

# montage



macmurray college  
art and literary magazine  
2007



# welcome to montage.

**Welcome to the 2007 edition of Montage,  
MacMurray's Art and Literary Magazine.  
Thanks to all the staff and contributors,  
as well as Main Street Printing and Steven  
Varble. Thanks especially to Dr. Seufert.**

**enjoy.**

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Untitled  
Kristen Flahive

# Sonnet #201

by Benjamin Cox

A worm of little worth withers into the Earth:  
And furrows down into the murky dark,  
Where only lay the roots of grass and dirt.  
The soot of life is without a given spark.  
The tree here finds its nourishment-  
And the gopher, here its haven-  
A worm blind to lights inhabits it-  
Never a sun upon its shell is laden.  
Like I, this was me toiling of life's work.  
I supported all what beauty may be,  
But I, despisèd, did below lurk;  
And never light came, nor fruit from earthy tree;  
Until, your shell of hope in my heart did occupy-  
And turneth me from ugly worm to love's butterfly.

*\*Editor's note: If you didn't enjoy this poem, you didn't read it out loud.*



**Exhale No. 2**  
**Mindy Hay**



**Inhale No. 2**  
**Mindy Hay**

# Stone Angel

by Brett Aguirre

I stare in the eyes of a statue of concrete  
I stare at her perfect skin never to change  
and the look of her face unwavering by time  
The look of hope and happiness never changed  
and I smile because it reminds me of you

# Again

by Toni Dermott

She walks down the hall  
Talking with her friend.  
The world moves around her  
Never going to end.  
They reach the place  
Where they now part  
And the world stops  
For that moment when  
She sees him again.  
They don't always speak  
But their eyes connect  
For that moment when  
The memories return  
She sees them in his eyes  
As they turn away  
The memories start to fade.

# Spring's Tradition

**Danielle Bird**

Minute lines of life sprout in a sable spring desert.  
Soldiers at attention,  
Motionlessly marching without wind.  
Rising above the row, a father and young daughter.  
Muddied hands hold a gleaming blade.  
Scarred hands gently compare  
Corn sprouts  
To knife,  
Crop predictions made against metallic sharpness.  
Swiftly, he notches a stick,  
(Just as he had carved his daughter's height into the  
Kitchen's white door frame),  
Smoothly, the daughter plants the twig into earth,  
Dead to measure living.  
A quick flash to flick soil  
Away from tiny foliage.  
The sprout stood straighter,  
Seeming to sigh with relief.  
The father creaks upright,  
"It might be a good year."

# 10 Minute Play

by Tiffany Pitman

Setting: Small room, one table, one chair

Time: Present day

Characters: Girl- About 17  
Mom- About 40  
Dad- About 40  
Aunt A- About 40  
Aunt B- About 40  
Doctor- About 30  
Boyfriend- About 20  
Zygote  
Child- Little girl or teenager

(Opening: Girl sitting at the table. Mom and Dad are on the left side of her, slightly apart both looking at her. The two aunts are on the right side of her more apart than the mom and dad. The Doctor and the boyfriend are behind her much more apart than the other characters. The girl is looking at a pack of papers and looks very lost, scared, and lonely. The small child or teenager is in front and slightly off center. The scene begins with each individual line being spoken. Then, after all the lines are said, they start up again, but this time louder and all together.)

**Mom-** How could this happen? You were supposed to be a good girl. You were raised better than this, how could you let us down like this? Shameful.

**Dad-** That stupid punk! I told you that he couldn't be trusted. Now look at yourself, do you even understand what is going on? Clueless.

**Aunt A-** Outstanding! I am so proud of you that you took your sexuality into your own hands. This is so cool, you are totally right in what you did. Rebel.

**Aunt B-** This is so sad. To think that you did this. You threw away the very foundations of your faith. God is still calling and urging. Can you even hear him? Sinner.

**Boyfriend-** You said you were on the pill. You do this on purpose? You still think I'm gonna marry something like you so you throw a baby in the mix? The kid isn't even mine. Slut.

**Doctor-** I know you are scared, but there are options. You do not have to do this. You could give it up or even end this before it starts. Here, take these and think about it. This could be over very quickly. Ended.

**Small child/teenager-** Zygote: n. cell created by the joining of two gametes (Child begins to cry like a baby)

(The girl looks up at the audience then puts her head down. At this time, all the lines are said again and when each person gets done, they say their one word phrase. The child cries. Everyone keeps saying their lines until the last person gets done then they walk off and stand in a line on the right side of the stage. The line goes: Mom, Dad, Aunt A, Aunt B, Boyfriend, Doctor, and the child.)

(The girl stands up and picks up a small can of red paint and paintbrush off the table. She takes the lid off the paint can and walks over to the line of people. She begins with the Mom.)

**Mom-** I thought you could be trusted. When you were little, I remember telling you how much I would look forward to this day, finding this out. But not like this. You've ruined it for me. How could you do this?

(Girl moves down the line to the dad.)

**Dad-** When he came over the first time I knew that he was a user, smelled of smoke, bad attitude, a real punk. I told you that he was only with you for one thing, but you didn't listen to me. Now you don't even know what to do next.

(Girl moves down the line to Aunt A.)

**Aunt A-** This is true women's lib! To think that the you, the sweet, kind, quiet one could do this makes me proud. This is the ultimate way to stick it to the conservative power machine. What a way to take back the power and your sexuality, literally all in one action.

(Girl moves down the line to Aunt B.)

**Aunt B-** I remember when I used to take you to church with me and you loved it. You'd clap your little hands and sing along. When you grew up you put that ring on your finger for a reason. Now you have become spoiled and hurt God to his core.

(Girl moves down the line to the Boyfriend.)

**Boyfriend-** Don't think this changes anything. I'm not going to say 'I love you' or 'marry me.' You were just an easy target, a lay, nothing else. You're dirt. You don't matter. But tell ya what I'll do. You dump it and I'll take you back, but keep it and we're through.

(Girl moves down the line to the Doctor.)

**Doctor-** No one expects you to keep it. I understand you are not ready yet for this and I can help. We do not have to let your parents know we are doing it. It's a quick procedure, in, out, and back to your life.

(Girl moves down the line to the little girl/teenager.)

**Small child/teenager-** Zygote: n. cell created by the joining of two gametes. Do I look like that? Is that what you think I am? (Girl looks away.) Look at me! I am not a zygote! I am a person with feelings! Think about it! What if someone had ended you even before you had began? How would you feel about it? I'm not asking for you, I'm just asking to begin. That's all.

(Girl walks to the front of the line and begins with her mother. As the girl comes to each person in the line, they step out of line, and each says the one word phrase from their last monologue.)

**Mom-** Shameful.

(Girl dips her brush and paints an X over her mother's face. Her mother steps back in line, and the Girl moves on to her dad and he steps out.)

**Dad-** Clueless.

(Girl dips paintbrush in and paints an X on the dad's face. He steps back in line, and Girl moves to Aunt A. Aunt A steps out.)

**Aunt A-** Rebel.

(Girl dips brush in paint and paints an X on Aunt A's face. Aunt A steps back in line, and Girl moves down to Aunt B. Aunt B steps out.)

**Aunt B-** Sinner.

(Girl dips paintbrush in paint and paints an X on Aunt B's face. Aunt B steps back in line. Girl moves down to Boyfriend. Boyfriend steps out of line.)

**Boyfriend-** Slut.

(Girl dips paintbrush in paint and paints an X on Boyfriend's face, and he steps back in line. Girl moves down the line to the Doctor, who steps out..)

**Doctor-** Ended.

(Girl dips paintbrush and paints an X on his face. Doctor steps back in line and Girl moves down to Child. Child steps out of line.)

**Child-** Well?

(Girl walks over to the table and puts the paint and paintbrush down, and picks up the packet of papers and drops them purposely on the floor. Then looks over to the child. The child looks thankful.)

**Child-** Well?

(Girl walks over to the Child and holds out her hand. The Child takes it and they walk off together. Lights go out.)

End.



**self portrait**  
**James Backstein**

# Queen of All-Who-Were-Not-Lucky-Enough-To-Be-Turning-Eight-And-Self-Proclaimed-Princess-of-Cookie-Dough

by Danielle Bird

Sat she in royal majesty,  
Surrounded by golden lace and bows,  
Each wish granted by an angel and ice cream man.  
Glorious spread on white linen-  
Oatmeal and sugar cookies,  
Iced and pink-sprinkled cupcakes,  
Chocolate topped with cherries,  
Provided relief from the hunger of travel.  
Court, Counts and Duchesses,  
Bearing expected tributes donned with  
Cards of praise, arrived precisely at six.  
Over games and dance- marbles and mamba-  
The Queen presided.  
“Many thanks for those who came,  
You will all be justly rewarded.”  
A night of gossip and debate about  
Recent Cowboy and Indian skirmishes  
And the latest Parisian fashions.  
“I love the flowing skirts, superb for spinning.”  
“Indeed, and the war heroes keep getting cuter.”  
Morn brought eggs and croissants,  
And promises to return in a  
Twelfth-month to again celebrate.  
After all, being eight only lasts a year.



**Untitled**  
**Brian Atkins**



**She Still Smiles**  
**Adrienne Martin**



**Lucky**  
**Adrienne Martin**

# The Birthday Party

by **Melissa Van Matre**

The leaves began falling to the ground, and the morning air had the crisp chill to it that fall brings. The morning was filled with various greens and just a hint of brilliant yellows, fiery reds and vibrant oranges in the trees outside the house. The leaves began to weave their vivid blanket that would soon cover the ground. There was a suggestion of a contest between the fall and winter; the trees were trying to get their variegated quilt of leaves on the ground before the icy frost could come in.

However, inside the house itself it was dark and drab. The house was built around the turn of the century and still contained within its walls the remnants of the time when it was new. Downstairs, the thick papers with imprinted golden designs had faded long ago distorting the rich red, deep green and flowery yellow colors that they once were. It seemed as though the way they covered each room made the house that much darker and colder. Each room was filled with heavy, full curtains that shut out the light from the sun, while the old furniture oddly seemed to belong to the house from long before any of them were there.

Upstairs, the two big bedrooms overflowed with light and you could watch the dust particles dance in the rays of sun that came through the lofty windows. The rooms were bare and held a strong musty odor in them. The aged wooden floors creaked with every step when walked upon. They echoed in the hallway and the old bathroom in between the rooms. The yellow designed wallpaper had faded to a dusty, pale yellow and the flowers that were once vividly sharp seemed to wane on the walls. When the wind blew just right, the sound of the branches of the old oak trees could be heard scraping against

the wooden slats covered with splintered old white paint on the outside of the house.

In the far corner of the first bedroom at the top of the stairs, the wallpaper had loosened and hung slightly apart from the wall. Behind the paper in that corner, there were a series of wasp nests. When the mid-day sun brightened and warmed the room it was filled with buzzing of the wasps as they flew around. Every now and again, you could hear soft thuds when the bodies of the wasps came into contact against the windowpanes as they tried to free themselves from the old house.

In the second bedroom, there were dark brown almost circular stains in the corners of the ceiling resembling black holes at night. There were also strange designs on the wallpaper from water that stained the old thick paper. One of the watermarks took the outline and shape that looked like the face of an old woman slightly turned in toward the wall. While another, formed the shape of an old tree in the dead of winter, it had no leaves just the branches reaching out with thin sharp fingers to grab whatever came near it. Others streaked from the ceiling to halfway down the wall creating a faintly visible waterfall that seemed somewhere off in the distance.

It was Saturday morning and no different from the many others that strung before it or after it only that there was to be a birthday party later. The children were at the kitchen table eating the breakfast their mother had made while busily chattering and laughing about what they could do to amuse themselves over the course of the day until the party. The chatter and laughter of the children was interrupted by the appearance of Gary standing in the archway of the kitchen, scratching his head while yawning. Gary drifted still half asleep across the kitchen, shuffling his feet as he made his way to the cabinet for a coffee cup.

A silence fell over the kitchen, because the children weren't sure of his disposition. There were numerous mornings

that they weren't quite sure whether he would join in their discussion or that he just wanted to be left alone. Gary separated from his wife about a year before and they were getting divorced. His wife took their daughter and she no longer allowed him visits with her. Gary had been dating their mother for a few months, and now they spent a lot of time at his place. It was usual for them to spend time at the house from Friday after school until early Monday morning.

After his second cup of coffee, Gary picked Jolee up, sat her on his knee, and started to bounce her as if she were riding a pony. The children burst out with laughter. Jolee was the youngest of the children; she was a small child of five with deep brown thin hair that laid straight down the middle of her back and dark brown eyes, which seemed to make her pale skin tone even paler if that was possible. Several minutes passed before Gary asked, "Who else wants a ride on the pony?" Jolee begged, "No. it's still my turn." Then Aaron piped up as he said, "Me too, I want a ride, pleasee." Aaron was small compared to the other boys his age. His hair was shoulder length and a medium brown color and he had light brown eyes mixed with a little green. He was two years older than Jolee and they were always in competition with each other for attention. Gary took Jolee off his lap and let Aaron ride for a few minutes.

Lizzie watched the two as they alternated riding Gary's knee at the table. As she watched them, Gary turned his attention toward her. Playfully he asked her, "Would you like a ride too?" Lizzie was caught a little off guard by his question and turned her attention from them to look at him. He had a familiar look in his eyes and she knew what he wanted, so she decided to send the children outside. She replied, "No. No I don't want a ride. I think it's time that they went outside to find something else to do." Lizzie took Jolee by the hand and helped her down from Gary's lap. Aaron began whining, "No fair. It's my turn again. Jolee got more turns than me." Lizzie told him, "You can find something else to do for awhile.

It's going to be a nice day. One of the last before it starts snowing."

The two were still whining as Lizzie shooed them out the back door. Lizzie watched the children as she closed the door behind them. Gary softly said, "Lizzie why don't you come over here and sit on my lap?" At first she didn't reply, she kept watching the children making their way to the swing set that was in the back yard. Once she was sure that they would be occupied for a while, she walked over to him at the kitchen table.

She sat on his knee facing away from him as he slipped his arms around her waist pulling her closer to him while he slid his other knee under her to center her on his lap. Lizzie could feel the warmth of his crude panting on her neck and it made her shudder slightly as he began to speak to her, "How about a kiss? I didn't get to give you a kiss on your birthday during the week, and I want to make it up to you this weekend." she could feel the strength of his arms when he turned her to face him. She was uncomfortable giving him a kiss in front of the window where Jolee and Aaron could see. She leaned back away from his face but Gary reached up and held her face in his hands looking deep into her eyes, as he leaned forward to kiss her lips. Lizzie focused on the thick, rough fingers of his hands as they seemed to encircle her small face and she felt the dry, jagged skin of his fingers as it rubbed against her cheeks. She stared blankly at first toward his face, and then she noticed how thick and wild his eyebrows were and the deep creases in the middle of his brow.

At first, they were small little kisses, but then he thrust his tongue deep in her mouth engulfing the space between her own tongue and teeth. Lizzie felt as though she couldn't breathe. He was draining all the air out of her, as his tongue seemed to swim inside her mouth like an eel. She cringed at the invasion of his tongue as it left no space untouched in her mouth. He stood up and cradled her in his arms and carried her out of the kitchen down the hall to the bedroom.

Once inside the bedroom, he closed the door and sat her on the bed. He went back to the door and she heard the loud click of the lock as he secured the door. He turned back to Lizzie with a slight smirk on his face as he said, "Now, no one can interrupt us honey." Lizzie had no reply; she just sat there on the bed watching him as he crept back over to the bed.

"Honey, let me help you out of your clothes, and you can help me out of mine," Gary gently said as he stood her up to unbutton her jeans. He slid her hands to the button on his jeans. Reluctantly Lizzie did as he wanted unbuttoning his jeans and slid them down his legs as far as they would go while he took his shirt off. He then slid her jeans down and motioned for her to climb up on the bed so he could finish sliding them off her. Her legs trembled as the jeans passed over her feet. He reached up and pulled her shirt up over her head. Lizzie had a chill come over her as her shirt left her body. "Now, isn't that better?" he asked as he slid into the bed next to her.

She still made no reply to him, and it seemed no matter that she had none. She was quivering as though chilled to the bone when his skin encountered hers. He asked, "Honey, are you cold? Why are you shaking? Come closer and I'll warm you up." His body seemed to envelop hers. There was no escaping from under him. She tried to focus on the ceiling corner nearest to her when he wasn't ramming his tongue deep into her throat.

She followed the intricate design in the ceiling plaster, letting her mind fade out of consciousness. For Lizzie it felt like an eternity lying underneath him. The weight of his body was crushing upon her and made her breathing labored. Finally, he rolled off her and lay next to her in the bed. He took hold of her hand and placed it on his penis as he asked, "Honey, won't you wrap your fingers around it and massage it up and down for awhile?" Lizzie did as he wanted. She could feel the blood surging up in his penis with every movement she made with her hand.

He lay there with a smile on his face and his eyes closed as she continued. He gently said, "You're doing it just right. That feels so good. Honey, could you kiss it just a little?" Lizzie hated it when he spoke to her like that. She wished that he would just shut up as she tried to not look at him, because she just wanted it over. She thought to herself, "in just a little while it will be over and he will leave me alone for a while." He interrupted her thoughts once more when he repeated, "Honey, could you kiss it just a little?"

She looked at the throbbing penis that was in her hands; it had grown so much in size since she first touched it. Her face became pale and the nausea became almost unbearable because she knew why he wanted her to kiss it. Her thoughts were interrupted once more as he begged her like a child, "Honey, come on you know how much I like it when you do that, so won't you?"

He looked down at Lizzie all the while she was trying to advert seeing his eyes by looking away from him. "I know what you need. You need some encouragement don't you?" he said playfully as he laid her on her back on the bed. "Now then, spread your legs. I'm not going to hurt you," he said un reassuringly to her. Lizzie lay back and closed her eyes tightly so that she didn't have to watch what he was doing to her. She felt a strange sensation take over her whole body as he touched her. This sensation was wrong to her as her heart was racing with her blood pounding in her veins. Her heart beat so violently in her chest that she knew it would fly out of her chest if he didn't stop. She wanted so badly to pull her thighs together, to protect her body from his touch. She felt a strong urge to curl herself into a fetal position but she couldn't because of the weight of him on her legs. There was no use he wouldn't stop until he was satisfied. He never stopped until he was satisfied.

She felt him touch her hand as he wrapped his fingers around it. She felt him pulling her hand down toward her vagina. She

could feel a strangling knot swell up in her throat as she tried to fight back the tears. She was screaming on the inside for him to stop, but no sound could escape her lips as she was paralyzed with fear of him. He placed her fingers on her clit and told her, "Honey, you help me make it feel good for you. You move your fingers so that it will please you." Lizzie was washed all over her body in shame at the thought of this going any further, but she unwillingly complied with him moving her fingers unconsciously across her clit as he spoke to her, "That's it. See I knew that you would like that. Don't be embarrassed. You need to learn how to please a man, and I'm just teaching you to do that." Her stomach churned as she became more nauseated with every minute that passed.

By now, Lizzie was praying that this would soon be all over. She prayed that he would leave her alone. She pleaded with God to make him stop, but he kept going. Gary interrupted her pleadings when he said, "Honey, come on, now it's my turn again. Roll over her and kiss my dick." Lizzie complied and began kissing his penis all the while she kept telling herself, "Get this over with. If I do what he wants then it will be over sooner and I can get dressed. I can go outside with Jolee and Aaron. If I do what he wants, he will leave me alone for awhile."

His voice smashed into her thoughts once more when he begged, "Oh Honey, please just put your lips over the head of my dick. Come on you know you want to please me. Just put the head of it in your mouth a little." Wanting desperately to have this experience over, she did as he ordered until he finally exploded all over her mouth and fingers.

Just as he finished, they both overheard the sound of a car door slam. He jumped up throwing his shirt over his head as he grabbed his jeans. Then while fumbling with his jeans he growled at her, "Get dressed! Hurry!" He grabbed Lizzie's arm just above the elbow and gave it a tight squeeze as he reminded her, "This is our little secret. If you tell, you'll be the

one that's in trouble. Get yourself straightened up before your mother comes in." They could hear the high pitched voices of Jolee and Aaron as they both said, "Mommy! You're back. When is the party?" Gary left Lizzie in the bedroom to go out and greet her mother.

She fought back the tears that tried to stream down her face as she turned her face up to the ceiling and asked under her breath, "God how can you let this happen to me?" The knot that had formed in her throat was choking her as she silently cried while dressing herself. In the distance she could hear Gary saying to her mother, "Honey, did you get everything for the party? ... Oh they were fine, no trouble at all. Anytime you need to leave them here I don't mind." Lizzie peered out the bedroom door and could see Gary giving her mother a peck on the cheek through the kitchen window.

She stood for a moment longer in the bedroom doorway; her eyes burst with tears like a pipe that sprung a leak. She had trouble looking down to finish buttoning her jeans as she wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. She hurried out of the bedroom, dashed up the stairs to the bathroom before her mother entered the back door. She knew she couldn't let her mother see, "I'm going to be in trouble, it's always my fault," she pounded into her mind repeatedly.

With trembling hands, she slowly turned the handles of the faucet so the pipes wouldn't rattle. Her face flushed as her heart beat uncontrollably at the thought of the pipes rattling. "Calm down, you're okay. Hey you've been through all this before," she murmured under her breath. She glanced at her fingers and felt the semen as it was drying, and thought, "This is the dirt he left on me," as she put her hands under the running water. "Just wash it off. It'll be alright. You kept him from touching Jolee."

She cupped her hands under the cool water so they could fill, and brought them to her mouth several times, but the taste remained. She took a bar of soap to her mouth and washed

her lips; it clung to her as a reminder. "I can live through anything, right? It'll be okay; it's my birthday. If I don't get myself together they will all know."

Lizzie choked back the tears that reformed in her eyes as she threw cool water on her face to ease the puffiness and to slow the blood that pumped and surged in the veins of her head. She felt as though her head were splitting into pieces, as she picked up the hand towel to dry her face. She stared blankly into the mirror; she looked at her face to see if anyone would notice that she had been crying. She knew that her mother was happy with him.

She left the bathroom and tip-toed across the wooden floor to sit in the corner of the second bedroom with her arms wrapped around her legs rocking back and forth staring at the stain that made the face of an old woman on the wall. She wondered if that stain somehow knew all the secrets that remained within the wall of that old house. She knew there was no escape for her just like the stains that covered the walls upstairs. She knew there was no escape from the terrible things that she had to endure.

After awhile, Lizzie slowly made her way down the dark staircase to the kitchen and she could see her mother leaned over the sink watching Jolee and Aaron from the kitchen window. Her mother turned toward Lizzie when she heard her footsteps. She smiled at Lizzie and asked, "I was wondering where you were. Do you want to help with the decorating? It's your ninth birthday party and I think you're big enough to help me now." Lizzie smiled at her mother as she took the bag of decorations from the table and started sorting through them.

Lizzie and her mother festively transformed the dining room a few minutes before the guests arrived. The streamers were bright yellows, dusty pale pinks, and baby blues with balloons to match in the four corners of the room. The cake was her favorite, chocolate with white icing, pink piped icing in the

middle that said happy birthday and small roses to match the color of the streamers.

All the children and adults gathered around Lizzie as her mother lit the candles on her cake. They sang "Happy Birthday" to her, and when the song ended Jolee looked up at Lizzie smiled enthusiastically at her and said, "Lizzie, don't forget to make a wish before you blow out your candles," as she giggled.

She smiled at Jolee and then looked around the room at everyone as she tried to think of something to wish for. She closed her eyes tightly and wished to herself, "I wish that... I wish that mom would leave Gary so he can't touch me anymore." The children were getting anxious as they began saying, "Come on Lizzie, blow the candles out already." She opened her eyes and took a deep breath as she bent over and blew. There was one single candle still burning, and Jolee said to her, "Your wish won't come true now. You're supposed to blow them all out at once to get your wish to come true." Lizzie said to Jolee, "I know." As she silently thought to herself, "I know."

# Psychoanalyses, Part 1

by Danyelle Hooks

Spirals of ideas,  
Mindboggling pictures of what needs to be,  
What should be,  
What is,  
Tangled up in a knot.  
It's what I see in my head,  
The revelations reeling out of control,  
Unfiled, Unsorted,  
Miscellaneous, Genius,  
And Irrational all the same,  
But all BLACK.  
A ball of mess  
Bouncing off the walls of my skull  
And all I can do is write,  
For it is thinking that got me thus far  
And to the place where I can't move on.  
-It won't let me out.



**The View the Morning After**  
**Adrienne Martin**

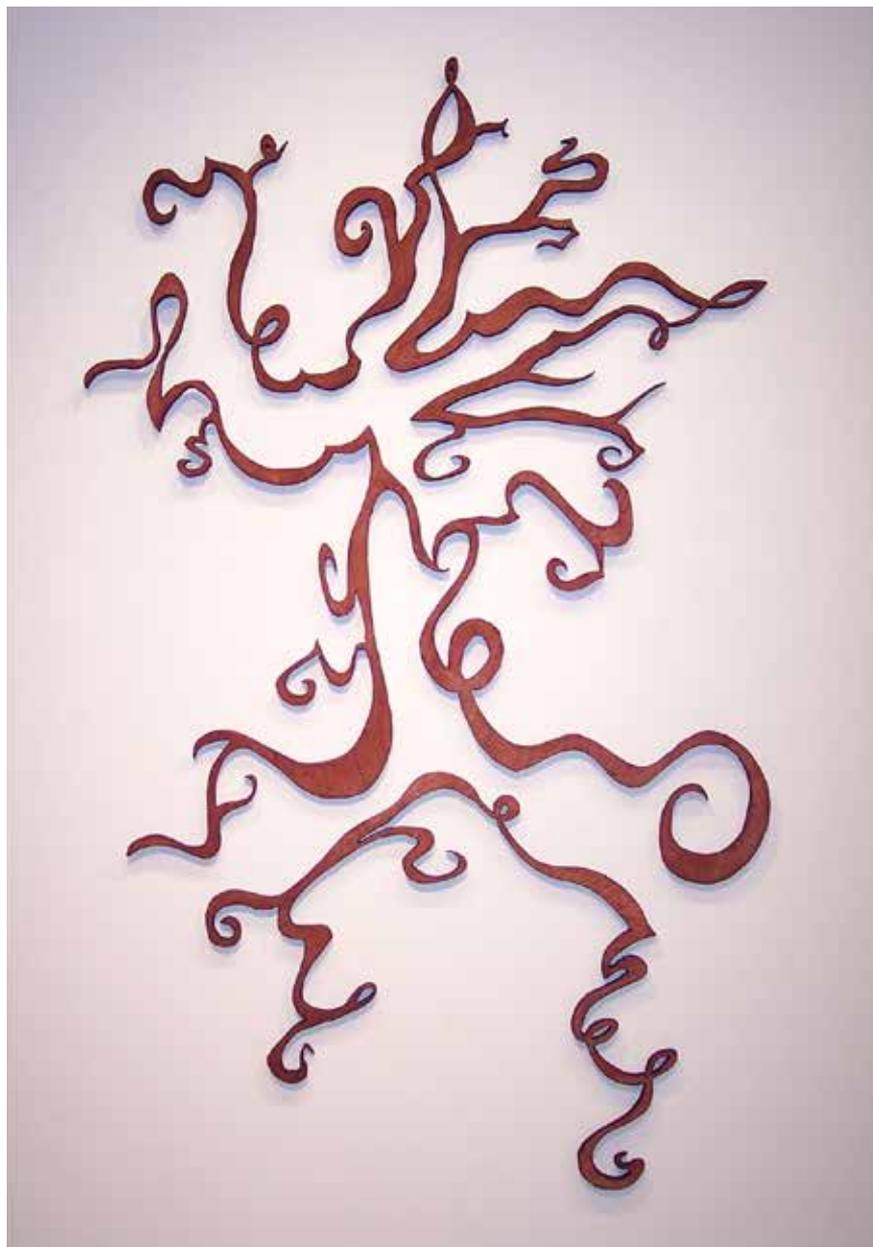


**Self Portrait**  
**Brian Atkins**





**Sun**  
**Laura Schuh**



**Winter Tree**  
**Laura Schuh**

# Time

by Danyelle Hooks

It's funny.

The moments we cherish seem to go by so fast.

One look at the clock-

And the time is gone.

Then there's the other moments-

The ones we pray to forget,

The ones our memories play over and over again,

Twisting everything around.

Sleep is overrated.

Why relax when there's a gazillion things

You just can't get off your chest,

Things that won't ever change,

Curses that follow you like a shadow.

Time.

Yeah, it's there.

Ever damn time the seconds hand

Makes its way past the 12,

Continuing around again.

And again.

We can't see it, touch it.

If we could, I would strangle it.

Why waste my breath?

It ticks and life gets worse,

It tocks and all hell breaks loose.

Keep spinning, hands...

I dare you.



**Pieces**  
**Jessica Gartman**



**Untitled**  
**Brian Atkins**



MacMurray  

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COLLEGE  
JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS