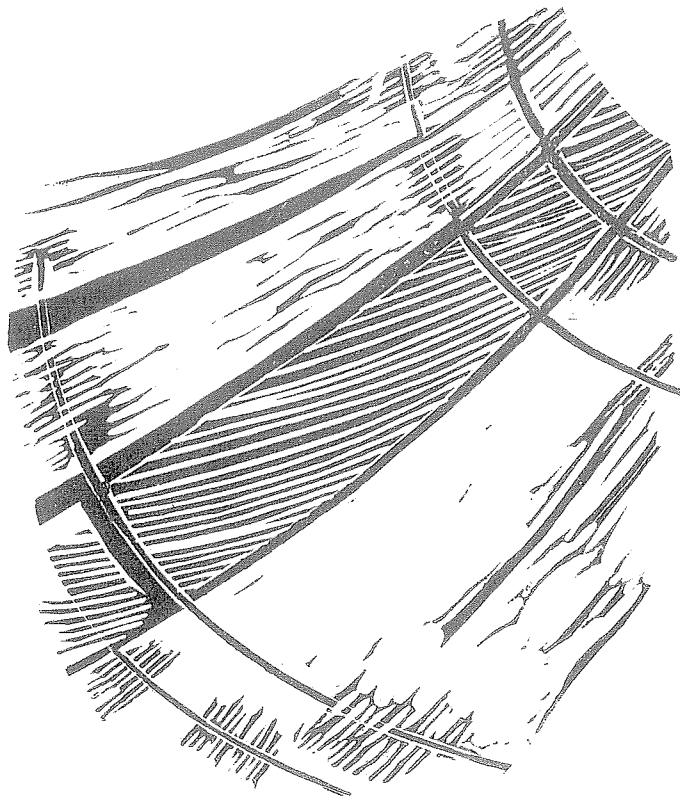
EMAIL: cjester2@juno.com

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EGO TRIP

Sometimes...
I think of myself
as MOTHER EARTH,
and all the men,
Exist
merely
to light my sky
at night.

rae



THE END

If this be the last
time we meet.....

Remember me thus:

SMILING,

COMPLETE.

Because life has been

A wonderful adventure –

some TEARS,

some CHEERS,

And just enough years.....

According to God's plan.

rae

HARVEY

For five years Harvey, the RV had rested in his space beside the garage. There had been no thoughts of travel or vacation since the accident. We had several offers to buy Harvey, but even with the painful memories we just couldn't bring ourselves to sell...after all there were still many pleasant times to recall-especially the days at Smoky Ridge which was Todd's favorite. One afternoon after over an hour of searching, we found him on the far side of a small wooded ridge where he had built a fort of rocks, sticks and some leafy branches. A pile of pine needles served as his pillow as he dozed peacefully, oblivious to our concern and frantic search. We couldn't bring ourselves to scold or punish him as he opened his eyes and asked how we liked his hideout. It is nice to have a secret place sometimes, Dan said and took Todd's hand to lead him back to the campsite.

A few weeks later we went to a nearby lake that had the best swimming beach in the area. Three years of lessons gave us confidence that Todd would be safe in the shallow buoyed area. The sand was clean and warm and perfect for castle construction. When Jerri, one of the older girls, asked if Todd could go for a paddle-boat ride he was elated. We were slightly apprehensive as the two of them ran off to the dock and happily readied the boat for their excursion. The two other boats on the lake held an elderly couple and two fishermen. The smooth surface of the lake was churned by the paddles as they headed for a cove where a pair of otters were sliding playfully over an old stump by the water's edge. The elderly couple greeted them then waved back toward the campground realizing they were camped in the space next to us in the park. Dan gave three short tweets on his coaches whistle which alerted Todd it was time to come back to camp. We watched as the two explorers signaled the OK and hopped into the boat for the paddle to the dock. We turned to collect our beach chairs and head back to our site where Harvey awaited our return.

The sound of a motor boat starting up wasn't enough to turn our heads to look back toward camp, but the sharp sound of the collision of metal and plastic startled us and as we wheeled around the sight was devastating - the two men who had been fishing were headed for shore and did not see the small paddle-boat as it came out from behind the island...we watched in horror as the fishing boat caught the paddle-boat and knocked both Todd and Jerri into the water and skidded over the top catching the propeller in the paddles and dragging it along in the water. The driver of the boat cut the motor and jumped out to check on the children. The water was not very deep but full of large boulders. Jerri quickly popped up out of the water and signaled she was OK but Todd didn't surface. The second fisherman dove out of the boat and swam to the spot where Todd had gone down. It only took a couple of dives until he came up with Todd limp in his arms....by this time the elderly couple had reached the accident, pulled into shallow water and picked up Jerri and the second fisherman who was carrying Todd. They motored quickly to the dock and it was only a minute or two before we heard the ambulance siren.

We reached the Emergency Room Entrance and rushed to the area where doctors worked on Todd's wound. His lungs were clear of water, but he was still not breathing. The nurse ushered us to the waiting room and said they would notify us as soon as they had any news. It was only a short while before the doctor appeared and gave us the worst message any parent could hear...Todd did not make it. We sat in shock and tried to find the strength to face what had to be done.

Todd would be 13 today...funny how we think of that as an unlucky number - to me it will always be 8. Maybe it is time to sell Harvey - perhaps the next person who calls.

Ruth A. Erickson

Faith Can Move Mountains, by Karen Fitzpatrick

Faith can move mountains
In Jesus you will see
He can move the mountains
If only you believe

Faith can work miracles
In Christ we know it's true
His are the miracles
That makes your life renewed

So let the Lord know you love him
Let your faith be strong
He will stand beside you
And be there to help you along

Faith can move mountains
Believe it in your heart
If God can sacrifice his son
We need to do our part

Yes, faith can move mountains
In Jesus you will see
He can move the mountains
If only you believe

I'm Not Dead

I'm not dead no time to weep
My soul's alive my body sleeps
I'm the morning dew and calming rain
The grassy fields and open plains
I'm the wind that blows a gentle breeze
The nectar from the honeybees
An eagle as he takes to flight
Twinkling of the stars at night

The fall leaves and winter snow
The spring flowers and the summer's glow
Don't shed a tear don't cry for me
At heaven's gate is where I'll be

The following three poems of keeping the faith in trying times are by Karen Fitzpatrick, who is a student at Ivy Tech Community College.

I Had a Dream

Last night I had a dream. Lord help me understand.
An angel stood at the foot of my bed with compassion in her hands.
She said that the Lord had sent her, because he heard me cry
And wanted to assure me he was always by my side.
I reached out my hand to touch her. She disappeared
But left my Bible opened to a verse that I hold dear.
I picked my Bible up and began to read out loud,
Such joy filled my heart, the words made me proud.

Isaiah 53:5

“But he was wounded for our transgressions;
He was bruised for our iniquities:
The chastisement of our peace was upon him,
And with his stripes
We are healed.”

I keep the words the angel gave me deep within my heart,
And in the morning when I awaken with this verse I start.
God made a promise through his son now it's up to me,
To trust in the Lord, stand on his words, and completely believe.

Happiness in a Red Shirt

His shoes aren't just for walking.
They're boats keeping him afloat as he's
Two-stepping,
 Swing-stepping,
 Anchor-stepping,
Quick-stepping,
 Rock-stepping,
 Triple-stepping.

'Way to go, Number 8!

His feet are smiling as his shoes
Propel him along the rough, wavy dance floor.
He's got the Saturday Night Fever.
 And it's catching.

The crowd's with him to win,
Clapping and yelling "Go, Number 8, Go!"
As he rounds the dance floor in a frisky fox trot.

His long hair,
Anchored back in a pony tail,
Wants to blow carefree in the breeze
From the squeaky overhead fan.

His smile is an ocean wide
As he sails his partner across the floor.
His nails are carefully manicured,
His hands smooth after his week's labor.
A hint of Old Spice lingers.

He has no past, only the present.
He has no home, except temporary
Ownership of the dance floor.
He is happiness in a red shirt,
Its sleeves billowing, sailing him
Through a sea of dance love.

By Judy Francis—Thanks to the third Thursday poetry folks for sharing their work.

ELECTRICITY

the bedroom of my childhood is now balanced with three bookshelves and the massive blown-up polaroid of my grandparents and infant father that had been surrounded by an ornate frame and left in a corner of an unused room upstairs until I rescued it one day, a magpie with its nest, searching the house for forgotten things. and when the afternoon fills my room with sunlight, it could be the early 1950s again and my grandmother, in her tartan dress and sensible flats, might hand off the sleeping baby to grandpa, who flicks away his cigarette and turns to look into the light of his afternoon, under a pear tree by the side of a road, and in that moment could he see the future, his lungs and his myelin sheaths, his wife in the driveway in her son's big truck, small like a china figurine and as brittle, screaming that she didn't know that man in the house, that sad man with the bag strapped to his legs to replace his colon and a metal tin case for his soft-packs of cigarettes and his frayed wife who cries and forgets that she smokes and just stops, forever, never touching another.

once my grandfather tried to tell me about electricity and wires. I don't remember a thing he said.

A CERTAIN TEMPERAMENT

I needed you most when I was fourteen and alone, swimming laps in pool class. in the moment where my body (awkwardly shaped and pasty white) floated unsupported on the surface of the water, my eyes closed and all sound muffled, I could imagine you, or at least those parts that didn't pose problems in swimming trunks.

you wouldn't have had to be much. someone who could understand me, be handsome and smell like chlorine in the summer. encouragement. things a fourteen year-old boy needs when he feels unkempt and unknown, like all fourteen year-old boys in a certain age and a certain temperament.

BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS

A warm boozy embrace: the quantum effect of the sort of dark horns and pianos played by skillful long fingers encircled with fine copper rings. When the collapse comes (and it will come like a boisterous southern army) it will take you will it; the folding of realities into a single sheet of atoms laid end to end, so that you're in constant contact with the vibrating world of bright young things, and dark ales, and the stumbling fingers knocking on a girl's dress.

Remember this: everything is connected, except the movement of voids in the vacuum between the minor and the major and the rise and the long and straight decline.

D.W. Funk (dustin.w.funk@gmail.com)
still waiting for you

Once upon a time, Turtle, Frog, and Lizard lived in a beautiful town at the bottom of a hill. Every Saturday they took a picnic up on the hill and enjoyed the changing of the seasons. In the spring, Turtle packed picnics of fly sandwiches on crusty bread, spinach salad, and cake. Frog brought three kites-one pink, one, blue, and one green- with new string, and helped everyone fly them. Lizard came and had fun and was the first to post to Facebook that he had hosted a picnic for his friends on top of the hill.

In the summer, Turtle packed picnics of fresh fruit, three fleas salad, and cookies. Frog brought squirt guns to fill in the brook. And, Lizard came and had fun and was always the first to leave so he wouldn't have to clean up.

In the fall, Turtle brought picnics of deviled larvae, bread and butter, and spiced cider. Frog brought a croquet set, although it was quite heavy to carry up the hill. Lizard brought a camera so that he could send pictures to his relatives labeled, "one of the many parties thrown in my honor."

In the winter, Turtle brought mock grasshopper soup, homemade yeast rolls, and hot chocolate. Frog brought sleds and extra mittens. Lizard came and had fun and complained that snowball fights were for babies-unless he was winning.

For years the friends met every week and they all enjoyed their time together. Then, one day, something strange happened upon the hill. A grand and mighty wizard appeared. He told the friends that he could give them the power of perfectly-clear-sight and that he asked for only half of each of their lunches in return.

Turtle, always a cautious fellow, said, "No thank you. I don't want perfectly-clear-sight, but you can have half of my soup and roll anyway."

Frog said, "I would like that. Thank you. Here is half my lunch and some hot chocolate."

Lizard said that since Frog had already paid, he didn't think he should have to pay at all. The wizard saw it otherwise and refused to give Lizard anything. The wizard waved his wand over Frog's head saying, "Only to you, Frog, do I give the gift of perfectly-clear-sight." Then he took the offered food and disappeared, which caused the ears of all three friends to pop.

When the three could hear properly again, they began to discuss what had happened. Lizard interrupted so many times that Frog became irritated and asked him to wait his turn. This upset Lizard so much that the picnic had to be cut short for the day.

The next Saturday, Frog asked Lizard to help pull the sleds up the hill and Lizard said that he shouldn't be expected to pull two sleds when he was only going to be riding one. When

Frog pointed out that he usually pulled all three up the hill, Lizard maintained that he usually helped and that if Frog said otherwise he was a liar. Understandably, there was no picnic at all that day.

The third Saturday, Frog stated boldly that, now that he could see clearly, he knew Turtle to be a sweet and wonderful fellow and Lizard to be a selfish and deceitful one. Although Frog had more than twenty illustrations of why this was true, Lizard refused to believe a word of it and, while Turtle was flattered, he truly only wanted to have a peaceful picnic and enjoy the day. But, the day was already ruined, so the three (former) friends went home.

After many weeks of arguments and discord, all three began to discuss the possibility of ending the tradition of Saturdays on the hill. After all, it had become so much more difficult since Frog had begun being treated for severe depression, Turtle had to carry around three kinds of ointment for his seborrheic dermatitis, eczema, and hives, and Lizard's time was taken up with his *Why I'm Perfect and Frog is a Selfish Liar* blog.

Turtle thought he would try one more thing. He went off in search of the wizard. Of course, while he was gone, Frog and Lizard did not meet. Only Turtle's friendship with each of them had been holding the group together.

The winter revolved again to spring and one day Turtle appeared above the town. Frog, whose perfectly-clear-sight had made him environmentally conscious, was hanging out his laundry and so saw Turtle cresting the hill. Lizard was watching out his window for the mail man, because he simply had nothing better to do, and saw Turtle in the distance.

When Lizard and Frog drew near, Turtle announced, "My old friends, I have been searching for the wizard all these weeks and have found no sign of him. This is for the best because I would not know what to ask if I would speak with him. I would not ask to alter my friend Lizard into an industrious fellow. He would not be my friend Lizard if I changed him. I also could not bring myself to ask for my friend Frog to have his gift taken from him. What kind of a friend would that make me? So, I have failed."

After weeks of arguing, Frog and Lizard finally agreed on something; that Turtle was the best friend anyone could have. But, they still couldn't stand one another, so Turtle and Lizard started having the Saturday picnics without Frog because, let's face it, Frog had become quite sanctimonious and dull. Once a week on Wednesday, Turtle went to Frog's house for dinner, because old friends are worth keeping even if they become a bit difficult. And, Frog and Lizard crossed the street when they saw each other, ever after.

Deb Herndon is a writer and pre-school music teacher in Terre Haute. She hails from "a beautiful town" with no hills whatsoever; Springfield, Illinois, where she learned to love words from her mother, Betty Green.

Jim
Hook

Hail to thee O Groundhog Day
With your promise of Spring far away,
No expectation of holiday loot!
No great feast or romantic gesture to boot!
The banks and malls don't give a hoot
They can't get overspending to take root
So hail to thee O Groundhog Day
As we wait for Winter to pass away.

Guns are all manly or so they say
So I'll tell you something I've noticed today.
As bullets hit hard and fleet
Like as not the shape on the firing line is curvy &
sweet.
Skill comes with practice
Just ask any young buck.
He will tell you it isn't just luck
I'll not complain of feminine intrusion and such.
I'm just grateful the ladies have pluck.

Rest you gently in my arms
Secrets told of hidden charms
Kisses shared on foggy nights
Whispers warm by firelight
So rest you gently in my arms
And share with me all your charms.

Forgotten roads
Abandoned and alone,
Old rails buried in the weeds
And places of half-remembered deeds
Lingering with lost dreams.
Fascinations to wander
In hopes of moving shadows or a glowing mist,
All for a gift of wonder to spice this life of mine.
On those roads who knows what we will see.

In this sad
And scientific age, my dear,
It's mystery I miss the most.
On an evening's drive
Is that a wisp of fog?
Or maybe, just maybe,
A lonely shaman's ghost.

--Jim Hook

Steve Kash read the following five poems during Poetry at the Grounds 2008-'10.

Island Reverie (inspired by a January 2010 trip to Nicaragua's Small Corn Island)

Swaying on a swing
On Ensueños Beach I see
Paradise revised

And hear minstrel waves'
White plume caps singing reggae
On the jade top sea.

Under cool water,
Coral reef conch shells' *blues* vibe
The roaring chorus.

Now surf troubadours
Call me with swishing rhythm:
"Swim, man, swim—dive in!"

Water Holes

When money—
modern human activity's life blood—
dries up during economic crisis,
America becomes Sahara.
So we make our way,
nomads in a sandstorm
riding desiccated camels,
toward our favorite oases:
McDonald's and Walmart.

Illumination

Hoboes and bracelets do link,
Unlike apples and transmission fluid
Satellite discs and hot tamales
Racehorses and corncobs.

Their most luminous relationship occurs
Late at night
In garishly lighted Greyhound bus stations
When a bracelet can become a salving sphincter,
A flashily distinctive red and green and turquoise bauble
Shoplifted from a Dollar Store
To remind its wearer that his or her tired splinter arm
Can still give off light.

Despised

Oh lizard, once so content in your gutter,
What nefarious power enchanted you
To enter the Speak Easy late on Saturday night
And to slither across the backroom floor,
Up the barroom wall onto
The bartable

In front of late night human male and female creatures,
Arms locked like mating dragonflys
While a few solitary males belched off key
With the bluster of a rolling metal creature's clamorous honking?

You slithered unnoticed past bottles
And around a small metal receptacle
That smelled like a burning trashcan.
Were you allured by scent from the woman creature
Who smelled vaguely of dying daffodils?
Was it the sight of three cherries on the bartable machine
That had attracted a teetering man creature
To tickle buttons in front of it?

Onward you slithered
Until that female creature saw you,
SCREECHED,
And swung a handbag.
You were quick as a lizard—but not as quick as lightning—
Even though you flew through the air
Until landing on the floor
To be attacked by a mighty pawed two-legged stomping creature.

Because you went where you had no business to go,
You have but three paws now
As you try to chase bugs by the barrels in the back alley,
A wobbling lopsided lizard that slithers no more.

Basic

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP...
Life:
THUMP, THUMP, THUMP...

When I was
young I would
walk the
neighborhood with my father. He
would point his knowing finger in the
direction of the big sky and in the
foreground would be a monstrosity that
appeared to be in fierce competition
with the sky: the Catalpa tree. The big bean
pods swung in the air like slender
trapeze artists dressed in green
unitards while the Catalpa's
big, fat leaves would
perform a shimmy and
shake. With all of this action, I
began to understand why the
Catalpa tree leans to one
side-apparently in attempt
to balance beauty while
in constant
juxtaposition with
the perpetual motion of
Indian beans and
the sounds
of the
green
leaf
choir.

-Sarah Long

Untitled

God wrote my name in flowers

On a field just out of town

I spied it while spinning

Out of control

And crashed into the ground

Each petal was lovingly crafted

Each stem was straight and strong

And I had a peculiar feeling

They had been there all along

While I had been spinning

And flailing and fighting

These flowers patiently grew

And bloomed and flowered

And died

And came back again and again

Spelling out a simple message

So that I would know

God knew my name

Had wrote it on his breast

On colors only he could use

On letters only I could see

So that I could come home

Lay down

And rest

M

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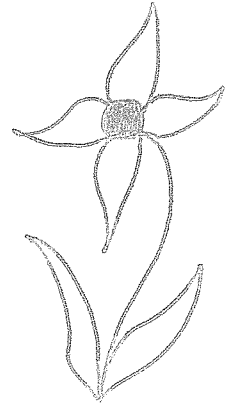
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Toadstools don't make good seats
And broomsticks give me blisters

Georgie Porgie Puddin Pie thought he had discovered
the love of his life.
Alas, he'd found a tart.



Megan K. Mahan

Poet. Or do I mean Poetess?

The kind of girl who knows what a surrey is
Uppity -

A hawk spit in my coffee this morning
Was it an omen or pure bad luck?



Ignorance bats
Flapping around in the dark caverns
Of sullen minds

If mooses wore tutus
They'd dance through the night
In graceful ballets of antlers

Why Do I Rap?

By Lquiet

Why do I rap? Is it to make people clap? Is it to display a rhyme or defining a fact?

Do I do it 'cause without it you've got nothing to move? Or do I do it 'cause I've truly got something to prove?

Let's see...

I guess I do it 'cause I know I'm good at it. I do it so you can come to a show and look at it.

I do it for the few of the people who could catch it. I do it for when you're driving to work stuck in traffic.

Some say it's quite tragic. For others, it's like magic. I discovered the method to change my hobby to a habit.

An addict of words placed in the attic matures and evolves into a mechanic automatic and pure.

Don't panic, I've got the cure but I'm low on supply. Surprised the first guy who didn't know I could fly.

"Why?" is the question I've been asking myself, do I continue to rap with no reasonable help?

Is it how it makes me feel when I'm showing the skill? Or is it because everything I'm saying is real.

I know the deal with plenty of motive that's ill. One dude wanted to battle so I told him to chill.

I don't do it for punch-lines in rigged competitions. I don't do it for bitches. I'm not counting my riches.

I don't do it for diamonds or a fat gold chain. I don't do it for the rhymers bringing shame to the game.

I don't do it for rims, twenty-two's on my car. I don't do it to get drunk, free booze at the bar.

It's not designer clothes. It's not an SUV pimped out by Xzibit on MTV...No!

It's not about guns and it's not what you think. When I do it, I do it good, you might not want to blink.

I do it for the words, rhyme patterns and content. I do it for honest criticism and comments.

I do it for the beat so I can make it complete. I do it until my throat hurts, straining to speak.

I do it for the flow of a fluid delivery. I do it for practice until it's locked in my memory.

I do it for the letter. I do it to make it better. I do it whenever, easier than flipping a lever.

I do it to express my feelings of stress, confess repressed regrets and plans of success.

I do it to impress any person or guest. I do it to improve upon my personal best.

I do it for the mind, the rhythm and the rhyme, deliver the fine line, do it ahead of my time.

I don't do it for them. I only do it for us...a select group of people in my life I can trust.

I do it for the microphone check-one-two. Or maybe it's because I've got nothing better to do...



For more information on current, future and past Lquiet Music projects visit www.myspace.com/Lquiet

ORIGINS BY LQUIET

My lyrical fusion results in mass confusion. Abusing the music or beautifully using this illusion?
I've been tracing the origins to an amusing solution. Introducing a suitable version told as a tale of retribution.
Inner reflection. Vocal perfection changed perspective. Resurrected from the days of strange ways and no direction.
I've remained elegant, at least relative to my element. Compelling to the modern man. A proper plan, divine and eloquent.
From villages and settlements to the blocks in the metropolis, I've been rocking this non-stop so I'll be ready for the apocalypse.
Dropping this on purpose. No accident or community service. Your priceless tiny shiny devices are soon to be proven worthless.
I heard what the word is, and that's the reason I'm feeling nervous. The world will burn like a furnace. People retreat underneath the surface.
Dreading the Armageddon. Standing, steadily holding a weapon. Government systems false wisdom already controlling your brethren.
A veteran of the Cold War trusted with classified information. Evidence hidden in the folklore. He had to hide the revelation.
Interpretation of global climate changes in minor increments. Increasing natural disasters and sea levels; not a coincidence.
Midnight at high noon. The never ending monsoon's begun. The earth aligns with the moon and sun. Volcanoes erupt in unison.
Humans sealed their fates polluting states with toxic waste. The planet pulsates rhythmic quakes till it breaks tectonic plates.
The ground shakes from ripple effects and vibrates from aftershocks. Completely crippled the infrastructure. Now is when the laughter stops.
Riot cops lose control to the panic in the streets. Several heretics teaching rhetorics, spreading hatred and deceit.
Salmonella and Ecoli contaminated the food supply. Outbreaks and epidemics. For many it was too soon to die.
Survivors of the virus forced to live their lives in silence never to speak of how we could have prevented a time of death and violence.
Tsunamis smash the coast lines flooding the Great Plains. Massive F5 tornadoes now evolve into hurricanes.
Analyze the skies to gather astronomical data. Before every hit from an asteroid leaves a state size crater.
Reevaluate the ice age to plan for extinction. For the last 80 years we've been acting without thinking.
You can't reverse the anarchy, chaos and pandemonium. Inevitable revolution with a dictator at the podium.
A glance at redemption, you can see what the past should be. The chance to set it off or avoid a catastrophe.
Solar flares blast the atmosphere. Wildfires intensify. Heat waves and famine. Landslides and genocide.
Buried alive, or trapped inside a maelstrom in a hail storm. The last remaining traces of civilization are written in brail form.
Unless you want the mess of a vortex on your doorsteps, you need to start living your life with no more regrets.



Lquiet has been writing, rapping, and performing since 1999.

Poems by Brian Morton

Hunting Truth

Once I was a poet
I loved words and hated them too
Beautiful, beautiful but
Failures all to capture
What they were words of

So I became a scholar
I loved theories and hated them too
Beautiful, beautiful but
Failures all to capture
What they were theories of

The living truth outruns us
It dodges all our arrow-words
And theory-nets
The patient ones track it but never
catch up
The bold ones catch a glimpse
And are lost again in the woods

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DON'T FORGET YOUR RECIEPT!!

1. Every footnote is a story that some academic is aching to tell you, because they think it is fascinating and they hope you will too, except that they are afraid that it will be disapproved of by some editor or committee somewhere and so they have decided to half-quash their own enthusiasm. But they cannot quash it all the way into silence. This fear, this self-censorship, and also this irrepressible love that makes us need to hint at what we dare not say, these are the mortar and brick holding together our academic reality.

After the Gorgons

If you command me to breathe, I will
Though my flesh is stone, and my blood is still
Your antifossilizing curse
Could turn a proud statue into something worse

Once I knew life, emotion and pain
I knew love without lasting, work without gain
I lost all of these in Medusa's bright eyes
But the solace of stone is worth its price

I ache not for love, there is nothing I need
I suffer not anger, confusion or greed
To be human is to bear a thousand curses, and still
If you command me to breathe, I will

The Machineries of Joy

Silent sit the machineries of joy
Ready for an order to be placed

The mail comes, the water bill
An offer to re-finance

Time to cook dinner
Change the DVDs for the kids

How was your day?

Fine. Always fine.

Some trouble at work

A little chat with Dan cleared it up

Sleep with no dreams

Alarms, waking and shower

Routines and desires

Problems and solutions

A brief snatch of music

Plans for a birthday

Good and evil intertwined

And smothered in the banal

Every art points to a product

To buy or sell or long for

Emotions come and go in their
seasons

And thoughts and desires

Silent sit the machineries of joy

Waiting for an order to be placed.



title: "PARKING LADY" artist: noname

Autumn Requiem

Aurziel has been brooding in his solstice chamber.
Beating the walls of his solar asylum,
Wanting to burn.

And when September turns
Bleeding into his colder brothers,
The augury axis parries its slant
And sublimate the chains of murky shadow
Who restrain the Autumn serpent,
Phantasmal cretaceous relic
Lurking in the East,
That, for nine months, has gestated winds of flame
And now will feast
Upon our trees.

Like Carthage they burn, without history.

But linger, something splendid and perfect, some
beautiful beholding,
Caught in the crisp, the face of death, the unfolding.

The winds loft high the arboreal elegy
Spoke on leafy tongues,
They sing it to the painted skies, who care not,
Who are deaf to all but Aurziel,
They hark his hoary frost.

So they sing it to the pumpkins
And mahogany squashes,
But they are busy with bravado,
Puffing out their polished shells for the delight of little
ghouls,
Puffing out from a cavernous bowel of orange slop.
So they sing it to the orchards
And hope to catch an apple ear
Before they are claimed in the cider press
Or lost to apple pox, beleaguered of black spots;
But here too,
Aurziel has consigned them to stirring fires
And they wither in the night chill.

But the glass lake listens.
And he pities the trees
And gives harbor to some of their forlorn foliage,
And there they glide on the mirror of fire.

And I stop to listen to a white birch
With haphazard scars of black and smoky taupe
And every leaf a fierce red,
A virulent red,
Like his mesophylls were fire and out they bled
In seasonal hemophilia.

He whispered,

*"The dusk is cold, and creeping close.
My face is ever flusher
And soon I'll stand, a barren ghost
With Aurziel, the Autumn Usher.
But I have no contempt for guise,
The flames beneath the arctic wind,
The fading phaeton in the skies,
And all my pigments that rescind.
The fire trickled down my head,
Leapt on every limping leaf
And piled up a crunchy bed
For me to weep my Autumn grief.*

The Last Flower Autumn Holds

I came upon the final flower
The last flower
Autumn holds
Evaporating from the dirt, what power
Of blooming fled
All the fragile petal folds
Wreath her sullen head
Unraveling there
Her phlegmatic molds
In purple streamers
Upon the grit

The lark from on his leafy bower
Puzzled thus, the limpid tower
Drooping on a waltz
Of winter wind
And thought,
"Surely some concomitance
With a flower sinned
Has conjured these endearing trials"
But I collected samples of death
To safely study
From my vials
That I may hypothesize
The splendor of the heretic
Is only pretty if it's pyrrhic
In the venous, darker skies

Then happily
I asked the liar
To speak of maple leaves
And how a chilly breath or breeze
Could possibly catch fire
He smiled with ease
And told the truth
I would never believe

*Autumn is my favorite
Season - it always serves
to remind that the end of
life can be beautiful; that
when our loved ones pass, they
gain greater grace. And in
the winter we miss the
leaves.*

*But children! Blessed wee ones
Robed in wooly knits and caps
Scrapped amongst my fallen tons,
Played until the sun elapse!
They wore my leaves as noble wreaths
Woven in their curly hair
And drew their swords from phantom sheaths,
And clashed their sticks throughout the air.
And they were happy in my going,
Happy in a cool Midwest,
So I'll succumb to woodland snowing
In winter; let my fires rest."*

His requiem ended,
Looming Aurziel clutched him in bitter jaws.

I spoke,

"Rest, my friend."

An Autumn Orchard

An old red barn stood with the new
Erected for the thousand shoe
That tread the autumn orchard
grounds
When leaves alight in morning dew

I ambled one brisk afternoon
In solace hour spent too soon
Had I held my every yearning
I'd pick the apples with the moon

A Farmall pulls me in a cart
Past many rows of apples tart
For I pursue a sweeter tree
Whose flowers bear a sweeter part

I retrace many apple rows
For savors that earth never knows
But lie beneath my memories
Like silent, slow approaching snows

My tongue against a blush Suncrisp
I left amongst a grassy wisp
Next, I try the garnet Fuji
Amid feint Autumn's laughter lisp

Tree-heads full of apples bustling
Plunk and beam the western rustling
The shades have stretched their
evening plaid
Appleless, my breath is hustling

Till here I see an un-trod row
Where red and golden apples grow
And many fell upon the clear
In simple matrimony sew

There hanging from an arching limb
Dangled my subtle Autumn whim
As fragile as an eyelash love
For pretty girls in garland trim

I stretch for the golden apple
In unbalanced tip-toe grapple
And pluck him from the springy twig
Place him in a plastic chapel

To save away, to save away
To eat upon another day
When apples shrink and cider's dried
I'll find an hour which to stay

*A little bio: I was born
and raised in Valparaiso, IN -
more lovingly referred to as
"The Region." Currently, I
attend Rose-Hulman in
lovely Terre-Haute, pursuing
a B.S. in mechanical
engineering. I hope to
eventually found a start-up
company based on new product
design and innovation.
Maybe a poetry publisher
too. ☺*

A little philosophy: When reading a poem, don't ask, "what was the author thinking?" Instead, ask, "what am I thinking as I read these words?" - that is far more valuable.

PHIL RODENBECK POETRY

Beautiful Consortium

I ran until my feet hurt,
I ran on the arches of the lakeside,
Stony,
The blue waters brilliant and proud,
I barely make a sound.

A sycamore dove in the lake,
Perhaps his roots could no longer hold
the shore-mud
And shore-sand,
Perhaps they love the sun, as I do,
And raised their golem heads
And shook the sand and dirt from their
knotted hair.
And raised their shameless heads
In the clarity.
Perhaps there are fountains
Where the last men of Adam
Can come and drink and bathe,
Wash the cakes of dirt from prosthetics,
And lay down for chthonic humanity
And die.
Perhaps I can walk the other way,
Follow the white cygnets in the
cottonwood pond,
Drift beyond the cattails
To New Heaven.

I ran until my feet hurt and then I
stopped.
I stopped
And I sat on the bridge,
Rusty-cragged concrete lip
Chapped from too many winters
And sitters.

Three idylls post the water,
Creek of Prussian shades,
Three sentries of my river realm,
Three emblems of my sleep
And fingertips.
The surfaces of water, like papyrus
writings, effulgent of every language
And geometry.
I am awaiting Corbodaë's ascension from
the deep.
No doubt he will plummet the blade in
my bosom.

The blue Heron catches my stare of his
subtle stepping,
The sky is haven
For all those nymphs and beggars.

The elders gathered in a sleep
And shed the sweet-milk youth
As cinder larks upon the deep
Slake the two-edge tooth
A feeble child, I often weep
Beneath the Babel sleuth
And gnash within the wrinkled keep
Where Beauty follows Truth

My only hope is that
you question.

Thanks!



An excerpt from: The Prophecy of Bezazel

Before me was a tree of olives and a tree of figs
They grew at right and at left on a gnarled
hilltop
And their fruit fell down either side and sunk
their stomachs in the balmy dirt
But America only wept upon the figs
Because they have a sweet taste
And every thundercloud was milked above the
figs
As olives whelped their scratchy throats like
desert dogs
Burning on a sandstone slate
But America only wept upon the figs and the
seedlings grew into white human children
Sweet milk poured on their sopping heads and
their hairs were blonde as Georgia grain
And they were covered in strange writings of G
and A and U and T and C
And your God-child emerged from the western
wood with seven black tusks of flaming fire
And the fig children had eyes like the sea
And your God-child laid them all to waste

Then He passed through the poppy and the
grain though all the snows had melted
before me
And He returned to the river of mud
Your birth river
Covered from shore to shore with ruddy silk
moths

The flutter of their secret wings hummed
above the gulping flow
A man began to rise from the river
And the mud became his muscle and flesh
before me

The silk moths circled him with all the
languages of Babel
Coursing forth in apotropaic flight ritual
Draping thick wet sheets of silk on every
earthen curvature
Until they were empty shells
They clothed him with their bodies
And their skeletons fell softly in the river and
sank into the sediments

Where they piled and piled into a glistening
pillar that jutted from the mud waves
And the river man stood atop the pillar in robes
of silk
Speaking to the God-child in oriental tongue

"One"

I heard the cardinals' cry
And the bluebirds' laugh
Hiding in the evergreen
And marble garden bath
The cardinals pecked the fallen seed
And crumbled into chaff
And the bluebirds built a nest
With feathers from the path

Lazarus

With such lamentations, I was ferried
In rivers deep below the sod
And though I'm dead, I never stay buried
As though I were a mocking God

When hungry tigers lay feast upon the
buffalo they are no longer hungry
When the crawling caterpillar wraps in
silk she emerges lithe and winged
When the wooly bear sleeps in snow
he wakes with aromas of spring
and tempest
And when humans are masters of life
and death they forfeit all
humanity
Your greatest goal will be your end—
telos se telos
I am the dragon
Your savior

And the eyes of the God-child were curdling
And He blared His thunderous trunk seven times
And a thousand silk moths converged in narrow
maelstrom at the right hand of the river man
And they wove a sword named Tender Hands
seven feet in length and sharp as cloven
diamond

...
And the river man turned Him on His back
And cut Him open down the belly
And a bustling tree of olives sprouted upward
from His gut
And began a new world

America
Your mechanized digits shriveled before me
Wrinkling their metal in the shadows of samskara
dawn
The world was cooling
In the works of death
And flesh overcame your hand as bleeding
bronze turned to blood
It fed the new earth in seven rivers and hawks
would fill their beaks
Stooping in hidden gardens of the waning moon
One on every continent
And glee was in their beady eyes
And they yearned for nothing
And they hated nothing
And loved nothing

An excerpt from: Winter Mortem

But leaves bereave the bending limbs
Sagged in snow and ice-drip chime
And the northern wind is whistling hymns
Through cymbals of the arbor shrine:

"Oh winter white
In tombs of night
Your solstice chill
A child's delight

Through winter death
And cold of breath
Keep your child
From thoughts bereft"

And hearing thus, the winter song
I found you gone—gone all along

But winter's beauty is a grave
The truth of which I cannot save

Poems by April Ridge

As we bathe in vast pools of water men in other countries would kill each other for.
As we throw away dinner's leftover scraps, a million children moan in starvation, swollen bellies filled with nothing but hope.
As we waste away the beauty of the land building more hotels, resorts; businesses that barely anyone can presently afford.
As we drown our petty sorrows in many forms of intoxicating drugs, millions go without simple medicine and die of common illnesses.
As we trail ever onward towards a path of false charity, humility, and modesty the truth lingers forever masked by comfortable sanctuaries filled with luxury.
Life moves on without most realizing how blessed we are with lives unbothered by true poverty.

The American Dream

How parasitic and frustrating life can become for some.
The insistent Need that pulls at everyone's sleeve at one time or another.
Price far outweighs the product supplied by Need.
An internal, festering greed that succumbs to self-interest and survival techniques.
Whether it be shelter, food, love, education, money, music, sex, vitamins, pornography, TV, preservatives, medicine or some form of all these things, all are consumed & dependent in some way.
We are caught up in so many levels of mild addiction that none notice for the obviousness of its presence over daily life.
Live life with no other purpose but to gain or attain much more than needed, then leave it all in death to relatives, passing down the incessant Need Syndrome.
Watch them hide the evidence by wasting it away on temporary fixes of more new houses, cars, month-long getaways, plastic surgeries, random accessories of petty greed.
Draping luxury disgustingly across lax knees.
This is The American Dream.

Poems by April Ridge

The Storm Rolls In

The storm rolls in; thrashes around, as the silent city sleeps.
The rain crashes against unlit houses,
quiet in their dormant hours of rest.
This same time last year the skies flooded us
with too much rain and the lower areas swelled.
People boated and waded in the sewage-contaminated mess,
trying to salvage what little could be saved.
Professional weather bullshitters predict baseball-sized hail,
several inches of unneeded precipitation are in store.
In the near beginning of summer, for once,
we are still experiencing some parts of Spring.
The last five years or so summer seems to have invaded
every other season for at least a small stint.
Yet millions of us continue to drive cars and SUVs, supporting industries
that would just as soon consolidate
our bank accounts and give them away
rather than lower their prices and stay in business.
Companies that beg for multimillion dollar sums
while the poor grow more poor,
writhing in an uncomfortable slumber,
growing most hostile and hopefully hungrier for a cure
to this diseased country that relies upon the power
of begging for more,
emptying everyone's piggy bank in the process,
leaving the future unsure.

April Ridge

A writer of poetry and prose for many years, April looks at the world with a cynical eye, casting off a more flowery version of reality for a grittier mode of realization. The world can be beautiful, but at the same time, let's not kid ourselves into believing that is the only aspect of existence that can be observed. A lot can be learned from examining pain, loss, poverty, and the deluded normalcy so many try to illuminate; therefore hiding their true selves and masking reality.



Artist Statement

Commodities, both functional and not, fuel the American and global economy. Objects we, as consumers, need and want are bought and sold alongside emblems and facsimiles of our national patriotism. The dollar store flag that is made in China epitomizes the conflict lingering in our consumer culture. The desire for "more, for less" is driving our economy into a downward spiral, from which the lower tiers of our capitalist system can not escape. This screenprint is part of a larger body of work in which Standish finds consumables sold for less than a dollar and re-presents the object to the consumer; reinterpreting the value and material worth of both the commodities and the fine art objects.

About the Artist

Stephanie Standish is a printmaker by career, Collections Manager by job. She attended the School of the Art Institute of Chicago for her undergraduate studies and Cranbrook Academy of Art for graduate school. She is an active member of several printmaking organizations including the Southern Graphics Council International of which she is the Vice President of Internal Affairs. Standish has exhibited across the United States and is represented locally by Halcyon Contemporary Art.

If you'd like to see more work visit FeatherWeightPress.com

To contact Stephanie please e-mail Stephanie@FeatherWeightPress.com

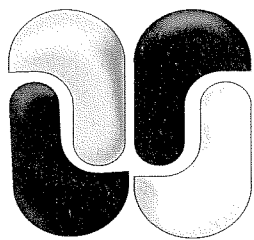
This is an original one color screenprint by the artist, signed and editioned in pencil.

Enjoy.

Stephanie Standish
"I Love You This Much"
screenprint, 2010



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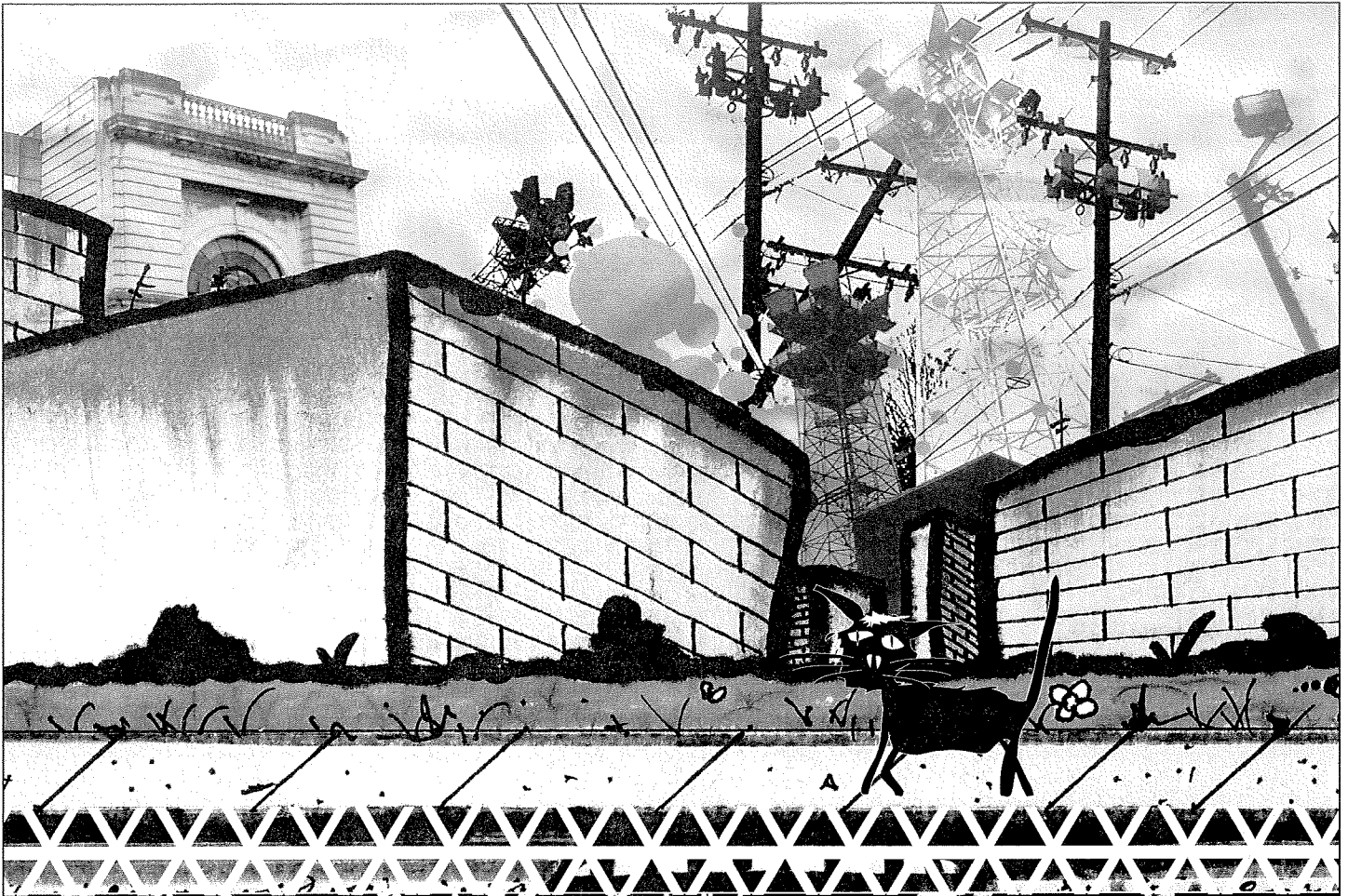


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Thank you!



Our gratitude goes to these businesses and organization for tangibly and intangibly contributing to this project. Giving them your business and support is the way to really thank them!



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