

THE PAPER LANTERN

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Front and back cover art by Chris Unger

Just Another Day

Faisal Al Ahmad

“Hello, how are you?” Jezu locks onto the incoming girl talking into her cell phone. She passes him by without a glance.

“Hi, there!” He smiles broadly.

“Hey guys! How's it goin'?” Three groups of people enter the store at the same time; only one group gives him any attention.

Jezu gives a tiny shake of his head then resumes folding his millionth t-shirt on the cart in front of him. Turn the shirt on its back, place the top of the black, plastic rectangle on its neckline, and fold. One side, the other, and the bottom covers them both. A sigh escapes him as he slides the plastic border out and places the folded shirt on top of a mountain of its peers at his side. He picks up another piece of the endless pile of womens' tops and starts again.

“Hello!” Another girl—but this one actually notices Jezu by staring at him blankly, then through him, as if he was a mannequin.

“Hello...” The speakers above him pump out M.I.A's loud, unintelligible screeching.

“Heyy...” More groups of people come in—more blank stares and weak, distracted smiles.

Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep!

Jezu sighs inwardly as he approaches the confused sets of eyes. He chooses a couple that he thought set off the alarm while the other people went inside with backwards glances.

He begins with a smile after holding up his walkie-talkie and breathing a short *zone one is fine*.

“*Thank you,*” the gadget crackles.

“Sorry. Usually this happens when you have items from another store that keep the tags on the inside and you have to cut them off yourself. We can check now so I don't bother you on the way out,” Jezu explains while motioning his hand as if he was weaving an invisible web to the elderly couple.

“Do you have any items from, like, GAP or Old Navy?”

Shaking heads and self examining follow.

“How about anything electronic? No? Nothing from another store you bought recently?” He tilts his head as scans the old lady.

“How about your coat?”

“Oh, if you call four years ago recent,” she says with a crooked smile. At this point Jezu shrugs. *They're an old couple, anyway.*

“OK, don't worry about it, then. Just tell whoever's at this station that it's you or wave at them.” He gives them a tired smile and turns back to his cart.

Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep!

Dammit.

Jezu closes his eyes for a second—another sigh and a slight slump. *Turn around. Smile again.*

“Hi—,” a short teenager speed walks past the tall, cloth covered sensors without stopping.

“Hey, ma'am! Excuse me!” She turns her head around for a breath.

“Sir, that was me,” a woman in her twenties obscures my vision of the teenager while holding up a pair of Levis. “I was walking too close to the sensors.”

“Ah...” He leans sideways at the exit—the girl is gone. The woman smiles and walks away to the registers. Jezu stares at her back with a frown.

Sigh.

“Jezu, you're in the fits next when Sam gets up there.” The small walkie-talkie crackles, again.

“The fits ... awesome. Thank you so much, Meg. So much. Really.”

“Shut up, Jezu.”

He grins to himself and continues folding until a five-foot-eleven mega lesbian appears in front of him. She grins, as well.

“I'm here. Yay.” Sam swings her fist in the air. And then, “do you know what this bitch said to me when I was helping her to her room?”

“What did she say?”

“She asked me if I was a guy.”

“Oh, wow. Yeah that's messed up,” *I totally agree with the customer.*

“Can someone tell her I have a vaj?” She rolls her mascara-lined eyes while running a hand through her boyish hair.

Jezu laughs and hands over the walkie.

“Enjoy!” He says with a small wave.

Our hero then zig zags around round tables littered with multitudes of sweaters and scarves, once organized neatly, now looking as if a bomb exploded in the midst of them; vignettes with hangers tangled up and dresses on the ground beneath them. Jezu expertly dances through hordes of women of all ages crowding every nick and corner while stopping every now and then to pick up security tags from the dusty floor. He counts six in his hand with rips at the top—*Typical Saturday*.

The fitting rooms loom ahead. Already, files of people were waiting their turn for a room. Jezu takes a quick glance at the destroyed sale section and maneuvers his way towards Casey, the cute girl smiling and widening her eyes with annoyance at him. She finishes helping the greasy-looking guy leering at her to a room and then turns back to Jezu, holding a key in her palm.

“You are God, now,” *oh, wow she's gorgeous.*

Her blond hair, tied in a ponytail, swings as she bounces away.

Jezu stares at her back for a moment before turning to the next customer. *Damn, I forgot to mark these tags.* He throws them on the counter in the little open room beside him, careful not to land

them on the piles of clothes customers didn't want, and turns back, again, to the impatient mother and daughter in front of him.

“Hi, how many items do you have?” He falters a bit as he looks at the slew of S&N dresses, BDG jeans, and crap loads of tops and printed t-shirts both females are holding.

“A lot,” the mother answers with no remorse as she hands Jezu the monstrous amount in his arms. “Martha, count what you have,” she tells her daughter.

Kill me now.

He starts counting. Three dresses, two denim, four tops, four *more* tops, *and what do you know*, two more tops. *Get the whole store, why don't you.*

“I think—I think I have seven? No, ten, sorry,” the freckled Martha says, also handing him her pile.

Jezu makes room for the clothes in his arms on the counter in front of him, moving the unwanted, tipping stash of dresses from other customers to one side and turns to count what the daughter has.

“Sorry, you can't bring any accessories inside,” he explains, looking at the scarves and necklaces she had between the layers of clothes, “or underwear, either. I can keep them here.”

“Hmph,” the mother sniffs.

Jezu's jaw clenches tightly as he finishes counting. The daughter had fifteen, too. *'eff me.*

“Hah, you broke our store record of twenty-one,” he says, attempting to appease the fat lady. She rolls her eyes, hands crossed.

Jezu nods to himself while checking the line behind them, *oh shit, six people. Where the hell is my backup?*

With the key hooked onto his belt and a green marker in his back pocket, he juggles all thirty articles as he glides hurriedly past the sitting customers next to the rooms to check for a vacant one—they were all full. *Motherfu...*

He bends down to glance underneath the doors to make sure. *Yep, all full.*

Jezu was about to apologize to the mother when the greasy guy from before barges out of his room, holding nothing in his hands.

Of course, leave your shit in the room. Make life easy for me.

Jezu presses his lips and goes over to the slightly ajar door. Opening it, he immediately notices several plastic tags on top of the mirror. Three paper tags were sticking out from the back of the chair, as well.

I love this job.

Jumping the Beaver Dam

Kyle Adamson

When I still believed in the Tooth Fairy,
my dad took me fishing in the north woods,
to escape Minneapolis and Mother.
We fished a remote lake somewhere between
Highway Sixty One and the Red River,
a lake where at night you could hear the howl of wolves
and the rustling of bears
echo through the towering ghost birch;
there was a small creek that connected this lake to the others,
a vein to the unknown.
A beaver dam blocked this creek,
a precisely crafted spillway
of sticks and mud.
My dad gunned the motor of our small boat,
leveling out on a plane
the small outboard, humming and spitting exhaust,
the bow pointed straight for the dam, until
a clash of aluminum and sticks,
fishing poles and lunch boxes thrown.
Elbow bruised,
we made it to a lake of otters, eagles,
and elusive walleyes.

*If your mother finds out about this,
then the custody hearing might not go so well,*
he said, sliding the bottle of Wild Turkey back
into the tackle box.

November through January like Knives through Skin

Joy Dordal

Why is something as miserable
and cold as winter unbearably bright?

We work all day long, mopping up pools of light spilled
and when finally finished

we always remember to put out the

Caution sign,

so that when we forget,

we don't accidentally trip

and slit our migraine open.

We throw our tantrums and

let the cold air catch and carry

them off to some distant place

where the sun is on vacation,

purposely

ignorant of our needs,

and laughing at our indignation.

Each frigid morning

lived out in this season-long-blizzard,

we wake up wishing

that excitement or fear would be causing

the trembles down our spines
instead of the weather
seeping into our bones.

We feel our face daily,
afraid there are icicles
collecting around our eyes or
bleeding bite marks from midnight's frost.

But we know that the only thing
that truly freezes off
is our sanity,
caught in the winter storms and buried
under mile-deep snow.

A Thousand Suns

Sean Horsley

"If the radiance of a thousand suns were to burst at once into the sky, that would be like the splendor of the mighty one."

-translation from *The Bhagavad Gita*

A thousand suns fall & each
sun leaves an imprint of my shadow
on the wall—

so there are
a thousand me's
frozen in white plaster;

A thousand silhouetted
Hiroshima's bent &
starring.

& when a thousand suns die
& bury themselves
into the horizon

a thousand me's
grow & extend their limbs
like gnarled sunflower leaves.

I can only think
while starring at a thousand
curled me's

that their molecules
(if any)are contortionists
that bend & curl inward

each particle inflicting its
own will on each atom,
each knotted strand.

A thousand me's
envelope me: the alpha
& omega.

My molecular structure
is reorganized
by a thousand hands.

Finally, an implosion
a mushroom cloud,
an epicenter.

No more trees,
only bare stalks
left in the earth.

My ashes are scattered
into the sky
& hang

, momentarily breathing,
as a thousand
stars.

Why do I have ADD?

Kyle Adamson

My hands tremble
as I screw the lid on a Mason jar.
I savor my coffee and think about...
Oh what was I doing?

My mind fades away
like a cloud evaporating over the desert.

I sit at my desk fidgeting with,
fishing reels, flashlights, baseball gloves, staplers.

This is how I study Logic.

My thought process a Racquetball
seeking every corner

of my room.

Did you know that

the only things that are certain in life
are mathematics and death?

And I am still trying to determine
why I have ADD?

I blame it on television,

crackling in the corner.

Billy Mays on cocaine? Big surprise,

I still try to answer this question
why do I have ADD?

It has something to do with the weather,
or crop circles.

I think I have ADD because I can't pay attention,

which is funny because attention doesn't cost anything.

I disassemble and reassemble my ball point pens.
Google song lyrics, switch hats rearrange my bookshelf,
and stare out the window like a Renaissance inventor,
all to avoid answering my question.
Why do I have ADD?

Misplaced, Dear Friend

Joy Dordal

You are empty eyes walking the world and grabbing pieces from
the wrong puzzles.

Wrinkles haven't found your face yet,
and when they do I don't know
where they'll settle--

not by the corners of your eyes,
for you don't smile,
and not in the middle of your forehead,
for you don't frown.

Maybe your lips will crease

from framing your Turkish Royal Camels
or your ankles will start crying
from all the tears you push down.

Don't you know there is no cast to fix what you keep breaking?

When playing Hide 'n Seek

was still important to us

and our feet still bled from climbing too many pine trees, you told
me, face bright and braces showing, that you would never grow too
old for games.

Now, I search for you in the girl I see before me; bare feet on the tar, twirling a cigarette in your fingers, arms wrapped around your shins like a frightened child clutching

her blanket.

Your hands are as ice hoping to melt,
but finding only more reasons to
stay frozen.

The Exile's Return

The Mississippi Gulf Coast, 1865

Sean Horsley

He climbs down from the cart,
the grey horse's black speckled thighs
are stained with dotted islands of feces.
He remembers the bullfrogs' croak and
the unseen crickets' drone.
Hands now burnished, fingernails now white
clean and free from black gunpowder marks.
Wrists now free from cold grey claps
of wrought and forged iron chains.
Humidity creeps up his burlap pants;
small drops of sweat dot his brow like
many shining scattered stars.
Is this the land he left behind?
the palm trees answer: *no it's not*,
with a slight rustle of a salty breeze
through their broad green fanning leaves.
The gulls circling over the coast have
a similar answer with coarse caws and
gusts of undercurrents from their wings.
The Mississippi River spreading out into
lithe blue fingers of deltas and swamps,
the waters where once his Cajun family's
fishing boat floated on the waves crested

with flecks of light, the wilted white
plantation houses, the dirty faced
Episcopals rebuilding their ruined chapel,
all answer *no it's not.*

*You have no home, not under white
magnolia petals, nor under ocher pecan trees.*

*You have no home, not on the blonde sand of the surf
nor even sleeping by the roaches' amber wings.*

*Exile hiding under a broad rimmed hat,
unshaven and alone, prodigal son of battered coasts.*

The Man with Rotting Skin and Antlers

Sean Horsley

Under the jade colored sky
by the waters of pond-with-no-end
you can find him on a moss covered rock—
head covered with jaundiced hands
with jagged yellowing fingernails.

His hair is greasy and matted to his scalp,
his antlers are brown and rise up with
sharp points entwined,
tangled with velveteen strands.

The sun (from behind an olive cloud)
illuminates his exposed grey ribcage
which is smudged with spots
of rust colored blood.

If you are close enough
(hiding behind an algae smeared rock
or in reeds which sway lightly in an
intangible breeze) you can see him—
gaunt, in ragged clothes.

You can see him as he rises from his
moss covered rock, walking with
tawny sand beneath his torn, callused feet
and gleaming silvery sinews with joints,
walking to the edge of pond-with-no-end.
You can see him raise a rosewood flute

to his cracked, dry lips,
you can hear him play a single note,
you can see his purple lunges twitch
with each effortless blow.
And if you look close enough
you can see a single tear
, hovering below his eyelid,
crystalline and white like the moon.

The Fat Man

Faisal Al Ahmad

The Early Terror

This chair looks very comfortable, you think, as you watch the fat man plump himself on it. Squeak! You hear it—feel its pain as it winces from the sudden, elephantine weight. *Squeeeeeak!* Like one, long, drawn-out sob of agony. Poor chair, you think. The man's buttocks shift from side to side, grinding their faces through the white cloth of his lab coat against the aging leather seat. An inevitable farting growl squeals from the friction—a sad, tortured symphony.

But, you notice, Fat Man—as you come to call him—is oblivious to the pained screams beneath him. Indeed, what your sight takes in most about Fat Man is his expression of total satisfaction. How his lips extend into a smile but never showing his teeth; how his eyes squint slightly, allowing you to see the crow's feet; and how, while bobbing his head as he surveyed the classroom, he clasped his hands together and rested them on his mountain of a gut. Squeeking, groaning, reclining, bobbing—you have just met Sabri. But, he doesn't know you are there, rather, you are a uniquely invisible observer and your purpose is to, simply, observe. This will be quite the entertaining ride, I should tell you—but don't try to talk to him, that's the only rule.

The Room

Sabri Ai'nain's beady eyes traveled around his surroundings. In front of him there was a dingy desk with a computer that dated back, quite possibly, to the early Eighties. The rest of the classroom was typical; two chalk boards on two sides of the room; wooden desks with chipped tops accompanied by uncomfortable-looking blue plastic chairs; dull-colored carpet; and on the walls there were colored banners with famous Arabian adages. Sabri's eyes lingered momentarily on one of them.

You reap what you sow

He smiled, and then bobbed his head. Typical, typical class—Sabri rather enjoyed it, here. He chanced a look at the digital clock on top of the classroom door—the red, disconnected lines told him the time, but rather bleakly and without enthusiasm, as if it, the clock, was eternally bored. About ten minutes before the next period starts. Sabri's smile lengthened like a clown's. Oh, this will be great! He was so lucky to have such a wonderful class of well-behaved students.

Sabri reclined his whole weight backwards—*squeeeeaak*—then shut his eyes for a moment, thinking back to the last semester when he was acting as the assistant teacher. He had sat in that same chair, that same position, and smiled that same satisfied smile as he watched Mr. Jacob—the wizened Egyptian who had taught math, back then—handle the students with flowing ease.

How lucky was he to have another Egyptian show him the ropes? Surely, if these students responded in that fashion to Mr. Jacob then surely—*surely!* They would respond the same way to him, Sabri, another Egyptian. But, of course, these Saudi Arabian students are all rich and from good families, of course they would be well-behaved. Sabri nods.

As you read the thoughts bouncing happily from Fatman’s sweaty temple, you notice he has no sideburns.

The Ropes

“Don’t show fear,” Mr. Jacob had said with a sniff and a cough into his overused handkerchief, “especially not on your first day.”

“Mr. Jacob, Mr. Jacob,” Sabri’s chin chuckled. “Surely, you’re exaggerating, no?”

Mr. Jacob sniffed, again, his upper left lip curling, slightly, and then walked away.

You wish Mr. Jacob had said more.

The Blindness

A couple more minutes until the next class period—his period—started and the perfect, young 9th graders would rush into his class, most undoubtedly eager to meet their new teacher. Oh, but these students are so respectful—always raising their hands before they asked and such. He was—oh, there goes the bell. In five minutes they will start coming in. Must get ready, he thought.

It's the first day, so I'll not give them homework like the other teachers do, no, let them see me as the nice teacher. He braced his sweaty palms against the gray desk and stood up, stretching in his white lab coat. He carried his brand new teacher's log and sauntered towards the crisp-clean green chalk board. On the far right hand, he white-chalked his name, the date, and underneath those, he flourished: *Marhaba!*

You scrutinize the neat scribble—It looks entirely too happy. And blind.

The Memories

Sabri's lungs let out a long exhale that, if possible, made his smile stretch even wider—a measure of pleasure that spread across his entire body. He remembered how matters did not seem so certain several months, before.

Indeed, several months ago, he was on the verge of divorce and financial disaster before he got this job as first a teacher's assistant, and then as a math teacher at Danra Academy—a very prestigious high school.

He turned around just in time to smile at the first student yawning through the door.

You turn, as well, your eyes widening.

The Last Day of Class

The bell rings—class has just begun. You see the students rustling in their thoubⁱ, getting comfortable for forty-five minutes of math with a new teacher.

You see Sabri smiling like he had just received the award of his life. You see him open his mouth to speak. You feel tense and worried and embarrassed for no reason on his behalf.

“My name is Sabri Ai’nain, your new math teacher,” his smile is toothless and infinite, “and from what I’ve seen, you are all angels.”

You hear a soft snicker from the back of the room.

¹Thoub: A loose, long-sleeved, ankle-length cotton robe worn by males in the Arabian Peninsula.

The End of Summer How Sweet the Sound

Chris Unger

Hand in hand, the sweet breeze of late summer washes over us on our walk.

I know this is our last chance; there is something about the way the birds sing that adds a sense of finality to the season.

The trees shed their leaves, tossing them to the wind to face their fate in unknown alleys and city streets. Church bells ring close by and billows of neatly manicured flowers bend and sway in time.

You take my arm and lead me down the path. You take my heart in your hand, fluttering and pulsing like a hummingbird. The orchestra of chimes and bells crescendos as if to foreshadow good news. My lips, young and firm, meet yours. The bells fade to silence, the season carries on, and my heart beats in time.

Rival Football Game Causes Religious strife

Kyle Adamson

Their shouts are hyenas
insults, praise, worship, and threats.
Faces painted in pompous reds, and gold,
destructive burgundy and violets,
jihad greens and blues,
anything to appease the gods.

They load their coolers like mercenaries,
lining up their silver cans
in tight rows three by three.
Grilling brats and joining together
for the last supper.

The announcers gather and discuss the future,
words of god distributed by prophets in pinstriped suits.
They tell fortunes like gypsy beggars.

Aftermath

the victorious scream out, T-Rex bellows
to their new victims.

The defeated shuffle to their cars
soft spoken Bedouin cries,

trail-of-tears death march,
no eye contact.

Insults blow through the city,
and into the ears of the opposition.

“Next time, next time,” the defeated whisper;
God loves the winning team more.

Rock Bottom in Autumn

David Fanberg

When the sun wakes me, the early morning rock in my gut
feels heavier than my feet, useless lead bricks
I drag through gritty muck like salamander bellies.

I move only out of habit, haunting the stoplights, my hand out
a sad story dribbles down my chin, drips from a magic marker
scrawled on my cardboard scrap. Look me in the eye,
hand me loose change or a loose cigarette.

Winter looms large, a giant living in the hills.
No way to hide. No choice but to let
the cold wind scream, let the metronome

of cars on the bridge, the harsh street lights
bruise my starless dream canopy, drifting
to piano-black.

Last Patrol with Jimmy

Kyle Adamson

This is what it feels like right before you die.

Jimmy whined with cockroach breath.

The gun fire and screams echoing in a chorus
mean while angry men kicked down doors,
and shot at ghosts

bullets rocketing

pegging walls, pinging off greasy pots,
and shattering Persian windows.

We gasped

tired of Jimmy,

seven months of his relentless chaff

left us ready to leave him here.

His mouth kept flapping as the ambush continued.

I like this house, I am gonna call it the Hotel California.

He squeaked as he cowered behind

overturned mattresses stained with ear wax,
coiled up pubic hair.

He hummed Metallica tunes

as the RPG's and machine guns
blasted solos of their own.

This house was destroyed,

plush Arabic rugs

soiled and molested.

Bullets tattooed walls,

and pierced book shelves
the pale sun exhaled through the broken windows
settling on the tips of my fingers.

This is our last chance to die, friends.

The rumble of tanks shattered the streets
crushing his insults,
yet emphasizing his memory.

He wouldn't be missed
as the sun set, and we returned to the streets.

Echoes sailed through the avenues
street traffic,
and Jimmy's voice.

Hey bro admit it you're gonna miss me.

Silence...

We will always have the Hotel California, boy.

I am catching the dirty bird back to Chi town.

I don't care, you'll miss me.

You Were

Sabrina Burgmeier

You were like a time card,
punched one too many times.

You were like an old book,
a little rough and worn out around the edges.

You were like the bottom of my coffee,
only the dregs left behind.

You were like mud,
caked on the bottom of my shoe.

You were like the sludge and slime,
left over from a flood.

You were like cable television,
hundreds of channels and nothing on.

You were like a knick-knack,
cute but useless.

October 1997

Sarah Holloway

Bewitched, I gaze at the painting
that invokes memories of the dream,
rippling through my mind like heat waves.

Dark secrets lie in the shadows,
in the form of creatures
waiting for pondering, innocent
minds to wander by - ready
to snatch and latch on their teeth
and pour in unwanted images.

Such monsters, created at least
a decade ago in my dreams -
phantasms floating in a dusty hourglass
born of that night she took me
on the Halloween hayride.

Clouds, contorted across the sky,
bent and twisted with the landscape
like one gazing through a drop of water,
telephone polls, burning with
the power and electricity of my fear,
jut into the churning atmosphere
reeking of death and apprehension,

the air thick with foreboding phobias
as I stumble on the ragged path,
that path we took by the hillside,
my five-year-old eyes only
seeing the hollow dead eyes
of skeletons reaching, waiting,
my sanity stored away in a briefcase
at my side, creatures such as
disguised crocodiles open their jaws,
wanting to chew every
last crumb of hope that Satan
baked into cherry pie just for them.
My tears are unnoticed,
my sister's shrieks are a mere background
soundtrack to this horror film
that I suddenly starred in.
I won't go back
to that haunted house or carnival,
unless it's to see
them tear it down forever
like the walls of fear
God destroyed long ago.

A Memory of Decline

Brenda L. Dols

Double-locked doors greeted me.

The hospital staff took everything from me,
jewelry, money, shoelaces.

I undressed in front of the nurse,
watched, shivering, while she searched through my clothes.
Sick-looking green scrubs,
my outfit for the next few days.

I spent the night on a narrow, hard, bed,
waking every 15 minutes to a flashlight in my face.

I woke the next morning gasping for breath.

I was drowning under the white, bleach-smelling sheets.

They felt like hands around my neck.

Trying to loosen depression's cold, strong, fingers for over 10
years is exhausting.

Asking the nurse permission,
she unlocked my bathroom so I could clean up.

Looking in the plastic, distorted, mirror,

I noticed dark circles under my eyes.

At this point I didn't care.

Food had no taste,
the sun had no warmth,
the world outside was going on without me.

The doctors waited for me in an observation room.
I told the unfeeling panel of experts my thoughts of suicide.
It was something I knew well.
I had gone over the plan many times in my head,
but not having the courage to go through with it.

The medication they gave me numbed my senses.
At least my thoughts of death were suppressed.

Looking out the Plexiglas window in my room,
I thought of home.
Maybe tomorrow they will let me shower alone.

The Area Man

Kyle Adamson

I am the Area Man.

I point snub nosed pistols
at blonde haired bank tellers.

I hide out in the bushes,
and jerk off as college girls walk by.

As I still wear my haggard
High School letter jacket.

I break into your home,
and rifle through your pantries.

I finger your Ramen noodles and stale almonds
like a scavenging hyena.

I enter your bedroom, forcefully if possible.

I bind you. I wrap your ankles in duct tape,
saying “shh, shh screaming will only make you tired.”

I want to steal your heirlooms; you know
your Grandpa’s watch, the one with Korean War sweat stains,
the one that hasn’t ticked since
January in the Chosin Reservoir.

I am the Area man the Asian lady
on the news always talks about.

You know, Kim Taka-something-or-another
I love the way she says my name.

The way her lips flex and bend
as if saying my name costs her money.
The way she squints as the words roll off her tongue,
Area man, it tickles me when she says it.

The Birches Recoil

Derek Hanisch

The mighty, mighty oak
Cranes towards the sky.
All of his life he's been
Stereotyped,
Told what he would become.
Mighty.
Mighty they said.
And thus it became his persona,
His Identity.
The Mighty Oak.
Not too far away the Birch Trees grew.
White was their shell,
Their flag of peace.
As The Mighty Oak grew he reached,
His mighty braches extended towards
His foe.
Their flag of peace blind to his eyes.
The Birches, fear growing in their hearts,
Began to withdraw.
They grew with a slow certainty,
Away from The Mighty Oak,
Just outside his grasp.
And thus, forever, it shall be know:
The Birches recoil.

Space

Naomi Andrews

It all begins to shrink,
cars crawl, busy little ants
storing up food for the winter.
Then they disappear,
not even specks anymore.

We break orbit, stare.
In awe, the stars so bright, so clear,
a field full of fireflies in June.
If only I could reach out,
trap them in a jar.

The earth a smooth marble,
I pick it up, hold it
between my fingers,
a child's play thing. I roll it,
knock Mars out of the ring.

The world once a giant, now a dwarf.
Supergirl, I float on the Milky Way,
reach out, touch the whole world.
Connected at any moment
to any one person on earth.

Is this how God feels?
The world is a pebble tossed to
shore, picked up, put in my pocket.
A subject under the rule of a queen,
monarch, empress, sovereign.
A heady intoxication!

I remain on my throne.

My Tree

Sarah Holloway

I never was afraid of heights,
yet my head sways now,
under these lights,
my legs hugging the cool bark,
anchored in the sky.

I feel beheaded by the vastness
that encloses my mind,
pulling thoughts the size
of planets inside, like a vortex,
a black hole, a twisted mess.

Somehow closer to heaven,
my neck bent backwards
like a sagging palm tree,
I watch fireflies play freeze tag
in the royal empyrean ocean above,
beyond the tufts of cotton candy,
left over from the atmosphere's daily carnival,
a masquerade of colors and tones
still floating among each drop of dew.

Each pulses, emitting miniscule ripples
with the rhythmic resonance
reflecting the white brilliance
and warm hues of the sun's journey,
unparalleled by any shining deity
beyond the Milky Way.

All this I see without a telescope,
only headphones in my ears,
a pen in hand,
and a new creation
at my fingertips.

I, You, and We

Chris Unger

I stare at my shoes.

They're my black work shoes; simple and dark.

I dread to put them on, tying the laces tight so they won't come undone; undone like so many knots and bows before.

I purposely left them tied, hoping to simply slip them on without a whisper of regret.

But my expectations fall, as I do, to my knees, silently begging you not to let me leave.

You catch the clock's eye.

The second hand ticks away; even and steadfast.

You will the cogs and gears to stop, as if it would buy you any more precious time. There will never be enough hours in the day; there is so much time to be made up for.

You choke on the word goodbye and it never makes it past your lips.

We can see ourselves in each other's glossy eyes.

The dark greens, the browns, the blues reflect our distorted selves.

We are content in our entrapment; concealed within the iris of the other.

We understand

We share

the faith

in us

Cafeteria Food

David Fanberg

Taco meat heaped in feculent mounds
yesterday's burgers, tomorrow's sloppy Joes,
beans, freed from generic labeled cans

dry out in a metal pan stirred with huge ladles
by bearded ladies in grease streaked aprons,
tortillas, hopelessly bound to each other

soggy disks of dough extruded by machines.
Frozen diced tomatoes, sickly wilting lettuce,
moldering clumps of shredded cheese.

Tea

Sean Horsley

First,
hot water.
Trails of
white steam—
ghosts whisper
&
observe:
curtains,
windowpanes
&
windswept yards.
Then,
heat radiates;
heartbeat
through the mug's
white porcelain womb.
The bag dangles
on its thin
umbilical cord.
Descends,
floats
(like a yellow leaf)
on water.
Then,

slips through
the clear surface,
gauzy sides
excrete
an afterbirth
of tea.

Lilies

Claude Monet in his Garden

Sean Horsley

1

I fall asleep by lilies,
sleeping finger breaks the green
surface of pond water.

2

I dream of the center of lilies
flowering out like a wound,
yellow thistles among white petals.

3

I dream of my reflection
among green lily pads,
among bowed reeds.

4

I see clearly. I am
distorted on the canvas
of golden rippled water.

5

I awake to sounds of unseen
bullfrogs & crickets;
My life has been a failure.

How to Survive in Television

David Fanberg

Better sharpen your claws
for the mud crusted dollar grab, trample the rest.
The shimmer of riches on the horizon
will cleanse that rotten conscience.
Every loser wins.

Just work the talk show circuit,
plug that tell-all book you didn't write.
Hock plastic kitchen gadgets to a thousand dollar crowd
from behind a rolling counter.
Always be selling

clothing lines, fragrances, bad summer comedies,
planned communities in Florida.

When they ignore you, get drunk
park your Mercedes in a hospital lobby, fight a cop.
Only twelve steps back to the limelight.

Save-Face

Isela E Pena

Oh no, I have nothing against you
I just don't agree with your lifestyle
You principles
Your overzealous faith
Wrong prophet, wrong god
Your Wrong
Wrong country, go back
You have the right to live
But not here
Go back
We built this country, not you

Yes we do have
Equal rights for everyone
Who is like me, who is like us
Not you though
Change, be like us
And you can stay, you can live
With us, like us
But you can't be us, right?

So leave

Prejudice?

Oh no, not me, I just know that

You're ruining our country

You're taking all our jobs

The ones we don't want to work

The ones that pay minimum wage

But you're taking them

You non-us

You want to take over

We can't have non-us

Running the show

You'll be our fall

We are better at this than you are

So leave it up to us, okay?

But, no we don't hate you.

(No Title)

Travis Brown

It isn't the best hotwiring in my life, nor close to it. I'm sloppy with haste. We have to get moving before someone notices the broken glass and the giggling teenagers out in the lane around the corner. Still, two minutes later I free this maltreated vehicle of both its owners and its cramped parallel parking space. We needed mobility this night, this night of nights when I will finally earn my stripes with the boss.

We have big plans for the night, my boy and I. The man with the moustache told us about the old curio shop on 3rd Street. A shipment came in, some sort of statues. The man with the moustache wants them, and we're happy to oblige. The ancient shop owner was abed at 9 at the top of the store. We'd give it the old smash-and-grab and take our leave before the blue and whites came flashing and shouting up the lane.

We stop to speak with Fred, a wiry, spindly, large-mouthed-but-tight-lipped sort of man, and garner his services. Fred ran a candy store, reds and blues and purples and whites to make your brain try to crawl out of your skull or take you to a land less unwashed and unshaven if you want. We don't want it tonight. We wanted Fred's special. We want candy that takes away the pain of the knife and the sting of the club. Sharpens the senses and heightens aggression. Fred is only too happy to oblige us, smiling and wringing his hands. We leave with a baggie of Fred's special candy, and we empty it. Little do we know how wise a decision the whites are tonight, dear reader.

My companion and I arrive not long after midnight. The shop is dark inside on both floors. I try to pick the door lock, but the old man had installed one of those fancy new lock systems the government was advocating. I don't care; I'll enter the old fashioned way.

The brick sails through the window, making the glorious tinkling sound that I've come to love. We step through the window, separating to search for the loot and to take care of the old man. I bumble through the odds and ends, heading for the back rooms. It must be there, I think. I dig through the old stained boxes and creaking crates with care, knowing that if the statues are damaged, the man with the moustache will not be forgiving.

The gun goes crack upstairs. We keep moving, hearts racing, blood filled with Fred's candy. No one had said anything about the old man having a gun. Thirty seconds later, my brother runs down the stairs, crimson hand clutching his shoulder.

"I showed the bastard. Won't be pulling a gun on any poor young boy again," he guffaws. His gray shirt is quickly turning black in the dim light of the back-room lamp.

"Find the statues so we can get out of here," laughs I.

Right as I utter this small observation, we hear sirens. Close sirens, perhaps too close for my liking. We go back to work, digging and sorting and occasionally bashing the junk-boxes. My boy screams to my left, but not a horror-film scream, a giddy scream of statue-finding.

They glitter in the lamplight. Solid gold: it's no wonder the man with the moustache wants them. I pack them into the grimy red duffel bag I brought with us.

“Come out with your hands up, you little bastards!” The blue and whites come through the wreckage of the display window. They have clubs in their hands, swinging and shouting in the dark shop. We scramble through the back, looking for an exit. The back door is a great thing of iron and steel, like the door at the front. In our haste to find the statues, we blocked it with box after box of junk. I think this is the end for us, dear reader.

But then a pistol goes crack-crack all familiar. My boy took the old man’s pistol, and was showing the cops what he found. They dive behind cabinets or back out through the display. All but one, friend; he falls to the floor screaming, clutching his gut. It’s beautiful, but I have no time to marvel. We have to get out before more show up, bringing barking dogs and cracking guns.

Thank Fred for the pills. They give us strength enough to move the crates in just under a minute’s time. The blue-and-whites aren’t going to take us tonight. They pull their associate back out the front as we slip out the back and into the sewers where the cops don’t follow, dear reader.

The man with the moustache is greatly pleased with us. He buys us all the candy we could ask for, and women, and shiny new boots. It is a great feeling.

I wake with a splitting headache. The vitamins have worn off. I must have overslept.

I put on my slippers. The IV makes putting on my robe a challenge, but I’ve more skillful with time, just like everyone else. I walk across the room and press the round red button on my wall. It should only take about five minutes to get here. Ten if the lines are busy; long enough to check the news.

I wipe the sleep-crust from my eyes and mouth. No stubble; the government deemed razors to be too expensive, so they made hair go away. I'm not sure how, something to do with the IV: that wonderful, wonderful IV in my arm.

I sit down on the sparse couch. It makes a creaking, crunching noise as it takes my weight. I used to miss my own furniture, but the ones given to me and everyone else by the government have grown on me, just like the IV in my arm. Ah, the IV. I used to hate it so, but now it's another part of my body. When you rip it out they come and put it back in, so why struggle? I would hate to miss a dose of what they pump in.

I turn the television on. There's only one channel now. The government channel. Headlines read, "Crime 0%, Approval 100%. Best Government In World, Prime Minister Says." I think the headline has been the same for weeks now. The vitamins make it hard to remember; or hard to care.

I can't remember the last time I went out at night, smashing and pillaging and having a great time. I can't remember if I was doing the smashing and pillaging anymore, or being smashed and pillaged. But it matters not. There's no reason to care. There's no reason to leave anymore. No one else goes out. They just take their vitamins and dream alongside me.

What use is working? The government provides all that we need.

What use is a woman? The vitamins feel better than the old business ever did.

What use is a family? The government is my family now.

I ponder these questions to myself as I feel a familiar sensation creeping up my arm. The vitamins have arrived. I fall back on my

bed, back to sleep. Back to reminiscing of days less civilized. Back to gentle oblivion.

North Superior

Sabrina Burgmeier

The soothing sunrise
with her pale blues,
lovely lavenders,
mango orange and
lemony yellow colors
makes me short of breath and
gaze in disbelief

The waves crash against the
jagged rocks
stealing my gaze from the sunrise

I take a deep breath
my lungs fill with clean, crisp air
fresh from the lake

A single loon off in the distance
sits on the Lake
bobbing up and down with the
motion of the waves
singing her mesmerizing song

I observe the breathtaking sight of
Split Rock Lighthouse in the distance
majestic and high up on the rocks,

like it is part of a beautiful painting created just for me.

The Photo in my Head

Sabrina Burgmeier

The water of the creek, clear as a fresh coat of ice, glistens, like a million sparkling diamonds smiling back at me, as the sunlight dances and bathes my face in its warmth.

The giant ash tree reaches up,
extending its long, leafy branches
toward the sky,
its leaves slowly beginning to
change colors as it
greet the fall

Berries adorn the ash tree's branches like
Christmas lights scattered here and there

A lone, beautiful cardinal
sits upon the highest branch,
with its blood-red feathers as vibrant as ever,
like a beacon of beauty in this inviting place,
singing away cheerfully

FROM SEEDLINGS

Rachael Roskowiak

From a seed comes
this bag of basil,
I bought from the stand
where the road turns from tar to earthly dirt,
at the “T” in the road.

From the hearty ground, from the stem,
from the toil through gardens and fields
comes the herbal bouquet at the wayside,
fresh fragrant, basil I complement with,
emerald stem and all,
comes the proverbial emerald of Rome,
emeralds we cook with passion.

O, to remember,
to carry a garden of the past, to eat
not only the leaf, but the burly stem,
the color, not only the sweet scented aroma,
but the memories, to hold
the herb in my hand, respect it, then use it
the flourished recollection of such basil.

Days have passed
where I live as if never before,
fresh thoughts arise in my mind, from memories
to memories and story to story, from recipe to recipes to,
unfeasible seedling to unfeasible life of a sprout.

Effects of Nature

Brenda L. Dols

I was six years old.

The middle of summer.

It was in the evening,
 approaching bedtime.

A storm was moving in,
 I could smell it in the air.

It smelled clean and dangerous at the same time.

Snow White jammies on,
 teeth brushed,
 kisses all around.

Standing in the kitchen,
 hail started to pelt the windows outside,
 the wind blew hard,
 trees bent over.

Panic rose in me.

I couldn't breathe.

I hyperventilated,
 shook in horror.

Tears streamed down my face.

My parents leapt into action at the sound of the tornado sirens.

My dad ran outside to put the Buick in the garage.

It was new, and his cherished ride.

I reached out my hands,

terrified he wasn't coming back.

My stomach heaved.

I vomited on the linoleum.

I had never been so frightened.

My mother tried to comfort me with soft, soothing words,

nothing was helping.

Sweating, sick, scared,

I prayed for the storm to end.

Thankfully, my dad returned.

Relieved, I ran into his strong, wet arms.

We all went to the basement.

Singing songs to the light of the flashlight,

I fell asleep in my mother's arms.

the weapon's eyes cry shrapnel

Christian Mohs

a colloquial image so often poked and prodded and pondered

Vindictive, and dry, yet sagging with a sundown

the sky opens its arms to the blistering scars

that still plague its back and torso-

late into the evening, growing sharp and scintillate and seething

why wait, grab a date. gather around the sky

and peer into the weeping soars

the swollen stars

the falling discharge

this rare onyx gem is so old

everyday passed is a sad, old story untold

get up – beauty awaits at the window

you've

been fooled into another day –

- -still- -

stay-

love.

(No Title)

Emily Klehr

Jack glanced at Mallorie as he sped down the two-lane wooded road. Her head lay back against the seat, her long straight hair fell off her shoulders and mouth hung open in laughter. She slid her amused blue eyes over in his direction, still giggling. The amusement turned to horror.

“Did you fart?” she squealed holding her hand over her nose and rolling into another fit of giggles.

Jack glanced at the road then back at her, eyebrow raised, he didn't even smell anything. He turned back to the road and then the putrid smell hit him, he crinkled his nose in disgust and pulled his shirt over his nose. His eyes started to water. Whatever this stench was it was a lot worse than a simple fart. He slid his eyes toward Mallorie who held a disgusted look on her face and her hand still over her nose.

“Seriously, what is that?” She looked around, out into the woods and shifted in the seat to see behind the speeding car.

“I don't know,” Jack finally answered, when she had turned back around, he paused for a second. “But it almost smells like something's dead.”

Mallorie wrinkled her nose under her hand, her blue eyes bereft of all amusement. She turned away from him and Jack went back to watching the road. They drove in silence for a few miles while the stink followed them. As they got farther and farther down the road, the disturbing scent wafted slowly away until they

were able to breath freely again. Jack rolled down the window and let the humid summer air into the car, ruffling his curly brown hair. His eyes drifted back to Mallorie who was watching the scenery.

He put both hands on the steering wheel nervously, he wanted to talk to her, but he wasn't sure what to say. Oh, sure he'd been on dates before but not with a girl like this. She was so independent and...just...cool. The kind of girl that when she speaks everything that comes out her mouth is intelligent. How could he compete with that?

He took a deep breath and looked back over at her; he opened his mouth to speak when Mallorie's face changed quickly to terror and screamed.

“Watch out!”

He jerked his eyes back to the road, he saw the giant, brown beast and before his brain reacted his hands spun the wheel trying to miss the animal. His eyes shifted to Mallorie before his car hit the gravel shoulder, her face was contorted in alarm and complete horror. Jack turned his attention back to where the car was headed which was straight into the forest bordering the road. He slammed down the breaks as the car bumped down a short incline, heading straight for a tree. He tried to wrench the steering wheel away from the direction they were going, but it was useless, the car had too much momentum and the gravel and grass just spun beneath the tires. Jack threw his arms up anticipating the impact. Mallorie screamed and everything went black.

When Jack awoke it was dark and he realized what had brought him back to consciousness. That stench was back, full strength. His head lolled back against the seat, he couldn't understand it, why was it so strong? And what was making it. It wasn't a skunk, too strong for that, definitely not garbage. That left only one thing in his mind. Death and decay. A chill ran down his spine just thinking about it.

"Mallorie?" he mumbled, reaching for her in the passenger seat. But all he patted was the fabric of the seat. He popped his eyes open and felt a wave of nausea roll through his stomach. He closed his eyes again and took a deep breath through his nose all he got was another blast of the putrid air. Sighing out the air again he decided to risk the bile threatening to rise out of his throat and looked at the seat next to him. The nausea vanished when he saw the empty seat beside him.

"Mallorie?" he called a little louder.

When no one answer returned he felt the panic grip his chest with an iron fist. He pushed his door open with rubbery arms and sagged out of the vehicle. He stumbled to his feet barely able to hold himself up on his pliable legs.

"Mallorie?!" he called again, this time he roughed the back of his throat as his did this. He coughed to clear the scratchiness away. The door on her side of the car was wide open.

Jack held the tree for support while he pulled himself over to her side of the car, almost stumbling down the rest of the incline. When he finally got to the passenger side of the car he latched on to the door to help him stand. He squinted down at the ground to look for footprints or any trace of where she could have gone, but there was nothing.

Fear and panic grounded him, his throat clogged with frightened tears. He positioned his back against the rear passenger door and slid to the ground. His legs splayed out in front of him. He felt helpless in the darkness, he could barely see a few feet in front of him and he didn't have a flashlight.

But he did have his phone...His phone! He scrambled to pull it out of his pocket, once he got it out and the electric light blinked on, it gave him some more light to see. Barely. He got back to his feet shakily and dialed Mallorie's number. Maybe she had just crawled out of the car to get help. He held the phone to his ear to see if it was ringing. When it was he slid his head back and forth to try and hear it ringing. After a second he heard it chirp to life a few feet down the incline, beneath another tree. He hurried down the slope slipping and sliding on the grass and rocks. He bent to pick up Mallorie's phone when he realized there was a substance on it. He picked it up and held it closer to his face, his fingers slipping in the thick substance. Jack held his own phone over hers to get a better look. As soon as he saw the red, he tossed down Mallorie's still ringing phone and snapped his head back and forth. Something cracked behind him. He swung almost knocking himself over with the motion. He held his phone out in front of him to see if there was anything there.

"Mallorie?" he called, a little shakily, into the darkness. When no one responded Jack scurried back up slope grabbing at the tufts of grass with his fingers to pull him up. He passed the car, still holding his phone in his hand and made his way back to the road. As soon as he hit the gravel of the shoulder he ran out into the middle of the road and looked in both directions to see if there were any lights, cars or a town or something. Why had they had to

pick this lake out in the middle of nowhere to go to? That's when he noticed, by the light of the moon and his dwindling phone that there was nothing on the road; whatever he had almost hit was gone. There wasn't even blood. His skin prickled all over his body. He looked around and saw nothing in the dark.

Jack looked back at his phone and started to dial 911. He closed his eyes when he heard it ringing.

“Yes, this is the Scott County Police Department, what's your emergency?”

Jack was so happy that he almost forgot to answer, “Yeah, my girlfriend and I just got into a car accident.”

“Where are you sir?”

“On County Road 42.”

“Could you specify where, sir?”

“Mile 119...I'm not sure.”

“Okay, I'll send a police office close to your location, would you like to stay on the phone, sir, until they arrive.”

Jack didn't hear what she'd said though as the disturbing scent grew so strong he was almost choking and a crack reverberated through the forest behind him. Jack spun, eyes wide and searching. His heart pounded faster in his chest and his breath came out in huffs.

“Sir?” the calm voice echoed in his head.

“What? Oh,” he tried to calm himself, “Yes and please hurry, I'm afraid I'm not alone.” He kept a wary eye on the forest in front of him, while he covered his mouth and nose against the scent.

“Could you recount the events that happened sir?”

“Sure,” Jack answered as he started to pace on the road, unable to keep his mind off of Mallorie. “We were just driving

normally, when I looked at my girlfriend for a second and then she screamed and I saw this huge animal in the road in front of my car.”

“Could you describe the animal?”

Jack rolled his eyes, “I didn’t really get a good look at it, I just tried not to hit it.”

“Okay, what happened after that sir?”

“Well I swerved and hit a tree and I was out for a while. When I woke up my girlfriend was gone and I found her phone full of blood.”

“Do you know where your girlfriend went?”

Jack huffed out a breath in irritation, “I don’t know, she was just gone!” he practically yelled into the phone.

“I’m sorry sir, but there’s no need-.”

He didn’t hear the rest of her sentence because a sound erupted from the forest like a nail on chalkboard. Metal being scraped by something extremely sharp. Jack felt his body go cold and the hair on his arms stood on end. He couldn’t breath and stumbled back a step. Whatever was out there, it was getting closer, looking for him.

“Sir, sir?”

“Huh, oh,” he answered breathlessly. All he wanted to do was run, but he couldn’t because Mallorie was still out there somewhere and he couldn’t just leave her.

“Sir, what was that noise?”

“You heard that?” he was incredulous.

“Yes, sir.”

He paused for a second and tried to distinguish something in the forest but it was too dark.

“I have no idea lady, but it’s scaring the shit out of me.”

“Could you describe the sound?”

He was just about to snap back when something on the edge of the tree line moved, shaking a branch as it did. He swallowed the urge to scream that had risen in his throat and backed up farther to the other side of the road.

Jack studied the line of trees as well as he could in the dim light from the moon. All was silent again.

“Sir.”

He was about to answer when a dark shape barreled out of the forest straight towards him.

The scream he held escaped then and he ran, dropping his phone in the process. The only place to run was into the forest, he scraped himself on every twig and bush that he stumbled over. He felt the beasts’ breath, hot and humid, getting closer every second he tried to push himself to go faster, which was a good idea until he tripped over a log. As soon as he hit the ground he knew he was dead.

Jack turned over quickly and he caught a glimpse of the large shape of the beast in front of him. That smell. It was the beast, the stench was so bad that he gagged and nearly threw up. It came slowly closer, he scrambled to get back to his feet.

The beast pounced. Its claws shredding his pants and the flesh of his legs. He screamed out in agony and terror as the blood soaked the ground and pumped out of him. The steel claws then went into his back and ripped all the flesh off. Jack became very numb and tired quickly from the loss of blood. The beast flipped him over just before he slipped into the blackness and he saw its

dark eyes, boring into him. Intelligent eyes. He let the blackness consume him then, unwilling to see the beast anymore.

Threads of saliva dripping from the beast mouth it began to devour Jack's body. A raven called out overhead. The moon watched from its seat high in the sky.

The police found the car the next morning and Jack's forgotten phone, but no bodies were found. They also discovered Mallorie's phone lying bloody a few feet from the shredded car. The police puzzled over the long tear on the one side of the vehicle, wondering what beast could have done this.

The sheriff ambled up to his men.

"This has to be the third death this week."

A long eerie howl sounded from somewhere deep in the forest. Every officer looked toward the sound and shivered.

One of the officers turned toward the sheriff, "It's probably not the last either."

Haiku of the Undead

Isela E Pena

Sprouting from the gums
Two pointy canines emerge
Ready for a bite

Fangs tear through soft flesh
Pulling desperately to take
Nectar from your veins

You are struggling
As nourishment and pleasure
Spills into my mouth

Your pain is my joy
Your blood my fodder and sex
I'm in ecstasy

The Paper Lantern is the student literary journal of Normandale Community College, 9700 France Ave. South, Bloomington, MN 55431. It is edited by members of the Creative Writing Club. The project is made possible by the Normandale Student Life Activity Fee.

Officers and the following members of the Fall 2009 Creative Writing Club produced this issue:

Marina Kuksenko, *President*

Tuyet Do, *Secretary*

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Kyle Adamson, Terry Brower, Derek Hanisch, Eric Hunter, Christopher Kinniburgh, Isela Pena, Laura Sand, Chris Schneider, and Rob Wedl

Submit your creative writing to the Spring 2010 issue of *The Paper Lantern!* All work is reviewed anonymously and acceptance is based on literary merit.

Works in all genres of creative writing (such as poems, fiction, memoir, short plays, etc.) are considered, with a limit of 1000 words for poetry or 2500 for prose and drama. All works must include author name, address, phone and e-mail at the top of the first page. Multiple submissions accepted. Submission is open to registered NCC students only.

Send your submission as an e-mail attachment to club advisor
Lynette Reini-Grandell at
Lynette.Reini-Grandell@normandale.edu.
