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TYGR 2004: A Magazine of Literature & Art


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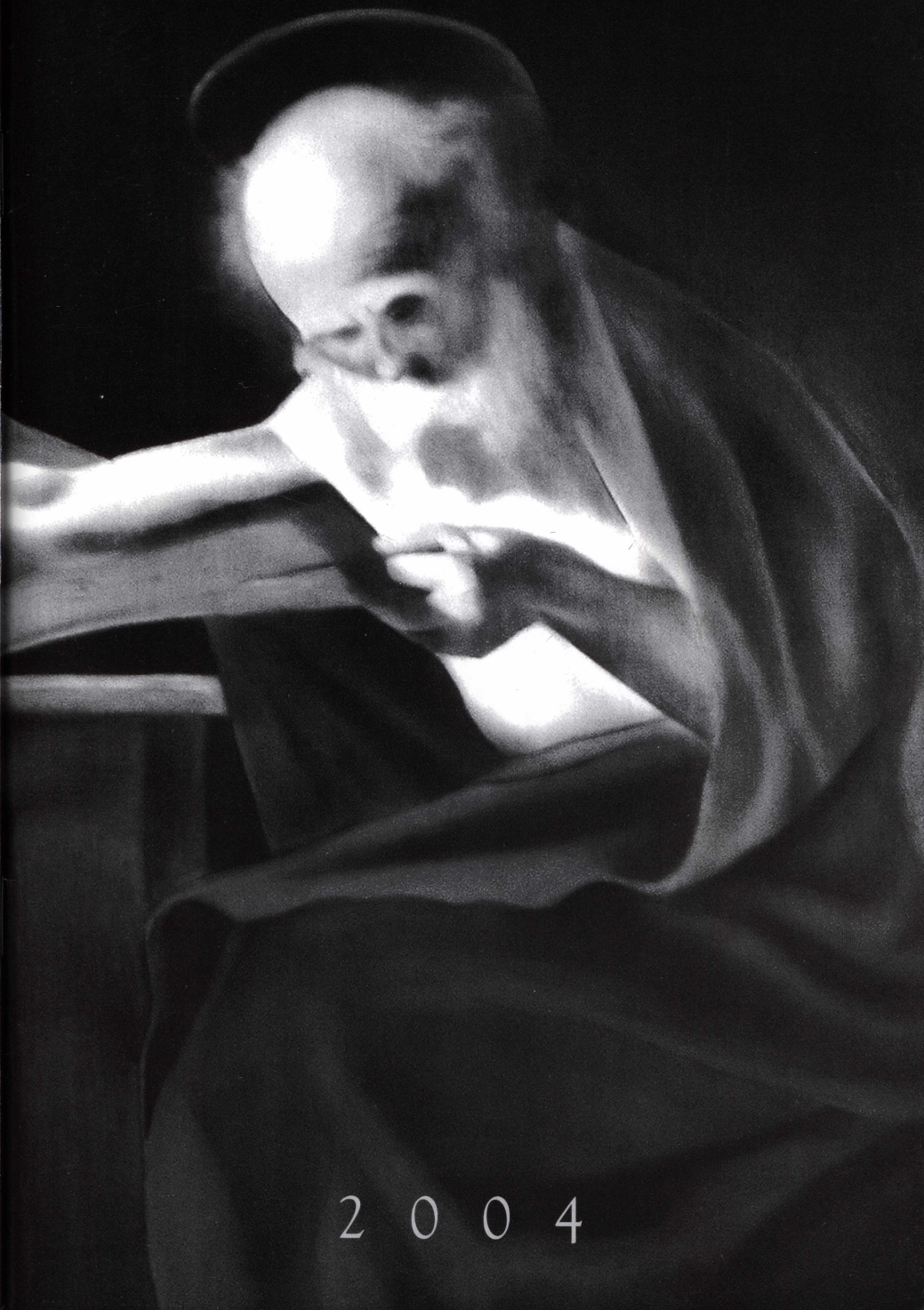
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TYGR.



2004

OLIVET
NAZARENE
UNIVERSITY

presents

T Y G R.
A Magazine of Literature & Art



2004

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D R E A M , V I S I O N

Amy Taylor

Vision and Tradition stand
side by side
on the threshold of possibility.

Tradition, adorned in the garments
of the past clings
tightly to her child.

Darling Vision, how you dream
of a time when you can leave your home
and Tradition for your own future.

Dream, Vision. Tradition's
past is not your future.
Step through the doorway,
Vision. Don't look back.

THAT TIME I WANTED TO
BE AN ACTRESS

Tracy Edwards

I was at my best friend Laura Dart's house one day when I was nine, and her mom asked me the question almost every adult asks every child:

"What do you want to be when you grow up?"

And I gave her the answer almost every child gives to the question:

"A teacher."

Why did I want to be a teacher? Probably for the same reason I wanted Laura Dart to be my best friend. I didn't realize I had other options. But then her mom said something to me I would never forget:

"Oh, Laura wants to be an actress."

An actress? Stop right there. Can we go back a few seconds and have you ask me the question over again because I wasn't aware I was allowed to say that as an answer. I just thought it was understood that every girl in the world wanted to be an actress. I mean, why didn't we all just answer the "what do you want to be" question with an "an actress *and* a blah blah blah" or maybe we could have every adult ask every child, "What do you want to be *besides* an actress?" We all wanted to be actresses. Who wouldn't? Fame. Money. Power. Cute boys to act out dramatic and passionate scenes with.

I had always dreamed of myself as an actress; but for some reason, I was under the impression that a girl had to be discovered to be an actress. Now, however accurate this idea may sound at the moment, it will lose all of its credibility as I go on to explain the exact picture of what I thought was the way young actresses were discovered. I actually thought there were these talent scouts who would walk up to random people's houses, tell the parents who answered the door to bring down

their daughters in their prettiest dresses, and then they would choose them to be actresses if they were cute enough. A girl couldn't just *want* to be an actress. There was no wanting involved. Just pure luck that would set up the right scout with a cute girl in a pretty dress. I mean, I knew I was cute and I did have this frilly pink dress with little white flowers that would have been perfect; but I was a smart girl, and I knew all the luck was in the actual discovery part of the process. Because lots of girls are cute, and lots of girls have pretty dresses. But when I found out my best friend Laura Dart, a girl just like me, *wanted* to be an actress, I wanted to be an actress too. I learned through her and her mother that I could take acting classes, go to movie auditions, do Community Theater, and even major in theater when I got to college. I learned that I could help the actress-discovery process out a little by making myself known and putting my talents out there to be discovered.

Yes, a whole new world of opportunity was opened to me that day I found out Laura Dart wanted to be an actress, a whole new world of excitement mixed with a whole new world of rejection. Not to mention a whole new world for my mother as well, because as a nine-year-old kid determined to be an actress, I put a lot of pressure on her: phone calls, casting calls in Chicago, community theater auditions, a private acting coach, acting classes, voice lessons, dance lessons, music and drama camp... And what did it all do besides finally convince me by the time I was seventeen that there was no way I would ever be able to make a career out of acting? I'm still not sure. But thanks, Mom, for surviving the eight years it took me to figure that out.



T H E M O V E M E N T

Mariah K. Secrest

Sunlight, rise.
Come and make your presence known.
Give mobility to these cold bones
So that I can feel your heat.

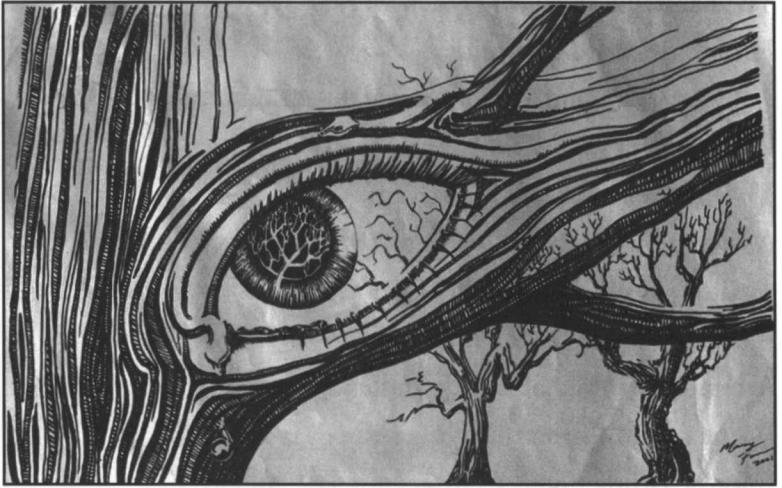
Mountain, stand.
Expand my vision, before, so slight
To wrap around the expanse of sight,
So I know I'm not so big.

River, run.
Let me feel your power swift;
Knock the air from between these ribs
So I'm certain I can breathe.

C R E A T I O N

Stephen Case

We bequeath to you the vastness of space.
We leave you the night,
A broken shell above the world.
We grant to you the silence of the stars
And the solitude of space.
Shapeless waves against the shoals,
The habitable shoals of golden worlds
Hung suspended in a void,
A tapestry of chaos and of form.
We bequeath to you the infinite span
That encircles all time as a stream,
A river of light which flows upwards
Against a cosmos slowly dying,
All energy falling to the final state
Around the orbits of worlds and entropy.
We bequeath to you the dying stars
And the fading night,
The emptiness that claws across the sky,
The shiftless lights that are your eyes,
That are the only life you know.
We bequeath to you a world
Endless and decaying,
A broken universe and wounded sky.
We bequeath to you this charge.
We bequeath to you the lingering heat-death.
We bequeath to you the night.



THE EYE IN THE TREE

Mary Faw

U N A P P R E C I A T E D N I G H T

Kristen Allen

Masses of unnamed bodies move mechanically on their way,
Oblivious to the beauty of the evening.
None but I hear the night's pleas to be cherished.
The wonders of the dark remain my secret.

The moon is masking himself tonight,
His shining countenance seen by no one.
He knows he is not appreciated.
Stars fall, begging to be noticed.
Leaves rustle and flutter to the ground,
Padding the earth in a sheet of autumn's hues.
Night winds kindly cool crimson faces,
Yet no thanks they receive.

If the moon never showed itself again,
If the stars stopped falling,
If the leaves never fell,
If the winds ceased blowing,
Would anyone miss their subtle comfort?
I wonder...

MY PATH TO SALVATION

Mary Faw

Part 1

Watch me as I puke up my radiant beauty
 Story unfolded, isn't it pretty?
A godforsaken child abandoned to win over the
 Dumbfounded redeemed.
My eyes wide open,
 however I can't see.
I can't comprehend this wild confusion.
I've chewed over the food and have come to the conclusion,
 That those who suckle milk are raised to heaven.
Fallen angels given back their wings after being
 Drugged up on the most pretty of things.
Faith of the innocent, faith of the downtrodden,
 Faith of those seeking to never be forgotten.
The mud spills over me, weighing me down,
 Hardens to rock for no water was poured out.
Thirst was never quenched by those with overflowing cups
 Through selfishness I now rot to dust
I was never drugged up on pretty things

Part 2

Watch me as I puke up my radiant beauty.
 Will the wonder never cease?
Watch me as I puke up the story of the dead man's grief
 His wise tale never seems to cease.
He beckons me near to whisper the truth I refuse to hear.
 My eyes close in apathy, and then lift to the sky,
Not searching for heaven
 But seeing now the wide space of freedom
 Filled with the air I breathe.

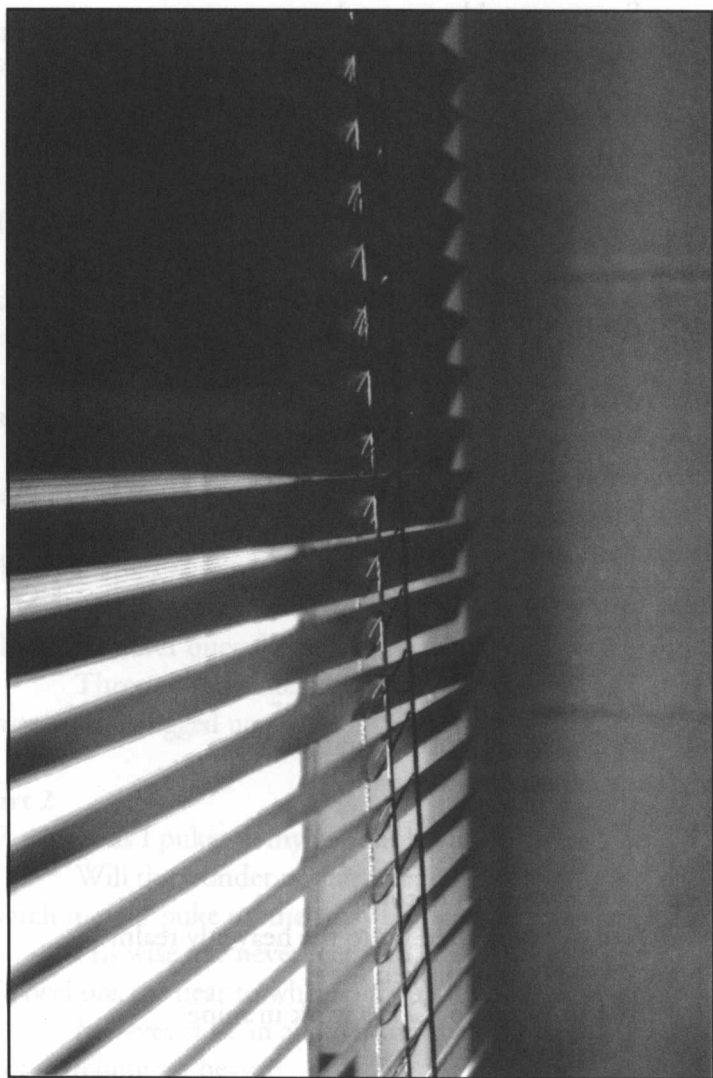
So ignore my radiant beauty
For you would regret to hear
The story my closed eyes believe.

Part 3

Lord, my prayers are filled with silence
For I do not know what to say
I need your will to guide me
Towards salvation's way.
I have no power on my own
I tried and I cannot find,
My place in this world
Without you Lord
And in doing so,
Slowly my spirit dies.
Harden walls I began to build
Around my frail heart
The walls grow tall as I hide within
And timidly I peak out
Through the dim light above the door
And see a life worth living for.
The doorknob turns.

Part 4

Watch me as my soul is restored
And my eyes lifted up to the heavenly realm
As I piece together my broken life
As I sit in awe of God's work in mine
And in others' lives.
For the door was opened.
And the rest has yet to be written.



BLINDS

Jordan Mitchell

A SISTER'S EULOGY

Kristen Allen

Are you satisfied now, encased
in a mahogany tube? Filled with haste
to escape this world and the sun
you despised, you needed to run
from the events you faced.

Your happy times artificial, laced
with the bitter, self-destructive taste
of wild living and adolescent fun.
Are you satisfied now?

Your life a waste,
some say, because you embraced
society's taboos. But I mourn what you've done
to yourself with that gun.
Are you satisfied now?

H E A R T C R I E S

Jennifer Justice

My watered down and broken thoughts,
on parchment plainly laid,
 (In words pleading apologetic
 Against everything they'd claim)
deny the pleas that my weary heart
tries desperately to shout
with voice weak and wavering,
barely used and worn out.

It cries out across a universe
of noise and constant screaming.
It drowns in popular opinion
and kind advice, well seeming.

'Till all that remains of that single shout
Is the tired and uncertain.
 (All the ideas the world threw out,
 all the pain and tears and hurting)
And all the hope that they ignored
in flashing conversation
is pushed away and forgotten,
their memories grown faded.

Yet in these meek and feeble words
a quiet seed is growing.
For all the fear and doubt it's faced
It never stopped its knowing
that fashion's brief and star-specked life
 (And its fashionable opinion)
is nothing more than passing dream
in an eternal dominion.

I N T E R V E N T I O N

Mariah K. Secrest

Tangled webs of chaotic thought
Obscured the window of her soul.
Blackened lies had distorted the truth,
Mismatched fragments instead of a whole.
Hope seemed as elusive to her
As catching the wind in its course.
A shroud of darkness was draped upon her
Until crying out, she came to the end of herself.

In a moment transcendent of time
An invisible hand shattered the dirty pane
And the strands that were her heart
Until sweet light drenched her through.
Divinity mingled with humanity,
So distinct and yet so consuming.
And as deity so forgivingly danced with frailty,
She knew she had been lost and found.

W H A T D I D I D O ?

Sarah Riley

I am just a little girl,
I only want to play,
I made daddy mad this time
He said that I was in his way.

I tried to help but made a mess,
Then I began to cry.
Screaming
Tears
And then a sting
Now I would have to lie.

Into my room, I ran and cried
As I had often done before.
This pain was nothing new to me,
Yet I asked myself once more;

What did I do to make him turn
Into the monster of my dreams?
I am just a little girl,
And my life is filled with screams.

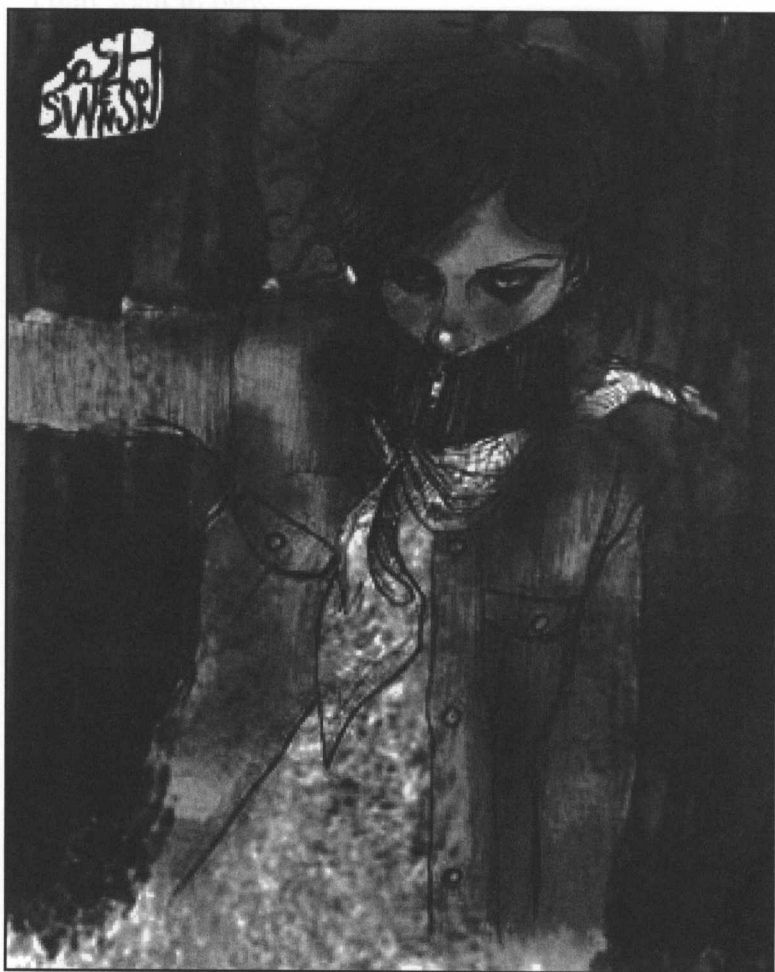
I heard the words that burned like ice,
And felt the warmth of pain,
The colors faded over time
Yet every scar remains.

What did I do to make him hate-
To take it out on me?
All I want is one who cares,
And for my pain to be set free.

Here I am, a little girl,
Who knows no other way.
Save me please, from metal arms,
So I can live in love today.



LEATHER JACKET
Rebecca Case

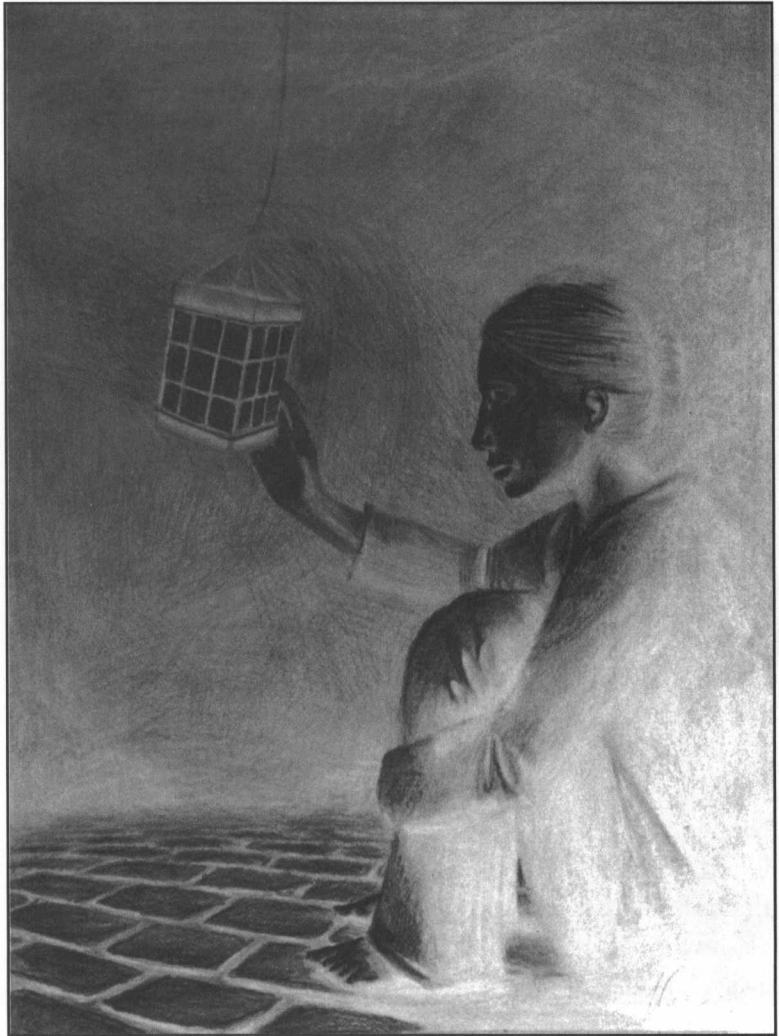


ALL OF IT GOES

Joshua Swenson

WINCING AT WINTER'S WIND
Brandon Ortiz

wincing at winter's wind
she stood silently
waiting, watching wondering
trying, till tears
appeared, abruptly abstracting
her honest hopeful
sentiments, sadly soothing such
past pondering poems:
aptly about a
beautiful breathing being
eyes emphasizing empathy
and always aflame, a
passionately perceiving presence
unseen, untarnished unaware,
yet yearning
forcefully for
something surreal, something
barely beyond brash
worldly wants
the trailing tears to
wash worries
away...again.



LANTERN AND NEGATIVE LIGHT

Mary Faw

MANY VOICES, ONE CALL

Amanda Bosworth

Boisterous conversations thrust in through the thin screen door. The line gathering on the sidewalk outside expands with each passing moment as more impoverished people anticipate the surprises of the day. The carefully painted sign on the brown lawn clearly reads "Eastside Nazarene Mission." Inside the old house, feet shuffle across the worn hardwood floors. "Wow, there are really beautiful wood floors," a voice admires. Another comments that they need to be cleared and polished, but thank you.

The faces inside suggest nervousness, passion, and excitement as they wait to pass out Christmas gifts. Other faces express apathy, discontent, and sheer boredom. The mixture of emotions seems to settle on the air like a thick cloud. More feet shuffle. Light whispers gradually become obnoxious shouts as they chuckle about recent happenings.

The voice of Nervousness quivers and awkwardly says, "It's really cold in here without a coat on. My hands feel like ice. I... I don't think I should have volunteered to do this." The speaker reaches for a small pair of soft, gray mittens. Someone pries open the squeaky clean door, letting a fierce draft of frigid air pour into the house. Through a window, the line of people is visible. Each arm wraps itself tightly around its body as protection from the stinging air. Boredom nonchalantly comments, "It's kinda chilly in here; they must be cold out there."

The eyes of Excitement desperately clutch each image in the house, trying to savor every moment. Quickly glancing around the unspoiled living room, Excitement absorbs the long rectangular table in one corner. Coloring books, crayons, simple storybooks, and "one size fits most" gloves are strewn about. Discontent also notices the gloves and impatiently

hollers, "I really wish *I* could wear some of those gloves, instead of giving them to those dirty kids. What's wrong with the heat in this place?" Next to the mountain of activity books and gloves is a large, sturdy desk smothered by handmade rag dolls, each carefully stacked on top of the other. Near these is a round table with neatly folded shirts and pants. Several plastic bags under the table read, "American Girl." In answer to questioning looks from the volunteers, a woman's kind voice pipes in, "The American Girl Company donated all those clothes to us. They're brand new and so cute! Wasn't that nice of them?" Passion and Nervousness grunt their approval, while Apathy turns away in disgust.

Five other tables throughout the room sag slightly in the middle, each piled high with shiny new toys. One table boasts bright pink boxes filled with various types of Barbies. The array of plastic sparkles as the morning sun strikes it precariously. Another table reveals toy cookware sets and plastic doll strollers and cribs. Many precious dolls lie about, waiting to be placed in the furniture created for them. African American dolls comprise one stack, while other stacks hold Caucasians with blond and brown hair. Passion is thrilled to imagine delighted little girls grabbing dolls, perhaps the first dolls they have ever owned.

The remaining tables draw the eye in with bright orange and yellow trucks and sharp red helicopters. Small packages of Micro Machines line the end of one table, and green and white Frisbees line the other. In the corner, a heap of flannel shirts, hats, and gloves rests warmly against itself. The brilliant sun stretches its fingers toward a collection of shiny, new kites. Quiet breaths stop to picture scraggly little boys scurrying about with their splendid kites in hand.

Another room down a short hallway holds three long tables of gifts for adults. One spills over with Christmas knick-knacks such as strings of cheap red and white plastic candies and some handmade stockings. A collection of personal items

has been tossed haphazardly onto a second table: soaps, toothpaste, various brands of deodorant, and cheap lotions. A pile of picture frames and make-up bags completes the ensemble. The final table emits the sweet aroma of candles: lavender, pear, and apple pie. Three large paintings depict serene ocean scenes that remind viewers of a different time and a *very* different place. The chilly air and time-worn house contrasts greatly with the soft glow on the painted waters in the pictures. Passion wonders if any men and women will select the peaceful artwork, while Apathy picks up a hairbrush and carelessly tosses it back on the table.

The chorus of rising voices in the large house is soon quieted by the voice of Authority, a plump and cheerful woman in her sixties. Accompanying the loud bellow is a pleasant smile, as well as wringing hands and straight posture. The frazzled voice echoes through each room as it calls the anxious group to attention. Authority hurriedly explains that each volunteer must escort one person at a time through the maze of tables stacked high with gifts. "But don't let them have more than three items each, or there won't be enough," Authority warns.

The volunteer army stretches, cracks its knuckles, and leans against the toy tables doing whatever it must do to prepare itself for the onslaught of hopeful children. Authority announces, "Okay, it's eleven o'clock. Are we ready? Let's go!" Instantly, Authority rips the screen door open, and a cloud of frosty air leaps into the house. The raucous crowd outside abruptly becomes quiet and erect, ready for its entrance into the palace of treasures. The first girl is led in, and Excitement takes her by the hand, inquiring, "What is your name?" The mumbled response is barely audible as the child's eyes dance from table to table. Another girl, about the same size, ambles through the door. Passion bravely steps forward asking, "What is your name?" and discovers that the child is called Megan. "Megan how old are you?" The girl's second answer is lost on

the pile of rag dolls. Ironically, the fair-skinned, blond-headed child selects a doll that looks completely unlike herself: an African American with coarse, dark hair. She offers no explanation to Passion's strange unfamiliar voice but simply places the doll into her white garbage bag.

The pair moves slowly to the next section of the room. After receiving the instruction that she could select two more items, the girl lunges for a doll stroller. The careless sweep of her arm, however, sends the box crashing onto the wood floor with a clamorous thud. Passion bends to pick the stroller up and places it in the bag. "Wait," the girl blurts, "I don't want that." Her escort patiently sets the unwanted box back on the table and picks up a cookware set at the girl's request. After a Hawaiian Beach Barbie completes the trio of gifts, the helper's warm voice encourages the girl to go to the door and enjoy her gifts. As the child exits, Passion cringes inwardly at the foul odor that seems to stroll out with her. Another child enters, this one a boy, and is given to Discontent. This annoyed voice says nothing to the child but sighs and ushers him into the room for boys.

The cycle of receivers, escorts, and gifts continues for well over four hours. In the girls' gift room, the sparkle of the Barbie boxes begins to fade as the sun steals away behind two massive buildings. Only a few rag dolls remain, and five articles of clothing are left where piles of warm clothes once lay. The shirts and pants that linger are bedraggled and strewn across the table and floor beneath. A number of doll strollers and high chairs have successfully evaded the enthusiastic shoppers' fingers and homes. Yet, there are no dolls left to accompany the accessories. In the boys' room, only the ugly and defective trucks and airplanes lay in their original places, unwanted by the chubby hands of little boys. A lone fire truck is parked on one table, its once bright glimmer fading in the late afternoon darkness.

Fatigued voices begin to sort and pack the leftover toys

and personal care items. The continuous flow of destitute men, women, and children is now a memory, as hands work busily to complete the chore of organization. Excitement comments on the determined snow that is pouring down through the cracks in the front windows. "It's good that it wasn't snowing like this earlier today. Those people would have been freezing, especially since most of them didn't have gloves, hats, or socks on." Nervousness, Apathy, and Discontent mutter their agreement as they continue to sort and stack the Barbies, books, and balls into the large cardboard boxes. Boredom stares at the wall, then at the clock, annoyed that it is taking so long to organize the toys. A tranquil stillness descends on the old house as evening closes in and silent musing pound through the walls.

Passion gently lays a red-headed rag doll into the box from whence it came. The thoughtful breath cannot forget the tiny, frozen hands with no gloves on them, the matted hair of a neglected three-year old, or a middle-aged woman's unawareness of reality. The overwhelming sense of need nearly chokes the breath, stealing its air and drying up its throat. *There are so many people in the world who need help*, Passion muses inwardly. Then, an empowering thought makes its way to the hoarse voice. Breathing deeply, Passion considers the time and opportunity it has been given to help people like those who have shuffled through the house that day. The needs of the world are beyond measure, but touching one life at a time can make a significant difference. The voice slowly fades on the frosty evening air, breathing a gentle "thank you" to the real gift Giver and to the recipients of His blessings that day.





BLUE DEATH

Joshua Swenson

U N T I T L E D

Kathryn Jacobs

Fighting against the force inside
Living a life composed of lies
Alone in my world I cry out
Knowing the truth I can't live without

No one is there to hear me scream
I don't want to be what I seem
A hypocrite, a liar, a thief of truth
Speaking false words that try to soothe

Dying alone haunts my dreams
With darkness closing in on the seams
Of my hope and independent self
So that I am alone without help

The hour draws near and darkness falls
Closing me in against all the walls
But I can't fight this truth any longer
It's only through this that I'll get stronger

Opening up to see what I can find
From deep in the corners of my mind
Unraveling secrets that poisoned me
I might finally have the chance to be free

Pain...I don't want to see...is it really that bad?
I want to run...nowhere to go...take it all away
I give up...no strength to fight...all this time
Run from hope...in the arms of fear...let go of the hurt
Set your heart free...trust only once more...finally free?

DO NOT ASK WHY THE
NIGHT IS BEAUTIFUL

Jennifer Heiniger

do not ask why the night is beautiful.
refined obscurity is the dark cloud
inside of you
giving spiritual souvenirs
and dealing pain
It is dust in your embrace
gone
with one raid of the wind.

do not ask why the night is beautiful
you do not cherish
not until the sun wakes
until vampires steal into cave and coven
you miss the beauty
that wipes me clean
of sticky perfection

do not ask why the night is beautiful
its less-traveled treasures
hidden
where day branches off
and dark shadows combine
slinking...sliding...gliding...streaming...dancing toward the
morning light
refugee moonbeams escaping the guards
until dawn

do not ask why the night is beautiful
the whispers of its chaotic music
into my soul

my encounters with celestial glowing
stars appearing perpetually
ornamenting the sky
radiance
like a smile revealing itself

do not ask why the night is beautiful
where I sink deep into the gaze of eternity's playground
where I curse my secret known



L I F E U N O B S E R V E D

Kari Roland

No city-steps have tread my wooden floor
No child's laugh to lift the dust from rafters high
No family-food to nourish working souls.

Hands that plowed the gentle, growing ground
And played in its production of all things green and rust
Long gone with children living city-lives.

No hands to catch the raining drops of dew
No morning scythes to reap the growing grain
No joyful voice gives thanks for manna-crops.

Eyes that watched the lengthening of days
No longer see the seeds grow tall.
But day by day the crops rise up
 To wither in the fall.

LOVE FOR THE GAME

Allison Greene

A soft glow invades the sky over a small town in Illinois. It is not yet dark, but with the coming winter, the moon replaces the sun earlier every night. By simply realizing the time of year, anyone can guess that this soft glow is coming from the brilliant lights at the local high school's modest football stadium. The noise level reveals that, as always, 990 of the town's 1000 residents are sitting on the cold metal benches in the stands, cheering on their football team, and living out dreams of their own through the lives of the participants. Whether those dreams are to be playing on the field, cheering on the track, or marching in the band, most of these fans have no connection whatsoever to the players, except for the fact that they live in the town.

You see, I am a football child. About 95 percent of my nineteen falls have been spent at high school football games of some kind or another. I say 95 percent simply to be honest because I don't remember those falls when I was still carried around in a car seat. To explain, my entire immediate family is or has been somehow connected to the sport. My father coached two different varsity football programs for a number of years. My brother was a quarterback in high school and college before becoming the head coach of a football program. I was drawn into the sport during my freshman year in high school, when I was a football cheerleader. I continued to cheer all four years; however, being married to a football coach is equal to, if not more admirable than, being a coach yourself. My mother and sister-in-law often talk of becoming widows once the football seasons starts, which oftentimes is in August, through the month of November.

I think that one of my earliest memories of high school football is going to watch my father's football games with my

mom. I remember how popular I was with the cheerleaders, and I think that the first person I ever called my best friend was a cheerleader named Renee, who would always come up and talk to me on one of her breaks. Of course, I never bothered with the games themselves, and to be honest, I don't even know if my dad's teams were very good in those years. I don't remember much from that period. Obviously, sitting through a whole game was like having a dentist work on your teeth all day. The lights were so bright and brilliant, and as I look back, I thought I was superior because my dad was the big guy, the head honcho.

As I grew older, it took me awhile to realize that I was going to the games for a different reason. It also took me awhile to realize that I was in a different place. I was no longer watching my dad coach. I was now watching my brother, Kevin, play... if you can call me playing with my friends and running around the stadium watching the game. Once again, I was really not able to tell if his team was good because my girlfriends and I would usually just watch the cheerleaders, imitate what they did, and imagine being out there someday. I started to understand the emotion that people feel for this game when my brother's team lost a play-off game. I saw how heartbroken they were walking off the field, and I saw the look on my brother's face. They had worked so hard, and the win was so close they could taste it. That was the first time I cried at a football game.

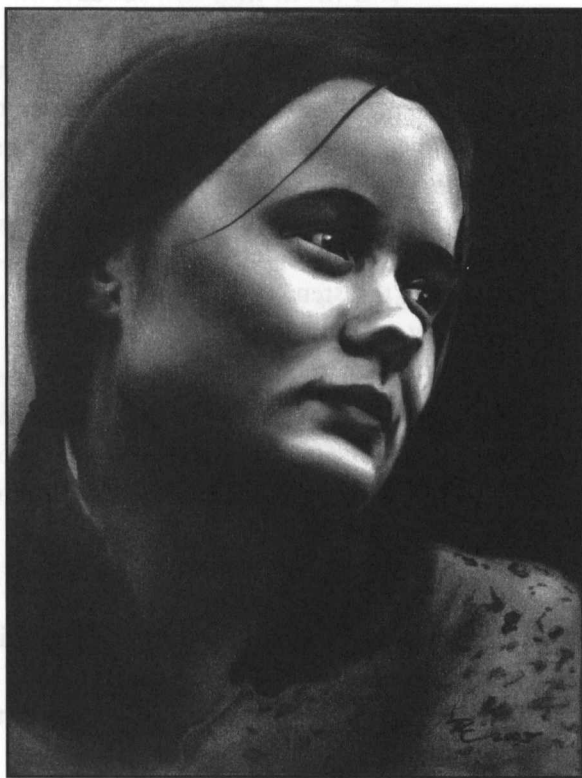
During high school, I somehow felt superior again. I was not your typical high school cheerleader. Why? As I watched the games from an amazingly close view, I realized that I knew more about football than all of these other girls combined. I must have been paying more attention in my youth than I thought. To find a stereotypical cheerleader, just look at the girls on my squad in high school. Don't get me wrong. Many were extremely smart, smarter than me even, but they knew absolutely nothing about the sport. I was somehow

ashamed. I came to see this game, this creature, as something that should be respected. I saw the game the way the players, at least those who played it right, should see it. The high school football game creates a planet separate from anything on this earth. Every single noise and movement made up the Friday night spectator sport. It was the yelling of the cheerleaders on the sidelines. It was the beauty of the National Anthem being played by the marching band. It was the fans yelling at a bad call made by the referee. It was the beauty of the perfect spiral that the ball can spin into if leaving the quarterback's fingers at just the right second and angle. It was the smell of concession stand food being made by the cross-country team. It was the weather being cold enough to wear stocking caps and gloves, but not winter jackets, the weather that defines football season. All of these things made up the Friday night game, and the game itself was just a bonus. I discovered that high school football is a sport all by itself. My best memories of high school are cheering at football games and having my fellow squad members look at me in disbelief as I jumped up and down, using terms, such as "off-sides," "first down" and "punt," words that were not a regular part of any of their vocabularies.

Even though I am past my high school days, I still have an excuse to go watch this beautiful sport that has occupied so many of my Friday nights. I go watch my brother coach as often as I can. To this day, there is almost no bigger thrill for me than watching high school football. Some can see that as a truly "country girl" thing to say; however, the way the game flows and almost becomes a living organism in itself is so amazing to me.

I am not your stereotypical girl. I have come to see, however, that this part of my life is what makes me unique. I have realized that if nothing else, this part of my life has given me one up on the girls when trying to get a guy's attention. I think I know more about this sport than most girls my age and even some guys. I feel privileged to have been a football

child. I always feel this twinge of excitement when I think of all the games I've watched and cheered at. I picture my dad and brother on the sidelines at one of my brother's games, and I think how neat that we have this, in a word, dynasty, that has been passed down in our family. I look at my nephew, and I picture him being the star football player on his team. I also see my brother watching him coach someday. There are many things I don't know in this life. One thing I do know, however, is that I would be ecstatic to be a "football wife" someday, if for no other reason than to have an excuse to see the sport in and of itself that is high school football.



RACHEL, GIRL001

Rebecca Case

WHAT THE ROCKING CHAIR
HAS SEEN ...

Pete Forster

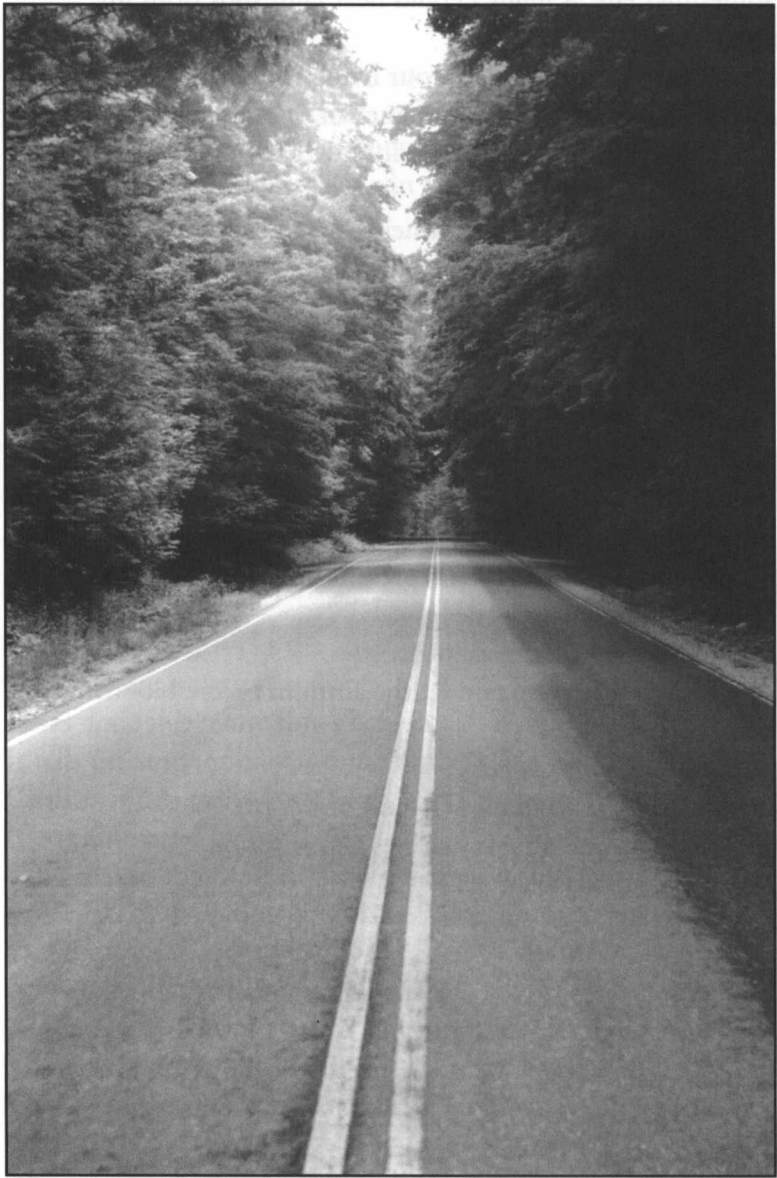
People walk by the old house not noticing much.
They might see the flag waving in the breeze
Or
The ivy growing up its sides.
They might even notice the old rocking chair.
Sitting on the porch, letting the weather decay its very founda-
tion.
The paint is now faded due to years of neglect
But
Maybe someday, somebody will stop
And
Listen to the stories that the chair could tell...

The wind gently rocks the chair, letting it almost speak,
Even if there is no one to listen.
It has done this many times before.
It tells the story of how it came to the house on a cold
Christmas day many years ago.
It was embraced by my father
Who rocked my brother and I when we were infants.
Every family gathering would start with my father
In the chair...
And end with my father in the chair.
Sunday afternoons, the day I was baptized, my graduation day.
All of these days ended with my father in that chair.
That chair saw more love and life than most people in this
world.
Then my brother went to war...
When he wrote he'd say he couldn't stand the heat of the jungle
air

And that he missed us very much.
Sometimes late at night I could hear faint sobs from my
father's room.
Sometimes I would walk in our living room
And see my father sitting in that chair, staring into nothing.
The gold star was put in our window that winter...

My grandmother gave my father that chair on that cold
Christmas day.
It had been his father's...
He too died serving his nation.
When I think about that time in my life,
I slowly begin to understand why my father quit
Sitting in that chair.
It no longer had meaning to him.
It had represented so many good times before that year
And he just could not let it represent the bad.
Now that I'm old and gray,
I sometimes go visit that house.
I walk onto the porch and let the autumn breeze blow on my
face,
But I never sit in that chair.
Instead I let the wind blow it back and forth
And listen to one of many stories about
The people it has seen.....





WISCONSIN BACK FORTY

Jordan Mitchell

C A R R I D E

Jennifer Heiniger

Melted moon spilling down
onto a sideways world
Closing my eyes
at the soft bump
of our driveway
Lifted
By strong skillful branches
My lying limbs
hanging limp
Swaying rhythmically
Over jealous crickets

I am made small again

ANGRY SILENCE

Kristen Hooker

What happens to angry silence?
Does it gnaw at your fingernails
So all you taste is dirt?

Or does it sharpen your tongue
So all your own words hurt?
Does it flare into tears-
Slipping like shadows
Into bitterness smears?

Maybe it pulls back, tightens up
Like stitches on a flexed knee?
Or does it *remove me*

THE LITTLE THINGS

Tracy Edwards

Sometimes I feel like with each passing day,
More and more life gets sucked out of me;
And that one of these days,
It's just going to be too difficult to smile.

I was working the drive-thru at Starbucks one night the summer after my sophomore year of college when a woman waiting for her coffee at the window began to roll down the back seat window of her car. "My son has something he wants to say to you," she said.

That's when the little five-year-old boy turned toward me from behind his seatbelt and said, "You're beautiful." Then he smiled.

I smiled back.

Or maybe one day, it's going to be too easy.
Thanks to those of you who have made it that.

U N T I T L E D

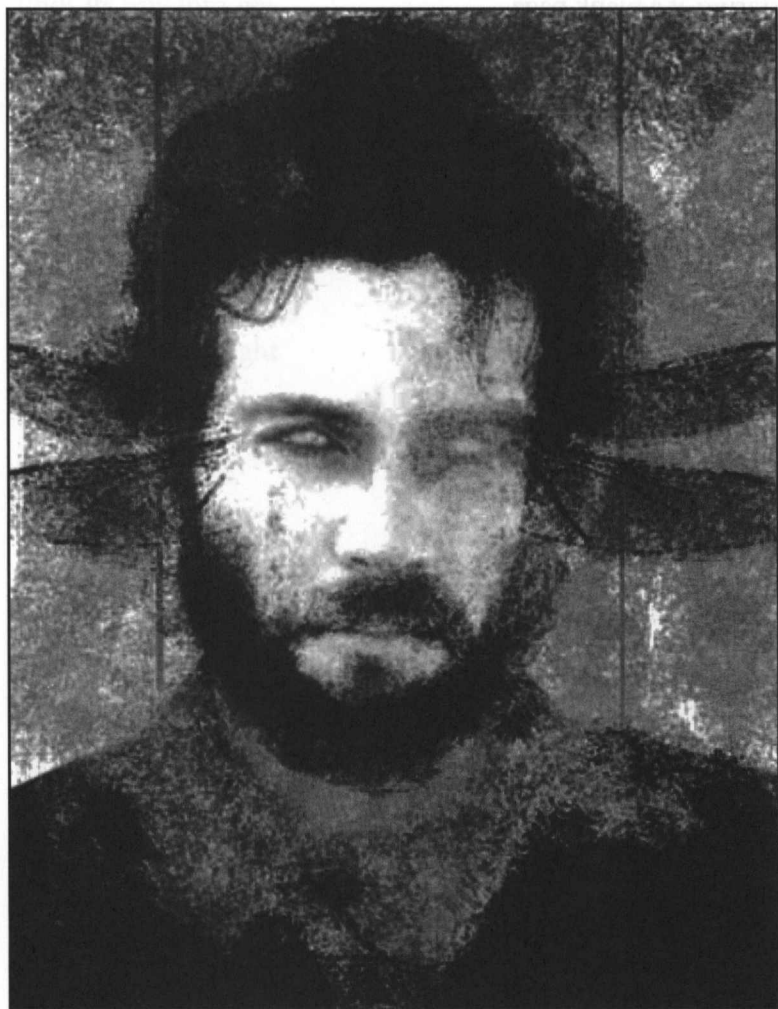
Joshua Ball

If anyone should ever offer me
The chance to read another person's mind,
I wouldn't even ponder carefully;
I know I'd like to keep my power blind.

But why would I so confidently choose
To forfeit that which nature's laws forbade?
Perhaps for fear of losing friends of whose
Opinions of me they had not conveyed?

Or should I halt for fear of filthy head?
One filled with stories I could not condone?
But truth be told—the truth that I would dread—
The real true reason's that I'd be alone.

For I could tell you all that I could see,
But none could ever tell MY soul to ME.



EION

Joshua Swenson

L I F E W I T H A C A N V A S

Kendall Ludwig

I was sitting
staring at a blank page

Everything thin, paper white
lost in gauze, sterile

But now I trace
the lines of memory

And I color the pictures
carbon copied from my mind

I color in mud
the picture of me

Neck deep
in an endless brown pond

Shaking from my wings
the morning dew

Then colored in frost
sipping ice cream

From a bucket
with a spoon

Then I smear grass
along the bottom

To color the miles
of Indiana flap-jack farm

I paint some clear
across the morning air

That finally
finds its way into me

You were there
this time too

But only accompanied
by the brown and white

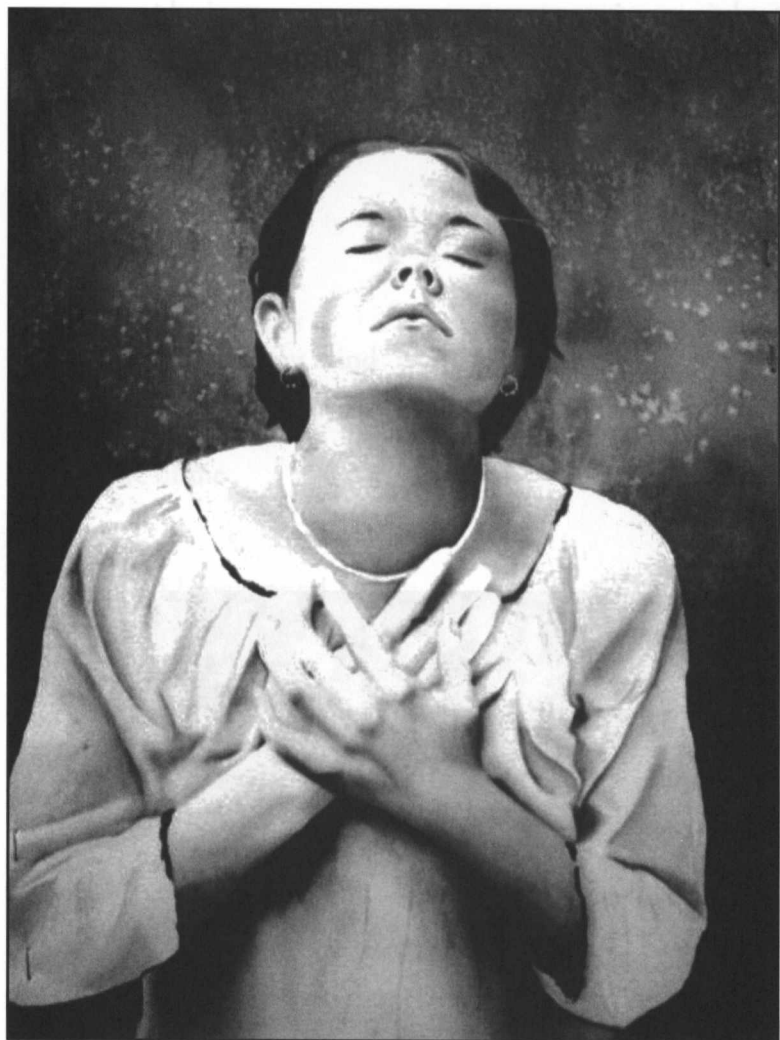
Fluff of marshmallows
and the fireplace light

Wrapped in a cottage
among the berries



YELLOW DAISIES

Rebecca Case



BLESSED

Rebecca Case

THE ANGELS SING ME NOW
TO SLEEP

Brandon Ortiz

The angels sing me now to sleep,

Rest in Me.

I will.

(sweet repose)

and Oh! What a glorious face

,eyes mouth; lips

a sullen smile,

what a saline-

kiss

.known only

(or only in dreams)

as

an angel

for a broken boy

she smiled/cried again

the whisper

(only then did

I know

The frailty)

:of beauty

NOTE OF THANKS FROM THE EDITOR

Section Editors: Noelle Sefton, Denise Knee, Olivia Leigh Hodges, and Jennifer Justice-You all did a wonderful job devoting hours to reading all of the submissions and deciding which pieces should be included. Thank you for all you have done. I couldn't have done it without you.

Tom Smith: Your talent in layout is incredible! Thank you for spending so much time on making sure this year's *Tygr* is the best looking edition Olivet has ever seen.

Janie Case: I am so grateful that you volunteered to help out with the art submissions. You've done a superb job.

Writers and Artists: It is because of you that the 2004 *Tygr* exists. I have enjoyed reading all of the poems, essays, and stories that you have submitted this year. The artwork perfectly complements the written works. Keep using your talent to glorify the Creator who gave it to you.

Professor Forrestal: Thank you for being a constant source of support through this entire process. I appreciate your willingness to give advice and guidance while I figured out how to publish this year's book.

