

GENESIS

fall

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FITNESS

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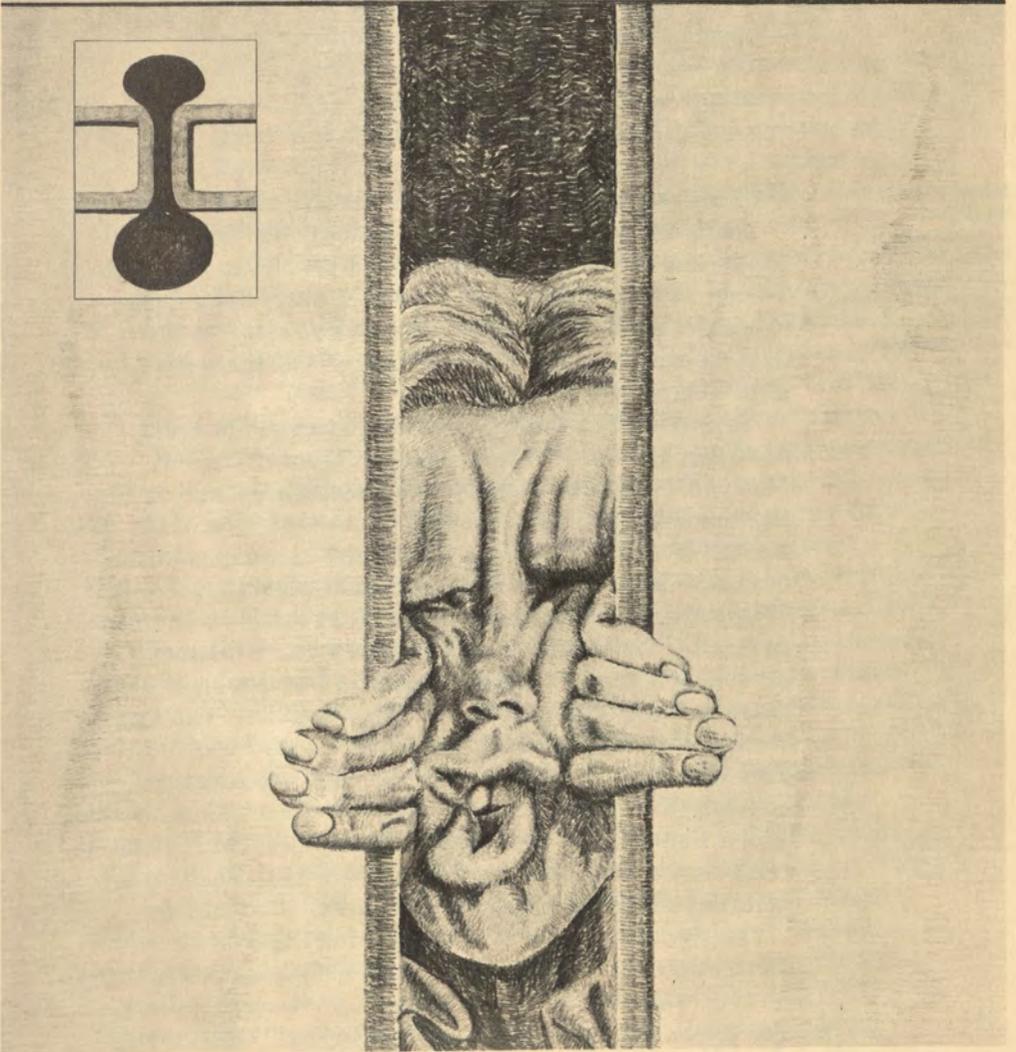
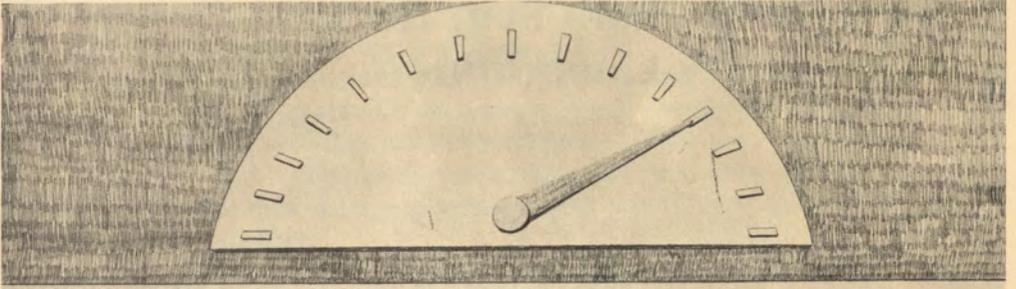
Invitation to Artists and Authors

Artwork is invited from all persons who have been students at IUPUI at any time during the last eighteen months prior to submission. Any type of drawings may be submitted, although black-and-white sketches are preferred. Photographs may also be submitted. All artwork will be reproduced in black-and-white. Artists are asked to submit no more than ten pieces for a given issue. Please identify each piece on the back of the artwork with your name and the title of the piece. Include your name, address and telephone number on an enclosed title sheet as well as on your portfolio. A 25-50 word bio must accompany all submissions. Artists whose work is not accepted will be notified by mail. All artists are expected to pick up their artwork after submissions have been judged. Submit work to GENESIS, Student Services Office, Cavanaugh Hall, 925 West Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

Manuscripts are invited from all persons who have been students at IUPUI at any time during the last eighteen months prior to submission. Manuscripts of essays, fiction, or poetry, on any topic, may be submitted at any time to GENESIS, Student Services Office, Cavanaugh Hall, 925 West Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. All manuscripts are considered by a student editorial board. Authorship is not revealed to the board until a manuscript has been accepted.

All submissions must be accompanied by a separate title sheet containing the author's name, address, and telephone number. Essays and fiction should be typed on a sixty-space line and double spaced. Manuscripts of less than sixteen pages will be given first consideration. *Manuscripts must be submitted in duplicate.* A 25-50 word bio must accompany all submissions.

Authors whose material has been accepted will be notified prior to publication. Authors who wish to be notified of rejection prior to publication date—and all authors who wish their manuscripts to be returned—must include a self-addressed stamped envelope with their submissions. Any manuscript submitted too late for the current deadline will be considered for the next issue. Prizes of \$25 are awarded at the discretion of the editors for the outstanding entry in each of the categories of essay, fiction, art, and poetry. Members of the Editorial Board are ineligible to receive prizes.



— Sandy Morrison

Will There Ever Be Lefty Liberation?

Deborah Butler Devaney

Deborah Butler Devaney, is a part-time dean's list senior majoring in English. She is also a full-time assistant editor of employee communications. This is her first work published in Genesis.

"They're manic depressives!" "They're brain-damaged!"

These are only two of the prejudices that the general population holds against left-handed people, or sinistrals. To add to this minority's frustration, everything from mustache mugs to dictionary definitions cater to their dextral counterparts. One must ask, "Will there ever be lefty liberation?"

No one likes to think onlookers consider him brain-damaged because of his manual preference. The left hemisphere of the brain controls language as well as the right side of the body, and damage to that area of the gray matter involved with right-hand touch could explain the deviation from the norm. According to figures in *Funk & Wagnall's New Encyclopedia* (1975), as many as 18 to 24 dextrals populate the world for every one left-handed person, and slightly more males than females show this characteristic. Connotations of the word "left" can insult the southpaw. "Out in left field," "left over," and "left out" rank high in daily jargon that degrades the sinistral population. Such slanting language would dare not be said of the righties, the majority, who are "all right," "right on," "right in there." A person is in trouble if he has two left feet, but evidently a pair of right lower limbs is fine.

Fitting right in are instruments and implements which don't tolerate a left-handed grip, including scissors, diaper pins, corkscrews, soup ladles, can openers, and guitars. Telephone cords often tangle up a sinistral's life, and the shutter release happens to be on the right side of cameras.

Turn table control arms, TV knobs, and dials on washers and dryers are usually on that side, too. Non-digital clocks, bath scales and rotary dial phones rotate in that direction, and the throttle on motorcycles is strategically placed on the side that caters to dextrals. Lefties with Las Vegas leanings must use one-arm bandits that show the sinistral always seem to lose in the jack pot of life in one way or another.

If a left-handed person wants to survive, he has only three options. The southpaw must forsake his God-given right and join the monotonously right-handed majority, or the lefty must pay exorbitant amounts of money that specialty stores charge for wondrous implements designed especially for a left-hand grip. Finally, the sinistral may have to give up many of the things he could otherwise enjoy, be it golfing, guitar-picking, or some other hobby which has equipment made for a right hand hold.

On the other hand, lefties can console themselves with a few facts which indicate all hope is not lost. Toilet handles must be meant for lefties since they are on the odd side of that device when one faces the toilet. While the sinistral may have difficulty getting a fork to his mouth (due to colliding with the right-hander sitting to the left of the southpaw), it happens to be placed at the appropriate spot in a table setting. Schools now equip classrooms with desks designed for southpaws, so after years of adapting to "righty" desks, left-handers can amuse themselves by watching dextrals discover how awkward it is to write when they accidentally sit at one of these strange desks. A few cultures have customs and beliefs supporting the left, too. In the 19th century, a swiss jurist named Bachofen developed a theory about societies which trace descent through women, and he named the left hand as being superior to the right in these matriarchal communities. In the United States the symbol of holy matrimony, the wedding band, is worn on the left hand; likewise, those with time on their hands usually keep track of it on their left wrists. However, Americans exchange cordialities by extending their right hands. In Biblical times when Job suffered although he was sinless, he confronted the Lord. God asked Job how a mere man could know the mind of, or be as great as, the Creator, and said if a person is so capable, "Then will I also confess unto thee that thine own

right hand can save thee." A glance in an encyclopedia reveals that explanations for left-handedness require far more space than those for dextrality, and in its selection of synonyms for "left," Roget's Thesaurus gives a hearty Bronx cheer.

People polish off their prejudices toward sinistrals by associating them with uncomplimentary left-handed folks like Jack the Ripper and the Boston Strangler. The innuendo is that lefties carry some sort of mental disorder that makes them manic depressives. Many times, people tag southpaws as having reading difficulties, including dyslexia.

In spite of facing all of the prejudices and problems of not being someone's right-hand man, lefties can smile about their plight of being different. Scientists have concluded that one side of the brain controls the opposite side of the body; therefore, only sinistrals are in their right minds!

cambodian lullaby

from what little remains
take more: it matters most
which the least contain—
they vote with their bellies
who bloat with insensate eyes,
petition with rickets whose brain-stems
wither but survive; notice
the brutish lips on your feet
drool sweet hosannahs
and conceal no teeth. tooth and claw
fall first from the starving beast,
redemption from the child.

—L.M. Jones

Carry On

Once I found myself a stranger
 In a world I didn't know
 I changed my ways to get along
 Didn't let my feelings show

But soon I found it wouldn't work,
 The charade I'd put up fell.
 They didn't like the man I was,
 Condemned me to their hell.

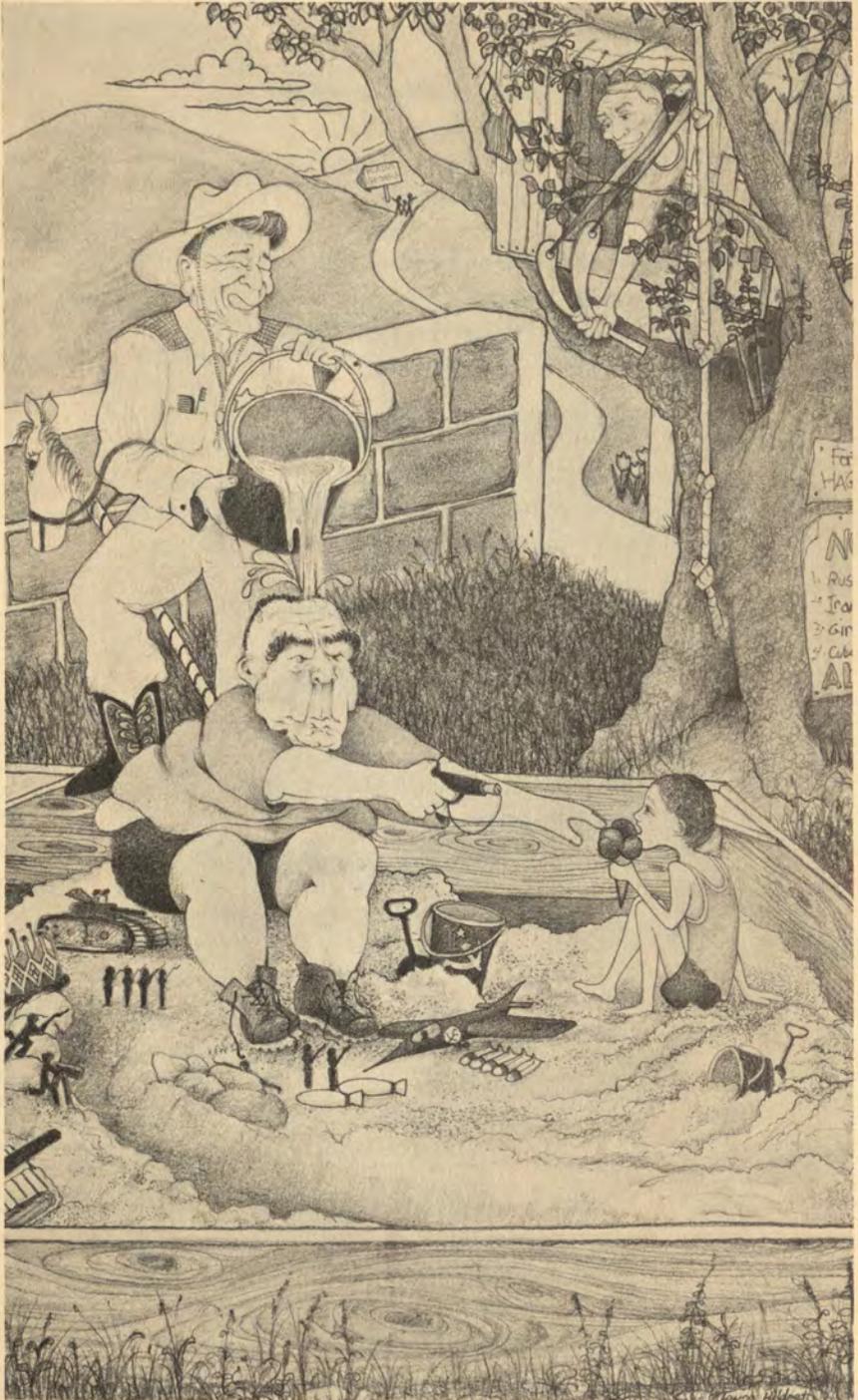
They criticized me for these things
 Things cherished so and loved
 Things like kindness, love and tears
 The eagles mauled the dove.

But now I'll come out stronger still
 Although I'll bear some scars
 I know I'll make it through the night
 Eyes on the shining stars.

The sun will rise and shine today
 The dove will carry on
 And when the darkness falls at night
 My song will still go on.

—Dave Ewick

Dave Ewick—A senior psychology major with a deep love of music and dramatics. These works are really songs, I just hope the feelings they're about are conveyed through the words alone.



—Laura Hildreth

Panacea

Mark Springer

Mark Springer is working on a Master's Degree in fiction writing and has just completed his first novel, a mystery called "Smiling Faces." He is a frequent contributor to Genesis.

"Preyers" is dedicated to his parents, Mary & William Springer.

I heard that long ago there was a time when there were no people in this country except Indians. After that the people began to hear of men that had white skins; they had been seen far to the east. Before I was born they came out to our country and visited us. The man who came was from the Government. He wanted to make a treaty with us, and to give us presents, blankets, and guns, and flint and steel and knives.

Curly Chief, 1839

It's like I always say: There's somethin to be said for tradition.

Orin Toast, 1933

White Eagle's shield no longer hung from his tipi. He had left his People—gone to Rainy Mountain to complete his Vision Quest. He had consigned himself to three days of sitting naked in a hole, not eating and barely sleeping. In this way he would learn of himself. Silly, but it was our Way nonetheless.

Having nothing better to do, we of the council sat around camp—pulling on peace pipes, shooting arrows at rocks and modelling for cigar store carvings. We saw our future in wood. That was our new goal, our modified Way. We of the circle, and especially we of the Kiowa tribe, knew the old ways were dying—so we resolved to place wooden likenesses of ourselves all over America. Hopefully, we thought, each time the white man bought a cigar he would gaze upon our weathered faces—termites permitting—and think of us and what we used to be.

Our activities were interrupted by a great cloud of dust

which rose suddenly from the Plains. The ground shook and thundered up to the still sky.

Old women panicked. Horses scattered. Red Eagle screamed, "Our mother, the earth, is opening back up to allow us to reenter her womb and escape the white man. It is a great sign."

"More like a sign of the times," Drowning Duck sneered. "It's a train, you idiot."

"Oh?" Red Eagle laughed dreamily. "You know, you speak white pretty good for a red boy," he giggled before returning to his pipe.

A couple days later, Red Eagle rose unsteadily from his tipi—pipe in hand. He meant to find Drowning Duck and tell him what he just remembered: the white man had no train tracks scarring their land, yet. Stepping out into the blistering heat, Red Eagle's renowned eyes focused on figures moving in the distance. Squinting more than usual, he at first thought them to be dust swirls. But then he remembered: dust swirls didn't ride horses.

He heard horses coughing and gasping, then men's voices carried over the dust. Red Eagle tried to wipe the smoke from his eyes. Suddenly he jumped high into the air. "It's White Eagle," he wheezed, "with a stranger."

White Eagle had returned from his Vision Quest, and with him rode a white man—unlike any we had ever seen before.

"My son, welcome home," Red Eagle said, helping White Eagle from his horse. "Who is it you bring to the People?"

White Eagle rolled back his eyes and pointed to the white man, who had dismounted and was tenderly feeling his buns. "Him? I wish I knew. One thing's for sure; he's sure as hell never ridden bareback before. Acted like he never saw a horse."

The stranger slapped his horse across the rump. "There, I hope yours hurts as much as mine now. Where's the nearest glue factory?"

The Brother People began to crowd around the odd-speaking stranger. Of course they always were nosier than our tribe. We of the Kiowas figured the only reason they ever came to our Sun Dance anyway was to see what kind of patterns we were weaving into our blankets. Our brother, White Fang, barked out at them, "Give the stranger some room. You don't know where he's been."

Being a more sanitary tribe than us, the Brother People quickly dispersed—most running toward the stream to beat themselves against a rock in order to clean the unseen filth from their buffalo skins.

The stranger glanced around our camp. “Damn,” he scratched, spitting dust from his mouth, “of all the places to land, I had to end up in the slum district.”

“Friend,” Lame Bear said, “you are welcome here—but please—who are you and what do you wish from the brothers of the Plains?”

White Eagle made a face. “You won’t get anything from this bird. He’s been filling me full of it for the past three days—in between cryin’ about his sore ass.”

The stranger aimed an upraised finger in his direction and both of them laughed. “Listen, man, I sure as hell didn’t wanna come here. I’m just blue collar; I go where the Organization tells me. I wish they would’ve stuck with sending monkeys to Mars and stuff like that. This time travel business stinks.”

Red Eagle looked on. “My friend, do your people not know that time travels in a circle and that, eventually, what has gone before will come again?”

“I don’t know diddly about philosophy, bud,” the stranger growled as he felt in his shirt pocket for a cigar. “All I do is push buttons.”

Red Eagle wanted to tell him more, but White Eagle interrupted. Watching the man fire up his smoke, he laughed, “Glad to see they at least made it through.”

The stranger blew smoke in his face and began walking around the camp. The People followed. Finally he turned to some of the elders and said, “God, just what the hell *do* you people do here anyway?”

Six Fingers answered. “We work, we meditate, we sing—”

“Jeez,” the stranger shot back, “don’t give me that Kung-Fu crap. Where’s all the action? Are you the guys who make the shrunken heads or do you just give the close haircuts?”

“What is ‘haircut’?” asked an old woman.

White Eagle chided her. “For Christ’s sake, Ma, you know what a haircut is and, for once, try speaking English the way the priest taught us. Stick in an article every once in awhile—it makes you sound more literate.”

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The woman returned to her job of poking sticks into a fire while the two Eagles and the stranger entered the Sun Dance Lodge.

"Hey, pretty nice digs, folks. Is this the guesthouse?"

Red Eagle did not hear this question; he was staring instead at White Eagle. "My son, I have been watching, and listening to your changed tongue, since your arrival. You have yet to speak of your Vision Quest or mention what has happened to your Peace Shield."

"Oh yeah, that. Well I never really got around to finishing the V.Q. You see, I had just dug myself a pretty good hole and was in the process of getting naked when this guy appears out of nowhere in a cage-like machine. Hell, I didn't know what to do, so I just hit my knees and started rattlin' off 'Great Spirit this' and 'Great Spirit that' and whoopin' around and bowin' and lookin' for a place to hide."

The stranger laughed hoarsely. "Boy-oh-boy, I ain't never seen nuthin' like that before. Here I am ploppin' down, raising dust and dirt, in a spot the whiz kids say is suppose to be isolated and what do I see? A damn half-naked Injun wavin' his arms and bowin' so low I thought he was eatin' dirt. Makes me wonder sometimes if I'm in the right line of work. But anyway I got me a job to do and the sooner I get started the quicker I can get home."

Red Eagle, apparently still a little high, paid no attention to the stranger. "But, White Eagle, what has happened to your shield?"

"Uh, well, it's like this—now don't get tense—but I sold it."

"Sold it, my son?"

"Yeah, 'fraid so. What the hell's the difference anyway? The damn Sioux kids are using them as kites these days. I might as well score a few bucks. Shoot, for three dollars, we can afford to let loose a few of them. Sure beats scalpin' buffalo. Besides, it was this guy's idea."

"My son, I know not all of what you say. I fear you have been too closely associated with this stranger."

"Who you callin' a fag?" the stranger shouted, raising his fists.

"Unclench your hands—and your hatred—my friend, you have no quarrel here."

"Well, just watch the names, old man. Now listen, I ain't

got all day. Get all you big-wigs together, paint yourselves up however you feel you have to and let's pow-wow a while."

Red Eagle left the lodge to gather his brothers. The stranger looked to White Eagle, who was loading Peace Shields into a woven basket. "Hey pal, what's wrong with that old guy, anyway?"

"Don't mind him. He probably just hasn't come down yet. All the old guys are like that. They stay high for weeks at a time, just talkin' in circles. 'Bout all they do anymore—between visions and dreams—is finger their beads and throw sticks at buzzards. And, to tell the truth, I think they took to bead-handlin' after watching the missionaries play with theirs. It's funny, though, they see God in their beads. Ours are just for tradin' and collectin'.

"Tradin' beads. Damn. That's one of the problems you people have to correct now. This bead business has to end. Adopt a more viable form of currency. Jeez-o-man, you ever try to drop a bead into a Coke machine—just screws the whole thing up."

"I can relate to that, but, hey, while we're alone, tell me some more about those disco-orgies."

"Ah, hell, from what I hear you people got those beat by a long shot. I'd like to hear about how you Indians touch each other. That's what all our books are full of—touching. Do you ever do it in funny clothes, I mean, dress up like a buffalo or—"

The council entered the lodge and took their places around the center forked pole. Lame Bear spoke first, "Let us begin by thanking the Great Spirit for this day."

The stranger bowed his head and mumbled, "Jeez, just like the damn Knights of Columbus. If they start playin' bingo, I'm gonna blow this place, job or no job."

White Eagle introduced the stranger. "Guys, this fella's come from a different time—which I'm sure we can all accept without too much argument, agreed?"

The council took a vote and agreed.

"Good, well anyway, his council in his time has decided to send people back to other times in order to head off a few problems that are annoying them now. So without further adieu, I present to you our friend and pal, who says we can call him Oh Wren."

"Thank you, Right Egret, and everyone here present.

For starters I've brought along a few gifts, trinkets if you will, that I've been told will make you people very happy. Here's a digital watch, hopefully it still works. I'm sorry it don't tick like the ones you get these days, but it does light up and show the day and date." He rummaged deeper into his satchel. "Here's a Bible—the Gideon version for easier reading and quick reference. Oh, and here's my personal favorite, a home version of a long-running popular game show in our time, "The Price Is Right," which I'm sure the kiddies will just love."

"What's that yellow object in the bottom of your bag?" Red Eagle asked, pointing into the bag.

"Oh, that's just a banana that some wiseguy threw in the cage when I was warpin' out."

"What does it do?"

"Nuthin'. You just eat it."

"Oh! Then may we have it instead of the other gifts?"

"Sure, take it, too. I don't want the damn thing."

"Many thanks, Brother Wren. We shall cherish this giveaway of yours."

"Uh, yeah, well anyway, listen, if any of you have any trouble understanding me, ask Light Beagle here—who I've personally trained and tutored—or consult this pamphlet, 'Talking To, About, and For the Red Man,' which the War Department allowed me to borrow from their archives before I left."

The Brothers huddled around the sheets of paper, most helping to turn the pages while muttering "glue factory" over and over. Red Eagle looked up for a moment. "Proceed, my friend, tell us what is in your heart."

"Shoot, I couldn't tell you what's in my heart right now. From the feel of it though, I'd say it was either chili or tacos. Travelling really don't agree with me. Anyway, I've come here to set you people straight. In my time, you're starting to cause some trouble again—not wanting to stay put, talking funny about freedom and just generally making horse's patoots out of yourselves. This has gotta stop, and we thought that here would be the best place to do it. Sort of nip the problem in the bud, you might say."

The council suddenly grew quiet. The color fled from Red Eagle's wrinkled face. "Stranger, we no longer have buds, nor any hope for the life that would spring from them. A cold winter has descended upon our brothers, our lines are

dying, our roots withered. Our numbers will not be of any trouble to your people.”

“I wish history wouldn’tve agreed with you, pal, but no such luck. True, you’re a small group in my time, but you’re hellraisers and that can’t be tolerated. So, I’ve just come back to warn you guys, that’s all, friendly-like. Shape up and quiet down.”

“But we only speak as does the wind.”

“Yeah, well, anyway, to prove there’s no hard feelings my governments have sent along a final gift—a rare chemical just discovered by the big chiefs in my time. If you pour this on your blankets, it will double their warming qualities. Just sprinkle it on all the blankets you weave and—what the hell—I’ve even brought enough so’s you can give it to the other tribes, too. Just call it the white man’s gift.

“Listen, though, guys, let me help you out with a little tip from the future. Unionize, get all your people weaving up blankets—hell, run a couple of shifts if you have to, then soak your product a little with this stuff.”

“Then will they be ready to give-away to our brothers?”

“Give-away? Hold on, you can sell these hummers for any price you want. Tell ’em you only have a few—no matter how many you have left. That’s just good marketing sense.” A small light flashed from the stranger’s wrist device.

“But, uh, just make sure you spread ’em around to everybody, though. Share the wealth, you know what I mean?”

“Friend Wren, we know not what to say. We have not expected such kindness from the white man. Perhaps there is a future for the old ways.”

“Hey, I’m with ya there, but I gotta go. Keep those vials closed for awhile. I’m warm enough already . . . well, I’ll be seeing you in the history books.”

“We only hope we can mirror your generosity, Oh Wren.”

The stranger smiled and hurriedly left the Lodge. White Eagle accompanied him as far as his horse and waved goodbye, pointing one thumb high in the air. The stranger mounted as if he were climbing onto hot coals. Gingerly he rode through the settling dust.

When White Eagle returned to the Lodge, the council was huddled around the vials. “Well,” he laughed, cracking

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open a tube, "I guess we can stop being wooden Indians now, huh?"

Red Eagle wrapped a newly-soaked blanket around his old shoulders, "But where has our new friend gone to?"

White Eagle pointed in the direction of Rainy Mountain. "Back to his machine, I guess. He said he had another job to do before clocking out—something to do with rats, I think."

Silvery Puzzles

In the midst of this site of instruction
Sit three objects defying deduction.
Though they ripple and wave,
Their high cost makes us rave,
For they're so like half-finished construction.

—Barbara Jones

A Means of Transportation

Car—
Showy, speedy,
Skimming, screeching, crashing, crumpling,
Silent, still.
Coffin.

—Barbara Jones

A senior majoring in English (composition/journalism), **Barbara Jones** received the 1980 Journalism Department Award given through the School of Liberal Arts. Married with two children, she is currently working on the **Sagamore**.

Last Morn of Summer

News Brief this final summer morn
concerns our crowded jails.

A man who shot his wife begins
serving two years.

Another, five-foot-seven tall,
escaped last night —
the numbers stay the same.

A helpful murder-suicide has
stabilized the sum.

Our Mayor in his wisdom warns
that budget cuts will make
our poor people poorer.

And every mayor wants to raise
the cigaret tax.

Time to hear the weather: skies
cloudy with generic smoke.

And FALL arrives tonight at
ten oh five.

— Jane Tilford

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—Laura Hildreth

Time Ceases, Begins

Morning on the peak
Sunlight bleeds through, scatters fog
Mirrors in the snow

Morning on the peak
Pines spread, carressing the breeze
Shaking off the night

Morning on the peak
Streams below crack back to life
Trickles of water

Morning on the peak
A lone figure greets the dawn
The day awaits him

—Mark Springer

Drops break the silence
Circles form, grow, disappear
Rain ripples the pond

Crisp chills in the air
Autumn paints the countryside
Woodpiles stand ready

—Mark Springer

watching someone very much like you

dreamt heavily of you last night
awoke
tired from the intensity
of my nocturnal visions

worn out
from the heat
of believing you near

but i remember those eyes
and that look
that you do so effectively

waking:
you're putting on your jeans
and tying your shoes
and i ask where you're going
(at that time of night)

you're going north
and it's simple as that
but before you go . . .

you have a smoke and we talk

and maybe we'll see each other again

—Gabrielle Antolini

Gabrielle Antolini—The secret of the universe lies in being able to begin to see life in much less complex terms—say three lines totalling seventeen syllables, for instance. i never cease to be amazed at the wonders that await each and every day on this fun-packed, thrills-n-chills planet earth.

**it's yr birthday and i don't even know
where you are**

how can i call you and awaken you with angel choirs wishing
you

and how can i festoon your door with spiral rainbow candles
all aglow

and where shall i send the briefcase full of unmarked trout
rainbow

brook

& lake

and what about the poems in a teapot made of gossamer

and shooting stars and wishbone shadows and

a ringmaster's coat with tails that shown like a comet

and a headress made with willingly offered feathers of

parrots and swallows and goldenfinches and

what about the parade

i don't even have a city to call information and find

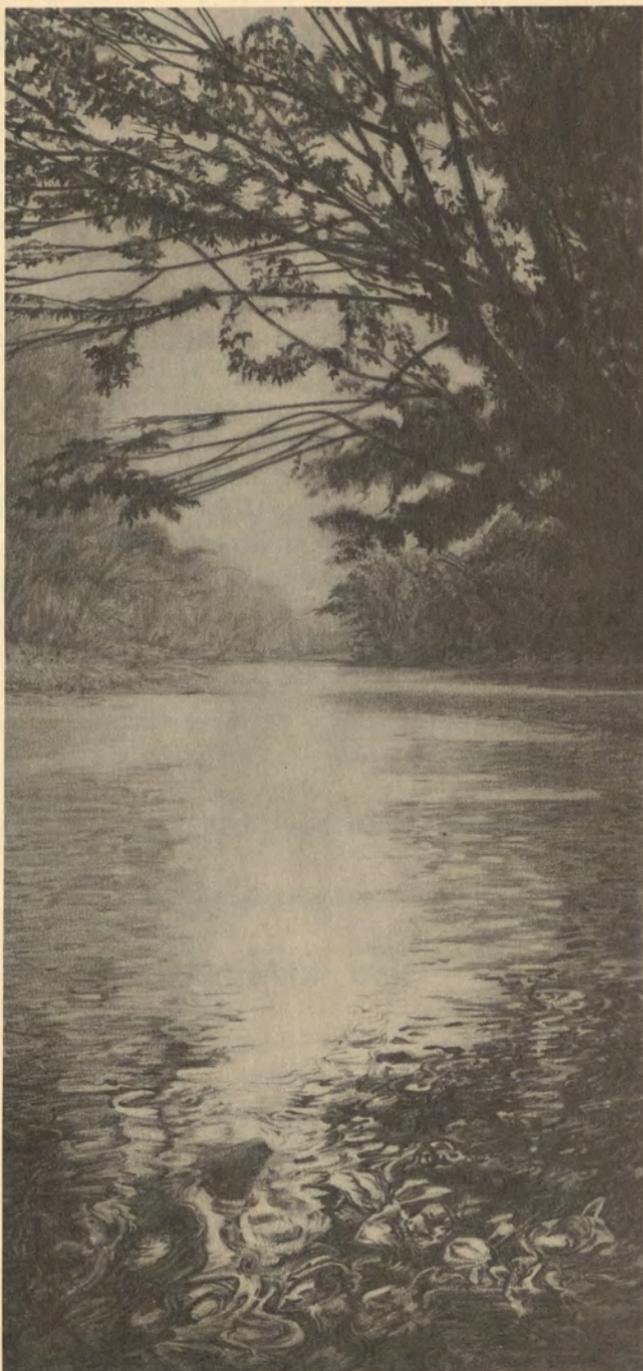
(if you had a phone in the first place)

yes it's your birthday and i don't even know where you are

so i raise a pantomime toast and celebrate

alone

—**Gabrielle Antolini**



—Michael Drippé

walk to eagle creek

slow motion morning
 (time
 undertermined,
 enough rain for puddles
 (shallow
 shadows in the black tar,
 where pebbles stick to hardheels,
 bruising green at city-rim.
 sun-site no more here
 than there
 (diffusion
 in the billowed air:
 taut calves sliding red caresses
 surge through dew-tide,
 anklewet and unconcerned
 (alert feet
 wise to glass and can,
 tarmac cleansed by the white sand.

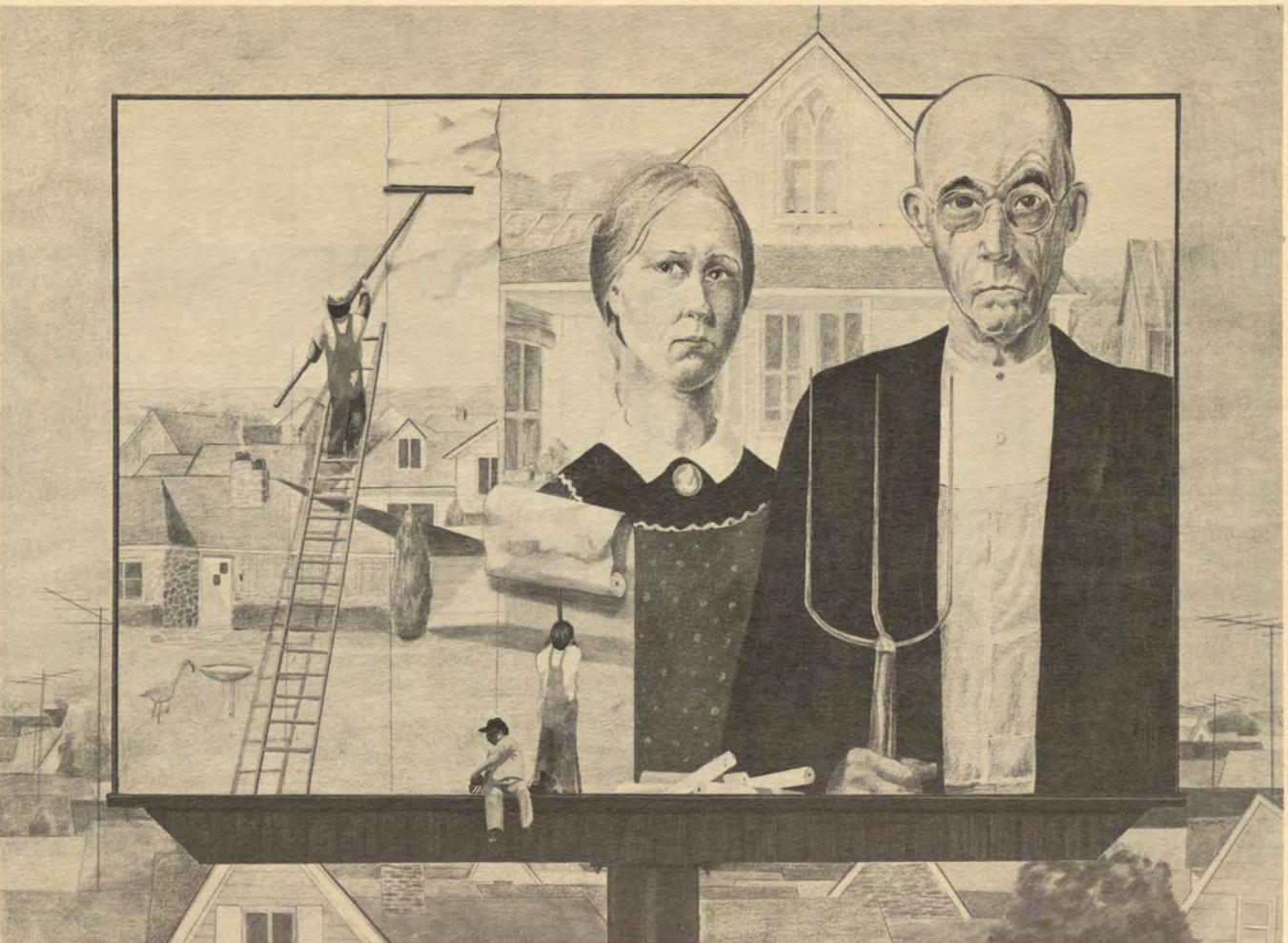
—L.M. Jones

L. M. Jones returned to
 IUPUI in the fall of '81
 after an eleven-year
 hiatus.

Dance

Even though my
 Heart beats
 Disco fast,
 Let's take it slow.
 Let's waltz.
 Then when
 We dip,
 I know you'll
 Bring me
 Back up.

—Deborah Butler Devaney



— Ed Norman

A Day In the Life of Darling

One day she put nobody down
with a timely witticism;
she totally abstained from the
slightest criticism.

Not once did she complain or bitch
or utter a lament;
she didn't argue, fuss or fret
to voice her discontent.

Her friends refrained from murmuring,
"Darling, you delight us,"
but they couldn't think of any cure
for Darling's laryngitis.

—Jane Tilford

Solomon Says

Scanning the trivia, I saw this:

"Male turtles grunt;
the females hiss."

Can't learn if my turtle is He or She;
the dummy won't hiss OR grunt, for me.

But face the Great Pumpkin! This is fall;
my turtle's no dummy after all.
Solomon says this poem's absurd:

"It's spring when the voice
of the turtle is heard."

—Jane Tilford

Jane Tilford is a
graduate student.
Finally.

The Discovery of Usquebaugh

Jane Tilford

Reading the dictionary isn't one of my habits, but today was different. I did read the dictionary, the words beginning with the letter U, for a good reason. My red American Heritage, 1969 edition, has 22 pages of U's; I omitted the words starting with un-, which left only nine pages to read. I figured the words beginning with un- were negative words—like “unravel.” I prefer positive words, like “ravel.”

I compile my own dictionary, in a small looseleaf notebook, of words whose meaning I keep forgetting—“pusillanimous” is one. Spiro Agnew used “pusillanimous” when he was vice president; I remember his saying it, but not which cowardly no-good he meant at the time. Other words in my notebook, for example, anomie, borborygmi, and oxymoron, I remember the meaning of (I think); however, if I need to spell them, instead of checking the American Heritage or at the library in an even bigger dictionary, it's easier to look in my own little notebook. But until today it had no words that begin with the letter U.

When this notebook gets fat the six little rings won't snap shut like they should. Then I cull words that have become part of my ordinary vocabulary, or, that never will. I try to remove enough words so that, with copying if necessary, I can take out a few pages here and there to thin the notebook.

One word to remove next time is “teleological,” a word which has been in from the beginning; perhaps it was the reason for starting my own collection. In my first college philosophy course I didn't know this word, and I couldn't get an inkling from the context in which the professor was using it—not an uncommon experience in a philosophy course. Since my purpose in listening was to understand, I

didn't mind asking the professor to explain an unfamiliar word. No matter how dumb you feel in philosophy there are always other students who don't know what the professor means either, but for some reason they won't ask. Whereas in science and literature I won't ask, because in those classes everyone except me already knows.

I've found that I seldom can work "teleological" into an ordinary conversation. Another word to cull is *déjà vu*." I now know "*déjà vu*" well enough to rattle it off without a backward glance.

It was surprising to discover that no words beginning with U had ever been entered in my notebook; this is why I began to read the U pages in the American Heritage Dictionary. Many words I knew — "ubiquitous" for instance. For years the meaning of "ubiquitous" wouldn't stay with me; even though it was circled in the big dictionary, meaning I had looked it up previously, its definition was always a revelation until somewhere I read the phrase, "the ubiquitous peach and cottage cheese salad." After looking it up that time, I never forget. Every restaurant I go to I scan the menu for this salad, although I don't order it; we eat it often enough at home.

Other words beginning with U are ugly, ulcer, ulterior, all the ultras, umbrage, umpire. Who would want to start a new page with any of those?

On the farther side of the negative un- words come the up- words; this is an improvement. Then come scientific words like uracil, uranium, urea, and all the urogenital relatives. They spell just like they sound, and I either know their meaning or don't want to.

The first interesting word I found was "usquebaugh," pronounced us'-kwi-bo; it means whiskey. It sounds American Indian, but it's Irish Gaelic, which is probably just as well.

Another interesting U word is "uvarovite," an emerald-green garnet. Personally, I'd prefer that an emerald-green stone be an emerald, not a garnet. Also, it doesn't roll on the tongue very well; therefore, on my U page the first entry is now "usquebaugh."

If you overlook that my X and Y pages contain only short words to sneak a look at just before the Scrabble game starts, with the entry of "usquebaugh" my looseleaf dictionary now has no blank pages.

The Artists

Michael Drippé—I am a 1981 graduate of IUPUI, currently working as a Section Manager at Brother Juniper's Restaurant, am involved in a Spiritual Healing group and am Secretary of the Christian Community of Indianapolis.

Lisa K. James—age 22, is a sophomore in the University Division who attended I.U. in Bloomington for one year before transferring to IUPUI. Her interests and hobbies include photography, classical music, and playing tennis. Her art class is an elective.

Laura Hildreth—I am currently a third year visual communication student at Herron Art School. I love animals, humor, and good food and feel that drawing is an incredible waste of time—oh—just kidding Mr. Weaver . . . really. Please help this starving artist eat good food again and buy a "Bighorn Sheep" print or a "ChainSmoker" print for only \$5.00 each. Prices will never be lower. Call 925-6325.

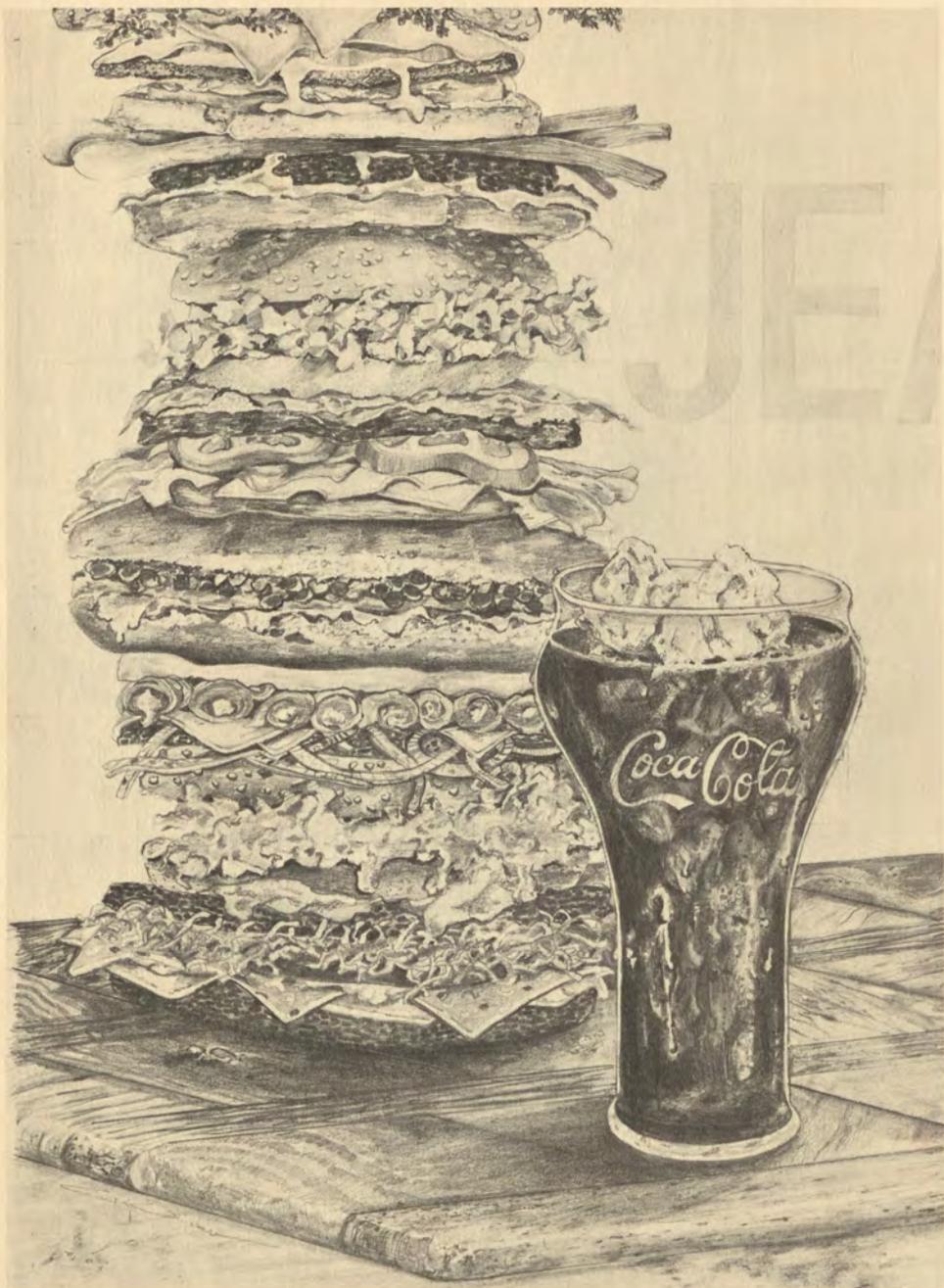
Sandy Morrison is a junior in Visual Communications at Herron School of Art.

Ed Norman is a senior in Visual Communications at Herron School of Art.

Craig Ogden is a senior in Visual Communications at Herron. His strong interest in music has had an influence on his work. After graduating from Herron in May, he plans to get a job as a graphic designer, possibly somewhere out of state.



—Laura Hildreth



—Craig Ogden

No Itty-Bitty Ones

Richard Russell

Richard Russell—A former English major, I am now studying computer science as a graduate taking undergraduate courses. At my present rate I will be taking courses for several more semesters. Although never published, I have been writing for several years. My turn to computer science is indicative of my literary success. I graduated from I.U. Bloomington in '72, and since that time I've worked for the Federal government.

The screen door rang a tiny, bronze bell every time someone opened it. Hot, crowded, the drugstore shelves surrounded the August heat, intensifying it. A slow ceiling fan waved hot air over the soda-fountain counter; flies buzzed the sticky catch basin beneath the Coke dispenser undisturbed. An entire rack of pet rocks gathered dust next to the counter. The portable radio behind the counter played a country hit from the 60's.

The owner emerged from the back room buckling his pants. Large, dark, sweat stains flourished in the armpits of his light blue smock as beads of perspiration rolled down his flushed beefy face. He scowled with bloodshot eyes.

"What'll it be?"

"Hamburger and Coke," Andy said.

The owner waited until Andy produced a soiled, five dollar bill and laid it on the counter.

"Good enough?" Andy asked.

The owner shrugged and switched on the square, dark grill on the back bar. "Off the bus?" he asked.

"Yeah, only got thirty minutes."

The hamburger sizzled on the grill. It smelled better than the rest of the drugstore.

"Pretty Goddamn thin burger, ain't it?" Andy said.

"You want it or not?"

"Yeah," Andy said. "Just pretty Goddamn thin."

The owner pulled a chipped plate off a stack beneath the grill and set a bun on it. He filled one side of the plate with potato chips, the small, broken ones from the bottom of the bag.

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"Those stale?" Andy asked.

"Hell no. I don't serve stale chips."

Andy lit a cigarette with a kitchen match. The smoke fouled the hamburger smell. "Don't want no stale chips."

The owner garnished the bun with pickle slices and took two steps to draw the Coke. The flies whirled in a cloud until the owner finished.

"Where ya headed?" The owner set the Coke down. "Ain't got no ice."

Andy ignored it. "West."

"Got a brother in California. Works on a fishing boat." The owner shooed some flies away from the Coke. "Lives like shit."

An old, old woman shuffled through the door; the bell tinkled. The owner drifted back to the drug counter. Despite the heat the woman wore a sweater over her baggy, print dress. Her clothes must have fit once, but now they dropped like hand-me-downs from some larger, older sister. She clutched her purse to her shriveled bosom and waited as the owner filled a brown plastic bottle with small green pills and typed out the dosage directions on a plain label.

"There you are, Mrs. Knesovitch," the owner said, handing over the bottle.

The old woman placed the bottle in her purse as if it were glass, signed the state voucher, and shuffled out. The owner rang up the sale on a brand new, electronic NCR cash register and dropped in the voucher before returning to the grill.

"Damn welfare," the owner said, laying the hamburger on the bun. "Can't make a dime on 'em."

He slid the plate in front of Andy and grabbed the five.

"Ya make money on these paper hamburgers," Andy said.

The owner slammed the change on the counter. "I wish to God I made money in this forgotten hole. Hell, my wife spends as if I made it. Had to have a microwave oven last month, a goddam five-hundred-dollar microwave. And ya know how she uses it? To store bread. Keeps the damn bread in it. A five-hundred-dollar bread box. Goddamn."

The chips were stale, but Andy didn't say anything.

The owner stepped back to the grill and scraped the grease into the catcher. "Now she wants a diamond watch," he said. "No itty-bitty diamonds either."

Andy ate the hamburger slowly, trying to make it last.

"The guy who sold me this lemon made money. How come I don't?" The flies buzzed the grease catcher. "Hell, he got out while it was good, before Harvester pulled out and the town started dyin'. Nobody's got any money now except the miners, and they go across the line to gamble and whore."

Andy raked in his change and placed it in his shirt pocket.

"Want another?" the owner asked.

"Sure," Andy said. "If you're buyin'."

"I ain't no charity."

"Hell no, but I figure I already paid for three of them wafer burgers."

The owner scowled and scraped. "Ya ain't paid for nothin'."

The pale teenager jittered his way into the store like a puppet on short strings. Lean, narrow, nervous, he wore faded blue jeans with a Budweiser-beer patch sewn on his left hip pocket. His t-shirt had "Ball-U" lettered on the front. He glanced once at Andy and stuttered to the drug counter. He waited as if waiting was the most difficult thing in the world.

Dropping the scraper, the owner hurried to the counter. The brown bottle the owner handed to the teenager had no label; the teenager paid in cash. Shoving the bottle deep into his pocket, the teenager jerked past Andy and out the door as if the heat wasn't murder. The owner pocketed the cash without ringing it up on the cash register and wiped his brow on his sleeve.

"What're ya starin' at?!" the owner demanded.

"Nothin'," said Andy.

The owner returned to the grill and began to scrape again. Sweat dripped from his nose to hiss on the grill. "No itty-bitty diamonds either," he mumbled.

Andy finished the last of the chips and lit another cigarette. It tasted good despite the heat. "The chips were stale," Andy said.

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The owner turned from the grill and cleared away Andy's plate. "Can't keep nothin' in this heat," he said. "Everything goes stale."

Andy stood to leave.

"Wait," the owner said. He opened a sack and began shoving in cold sandwiches from a small refrigerator. "They're already made. Ham and cheese and roast beef. They'll keep a few hours."

Andy accepted the bag.

"Not itty-bitty ones either," the owner repeated.

"Ya oughta leave this burg if ya hate it so much."

"Can't. Lose my shirt if I left now."

Andy nodded and walked to the door.

Outside the heat rose in long, distorting waves that made everything seem unreal.

the dharmic saloon

park your karma
by the gate,

put sequence by the door
and sit down: drink

or what you will—
feed your wolves

and tuck them in;
see each has what he craves.

cut the strings
that followed you here,

suspend your contracts
with cause and effect

and come again.

—L.M. Jones

Let's Fade Quietly

So, you are leaving . . .
 Does that make this
 Our Famous Final Scene?

So be it.

You can count on me
 To say good-bye in proper form:
 Without any tears.

I've discovered that sadness becomes me,
 Softens the lines around my mouth,
 Heightens the fire in my eyes.

Soon you will be just another shadow
 That sometimes passes over my face.

Some call it fate;
 Some call it cruelty;
 Perhaps it's just time.

Well, then . . .
 Let's fade quietly, shall we?
 Along with summer and my sun-tan,
 Along with Spring's green dreams
 That bloomed and died
 In our never-quite-completely
 Outstretched hands.

So be it.

—Elaine Childs

Elaine Childs is a senior majoring in Religious Studies. Her work has previously appeared in *Genesis*.

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—Lisa James

Bodies in Motion

Sunbaked backs bent over bicycles
 Arms strained
 Legs tensed
 Peddling fiercely up the hill.

Breathlessly we sweat and pant.
 Our life's breath leaves our lungs.

Cars careen up that hill
 With feet resting on gas pedals
 Cigarettes resting in mouths
 Chubby bottoms resting in chairs
 Doing 40 maybe 50 miles an hour.

They disgust us
 Send up swift gusts of wind
 Past our slow, staggering bodies
 Beeping their horns
 We are in their way.

We move to the grass
 cursing the cars
 Filled with air-conditioned bodies
 Resting in motion.

—Karla Ashmore

Karla Ashmore says that a cup of Kahlua, a jar of Jiffy, and a spoon are all she requires for nirvana. She wants to congratulate her daughter, Erika, for completing her four-year-old degree at the IUPUI Day Care Center, August 1982.

Preyers

Mark Springer

We all had a special reason for going now. There was a Novena at seven o'clock every Friday and we hadn't missed one in over two years. Mom used to sit in the back row and say the rosary. My middle brother—he was a year older than me—went most of the time, too. My oldest brother was in Vietnam. And we all prayed—hard.

I liked to serve in those days (I was twelve) and, since my brother and I were the only boys ever to show up, we always got the chance. But I especially liked to serve alone. Then I had the altar boys' room—a small room joined to the priest's sacristy by a narrow hall which ran behind the altar—all to myself. Father Daley had a room and so did I.

With great reverence I sorted through the black robes in the musty closet until I came upon the only one small enough to fit me. It had two snaps missing near the top, but my white cassock would cover that. Once, for a regular mass, a smaller boy showed up. I had to give him my robe and take the next size up. It was too long and I could picture myself tripping over it in the middle of mass. Father also saw this predicament. He pulled open a drawer containing many of his sacred garments, all neatly folded and smelling holy, and dug out a red cord. Father hoisted the robe a few inches and tied the cord around my waist.

"This is how we make Cardinals, Michael," he said with a smile.

Throughout mass I found reasons to lift up my cassock and proudly expose the dangling red cord. It matched Father's vestments.

I wanted to be just like Father. He knew me by my first name—all the other boys he called by their last—and I

finally called him Father Jim. That's how he signed my seventh grade yearbook, when he wrote "To 'Old Reliable.'" Father Jim came to our parish when I was in fifth grade. Since sixth grade, I had served mass every day in Lent for Father. Often he would call my brother and me on Saturday mornings for a funeral or wedding.

After the service we would help Father straighten up the church, carry heavy candle holders back up to the little storage room in the choir loft and the like. I often wondered how many people knew what was in this room, or if anyone even knew it existed. Father Jim would always bring us home after we had finished, but usually not without stopping for lunch along the way. I liked working around the church and thought someday I would do it permanently.

We got there early on Fridays. Mom said a rosary before the Novena and I helped Father prepare the church. He used to let me switch on the lights and load the incense burner. Afterwards, I was allowed to empty it outside—extinguishing the remaining orange dots of fire with my foot before going in to switch off the lights and wait for Saturday morning.

We talked a great deal before services. My footsteps echoed across the pews as I tromped through the narrow hall connecting our rooms. The sacristy would soon fill with laughter, certainly astounding the devout few who showed up early. But when I rang the little bell announcing our entrance, we became serious. Like gymnasts we moved about the altar, each anticipating the other. I prided myself on timing and never embarrassed Father with a mistake. During regular masses, all the other boys clanged Father's paper thin gold chalice with the holy water vessel when pouring, but I took special care to keep a finger between my vessel and the precious object. I knew it was a gift he had received from his parents when ordained and I did not want to mar it.

Though newly ordained when he came to our parish, Father was already in his late thirties. His decision to enter the priesthood was prompted by the war—not my brother's in Vietnam—but a different one, before my time. His faith in God had carried him through. In one instance God had intervened with a small miracle. Father Jim had been a scout in the Army; he was always the one sent

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ahead to look for enemy troops. One day in Korea, when he was preparing to leave camp on an assignment, his sergeant stopped him and said that he himself would go this time. The sergeant had never before offered to go. He never came back.

After this, Father Jim decided he owed his remaining years to God since they were certainly a gift. God admired his faith and Father Jim felt His calling. I wrote my brother about this. "Tom," I said, "why don't me and you go to priest school together whenever you get home from Cameron Bay? That way I could have help with my homework."

I felt like I was getting the calling too. Our other priest, Father Schrader, was getting old and I was sure he would retire in a few years. Maybe I could take his place — cocelebrate mass on First Friday or Easter morning with Father Jim. And the two of us could run this parish better than anybody.

I began to plan my future. My brother, John, wanted to go to Cathedral, but when the time came I would go to Latin School. From there it would be on to Saint Meinrad. I would bury myself in Franciscan studies until I emerged as the best priest to graduate since Father Jim. Surely then they would put us in the same parish. But I didn't stop there. Rome needed some new Cardinals — some American Cardinals — and Father Jim and I would be available.

All it took was faith. That's why we prayed so hard on Friday nights. After all, it had saved Father Jim in his war. Now it seemed silly to have cried when my brother crossed the seas. God didn't kill people with faith. He needed them. I became an expert in parable teaching and would often pass stories on to my parents.

"What do you think moved mountains and allowed Jesus to walk on water?" I would ask. "How do you think Jesus was able to feed all those people with just a few fish and pieces of bread? It was faith — and that is what we got to have."

I pictured myself moving mountains someday. The strength of Father Jim carried me on — especially when he would hold up the Body and Blood of Christ after consecration, gazing up into Them and on into Heaven, and say: "Through Him, with Him, in Him, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, all glory and honor is yours, Almighty Father,

for ever and ever." I could feel tears forming in my eyes as I whispered "Amen." At these times Father Jim was more than a friend; I was in awe of him. I pictured him stepping boldly through the Korean forest, with faith as his only shield, not even needing a weapon.

Tom noticed the change in my letters. "What happened to all the other stuff you wanted to do, Mike?" he would scribble. "I thought you had your job choices narrowed down to sewer cleaner or toilet repairman." My brother was always funny in his letters, but I countered.

"Tom, when you hear the calling, you can't just walk the other way. Faith is a big part of this and I know you got good enough faith to join me. The three of us could have a lot of fun in Rome, you know." I added in a P.S., "You aren't too old either, just look at Father Jim."

My brother usually avoided a direct answer, but in his next letter—in a tone I thought to be somehow different—he said, "Faith is often nothing more than luck, Mike. You have to believe that. Just being faithful is no guarantee of anything—especially over here. We have to look out for ourselves and that's what I want you to do." He then returned to his old self. "But have faith that as soon as I get home I'm going to beat you up. You don't write enough."

Dad reinforced my brother's statements. He spoke in terms of World War Two. He told me that he heard of fellows who were saved by a bullet-stopping-Bible in their breast pockets, but of just as many who were saved by packets of dirty letters from their girlfriends. "You must always believe, Mike, but, like Tom said, not too much. Don't go out on a limb."

I was beginning to understand. I wrote Tom and told him so. Dad said he'd be happy to know I hadn't entirely given up on baseball and girls, yet. Then came the letter which dropped the bottom out of my life.

* * *

Father Jim didn't come by for a couple of days. When I saw his face through the crowd in our living room, I ran to meet him. He looked pale and weak; he shuddered slightly and retreated a bit as I buried my face into his chest.

"How could anyone kill him?" I sobbed. "He was my brother."

For a moment I thought he was choking, but then he answered. "Mike, war is something very strange. People fight for causes, to protect these causes. Unfortunately, it's a chore most of us eventually have to do. I did, your dad . . . and Tom did. Many have to die to insure freedom for us all—that's what Tom did. He died a hero, saving—"

"But how could they kill him?"

"That's just a part of war. Often people have to kill just to stay alive. It's cruel, but it's something we have to accept."

"But I thought God takes care of people who believe in Him."

"He does . . . but war is something between men and God allows men to resolve it amongst themselves. It's all a part of having a free will."

Then I asked the question that had been burning and catching in my throat since the letter. "Father, d-did you ever kill anybody?"

He didn't have to answer.

* * *

"He's not dead," I screamed, running from the room, "He's not." But I was also running from the truth. The room was filled with dark faces, somber clothing and sympathy. The whole atmosphere seemed to strangle the mountain of flowers and brightly colored flag which draped his coffin. It became too much; I couldn't breathe.

I could no longer bear hearing my brother spoken of in past tense. He *was* a good soldier. He *was* a hero. Soon the priest—a stranger—would come out and speak in terms of "will be's." That would be worst of all. My body shook with rage at the thought of the great shadow which sent him home to us, dead.

I knew nothing of war. At home we had a big map tacked onto the inside of our front door and we used to put X's on the spots where Tom was stationed. I'd lie on the floor, looking up at the map, and marvel at how the X's now looked like crosses. A map filled with crosses—that was Vietnam. I remembered seeing crosses on the roadside and Mom telling me that they marked spots where people had had accidents and died. She taught me to make a cross and say a little prayer whenever we passed one.

"May the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen."

"Amen." The word hissed through my lips before I ever even realized it. I was now standing in a little room, filled with flowers but, as of yet, unoccupied. The priest would soon come into the other room to say those words. I would be expected to sit in the front row with a bowed head and clenched hands. I could not go. Everyone wore masks—death masks: tear-stained and tender. They wouldn't get me. None of them.

The flowers reminded me of spring, our backyard, but it was autumn and the only colors now were those of death. Dark browns, burnt oranges, blood reds—all clinging to the trees, but dead just the same. They would fall; they had to—it was a part of nature. Tom fell, too—but he didn't have to. He was ready to come home—only a month left of his hitch.

He had been in Vietnam almost a year—a year that seemed to crawl across our kitchen calendar. Each morning after mass Mom would prematurely mark the day off—"a sign of faith in God's love and mercy," she would tell us. She had crossed off an extra week before the news reached us.

It filtered down to me in half-spoken whispers—fragments that eventually joined and struck at me with savage force. Ambush. Sniper. Hero. Head wound. No help. Even now the images lurked inside and would not leave me alone.

The last letter I wrote him came back—unopened—with the rest of his personal belongings: clothes, books, medals—objects of his living, now empty. I felt for the letter in my jacket pocket. Still there—unopened—I didn't want to read it. He was alive when I began writing it.

There was another letter in my pocket, addressed to me. It came back, too, but I was afraid to open it. It would be the last words, the last pieces of advice—and laughter—I'd ever hear from him. I examined the four sharp corners of the envelope, the old scribbly handwriting that spelled out my name and address. The only thing ever clearly written out was the word "FREE," in the upper corner where a stamp should go. I always thought it was nice of the Army to let the soldiers mail their letters for free.

"Free." The word suddenly burned in my throat. He was fighting so *we* could be free—I thought we were free already. Who were we freeing then? And why couldn't they free themselves? I sought a solution in his special

reverence given to the word on the envelope, but could find none. Is that what Tom had put his faith into? The word became dull and lifeless; I strained my eyes so that the image doubled, but it would not grow in importance. Nothing changed—the war continued and still more would die. Nameless bodies, unrecognizable, unknown faces—all dying to be free.

I slid his sealed thoughts back alongside mine and went outside. It was going to rain before long. The wind picked up and whirled scraps of paper about the parking lot. Cars lined the exit with little flags neatly placed atop each—all waiting.

A hand touched my shoulder. I turned quickly. It was Dad.

"We're about ready to start, son. Do you want to come back in now?"

"I can't go in there, Dad . . . all those people, Father Jim, the priest . . . I don't think I can stand it."

"Well, it's up to you—but I think you'll feel a lot better if you come back in with the family. We can draw strength from each other when we're together."

"I don't think I have any strength left."

"Sure you do, it's there—you just have to call on it. I know—it hurts—and it's easier not to face that room full of people, but we'll be with you, son,—and so will Tom. He can never really leave us, you know."

I lowered my head to fight back the tears. "Yeah, I know."

Dad realized my situation. "I'm going on in now, you think about it for a couple of minutes."

Alone, the tears came freely. I sought relief by reading my brother's prayer card—another memory tucked away with my letters. The tears stopped when my eyes scanned a passage from Revelation.

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain . . ."

I caught myself smiling at the bitter irony of these words. "Hell of a thing to put on a funeral card," I thought, again regaining composure. "I wonder how many more will have to die before this comes true."

The priest would be waiting for me. He would be waiting to tell us how lucky my brother was now. He'd say that

Tom was getting his reward in Heaven and we, the survivors, were to feel happy for his gain. But no one looked happy—not even Father. Maybe we'd all say a rosary together—out of celebration, of course.

The more I thought, the angrier I became. "No, I will *not* be happy that my brother is dead, no matter what that priest says. If it's such a good thing to die, why doesn't Father Jim try it for awhile and bring my brother back from Heaven? He's the one who's supposed to be dead, not Tom." I looked down at my fists—tightly clenched—and released them. "What's left for us here?"

Large drops seared my cheeks. It had begun to rain. The afternoon had grown dark and gloomy, too. "Nowhere else to go, I guess." Glancing back at the door, I felt for my envelopes, turned, and went in to meet my brother.

Pay No Mind to My Dreams

Pay no mind to my dreams
 I'll never go
 I've got plenty of plans
 With nothing to show
 Conquest is mine:
 no mountain too high
 no city too far,
 no table too grand
 For me to dine
 I'm a dreamer of dreams,
 That I'll never find
 What I need is your love,
 Pay my dreams no mind

—Gary Oertel

Gary Oertel is a 20-year old sophomore physical education major. A resident of the Eastside of Indianapolis, Gary is a graduate of Warren Central High School. He attended Western Kentucky University for the past two years, and has transferred to I.U.P.U.I. to finish his education.



— Ed Norman

Questions for God

God,
do you believe
in love
at first sight?
Did you love
your creations
the second
you put the
final touches
on them?

The crimson
in the
evening sky?
The silver
in a
grandmother's hair?
The shine
in the eyes
of a girl
in love?

—Deborah Butler Devaney

Poetry

Poetry
is the art
of evoking

The holograms
of the mind

With words
left unsaid.

—Brenda Bischoff

Brenda A. Bischoff—A
junior in Liberal Arts, I
am a poet/pianist
majoring in English and
Philosophy.

The Window

Child, What you cryin' for?
Don't you know you got yo' whole life ahead of you?
But naw, you don't think 'bout that,
all you keep thinkin' 'bout is that times be hard right now.
You look out yo' winda, and see the ground,
Dirt,
Nothin'.
I like my winda better'n yours child.
Know Why?
'Cause I look out my winda and see the sky.
It goes on fo' days child,
goes on so far, I don't know where it ends.
Mebbe it don't,
or, a mebbe, I'll git there fo' it do.
So listen' here child,
Stop lookin' down, buryin' yo' self.
Look up,
and find the other side of yo' winda.

—Lisa Robinson

Lisa Robinson—I am a recent graduate of Indiana University (Bloomington), and have received a Bachelor of Science Degree in Education. I plan to concentrate my teaching abilities in the area of Special Education for the mildly mentally handicapped. I am currently rehearsing in a play entitled "MEAN TO BE FREE," which is being presented by IUPUI's children's theater department. I enjoy writing poetry and have written one essay.

My Shadow

Mother Sun called
Her daughter in,
And my friend
I could not find.

I hope when
Mother Earth calls
Me in,
My shadow stays behind.

—Deborah Butler Devaney

the apple story

she was a top-of-the-stack apple,
 tapering red from an eye-level perch
 on her brothers. she fell in my pocket:
 apples will when they can. she followed me home.
 a crimson raven nested my window
 for seven days; i carved and consumed her,
 anticipating seeds. seven seeds i planted
 round a pot of stunted ivy — three of them grew
 and the ivy died. i still dream the apple's
 flesh, remember snappy skin bursting juice,
 pulp cooling teeth. my apple trees
 have eight leaves now, though two came quick,
 with greed in the blooded-meadow green,
 and one came slow and went far: taller,
 but looks a bit thin. may become
 the better tree some day. probably
 they'll all do well. stolen apples do.

—L.M. Jones

The Air In This Room Is Alive

The air in this room is alive
 with the ghosts of our past lovers.
 They drift between us,
 running cold fingers over our hearts,
 reminding us we have little left to give.

We try anyway;
 we give what we can.
 I touch you with gentleness
 born of a thousand tears.
 You hold me very close,
 brush my forehead with your lips.
 We pretend to sleep.

—Elaine Childs

GENESIS



—Laura Hildreth

National Debt Ceiling

He said there wasn't time to count
to a trillion by one dollars.

Well then, can I count by tens?

By hundreds?

Thousands?

Millions?

Really.

In British usage twelve zeroes means
only a billion.

—Jane Tilford

The Tattooed Lady

She's Cleopatra with her hieroglyphics
ingested into her skin
and the feel of color in every cell.

She never wears her heart on her sleeve
she wears it right on her arm
with a dead man's name or an ex-husband's.

Red roses climb each dancing leg
and sweat when she sweats
and squirm when she squirms
and celebrate and decorate and illustrate.

—Carol Moeller

Carol Moeller is a sophomore majoring in Nursing. She has one daughter named Esther Christina Nicks. Esther after the Hebrew queen and Christina after Christ. Carol wants four things out of life this semester: exuberance, excellence, decadence, and Sgt. Salisbury of the U.S. Army.

